

DESIGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • ISSUE 123 JANUARY 2017

DING DONG MERRILY ON HIGH

The annual NSC
Christmas gathering
transplants to a new home

Eye in the sky

Dr Jonathan Black on WWI
fighter pilot and war artist
Sydney Carline

Our man from Milan

Luca Jellinek reveals all





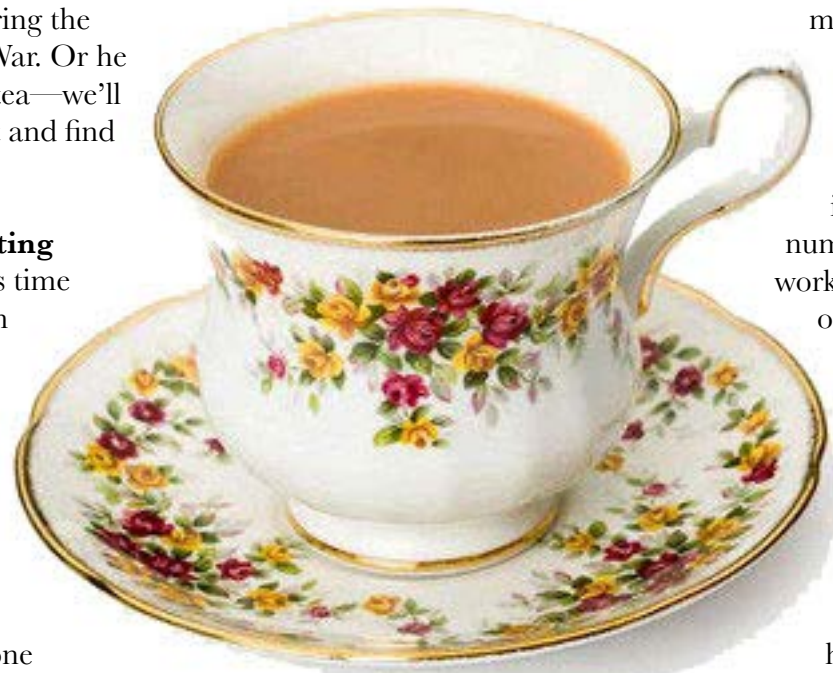
The New Sheridan Club traditionally meets in the upstairs room of The Wheatsheaf, just off Oxford Street. The Wheatsheaf is one of Fitzrovia's historic pubs, a one-time haunt of Dylan Thomas, George Orwell, Augustus John and Julian Maclaren-Ross. In fact Thomas met his wife Caitlin in The Wheatsheaf 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 4th January in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm. Mr Jack Defer will keep us riveted with an exploration of the exploits of his great uncle, who was a fire fighter during the Second World War. Or he may talk about tea—we'll just have to wait and find out.

The Last Meeting

Our speaker this time was Dr Jonathan Black, telling us all about Sydney Carline, who showed promise as an artist from an early age—then surprised everyone by joining up as a fighter pilot in the First World War. He proved to be a natural behind the joy stick, adept even in the powerful but notoriously unstable Sopwith Camel. He carried on painting and sketching, however, even producing artworks from mid-



Jack's Defer's talk this month may be about tea. Or it may not.

air, controlling his plane with his knees. By his own admission he enjoyed flying so much that he sometimes forgot the reason he was up there was to engage with the enemy, and although he scored a number of confirmed kills it was eventually considered that he lacked the requisite killer instinct and was

made an official war artist instead. Dr Black's talk was, as you can imagine, illustrated with a number of Carline's works, shedding light on the experience and importance of the RFC/RAF's role in the Mediterranean during the Great War.

Dr Black has curated an exhibition at the Estorick Collection which opens in January and NSC Members are invited to attend the private view on Thursday 12th (see page 24).

An essay version of the talk begins on page 4.



Gabriel Blaze and Prof. Hancock



Dr Black begins



One of Carline's aerial scenes



The throng assembles



Ed Marlowe looking very dapper



An unexpected visitation by Sebastian Alexander (right)



A quick whip-round to give the long-suffering bar staff a Christmas box



Historic photo of the founding of the Banana Import/Export Union



Dorian Loveday (left) and Robert Beckwith

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 (1888–1929) RAF by Dr Jonathan Black

“HAVOC FROM THE HEAVENS”—this from a letter early in November 1918 from Sydney Carline in Italy to his younger brother Richard serving with the RAF in France. Sydney was trying to encapsulate what the RAF in Italy had just the previous week inflicted on retreating Austro-Hungarian forces on the ground. Sydney was never the most lyrical or expressive wordsmith but he described what he had participated in, as a rear gunner and war artist flying in a Bristol fighter, as the “epitome of modern war...organised, mechanised murder” which he asserted had been “cruel but absolutely necessary”. He had been privileged to see “an Empire falling apart before my very eyes”. After the “thrashing” the Austro-Hungarians had received between the rivers Piave and Tagliamento he could not imagine their Empire lasting much longer. Indeed, by the time he wrote

these words the AH Empire had ceased to exist.

Carline’s Background

Sydney was born in 1888 in Oxford. His father was an established academic painter, George Carline. In fact he came from a family of artists—his mother Annie, younger sister Nancy and younger brother Richard were all painters. His elder brother George studied anthropology at Oxford.

Young Sydney attended Oxford Preparatory School and revealed a talent for drawing. Then, in his last two years at Repton School in Derbyshire (1901–04), he won the School Drawing Prize.

He worked in an Estate Office as a draughtsman and tried his hand at being a cartoonist—a “Black and White” artist—between 1905 and 1907. He made enough

money to study at the prestigious Slade School of Art from October 1907 to June 1910. He effectively funded his studies by winning grants and prizes at the Slade every year.

Sydney’s approach to art was transformed by meeting UCL art historian Roger Fry (1866–1934); he was bowled over by visiting the famous First Post-Impressionist Art Exhibition in London in October 1910 which had in part been curated by Fry. Sydney henceforth was within Fry’s orbit but on the fringes of the Bloomsbury Group.

