

RESIGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • ISSUE 107 SEPTEMBER 2015

HOWZAT!

The moment
the 2015
Tashes ended

Brekkers!

Zip Kruger Gray on the right
way to prepare the most
important meal of the day

The right trousers

Tim Eyre on what to look for
when purchasing strides

Cravat attack

Russell Nash reveals all in
the Brogues Gallery

Aged gin: is wood good?

A whisky-drinker's view of the trend
for barrel-aged gin





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 2nd September in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm, when Ms Hypnotique will give us a musical lecture about the “theremin”—the world’s first electronic musical instrument, invented in Russia by Leon Theremin in 1920. The instrument was made famous in the soundtracks to many 1930s and 1950s films such as *Spellbound* and *The Day The Earth Stood Still*. Ms Hypnotique is Britain’s third greatest thereminist and has been tutored by Lydia Kavina, grand-niece of Leon



Ms Hypnotique

Theremin. She will also play music from the theremin’s historic, contemporary and popular repertoire and discuss her own theremin follies including touring the Amazon and playing on Trafalgar Square’s Fourth Plinth. See www.hypnotique.net.

The Last Meeting

Our lecture at the August gathering came this time against the odds—rescheduled from April it happened to fall on the day of the tube strike. However, the NSC shifts for no man and we actually had quite a respectable audience struggle in. Our speaker was Simon Pile, telling us about Fort Burgoyne, a Napoleonic fort that he looks after in his role at the Land Trust. Built to plug a perceived gap in the defences, guarding the rear of Dover Castle, the fortification is massive in scale and innovative in design, offering a low profile that rendered it hard to damage with artillery. The assumption was that an enemy would thus send in ground troops who would be trapped in the dry moat and mown down by hidden guns. Of course, it was never tested, and it switched armament and uses in the First and Second World Wars, before eventually being used just for storage. As restoration work continues buried munitions are constantly being uncovered, but the ultimate aim is for it to earn its keep—whether as a museum, hotel, conference centre, etc. Simon is hoping to organise a trip for Club Members to go and visit the site.



(Top left) Simon warms to his subject; (above) Giles Culpepper's new facial hair happens to make him a spitting image of Napoleon III in the slide; (left) the rapt audience; (below) Tim Eyre can always be relied upon to dress the part (and Mark Gidman can be relied upon to goof about)



(Left) Simon highlights the revolutionary structure of the fort; (below) cooling off in Smoker's Alley



(Left) From our own correspondents



A TORQ IN THE PARK

William Maple Watermere reports on this year's Tashes Trophy cricket match

ON 15TH AUGUST on a beautiful sunny day, the Tashes Trophy was contested for the tenth time in eleven years, having been first played for in 2005—the same year as England's memorable Ashes victory. During this period, a number of NSC members and guests have participated in matches that have proved entertaining and competitive. However, recent years have also seen the regular playing contingent dwindle as a consequence of work commitments and

relocation. When the clean-shaven team had only raised one player by midday, it became apparent that a format change would be necessary to determine the fate of the 2015 trophy.*

By 1pm, a further group of players had arrived, enabling a competition to take place. The Hirsute team consisted of Watermere, Scarheart, Torquil and newcomer Stuart. The Clean-Shaven team contained Essex, Deborah, Hallamshire-Smyth, and Timothy. Rushen,



David Pile takes a swing at the cherry

The players were accompanied by a good number of supporters, spectators, camp followers, etc



taking a break from directing the internal affairs of the Manx nation, and Bunty assumed umpiring duties. Helena oversaw the scoring, with the enthusiastic assistance of Sophie. The match conditions were altered as follows: each player batted individually for their team against the combined seven players. The scores for each team were then divided by four to reach an

average score for each team. A match that had begun in seemingly unpromising circumstances thus took on an unusually cooperative air while remaining competitive.

The first batsman in was Stuart, who seemed to cope very well with the green pitch and struck a number of lusty blows early on, sending the fielders scurrying to the long boundary. It was a fine Tashes debut which was finally brought to an end when he was caught by Arbuthnot off the bowling of Essex for 18.

The second batsman was Cravat-holding Chap Olympian Scarheart who brought his characteristic flair and ruggedness to the crease. Scarheart's defensive technique looked in good shape, as he jealously guarded his stumps from a number of full-pitched balls. Arbuthnot eventually found the chink in the doughty blocker's metaphorical armour to bowl Scarheart for 0.

