

RESIGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • No.153 • JULY 2019



AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS

The Club flag reaches new heights

Yachting for dummies

George Tudor-Hart on how and why to charter a yacht

CARRY ON, CHAPS!

Relive the the smut and chauvinism of the *Carry On* films at our summer party

Sun, sea and suffering

Ensign Polyethyl reports from the NSC children's weekend at the beach



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 July in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm, when Dorian Loveday will deliver *Marine Monsters of the Mesozoic*, "Prepare yourselves for a journey back in time!" he gushes. "I will be your guide as you voyage deep into the dim and distant mists of Earth's geological history and meet the strange and fantastic creatures that lurked in the planet's primordial oceans! Ladies and gentlemen, loosen your ties and/or corsets while fastening your seatbelts as you become: **THRILLED** in learning how scientists have come to know of these incredible beasts—from the earliest discoveries of the Victorian era to up-to-the-minute research! **ASTONISHED** as a Lost

World is brought back to life! **AMAZED** by holding fossilised remains more than 100 million years old in your own hands! So make your way to the upstairs room of The Wheatsheaf pub on Rathbone Place for an unforgettable experience in which, to quote the poet Blake, you'll be able to "Hold infinity in the palm of your hand/And eternity in an hour".

The Last Meeting

Our speaker last month was George Tudor-Hart, telling us all about how to charter a yacht for a group sailing trip, what you need to know to do it, and why you might want to do it in the first place. He talked us through the evolution of yachting as a leisure pursuit, and the evolution of the vessels, which changed in design once the idea of chartering, and running a charter business, became popular. It turned out that George actually had an ulterior motive—he was trying to recruit crew members to join him for a trip. (He had previously belonged to a club, but apparently they had just thrown him out!) He assured us that it was not necessary to have done it before as long as there was an experienced captain and at least some of the other people were willing to put in a bit of effort. If you fancy joining George on one of these jaunts, get in touch and I can hook you up with him.

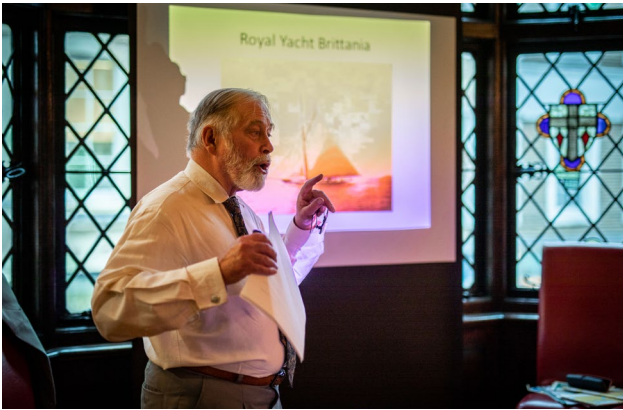
An essay of the talk begins on page 4.

Meet the Marine Monsters of the Mesozoic

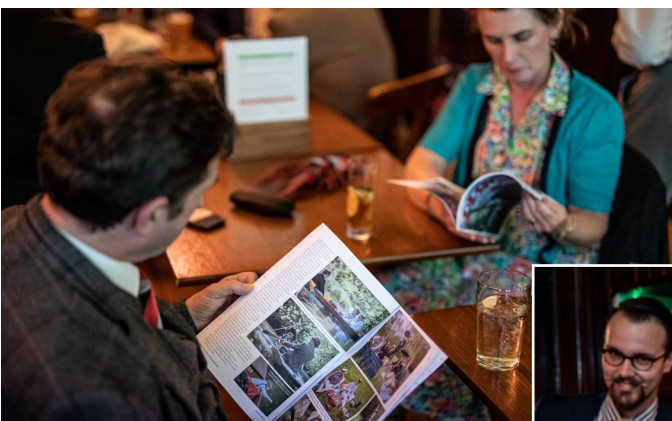




(Above) Our Chairman Torquil tees off the proceedings; (above right and below) George shows us the ropes



(Above) the crowd has not yet turned ugly; (below, left to right) arriving without neckwear, one of George's guests stoically puts on a punishment tie; Oliver Lane, in town for Trump's visit; Stephen Myhill and the Contessa di Campari; Lorna Mower-Johnson



Lager taps find a nobler use as hat stands



(Above) the Mitchells are gripped by the latest Resign!; (right) a gallery of goatees; (far right) Craigh arrives late



More photos on Flickr at <https://bit.ly/2YqiDjl>

HOW ^D & WHY ^I TO ENJOY ^Y CRUISE SAILING

George Tudor-Hart invites you on a working holiday on the waves

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO Suzie and I met an old adventurer at a party. He was about my age now. He had been a professional soldier then, after the war, a secret agent in Tibet, then started an airline company in East Africa, then a TV station, but was still working for MI6. He was arrested in Kenya, on a trumped up murder charge, thrown out of a second-storey window by his interrogators—but by some miracle was more or less unharmed, which scared his interrogators—then thrown into an unsanitary prison where he rotted for a year, until Maggie Thatcher ordered the FO to do a deal to get him out. He returned to the UK with just the clothes on his back, and four stone lighter.

He had had a large yacht in the Indian Ocean, wanted to go sailing again, needed a crew and enlisted me and Suzie to accompany him and his girlfriend on the Norfolk Broads. We had only met him twice, but thought, “What the hell, we can always jump ashore and get a taxi.” We went and it was magical, on a beautiful sister ship to Edward Heath’s *Morning Cloud*, and we both fell in love with sailing. In hindsight, he chose us because he was desperate to get anyone.

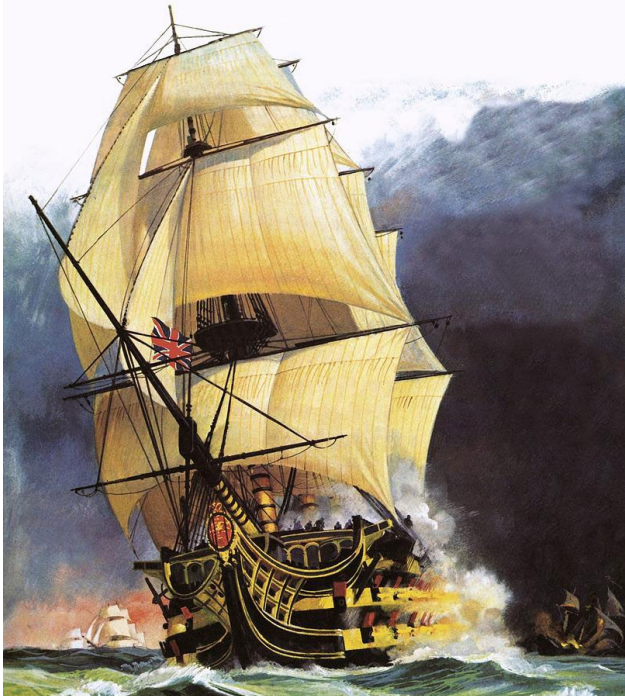
Bob lied and told me I was a “natural” and, for reasons I found out later, ordered me to get qualifications, which I did. I went sailing with



him about ten times, in Scotland and the Solent and to France, then I started chartering yachts myself, and skippering boats in Greece, Turkey and the Solent. But all this was interrupted when Suzie and I went to live in China and Vietnam for seven years. My departure angered Bob, who never forgave my treachery in leaving him and the UK.

