

Lane and Livingstone

In the Land of the Long White Cloud

Livingstone and Stanley
Lecture at the RGS

Return of the
NSC Film Night

The Tashes:
Full Report

The New Sheridan Club

Newsletter

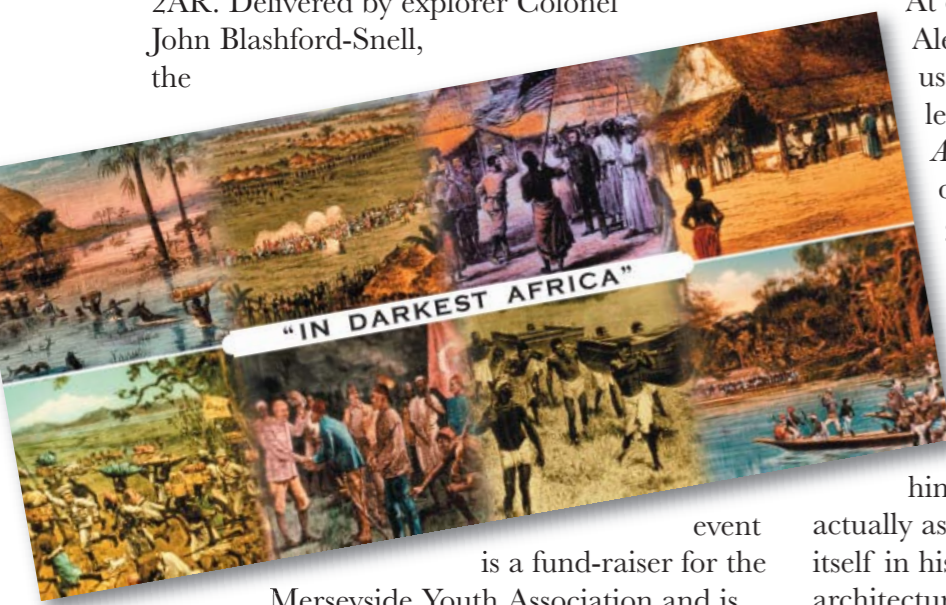
XXIV • October 2008



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 Next Meeting

The next Club Meeting will take place on Wednesday 1st October. In a break with the norm, it will happen at two venues: we still have the room upstairs at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 8pm–11pm, and Members are free to congregate here. But in place of the monthly Turn we are encouraging Members to attend a lecture on Livingstone and Stanley at the Royal Geographical Society, Kensington Gore, SW7 2AR. Delivered by explorer Colonel John Blashford-Snell, the



event is a fund-raiser for the Merseyside Youth Association and is sponsored by the venerable hatters James Lock & Co. The talk will be enhanced by some of Stanley's Victorian magic lantern slides, a

recording of his voice and a selection of vintage headgear.

Doors open at 6pm, the talk begins at 7pm and is expected to be over by 8.15pm—leaving time to head over to the Wheatsheaf for a few ales. Tickets have been on sale by post, but by the time you read this it will be a bit late. However they will be on sale at the door too. They'll set you back £15 each.

The Last Meeting

At our September meeting Mr Alexander Frankland Hepburn treated us to an eye-popping, mouth-watery lecture on *The Architectural Cakes of Antonin Carême*. Carême was an orphan of the French Revolution whose genius made him an international celebrity chef, working, at various times, in the kitchens of Napoleon, Alexander I, the Prince Regent of England (later George IV), Talleyrand, Lord Stewart and Baron James de Rothschild. But he himself believed his true calling was actually as an architect, and this manifested itself in his elaborate table centrepieces and architectural confectionary. Nevertheless, he was clearly no slouch at rustling up grub too, and he invented quite a few things we take for granted, such as the vol-au-vent.



(Left, top to bottom) Some of the club worthies in attendance: the long-lost Des Esseintes, Miss Hartley, new visitor Eugenie Rhodes and Parson Woodforde (a particularly fine portrait, though I say so myself); (top) Mr Hepburn begins his oration, having been stopped briefly by the Committee and forced into a Punishment Tie; (above left) a vol-au-vent, one of Carême's many culinary inventions); (above right) a fine Panama hat, not invented by Carême; (above) Timothy Kennington (r) and Frisax soak in the wonders of the NSC Newsletter. And beer.



(Above) The image in the slide is actually a sketch for a spun sugar centre-piece. (Left) How many NSC ties can you spot?