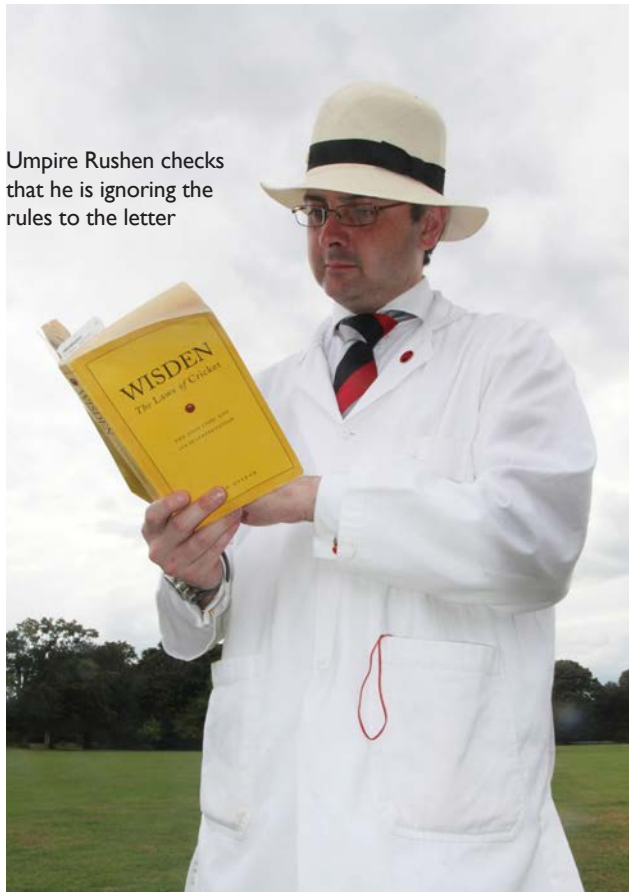
The first Clean-Shaven batsman, Deborah, was next in and she skilfully survived a few balls before being Arbuthnot's second victim—bowled for 0.

With the pressure on, stand-in Clean Shaven captain Essex stepped up to the crease and proved impossible to dislodge, surviving his full quota of eight overs by amassing a number of singles and the occasional boundary, to reach 15 not out. Although Tashes cricket has probably

Torquil's devastating bowling earned him Man of the Match



Umpire Rushen checks that he is ignoring the rules to the letter



oddly trod on his own stumps while swiping at a wide ball to be dismissed hit wicket.

Watermere followed next, hitting a number of boundaries until he smashed a slow Timothy ball towards the rope, only to see sub fielder David take an outstanding catch to dismiss the Hirsute captain for a fourteen-ball 14.

The outcome of the match was now in the hands of the Clean-Shaven's Hallamshire-Smyth and Timothy, with Hallamshire-Smyth doing his best to push up his team's scoring rate. Some powerful shots were a key feature of the all-rounder's innings, as the field was split time and time again with some fine cross-bat shots. He was eventually bowled by Arbuthnot, however, for 13. Timothy followed next and protected his stumps well, before eventually being run out by Watermere for 1.

With all the batsmen dismissed for the match,

David took to the crease and soon showed how devastating a player he can be, with a mix of fine driving and some nimble running between the wickets. His innings was finally brought to an end when the demon Arbuthnot flattened the middle stump to bowl David for 12 runs.

At the end of the combined innings, The Hirsutes had scored 44, giving an average of 11 runs per batsman; The Clean-Shaven players had amassed 29 runs, giving an average of 7.25 runs per batsman. Consequently, the Hirsutes reclaimed the Tashes on a narrow margin, largely thanks to the batting and bowling of Torquill, who was voted



Rushen and Bunty calculate who has won

seen more expansive innings, Essex was intent on building a solid platform for his team-mates to build upon, and it was one that appeared to put his side in genuine contention for the match.

Arbuthnot was next in, and another well constructed innings followed. Arbuthnot's combination of strong hitting and quick running took him to 12, before he

Watermere accepts the Tashes Trophy on behalf of the Hirsute Gentlemen





MoM. After the usual team photos, the players and spectators retired to the Prince of Wales pub for the evening. It is to be hoped that next year will see the return of those regulars who missed out on the action this year.

Scorecards

Hirsute Gentlemen

Stuart	c. Arbuthnot	b. Essex	18
Scarheart	b. Arbuthnot		0
Arbuthnot	hit wicket	b. ?	12
Watermere	c. sub (David)	b. Timothy	14
Total	44 runs (11 runs avg./batsman)		

Clean-Shaven Players

Deborah	b. Arbuthnot	0
Essex	retired not out	15
Hallamshire-Smyth	b. Arbuthnot	13
Timothy	run out (Watermere)	1
Total	44 runs (7.25 runs avg./batsman)	

Other players not scored for the match

David	b. Arbuthnot	12
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*NB: The Politeness of Punctuality: This year's match was very nearly a non-event due to insufficient players and very, very late arrivals from those who had signalled their intention to play but had not passed on their apologies. Many players may not be aware that the pitch has to be booked and paid for by May and that some regular participants travel a considerable distance every year in

anticipation of a full day's play. As a courtesy to their team-mates and opponents, players who live within the Greater London area might perhaps make more of an effort next year to arrive in Greenwich before 11.00 on the morning of the match: un-notified lateness and non-attendance not only makes selecting balanced teams almost impossible, it also means that those players who do arrive on time and set up the ground don't get full use of the facilities that they have paid for. Players who have not registered before the scheduled start of play next year will not be selected for either team.



As Man of the Match Torquil is presented with some cheese

THE RIGHT TROUSERS!

Dr Timothy Eyre discourses on proper leg coverage

THERE ARE TENS OF BILLIONS of pairs of trousers in this world. However, only a tiny proportion of them pass muster as garments worthy of a Chap. It is easy enough to sling on a tweed jacket but, like the detachable collar, it takes a little more effort to select and don a decent pair of trews. So it is that trousers afford a Chap an opportunity to truly distinguish himself from the crowd.

What should one look for when rummaging through charity shops, hunting for vintage bargains or instructing a tailor? The elements of trouserage are little known but not complex or obscure. The following nuggets of knowledge will empower you to survey a trouser rack with confidence and discuss cuffs, pleats and rises with a tailor without risk of embarrassment.