He spent a year to 18 months studying in Paris at an art school run by Percival Tudor-Hart. In his sketch books for 1913–14 one can detect the first signs of his interest in the air/flight: two drawings of airships preparing to take off.

Sydney returned to the family home on Downshire Hill, Hampstead, in the spring of 1914. He found employment as an art master at a minor public school in Lancashire. He was on his summer holidays from there when Britain declared war on Germany. His family was divided over the war; Annie and Nancy were inclined towards pacifism and his father and elder brother greatly admired German culture. His younger brother Richard thought he would have to get involved but was in no hurry to volunteer. Sydney had a tendency to be a little lazy sometimes and to allow matters to drift.

He was politically probably the most conservative of the Carlines—never openly critical of the British Empire as his parents and siblings could be on occasion. In the summer of 1915 he surprised his family by resigning from his position as a schoolmaster, buying a motor-bike and taking a mechanics course with an aim to volunteer as an army despatch rider. He apparently revelled in the feeling of speed as he drove down Haverstock Hill at a “reckless velocity”, according to his father.

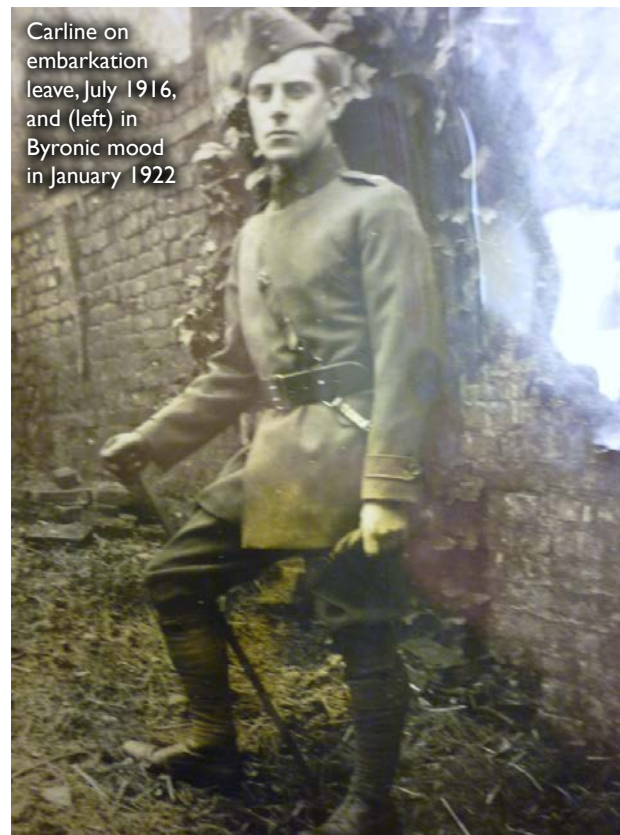
In December 1915 he volunteered for the Army in the closing days of the Derby Scheme.



Then a contact he made through Roger Fry, Churchill’s secretary Edward Marsh, introduced him to writer, lawyer and biographer of American painter John Singer Sargent the Hon. Evan Charteris (1864–1940), who was also a staff captain with the RFC in London. He suggested Sydney think of volunteering to become a fighter pilot (and it’s interesting that he set his heart on doing that right from their first meeting early in March 1916).

Sydney began his flight training early in May 1916, on Maurice Farnan Shorthorns and then Avro 504s. He was awarded his wings late in July 1916 after accumulating just over 21 hours of solo flying. Early in August 1916 he was posted to No.19 Squadron equipped with BE12 fighter-bombers flying missions in support of British infantry over the Somme battlefield. Now he could boast over 36 hours solo flying experience.

Early on 31st August 1916 Sydney flew his third mission, a bombing raid on German positions in Hautevilliers Wood. He dropped his bombs and flying back to the British lines was distracted by the beauty of the sunrise. He had allowed his concentration to wander—which proved an almost fatal mistake. He was jumped from the sun by three German Roland fighters. Sydney was an above average pilot, even flying an obsolete death trap such as the BE12. He managed to outfly and evade two of his attackers but machine gun bullets from the third hit his machine—one of them slammed into his left upper thigh. He crash landed behind



A Flight 28th Squadron RAF about to embark on a mission over the Piave, June 1918, and (below) Mess Night at 28th Squadron, July 1918 (both photos by Ernest Brooks)



fly it killed more British pilots than German fighters ever did. It was inherently unstable but in the hands of a skilled pilot proved superb for dogfighting. He was a good pilot and took to flying a Camel with aplomb—so much so that early in December 1917 he was temporarily posted to fly in an extremely hazardous night fighter role, stalking Gotha G IV bombers making nocturnal raids on London and the South East of England. Sydney flew a dozen missions but never saw a Gotha and was amazed he never crashed.

Elsewhere on 24th October 1917 seven German and 26 Austro-Hungarian Divisions attacked the Italian Army at the northern end of the Gorizia

Front at Caporetto (now Kobarid in Slovenia). Within 24 hours three Italian armies were in full retreat westwards. By mid-November 1917 they had fallen back 70 miles and formed a defensive position along the west bank of the River Piave. The Central Powers were now less than 20 miles from St Mark's Square in Venice.

The Italian Government made impassioned pleas to the British and French for military help. By the beginning of December 1917 the French sent six infantry divisions and the British five (that's around 120,000 men including supporting arms—artillery, engineers, transport, etc). The commander of the British Italian Expeditionary Force, General Sir Herbert Plumer, insisted he had adequate air support—he arrived at his HQ in northern Italy to find the skies above dominated by German and AH aircraft. He was initially provided with five RFC squadrons: three of Fighters (28th, 45th

British lines and managed to stagger away from the wreckage. Miraculously he did not go up in smoke despite being soaked in petrol from a ruptured petrol tank when his stricken machine did blow up. He crawled about 50 feet from the crash before he fainted from loss of blood.

Within 24 hours he had been evacuated to a hospital in England, in Kent where he remained for two and a half months until early November 1916. Then a Medical Board passed him as fit early in January 1917 for Home Service only. Sydney was then posted to a Reserve Squadron where he flew a variety of aircraft camouflaged by his old art teacher Percival Tudor-Hart—now advising a somewhat sceptical RFC about the merits of various innovative camouflage schemes.

