

The New Sheridan Club

Newsletter

LVIII • August 2011

Ceci n'est pas les Olympics

No, it's the Chap Olympics—at which the New Sheridan Club once again swept the board

PLUS:

Glastonbury

Scarheart reports from beyond the pale

Club Foot

Chap-friendly walking tours of London

Moscow Mule

Anatomy of the quintessential vodka cocktail?



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

The Next Meeting

The next Club Meeting will take place on Wednesday 3rd August in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm, when Artemis Scarheart, Glorious Committee Member for Life, will terrify us with tales of how he recently risked his health, reputation and very sanity to see just what lurks in the heart of hippy darkness that is The Glastonbury Festival of Contemporary Performing Arts. Those unable to attend—or who were there but have erased the memory—will find the first instalment of a written version beginning on page 14.

Indeed this is something of a Scarheart Special issue: he also appears on the cover (and has done so more than anyone else) for his role in the Chap Olympics, where he took gold.

The Last Meeting

At our July meeting Isabel Spooner-Harvey introduced us to a much-loved figure from her home town of San Francisco, Norton I, *Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico*. Despite living in a flophouse, the self-proclaimed emperor, who reigned in the second half of the nineteenth century, endeared himself to the populace to the extent that policemen saluted him and businesses fed him for free. In fact many of his “policies” were remarkably forward-thinking for the era—for example at a time when the Chinese community were subject

to racial attacks, Norton preached tolerance and equality.

No one is really sure when Joshua Abraham Norton was born. A plaque on his coffin said he was “about 65” when he died of a stroke in the street in 1880—while being hailed by some of his subjects—and his obituary in the San Francisco *Chronicle* suggested he had been born in 1814. The first half of his life was fairly unremarkable, but when a bad business deal bankrupted him, he left the city for several years: there are no records of what he got up to, but he returned in 1858, “a bit odd”. He issued the following proclamation to all the main newspapers in the city:

At the peremptory request and desire of a large majority of the citizens of these United States, I, Joshua Norton, formerly of Algoa Bay, Cape of Good Hope, and now for the last 9 years and 10 months past of S. F., Cal., declare and proclaim myself Emperor of these U.S.; and in virtue of the authority thereby in me vested, do hereby order and direct the representatives of the different States of the Union to assemble in Musical Hall, of this city, on the 1st day of Feb. next, then and there to make such alterations in the existing laws of the Union as may ameliorate the evils under which the country is laboring, and thereby cause confidence to exist, both at home and abroad, in our stability and integrity.

—NORTON I, Emperor of the United States.

Thus began Emperor Norton I's 21 year reign over America. He added the “Protector of Mexico” later on.



(Above) Isabel's audience; (left) Craig poses a pithy question from the floor; (below, from the top) after her talk Isabel receives compliments from Peter (l) and Frisax; the smokers cluster in the courtyard; Mr Howard (r) with Stewart Waller—now on a charity trek to Mongolia; (below left) new Member Per Norström;



(Top) Isabel with one of Norton's bank notes; (above) Scarheart forgets what he was going to announce; (left) the young man on the left is clearly in two minds about all this, choosing to wear

his Punishment Tie on the wrong side of his collar...



(Left and above left) Once again a TV crew were visiting, looking for nuggets on how different Britons celebrate things



WET FIELD OF DREAMS

EVERY YEAR IT threatens to rain on the Chap Olympics, and every year we just about get away with it. Except this year. For that day, Saturday 16th July, they were forecasting a deluge and that is what we got. It did actually stop raining at times later on but essentially it was very wet indeed—my boater needed a couple of days carefully weighted with

test competitors' credentials as a gentleman and cad. Originally conceived by our own Chairman Torquil Arbuthnot, it is organised by *The Chap* magazine, nowadays powered by event organisers Bourne & Hollingsworth. Winning isn't really the point, trying is frowned upon and cheating is more or less encouraged. The venue, as in recent years, was once again Bedford Square gardens.