In the Land of the Long White Cloud

By Oliver Lane

On getting into this mess in the first place

BEING A BIT of an idiot, I decided some months ago that I would forgo any chance of seeing the Sun this summer, and so spent the last few months Sailing, Flying, and Driving in some of the coldest and most miserable places in the world. Quite satisfied that stories of adventure on the High Seas, battling with pirates and the locals would provide far too much excitement for the more delicate readers of this gentle periodical, the Editor charged me with writing of my recent time in the colonies, and here is my feeble attempt.

Dr Leavingsoon (a.k.a. Bernard Shapiro) is a well-known name to denizens of the ethereal Sheridan Club, but significantly less so to those who solely attend the events and monthly meetings—perhaps being the most remote member of the Sheridan Club in the world he



Hendrick's Gin, Union Jack, tin mugs and -6 degrees of frost. Inside the tent it was cosy enough to shed the greatcoats thanks to the stove

has very little opportunity to drop in for a sneaky gin on a Wednesday evening. Although I originally got into contact with Leavingsoon for the purposes of a much larger expedition to Egypt, to be conducted by several members of the Sheridan Club and various other men martial next year, it was soon suggested that some members of the British half of the Expedition might wish to travel to New Zealand. Being the only one with the money, spare time or indeed inclination I soon found myself on some hellish flight bound south, with a suitcase full of warm clothes and a long journey on starvation rations ahead of me.

It took me very nearly the full journey to come to terms with the fact that I had parted with a small fortune for the pleasure of having a small no smoking sign illuminated just above my head for almost thirty hours, and to be fed food in such small portions that it would make even today's fashion-conscious foodie blush. But this was nothing compared to what I had to endure upon disembarking.

On being initiated into NZ



The whole kit: jeep, bell tent and two stout covers

Convinced that alcohol was the best way to get me accustomed to New Zealand time and cure me of jet lag, Bernard dragged me to his local hostelry of choice, The Twisted Hop. A pleasant pub with a microbrewery, it sold ales good enough (in my opinion) to rival Britain's best CAMRA-approved tipples. But the truth was in fact too horrible to contemplate: after I'd imbibed a few ales and announced that I rather needed to make a trip to the boy's room, that unspeakable fiend Leavingsoon produced a pair of manacles and, after a short but charged scuffle, I found myself attached to a table and the key in the fountain. Or so I thought. After excruciating minutes of my needing to conduct business elsewhere, the key was produced with a magician's flourish by another member of the party—completely unknown to Leavingsoon. I was left with a dilemma: end my own personal torment or get my own back on Leavingsoon? I soon had him splashing about in the fountain. By the time he had thought to look back to complain that he was all wet, I had scarpered off to the loo. What was to come next is too much to recall in a periodical such as this, but suffice to say it involved alcohol, a homosexual Maori and an Aikido black belt.

On the Driving Experience

Without even having been given the chance to recover from the previous night's excesses, or indeed unpack, I found the need to distil my entire existence into one kitbag, throw it into the back of Bernard's jeep and go for a little drive. This "little drive" was in fact to be a five-day epic, spanning the whole of the south island and covering terrain that would make me want never to leave the magical place. In the course of the week, I had the pleasure of travelling through (and often pitching camp in) great mountain ranges, barren plains, dense rain forest and bone-dry desert. The



Dr Leavingsoon poses with the laden Willy's on Knob's Flat

first day was very much a taste of things to come; for our first lunch break we stopped to investigate a machine-gun nest from the Second World War and, while bored, Bernard burned off half of his moustache with black powder.

Taking a road tour in a 1942 Willy's Jeep is a unique experience, especially one so laden as Bernard's. As they are open-sided vehicles (and the NZ winter is bitterly cold at the best of times) Bernard had ingeniously rigged up side skirts to shelter us from the wind. Although providing much-needed comfort, this had the unforeseen disadvantages of making embarking and disembarking nigh on impossible—and a hilarious sight for anyone nearby—and also acting as a giant sail for any cross winds we might encounter. The Jeep was further laden with the equipment we would need: Jerry cans (lighting up for

