

The New Sheridan Club

Newsletter

XIX • May 2008



PLUS:
Decadence!
Punting in Oxford
Adventure!
The Saharan Saunter
Inebriation!

Secret of the White Lady

The Illustrated Man

Chairman Howard on himself. Oh, and Egypt too



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

The Editor Writes

Greetings, Chumrades. As I order this to be typed up from inside my main chandelier (details as to how I ended up here are hazy at best) I can hear the sleet, hail and thunder storms that mean April is here. Ah, the sweet kiss of English weather. Pity those who live in Foreign Climes who know that the weather will be the same from one hour to the next.

As we move towards the Summertime, your Committee For Life (Long May They Reign) are planning the Summer Party—details below. If you have suggestions for suitable entertainers, entertainments, games or anything like that, please do get in touch with any Committee Member bar Horatio, as he is still in the foetid jungle hells of Abroad.

I also ask again for any contributions to this, your imaginatively named newsletter.

The Next Meeting

The next Meeting of the New Sheridan Club will take place on Wednesday 7th May 8pm–11pm, upstairs at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB. This month, Dr Black (who turns out not to be dead at all, despite his central role as a corpse in the Christmas party's murder mystery) will address us on the friendship between *Eric Kennington and T. E. Lawrence*.

The Last Meeting

The April Turn was none other than Matthew Howard, “The Chairman” (not Chairman of the NSC but of his own rowing club, a club notable for having no boats and doing no rowing), whose talk on *The Manners And Customs of the Modern Egyptians (Revisited)* was billed as the first “Lady Malvern Memorial Lecture”.

As you are doubtless aware, Lady Malvern was introduced in *Jeeves and the Unbidden Guest*. She was noted for writing books such as *India and the Indians* after only the briefest of visits and hoped to write a companion volume on the United States after having spent less than a month therein, on the grounds that one of her friends wrote *America From Within* after a visit of less than a fortnight.

Mr Howard spent two weeks on the Sinai Peninsula last October, visiting Cairo for two days, and hence felt amply qualified to deliver an informed insight into his chosen subject.

The result raised both guffaws from the audience and the bar as far as creative picture research goes. It is impossible to reproduce here the effect of the lecture, but suffice it to say that the humorous self-effacement made sure that no racial stereotyping took place. At least, no one called the police. Well, at least any charges that may or may not have been brought have been dropped. Some daguerreotypes from the evening are reproduced opposite.

(Right) Matthew Howard orates beneath an enormous image of himself; (below) a pep talk from Mr Jon Evans



By coincidence Miss Minna (right, with the willowy Willow) brought a contingent of vampires including Merrick (left). (Below) The assembled throng listen to Howard with mounting horror.



(Left) The combination of Moorish lanterns, incense, flyers for Radio Days, Mini Eggs and a rare hard copy of this Newsletter make for an eclectic cultural mix.



(Above) Miss Heather De Land (our 150th Member) and chum; (right) Howard's cohort “The Captain” with Mr Stephen Smith





CLUB NOTES

Argus Eye of Academe Turns on Chappism

CLUB MEMBER and cricketing egg Watermere has had an article on Chappism published in *Continuum*, an “international cultural studies journal”. Quite the boffin, it would appear. The full article can be read on the webbed sight of this journal; the URL is rather long so it’s probably better to ask Mr Google to drive your browser to the place where the following phrase has an effect: “Gentlemen of the world, unite!”: A vindication of the ways of Chappism”, which is the name of the article.

It really is worth a read and hearty congratulations to Watermere for this achievement.

Scarheart on the Move— House Prices Tumble

COMMITTEE MEMBER, Newsletter Editor, National Treasure and Club Treasurer, Artemis Scarheart has now moved to a different decaying mansion so if you wish to post anything to him—such as your subscription fees—be sure to get his new address. This is available on application via his esoteric message system (mrscarheart@newsheridanclub.co.uk).

If you have sent him anything in the last month and are not sure if he got it please drop him a line as well.