The day begins with the lighting of the Olympic pipe, which is then passed among the contestants gathered on the podium so they can contemplate the true meaning and spirit of the contest in which they are about to take part. This year there was a surprise "drugs test" and butler Mr Bell searched the contestants for illegal substances. Hipflasks were, of course, positively encouraged, but Compton-Bassett was found to have some mineral water and a healthy salad secreted about his person, and was obliged to leave the podium in shame.

The games began with the Pipeathlon,

Headline courtesy of Mr Edward Marlowe

gin bottles before it dried back in its original shape.

Fortunately the NSC had just purchased a waterproof gazebo, the finest construction that £17 will buy from B&Q, and the shrewder Members spent most of the day relaxing under it, leaving others to toil in the storm.

If you are not familiar with it, the Chap Olympics (or Chap Olympiad as it is officially styled) is an annual celebration of rakish élan and langour featuring silly games designed to

(Top) the NSC pavilion. As you can see Chris Choy has abandoned his sodden shoes; (above and right) Louise is not impressed by the rain, which is so torrential it makes her make-up run



(Above) the Harrisons and chums show some British pluck in the face of the storm; (right) Mai Moller, David Pile and the Lord Finsbury Windermere Compton-Bassett; (below) your correspondent fortifies himself against the elements



(Left) Gustav Temple, editor of *The Chap*, struggles to strike a light for the Olympic Pipe, but (above) gets there in the end, ably shielded from the rain by the NSC's own Lord Rupert, in butler mode for the occasion as Mr Bell.

though in the past it has involved walking on one's hands or, in the case of Louise "Heidi Heil" Newton, walking across a line of prostrate young men.

Next up was a new game, Gentleman's Club Golf, which involved driving a bowler hat into a net using a walking stick as a golf club. The net

in which contestants must traverse the course first on foot, then by bicycle and finally without one's feet touching the ground, all while keeping their pipes alight. If the very presence of the bicycles caused confusion for some Olympians, the final leg was mostly interpreted by being carried by henchmen,



(Left) Mr Bell attempts to frisk Louise, while Torquil waves the (entirely permissible) hipflask found on his own person; (below) in the foreground lie the mineral water and salad discovered on Compton-Bassett, who attempts to laugh off his disgrace

itself, bravely held by an official, seemed to move around on a whim, which was entirely in the spirit of the game, and the winner was, of course, declared to be the only lady competing.

A brooding presence at the games was Andy Hill, last year taking overall gold as The Great Colonesi, in traditional leopard-skin leotard. This year I have a feeling he may have been Colonesi's brother—I never quite found out—but he appeared in a top hat and opera cape. His key weapons were (i) attempting to strike Gothic terror into his opponents and (ii) his daughter Wednesday: in the golf game she was encouraged to run off with the bowler, thus dashing the contestant's chances.

Swooning came next, a game seemingly the opposite of Bounders, a regular event at the Olympics. Both games involved gentlemen approaching a line of ladies, but whereas Bounders awards victory to the first player to get slapped, Swooning gives



After a break for lunch, in which swing dancing lessons took place on the stage area, the games continued with ironing board surfing, which does pretty much what it says on the tin—one reckless soul stood on an ironing board which was carried, rather like a coffin, by teammates. Amazingly, no one fell off and broke their collar bone.

Moustache Wrestling made a welcome



(Above left) Compère for the day was our own Tristan Langlois



(Above)The pipeathlon begins in a relaxed manner; (far right) Artemis struggles to get his head around the correct deployment of a bicycle; (right) Edward Marlowe tries to cross the field without touching the ground, while Il Colonesi tries to scare the horses. Not sure where the trolley with the gramophone comes into it all



points to gentlemen who can make a lady swoon. One couple arguably cheated when the gentleman made a genuine proposal of marriage—for which they had apparently flown in specially from the US.

Butler Baiting was also new, in which butlers compete to dress their masters, dashing back and forth to a suitcase full of garments. The winner was the best outfit, judged by house butler Mr Bell.