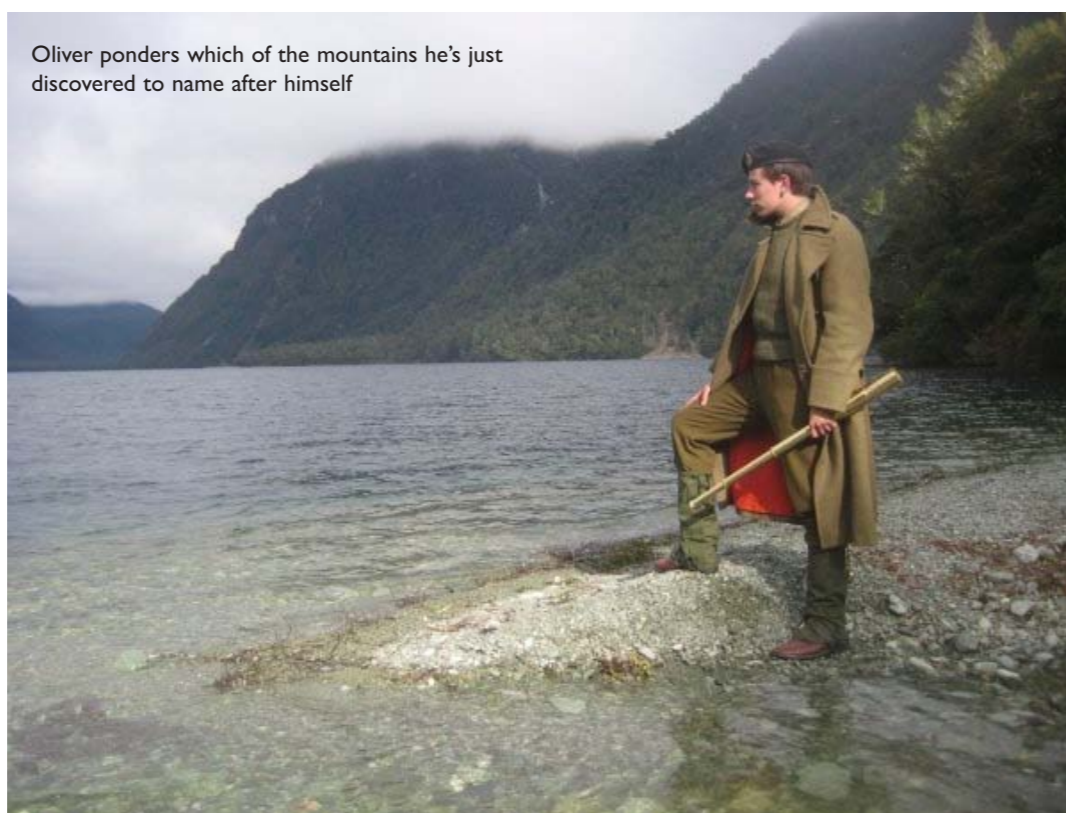


Frying up breakfast on the wood-burning stove

the first time in a Jeep that stinks of petrol is a memorable experience), a bell tent slung over the bonnet, a long chimney for the Great War wood burner lashed to the side like a piece of artillery, webbing packs hanging off the sides (and tin mugs hanging off them) and all manner of other adventurous paraphernalia. All in all, we looked quite a sight and drew looks wherever we drove.

On the Camping Experience

Waking up on the first morning was what I would like to call an 'emotional' experience. Having suffered from a mild case of the "can't be funk's" (a terrible blight that was to crop up time and time again), we purchased and cooked Pot Noodles for our dinner. I won't insult the intelligence of the reader by elaborating on the effect of salt on the freezing point of water, or in fact how much salt there is in your typical Pot Noodle, but upon waking after a bitterly cold night and finding the leftovers from last nights



Oliver ponders which of the mountains he's just discovered to name after himself

scran completely frozen, one is terribly grateful for still having use of all bodily extremities. We both slept that night in our uniforms, wool trousers, jumpers, greatcoats and all, along with two sleeping bags and a wool blanket and still found ourselves frozen near solid. This was to be the order for every night to follow.

That aside, the camping was truly a magical experience. The evenings were warmed by liberal applications of Hendricks Gin, which I had smuggled into New Zealand at

Leavingsoon's request, and by sharing lots of bawdy stories. To make good time we needed to drive for a gruelling twelve hours a day, meaning we would pitch camp at night. This meant that, apart from what we could shine a torch at, I never knew where we really were until waking the next morning. The view that would greet me each day when I stuck my head out of the tent was worth the trip in itself. What can compare with waking up with the

excitement of a child upon Christmas morning, dying to know what is outside and being met by a view so sublime as to inspire even the least artistic of men? Just imagine – finding that you have camped on a white pebble beach, overlooking a milky blue glacial lake framed by vast mist-shrouded mountains! It is true to say that such experiences never, ever leave you, and of this I really am terribly glad!

To be continued...

I would like to take the opportunity to wish Bernard and his lovely wife Amy the very best of luck: for as I write

So we say goodbye to our adventurers, until next time...

they are at any moment expecting their first child. Two better people I have never known and on behalf of the entire club I wish them both very well indeed.



