

Horsing around

The Club wins the Chap Olympics. Ish

Play up and play the game

The 12th annual Tashes cricket match

Swigging in the rigging

David Smith visits the Plymouth Gin distillery

Inside the mind of Stephen Myhill

Cycle speedway? Yes, it's a thing

VISION!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB

118 AUGUST 2016



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

The Next Meeting

The next Club Meeting will take place on Wednesday 3rd August in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm. Adrian Prooth with chill our spines with *The Curse of the Pharaohs: When cultural appropriation strikes back*. "I will be talking about the fascination with all things from Ancient Egypt and one of the great

archaeological discoveries of all time, the discovery of the Tomb of Tutank-hamen in the Valley of the Kings by Howard Carter and his

team," he explains. "Then a look at the mysterious and untimely death of those who ignored the curse at the entry to the tomb of the Pharaoh and disturbed his resting place..."

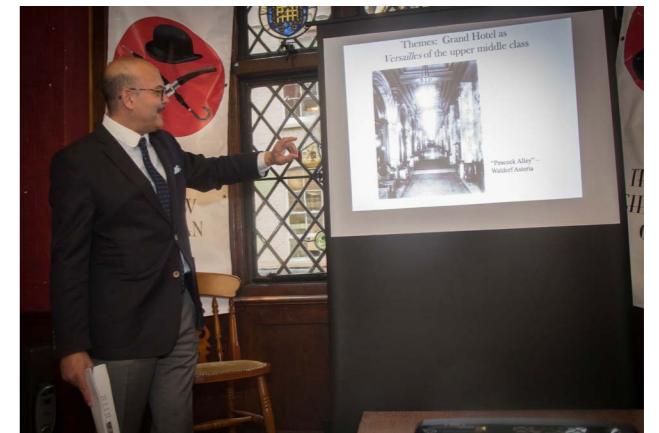
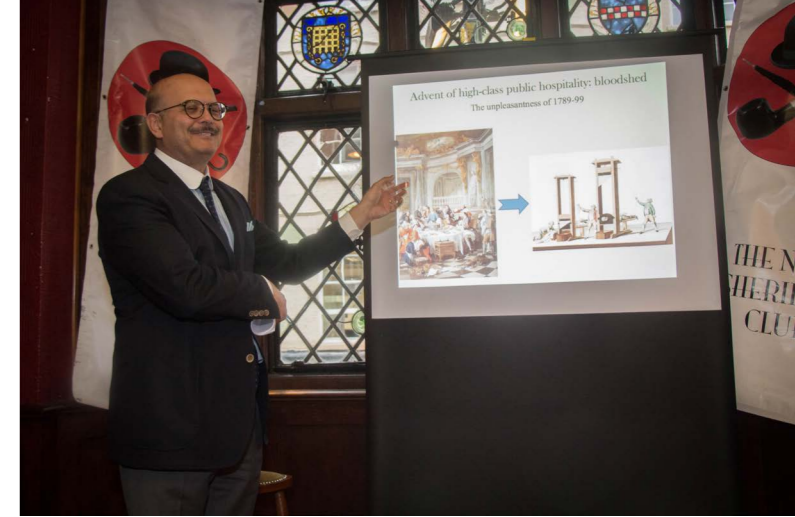
The Last Meeting

Our speaker last month was Luca Jellinek, exploring the era of the Grand Hotels. He explained how, in the olden days, aristocrats had no need of hotels, as they had big country houses and if they travelled they stayed with other aristocrats. The word *hotel* was a French

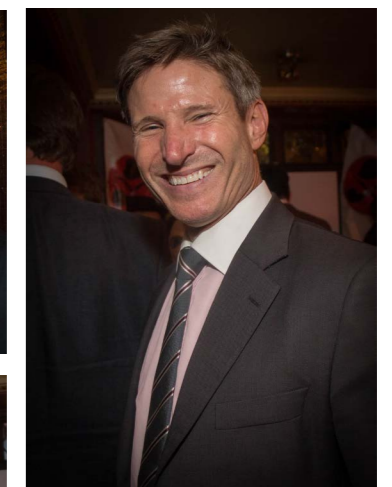
one meaning a town house that an aristocrat might own as well. With the French revolution, a number of these places were, ahem, liberated, giving birth to the idea of a grand urban building available to the public. Then came the rise of American money, creating a class of wealthy traveller without any contacts in the area. Moreover, Americans were used to standards of comfort and modern convenience with which Europe had to catch up. Visionaries like Cesar Ritz realised that by combining European style and glamour with American comfort, a hotelier might make a lot of money: the Grand Hotel was born. This was an era of high contrast between haves and have-nots, and despite the eye-watering prices, some of the haves could spend long periods of time actually living in these hotels. But they were more than just places to stay: they were places to see and be seen in, public yet only accessible to the right class of person—therefore more accurately "semi-private". A set of mores developed that allowed the respectable and well-to-do (particularly women) to do things in the confines of the hotel they would not be expected to do in public, such as smoke and use the toilets. Yet such was the public's fascination with the rich and famous who inhabited this world that movies such as *Grand Hotel* (1937) were made, showing a rarefied community centred around the place, riven by stories of romance, drama and heartache, in which the hotel itself, and its staff, provide the placid and efficient backdrop.