Perhaps the hardest new event to define was Not Playing Tennis, in which contestants must somehow play tennis while contriving not really to do so. Players tended to sit down and get on with something else, be it reading, smoking, chatting or wooing. The ball was meanwhile steered to and fro along a string between two hatstands by a squadron of servants. The game was livened up when the mysterious Chopper fell through the seat of his deck chair.

(This page) Gentleman's Club Golf, knocking a bowler into a net with a walking stick, though one chap tried to put the hat on his head first, and Colonesi used his secret weapon—daughter Wednesday, whom he passed off as a 24-year-old midget—to foil his opponents





return next. Despite the name there is no actual wrestling involved: two moustachioed gentlemen are each armed with a plastic lobster, with which they must try and pluck a single hair from the other's lip weasel. One contestant admirably cheated by turning out to be a woman with a drawn-on moustache.



(Below) Butler Baiting in full flow; (right) Mr Marlowe adjusts Farhan's sock suspenders. Farhan, as you will notice, spent the day wearing a mask. As a former winner of the games he had also coloured his beard gold, perhaps in hope of victory once more

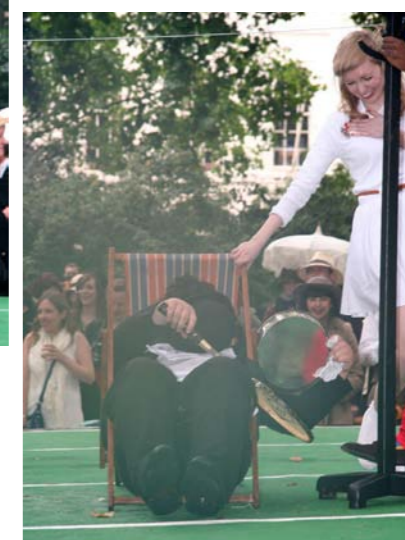


(Above, clockwise from top left) As the ladies line up for Swooning, Matthew Howard (rather optimistically wearing winner's laurels) debates his chances with Anton Krause; a palpable swoon, I'd say; Mr Marlowe raises a titter, if not a swoon exactly; this is the couple who stole the show with an actual proposal of marriage



Another old favourite returned in the form of Shouting at Foreigners, in which contestants are each given a slip of paper with something they need to extract from Johnny Foreigner (a.k.a. Miles Hankinshaw), who appears to run some sort of shop or stall. This can be achieved by cajolery, bluster, subterfuge or, in Chopper's case, simple theft.

Umbrella Jousting has been a feature for a few years now and yet still no one has had an eye out (although plenty of knuckles have been grazed). Players pedal towards each other on bicycles and attempt to unseat their opponent with umbrellas. I see that the stiffened newspapers that previously served as shields have been replaced by briefcases, though these tended to be abandoned, as one really needs both hands for



Chopper limbers up for Not Playing Tennis and, moments late, falls through his deck chair; meanwhile Tim Kennington ignores the ball and reads aloud, and Wednesday gets a little help



cycling and wielding the broly. In addition to the long tent with the bar, this year the Olympic Village was also graced

At lunch, the performance arena hosted a swing dance class





with a barber's and a hat shop courtesy of Laird of London, who, I imagine, probably sold few Panamas and perhaps more deerstalkers this time. I doubt they were stocking sou'westers, but they would have done a roaring trade if they had.

The last event of the day is the awards ceremony, with gongs handed to the winners by the glamorous Tammy Nicholls.

The bronze medal went to Chopper, who seemed genuinely moved. Silver went, I believe to Naomi King, though the entire Vintage Mafia took the stage to receive it, dressed in matching outfits each with her respective initial embroidered on the front. Finally the gold was awarded to none other than the NSC Committee's own Artemis Scarheart, a clear endorsement of everything he stands for. Truly now, as Artemis has consistently pointed out, is the Age of the Orc.