Suspension

Starting at the top, proper



Button-on braces and a fishtail back are desirable

trousers sit at the waist rather than being slung around the hips. The distance between the crotch of a pair of trousers and the top of the waistband is known as the “rise”, with current fashion being for a notably low rise. However, for trousers to sit properly they should have a rise sufficient to take them up to your waist. Here they are best held up by means of button-on braces attached to buttons sewn to the inside or outside of the waistband (see my article on braces in issue 100 of *Resign!*). Buttoning on braces is a bit of a faff of a morning but the result is remarkably comfortable, allowing freedom of movement and ventilation regardless of the concavity or otherwise of one’s waistline.

Clip-on braces are an uneasy compromise, sitting alongside the pre-tied bow-tie as a “not quite there” accessory. Better to sew in buttons for proper braces or else wear a belt. Belts are not as smart as braces but usually look better than



The former premises of Simpson's of Piccadilly, now a bookshop unfilled belt loops. Wearing both braces and a belt looks strange as well as conveying an unattractive air of pessimism.

A third option is self-supporting trousers. These were invented in 1934 (and patented in 1937) by Alexander Simpson. These trousers stay up by means of adjustable tabs at the sides, while small rubber pads inside the waistband help keep the shirt in place. They were regarded as a major achievement when first released, attracting 100,000 pre-orders despite being aggressive-priced at 30 shillings when a whole suit could be had for half that. They were marketed as Daks (a contraction of "Dad's Slacks"), a name that lives on today as a luxury fashion brand directly descended from the business of Alexander Simpson and his family. An important part of this business was their large, purpose-built shop Simpson's of Picadilly. This remarkable Art Deco building boasted curved glass display windows and a beautiful travertine staircase. Today this building survives with many of its original features (including the staircase) as the flagship store of the Waterstone's bookseller chain.

Fishtail back

Some trousers designed for button-on braces have a high back that divides into two points at the top. The buttons for the rear part of the braces are sewn to the points. These are the pinnacle of trouser elegance and are remarkably

effective at showing off your posterior to maximum advantage; just ask any chapette. If you are having a suit made by a tailor then consider asking for this feature. Otherwise, keep an eye out for the fishtail back when out vintage shopping.

Admittedly, the fishtail back may not be visible because it is preferable to keep ones waistband concealed by a waistcoat, which should be long enough to fulfil that purpose. However, the high back will prevent any unsightly exposure of shirt between the two garments.

Pleats

Pleats confer some practical advantages. They allow you to fit more into your pockets without spoiling the line of the trousers, allowing you to carry that extra snuff box. They also expand when seated to making sitting more comfortable. From an aesthetic point of view they are a matter of personal choice (or what you can find). Three pleats, two pleats, one pleat or no pleats at all (a "flat front") are all fine. Pleats can face inwards or outwards; again, this is a matter of choice. However, some say it is better to avoid them if your trousers sit at the hips rather than at the waist.

Fly

We are all grown-ups and so I hope we can all discuss the delicate matter of a gentleman's fly without undue sniggering. The fly provides another opportunity for the chap to make an invisible but crucial distinction from the norm, this time by means of the button fly. The zippered fly was invented by Lord Mountbatten of Burma and popularised by Simpson through the Daks brand of





(Above) Pleats often look good and can make trousers more comfortable; (below) note the French bearer on the inside



trousers; clearly Mr Simpson (like Mrs Simpson) has a lot to answer for.

A button fly is undoubtedly less convenient than its zippered counterpart. However, it provides a regular reminder of one's commitment to traditional tailoring. Besides, buttons are easier to replace than zips and are therefore more maintainable if you plan to reject the Primark model of clothes ownership and instead keep your trousers for years rather than weeks.

A particularly fine example of the button fly was on display at last month's club meeting, where the speaker Simon Pile was wearing an especially splendid pair of trousers with the fly buttons displayed brazenly on the outside of his garment. Such flamboyant trouserage is to be strongly encouraged. [*I believe the trousers in question are from 1960s-influenced outfitter Mendoza of Brick Lane—Ed*]

Inside the fly of a pair of trousers you may sometimes find a tab that buttons over the inside of the front of the trousers. This is called a French bearer. It improves the fit and take

the strain off the top button on the waistband. They are worth looking out for but by no means reject a good pair of trows for the lack of this feature.

Fit

Naturally your trousers should fit properly. It is worth being aware that prior to the sartorial disasters of the 1970s (when some trousers were so tight that one might count the change in the wearer's pockets), trousers were cut to be rather more roomy than today. Extreme examples of generous leg covering came with the Oxford Bags (see issue 81 of *Resign!*) and the Zoot Suit. If you are trying on a pair of vintage trows and they seem a bit big but are the right length and fit around the waist, there is a good chance that they are simply conforming to the style of the time.

Pockets

Front pockets can be deep and roomy. Sometimes you will find a small sub-pocket inside to stop change jingling around. Back pockets have a deleterious effect on the appearance of one's posterior, especially when filled. Therefore it is better to avoid them if you can. This is easy enough if instructing a tailor, but a bit of a long shot when vintage shopping.

Trouser legs

The length of one's trouser legs is a fraught business. The ideal length produces a break (slight crumpling) on the top of the shoe or boot. Fortunately it is easy to shorten a pair of trousers, so superfluous length should not pose a problem. Readers will already know that trousers that are too short look quite silly.