(Above left) Torquil opens proceedings; (above right and right) Luca expounds; (left, l-r) Stewart Lister Vickers, George Davies, Tim Eyre; (below) Craigoh



(Above) Mark Gidman, a man on a mission; (right) Scarheart with Stephen Myhill; (below) the gent on the left is so keen to meet dress protocol that he's wearing two ties (and a scarf)



(Above) Greg Taylor; (below) the strange woman draped in a Welsh flag (this was during the football) came up from downstairs. She claimed to be from the *Daily Mail* and took an intense interest in us, though she didn't seem to listen to any of the answers she was given. Booze may have been involved



Never mind Rio, it's **THE CHAP OLYMPICS**



THOSE WHO ARE even remotely familiar with the concept of Chappism will be aware of the annual Chap Olympiad. Conceived by our own Chairman Torquil Arbuthnot, it is held by the *The Chap* magazine. In the early days it was simply a gathering of likeminded people in a park, and folk would bring picnics and make a day of it. Nowadays it's a bit more official, held in Bedford Square gardens and run by Bourne & Hollingsworth, who put on monumental events like Prohibition, etc. As such they are looking to make money by selling drinks and food; while punters may still bring in picnics, the stormtroopers on the doors will confiscate any alcohol. Naturally this is a red rag to a bull, and valient Members of the New Sheridan Club vie each year to find inventive ways to smuggle in booze.

Over the years there have been setbacks—torrential rain or injuries (such as the person who fell while Ironing Board Surfing and broke a bone, or the time Torquil was concussed).

But this year, on 16th July, it seemed to go extraordinarily smoothly. Almost *too* smoothly. The weather was perfect—sunny and dry, but not too hot for tweed (though Rupert did look rather uncomfortable buttoned up in his black wool chauffeur's uniform). Most of us old lags agreed that it seemed a bit less full than in recent years, but it did not feel empty. Rather, it seemed to me that everyone who was there was there for the right reason, and what was missing were the gangs of corporate tourists with stick-on moustaches who don't quite get it.

And what is "it"? The games celebrate élan rather than sporting prowess. Winning is not important, trying is frowned upon and creative cheating applauded. Scoring was especially random this year, with even the units varying wildly: while some were given points, perhaps 10, perhaps 3 million, other were awarded roubles, degrees Fahrenheit... you get the picture. There are overall prizes for first, second and third place, though how these are arrived at is a closely-guarded mystery.



(Left) Lord Rupert; I can't explain the Mini Babybel; (above) Scarheart and Dorian pose off



(Left) Look closely and you'll see a row of Tin Tin badges over this gentleman's pocket; (above) Stewart and George flanking Isabella Ferretti; (right) I'm pleased to say that "exotic" is pretty much the only dress code



(Left) The trusty NSC gazebo, this time augmented by bunting handmade by Mrs H.



The Opening Ceremony All the Olympians gather together in a circle on the stage (which, as MC Tristan pointed out, effectively blocks the view of everyone in the audience from what was going on), where *Chap* editor Gustav Temple formally lights the Olympic Pipe, which is then passed from competitor to competitor. This takes some time

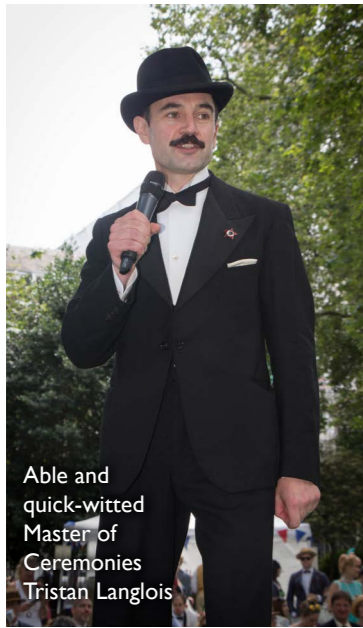


Artemis Scarheart, who was already smoking a pipe to start off with, now finds himself with two

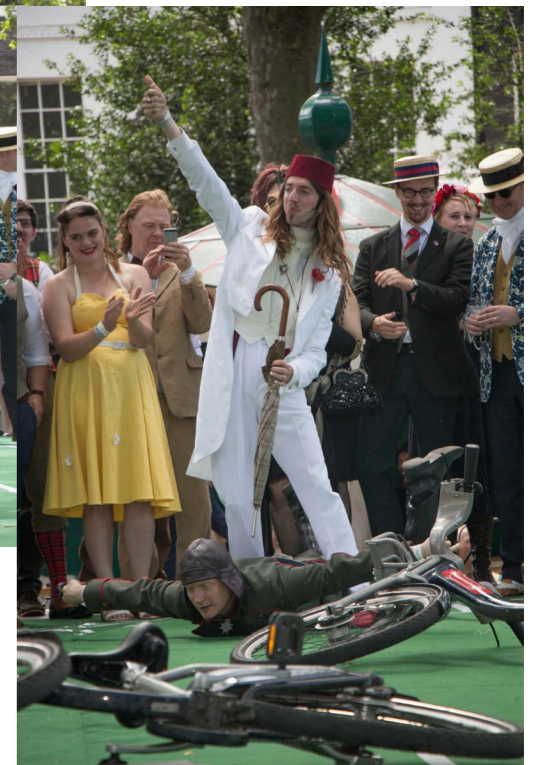


Tea Pursuit One cyclist attempts to pour tea into a second cyclist's tea cup. Harder than you might think





Able and quick-witted Master of Ceremonies Tristan Langlois



Well Dressage
Essentially dressage on a hobby horse. You might not guess it from these photos but contestants are supposed to display "elegance and panache". Bethan and Jeni (above) are scoring. Interestingly the chap on the right turns out to be from Russian TV. See his transformation into a chap at <https://youtu.be/IMunIDnnn-0>



Umbrella Jousting Does what it says on the tin, with attaché cases as shields. Frankly I'm astonished there aren't more injuries. This year the bout between Stuart Turner and Tim Andrew Mellor featured our very first disarming of an opponent (left and below)





More Umbrella Jousting action, including Craigh's lateral thinking of simply drawing a gun (above right). We were also treated to this elaborate narrative (anti-clockwise from left): mild-mannered Clark O'Kent engages with Chopper and seems easily defeated. But what is this? A mysterious leopard-print screen (OK, shower curtain) appears as if by magic, and behind it a transformation takes place. Is it a bird? Is it a plane? No, it's Il Grande Colonesi, stalwart of the Chap Olympics and former winner of the coveted Golden Cravat