(Clockwise from the top) Oliver and Ella with some handsome cupcakes; Louise Newton and "Chuckles" Youngusband—who managed to remain completely untouched by the rain; the world's media seemed to have descended on Bedford Square for the games; Annika and Will caught off guard in the NSC pavilion



(Above) Will with Annika's extraordinary handbag with applied elephants in relief; (right) an alpinist; (far right) a dapper fellow



Ironing board surfing. Of course the camera here reveals the secret of Artemis Scarheart's success—cheating. Note how, above right, he is clearly holding his team's surfer in place



(Above) Edward Marlowe prepares for Umbrella Jousting; (left) this lady is clearly the winner of this bout; (above left) innovative use of the umbrella but the lady on the left is no longer technically on her mount; (below) in the heat and dust of the melée it's hard to see who has the upper hand but my money's on the chap on the left; (below left) the bronze medal goes to Chopper; (bottom left) silver goes to Naomi, in red; (bottom right) gold goes to Artemis Scarheart



(Clockwise from top left) Moustache Wrestling: *en garde!* This player accepts his defeat; Shouting at Foreigners: not sure what this chap was asking for but he gets a party popper popped; Mr Foreigner runs a shop that is hard to define; our alpinist friend loses at Moustache Wrestling to a lady in disguise



ART OF DARKNESS

Notes from a journey beyond the pale. By Artemis Scarheart

THE GLASTONBURY FESTIVAL of Contemporary Performing Arts—or “Glasto”—has been running since the 1970s. As music festivals have grown in popularity and more niche events have arisen (into Japanese pop with a death metal folk fusion? Then there’s a festival for you) Glastonbury has remained a fixture and this year tickets sold out in around four minutes, possibly due to the heat wave of the 2010 event rather than the chance to see Bono of The U2s perform.

As there will not be a Glasto next year, Artemis Scarheart—Member of the Glorious Committee—decided to risk his health, reputation and even his very sanity and travel upriver to see just what lurks in this heart of hippy darkness. These are some of the recorded fragments from a journal found in a discarded bottle of scrumpy three weeks later. Scarheart himself recalls little of what happened and is currently recuperating in the King George Facility for the Bewildered.

...torrential rain on the way up. There are several of us in a camper van designed by some ex-Wehrmacht engineer, making our way on a series of back roads to avoid the traffic. Not sure if this is happening but there are some

charming properties around here....

...we have been in a traffic queue for some time though I am told we are very near the gate. In the distance I can see an enormous steel fence. Rather reminds one of Berlin in the old days. Apparently this is not the main fence but an outer fence and there are more levels of defences inside that. This super fence was created after the hordes who were ticketless just

pushed the old fence over several years ago. Wither mine fields? The motor starts and we progress a stately three inches...

We have arrived and chosen a spot. Many, many people here and I can hear roaring from innumerable throats in the distance. I wanted to prepare some defences (an ankle breaker ditch perhaps) but that is all part of the fun, I’m told. “Part of the fun/experience” is a mantra I will hear a lot over the next five days.

Our camping area is on a slope near to some trees but other than that appears fine. Oh yes—it is 25 feet from the late night entertainment venue Shangri La which is open until four in the ack emma. Over the



Scarheart in the sola topi he kept on for the whole six days



The denizens of Glastonbury have not achieved a high level of technological development. Most of their dwellings are simple tents

hedge and yet another fence I can see and hear and even feel massive jets of flame being hurled into the air. It appears the Martian tripods have landed and will be stalking us soon, but once again my panic-stricken cries that we need some sort of defence line are ignored. I decide to listen to my local guides and the old sweats and so set up my nylon and plastic coffin of a tent and have my first drink of the day. It is already 15:00 so it is well overdue.

A quick note here: Scarheart was not camping with “the punters” or the “great un-hosed and un-deloused”. He was camping within a separate facility inside the main ground. In essence this meant a shower block, latrines, meal hall, bar and—most vital—their own security fence and guards on the gate around the clock. Thus he was at the festival but not in one of those large and sprawling refugee camps. More on them later.

After the camp had been fully made up and the camper van deployed (canopy out, tent flaps down, carpet laid, lights set up, coffee table assembled and light reading materials added, chairs unpacked) it was time for the first foray into the main camp. Much was still being set up and the sound of hammers and other tools filled the darkening air. The background throaty rumble of thousands of throats could still be heard but with a flask full of cognac and some

cigars our brave correspondent was ready.