Scuderia Sheridan

ONCE MORE Banshee has roared Abroad and then roared back again piloted by Actuarius and Miss GM. This is the third year that Scuderia Sheridan has participated in the Scumball charity motor rally and this year they

brought home a fine trophy as well...

Hats off to the team and we hope to report on their adventures in the next Newsletter.

Membership Privileges: A Clarification

A MEMBER excitedly told me he had just spotted a NSC sticker gracing the hand dryer in the *pissoir* of whatever low bar we were in the other day. I told him that that was because I had just put it there; but in the course of the conversation he lamented that he had long since run out of both stickers and calling cards.

These items aren’t meant to be rationed: the function of them is to spread the word, so the more the merrier. Obviously we wouldn’t drop tons of them out of an aeroplane over London, as they do cost real live shekels to manufacture. But if a Member would like some more because he or she has dutifully deployed his or her existing ones, then please get in touch with Mr Hartley (mrhartley@newsheridanclub.co.uk).

Club Art Collection in the Doldrums

ON A SIMILAR note, it occurred to me that we have had no new acquisitions to the Portrait Gallery in a long while. Please do have a gander at the Portraits page on the Club website (www.newsheridanclub.co.uk). Ideally send Mr Hartley (what a treasure he is!) a high-resolution copy of the famous artwork you wish to deface and either accompany it with a photograph of yourself in the appropriate pose, or arrange for Mr Hartley to snap you arranged suitably.

To give you an idea of the sort of thing we get up to, I’ve printed opposite the last portrait to be added, that of Miss Hartley, along with the Tamara De Lempicka original.

New Members

IN THE LAST month we have welcomed: Heather de Land, Jon Evans, Hubert Hawkes (from Australia), Gabriel Augustus Blaze and



Autoportrait (Tamara in the Green Bugatti), 1925, by Tamara de Lempicka (below) along with the NSC version featuring Miss Hartley



the Laird of Grimmet. Mr Hawkes in particular should note that, were he ever to make it to these shores, Club tradition dictates that he be fêted, lauded, showered with rose petals, etc. For an example, see the snap on page 9.

As an addendum, the Oxford Punting party was also the first time we clapped eyes on Ms Honoria Bellinger-Glossop and Prof. Raglan Slieve. Well met, brothers and sisters in charms!



Oxford Punting Jaunt

TRADITION HAS IT that on the weekend nearest to St George's Day, a posse forms in the fair city of Oxford to grapple with the river Cherwell, armed only with a flat-bottomed boat (punted from the wrong end) and vast hampers of fine wine and rare foodstuffs. This year the tradition was upheld admirably, for last weekend a mob of some 25 souls did precisely that. Tradition also dictates that we are incomprehensibly spared foul weather—and, true to the pattern dictated by the gods of loucheness, the unending blast of rain and frigid temperatures was broken by a few days of glorious sunshine.

We gathered on the Friday evening for the traditional black tie dinner (though some whelps attempted to redesignate it as white tie), this time perpetrated on The Big Bang, a restaurant that serves nothing but sausages and mash; and I have to say that they were the finest sausages I have ever tasted. Should you ever find yourself in Oxford with a yen to sample some snorkers, this establishment will satisfy your needs better than any other.

Come Saturday morning, some of us scoured the market for comestibles, while others gathered in a tavern called The Turf for a sharpener. Then, at 12.30, we rendezvoused at the Magdalen Bridge boat house and poured

ourselves into five punts. Some noble souls offered to pole us gently upstream while the cannier members of the team simply lolled in the boats popping champagne corks and trailing our fingers in the water while keeping a weather eye open for piranhas.

After what seemed like a trice to us passengers (though probably less so to those on pole duty) we found our traditional patch of bank and anchored. There followed an enormous *al fresco* banquet over several hours. There was no gigantic bottle of champagne this year, but there was live oyster shucking and an opportunity for the traditional fêting of foreign Members who make it to these shores: Miss Anne Holmes and her chum Vega were showered with confetti and generally made a royal fuss of.