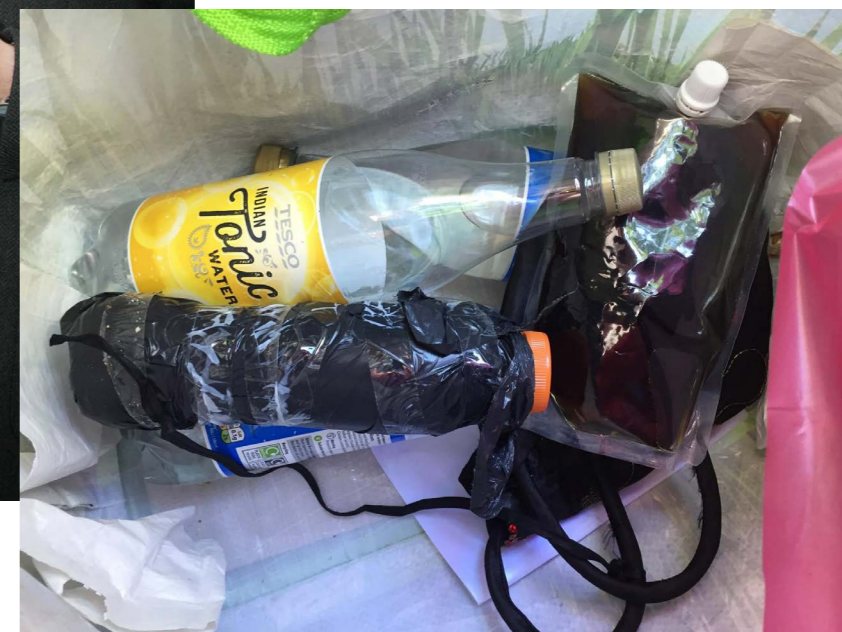


Hen-Peked Husband

On paper: "A man dressed as a stag tries to get to a deckchair with pipe and newspaper but is prevented from doing so by a team of ladies dressed as hens." In reality a confusing melée. The gentleman at the top at least seems to have got hold of the deckchair though is hardly "enjoying" it. (Centre left) clearly some attempts at bribery using chocolates and a fist of £50 notes (actually paper napkins from Pandora Harrison's well-provisioned "Winner's Circle" area)



(Above) Highlights of the interval included an actual marriage ceremony, in which Gustav Temple gave away the bride; also on this page (clockwise from right) Master William Beckwith on Lucky Henry's shoulders, Pandora, Darcy Sullivan and Zack Pinsent



Boozing smuggling Not an official event but traditional among the NSC crowd. Previous attempts have included hollowed out loaves of bread, pineapples and heads of lettuce. This year we saw some infusions, including Stephen Myhill's fruit salad, in which the dressing was actually gin (below right) and this jar of pickled gherkins (above) smuggled by Jack Defer and Jessica Von Hammersmark in which the pickling juice had likewise been replaced by gin. Thus producing a sort of ready-made Gibson (which is a Dry Martini served with a pickled onion as garnish). Meanwhile Stuart Mitchell focused more on secretion: "This years Olympiad smuggling worked quite well," he writes. "A boater with a homemade hidden compartment for a bag of gin, a couple of pouches of Pimms in the false bottom of a handbag and under a bustle, and tonic and lemonade secreted in bushes the night before. In total about 4 litres!"





Two different games here, though at a glance the only thing distinguishing the scrums is the strange rubber mask. At the top we have **Freefrom Breadbasket-Ball** in which a butler (whom you can't really see because he has been kettled) carries a breadbasket round the track, into which competitors must try to throw bread rolls, while a team of gluten-intolerants try to stop them.

The other pictures are from new event **Toupée Trumps**, in which players must try to dislodge Donald Trump's hairpiece by lobbing luxury chocolates at him. Here Trump is ably played by Chopper. I'm not sure if they succeeded, but Trump was charmed or tricked into letting a member of the audience simply remove it (left)



Not Playing Tennis In which players vie to come closest to the description of not playing tennis. They are presented with racquets and a ball, though in anticipation of their lack of interest, the ball is suspended from a rope that hangs between them and they are supplied with deck chairs. (Clockwise from the top) Artemis and Torquil warm up; David Kudish's dog Elwood saves the day by doing the tennis himself; Stewart's dog, on the other hand, refuses to play ball; this young lady ignores the tennis and focuses on applying makeup to her opponent; this young man doesn't play tennis in a thoroughly English way; Craigoh and Stephen are dismissed in shame—despite what looks like a plan involving watercolours and poetry writing, they clearly came too close to playing tennis





Corby Trousler Press Challenge Contestants are faced with a series of trouser presses like hurdles. Each press has a pair of trousers in it and the players must approach each one and put on the trousers, leaving behind the trousers they were wearing. Not a lot of scope for cheating, other than getting a lady to remove your trousers for you (as Russell Nash is doing above—but it's all right, the lady is his wife). Top right we see some young minds being corrupted, so it was all worthwhile after all



Awards Ceremony Those contestants who are deemed to have come first, second and third overall are awarded the Gold, Silver and Bronze Cravats. In the past they were actual cravats, but now they all seem to be identical Union Jack handkerchiefs. I'm pleased to say that Club honour was maintained as the Silver Cravat went to Member Stephen Myhill. (And in fact the Gold Cravat went to Katie Holt, a sometime Member.) After the award the day degenerated into dancing to live music from Natty Congeroo and his Flames of Rhythm. *Many more photographs may be viewed at the NSC Flickr account*



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.



Stephen Myhill

"If a woman answers, hang up."

Name or preferred name?