The hill forms one side of the valley that the festival squats in. To walk there and to the top—without looking back—took a good 45 minutes and along the way there were all kinds of sights. Nothing too extraordinary, mainly young people, ecstatic that they were there, who had already drunk far too much cider. But it was at the very top, turning round and looking across the vista that one saw just how large this festival is. Over 175,000 people, many more times the size and population of all the villages and towns I have lived in before London. It spread out in the dusk air like a true civilisation or community of its own. Closest to us were rank upon rank of tepees. To the right a tree from Minas Tirith appeared, tall and shining bright and unearthly white in the gloom. Far to the left the dark bulk of some of the stages and Cube Henge—a dreadful place full of night dwellers. Illuminated bars and shining walkways through the gloom. Strange structures.

And most of all field upon field of tents. Tens of thousands of people had come here and one could not help but be impressed.

Above all of this scene was a constant ascent of Chinese lanterns. These highly dangerous and irresponsible devices are banned at the Festival as they tend to set fire to tents, wood, crops and animals but the brief “ooh, ahh,



In time, the locals allowed Scarheart to participate in their rituals

ehh” they brought seemed worth the awful risk to these people at a sustainable and environmentally aware festival. I looked for a bobby but couldn’t see one so I told people I had a list of their names and as soon as I found out who they were they were in a lot of trouble. Blank stares. To the clinking, metallic sound of people inhaling small canisters of laughing gas we made our way back to camp.

One factor which led Scarheart to visit this abode of the damned was that he has never really been “into” music (bar the Furbelows of course). He hoped that this trip would expose him to a cornucopia of sounds that contained “rythem” and that he would begin to appreciate the fascination it held for so many people. With this in mind he was determined to visit the Dance Village, Fold and Jazz areas, contemporary, etc, and to really find out if he liked this music thing which was so popular nowadays.

Much drinking ensues. To bed with first light.

Join us next month when our brave explorer meets a Club Member at the Mr B gig, eats

terrifyingly patriotic US military rations that heat themselves up, starts to discover music and views the terrible reality of so many people in such a small space. And smells it as well.

Evidence of primitive religion? Or just doodling? Scarheart sets about looting some artefacts



The Face of Courage



ERIC KENNINGTON, PORTRAITURE AND THE SECOND WORLD WAR

*Free art exhibition,
10th June–May 2012*

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE MUSEUM LONDON is pleased to announce the reopening of its Art Gallery to the public on Friday 10th June with the installation of an exhibition of portraits by renowned wartime artist Eric Kennington. The guest curator of the exhibition is NSC Member and Senior Research Fellow in History of Art at Kingston University, Jonathan Black, who has mounted two other shows about Kennington in the last decade.

For much of his distinguished career, Kennington was counted among the ranks of exceptional portraitists such as Hans Holbein the Younger, Albrecht Dürer, Franz Hals, Van Gogh and Augustus John. Many of his artistic contemporaries rated him as the finest draughtsman of his day, while he enjoyed the admiration of prominent public figures such as Winston Churchill, George Bernard Shaw and T.E. Lawrence.

The exhibition will present some three dozen works covering all the Armed Services, the Auxiliary Services, London Transport and some notable civilians. Pictures have been loaned by the National Portrait Gallery, the Imperial War Museum, the National Army Museum, the Tate, the National Maritime Museum, the Ministry of Defence and by

Kennington’s family and private collectors.