The History of Sailing

Large European boats until 1800 were all square rigged—that is, the sails were in the shape of rectangles, and they could only make 5 degrees at best into wind (hence in the past the high death rate in the Bay Of Biscay and from lee shore hazards). The *Victory*, Lord Nelson’s flagship, is harboured in Portsmouth and one can tour it for about £10. It is beautiful, fascinating and has a happy vibe.



(Above, right and above right) The square-rigged *Victory* and its sumptuous interior—don't expect quite this level of luxury on your cruise (see overleaf...)

The addition of a boom to Bermuda sails made it possible to construct larger commercial ships that could sail into the wind and sail faster. The increasing popularity of racing boats from about 1830 brought the technology forward, and racing yachts started to become a rich man's hobby as well as fast transport of tea and grain. The *Cutty Sark* is the most beautiful and fastest commercial boat—and was designed and built to win the annual tea race from China to London. It can be visited in Greenwich.

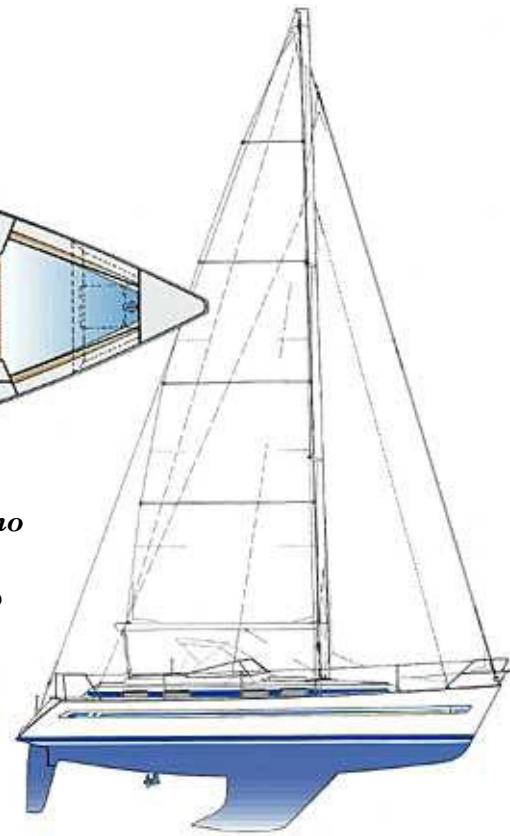


The Duke of Westminster's yacht *Flying Cloud* and, inset, Coco Chanel on the deck

From about 1890 steam was faster overall, so racing yachts were increasingly only for the rich and sailed for fun. Examples are the Duke of Westminster's yacht (on which Coco Chanel stayed as the Duke's mistress). By the 1930s there were futuristic racing yachts and, while the last commercial



sailing boats were still transporting grain from Australia in this period, all were sunk in the Second World War by U-boats.



Where to go

I've sailed in the Solent, Devon, Cornwall, Scotland, France, Greece, Turkey, Croatia, Spain, Italy, Portugal, Thailand, and the Canaries.

They have their relative advantages and disadvantages:

Scotland: Most adventurous, full of rich French sailors, water freezing cold in August—I went blue after diving in.

The Solent: Good sailing but crowded and full of yachties.

Greece: Warm water, secluded bays, cheap moorings; not very adventurous except in storms (destinations are in line of sight). If you want, cheap flotillas are available, which is an easy way to enjoy sailing.

Croatia: Expensive moorings but all have luxurious washrooms.

Getting qualifications

The Royal Yachting Association (RYA) certification and exam system is renowned throughout the world. There had been talk of replacing it with the European system in the 80s, under pressure from the EU, but this never happened.

Competent crew Costs about £500 in the Solent and involves a five-day course

Day skipper About £500 and five days for the practical plus three weekends for the theory.

Types of boats

Cheapest are Bavarias built for today's charter market, though they have no prestige. But bargains can be found with older out-of-fashion boats. For example ten Apollo yachts were sold for £20,000 by Sunsail fifteen years ago to a Greek entrepreneur who offered them for very cheap charters.

Many wealthy people in the UK own yachts, and most of the boats just sit there idle as the owners have money but little spare time. Some of these are available to charter to the likes of you and me.

Types of crew who charter yachts

10% Old men who can sail well and make an art of navigation, for example my friend Bob.

5% Old men who don't sail so well, but can just about cope with any situation—for example me—and try to get bikini clad females for crew.

20% Younger men under 40 who are ever so good at it, and often also do other sports such as skiing and mountain climbing.

20% Younger men who are useless—for example bankers.

20% Women who lounge around in bikinis with mobile phones glued to their ears and taking selfies of themselves behind the wheel

20% Women who are good useful crew

5% A tiny minority who learn to skipper competently and with charm.

Sea sickness

If you steer you never get sick. Go below and most get sick.

Cooking

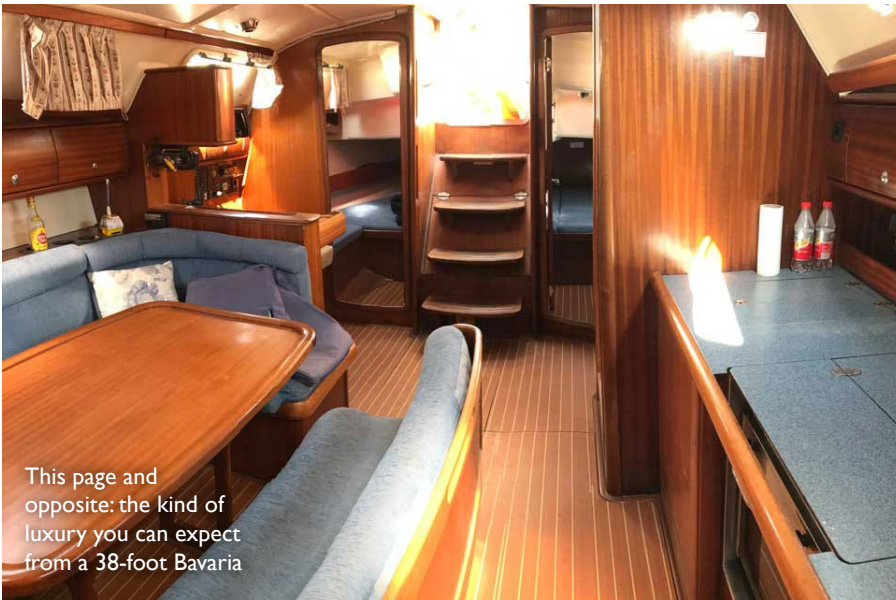
Avoid cooking complicated meals when sailing, but it's OK to be ambitious once you're moored or anchored. You'll most likely find a two-ring cooker, oven and fridge.