Stephen Myhill. Until recently, "Stephen" was reserved for the exclusive use of people telling me off. With advancing years, I find it more becoming than "Steve". I also answer to Mr Stephen in chappish circles.

Why that nickname or nom de plume?

I seem to remember it came to me the first time I

entered an event at the Olympiad, and it just felt like a reasonable fit.

Where do you hail from?

Saaaaf London. A Londoner born and bred, I've lived my whole life in the city. I moved to Walthamstow nearly 35 years ago and now live on a vintage ley-line connecting Auntie Maureen and Champagne Charlie.

Favourite Cocktail?

My son James is a skilled mixologist. His Earl Grey Gimlet almost makes all the money we've spent on him worth it. In the 1980s, my wife Eileen and I were frequenters of Rumours on Wellington Street. I was rather partial to a Twentieth Century Blues.

Most Chappist skill?

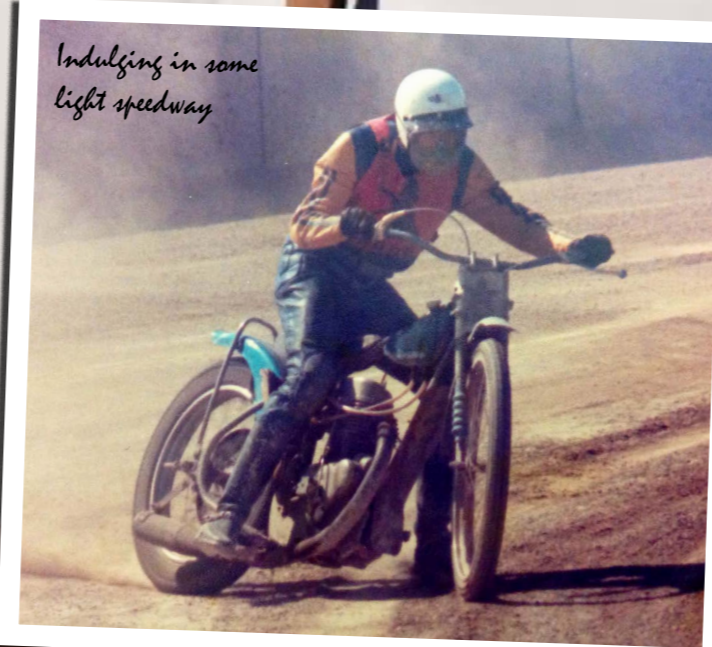
I have a stout sense of direction and a love of (and an ability to read) maps. I can't abide the thought of using a SatNav and will happily choose a map for bedtime reading. Can't fold the buggers back up, though.

Most Chappist possession?

Until recently, I would have said a pair of date-stamped 1956 grey flannel trousers. However, I am now the holder of a Chap Olympiad Silver Cravat...but, rather like Craigho, I don't like to talk about it.

Personal Motto?

If a woman answers, hang up. [A reference, I assume, to the gloomy



1962 country song by Leroy Van Dyke —Ed]

Favourite Quote?

"What do you expect from an opera, a happy ending?" —Bugs Bunny

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

Part of my job at my local authority involves being the Mace Bearer at council meetings and civic events.

How long have you been involved with the NSC?

I think it's about four years now, or only three if more subs are due.

How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

All roads lead back to Bedford Square. Knowing nobody, I went to an Olympiad some four or five years ago armed with a recommendation from a mutual friend to seek out Pandora. Not only did Pandora make me feel welcome, she suggested I join the NSC. I've never looked back (unless it's to check if I'm being followed).

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

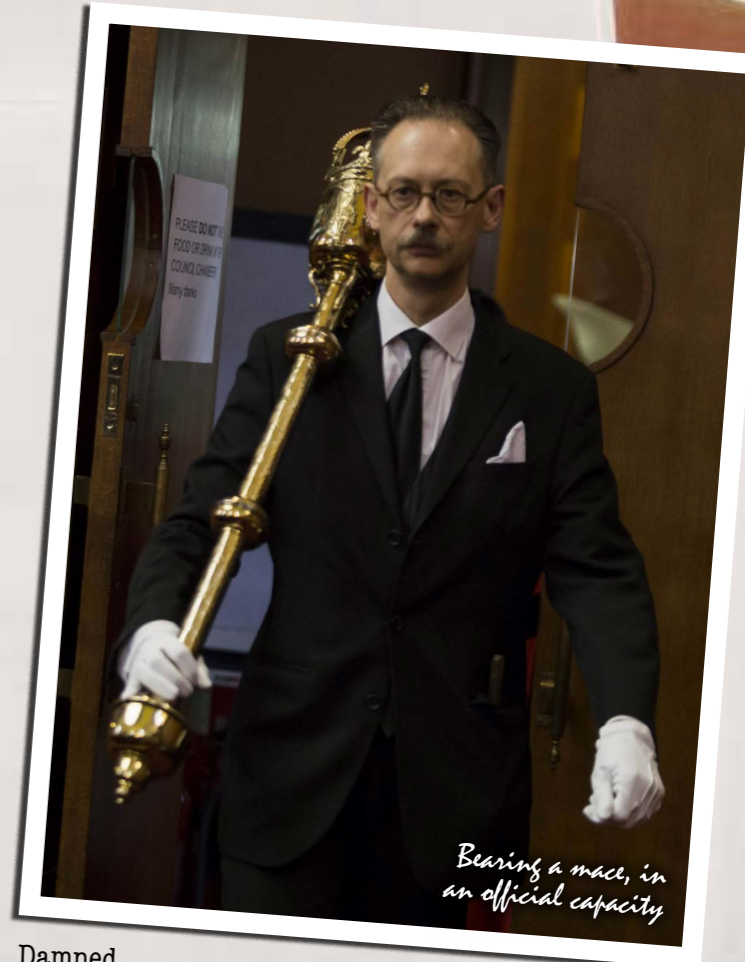
A walk around London. Jermyn Street and Burlington Arcade, Cecil Court, the South Bank. Postman's Park, the cloisters at Westminster Abbey. Just wandering and discovering—I still am, 53 years in.