Early in October 1917 Sydney was reassigned to a Reserve Squadron to learn to fly the fearsome Sopwith Camel—a design so tricky to

and 66th equipped with Sopwith Camels) and two RE8 Recon and Bombing squadrons (34th and 42nd). This came to a total of about of 90 aircraft.

Towards the end of March Plumer returned to France to command the Second Army in Flanders and his place as C-in-C of the IEF was taken by an intelligent and forceful Anglo-Irish aristocrat highly thought of by Haig: General Sir Frederick Lambert, 10th Earl of Cavan. He was even keener on air power than Plumer had been. The departing Plumer was accompanied by one squadron of Camels (45th) and one of RE8's (42nd). However, Cavan insisted he be given in return a squadron of versatile Bristol Fighters—139th. By April 1918 the new RAF in northern Italy had a strength of 70 effective aircraft.

As for Sydney, in mid-February 1918 he was posted away from fruitlessly chasing Gotha Bombers and sent to 28th Squadron based at a rudimentary airstrip north-east of Vicenza. He settled into a routine of flying escort missions for RE8s taking photographs of enemy positions and also forward patrols looking for the enemy to attack. The Squadron CO made it clear, their task was to dominate the airspace as British troops on the Western Front habitually sought to dominate the no-man's land in front of their trenches. Sydney was flying two to three missions a day each mission lasting 1.5 to 2 hours. As he wrote to his younger brother Richard in March 1918 he found flying at 20,000 feet “rather took it out of you”. He made light of heavy enemy anti-aircraft fire but concealed the fact his machine was hit twice by AH guns (judged to be as good if not better than the Germans' in France). “Till just recently things have been very quiet, except for the usual plodding through Archie bursts which is not too nice.

I have had several bits of archie through my machine but nothing at all serious. I am thinking of doing a picture of the subject...” [19th March 1918]

What he did not mention was that as a result of being hit, he had twice crashed trying to land his Camel.

He did not see much of the Imperial Austrian Air Service but during one patrol early in March 1918 he did administer the coup de grace to an AH recon aircraft which he had attacked with two other members of his squadron. He wrote to his brother with rather chilling clinical detachment of the event:

“On patrol with two others I saw a Hun two-seater taking photos 5,000 ft below us (we at 10,000) and on our side of the line. We dived on him. He put up no show, the pilot was shot and the observer leaning over tried to dive for home but he was also shot and the machine crashed in the river ... there was a patrol of six or so enemy scouts at about 15,000 ft supposed to be escorting it and as soon as they saw us go for him they apparently turned for home and their aerodrome but ran into three of our machines and only three of their men arrived home.” [5th March 1918]

It's clear that the enemy Albatross was shot down over the Piave. However, when Sydney came to paint the incident in late September

The Destruction of an Austro-Hungarian Machine over the Brenta Gorge, 1918





(Above) *Flying Through Ack-Ack Bursts at 20,000 Feet over the Piave, 1918, 1919*
 (Below) *Sopwith Camels Taking Off for a Patrol over the Asiago Front, 1918*



1918 he depicted the enemy craft being attacked over the Valley of the Brenta which the artist thought more atmospheric with its “Dantean” overtones.

In April 1918 he managed to outfly five AH machines when he was abandoned by mistake by his wingman as part of a two-plane patrol. After the incident he wrote to his brother Richard: “We have been doing two-

machine patrols lately and this morning I took a new fellow up. On the lines we met 6 Italian machines. He of course thought I was one of them and followed them and properly lost me. So I did the patrol by myself... When I saw 5 Hun machines come up from behind the hills quite close, I got between them and the sun ... they went off along the mountains... We saw them again this afternoon and I managed to bag one!!” (This was his second confirmed kill—in July he would be credited a third.)

Mid-April 1918 the Squadron MO judged Sydney needed a rest and he was posted to 7th Air Park, to test fly Camels sent out from England—some of which were to be eventually handed over to Italian pilots. The move was also a sign of how well respected Sydney was as a pilot—only the best British ones were assigned to show off the Camel to the Italians. It was also a curious form of “rest”—certainly no sinecure. On one occasion a part of the cockpit which had not been properly attached in England suddenly broke

away while Sydney was in flight. A chunk hit him and temporarily knocked him out at 10,000 feet, he came round in a spin having lost over 5,000 feet. He was able to regain control of the aircraft and give Italian villagers watching below an impromptu acrobatic display. On another occasion the engine of his Camel recently arrived from England suddenly stopped dead at 5,000 feet and Sydney managed to make

a controlled crash landing, though narrowly missing a mountain side when blown by a sudden violent thermal.

He was pressed back into combat mid-June 1918 when the Austro-Hungarians launched a huge offensive across the Piave (they referred to it as The Battle of the Solstice, 15th–24th June). The Italians resisted fiercely but were forced to give ground in places. The Earl of Cavan ordered all his fighters to attempt to stem the AH advance by “bullet and bomb”—the extremely hazardous business of ground strafing. Sydney only flew about seven such missions over the week the offensive lasted but as he wrote at the time to his brother he felt he had “aged by over fifty years”. The AH had advanced with batteries of machine guns set to fire against aircraft. Sydney found it “particularly wearing on the nerves” to fly directly into what appeared to be a solid wall of tracer fire. He was “simply amazed...to still be alive”. However, there was no doubt they had “put the wind up brother Hun”. (Sydney seems to have regarded his AH opponents as a breed of overly casual Germans.)

Towards the end of July Sydney’s appointment came through to be a British official war artist attached to the IEF, specifically tasked with recording the heroic deeds of the newly minted RAF; his brother had been working as an official artist attached to the RAF in northern France since late April. Both now reported to the formidable Lt Col A.C. Maclean who possessed a definite flair for what would be called a decade later “public relations”. More to the point, he had the ear of the “Father of the RAF” and Chief of the Air Staff Sir Hugh “Boom” Trenchard, who was absolutely determined that the RAF’s contribution to the war effort would be prominently represented in the nation’s collection of war art. No coincidence that Sydney’s appointment was welcomed by one of Boom Trenchard’s protégés who commanded the RAF’s 14th Wing in Italy, its main fighting formation in the country by the time Sydney took up his war artist duties.