Falling overboard and drowning

I have never seen anyone fall overboard, but all boats have lifejackets and all crew do a "man overboard" exercise.

Navigation and ease of sailing

Times have changed. Before 1820 most boats



This page and opposite: the kind of luxury you can expect from a 38-foot Bavaria



moor it alone. An old man such as me needs two (Suzie and I sailed alone in Greece).

Three or four of the crew can have something meaningful to do at any one time: one steers, one on port duty, one on starboard, one navigating—which is the most skilled task, though far easier today with GPS as standard. But it still needs skill and knowledge to decide where to go to avoid bad weather, when to reef, how to avoid difficult moorings, etc.

The ideal number is three to six. Three crew gives you one on the wheel, one on sails, and one able to go below to make tea, or check navigation or have a pee. Six makes for two crews of three, on four-hour shifts, so longer voyages can be attempted.

Cost

With six sharing a boat, each person would pay a total of between £800 (Solent) and £1,200 a week. This includes all air fares and travel costs, basic food and alcohol, bed and meals, mooring fees, but not



couldn't sail into the wind—now all can. Radio, engine furling sails, depth meters, autopilot and GPS are all standard today, but it's still an adventure and magical. Purists don't allow engines.

A good young captain can sail a 45-foot boat and

pocket money. It breaks down like this:

- Yacht hire, around £1,500 to £2,000.
- Moorings £200 to £700.
- Food £300 to £500 (excluding restaurants)
- Alcohol £300 to £400 (excluding bars)
- Skipper £600 to £1,000
- Fares £600 to £2,000 (excluding taxis)
- Total: £3,600 to £6,600

The next step

We organise a trip to the Solent or Greece. One is now planned for Greece in September. If you'd like to join, email George at georgetudorhart@hotmail.com.

CLUB CONQUERS MOUNTAIN OF MADNESS

Artemis Scarheart tells a traveller's tale too horrifying to believe

IN EARLY APRIL a contingent of Club Members ventured far South to the wild, exotic and untamed land known as the Österreich. Here they sought adventure, challenge, fresh air and a place where it's still acceptable to have chicken and chips for lunch washed down with two beers and a shot. They were not disappointed. Excerpts of their journey have returned and are now published here for the first time (those fools at the Royal Geographical Society will rue the day they turned this down!) along with photographs.

The Journey Begins

We flew out from London at a civilised hour of the day and so did not have to drink our regulation two pints at 5am. As Science has shown, the adult human body will be crushed by the take-off velocity of an aeroplane unless it is sufficiently relaxed and the organs cushioned by a protective layer. Scientists disagree on whether you should drink strong waters of the place you are travelling to (two pints of chilled continental lager for example if flying to Benidorm) or where you are flying from (a heavy bitter or stout followed by an ale when departing from London Gatwick) but so long as you meet the statutory level of what the boffins call Holiday Relaxation you will still be allowed to fly. We then jumped aboard our aircraft and settled in for the flight ensuring that once airborne more



drinks were ordered to keep jolly. We didn't want to fall prey to Aerial Fever, another disease whose ill effects can only be kept at bay by regular tipples.

Landing at Kranebitten Airport is an experience which would be familiar to those used to carrier landings. One of the trickier aerodromes due to being surrounded by mountains it has some sharp, downright vicious and confusing winds but our pilots plunged us downwards and we made landfall on schedule though with some pretty extreme wobbling at

times (wobbling is a technical term first coined by Louis Blériot which relates to airflow over control surfaces in a contra-indicated wind environment below 5000 feet). It has one of my favourite features which is that you walk across the landing field to the terminal once down, so you really feel you've "arrived" and get your first lungful of foreign air not in an air-conditioned building but outside. This does mean your first experience of Abroad always tastes like aviation fuel and creosote but if it was good enough for the Pope it'll do for a Member of the Glorious Committee. Just.

Fighting off the temptation to run across the runway and hop the fence we made our way to and through customs with our Kendal Mint Cake unconfiscated and then on to the transfer bus which took about an hour and a half to grind up through the mountains to our lair for the week. Apparently you can't land directly on

Local grub. It came with side ham



the mountaintop and start skiing which seems like laziness/poor planning. I mean, there's a train to the top of Snowdon for goodness sake! How hard can it be to put a *flughafen* at the top of a mountain so guests could ski to their hotels with their baggage following on a toboggan?

Arriving at the end of the valley we saw our hotel and the towering peaks above. Here Chumrades, here the flag would be planted at the vault of heaven itself! Here it would fly above not one but two nations at once! But first—dinner.

Daily Banquets

Dinner when skiing is quite an affair due to the extreme exertion required. It may look like skiing is just standing there and turning slightly left or right—and it is, that's really all there is to it—but the mental effort means that if we hadn't been staying in a hotel which automatically offers a five course meal every night your narrator could easily have lost several stone in a few days and become sickly,

pale and wan. As it was, I luckily maintained my weight at a healthy British level due in part to there being salted pork available at every meal, sometimes inside other pork dishes or in the ice in your drink. The Österreich is not a friendly place for pigs—that was clear. After a hearty dinner we were tired after our long journey and frequent self medication and so headed up to bed where everyone in the party had great difficulty sleeping and then suffered terrible nightmares when they finally did fall

asleep. Either there was... evil... on this mountain or the altitude

was playing

merry

hell

with

us.

Probably

both.