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

John Lydon—to talk politics and PIL rather than Pistols; Sir Wilfred Thesiger, a fascinating "boys' own" war hero and explorer; and Liz Fraser, the sexiest Carry On star by a mile (see *Carry on Cruising* should proof be required).

Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?

Artemis Scarheart.



Damned autocorrect won't let me write anything else.

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

Two years ago, members were kind enough to feign interest while I yammered on about the early days of speedway racing. To ring the changes, should I be given another opportunity to speak, I will probably talk about the early years of CYCLE speedway, you lucky people.

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.



Play up! Play up! And play the game!

Good weather and a healthy turn-out at the 12th annual Tashes Trophy final cricket match

THE TASHES began life, in the words of its founder, “as a stupid joke in the Sheridan Club chat room in the 2005 Ashes year”—a cricket match between those with facial hair and those without. Thanks to the continuing efforts of William Maple Watermere that idea has been a reality, a summer fixture in the NSC calendar for 12 years, and in fact the one time a year when certain Members see each other.

The original ground was in Roehampton, at the Richardson Evans Memorial Playing Fields, though it was a bit of a bugger to get to. The switch a few years ago to Ranger’s Field in Greenwich Park meant lower fees, better facilities and, most importantly, that it was a 30-minute stroll from where I live.

But Watermere himself left London four years ago to teach youngsters in t’ North and trying to organise the match at a distance, and struggling down to London with all the kit, has proved a strain. On top of that attendance in some recent years has been sketchy. Shortly before this year’s match he announced he would not be able to carry on after this event.

So we were hoping for a good turn-out this year, as an indication that the concept still had legs. And we were in luck. Although we were never going to get 22 players, we had enough men for two viable teams and a healthy day’s cricket, while still managing to get everything wrapped up in time to spend several hours in the pub afterwards.

Speaking as a non-combatant with no knowledge of cricket, I shall not attempt to go into detail about what happened in the game—and a proper match report may be forthcoming—but suffice it to say that the weather was bang on, some tasty picnic chow was scoffed and Artemis caught the ball. The Clean-Shaven Players won by 58 runs, with the Hirsute Gentlemen bowled out in 11 overs for 35 (I’m quoting Essex here).

Here are some photos to prove it.



At 11 am, or as near as dammit, the players assemble and picnic hampers are unleashed. Essex fortifies himself with a Scotch egg before doing a bit of batting practice with Maximillion, while Hallamshire-Smythe (above) settles for a light breakfast ale. (Below) Artemis limbers up his Herculean torso. (Left) Baby Rowan has her own high-tech pyramid to protect her from the sun and voodoo





Watermere explains the rules



No scope for Bodyline shenanigans, as it's a special soft ball



The ball rolls languidly up and nestles against Maximillion's stumps. He is given out even though the bales don't actually fall off



Scarheart fails miserably. But he redeems himself later on...



(Above) The moment of Scarheart's redemption; (right) Mrs H. presents the trophy to Nippetweed, captain of the victorious Clean-Shaven Players



The Cocktail Cabinet

Wherein Members bicker about liquor

Plymouth on the Rocks

By David Bridgman-Smith

As heat engulfed the capital and south coast of the country, I decided to escape to a cooler place—a place where it always rains at least once during my stay, Plymouth. Now, it's not all bad, for Plymouth has many great things going for it; not least, Plymouth Gin Distillery—my destination as I headed West.

One of the great things about going to Plymouth on the train from Paddington is that you get the chance to travel on Brunel's Great Western Railway, including the always enjoyable, if somewhat nerve-wracking, trip right along the seawall at Dawlish.

This is possibly my eighth visit to the distillery, but there have been some changes since I was last there. More has been dug up on its history—its monastic origins now raise an eyebrow, as well as some of the drinks that are closely associated with Plymouth Gin.

The Gimlet

Whether it is named after a Naval Surgeon (who would have been ten years old when lime juice became standard issue) or after the small, sharp tool for piercing holes in casks, the Gimlet is an iconic naval drink. The lime juice was issued to help cure men of scurvy. Originally, lemon juice was used, which actually has, pound-for-pound, more vitamin C than its green cousin, but the more bitter lime juice was then considered to be superior. Fortunately,

given this misconception, steamships were soon invented, reducing the length of trips at sea; otherwise, historians hypothesise that scurvy would have returned.

The earliest reference to a Gimlet that I have been able to find is in a newspaper from 1924:

A "Corker"

In his small ward-room the captain entertained a couple of non-seafaring guests. They selected their drinks and the skipper himself named his as "a gimlet." The steward duly returned with the two drinks and the tool known as a gimlet. The captain gasped, "How long have you been in the service?"

"Twenty-one years, sir."

"Twenty-one years! And you don't know what a 'gimlet' is! Fetch me a gin and limejuice." "Oh, you mean a caulker, sir," remarked the steward. Which was right—the captain or the steward?"