Eventually we realised we were in danger of failing to get the boats back before 8pm, so we vaulted into them and sped off as fast as drunk people driving boats with sticks can manage. Tradition (there's that word again) also dictates that at least one person tumbles into the drink—this year's noble volunteer was the Earl of Waveney. Safely back on dry land, we repaired once more to the Turf; to be honest, things are a bit of a blur from here, but the daguerrotypes of the day to be found at www.flickr.com/sheridanclub give you a further flavour of the day.

(Above) All five boats pose for an official group shot; (near right) Scarheart takes the opportunity for a discreet reminder about unpaid subs; (middle right) Robert is suddenly smitten by aesthetic wonderment, but not so much that he spills his drink (though he did lose his pole in the mud shortly after this); (far right) Prof. Slieve and Dr Blah find their sea legs.





(Right) New overseas Members Anne Holmes and Vega are showered with confetti to mark their first pilgrimage to the NSC homeland of Blighty. (Below right) Fruity poses with celery



(Top) James Blah, smugly in possession of the cupcake of God. (Above) Sir Oliver's punt clears a bridge; (right) Sarah hides the shame of her pasty; (Below) Anne shucks!



(Above right) Lo! Senior Sub appears on the bank



(Above) Dame Fforbes' famous field cake stand; (below) Mr Hartley, before he got drunk; (below left) Andy Downer takes forty winks; (right) Prof. Slieve watches as the bubbly is deployed; (top middle) Cyril proffers cinnamon sweetmeats



(Right) Rushen finds an excuse to fly the Manx flag; (right) doubtless sozzled by booze, Miss Belling-Glossop throws caution to the wind and shows some ankle





(Above) Sir Oliver propels his bark towards the picnicking site; (right) the picnic in full swing; (top right) a frankly psychedelic image of our surroundings reflected in a glass of wine; (below) after we got back to the pub things became a little hazy...



Saharan Saunter 2009

THIS NOBLE VENTURE is still putting itself together so I urge you to pop over to their webbed sight to have a look—www.wdrg.org. As previously mentioned, the Saunter has the main objective of reliving those times and covering some of the many routes and areas that the Long Range Desert Group operated within. It is proposed to do this in WW2 vehicles kitted out as a “Tommy” of the time with the same issue kit (or replicas for hard-to-get items), using the same scale of rations and water, and navigating the whole route using 1940s maps and Sand Compasses.

This would seem bonkers if it were not for the calibre of the people involved, their dedication, the charities they will raise money for and the skill they will bring to the endeavour.