After

waking up

screaming

around 4am

(which also

woke up the heir)

we reconvened

at breakfast, ate as much bacon covered



Statue of the chap who founded the village and (inset) a local drink with no ingredients on the can, which tasted like slightly flat Irn Bru but strangely nice



Imperial tat





I may be some time
(on the bunny slope)

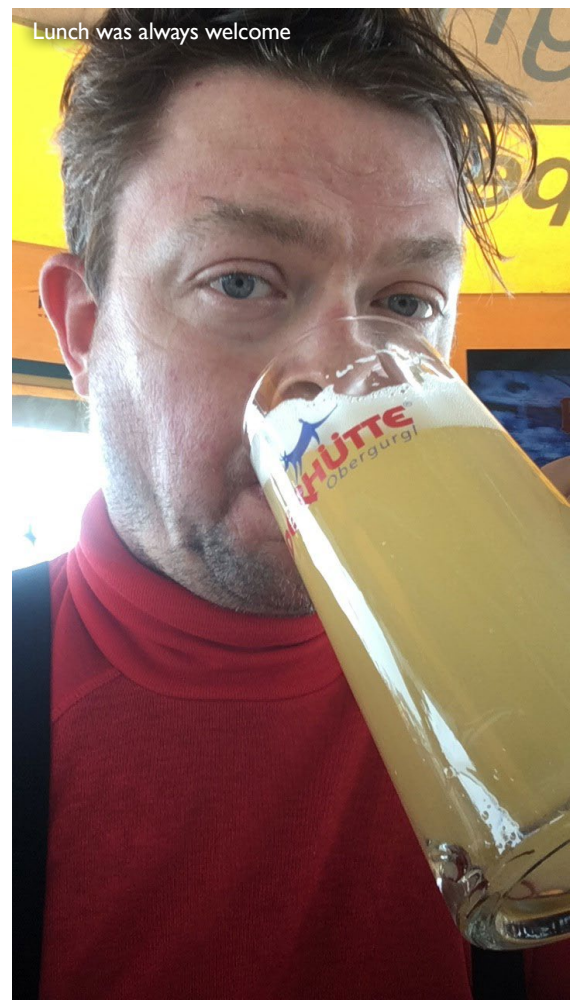
in Nutella as possible (a recurring theme was that breakfast started at eight and all bacon would be gone by eight ten) and headed over to the ski shop to get kitted out. Members of the Club may be aware that I own my own harness of armour, a mixture of Gothic and Milanese. Often people will ask if it is heavy or hard or painful to wear and it really isn't—you can easily run, jump and do push-ups in it and have almost full mobility. It takes a while to get suited up and you certainly need a hand with that to make sure it's strapped and hanging correctly but once on it's far easier and comfier to wear than you'd think. Not so with ski gear.

The Dangers of the Slopes

The boots are designed to snap off your skis rather than snap your ankles when you fall over but that makes them very uncomfortable. You can only walk in them as if you'd landed on the Moon or in the Marianas Trench so dignity goes out the window. If you have anything interfering in the layering between the boot and your leg such as the smallest wrinkle in your sock or a hair a micron thick you can

quickly develop blisters or receive a friction burn. I managed to give myself a mighty one in three days but because of the pressure of the boots didn't realise it had happened until it was too late. Unlike our merrily substance-addled land where powerful tinctures, drugs and unguents are available on every street corner the Code Napoleon (presumably?) means that all medicines must be dispensed by actually trained people. You can't pick up a case of ibuprofen and some antiseptic that would kill a leech with a packet of crisps and a pint of milk. I spent some time sorting through what was available at the local SPAR and eventually realised most of it was toothpaste, hair cream and mouthwash and even plasters were rare in the medicines section. Septic poisoning had been a distinct possibility (probably) regardless of the amount of *weissbier* I was drinking but I found a local alpine doctor and secured some spray which oddly didn't burn like the fires of hell so was probably Tourist Placebo Spray but was very efficient. I was back skiing after only a short time off and now have a dull scar to match the dull story of how I got it.

Interestingly in the doctor's surgery a lady was settling the bill for the treatment she had received for her arm which was—after careful ministrations—now pointing in the right direction after her fall and she received a bar of local milk chocolate with it! Now that's civilised I thought to myself. That's really how to keep patients happy when they've bashed themselves up on holiday and need a boost. Look out for my Two Greggs Sausage Rolls for Every GP Patient Seen pitch on the



Lunch was always welcome

next episode of *Dragons' Den*.

But I digress. Back in the Deadly Mountains of Death (the original name for the area, renamed in 1973 to attract more tourists) get your thermal layering wrong and you will freeze or boil. Often one after the other in a circle of Holiday Jolliness. but you will certainly be drenched in perspiration quite quickly which means packing additional cologne for “masking” is a must. I accidentally packed Bay Rum hair tonic instead of cologne but found that it would do in a pinch. I had planned to maybe use the local schnapps as a scent but much of it is like petrol, only far more flammable, so couldn't risk it.

Bulky gloves, heavy and unwieldy skis, a parachutist's helmet and tinted goggles complete the look. Dignity and style are very hard to pull off when skiing and although there was enormous temptation to get kitted out in thick tweeds or vintage apparel that will have to wait for another time. But onwards!

On the Slopes

The first three days were spent in



One for each leg, remember



It's almost as if the mountain is trying to warn us of the dangers



ski school on the gruelling schedule of 10am–12pm and 2–4pm. Much of the first day is spent walking up and down the slopes and skiing about six feet at a time on the flat. I can assure you even the best skiers in the world spend at least half a day on the Junior Snow Bunny Slope when

they first get “Up Mountain”—that's what our instructor Dix told us. But the skill of leaning slightly one way then slightly another comes quickly enough. Then you learn marginally different types of leaning, infinitesimally small variations on which way to hold your shoulders as you lean and then how to stop leaning at different speeds. There's nothing to stop you heading to the top and careering down regardless of the skill you have other than the occasional sight of a snow mobile with sirens blaring and a stretcher strapped to the back hammering down the mountain with another casualty. Rather like MASH in the snow I



The peak, when it was visible

thought, but the point is well made by your fellow skiers just how dangerous the mountain can be.

But lunch—always something hearty like sausage, goulash, potatoes, schnitzel, large pizza-pie, multiple eggs all washed down with at least one beer and maybe a schnapps—builds dangerous confidence. Dix, our walnut skinned and lovely instructor who'd spent 40 years skiing on the mountain, told us it was better to have two beers at lunch, one for each leg and who were we to disagree? Clearly as well as an accomplished skier and a man of near infinite patience, Dix was a scientist as well. His belief in us and his clear medical advice led us to take a few risks but none that Young Bravos such as ourselves couldn't handle. Dix seemed most proud of us not for our ability to lean from side to side without falling over but that we skied on our own over areas we hadn't been to yet to the best place for Après Ski at 2300 metres (each metre is about 300 foot according to my calculator so we were quite high), via a ski lift we hadn't used before—and they are treacherous beasts at the best of times—to enjoy the Rock and Roll Show (*Is This The Way to Amarillo?* in German for example) and then skied down the mountain in the gloaming after three large steins of Pilsner. "My boys!" he cried when he saw us the next morning and heard of our adventure. It made

The Mountain takes its toll



Conditions were gruelling at the top of the mountain

your heart glow. Although that may have been the schnapps that had started to appear more and more frequently in the day.