He found a studio in Vicenza and was equipped with a motorcycle and side car (to hold his palette and easel and paints). By late August 1918 a Camel from 28th Squadron was set aside for him to fly over the front looking for suitable subjects. He always flew with twin machine guns fully armed and it would seem that on at least

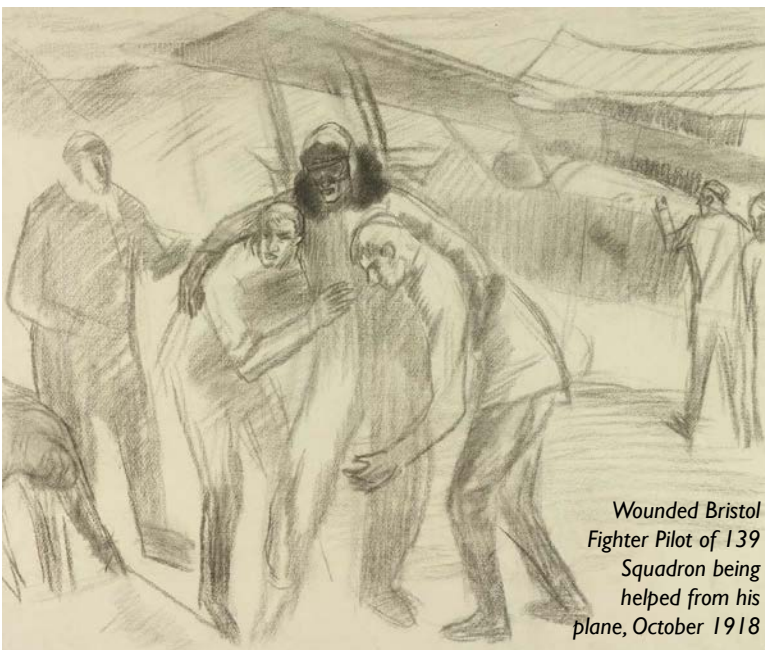
two occasions he attacked AH aircraft when he was supposed to be making sketches for official commissions. He already knew it was extremely difficult to make pencil or charcoal sketches while trying to fly his Camel with his knees, and even when he tried working from the observer’s seat of a Bristol Fighter of 139 Squadron he found the water in his watercolours froze. It was no fun, he remarked early in October 1918 to his brother, trying to defrost a watercolour at 15,000 or 20,000 feet and then dodging dagger-sharp particles of ice flying off the surface of his drawing board.

Flying with 139 Squadron, in the rear seat of a Bristol fighter, Sydney was expected to fight as well as sketch. When Cavan attacked across the Piave on 26th October 1918 as Commander of the 10th Anglo-Italian Army (comprising two British Divisions, the 7th and 23rd, and two Italian Divisions), he was determined the RAF would have complete control of the air above his men. He also made clear after 48 hours, as the AHs began to retreat to the River Monticano, they should be dogged at every step by the four RAF squadrons available to him. By 30th October the Austro-Hungarians had abandoned their last coherent defence line to the British and were in full rout. Over the next four days columns of AH troops 4–5 miles long fleeing eastwards were repeatedly attacked by RAF Sopwith Camels and the Bristol Fighters of 139 Jamaica Squadron. Sydney took part in at least one raid on the important AH airbase at Sacile by Camels of 28th Squadron and as many as four missions with the 139th, alternating between sketching from the observer’s seat and then firing on AH soldiers below on the road to Udine with a Lewis gun.

At 3.20pm on 3rd November 1918 the AHs signed an armistice with the Italians, British and French representatives. However, the armistice would not come into force until 3pm the following day. Up to that time the remnants of the AH Army of Italy were trying to seek refuge in what had been AH territory but was now in the process of becoming entirely new countries—Austria and Yugoslavia—and were being mercilessly attacked from the air. It was only now that the Royal Italian Air Force joined in—hitherto their fighters had rather taken the view that ground strafing was somewhat beneath them and not conduct worthy of a gentleman.

Its pilots were somewhat taken aback by the zest with which the RAF seemed to ceaselessly pound the retreating enemy. Indeed the official history, Volume VI of *War in the Air*, later stated that between 27th October and noon 4th November 1918 Nos 28, 66 and 139 Squadrons RAF (the two Camel units plus the Brisfits) had dropped 20,000 lbs of bombs and fired over 50,000 rounds of machine gun ammunition at the AH enemy (nearly 37,000 AH soldiers were killed between 26th October and 3rd November 1918). This for a loss of seven aircraft while a further seven were seriously damaged.

On the last strafing mission Sydney participated in with 139 Squadron, his pilot was hit by AH anti-aircraft fire. He just managed to fly back to base and land safely before passing



Wounded Bristol Fighter Pilot of 139 Squadron being helped from his plane, October 1918

out through loss of blood—Sydney later sketched the moment as his pilot was helped out of the cockpit of his “well-riddled” Brisfit. Sydney was not oblivious to the fact that losses of British pilots and aircraft rose significantly once ground attack missions were made the overriding priority.

Shortly after the Armistice of 4th November Sydney fell ill from Spanish Flu and nearly died from it. He had recovered by late November and returned to London. However, his work as an official war artist for the RAF was by no means over. Lt Col Maclean, of the Air Sub-Committee of the Ministry of Information, had been promoted (to Brigadier General) and this appears to have inspired him to devise a further campaign to visually promote the efforts

of the RAF in the war. Sydney and his brother Richard were commissioned to tour battlefields of the Middle East where the RFC and RAF had distinguished themselves. They were to start in Palestine and then move to Mesopotamia (soon to be renamed Iraq), followed by Persia, Gallipoli and Salonika.