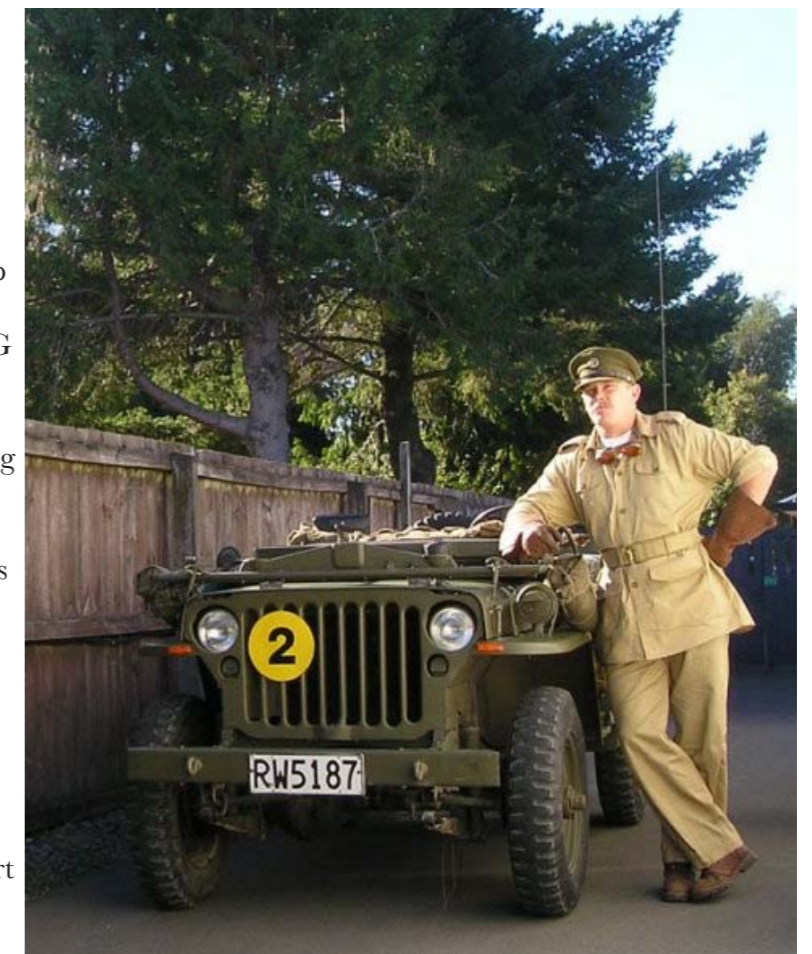
The Expedition plans to leave in convoy from the Citadel in Cairo, one-time HQ of the LRDG. Moving across the Egyptian Sand Sea towards Siwa Oases before heading north-west to the Libyan border crossing (unfortunately due to heavy mining from WW2, and Government restrictions, they cannot go directly west) and then in a south-west direction over and out into the Great Sand Sea in Libya.

After moving towards many sites and staying at the many check and observation points, the group will loop north-north-east towards Barce where one of the greatest raids of the LRDG took place. After touring the battlefield/airfield and surrounding areas, they will reform and travel along the coast to Tobruk where they will hold the first memorial parade and wreath laying at the official war graves of the fallen from all Allied troops. It is hoped to link this with the Commonwealth War Graves Commission, but nothing is arranged at time of writing. After a short rest the group will head towards the second of their rendezvous at El Alamein and a larger parade and short service geared to coincide with ANZAC day (again contacts and liaison still to be arranged).

At present, there are approximately 20 people involved, with an even split between the UK and New Zealand. They hope to attract other historians and vehicles from the US of A (again representative of the American involvement in the desert). There will be Jeeps, Light and Heavy Trucks as well as a modern support vehicle, to allow greater flexibility to the camera crew and attached Libyan Guides.

As it is an enormous logistical operation, just to get all there and back again, it will take a lot of funding and sponsorship. The group are actively trying to attract this through various means and would welcome backers and supporters to be part of this adventure. If anyone is interested in this Expedition and would like to be a major sponsor there will be maximum publicity and use of their logos, links and information on all expedition literature and within the proposed expedition documentary.

If you are interested in this or can perhaps bring aid in some form to the Saunter please contact Gary Wallace, Group Expedition Leader UK, at Gary@wdrg.org, (field telephone 07850 796605.)



Dr Leavingssoon, part of the team, with some sort of Jeep

The Cocktail Cabinet

Wherein Club Members offer up their beverage insight

The White Lady

Torquil Arbuthnot

Recently I was watching a re-run of one of the 1980s noctovisual adaptations of Dorothy L. Sayers' novels (*Have His Carcase*), featuring Edward Petherbridge's profile as Lord Peter Wimsey. There was a scene where Lord Peter's valet, Bunter, hands him his customary post-prandial cocktail with the words, "Your White Lady, my Lord." Having heard, vaguely, of this cocktail, probably from films and novels of the 1930s and 1940s, but not sure what it was, I retired to the booze section of my library.

I was somewhat surprised to find it didn't feature at all in two cocktail manuals published in the 1990s (*The New York Bartender's Guide* and 'Mr Boston' on cocktails), despite being a well-known cocktail, if in name only. I gritted my teeth and picked up a stalwart of my shelves, *Cocktails, How to Mix Them* by "Robert" ("of the American Bar, Casino Municipal, Nice, and late of the Embassy Club, London"), published in the 1950s. But even "Robert" had no mention of a White Lady in his pages.