The Mountain of Madness

But towering above us lay the real challenge. The mountain herself. We had skied down in its shadow many times but we were there to scale it as well. It was this peak, the Hohe Mut—probably locally known as the Murderhorn or perhaps even as the Mountain of Skulls—which towered above us and which we swore to conquer regardless of the cost, regardless of the casualties and with no concern for our own safety. The honour of the Club was at stake so our lives were forfeit if that was what was required. So, one morning we ate a quiet breakfast each hardly daring to catch the other's eye less we see our own death staring back at us, some of us scribbling our wills on to napkins to leave with trusted waiters who had now become executors. After getting properly dressed for our travail we walked to the foot of the peak, each feeling the bony hand of death on our shoulder. We'd decided to all summit the peak together so would conquer as one or fail as one. Forwards, and then up, we went.

Arriving at the summit ten minutes later we stepped out of our gondola and saw...not a lot. The peak was fogged in and so the mightiness of our achievement isn't quite as clear as we'd hoped. A greater danger was falling off the side of the mountain due to having no idea where the bloody edge was. Still, you can clearly see that the mountain was conquered. Conquered I say!

Arriving back safely on the ground we amazed others with the tales we'd seen at the top and our bravery and sent a drink over to Dix when we saw him at one of the bars. Maybe no

Raising the flag



one buys anyone a drink in the Tyrol or maybe he was amazed to see us still alive after watching us skiing for three days. Either way he clearly needed the white wine spritzer which was his normal tippie and we all toasted each other—and the mountain—to the sounds of EuroPop.

Epilogue

So the Mountain was conquered, no one broke anything—there were injuries aplenty, such as grazes, twists, friction burns, sun burn, Pork Madness (followed by Pork Absence Madness), Schnapp-attacks, collisions, falls, hangovers and exhaustion, but nothing serious. The Club's honour was retained and a new precedent set, for what adventures will the flag accompany in the future? Where else will the Red Badge of Courage be seen fluttering in the wind and where else shall see the Club Tie?

"All they found of the expedition was a pair of cufflinks in the snow..."



THE SHERIDAN CHILDREN'S WEEKEND BY THE SEA

AT THE END OF MAY, when nights are short and dawn comes early, 21 Sheridanites of all ages gathered at Norman's Bay, Sussex, for a camping weekend. The campsite positioned our tents immediately beside the children's playground, so Saturday started at 5.30am, when a horde of overexcited children tumbled out of our tents. In various states of dress they began recreating the Norman invasion using an assorted collection of foam weaponry. The adults grumbled.

Once breakfast had restored us we visited Pevensey Castle. The Roman walls encircle a Norman castle, which was re-adapted for military use in World War Two. The three phases of masonry, Roman, Norman and 1940s era, were appreciated by small people through the medium of clambering over them. A WW2 signals room, disguised from aerial reconnaissance by being built into the Norman walls, was particularly appreciated by our smallest members for its reverberating acoustics. A video clip of the sound effects achieved by Sheridan toddlers enjoying that enclosed space can be experienced on the Sheridan facebook page (www.facebook.com/rachel.downer/videos/10157206892434402). A lengthy lunch

Ensign Polyethyl reports from the annual Club beachhead

followed at the pub garden by the castle, where the seagulls were experienced at watching children eating chips and taking advantage.

With sightseeing completed the beach called us. All afternoon and evening was spent in leisurely fashion on the beach, beside a Martello Tower. We dug in the pebbles, paddled, poked things with sticks, threw stones into the sea, carried on recreating the Norman invasion with foam weaponry, again and again. Some of our hardier souls went swimming (some of the children more willingly than others.) Hours passed in happy running around.

When evening fell a lovely surprise came. About 50 horses and riders rode on to the beach. Watching them enjoy the low tide sand by galloping up and down through the shallows mesmerized the children. My daughter asked the traditional question "Mummy, can I have a pony?" and she received the traditional reply, "No".





The day concluded with a Chinese takeaway and toasting marshmallows over a BBQ, before exhausted children were shepherded off and into their sleeping bags.

Sunday began more leisurely, with a lie in until 7am. A quiet morning was spent strolling on the beach, admiring the waves crashing against the shelving pebbles and trying to stop the children from falling in while collecting shells.

In conclusion, I am pleased to say that the Sheridan flag flew proudly first at Pevensey Castle and then on the beach—here it was attached to a handy swing frame and trampoline. Although the proportion of tweed garments worn by the next generation needs to increase it was undoubtedly the case that all the traditional enjoyments of a British weekend at the seaside were appreciated. Next year the proposal is to gather at a beach campsite in Essex. May sunshine and icecream continue to bless us Sheridanites.







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.



Lorna Mower- Johnson

Name or preferred name?

Lorna Mower-Johnson.

Why that nom de plume?

I was a garden volunteer for the National Trust when I joined the Club, so I slipped a lawn mower in for fun.

Where do you hail from?

The fag-end of Hampstead, London.

Favourite cocktail?

I've only ever tried one cocktail, and that was over 40 years ago. It was called a Bunny Hug, tasted medicinal, and wasn't recommended by the Barkeeper's Union, or some such body. I left the things alone after that.

Most Chappist skill?

Being able to give myself or others a Marcel wave with my grandmother's curling tongs.

Most Chappist possession?

The tongs mentioned above, or maybe my collection of 78 rpm records.

Personal Motto?

The three foundations of success: bold design; frequent practice; frequent mistakes. One of the ancient Welsh Triads, I believe. Succeed by making a frequent hash of things—wonderful!

Favourite Quotes?

The only one I can remember at the moment: a lost yachtsman asked for bearings from the skipper of a sailing barge. The skipper replied "Well I say we're here, but the mate says we're further south!"

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

I used to play the baritone saxophone.



How long have you been involved with the NSC?
Since about 2011.

How did you hear about the Club to begin with?
At a knitting and crochet group, via Member Isabel Spooner-Harvey, who was knitting a vintage swimming costume for another Member at the time. When you see someone apparently making a suit of combinations for a giant salamander (elongated body, short legs), you have to ask why.

What one thing would you recommend to fellow Members and why (cocktail, night out, tailor, watchmaker, public house, etc.)?
Going to see the Bonzo Bills—if they still exist and if you can find them. They're a band featuring ex-members of the Bonzo Dog Doodah Band, Bill Posters Will Be Band and other eccentric bands.

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

- Dr Nikola: the rather ambiguous super-villain of Guy Boothby's late 19th and early 20th century novels. Although Dr Nikola is supposed to be omnipresent, evil and a wee bit supernatural, he often spoils it by being a surprisingly decent chap.

It would be interesting to learn, amongst other things, how and why his modified hansom cab killed people and removed their left eyebrows.