Sydney and Richard departed London for Port Said early in January 1919. Maclean by now had recruited more artists—he seems to have been suffering from delusions of grandeur. He was spending freely, funds which had not technically been authorised by either the Ministry of Information (about to be wound up) and the Air Council (very much aware the Treasury would very soon be screaming for spending cuts).

Sydney and Richard arrived in Egypt and were made to feel most welcome by the RAF’s senior officer in the region—Major General Sir Geoffrey Salmond who had commanded the EEF’s air component in 1917–18 and earned the respect of the EEF’s fearsome and formidable commander General Sir Edmund “The Bull” Allenby who, just as much as Cavan in Italy, had displayed a keen appreciation of the utility of airpower over the modern battlefield.

When Allenby launched his final offensive to destroy the three Ottoman Armies in Palestine late in September 1918, he seems to have regarded his air support as a form of aerial cavalry—more implacable than the four cavalry divisions he had at his disposal in tirelessly pursuing a broken, fleeing enemy. In September 1918 Salmond was able to provide Allenby with the considerable firepower of seven RAF squadrons: three equipped with RE8s (14th; 113th and 142nd), one with DH9s (144th), two with SE5as (111th and 145th) and the buccaneering 1st Royal Australian Squadron flying Bristol Fighters.

By early February 1919 Sydney and Richard had reached Ramleh and were attached to 1st RAAF. Sydney took about three flights over areas where the squadron had been in action in late September 1918, relentlessly bombing and strafing Ottoman troops from their 7th Army as they streamed eastwards from the vicinity of Nablus towards the illusionary safety of the River Jordan and beyond.

The 1st RAAF had participated on 20th September in air attacks on Ottoman troops

trying to escape from Tul Karem (HQ of their 8th Army). It was later estimated that over 30,000 machine gun rounds had been fired at the luckless Turks and over 300 20- and 25-pound bombs had been dropped on them. Ottoman forces in the area were left so traumatised that some 7,000 survivors with 100 guns surrendered to advancing ANZAC and Indian cavalry units.

Sydney flew over the Wadi Fara, east of Nablus where, on 21st September, fleeing Ottoman troops from its shattered 7th Army were caught by the Brisfits of 1st RAAF (carrying eight 20-pound bombs each) and SE5as of 111th and 145th Squadrons (each SE5a could carry four 20-pound bombs). The first strafing mission was delivered about 11am and attacks continued until darkness fell. The official history of the RAF later estimated that the Ottoman forces were attacked 172 times by all seven available squadrons of the RAF—though the majority of attacks were delivered by four: 1st RAAF; the two SE5a Squadrons (111th and 145th) and 144th with DH9 bombers. Nearly a hundred aircraft were involved and no opposition was noted from either German or Ottoman aircraft. The RAF dropped nearly ten tons of bombs that day and fired 56,000 rounds of machine gun ammunition. The following morning the 4th Indian Cavalry Division, when it reached the wadi, counted among the piles of wrecked and abandoned objects 100 artillery pieces, 837 four-wheeled carts, 75 two-wheeled carts, 55 motor lorries, 20 field kitchens and watercarts and four staff cars. The dead lay in piles, in places three or four men deep. In April 1919 Sydney was to refer to the Wadi as “the Valley of Death”, somewhere he could not think of “without a shudder”.

Sydney made several sketches flying over the Wadi Fara, noting in his diary, “It was a dreary, torturous place,” in which the Turks had been “easily stopped and massacred by aeroplanes... All along [the wadi floor] were the debris of overturned carts and motors and...the skeletons of horses and even men, their bones picked white by the jackals.”

Later in February he and his brother moved into northern Palestine by the border with Lebanon and explored the Wadi Baroda, an area west of Damascus where another retreating



British Bristol Fighters of 139 Squadron Strafe Retreating Austro-Hungarian Troops on the Road to Udine, October 1918

Ottoman column, trying to find safety within the city, were “caught and massacred” from the air by relays of aircraft from 1st RAAF (Brisfits), 14th, 113th (both RE8s) and 144th Squadrons (latter flying DH9s). Sydney reflected in his diary that he could almost feel pity for the Turks and yet he had been in exactly the same position as their attackers, firing on “the defenceless...feeling a god-like invincibility”. He also noted his hosts at 1st RAAF had not just devoted themselves to bombing the enemy, but had dropped ammunition and food to forward British and Dominion troops—even information as to the whereabouts of remaining manned Ottoman defences in front of them.

By mid March 1919 Sydney and his brother were in southern Lebanon, both feeling ill from malaria. On the evening of 18th March Sydney noted in his diary, having driven to the former important Ottoman airbase of Rayak earlier in the day, “I found the remains of the Turkish aircraft park which had been badly bombed together with the adjoining large ammunition dump close to the Railway junction. When the

Turks left the place, in a hurry, they burnt what remained... Left behind were 30 gaunt carcasses of aeroplanes, some standing on their noses and others in all kinds of positions amid all manner of rubbish..."

The next morning he was back at Rayak, "making sketches with a view to painting a future work". Royal Engineers were blowing up discarded live ordinance—the former ammo dump was regularly raided by brigands. In fact there had recently been a raid during which "forty brigands were killed. The chief of the band was famous for having withstood in his mountain fastnesses all attempts of the Turks to capture him and his party." The talk among Sydney's hosts at 11th Squadron was that it would soon be earning its keep by rooting out this "troublesome brigand chief" and his followers in the hills—the irony was noted though that this same bandit had taken the side of the EEF as its forces advanced into southern Lebanon early in October 1918.