A sharp crease down the front of a



Simon Pile demonstrates pleasingly audacious trouserage



Perfect



Too Short



Too Long

Well-fitting trousers should have a break where they meet the shoes

pair of trousers is a fine thing. This may be achieved by means of a butler, a trouser press or the time and inclination to use an iron. However, there is no need to remain indoors if you are unable to muster any of these.

The width of the bottom of the trouser leg has expanded and contracted with fashion over the years. Ideally, the aperture should be of a width that covers about two-thirds of your shoe, including the laces.

Cuffs

Cuffs at the bottom of a pair of trousers are optional. They originated as protection against mud but now their practical role is to provide extra weight to the ends of the trouser legs and therefore improve the drape. They are also aesthetically pleasing, especially when combined with pleats.

If you are fortunate enough to have a tailor with an especially fine eye for detail then the height of the cuff can be adjusted in accordance with your height: 1 1/2 inches is good for a man of average height, with a quarter inch being added or removed for taller or shorter wearers.

Cloth, colour and pattern

The dull conformity of pantaloons de Nîmes (also known as jeans) are, of course, exactly what Chappism is not about. Therefore denim is quite out of the question. Polyester is also undesirable, although the longevity and maintainability of suiting fabrics can be improved

by blending the wool with man-made fibres. Otherwise there is a great deal of choice for cloth, including tweed, linen, corduroy, velvet, wool suiting cloth and moleskin (which is made of cotton and not moles).

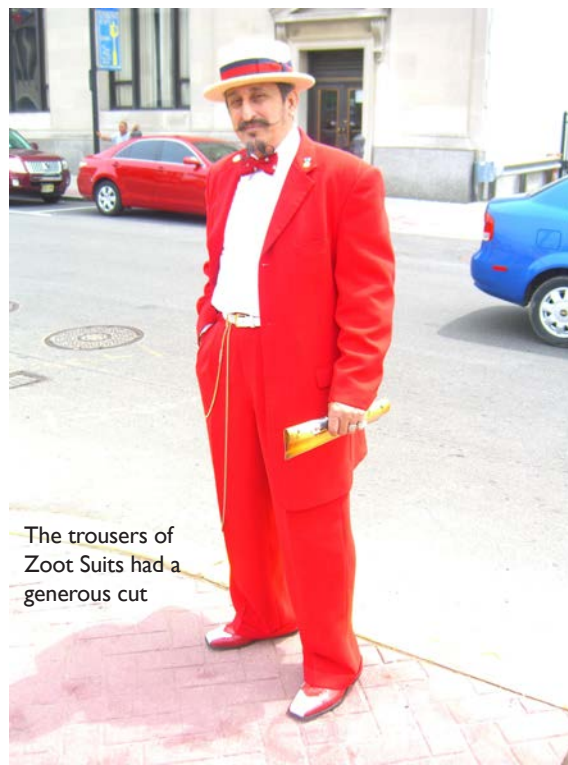
However, it is with colour and pattern that proper trousers really allow the chap to engage in outlandish self-expression. Here you are limited only by what is available to buy and what you have the courage to be seen wearing in public. Somehow well-cut traditional trousers are better able to sustain outrageous checks in bright colours than jeans or sweatpants.

Formal wear

There are a few additional customs to be aware of for trousers worn for black or white tie. Unsurprisingly, they should be black (or midnight blue) to match the jacket. Because of the mud association, they should not have cuffs. Belts are relatively informal, so the trousers should either be self-supporting or held up by button-on braces. If you are not wearing a waistcoat (which, incidentally, should ideally be double-breasted if worn) then the waistband should be covered by a cummerbund. Finally, the outside of the leg should have a single silk stripe down the outside for black tie and two silk stripes for white tie. This custom originates in a desire to cover up the seam, and harks back to military trousers.

Armed with the knowledge in this article you can do your bit to challenge the hegemony of denim jeans. Let us worship together at the altar of the trouser press and show off our tweed trews with pride.

Decent trousers suitable for everyday wear are readily available from Darcy Clothing and Old Town.



The trousers of Zoot Suits had a generous cut

On the Full English Breakfast

A gastronomic essay from **Dr Huw S. "Zip" Kruger Gray**

SPEAK TO YOU as a long-term British ex-pat, scientist, 'biker, private pilot, hedonist and general bon-viveur, currently resident over here in the southernmost province of the distant Colonies. During my now in excess of twenty years over here, I have waged an endless crusade, not only to encourage the use here of grammatically correct "proper" English, but also to introduce and explain that wonder that is the Full English Breakfast to our colonial brethren.

I never cease to expound upon the delights of that initial vital ingredient, which is well prepared freshly smoked back bacon—in comparison to the pitiful scrawny streaks of fat, laced with the occasional tiny flecks of pork and over-cooked to a ghastly crisp, that masquerades as "bacon" over here.

The delights of a real British farmhouse pork sausage "banger" also receive their fair due of praise from Yours Truly, even though some admittedly rather good Polish *kielbasa*, German *wurst*, etc., actually can be

obtained here, but are no substitute for this dish.

Baked beans in the colonies come in a ghastly sickly disguise, polluted by copious amounts of nasty sweet molasses, quite unlike our own simpler version.