Aberdeen Journal, 15th August, 1924

Given the historical significance of both lemons and limes to the Royal Navy I decided to compare Gimlets made with each. The cocktail is

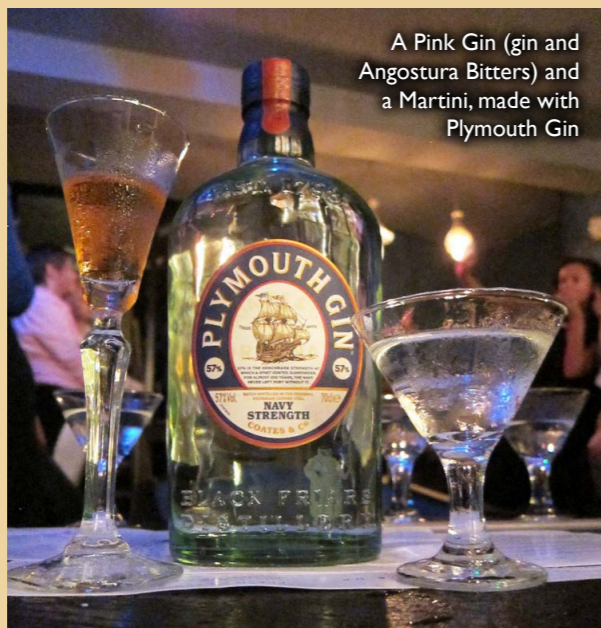
typically made using a cordial rather than fresh juice—as Rose's don't make a lemon cordial I made my own homemade cordials by mixing one part sugar syrup to two parts citrus juice.

3 parts Plymouth Gin, 1 part lime cordial

The well known tartness that fans of Gimlets love, along with the aromatic complexity of the gin, the sweet spice of cardamom working well with the sugar of the cordial. Finally a zesty dry finish.

3 parts Plymouth Gin, 1 part lemon cordial

As you may expect, a far more mellow drink,



A Pink Gin (gin and Angostura Bitters) and a Martini, made with Plymouth Gin



Inside the secret "LPO"

slightly sweeter but with a broader citrus flavour. I'm actually surprised at how good this is—I'd certainly be happy to drink on board ship.

While enjoying these drinks and being told the various tales of the drink's origin by Sebastian Hamilton-Mudge of Plymouth Gin, we were in the most intriguing surroundings—the LPO (Lost Property Office), the distillery's secret bar. I was allowed to take pictures of the inside, but not the exit, which I must say is very cleverly disguised. As well as space for seating around a dozen people, there are display cases of Plymouth Gin artefacts and *objet d'art*.

We were also treated to a variation on a drink from the 1930 *Savoy Cocktail Book*, The White Cargo. Despite its slightly sinister name, it does work rather well and the flavour can be adjusted by varying the type of white wine used: sauterne is a popular choice, although I quite like a dry vermouth.

The White Cargo

50ml Plymouth Gin
1 scoop vanilla ice-cream
10ml white wine

sugar and fruit notes (I think that this works better with a sweet white wine), whereas the mint choc chip version has some earthy and leafy notes that highlight the similar botanical notes in the gin—with this version, I would suggest using a dry white wine.

Our trip concluded with a trip to the Burrator Reservoir, the water source for the still at Plymouth Gin. The water is exceptionally soft and it is thought that this could have a positive impact on the distilling process.

Along with sipping some Pink Gins diluted with water from the reservoir, we got the chance to compete in a duck race where rubber ducks

were raced down a stream. Through a technicality—possibly the sweetest win—your correspondent came third and was thus rewarded with a bottle of Plymouth Gin.

What I was particularly struck with during my trip was how the definitive history of great brands and great drinks is still somewhat of a mystery and how, bit by bit, we slowly uncover the truth. If anyone is down Plymouth-way, and has a fondness for history, gin, or both, a visit to the distillery is well worth it.



Sean Harrison, Plymouth Master Distiller, making a Pink Gin with water fresh from the Burrator Reservoir

NSC FILM NIGHT

Chariots of Fire (1981)

Wednesday 10th August

7.30pm–11pm

The Tea House Theatre, 139 Vauxhall Walk,

London SE11 5HL

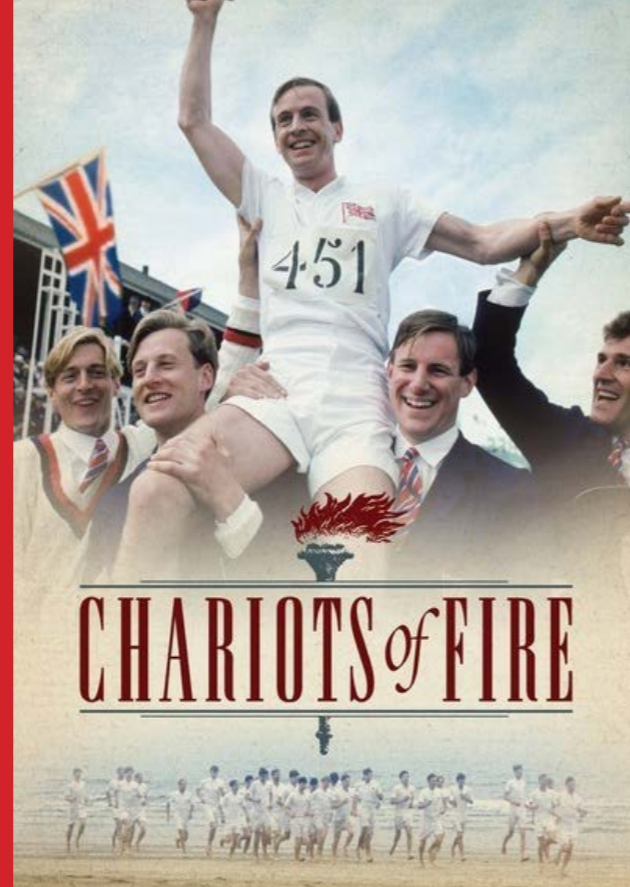
(020 7207 4585)

Admission: Free

Postponed from last month, David De Vyné presents this multi-Oscar-winning tale of two athletes preparing for the 1924 Olympics and facing the choice of whether or not to follow their consciences. Rated by the BFI as No.19 in the 100 best British movies, it is based on the true stories of Eric Liddell and Harold Abrahams: Liddell is presented as a devout Scottish Christian running for the glory of God, while Abrahams's motivation is to confront and defeat anti-Semitism.