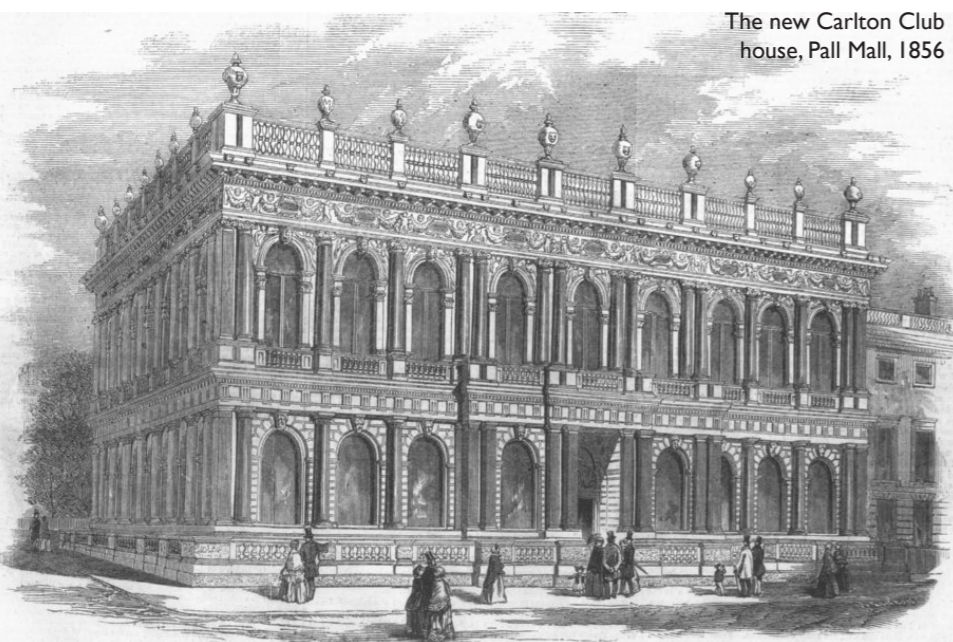
Kennington was among a handful of British artists who distinguished themselves as official war artists in both World Wars. His portraits were widely hailed not only as works of art, but also as capturing the indomitable spirit of British and Allied Servicemen in the struggle for victory.

This exhibition, the first to focus specifically on his Second World War art, seeks to reassess Kennington’s significant contribution to British War Art



Royal Air Force Museum
Grahame Park Way
London NW9 5LL
Open daily from 10 am to 6pm with last admission at 5.30pm. Admission to the museum and to *The Face of Courage* is free of charge. See www.rafmuseum.org for further details

and to acknowledge his undoubted standing as one of the great British portraitists of the Twentieth Century. In a “People’s War” he produced unforgettable images of ordinary men and women who displayed extraordinary courage and resilience under exceptional circumstances.



The new Carlton Club house, Pall Mall, 1856

of the past. Fighting talk indeed. As a trial, Seth will be using his own PhD research on London gentleman's clubs and clubland for an experimental tour over the next few months.

If there is sufficient demand, Seth plans on securing his donnish colleagues' assistance in offering similarly erudite tours on such topics as theatreland and music halls; Victorian vice and brothels; the City of London and its workings; London dockyards and the empire; and Winston Churchill. So to see all these tours and more rolled out, New Sheridan Club Members are strongly encouraged to prop

up this new effort in its early days! More information can be gleaned from their website, lostlondontours.wordpress.com.

Seth has agreed to give the NSC a private walking tour of London clubs and clubland, with 25% off the usual price. Since the tours are limited to just 15 people, he will be offering us not one but two tours, at **1pm** on both **Sunday 4th September** and **Sunday 11th September**. Each one lasts around 90 minutes, and meets at the top of St James's Street, adjoining Piccadilly; with tickets costing a paltry £9, and £6.75 for concessions. To book your place, email lostlondontours@gmail.com.