The colonials have actually just about got the hang of various omelettes (irrelevant here) and the fried egg, even though the latter all too often is served "over easy", a habit of which I struggle to explain the misguidance and the delights of the dunking of other ingredients in a runny yolk.

Then there is that glory that is the true black pudding, a delicacy that has its zenith in beautiful Cumbria at home, where it is served in slabs, rather than as a sausage, but which the colonials poo-poo as "blood sausage" until some actually have tasted the Real Thing.

The addition of tomatoes, mushrooms, etc., is lost completely upon the Americans, who also have absolutely no comprehension of why

we might like fried bread as an additional complement to such a delightful fry-up. Now, we arrive at my own personal favourite complement



to such a dish, fresh lamb's kidneys, either simply fried with onions, or possibly even devilled. Bloody marvellous!

Next, I come to bubble and squeak, a staple of my own childhood, having been brought up by a mother who lived through the Blitz and for which I have a personal addiction. The only dish which comes even close—and actually, I must confess, is rather good in itself—is a breakfast dish unique to Utica, in up-state New York, and relishes in the name of “giambotte”, or similar. This is a gorgeous concoction of escarole (previously cooked in chicken broth), scrambled eggs, spicy ham, spicy sausage, cooked potato chunks, spicy hot peppers and just about the entire proverbial kitchen sink! This similarity and tribute to our own much beloved bubble and squeak is most flattering!

So, what condiments should accompany our breakfast gastronomic delight? Pepper and salt to taste, of course, but then one may indulge oneself, with such as English (of course) mustard and/or H.P. sauce (but no substitutes, please)—but certainly not tomato ketchup! I should remark here also that, another of my own personal favourites, the glorious kipper, is just about unheard of over here.

And finally, where should this delicious ambrosia (of the ancient gods, not that tinned rice pud!) be served for your delight and enjoyment? Could there be any doubt? In bed, of course.

So, what do the colonials tend to consume for their own brekkie? There are the obvious basics, including multitudes of ghastly sweet and sickly cereals, of course, plus “oatmeal” (their name for porridge) and “cream of wheat” (rather similar to our “Ready Brek” at home). For hot breakfasts and usually the best are to be found in road-side diners, they favour so-called “home-style” dishes, such as large (3+ eggs) omelettes (which, admittedly, can be rather good here and I especially would recommend a fine Western omelette), but some people have a penchant for a quite revolting (in my personal opinion) dish called “biscuits and gravy”. This actually comprises some savoury round hot pastries, reminiscent of our scones, served covered in



A giambotte from the Top of the Morning Café in Utica

a ghastly white cream sauce. Nasty. Then, of course, there are “grits”, which seem to be a savoury version of semolina or similar, served smothered with butter as a side dish. Again, nasty.

Further such ghastly colonial breakfast dishes include the ubiquitous waffles (with a texture rather similar to toasted cardboard egg boxes), or thick sloppy pancakes, served hot and smothered in sickeningly sweet maple syrup. Incidentally, this is harvested by inserting large needles in to the trunks of farmed maple trees and literally draining out the sweet, sticky sap within.

Imported dishes from other countries also are becoming more readily available and some rather nice ones include breakfast quesadillas and burritos, which can be quite delicious. Breakfast here is always accompanied by copious volumes of hot “courfee” (not instant, at least) served with that nasty “half-and-half” creamer. Tea is usually to be avoided in most cafés and diners because it comes just as a mug of hot (not boiling) water, with a cheap (usually Lipton’s) teabag on the side.

Incidentally, you all may be amused to know that I have been educating my long-term colonial lady-friend and partner, to the point where not only is she capable of producing a fine Full English Breakfast (as and when the necessary ingredients can be procured), but also such home delights as a good steamed suet spotted dick, snake and pigmy pud, Cornish pasty and other assorted gastronomic treats from dear old Blighty!

So, brew a fresh pot of breakfast tea (Assam in the morning, for me and certainly no tea-bags here, if you please) and prepare your eyes, taste buds, stomach and arteries for what is to come...

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.



Julius Cravat

"Say yes to everything"

Name or preferred name?

Russell Nash aka Julius Cravat.

Why that nickname or nom de plume?

It evokes both Groucho Marx and George Brummell in one.

Where do you hail from?

The badlands of Essex, Birds of a Feather country..

Favourite Cocktail?

Sidecar.

Most Chappist skill?

I know the kings of England and I quote the fights historical, from Marathon to Waterloo in order categorical.

Most Chappist possession

A 1956 Lock and Co. brown Coke hat and several Mr Fish shirts.

Personal Motto?

Say yes to everything (except perhaps Heroin and cock).

Celebrating his 2013 Chap Olympics triumph



Favourite Quotes?

“Alvanley, who’s your fat friend?” *[Said by Beau Brummel in reference to the Prince Regent—Ed]*

“Apart from that, Mrs Lincoln, how did you enjoy the play?” *[Spurious, obviously; originator unknown but it was being referenced in the press as an example of “sick humour” at least as early as 1958—Ed]*

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

I used to be a puppeteer and worked with Jim Henson.

How long have you been involved with the NSC?

About five years.

How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

From my Chappist chums.

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

The regular club nights are a tonic in a dreary city. *[Dreary city? When you are tired of London, etc.—Ed]*

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

Arthur Askey for his wit and dress sense.

St Erkenwald for his ability to raise corpses.