- The plant hunter George Forrest. Known as the Indiana Jones of horticulture, owing to his hair-raising adventures on the Chinese-Tibetan border in 1905. Would have some fascinating

Playing the alto sax as a teenager



tales to tell, but being very reserved, probably wouldn't do so.

- Elliot O'Donnell the ghost hunter, who wrote around 50 books on the supernatural, often featuring his own otherworldly encounters. Nowadays it's thought that he made most of these up. Or was he really haunted by the ghosts of prehistoric trees in Piccadilly, among many other weird things?

Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?

The inevitable.

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

I did one some years ago entitled "Tales of the Planthunters" about botanical eccentricity and derring-do.

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.



Artist's impression of a salamander in a bathing suit

CHAP 20 100

EXPAND YOUR MIND, REFINE YOUR WARDROBE

Hellish scenes as *The Chap* magazine celebrates 20 years and 100 issues

AS I'M SURE you don't need to be told, *The Chap* is arguably the magazine that started it all. Founded by Gustav Temple and Vic Darkwood in 1999, it was not only a channel for (for want of a better word) Chappist thought, but a deliberate antithesis to the current phenomenon of the *Lad's Mag.* (For a while its tagline was "The gentleman's quarterly that is both quarterly and for gentlemen"—the point being that *GQ* was, certainly by then, neither of those things.)

The New Sheridan Club's relationship with *The Chap* is a close one, though not without its bumps. The original Sheridan Club was a monthly social in a pub, run by Gustav himself. (Actually the original Sheridan Club was a fictional one frequented by Rumpole of the Bailey, and it then became a fictional one frequented by Temple and Darkwood in various fantasy narratives that characterised the early version of the magazine.) This lasted about a year before Gustav closed it down because, he told me at the time, people he didn't know were turning up—you might argue this is a measure of success for a social club, but clearly Gustav's



Man of the hour Gustav Temple (left) with Club Member and *Chap* scribe Darcy Sullivan

vision was not for an open-armed group, welcoming all and sundry to sample the affability and curious, good-natured inclusivity of Chappism at its best.)

During the same period an online forum, sheridanclub.co.uk was created by a kindly soul known only as the Registrar. Perhaps unlike many such fora, where the denizens may relish the faceless anonymity, visitors to the Sheridan Club "chaproom" were forever arranging face-to-face meet-ups. So the Glorious Committee offered to take over running the monthly social and created a website

and newsletter to try and corral together all the various events and spread the word. Gustav agreed on condition that we made it clear the new club was not an official *Chap* institution—hence the name the *New Sheridan Club*.

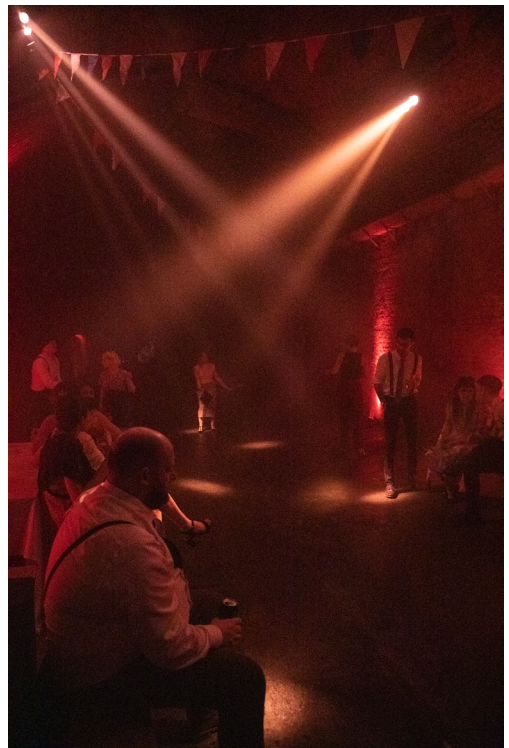
Admittedly there was a time when *The Chap* gave us the cold shoulder: I remember when Gustav rang me up in my office one night and bent my ear about how the NSC had got "out of control". I think he felt the newsletter (which was not yet called *Resign!*) was in competition with *The Chap* itself. (Flattering as that is, our newsletter is specifically about the Club



Location of the party, the Vaults at Waterloo



Power behind the throne Bethan with husband and bow tie guru Mikhail



and exists to service its interests and functions.)

In time Gustav mellowed and seemed to accept that we were not a threat, but rather a useful executive wing—if you remove all the Chap Olympics competitors who are NSC members you’d only have two or three left. For a while there was even a link to our site on the Chap website (back when websites had “Links” pages).

So when the magazine had a party last month to mark both 20 years and 100 issues, there was naturally a healthy NSC showing, plus some familiar faces from the scene who have, for some reason, always resisted the lure of Membership.

To complicate matters the party was held in a dedicated room within another party, Bourne & Hollingsworth’s 1940s wartime Blitz party, although NSC types were offered special £10 ticket that included a drink (which would otherwise cost about £10) plus entry to the rest of the event, so effectively free.

The atmosphere was hazy, in several senses. As you can see from the photos a lot of the internal lighting was red, with spotlights lancing through fog—I’m not sure if this is meant to represent emergency lighting inside a WW2 air raid shelter or the smoke and flames from incendiaries but the effect was infernal and disorientating. There was entertainment, in the form of a band playing in the Chap room and another one in the public room; I happen to know the former was the King’s Cross Hot Club, though neither was introduced. Ten minutes after the band in the main room finished a battery of confetti cannon filled the air with ticker tape, but there was no announcement to



The Club’s Adrian Prooth, flanked by admirers



The Chap had its own cocktail for the evening, the Chap Spritz



Lucy Wills. Check out the earrings

indicate what it might signal. At one point in the corridor I saw Gustav striding purposefully back into the Chap room with an accomplice and I dashed after him with my camera, to try and get close to capture the rousing speech of welcome, thanks and triumph he was doubtless about to make. But no, he never stood on the stage to address the fellow travellers in the room.

Nevertheless, everyone was dressed up to the nines and there was a sense of occasion as old faces met once again and reflected on the journey so far. *The Chap* has evolved considerably over two decades, and who knows what kind of beast it will be in another 20 years. But the things that it has been in the past led many of us to meet, and engendered the New Sheridan Club itself. So, to *The Chap* magazine, we salute you!