Sydney and Richard left Palestine for Mesopotamia early in April 1919. However, such was the problem in acquiring transport, even with the enthusiastic backing of General Salmond, they did not reach Basra via Bombay and Karachi until late June 1919. After exploring Baghdad by mid July 1919 they had reached Mosul and Kirkuk. Richard was ill from "sand fever". Sydney took part as "armed observer" in three or four missions by DH9s and Bristol Fighters against rebellious Kurds—he had chanced upon one of the earliest known experiments in what would become known as the RAF's policy in the Middle East of "Air Control", the use of air power to suppress mobile populations of recalcitrant, rebellious tribesmen, to induce them by bombing and strafing of themselves and of their livestock to lay down their arms



(Above) *Dead Austro-Hungarian in a Dug Out on Monte Grappa, November 1918*
(Below) *Attack on a Turkish Column, Wadi Barada, The Lebanon, 30 September 1918*



and come to an accommodation with the Mandated British authorities. In June–July 1919 the RAF was deployed to bomb the Kurds into persuading them that they did not want their own state but could be a part of a new country—the kingdom of Iraq (formally proclaimed in August 1921).

"Air Control" played a key role in the RAF's continued survival after the First World

War; Trenchard essentially sold the efficacy of the policy to Colonial Secretary Winston Churchill at the Cairo Conference of March 1921. (Winston had shown himself to be a devotee of air power in 1919 in Russia against the Bolshevik Red Army and against Irish and Indian Nationalists while Secretary of State for War from 1919–21.)

Meanwhile, Sydney and Richard's Middle Eastern RAF-funded odyssey abruptly came to an end in mid-August 1919. The Air Council discovered just how much Brigadier Maclean had been spending on art. He was "moved sideways" and replaced by an Air Commodore Lambe—Director of Equipment and the Air Section's new Chairman. By mid-October 1919 the Carlines were back in London. Before they were officially demobilised Lambe frostily informed them that though Maclean had led them to believe he would be purchasing as many as 50 works each from them; this would now be reduced to four. In addition he did not approve of Sydney indulging himself in producing designs full of "atmosphere" at the expense of accuracy when it came to depicting aircraft and technology.

Early in 1920 he was to remind Sydney and Richard, as they painted up the full-sized works commissioned from them by the RAF from their many preparatory sketches that: "the RAF section is not prepared to exhibit in the [Imperial War] Museum, pictures showing any extreme forms of art. It should be borne in mind that only true records, faithfully depicting places, incidents, etc, will be accepted. All extremes should be carefully avoided, it being essential not to overlook the fact that the impression of one individual may seriously clash with the impressions of others. With the photographs at your disposal you should be able to produce absolutely correct records of the various places selected for your pictures. A point which has been criticised by flying people visiting the Royal Academy is the dubious appearance of anti-aircraft smoke in those pictures by S.W. Carline... a hardness and unnatural formation." [Lambe to the Carlines at 47 Downshire Hill, 6th February 1920]

The reference to the Royal Academy is connected with the exhibition organised by the IWM, *The Nation's War Pictures*, held between December 1919 and February 1920

at Burlington House. Sydney and Richard exhibited 11 works each in this show; Sydney's images from Italy were singled out for particular praise by the critics.

The two would hold a successful joint exhibition at the Gallery in March 1920. Their images created for the RAF in 1918–19 established them as "artists of original talent, modern in... outlook". One particular admirer of Sydney's aerial wartime paintings was T.E. Lawrence, by 1925 calling himself T.E. Shaw. He insisted Sydney's painting of *The Destruction of the Turkish Transport in the Gorge of the Wadi Fara* be included among the illustrations for the luxury subscribers' edition of his literary epic about the Arab Revolt *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* (published in December 1926). By the spring of 1925 Lawrence was an Aircraftman 2nd Class in the RAF.

Before his untimely death from pneumonia in February 1929 aged 40, Sydney often reflected that flying and then painting for the RAF had been the making of him as an artist. The fact that he could genuinely claim an impressive war record had stood him in excellent stead and helped ease his appointment in January 1922 as the Ruskin School of Art's youngest head of drawing. He married in April 1928; his widow, who survived him by almost 40 years, in later life recalled that Sydney had not been able to forget many "terrible things" he had seen in the war

Self-Portrait as Newly Appointed Director of the Ruskin School of Drawing, Oxford, 1922



Aleing and Wassailing

SINCE TIME IMMEMORIAL (possibly even before the official founding of the NSC) we have frequented the Dover Castle pub in Weymouth Mews, and a tradition developed of meeting up there just before Christmas, primarily to check that Lord Mendrick (who spends the rest of the year overseas attempting to teach history to the children of local dignitaries) is still alive.

As you will recall from issue 120 of this organ, however, the Dover Castle sadly closed its doors in September, leaving us with the grave task of finding a replacement.

Various suggestions were rejected as too small, too crowded, too hard to get to, etc, before Matthew “The Chairman” Howard suggested the Rising Sun, on Cloth Fair near Smithfield Market. Like the Dover Castle, it is a Sam Smith’s pub, so at least the drinks are reasonably priced (albeit eccentric in that everything, including all the spirits and mixers, are Sam Smith’s own-branded) and, though

Our annual Christmas gathering finds a new home

tucked away down an alley, it is round the corner from Barbican and Farringdon stations. Opposite is the groovy St Bartholomew the Great (as depicted on the front cover), the oldest church in London (founded in 1123).

Ironically, after all that Mendrick did not make an appearance, although Facebook activity suggests he is not dead yet.

But the night was hardly without import, gravitas and a sense of occasion, as Jack Defer took the opportunity to announce his engagement to long-time paramour Jessica Von Hammersmark (both of whom have, by chance, been recent subjects of the Brogues Gallery—see issues 120 and 121). Congratulations to them both. And a belated Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all our Members scattered around the globe!



(Left and below) Jack chooses his moment to make the announcement; (clockwise from bottom right) Artemis Scarheart; Frances Mitchell with Bob the Lobster, his NSC tie augmented by some Christmas touches; George Davies and Stewart Lister Vickers; Jack with his fiancée Jessica





(Left) Adrian Prooth looks quite at home surrounded by bowler hats; (below) where's that tiger? Hartley with an animal you may recognise as the target/prize in our tiger shoot game at the anniversary party in October; it seems to have found its way to Giles Culpepper, who returned it so we can have another go at getting it to the rightful winner



(Above) Culpepper (r) with salad baron Tony Reid; (right) a shellshocked-looking Jack Defer with Louise Newton sporting a Clockwork Orange 1960s look



(Above) a group shot outside St Bartholomew the Great, which stands opposite the pub; (left) Scarheart is clearly plotting something evil, as Frances Mitchell and Lord Hare of Newham look on nervously; (below left) Tim Eyre has outdone himself with this Christmas-coloured outfit of red velvet suit and green shirt, while Ian White looks more like wrapping paper; (below) Lord Hare with Stuart Mitchell



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.