Gritting my teeth even further, and muttering slightly to myself, I turned to the last resort: *The Official Mixer's Manual* by Patrick Gordon Duffy published in New York in 1940 (and acquired one wet afternoon in a secondhand bookshop in Long Beach, California). As usual, Mr Duffy came up with the goods. A White Lady is one measure of dry gin, half a measure of lemon juice, and half of Cointreau shaken with ice. Mr Duffy recommends serving it in a glass that resembles a small red wine glass as seen in French bistros.

In effect, the White Lady is a variant on the classic Sidecar (brandy; Cointreau, Grand Marnier or some other triple sec; and lemon juice), the Sidecar itself being a variation on the older Brandy Daisy (brandy, yellow Chartreuse, and lemon juice).

Some further research in John Doxat's *A to Z of Drink* revealed that it was invented in Harry's New York Bar in Paris (it's still there, at 5 rue Daunou) in the 1920s. Apparently Harry McElhone had first mixed it at Ciro's Club in London in 1919, but made with crème de menthe in place of gin.

But the Savoy's legendary Harry Craddock also claims to have invented the drink, and indeed it appears in his 1930 *Savoy Cocktail Book*. (Apparently the cocktail is also known



as a Delilah, a Chelsea Sidecar and a Lillian Forever.)

Fortunately a few days later I met Actuarium and his memsahib (and various other thirsty NSC members) in the Rivoli Bar at the Ritz. Naturally I asked for a White Lady. I could see by the gleam in the bartender's eye that he hadn't been asked for one in a long time (if ever) and relished the challenge. It arrived exactly as specified by Mr Duffy, though in a classic Martini glass and with a maraschino cherry. It was nectar—the Cointreau and lemon juice bringing out the flavour of the gin while masking the sometimes perfumey scent that gin can have.

I asked for another. A different bartender made this one and both bartenders then came over to our table to watch me drink it. This time it had some sugar syrup added to it, and was garnished with a twist of lemon. The second bartender's face fell when I suggested it was too sweet (a common modern failing of cocktails) and offered to pour it down the sink for me. I demurred, in the name of politeness and field research.

Since then I have tried a White Lady in a couple of other bars. One was very good, but the fool bartender had served it in a sugar-rimmed glass. The other was tainted because the bartender had seen fit to add a teaspoon of egg white.

To my mind the classic recipe is still the best:

One measure of dry gin (Tanqueray, Bombay Sapphire)
Half a measure of lemon juice
Half a measure of Cointreau

Shake with ice, pour into a Martini glass and garnish with a maraschino cherry or a twist of lemon.



Forthcoming Events

Please check the Events page at www.newsheridanclub.co.uk for the latest details

Whisky Tasting

Saturday 10th May

Time: Meet 6.30pm, Tasting 7pm-8pm, Meal 8.30pm

The Coach and Horses, 26-28 Ray Street, Clerkenwell, London EC1R 3DJ

Admission: £10 for the tasting; £20 for a two-course meal, £25 for three courses.

Those of you lucky or wise enough to have attended The Last Gasper, our summer 2007 party, will remember our hearty host, Giles (he was the one in the kilt). Well, Giles, who seems to be somewhat thick with Glenfiddich, or one of the other distillery groups, has offered to host a whisky tasting at his pub. Your £10 buys you an hour-long tasting with about five whiskies, after which there will be a Scottish-themed meal (£20 for two courses, £25 for three) which is optional but thoroughly recommended. If you'd like to go and haven't already informed Mr Hartley, let him know asap.