Jonny Haart and Jen Grey as 1960s dandy Adam Adamant and Georgina Jones



TV's Zack Macleod Pinsent



Miss Minna and chum



(l to r) Katie Holt, Ed Marlowe and Andrew Harrison



Mark Christopher holds forth



Mrs H (left) and Pandora Harrison (centre)



Essex and Bunty let their hair down



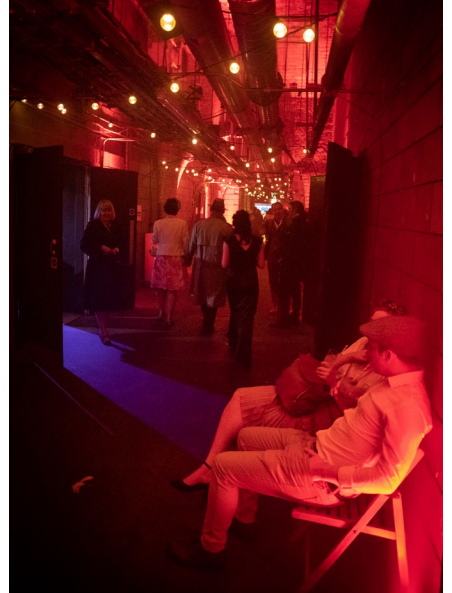
Russell and Sara



Gary Grønnestad



Andy and Sophie





The New Sheridan Club Summer Party

CARRY ON, CHAPS!

Saturday 27th July

7pm–12am

The Tea House Theatre, 139 Vauxhall Walk,
London SE11 5HL

Admission: Free to NSC Members, £5 to guests
(refundable if they join the Club during the
evening).

Dress: Carry On...

To celebrate 60 years since the first *Carry On* movie (well, technically *Carry On Sergeant* was in 1958) we're theming this year's summer party around this quintessentially British series of comedies.

A gleeful orgy of seaside-postcard smut and period stereotypes, such as the sexual objectification of women, the figure of the domineering matron, doubtless some casual racism, the championing of the underdog and the undermining of the bureaucratic overlord, the series consisted of 31 films between 1958 and 1992 (albeit with a 14-year gap between 1978's ill-conceived *Carry On Emmanuelle* and 1992's lacklustre *Carry On Columbus*), all produced by Peter Rogers, directed by Gerald Thomas, and made at Pinewood Studios. No one can accuse the franchise of not having been flogged to death, as there were also 13 episodes of a TV series, four TV Christmas specials and three stage plays.

Half the fun was that the films mostly featured the same cast of regulars—Sid James, Kenneth Williams, Charles Hawtrey, Jim Dale, Hattie Jacques, Barbara Windsor, etc. The initial *Carry On Sergeant* was about the National Service experience, its name a common command from a senior officer, and the next three tried the same thing with other professions, *Nurse*, *Teacher* and *Constable*. By then the franchise was established

and later films lampooned institutions such as the trade unions in *Carry On at Your Convenience*, the British experience of camping or holidaying abroad (*Cruising, Camping and Abroad*), developments such as beauty contests or dating agencies (*Girls and Loving*), or more serious films being made at the time, such as *Carry on Spying* (James Bond) and the ever popular *Carry On Cleo* (which even used sets left over from the Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor epic *Cleopatra*).

In true British style, budgets were absurdly tight, with exterior scenes shot near the studios (with a few extravagant journeys so Wales

could stand in for the Khyber Pass and the Sussex coast could represent the Sahara desert). The cast were on such low wages they sometimes took theatre work in the evenings.

This vast range of movies should give you plenty of inspiration for costumes. We'll have silly games that

may or may not include a Sid James Chuckle contest, a competition to design the poster for your own *Carry On* movie idea (which you might then get to pitch to our cigar-chomping producers) and a race to shoot the "Devils in Skirts" before they have time to show you what is under their kilts.

Of course we will have our famous Grand Raffle, entry to which is free but only to Members of the NSC, including anyone who joins up on the night. Prizes may or may not include DVDs of the movies, books on the history of the franchise, a retractable dagger for stabbing emperors, ass's milk for bathing in, long johns for not wearing under kilts, an ornithological guide to British tits, some spotted dick, and other dollops of *double entendre*.

More details, errata, clarifications and retractions will doubtless follow...





CLUB NOTES

Club Tie Corner

AN INTERESTINGLY HIGH number of our tie spots this month are actually ties—does this portend a retreat into the security of tradition in the face of the horror of Brexit? No, probably not.

This page, clockwise from top right: Stephen Smith sends us this television advert for Berni Inns; Ivan Debono was able to maintain his gaze on this advert (for the sweet sherry known as Dry Sack, which, American football player Frank Gifford tells us, is a man’s drink) long enough to send it in; Col. Cyrus Choke noticed that Our Man in Havana is a Club man. Opposite page, clockwise from top left: the Earl of Essex observes “as Henley Royal Regatta starts today, here is HRH Prince Michael of Kent, patron of the Remenham Club, with a misguided attempt to garner respectability by aping the more illustrious New Sheridan Club”; a period advert from Benjamin Negroto; Churchill’s bodyguard Walter H. Thompson, from Frances Mitchell; the “bond company stooge” from *The Life Aquatic with Steve Zissou*; chappist tango from Craigoh; a tenuous Club paint job by one of the apprentices at Lobby Lud’s place of work; (inset) Brooks Brothers jump on the bandwagon (Negroto again).



Frank Gifford for Dry Sack

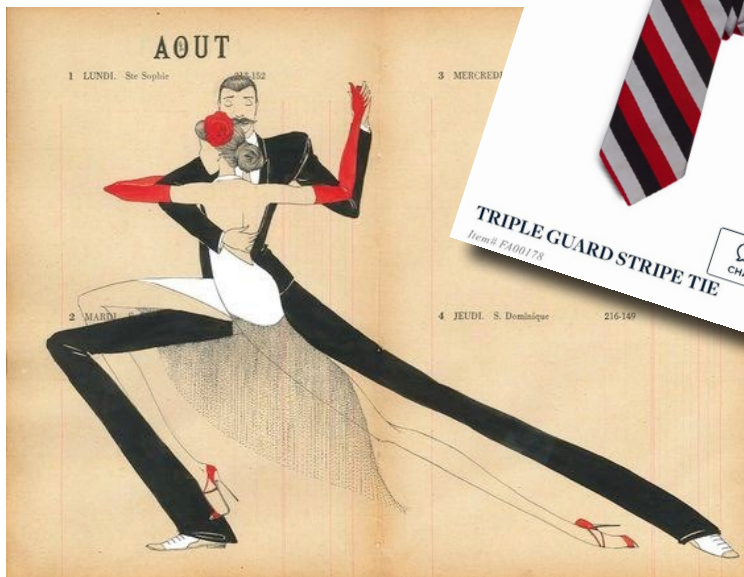
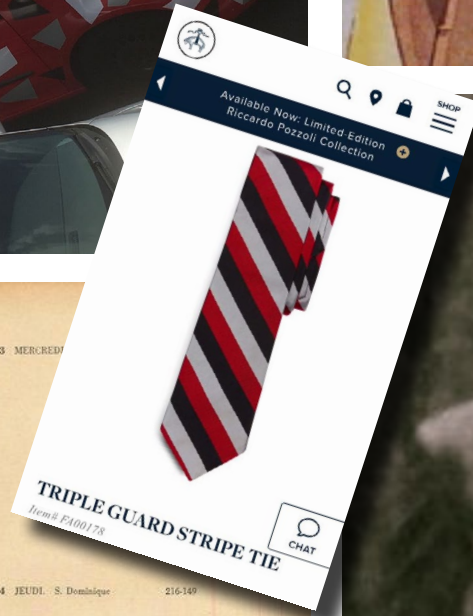
“DRY SACK ON THE ROCKS” IT’S A MAN’S DRINK

Dry Sack on-the-rocks is a great drink before lunch or dinner. No wonder Dry Sack, the man's sherry, is so popular.