Henry Jermyn so I can ask him if he really was the father of Charles II.



In his role as professional tour guide

Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?

~~Artemis Scarheart~~. None: all should resign.

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

Not yet. Perhaps *Eccentric Dancers I Have Known*.

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



With wife Sara in monochrome dance troupe Terpsichore at the 2014 Wilderness Festival

A whisky lover's note on aged gin

By Sara Bridgman-Smith

When it comes to my tiple of choice, I'll always pour myself a straight whisky. I like the simplicity, the concentration of flavour, and the way it can develop, gently warmed, in the glass.

Recently, however, I've been exploring other aged spirits, starting with Cognac and Armagnac, and moving on to Aged Gin. I've tried a fair share of the gins that DBS has reviewed, and although I have a few favourites, many don't have the development of flavour that I crave. Today's experiment is to try a few that have been aged in wood and see what impact that has.

The experiment starts with two gins from Master of Malt, who took some of their Professor Ampleforth's Bathtub Gin and aged it in a variety of ex-whisky barrels.

Darkness!-Aged Bathtub Gin (Macallan) (43.3% ABV)

Nose: Herbal, plus notes of cardamom, cassia, and oak, with a hint of piney juniper hiding in the back. After a while, there's also a fruity sherbet note.

Taste: Very smooth, with a gradually building warmth. To taste, it's rather woody, with notes of vanilla, a slight, sherry sweetness, orange, and a bready note.

Finish: Light, herbal peppermint cream.

Darkness!-Aged Bathtub Gin (Ardbeig) (43.3% ABV)

Nose: Crystallised sugar, vanilla and light peat. After a while, more floral notes and sappy juniper.



Taste: Smooth, but flavourful. To start, there's a punchy peat note (although much lighter than the punchiness of the whisky itself!) that's accompanied by smoked cheese and liquorice. These are followed by peppery notes and cardamom, that fade into a herbal sweetness, including green juniper notes.

Finish: The main notes fade on to a short, but pleasant, finish of peat and ginger.

Both of these combine the flavour profiles of gin and whisky brilliantly; I would liken the tasting to listening to a symphony and trying to pick out different instruments, the flavours were that well-integrated.

Hayman's Family Reserve (41.3% ABV)

Next, we have Hayman's Family Reserve, which reflects the gin styles of the 19th Century, when spirit would have been served from a barrel, rather than a bottle. The gin is rested in Scotch whisky barrels for three weeks.

Nose: Lovely juniper upfront, with lots of spice: cardamom, cinnamon and nutmeg. Smooth and



mellow, with a woody sweetness and hints of violets and sherbet lemons.

Taste: Powerful and full of flavour: piney juniper and lots of spice: black pepper, cinnamon and cardamom. After a while in the glass more fruity notes arise: grapefruit and bitter orange.

Finish: Soft, floral oris on top, whilst the classic gin note of juniper lingers.

Hayman's Family Reserve has all of the wonderful spice notes that I remember from their gin, but with a warm, slightly sweet mellowing from the whisky barrel, which makes it wonderful to sip and explore neat, whilst keeping the strength of gin character that you'd need for classic gin cocktails.

Blackwater Juniper Cask (46.0% ABV)

We take a trip to West Waterford, Ireland, for our next example, where the folks at Blackwater Distillery make a Juniper Cask Gin. They rest their gin in a cask made from juniper wood for one month.

Nose: A rush of black pepper and rich, resinous juniper; the sweetness of the wood keeps it soft but interesting. Hints of lemongrass too.

Taste: Smooth, resinous juniper builds, followed by notes of black pepper and a flash of liquorice sweetness, then lots of dry spice and a hint of cardamom.

Finish: Dry pine; light, waxy wood and a lovely combination of liquorice and juniper.

This is another fascinating example of the impact that a specific barrel can have on a spirit; especially so because, with the use of juniper wood, it keeps this aged gin firmly in "gin territory". Another tasty—and different again—gin aged in a juniper cask is Hernö Juniper Cask Gin from Sweden.

Homemade aged gin

Finally, here's a bit of a fun one. For our fifth wedding anniversary, traditionally associated with gifts of wood, I gave DBS his very own 2 litre barrel. After a few experiments had seasoned it, he was wondering what to do next when we opened a bottle of disappointing sherry. Not wanting to waste it, he decided to use it in the barrel. A little while later, the sherry long gone, the barrel became the temporary home of some gin, which then became DBS's first homemade Aged Gin. Here's what it tasted like.

Homemade sherry-cask aged gin



Nose: Distinctive sherry, both dry and richer hints of Pedro Ximenez, a dash of blackcurrant, and a herbal muskiness.

Taste: A flash of juniper quickly gives way to measured sherry and vanilla notes that are accompanied by a lovely, creamy texture and warm spice.

Finish: Creamy vanilla that fades into faint gin notes of juniper, cardamom, and black pepper.

I think it's fair to say that this investigation has opened my eyes: aged gin is a fun, exciting and expanding area and the products cover a whole range of styles and concepts. The flavour profiles are dotted along the spectrum between gin and whisky, which means that they are not only great to explore neat, but there is a whole variety of cocktails to try them in, too: you can easily replace the whisky in many classic cocktails with aged gin. I'm particularly fond of an Aged Gin Old Fashioned, which I'd highly recommend.