Vintage Fashion, Textiles and Accessories Fair

Sunday 11th May

8am-5pm

Hammersmith Town Hall, 380 Kensington High Street, London W14

Admission: £5 after 10am, £10 before

This is a regular fair where over a hundred leading vintage fashion clothing dealers will offer wares from 1800 to 1980. Visitors will find an array of handbags, linen, lace, embroidery, shoes, hats, gowns, chiffons, beaded dresses, textiles, needlework, necklaces, gloves, trimmings, fashion magazines, costume jewellery, feather boas, compacts, combs, fans, etc. Prices seem to be pretty reasonable.

Art Deco Fair at Eltham Palace

Sunday 11th May

10am–5pm
Eltham Palace, Court Yard, London SE9 5QE
(020 8294 2548)

Admission: £8.20 (concessions £6.60)

Browse through stalls selling all things Art Deco, from jewellery to furniture. The venue is particularly notable—Eltham Palace is a strange mixture of architectural styles, with an original Tudor great hall and restrained exterior, opening on to some exquisite 1930s rooms added by the Courtaulds, including a gorgeous rotunda with inlaid wood-panelled walls and an innovative (for the time) concrete and glass domed skylight.

I seem to recall the dining room has pink leather upholstery and a silver-leaf ceiling. A thoroughly modern integral vacuum cleaning system was also included in the new rooms, and there is even a run for the couple's pet lemur. Note that the entry fee for this fair is what you would normally have to pay to see the building anyway, so it is good value. There are extensive gardens, too. I can feel a picnic coming on...

Flanders and Swann At the Drop of a Hippopotamus

Friday 16th and Saturday 17th May

7.30pm

Greenwich Theatre, Crooms Hill, London SE10 8ES

Tickets: £16.50

A highly acclaimed show of F&S songs, performed by award-winning comedian Tim FitzHigham and musician Duncan Walsh Atkins. Apparently they've just headlined at the International Flanders and Swann Festival, an event the very existence of which is heart-warming.

The Baron of Bermondsey is proposing a group visit. You are encouraged to purchase your own tickets, but there will be a meeting beforehand (and almost certainly afterwards) in The Mitre public house near by (291 Greenwich High Road). Watch the website for more details.

Le Gramophone de Pépé

Sunday 18th May

7pm–11pm

“Vibe Live” above Vibe Bar, Old Truman Brewery, Brick Lane, London E1

Admission: £5

Dress: Stylish dress (and good manners) appreciated

This is actually a regular Sunday night event playing both live and recorded period music “at reasonable volumes”. They also promise “1940s refreshment prices” and “comfortable and stylish furniture”. What more could a chap want?

This particular evening is a special occasion—Benoit Veillefon, the man behind the shebeen, is throwing a birthday party and his own band Ta Mère will be performing, as will the mysterious-sounding Mademoiselle Katarina.

The Last Tuesday Society presents

Hendrick's Cocktail Party

Monday 19th May

7.30pm

Bistrotheque, 23-27 Wadson Street, London E2 (020 8983 7900)

Tickets: £10 in advance from

www.thelasttuesdaysociety.org

Cocktails, canapés, live jazz from the Society's house band, The Alan Weekes Quartet, and an illustrated address by Carole Seymour-Jones on John-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir. “A Dangerous Liaison” tells the intense, passionate and sometimes painful story of how these two brilliant free-thinkers—and rivals—came to share a relationship that was to last over fifty years.

Moving from the corridors of the Sorbonne and the chestnut groves in the Limousin, to the cafes of Paris' Left Bank, we discover how the strikingly beautiful and gifted young Simone came to fall in love with the squinting, arrogant, hard-drinking Jean-Paul.

Seymour-Jones describes that first summer of 1929: the heated debates that went on long into the night, the sexual rivalry and betrayal, the dangerous ideas that led people to experiment with new ways of behaving and the deep love that this perhaps unlikely couple shared.

We hear how Sartre clandestinely compromised with the Nazis and fell into a Soviet honey-trap. And, thanks to recently discovered letters written by de Beauvoir, the darker, more dangerous side to their philosophy of free love is revealed, including Simone's lesbianism and her pimping for younger girls for Jean-Paul, in order to keep his love.