But plenty of historical liberties are taken; for example, Abrahams is shown completing the Great Court Run—sprinting around the Great Court of Trinity College, Cambridge, in the time it takes the clock to strike midday—for the first time in history, while in reality he never tried it. (It was achieved in 1927 by Lord Burghley, aspects of whose character appear in the film as “Lord Lindsay”, although Burghley and Abrahams did not attend Cambridge at the same time.)

There is something very British about the fact that many of these changes revolve around deference to the wishes of the real people: Lord Lindsay is primarily based on the aristocratic Douglas Lowe, who was in the original script but refused to be involved. Kiwi 100m bronze



medallist Arthur Porritt wouldn't let his name be used out of modesty, and is renamed Tom Watson. Meanwhile, US runner Jackson Scholz is shown giving Liddell a note with an inspirational Bible quote: in fact the note was from the British team, but when Scholz was asked if he minded his character being given the role for dramatic purposes, he replied, “Great, as long as it makes me look good.”

Ian Charleson, who plays Liddell, studied the Bible intensively for the role and insisted on writing his speech to the crowd of working men after the Scotland vs Ireland race, wanting to use words he personally found inspirational. The uplifting tone initially qualified the movie for the inoffensive G rating in the US—but as this was associated with children's movies, the producers inserted some obscene language, simply to get bumped to a PG rating.

Today the film is probably most associated with the synth-heavy soundtrack by Vangelis, and the combination of the theme tune and the slow-motion shots over which it plays is iconic enough to have been much parodied. (Rowan Atkinson made a Mr Bean spoof that was screened at the opening to the 2012 Olympics.) Darcy Sullivan insists the tune is a rip-off of “On Top of Old Smokey”—come and decide for yourself...



Nigel Havers as Lord Lindsay shows us how a gentleman trains for the Olympics

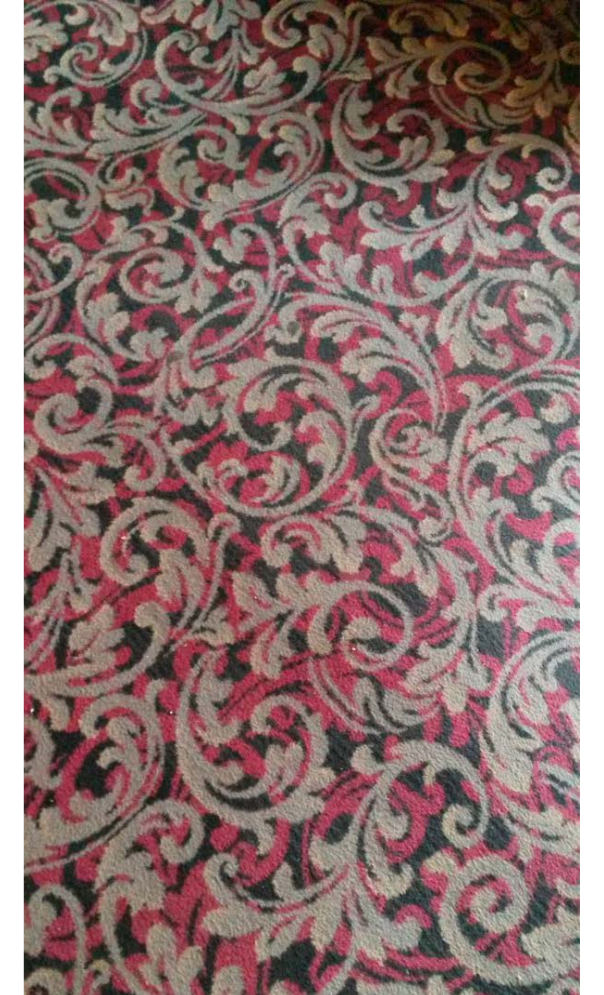


CLUB NOTES

Club Tie Corner

AN AGREEABLY TENUOUS collection of Club Tie spots this time. We have Mark Gidman to thank for the, now traditional, photo of the Prince of Wales in Club silk (bottom), highlighting the reassurance of NSC affiliation in times of outrage and tragedy. Below right is a still of Jonathan Aris in *The Long Walk to Finchley*, submitted by Stephen Smith, which under high-tech forensic picture enhancement reveals the presence of a Club Tie.

Possibly. Even I couldn't muster the audacity to try and Photoshop the frankly blue stripes into black in Tom Carradine's snap of Reg Varney in a Club blazer. And finally, after one too many ciders, David Smith started seeing Club colours in this pub carpet.



New Members

OUR RANKS HAVE gently swollen by two this month. Robert Westbury has infiltrated our numbers via the online Sheridan Club chat room (www.sheridanclub.co.uk) and feels that the time is right to step up to the corporeal plate—although, living in Montrose in Scotland, he doubts that we will enjoying his physical presence at events very often.

Meanwhile Lee Gibson is closer to home in St Albans and is a recruit from the Chap Olympiad (see pages 4–17) and *The Chap* Facebook group. He offers this photo, adding “apologies for the squinty eye but it was 1am on New Year’s Day”. Under the circumstances I think he’s doing rather well, and I note that Mr Westbury has also sent us a mugshot involving booze. They are clearly in the right place.

Fez Despatches

THE SINISTER ORDER OF THE FEZ advanced its impenetrable mission this month with an expedition to explore the recently rediscovered



Robert Westbury



A slightly sozzled Lee Gibson

BLACK CRAVAT
Photography



lost cities of Thonis-Heraclion and Canopus, buried under the sea in the mouth of the Nile, courtesy of the British Museum’s splendid exhibition. Artefacts from these cosmopolitan ports show clearly the easy assimilation of different cultures as successive Greek, Roman and Egyptian rulers sought to affirm their legitimacy in all eyes. Here we see our intrepid mystics on the steps of the Museum before taking the plunge. (You’ll be pleased to here we caused something of a stir.) Thanks to Grand Vizier Adrian Prooth for organising the quest.