Something you don't see every day: frozen rubber



Clearly expecting trouble, Oliver dons a tin hat





The Tashes 2008: Clean-Shavens Clinch a Thriller

OFFICIAL MATCH REPORT

By *William Maple Watermere*

ON A FINE LATE-SUMMER'S DAY, the Clean-Shaven Players snatched an unlikely victory deep into the final session of an enthralling encounter despite a fine effort from the Hirsute Gentlemen.

As temperatures topped 80 degrees, a titanic battle was developing between two evenly matched teams approaching the peak of their physical powers. Already three-time Tashes champions, the Clean-Shaven Players went into the match as slight favourites although the Hirsute Gentlemen, anxious to atone for previous defeats, boasted a strong line-up.

Decked out in a fine array of outfits, the two teams huddled together as the all important toss was made, numerous facial topiaries receiving the last-minute grooming befitting such an occasion. Hirsute captain William Maple Watermere drew first blood by correctly calling heads. On a fairly placid looking wicket he made the decision to ask his opponents if they would kindly like to bat first. Clean-Shaven captain, Sir Reginald Hayes-Ballantine, himself a veteran of the event, accepted his opponent's invitation and went to pad up ready for battle. Meanwhile, experienced chief scorer, Miss Hartley, readied the scorecards.

There was a ripple of polite applause as the two opening batsmen, Sir Reginald and Essex, strolled onto the field full of purpose. Senior umpire for the day, Viscount Rushen—another key figure to have appeared in all three previous Tashes Trophy matches—put his pipe into his mouth and proceeded to signal the start of the contest.

Opening the bowling for the Hirsute

Gentlemen was Spitfire Stern, operating in tandem with Torquil Arbuthnot. The Clean-Shaven players got off to a solid start although Hayes-Ballantine was guilty of attempting a couple of expansive strokes to balls where a more defensive approach may have been more appropriate, and was fortunate to get away with a handful of rash shots. Hayes-Ballantine's tactics served as a useful foil to those of Essex, who seemed intent on crafting a cautious and watchful innings.

As he searched for a key breakthrough, Watermere was forced to change his bowlers, bringing on Ray and Tashes favourite, Geoffrey Nipple-Tweed. Hayes-Ballantine hit Nipple-Tweed for the first four of the match, but four balls later the bowler got his revenge when the big man managed to hole out to Ray who pounced a catch in the deep. The opening partnership had garnered a respectable 29 runs, with Hayes-Ballantine making 13.

The next chap in was Lord St John Delamere, called up for the Tashes final despite carrying a rather painful knee injury sustained on a jaunt to the wilds of Kenya. Undaunted, he proceeded to shore things up with his runner (Hayes-Ballantine) before another change in the bowling attack paid instant dividends as Napster-Skype trapped Essex lbw for 11 runs. Things went from bad to worse for the Clean-Shavens as new batsman Forbes Phillips-Mason suffered a rush of blood to the head chasing a suicidal single and departing for a duck, presenting Napster-Skype with a second wicket in an eventful over.

This brought Hallamshire-Smyth to the crease, and the number four announced his arrival with a huge slog over the close fielders for four. His downfall came in the next over, though, as a slightly quicker ball from Napster-Skype snicked an outside edge and carried through into the hands of a delighted Stern, sharing wicket-keeping duties with Watermere. Hallamshire-Smyth was out for four.

The Hirsute Gentlemen sensed blood; they had just torn through the Clean-Shaven top order reducing them from 29-0 to 51-4. The Clean-Shavens needed to dig in and fortunately for them new batsman Artemis Scarheart appeared in the mood for a good old ding-dong. He and Delamere took the fight to the Hirsute attack, a fine 50-run partnership taking the

score past the 100 mark with some big hitting including a lovely boundary, all the more remarkable given the extended boundaries and a slow outfield. With the Hirsute bowlers beginning to look a tad weary, Watermere decided it was time to bring back Ray. Ray's tight over frustrated the Clean-Shaven pair and the pressure soon told as, restricted to a meagre single, Scarheart aimed a big heave beyond long-on: but his timing was disastrously premature and the thud of leather on stumps signalled his downfall for 10 runs.

Next came Spooner-Harvey. The poor chap soon fell victim to a piece of ungentlemanly behaviour as, having faced just three balls, Spooner-Harvey misjudged his ground after backing out of a dangerous single. Quick as a flash, Nipple-Tweed whisked off the bails and the Clean-Shavens had lost Spooner-Harvey for a duck and their sixth wicket for 109 runs.