NSC FILM NIGHT

The Guns of Navarone (1961)

Wednesday 9th September

7.30pm–11pm

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

Admission: Free

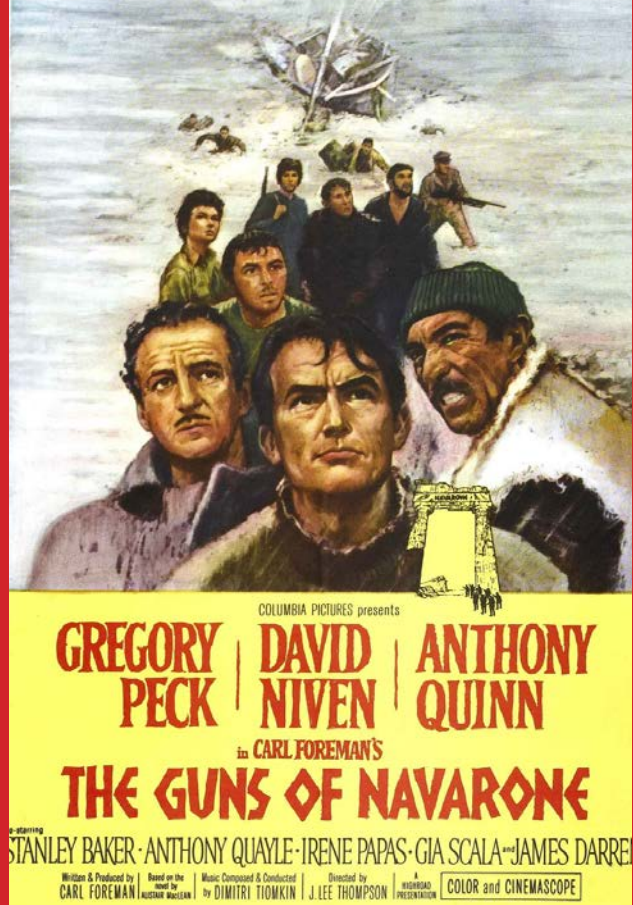
Expressing a desire for “a popcorn-munching flick with explosions and Nazis”, Craig Young has duly come up with this red-blooded war movie. Based on an Alistair Maclean novel it tells of a crack team of saboteurs sent to disable a battery of radar-controlled super-guns on the fictional Greek island of Navarone, which are preventing the Royal Navy from rescuing 2,000 British troops trapped on the island of Keros.

The plot is based on fact: the island of Leros did feature a battery of guns among the largest used during the war, built by the Italians and occupied by the Germans from 1943. The British did lose the Battle of Leros and managed to evacuate some of the defeated troops.

Gregory Peck stars as Capt. Keith Mallory an expert mountaineer. As is so often the case with iconic roles, he was not the first choice: this was William Holden, who felt it was too similar to his role in *The Bridge on the River Kwai* (1957)—this was the era of the blockbuster war movie—and he demanded an impossibly high fee. Rock Hudson was also considered, as were Gary Cooper and Cary Grant, who was rejected as too old (56). Peck later said he felt miscast, as his character is supposed to be English and he didn't even attempt the accent. Lowly Corporal Miller is played by David Niven (a role given to Kenneth More until he got drunk and abused the head of Rank at a BAFTA dinner) who was also too old, though he later decided it was one of his best performances. In fact the advanced age of the whole cast caused the UK press to nickname the film “Elderly Gang Goes Off to War”.

Stanley Baker appears in a surprisingly modest role, but said he was motivated to take it because of the pacifist message of the film, though Peck later lamented that few seemed to pick up on this message. Baker's character had fought for the Republicans in the Spanish Civil

STILL!..THE GREATEST HIGH ADVENTURE EVER FILMED



War, and producer and writer Carl Forman had himself been a Communist in the 1930s (for which he was blacklisted by Hollywood). The milieu had resonances for others involved too: Anthony Quayle, who stars as the group's leader Major Roy Franklin, was a real major in the war, organising guerrillas in Albania. Niven had led Commando units and recon missions behind enemy lines, and appears in the film with the cap badge of his real regiment. His army pal Michael Trubshawe also appears in the film.

Location shooting was on the Greek island of Rhodes and in true impresario style Forman persuaded the Greek military to lend him 12 destroyers and 1,000 infantry. Members of the Greek Royal family visited the set and appear as extras in one scene. Although entrusted with a record budget, Forman was not afraid to take risks, firing his original director one week before shooting and paying composer Dimitri Tiomkin \$50,000, the highest fee ever for a score at the time. It nearly went wrong when Niven fell ill after shooting an underwater scene and almost died. While he was in hospital Forman actually considered abandoning the film and collecting the insurance money.

Craigoh is one of those who is glad this didn't happen, and in his introduction to the screening he will apparently reveal which three people Peck's character is based on...



CLUB NOTES

Club Tie Corner

New Sheridan Club continues to come thick and fast. We have Glenn Bullivant (not even a Member—there’s dedication) to thank for the snap below of MP Lindsay Hoyle proudly sporting a Club tie in the House of Commons. Meanwhile mahogany-hued antiques guru David Dickinson (above) has appeared in this section before, but in a different tie. If anything this neckwear is more clearly NSC than the last. Does his dedication to the Club know no bounds?

EVIDENCE FOR THE indefatigable spread of the





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 2nd September

7pm–11pm

Upstairs, The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB

Members: Free

Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)

See page 2.