Forthcoming Events



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

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

🔴 NSC Club Night
Wednesday 3rd August
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 with guest
performers each time.

**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.

🔴 NSC Film Night:
***Chariots of Fire* (1981)**
Wednesday 10th August
7.30pm–11pm
The Tea House Theatre, 139 Vauxhall Walk,
London SE11 5HL (020 7207 4585)
Admission: Free
See page 21.

Jonathan Black on Sydney Carline
Friday 12th August
12.30–2pm
RAF Museum London, Grahame Park Way,
London, NW9 5LL
Admission: Free

Out own Jonathan Black presents a lunchtime lecture at the RAF Museum (nearest tube Colindale) on “*Havoc from the Heavens*”: *The Contribution of British Air Power to the Destruction of Austro-Hungarian and Ottoman Turkish Forces in 1918 through the eyes of British War Artist Lieutenant Sydney Carline RAF.*



Sydney Carline, *Flying Above Kirkuk, 1919*

The NSC Summer Picnic II

Saturday 20th August
12.20–10pm

Hyde Park, London W2 2UH

Admission: Free but bring some food and drink

“A picnic is more than eating a meal, it is a pleasurable state of mind.”

With no Summer Bash this year due to the 10th Anniversary Party in October, and the weather not being too British, why not join us for the return of the New Sheridan Club Picnic? We did one in June and it was such a success we’re having another. All are most welcome to come along and if rain stops play we’ll have



Come and get languid at the NSC picnic

a pub crawl instead in damp linen and floppy Panamas. We’ll meet at the base of the statue of Achilles and then totter off to a likely spot not far from the boathouse on the Serpentine. If you have any park friendly games bring them along. Once we’re the colour of lobsters, had too much to eat and someone’s been stung by a wasp we’ll march off to a public house for the evening. Excellent weather “guaranteed”.

Black Tie Ballroom Club

Friday 26th August
7.30–11.30pm

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

Admission: £10 in advance
Dress code: Strictly black tie, evening dress or vintage

Vintage ballroom dancing at the Tea House Theatre with operatic baritone Alistair Sutherland who will perform two half hour sets singing through the voice trumpet, plus a selection of vintage records for dancing slow and Viennese waltz, quickstep, slow foxtrot, tango, rumba, jive, plus some cha cha, samba and Charleston. There will be an absolute beginners’ dance lesson in slow waltz from 7.30 to 8pm. There is no need to bring a partner as guests are encouraged to mix and there will be five male and female taxi dancers available free of charge for all guests. Diversions will include a quickstep bus stop and an “excuse me” waltz. There will be a fully licensed bar and an intimate atmosphere. Dress code is black tie and evening dress and the ten most glamorous ladies will be awarded a free glass of bubbly. For tickets at £10 see wegottickets.com.

Facebook: www.facebook.com/BlackTieBallroomClub.

The Dixie Ticklers present

Golden Grinde

Friday 26th August

Doors 6.30, music from 7.30pm

The Golden Hinde, St Mary Overie Dock,
London SE1 9DE

Admission: £10 (£6 concs) from www.goldengrinde.com

Live New Orleans jazz aboard the Golden Hinde in dry dock with DJing till late, plus cocktails (which you can sip in Drake’s private cabin) and hearty food menu by Porky’s BBQ.



GOLDEN GRINDE
THE DIXIE TICKLERS PLAY NEW ORLEANS JAZZ AND BLUES
SPECIAL GUEST ARTISTS - DJs - PORKY'S BBQ ONBOARD
DOORS 6:30 - LIVE MUSIC FROM 7:30 - LAST FRIDAY OF THE MONTH - £10
THE GOLDEN HINDE, ST MARY OVERIE DOCK, LONDON SE1 9DE
Porky's DIXIE TICKLERS WWW.GOLDENGRINDE.COM FOR TICKETS

The Candlelight Club

Friday 2nd and Saturday 3rd September
7pm–12am

A secret London location

Admission: £25 in advance

The Candlelight Club is a clandestine 1920s

speakeasy party in a secret London venue completely lit by candles, with live period jazz bands, cabaret and vintage vinylism. The bar dispenses vintage cocktails and the kitchens offer bar snacks and sharing platters, as well as a fine-dining set menu option.

To get your feet moving we’ll have live music from the Candid Jug Orange Band, pumping out the infectious rolling rhythms of New Orleans jazz, plus vintage vinylism from the NSC’s own DJ Auntie Maureen spinning vintage shellac. And keeping everyone in order with a song, a slap and a tickle will be that Lord of Cabaret Misrule, Champagne Charlie.

We’ve also teamed up with online fashion retailer Little Black Dress to offer a special competition to get the party season going with a sizzle: up for grabs are four tickets to our party (you can choose Friday or Saturday) and four flapper dresses from Gatsbylady and Little Black Dress. For details of how to enter the competition see LBD’s online magazine.

Guests receive an email two days before revealing the secret location and are encouraged to dress in 1920s outfits—so pull on your flapper dress and get ready to Charleston!

“The closest you’ll find to an authentic Jazz Age experience in central London. Its unique ambience, fuelled by hundreds of candles, is truly a scene to behold.” —Time Out

As seen last summer on BBC2’s *Hair!* More at www.thecandlelightclub.com. See the video.



At the Chap Olympics, Jack Defer samples one of his own gin-soaked gherkins—a cunning way of smuggling in the gin in the jar



CONTACTING US

telegrams@newsheridanclub.co.uk
mrarbutnot@newsheridanclub.co.uk
mrhartley@newsheridanclub.co.uk
mrscarheart@newsheridanclub.co.uk

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.