This mild controversy brought Fruity out to bat. Delamere was fast running out of partners and realised that he needed to up the ante if the team wanted to set a competitive total. Aably supported by Fruity, Delamere led the charge towards 133 before Napster-Skype was brought back into the attack and picked up his fourth wicket, clean bowling Fruity for one. Napster-Skype finished the day with excellent figures of 6 for 3.

Last man in was Forbes Phillips-Mason, batting twice due to an inequity in the number of players in each team. He played a solidly defensive knock, knowing that there were still quite a few overs remaining before the end of the innings. Delamere had batted marvellously throughout the day but just 8 runs short of a deserved 50, he allowed a Watermere delivery bowled from around the wicket to straighten up and bowl him through the gate. The Clean-Shaven innings closed on 140 all out.

After a well-earned picnic and a recharging of the batteries, the two teams took to the field once more with Spitfire Stern and Dinghy

leading the Hirsute reply. Hallamshire Smythe opened the bowling for the Clean-Shaven players with Hayes-Ballantine coming in from the other end.

It was a dream start for the Clean-Shavens as, after two watchful defensive shots from Dinghy, Hallamshire-Smythe produced a subtle change in line, catching Dinghy by surprise with a straighter ball that thundered into his pads. Umpire Rushen was left with no option but to send him on his way lbw for a duck.

Next up was Fischer-Pryce, and he managed to survive the rest of a hostile opening maiden. Unfortunately for the Clean-Shaven players, the second over was less tight with Stern showing



some lovely technique to claim two boundaries from Hayes-Ballantine. The next couple of overs were more miserly but Hayes-Ballantine decided it was time for a change of bowler. On came Essex as the Clean-Shaven captain took over from Scarheart as wicket keeper. The change soon paid off with Fischer-Pryce nibbling at a turning ball and edging into the diving keeper's grateful hands for nought.

For the second year in succession, Nipple-Tweed strode to the crease in straightened circumstances and quickly set about shoring things up with a combination of dogged determination and defensive prowess. The contrasting styles of Stern and Nipple-Tweed

proved devastatingly effective: at one end the cautious Nipple-Tweed left the wider balls well and prodded away anything that threatened his stumps while Stern kept the score ticking over with some textbook shots on his way to a well-deserved 50. Hayes-Ballantine continued to rotate the bowling attack but to no avail as the runs kept flowing and the partnership passed the 50-run mark. As the teams came off for the mid-session interval Hayes-Ballantine cut a dejected figure: it seemed the Clean-Shaven's winning streak was destined to come to an end.

At the restart, the Hirsutes required a further 49 runs from 10 overs with 6 wickets in hand. With the Clean-Shaven pacemen struggling to keep the runs down, Hayes-Ballantine returned to spin and it was Essex who made the crucial breakthrough, causing a bamboozled Stern to tread on his stumps while looking to cut the bowler away through the covers and bringing a rather anti-climactic end to a Tashes record innings of 63. The Clean-Shaven Players were jubilant.

The new batsman was Waveney and he and Nipple-Tweed battled away in the face of some fine spin bowling from Essex and Spooner-Harvey. As the score reached 110-3 Spooner-Harvey began his 5th over, unlucky not to have anything to show for his fine work. With his first ball he sent a looping ball straight up and on to Nipple-Tweed's pads, catching him plumb in front of his stumps. The appeal was muted, as the fielders were slow to realise what had just happened. Up went the finger of doom and Nipple-Tweed was gone for 20. This provided Spooner-Harvey with a measure of revenge after having been run out in contentious circumstances by his victim.

In strode Napster-Skype, who swung and missed a couple when looking to heave Spooner-Harvey out of the ground. It was not long though before he too was on his way back,

spooning a shot high up into the air, which Delamere did well to get round to and take a sharp one-handed catch. Napster-Skype was gone for a duck.

Next man in was Arbuthnot. With the runs having dried up, he was aware the Gentlemen needed to accelerate to reach their target. Edging his first ball behind, he went for a quick single, however Hayes-Ballantine was on to the ball and a sharp turn and throw found Delamere who neatly whipped off the bails. The second umpire then sent Waveney on his way for one to end an eventful over.

Hirsute captain William Maple Watermere marched over to the crease knowing that his side were in a precarious position, having collapsed from 98 for 2 to 112 for 6. Essex came on for his final allotted over and its inauspicious

start gave no hints of how it would end. After a couple of wides, Watermere whipped a loose ball through the covers for a perfectly timed two runs. And then calamity struck, Watermere went for a quick single but

Hayes-Ballantine was quick to the ball and flung it in to Delamere who whipped off the bails to send Arbuthnot on his way for one.