Luca Jellinek

"You can't have too much Champagne."

Name or preferred name?

Luca Jellinek

Why that nickname or nom de plume?

The family name survived several generations of Italianhood; seems a damned shame to forsake it now.

Where do you hail from?

Milan, originally, and for many years now London,

by way of the deepest Midwest.

Favourite Cocktail?

Old Fashioned, appropriately.

Most Chappist skill?

Tying a decent bow-tie without having to look in the mirror.

Most Chappist possession?

It's a toss-up between my Toledan sword and the boater.

Personal Motto?

Very few people think they had too much kindness or Champagne in their life.

Favourite Quote?

"Inasmuch as ye have [aided] the

least of my brethren, ye have done it unto me." —Matthew 25:40

"Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win, by fearing to attempt." — Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*

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

I only found out at the age of 40 that I had a middle name. Nothing too adventurous: Giorgio (George).



At our maritime-themed party, having a go at shooting Nelson

My mom simply forgot about it until my birth certificate popped up during a house move...

How long have you been involved with the NSC?

A couple of years; long may it prosper.

How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

It was inevitable. Most people alive today would not even understand half these answers.

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

The airplane room in the attic of the Science Museum because it looks and feels older than the post-1918 exhibits...before someone makes it modern and "relevant" and mucks it up.

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

Dorothy Parker for fun, Napoleon for the war stories and Jeeves to run the show.

Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?

Artemis Scarheart.

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

I droned on about the age of grand hotels.



Being Italian, Luca speaks mostly with his hands

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.



Delivering his talk on Grand Hotels

Dubonnet vous?

By David Bridgman-Smith

Many members will have encountered Dubonnet, a fortified wine from France. However, you will most likely be familiar with the red (rouge) version, which is made with red wine, herbs, spices and quinine.

Dubonnet Rouge is a key ingredient in one of Her Majesty's favourite tipples: Gin & Dubonnet, a 30/70 mix of gin and the wine, typically served before lunch or dinner. It was also favoured by the Queen Mother.

Today, however, I wanted to take a look at Dubonnet Blanc, aka Dubonnet Blonde/White/Dry, which is a white-wine-based version with a dryer character, which is bottled at a slightly higher strength of 16.0% ABV.

On its own

Colour: Amber gold

Nose: Raisins with a hint of hazelnut, vanilla, and caramel, as well as a light combination of herbaceous and spiced notes.

Taste: This has a reasonable level of sweetness, making it slightly reminiscent of a *bianco* vermouth, but with a thicker, more luxurious texture.

Martini

It makes a pleasant Martini (at least four parts gin to one part Dubonnet) that is sweeter than most and nuttier too. It would sit somewhere between a dry Martini and an Amontillado Sherry, making it a lovely pre-dinner cocktail.

Spritz

Served with soda water, the Dubonnet Blanc is exceptionally dry and, on the face of it, a tad flat to taste. However, an additional spritz of fresh lime peel and a lime wedge really livens it up.

Gin & Dubonnet

Another dry drink, but one that allows the

flavours of the accompanying gin to shine through; there are some sweet floral notes, plus a little citrus. A slice of lemon really adds to this drink.

Some authors have suggested that Dubonnet Blanc is a good alternative to the long-lost Kina Lillet [a quinine-infused drink that was a cocktail staple in the Golden Age but which was discontinued in the 1980s and replaced by the modern Lillet Blanc], so I thought I'd also try it in two classic cocktails, a Vesper and a Corpse Reviver #2.

Vesper

3 parts gin

1 part vodka

1/2 part Kina Lillet/Dubonnet Blanc

Shake with ice and serve with a thin slice of lemon peel

Invented by Ian Fleming and appearing in the James Bond novel *Casino Royale*. The "golden" colour of this cocktail is perfect and the flavour is pleasant, but neither bitter nor sweet enough to be a true Vesper. Nonetheless, this is a delicious Martini-esque cocktail.

Corpse Reviver #2

1 part gin

1 part Cointreau

1 part lemon juice

1 part Kina Lillet/Dubonnet Blanc

Dash of absinthe

Shake with ice and serve garnished with a maraschino cherry

A lot more of the orange notes come through in this cocktail; the result being a bolder, crisper drink. I think this works very well indeed.

In conclusion

Overall, I think that Dubonnet Blanc is an interesting product that can make some great drinks. I'm particularly surprised at the quality, given that Dubonnet is produced and bottled by Heaven Hill in Kentucky, USA, rather than its



homeland of France. My favourite drink was the Corpse Reviver #2.

Dubonnet Blanc is not easy to find in the UK, though the Whisky Exchange sometimes has it in.

For more cocktail recipes, reviews, group tests and musings on booze, see the New Sheridan Club's fabled **Institute for Alcoholic Experimentation**



CLUB NOTES

Club Tie Corner

AN ECCLECTIC COLLECTION of tie spots to kick off the new year: Harrison Goldman notes that in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* (1953) Gus Esmond, the target of the heroine's plan to snare a wealthy husband, played by Tommy Noonan (right), is wearing a Club tie. Colonel Cyrus Choke spotted that in the TV series *Jeeves and Wooster* Rupert Steggles (played by Richard Braine) appears to have an NSC blazer on (bottom left). On a less frivolous note, the Earl of Waveney reveals that Lord Prior (bottom right) was clearly a Clubman. Finally, we have Will Smith to thank



for the revelation that not only can you now get Lego *Twin Peaks* characters, but the Dale Cooper figure is wearing an NSC tie.



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 4th January
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 clarinetist Ewan Bleach with various guests.