Cakewalk Café

Every Wednesday

7pm–1am

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

Admission: Free before 9pm, £5 after that
Dress: 1920s/1930s preferred

Live swing jazz every Wednesday hosted by Ewan Bleach, on 16th September featuring a guest appearance by ragtime quintet Doolally Tap.

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 clarinettist Ewan Bleach with various guests.

Mid-Century Market

Sunday 6th September

11am–4.30pm

Cecil Sharp House, 2 Regent's Park Road, London NW1 7AY

Admission: £3

London's only 1950s fair, and runner-up Best Vintage Fair in the London Vintage Awards, offering vintage clothing, homeware, records and jewellery as well as new clothing brands inspired by this atomic era. Also features DJs, a vintage hair salon and barber and live music from Becki Fishwick performing hits from Etta James, Imelda May and more.

Check out some 1950s chic at the Mid-Century Market



Rocket Queen Vintage Pop-Up Shop

Tuesday 8th–Sunday

13th September

11am–7pm

The Hackney Shop,
99 Morning Lane,
London E9 6ND

Lisa Curry brings her collection to Hackney for one week. There is also a late-night event on Friday 11th with drinks, “some surprises and lots of fun”. Seems to be more 1970s/80s than 1930s/40s but



The Candid Jug Orange Band at the Candlelight Club

you may find something of interest.

NSC Film Night

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See page 18.

One Room Paradise

Saturday 12th September

9pm–1am

Fontaine's, 176 Stoke Newington Road, London
N16 7UY

Admission: £5

Ginger Fizz has moved to London and set up shop at the gorgeous Bamboo Lounge at Fontaine's offering the best of rhythm & blues, rock 'n' roll, doo wop, British beat, sleaze and northern soul, all played on shiny 45s. So come on down for an evening of delicious cocktails, South Pacific décor and a selection of the best records the 1950s and 1960s have to offer.

Manchester Vintage Fashion & Textiles Fair

Sunday 13th September

10am–4pm (trade 8–10am)

Chancellor's Way, Moseley Road, Fallowfield,
Manchester M14 6ZT

Admission: £4 (£10 8–10am)

Europe's largest vintage fair now enters its 22nd year, offering items from the Victorian era to the 1970s. See www.decorativefairs.com.

Clerkenwell Vintage Fashion Fair

Sunday 13th September

11am–5pm (trade from 10.30am)

The Old Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery
Avenue, London EC1R 4RP

Admission: £4

Some 45 stalls offering vintage clothes, shoes, handbags, hats, gloves, textiles and jewellery from the 1800s to the 1980s. There is also a tea room, alterations booth plus sometimes live entertainment too. More details at www.clerkenwellvintagefashionfair.co.uk.

The Candlelight Club

Friday 18th and Saturday 19th September
7pm–12am

A secret London location

Admission: £20/25 in advance

Dress: Vintage evening wear, 1920s dandies and



Ginger Fizz DJs at her own night, One Room Paradise, in the Bamboo Lounge at Fontaine's

swells, gangsters and molls, degenerate aristos and decadent aesthetes, corrupt politicians and the Smart Set In the Know

The Candlelight Club is a clandestine pop-up cocktail party with a 1920s speakeasy flavour, in a secret London venue lit by candles. Each event offers a shifting cocktail menu plus live period jazz bands (this time featuring the New Orleans sounds of the Candid Jug Orange Band) and vintage vinylism (frequently from the New Sheridan Club's own Auntie Maureen). Ticket holders get an email two days before revealing the location.

Tango Supper

Sunday 27th September

6.30–11pm

Palm Court Ballroom, Waldorf Hilton,
Aldwych, London WC2B 4DD

Admission: £69

A regular event at London's Waldorf Hilton, in the beautiful Palm Court Ballroom, where Tango first scandalised Edwardian London society in 1910. These black tie events are hosted by professional Argentine Tango dancers, Leonardo Acosta and Tracey Tyack-King. On arrival at 6.30 you will be greeted by your hosts and receive the specially created cocktail, Tango Essence.

Leonardo and Tracey will then give a 45-minute lesson of Argentine Tango which is suitable for all levels. The two-course supper and dance will follow and during the evening there will also be a performance of Tango through the ages by your hosts. Carriages at 11pm.

The

Candlelight Club

Friday 2nd and Saturday 3rd October

7pm–12am

A secret London location

Admission: £20/25 in advance

Dress: Vintage evening wear, 1920s dandies and swells, gangsters and molls, degenerate aristos and decadent aesthetes, corrupt politicians and the Smart Set In the Know

See above. This time featuring live music from the Shirt Tail Stompers.

Auntie Maureen presents Vintage-a-Fair

Sunday 4th October

11am–5pm

Orford House Social Club and Institute, 73
Orford Road, Walthamstow Village, London
E17 9QR

Admission: £2 on the door (£1 concs), under-15s free

Our own Auntie Maureen presents her own vintage fair, offering furniture, small antiques, lighting, vintage clobber, collectibles, jewellery all under one roof in the charming ballroom of Orford House Social Club. If you would like to trade at the fair email Maureen at ask@auntiemaureen.info (but apparently they are oversubscribed for jewellery).





CONTACTING US

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

Torquil Arbuthnot delivers a devastating ball during the Tashes. For his prowess he was named Man of the Match