The last man in was Ray. His first shot was a lovely drive for two but on the final ball of the over he hit one straight into the safe hands of Delamere to signal the end of the contest. The Hirsute Gentlemen had collapsed and the Clean-Shaven Players were champions once again. There were hard licks and hand shakes all round at the end of an exciting day's cricket that had been played in the true spirit of the game. Hayes-Ballantine received the Tashes trophy and Spitfire Stern was presented with the Man of the Match bottle of wine for a courageous knock that was not quite enough to see his side home.

The battle will resume on the 22nd August 2009.



The victorious Clean-Shaven players



You Mean They Can Make Wine in America?

A WINE COLUMN

By *Lainie Petersen*

RIESLING IS A much-abused grape that deserves greater respect than it often receives. As I mentioned in my previous column, Rieslings can often be sticky-sweet, rendering them as little more than sugar-water for “adults”. Often marketed in supermarkets in blue-glass bottles (hence the derogatory term “blue-bottle Rieslings”), these wines give the poor Riesling grape a bad name.

Fortunately, however, some of our Riesling grapes find their way into the vats of some of our best winemakers. Take the irrepressible Randall Grahm of Bonny Doon Vineyards: he has been producing some of the tastiest Rieslings in the country for some time now and he has recently spun off his popular Pacific Rim wines into a separate entity. This doesn't mean, however, that he is not still involved with producing one of the tastiest and most versatile Rieslings in the country: Pacific Rim Dry Riesling.

But all this talk about the taste of Pacific Rim Dry Riesling is a bit previous, as we first need to consider its bottle. Grahm's wines have long been noted for their quirky, yet beautiful, labels and this wine is no exception. Skilfully appliquéd to the back of the bottle are pictures of various botanicals, which create a lovely effect when the bottle is placed on a table and light shines through it. While the artwork is definitely not refined, it is fun, funky, and is the sort of bottle that one wants to bring to a party or a festive dinner out.



The wine itself is, as its name promises, dry, though not bone dry. One can taste fruit: in previous years I have picked up pineapple, though more recent versions have had more citrus (lime, particularly). The fruit, however, is not sweet. The wine has good body and acidity and so stands up well to various stir-fried noodle and rice dishes, but is dry enough to be non-interfering when consumed with sushi. (This Riesling might go well with Mexican food, though I haven't had the chance to try this combination.) It is also a delicious and elegant sipping wine.

Highly recommended.

Producer: Pacific Rim, www.rieslingrules.com

Location: Washington State

Price: Moderate

Good Matches: Very versatile, but I would recommend with sushi, or Asian food. Might not do well with very sweet Chinese dishes, as the relative austerity of the wine might clash with a sweet, thick Chinese sauce. Would do well with non-sweet Chinese dishes, however. Curiously enough, the type of sweetness normally expressed in Thai food meshes well with this wine.





CLUB NOTES

Film Nights Rise From the Grave

SOME OF YOU may remember the film evenings we ran for a while at the Garrison public house in Bermondsey. They were fun and the food was good, but the pub charged us £100 a time just to hire the room.

Well, I'm pleased to be able to announce that we are restarting the film nights at a new venue, the William IV near Old Street tube station. This is another gastro pub with a private screening room, but we've managed to agree with the management that there will be no hire fee at all, nor any specific minimum spend.

Our inaugural film night will be on Thursday 23rd October. Given that it was



Fruity Hatfield-Peverel who discovered the place (he had a splendid birthday party there earlier in the year) it is entirely appropriate that Fruity will be curating the event. The main feature will be *A Canterbury Tale*, a wartime story of a British soldier, an America GI and a Land Girl who arrive in a village in Kent and decide to try and solve the mystery of who is throwing glue in the

hair of local girls who step out with soldiers (the pictures on this page are all stills from the film). The bill will be filled out with period public information films from Fruity's archive.

The address of the venue is 7 Shepherdess Walk, London N1 7QE (020 3119 3012) and the pub will be open until midnight. I'm not sure yet exactly what the timetable will be but I imagine we'll be convening from 6pm or 6.30pm. More details will follow nearer the time.

To check out the pub have a gander at williamthefourth.co.uk.



Club Approaches Its Second Birthday

THERE WILL BE rejoicing in the streets and orgiastic revelry behind every closed door this month as the New Sheridan Club celebrates its second year of existence. That's right, it was in October 2006 that we held our first meeting. I hope that those of you unable to be with us for the occasion will, wherever you may be, turn to face Fitzrovia and raise a glass.