Lost London Tours



CLUB BOFFIN SETS UP HIGH QUALITY 'WALKING LECTURES' IN LONDON

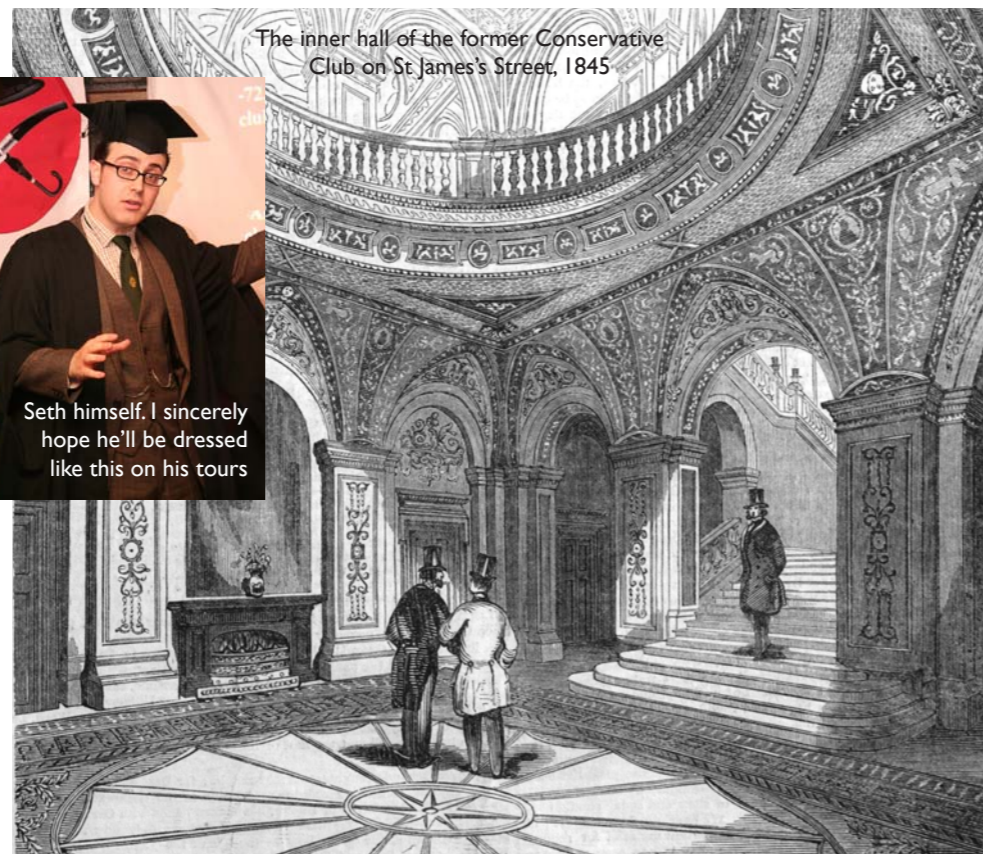
NSC MEMBER Seth Thévoz is one of two young boffins who have set up a bold new venture which may be of interest to fellow members. Despairing of the tripe passed off by predatory tour guides feasting off ignorant tourists, they have founded Lost London Tours.

The company aims to showcase young academics giving walking tours of London's forgotten historical treasure troves and subcultures, "more a walking lecture than a tour", and boasts that "all our guides will either have, or will be completing, doctoral degrees in their field". In short, charlatanism on walking tours will be a thing



Seth himself. I sincerely hope he'll be dressed like this on his tours

The inner hall of the former Conservative Club on St James's Street, 1845



THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB PRESENTS ITS SUMMER PARTY

"KISS ME QUICK!"

Saturday 27th August
6pm–12am

The Tea House Theatre
Vauxhall Walk, Vauxhall, London

Admission: Free for NSC Members,
£5 For non-members

OUR PARTY this time takes its theme from the traditional British seaside holiday. Think deckchairs, knotted handkerchiefs, fish and chips, sticking nets into rock pools, saucy postcards, donkey rides, ice cream and end-of-pier entertainment.

There will be sticks of rock, a knobbly knees contest and a Seagull Chip Hunt game, where you guide a seagull to divebomb a hapless tourist's chips—all expertly marshalled by our "Fun Co-ordinators" (motto: "You'll have fun or die trying!") easily recognisably by their distinctive badges and affable demeanours. (Please note that the Wet Corset Competition has been cancelled.)

You may remember we previously announced that the venue would be the Palm Court in Alexandra Palace, but after several months of having dates booked then cancelled by them, then the terms changed, we gave up on that establishment. Instead, I am delighted to say that the venue of the party will be the



The NSC Committee get into character

Tea House Theatre in Vauxhall. Previously the Queen Anne public house (and for a while a strip joint) this Victorian boozer has now been reopened by NSC Members Grace and Harry Iggulden as (there's a clue in the name) a tea house and theatre. Our party will be the first major event held at the venue.