The Last Tuesday Society presents

St Vitus' Dance

Friday 23rd May

8pm–4am

Parker MacMillan, 47 Chiswell Street, London

Dress Code: The Beautiful and the Damned (come bepoxed and wearing red shoes)

Tickets: £10 in advance from

www.thelasttuesdaysociety.org (£40 for a

“family” ticket for five) or £15 including the talk and a light supper

Viktor Wynd returns to Parker MacMillan (from which I thought he'd been banned for holding séances, or something) and transforms it into a “sickly sweet sarcophagus of dying flowers, freshly slaughtered fluffy animals, broken children's toys and coffins to play in, so get ready to put on your red shoes and dance the blues...”

At 8pm author, founder member of Blondie and guitarist for Iggy Pop Gary Lachman will discuss his latest book, *The Dedalus Book of Literary Suicides*, after which there will be live bands including the She Kyokh Klezmer Ensemble, the Hanging Ropes and the Alan Weekes Quartet plus DJs David DG, Dickon Edwards, Penny Metal, the Broken Hearts and Russell Taylor. You are further invited to “Enter The House of Illness, Catch Syphilis from Viktor Wynd & Watch Your Lesions Boil! Relive The Death of Your First Pet in Viktor Wynd's Crying Booth!” There will also be cheese and cakes and prizes for the best outfits.

What The Butler Saw presents

The Burlesque Brunch: Summer Safari

Sunday 25th May

12am–9.30pm

The Old Explorer, 23 Great Castle Street, London W1G OJA (just behind Top Shop at Oxford St tube)

Tickets: £26 for a full day including brunch, or £13 for a half day from 2pm on (no brunch), only in advance from

www.sophiejonasdesigns.co.uk (in the Cornucopia section)

Dress: Something retro, perhaps a little louche, or just what you're still wearing from last night.

The fourth Burlesque Brunch, courtesy of the tenacious Miss Tenacity Flux, burlesque performer, baker and designer of ladythings, sees a move to yet another venue (it seems the

Railway Tavern, the new permanent home, is being refurbished and is unavailable this time). Your ticket buys you a 10.5-hour assault on your senses, sanity and self-control: the day begins with a hearty brunch from 12pm to 2pm (included in the ticket price). During brunch there will be a table-to-table fashion show of vintage-style lingerie designed by Miss Flux's alter ego Miss Sophie Jonas and, I'll warrant, much dabbling at fevered brows with spotted handkerchiefs. During the afternoon there will be burlesque performers, as well as more fashion shows, this time of corsetry and jewellery. The day will also feature the “Not Cricket” pub quiz, an Orange Battle tournament and music into the evening.

In honour of the venue, Ms Jonas suggests an “Out of Africa meets village fête” theme.



STOP PRESS

Date and Place for Summer Party

IT LOOKS AS IF the NSC summer party will be on Saturday 12th July at Positively 4th Street, an oriental-themed dive near Warren Street tube station. The theme will be “Mad Dogs and Englishmen”, an evocation of the colonial experience and the Englishman abroad. Think pith helmets, white mischief, opium dependence, going native, going mad, those damned drums, etc.

In addition to the, now famous, Grand Raffle, with prizes matched, as far as we can manage, to theme, we are hoping to have a tiger shoot, table-to-table Catholic missionaries, and much more entertainment.

IF YOU HAVE any ideas or suggestions for Club events or articles for this Newsletter, then do get in touch. Your Glorious Committee are always delighted to hear from you.



Until next time, Chumrades!

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FOR THE LATEST information on what the Club is up to and has done, who has been arrested, etc., have a squizz at www.newsheridanclub.co.uk. For those of a more technological bent, you can also help spread the word by becoming a "friend" of the NSC in its "Myspace" incarnation at www.myspace.com/newsheridanclub. There is also a "Facebook" page but how you get there I have no idea. We dare not vouch for those who link to our "Myspace" and "Facebook" pages but most of them seem to be good eggs.