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT DRY SACK
World-Famous Sherry From Spain

To get your "Collector's Set" of six 9-oz. Dry Sack on-the-rocks glasses, send \$5.00 to Dry Sack Glasses, Dept. 1, P.O. Box 1385, Trenton, N.J. 08607.







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 July
7pm–11pm (lecture around 8pm)
Upstairs, The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB
Members: Free
Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)
See page 2.

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.

Tiger Rag

Every Friday
Arcola Bar, Arcola Theatre, 24 Ashwin Street, Dalston, London E8 3DL
10pm–2.30am
Admission: £7 entry after 10pm; dance lessons £10
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.

Ukulele Sun Worshippers Cabaret

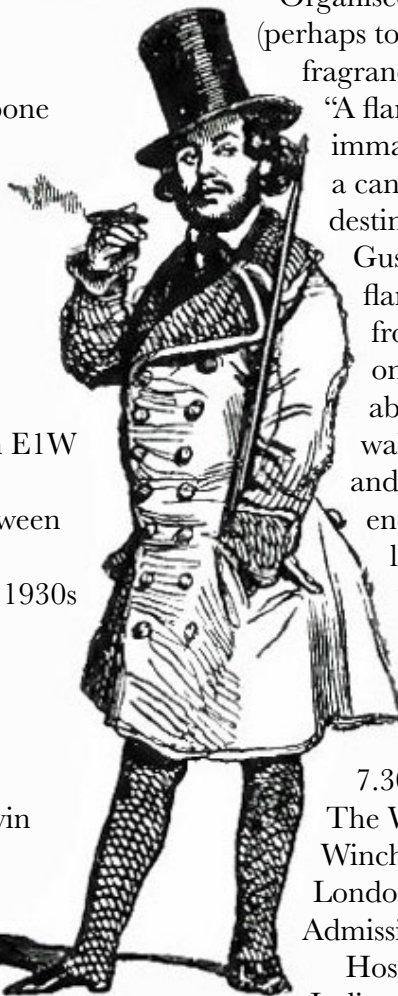
Tuesday 9th July
8–11pm
Lincoln Lounge, 52 York Way, London N1 9AB
If the plangent eccentricity of the ukulele is your thing, this regular night features nothing but. Hosted by Tricity Vogue, this special solar-themed outing features guests Philippa Leigh and Nick Browning.

The Grand Flaneur Walk

Sunday 14th July
Midday
Meet at the Beau Brummel statue on Jermyn Street
Admission: Free
Dress: Flaneur

Organised by *The Chap* magazine (perhaps to promote their new gentleman's fragrance, Flaneur, who knows?).

“A flaneur walks the city, usually immaculately dressed and carrying a cane, without purpose or destination,” writes *Chap* editor Gustav. “On Sunday 14th July a flanerie of flaneurs will set off from the statue of Beau Brummell on Jermyn Street, London, with absolutely no destination. The walk will last as long as curiosity and enjoyment prevail; we could end up in Belgravia five minutes later or Paris five days later. The walk is open to anyone, and the dress code is: Flaneur.”



Prepare for some flâneurie on 14th July

Music Out of the Moon

Tuesday 16th July
7.30–11pm
The Winchester Room, 28 Winchester Road, Twickenham, London TW1 1LF
Admission: £9–14
Hosted by loungecore legend Count Indigo, the Radio Science Orchestra mark the 50th anniversary of the lunar landings with a live performance of Les Baxter's visionary space-lounge album *Music Out of the Moon*. The show features Charlie Draper on theremin, 3D sound, synchronised HD projections, and spoken word to chart the remarkable story of humanity's journey



to the Moon and its unexpected links to the birth of electronic music. Drawing on declassified archival footage, newspaper reports, 50s popular culture, and debut performances of period music, *Music out of the Moon* is a sonic time capsule rousing nostalgia for the future: from Byron and Lovelace's dreams of steam-powered rockets, via Nazi rocketry and Sputnik's radio bleeps, Walt Disney, NASA, the triumphant Apollo Moon landings, leading to Mars and beyond. The R.S.O. is a modular Space Age Pop ensemble inspired by the birth of electronic music and the retro future: uniting Theremin, Martenot and Moog; the Radio Science Orchestra brings you exotica, neoclassical, and lounge from the birth of radio to the atomic age.

The Candlelight Club

Saturday 20th July

7pm–12am

A secret central London location

Admission: £25 in advance

Dress: Prohibition dandies, gangsters and molls, peaky blinders, decadent aesthetes, corrupt politicians and the Smart Set In the Know

London's award-winning immersive 1920s-themed speakeasy party, with live jazz, cabaret and cocktails in a secret London venue filled with candles. This time live music is from the Lucky Dog Dance Band, house band of the Lucky Dog Picturehouse, which screens silent movies with live musical accompaniment. The name comes from the Laurel and Hardy classic *The Lucky Dog*, and the band are inspired by the



See the Lucky Dog Dance Band at the Candlelight Club, host by Eva Von Schnippisch (far right) and featuring silent classics from the likes of Harold Lloyd, Anna Mae Wong and Buster Keaton (above)



great dance bands of the late 1920s and early days of Hollywood. Running the show, singing songs and keeping everyone in order will be that strict mistress of the Weimar cabaret, Eva Von Schnippisch, with vintage DJing from Baroness Jojo of the Bee's Knees.

To celebrate the glamour of the star-studded era we'll be projecting a selection of classic movies curated by the band, featuring silent stars such as Harold Lloyd, Anna Mae Wong and Buster Keaton.

Ticket-holders receive an email two days before, revealing the secret location. More at www.thecandlelightclub.com.

"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*

NSC Summer Party

Carry On, Chaps!

Saturday 27th July

The Tea House Theatre, 139 Vauxhall Walk, London SE11 5HL

See pages 29–30.

Is it Art? Historical re-enactment?
"Risky Play"? No, it's the Sheridan
Children's Weeknd at the Beach.
See pages 14-17