Primordial Hat Lore Discovered

WHILE IDLY SLOPING around the Archaeology and Anthropology Museum in Cambridge I came across a cabinet displaying some Mongolian hats. I thought that the accompanying text panel provided some food for thought, so I here transcribe it:

Mongol Hats

In the Mongol cultural region men's hats are functional as well as indicators of status and identity. In the past social position was indicated by the kind of hat worn. Noble titles and rank were also indicated by different coloured buttons attached to the hat.

During the socialist period in Mongolia (c.1921-89) hats such as trilbies and berets became popular among men while women tended to wear Russian-style headscarves.

Today different Mongol groups, such as the Buriad, Halh and Oirat, wear costumes and hats as markers of ethnic identity on ceremonial occasions in the People's Republic of China and the Russian Federation.

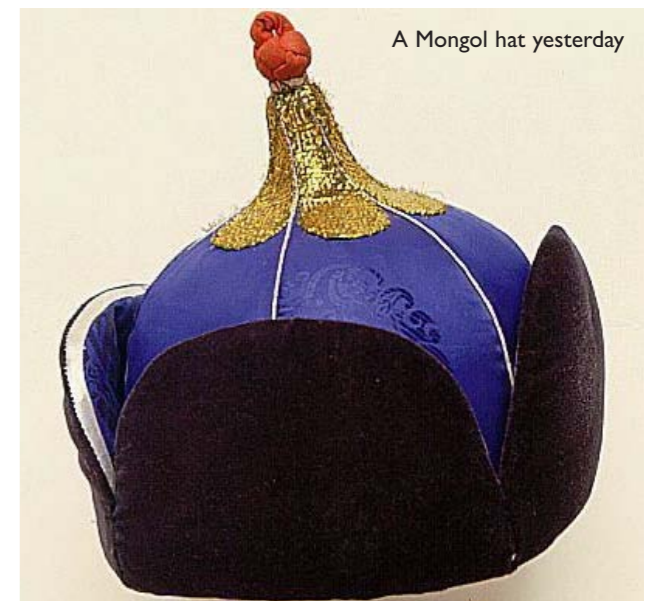
The hats displayed here are mainly worn on formal occasions. Cowboy hats are more common as everyday wear. They provide shade from the glare of the sun but also indicate wealth and power, as younger men tend to wear baseball caps. Different styles of hat continue to distinguish higher-ranking monks from novices.

Hats and their Owners

Beyond indicating status and identity hats are literally held to be extensions of their owners. Through long use a man's hat "holds on to" some part of him. Like a man's belt, a hat is sometimes considered to be a vessel of the sūns (soul).

Hats should be treated with the utmost respect. One must not step over, or put on, someone else's hat. Nor should one sit on or cover a man's hat. This would be to disrespect the hat's owner and may even cause him harm.

Ways of caring for hats are varied. When indoors a man will usually place his hat in a high position so that it will not be damaged. During wrestling matches a contestant's hat is carried by a special attendant-trainer, who stands near him, carefully holding his hat.



New Members

I WOULD LIKE to extend a hearty welcome to the following coves and covettes who have joined the New Sheridan Club since the last time I drew attention to the matter (about three months ago, I'm sorry to have to say): Count de Lorial Chardieu, Catherine Baxter, Tracy Farrow, Allan Bush, Count Martindt Cally von Callomon, De Rennes, Father Brown, Jeremy Bedford Turner, Elizabeth Blackmore, Sarah May Stanley Gustav, Simon Pile, Ptolemy Carstairs-Matravers, Carlos the Jackal, Miss Nicola, Freddie Munday, Marmaduke Dando Hutchins, Henry Kirk, Jeremy Wiggins, Andrew Elias, G.J. Glasby Esq., Des Esseintes, Ultan of Ardbraccan and Elliot Kenneth Biddle.



Forthcoming Events

FOR THE LATEST developments, see the Events page at www.newsheridanclub.co.uk.

Old Town Come to Town

Friday 4th October–Sunday 6th October
A secret location in London

Old Town, Norfolk-based purveyors of fine new clothing based on old designs, are having one of their (twice annual, I believe) visits to London, where their wares will be on display. Miss Willey hasn't actually said where, but if it's the same as last time then it is near Spitalfields. To book an appointment, telephone 01263 710001.

Boxing for Bastion

Friday 17th October

7pm–11pm

The Hemingford Arms, 85 Hemingford Road, Islington

Tickets: £10 in advance (email hollydavies2@hotmail.com)

Dress code: militaria, vintage

Maud Peasgood-Nonsuch requests that, in



Old Town's men's shirt in Lancashire cotton stripe

aid of The Army Benevolent Fund, you come and showcase your parcel-packing prowess over a few pints. Competitors should bring a shoebox full of treats to biff out to the troops in Helmand. Points will be awarded for quality contents, decorative flourishes and compliance with the rules (max 2kg, no aerosols, no booze, no bongo [*bongo?* –Ed]). Judging by real Op Herrick and Op Telic veterans.