Tiger Rag
Every Friday
Arcola Bar, Arcola Theatre, 24 Ashwin Street, Dalston, London E8 3DL
10pm–2.30am
£5 on the door; dance lessons £10
The Vintage Arts Asylum and Ewan Bleach of Passing Clouds' Cakewalk Cafe collaborate on a new weekly event at The Arcola Theatre, Dalston Junction, featuring live jazz, blues, swing, calypso, Dixieland, ragtime, musette, tango, etc. Try your hand at the beginner lesson in swing, Lindy hop, shag, balboa and Charleston dancing, with no partner or prebooking required. Intermediate lessons 8–9pm and beginner lessons 9–10pm.

Twelfth Night
Sunday 8th January
From 1.45pm
Bankside, beginning outside Shakespeare's Globe and processing to the George Inn, 77 Borough High Street



The Holly Man and (right) our own Callum Coates as St George, both fixtures of the Twelfth Night celebrations on the South Bank



War in the Sunshine The British in Italy 1917-1918

13 January – 19 March 2017



Admission: Free

Mummer troupe the Lions part, of which our own Callum Coates is a member, perform their annual Twelfth Night extravaganza, a riot of ancient earthy rituals and extraordinary costumes. Matters begin with the arrival of the Holly Man (the winter guise of the Green Man, bedecked from head to toe in evergreen foliage) from the Thames. After some wassailing, the mummers will perform the traditional St George folk combat play, featuring a cast of strange characters including the Turkey Sniper, Clever Legs, the Old 'Oss and more. Cakes are distributed, two of which contain a pea and a bean—the lucky recipients from the crowd are crowned King Bean and Queen Pea. The day continues at the George Inn with molly dancing from the Fowler's Troop, storytelling, the Kissing Wishing Tree, mulled wine and more. See www.thelionspart.co.uk/twelfthnight for more details.

Private View

War in the Sunshine: The British in Italy 1917–18

Thursday 12th January (exhibition continues to

19th March)

6–9pm

The Estorick Collection of Modern Italian Art, 39a Canonbury Square, London N1 2AN (020 7704 9522)

Admission: Free (admission to the museum normally £5)

Dr Jonathan Black (see pages 4–13), curates the first new exhibition at the Estorick after a six-month closure for renovation, documenting the little-known experiences of British forces in Italy during the First World War. At its heart are the drawings and paintings of Sydney Carline: born to a creative family (his father, mother, brother and sister were also painters, while Stanley Spencer was his brother-in-law) he studied at the Slade School of Fine Art and his work was shown at the Royal Academy. When war broke out he enlisted as a pilot in the Royal Flying Corps but would make sketches of combat scenes and craft designs for medals during breaks from his duties. After Carline was shot down and wounded over the Somme, his brother Richard put him forward to become an official war artist, and—because of his flying experience—he was posted to the RAF section and tasked with documenting aerial warfare. Working from a Sopwith Camel, Carline captured the action on the Italian front during 1918 with both precision and stylistic finesse. The exhibition brings together Carline's work with documentary photographs taken by WJ Brunell and Lieutenant Ernest Brooks, the latter of whom was the first official photographer to be appointed by the British military and who produced several thousand images in this capacity between 1915 and 1918.

Admission to the private view is free, but please RSVP by email to curator@estorickcollection.com as space is limited.

Black Tie Ballroom Club

Friday 13th January

Beginners' class from 7pm, main dance from 7.30–11pm

The Indian YMCA, 41 Fitzroy Square, London W1T 6AQ (02073870411)

Admission: £10 in advance (from [wegottickets](http://wegottickets.com)), £15 on the door

Dress code: Strictly black tie, evening dress or vintage

An evening tea dance on a large sprung

floor to vintage records plus a one-hour set from the ten-piece Kewdos strict tempo dance orchestra with vocals from operatic baritone Alistair Sutherland. Quickstep, foxtrot, waltz, tango, jive, swing, rumba plus some cha cha, samba and Charleston. Ballroom dance lesson for absolute beginners from 7pm to 7.30pm. No need to bring a partner. Balcony with tables and chairs for those who prefer not to dance. Five male and female taxi dancers available at no extra charge for all guests. Quickstep “bus stop”, “snowball” and “excuse me” waltz and five minutes of instruction in one sequence dance. The new venue is the Indian YMCA in the beautiful Fitzroy Square, five minutes walk from Warren Street and Euston stations. The dance floor is on the lower ground floor with large opening windows, so there's plenty of fresh air. Upstairs, the canteen with a garden serves a set two-course authentic Indian vegetarian meal for only £9. Any questions please phone George Tudor-Hart on 020 8542 1490. For more details see the Facebook group.

The Candlelight Club

Friday 20th and Saturday 21st January

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.

Blow away the cobwebs with our first party of 2017, featuring live music from the Basin Street Brawlers, hosting by

cabaret cove Champagne Charlie and DJing from our own Auntie Maureen. Let the music play and the bootleg liquor flow! 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 in summer 2015 on BBC2's *Hair!*
More at www.thecandlelightclub.com. See the video.

British Witchcraft Documentaries of the 1970s

Monday 23rd January

7.30–9pm

Conway Hall, 25 Red Lion Square, London WC1R 4RL

Admission: £5 from Eventbrite

If you have a taste for folk horror and The Old Ways, you may be interested in this presentation by independent filmmaker Gary Parsons, discussing the documentaries made at the height of the British witchcraft revival in the early 1970s, looking at how these films came into being within a cultural context and the reason for their sudden decline. The talk will be illustrated with clips from the films discussed.

NSC Henley Trip II

Saturday 28th January

Meet at Paddington Station at 11am (though those not coming from London will presumably make other arrangements)

Admission: Free but you'll need to budget for pies, pints and travel

After the success of last year's jaunt to his old stomping ground of Henley Upon Thames, Stewart Lister Vickers has volunteered to organise a repeat performance. The plan will doubtless involve a number of riverside pubs, the tea rooms where Stewart used to work, and Henley's plethora of antique shops... The date is not set in stone, though most votes on the Facebook event are to press ahead with the 28th.



Tim Eyre and Ian White
are about to get
Christmassy on your ass



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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.