Other events include:

Pin the Haircut on the Civilian

Speed Blueys—rude joke writing against the clock

The SAS Challenge (Smooch A Soldier)

Pub Quiz War: The Armed Argot-nauts v The Civvie Slangsters

Fully-licensed bar and private smoking balcony

The Tiger Rag Society Weekend

Saturday 18th–Sunday 19th October

6.30pm–12am

Eye Town Hall, Eye, Suffolk IP23 7AB

Admission: £21 for a weekend ticket (for other ticket options see www.tiger-rag.co.uk)

A celebration of 1930s music, dance, fashion, art and style, held in the delightful Suffolk market town of Eye (near Diss, Norfolk). There is a dance on the Saturday night where the hosts strongly encourage the wearing of top hat and tails for the gentlemen and the very best frocks for the ladies. There is no bar so patrons may enjoy their own champagne and cocktails and the free tea, coffee, cakes and biscuits.



Old Town's Overstrand ladies' coat

Sunday is a relaxed day where 1930s daywear is encouraged. There is live cabaret from Plein de Haricots and dee-jays playing dance music from the original shellac discs. There are exhibitions of vintage gramophones and wirelesses, through to fine art illustrations in the 1930s style, displays of vintage clothes and resources as well cd/78 stalls. The website also has information on local B&Bs, a detailed map and photos/promotional films. For all inquiries call Matt on 07780 527 474 email matt@tiger-rag.co.uk

A Jaunt to Bath

Saturday 19th October

From 11am

All over Bath

Admission: See below for the cost of items on the itinerary

Dress: As your conscience directs

Ms Honoria Bellinger-Glossop and the Comtesse d'Argent are organising this day out to the fair city of Bath. Here is the itinerary: 11.00am: Museum of Fashion: peruse the 18th, 19th and early 20th century costumes. We are hoping to organise a guided tour, but more details to follow if that is forthcoming. Entrance to the Fashion Museum: £7 per person. Private guided tour of the museum: c.£3.90 per person (based on 10 attending)

12.30pm: Luncheon at Sally Lunn's. See www.sallylunns.co.uk for menu.

2.00pm: Aquae Sulis Roman Baths.

Entrance to the Roman Baths: £10.50 per person. Combined ticket to museum and baths: £14.

3.30pm: Choral Evensong at the Abbey (or shopping for the non Church Types)

4.30pm: Afternoon Tea at the Pump Rooms.

For more details, or tips on accommodation if you plan to stay over, contact Ms Bellinger-Glossop. If enough people linger overnight there will doubtless be evening activities.

NSC Film Night

Thursday 23rd October

6pm to midnight

The Geography Room, The William IV, 7 Shepherdess Walk, London N1 7QE (020 3119 3010)

Admission: Free

The NSC film evening returns, this time featuring a bill curated by Fruity Hatfield-Peverel. The main feature is *A Canterbury Tale*, preceded by a selection of wartime public information films. It's free, though you'll need money for beer and food (in which the pub takes great pride). See page 12.

A Danse Macabre:

Hendricks Halloween Ball

Friday 31st October

10pm–4am

Parker Macmillan, 47 Chiswell Street, London EC1Y 4SB

Tickets £10 in advance (from www.thelasttuesdaysociety.org) or £40 for a "family" ticket of five (£20 on the door) or £15 to include a light buffet dinner, talk and ball from 8pm till 4am

Dress: The Beautiful and the Damned

The Society will transform the 17th-century Lord Mayor of London's stables two floors beneath the City of London into a playground that reeks of death, incense and jasmine. Performers & DJs to include Dickie Beau, The Alan Weekes Quartet, Death Ray Trebuchet, Mazaika with star performer Igor Outkine from Cronenburg's Easter Promises, Matthew Stone from WowWow, Dickon Edwards, David TG, Wade Crescent, Simon Warner and J.M.Lavater, Kinky Ink Erotic Life Drawing, The House of Illness and many many more. There will be feasting, there will be dancing, there will be sickness and THERE WILL BE BLOOD!



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FOR THE LATEST information on what the Club is up to, who has been arrested, etc., have a squizz at www.newsheridanclub.co.uk. For more photos of Club events go to www.flickr.com/sheridanclub. Those of a more technological bent can also help spread the word by befriending us electrically at www.myspace.com/newsheridanclub or indeed www.facebook.com.