As ever there will be our Grand Raffle, with entry free but to NSC Members only (including anyone who joins up on the night). We're working on the prizes now, but they will include a pair of tickets to see *Betty Blue Eyes*, the 1940s-set musical based on the flick *A Private Function*. Our usual free Snuff Bar will also be in evidence. More details to follow...

The Cocktail Cabinet

Wherein Members pass on their wisdom as they slide under the table

The Moscow Mule

by David Bridgman-Smith

I've been thinking about writing on the Moscow Mule for a while, but it was only when I was sent some Cock 'n Bull Ginger Beer that I finally decided to put pen to paper.

The Moscow Mule came about in a rather capitalistic fashion, when John G. Martin and Rudolph Kunett were trying to sell their new import, Smirnoff Vodka (at a time when it was not very popular in the USA). They were drinking in the Hotel Chatham Bar with John A. Morgan, president of Cock 'n' Bull Products, who was, similarly, trying to sell his Ginger Beer. As the three sat at the bar, it was inevitable their minds would move towards the idea of trying the two products together.

They called over the barman, the drinks were mixed and some lime added, and the Little Moscow, as the drink was originally called, was born.

This Moscow Mule then became the vodka cocktail of the Smirnoff company and it was pushed to help switch American cocktail drinkers from gin to vodka, as well as working to increase sales of both the

vodka and the mixer brands.

Legend has it that salesmen would take pictures of patrons of bars being served the cocktail to show to prospective customers, as evidence that the drink was popular and that the public would spend money buying them. The drink quickly became associated with being served in copper mugs; this additional visual element created a buzz and therefore helped with the marketing of the drink and its ingredients.

Taste

I'd always suggest drinking your Mule from a copper mug if you can, as the conductivity of the metal keeps the drink super-cold and extra refreshing. I also think that it's worthwhile to wait half a minute before drinking, to allow the ice to melt into the drink a bit.

The vodka (Smirnoff Red) is difficult to taste in the Moscow Mule and that, in itself, makes this cocktail easy to drink; it doesn't taste very alcoholic. The lengthening of the drink with ginger beer adds flavour and a touch of sweetness to a pretty neutral spirit, and the lime stops the drink from being too

sweet. It is up there with the Gin & Tonic for being one of the most refreshing drinks.

But despite my fondness for tradition, I do not think that the Smirnoff Red and

Moscow Mule

50ml vodka
25ml freshly squeezed lime juice,
with the shells added too
100ml Ginger beer
Build in a copper mug over ice.
Top with ginger beer.



In this advert from the 1960s Smirnoff seem to have abandoned the ginger beer in favour of 7-Up, creating the "Smirnoff Mule"

WOODY ALLEN, STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN AND TELEVISION, PREPARES FOR A MULE PARTY
GET A FEW MUGS TOGETHER AND GIVE A SMIRNOFF MULE PARTY

When it comes to entertaining, this is the drink that is. For a cool, refreshing Mule made with Smirnoff and 7-Up® is a delicious treat you can start with and stay with. Only crystal clear Smirnoff, filtered through 14,000 lbs. of activated charcoal, blends so perfectly with the flavor of 7-Up. So never forget the rule for the Mule. Make it with Smirnoff!

Always ask for **Smirnoff**® It leaves you breathless®
VODKA

Smirnoff Mule
Recipe: Jigger of Smirnoff over ice. Add juice of ¼ lime. Fill Mule mug or glass with 7-Up to taste. Delicious.
Set of 6 Mule Mugs - \$3.00. Send check or money order payable to Smirnoff Mule, Dept. N., P.O. Box 225, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202

Cock 'n Bull Ginger Beer combination works particularly well: the vodka is a bit limp at only 37.5% ABV and doesn't really contribute much to the drink, and the ginger beer is a bit flat flavour-wise and just doesn't have that kick of ginger that I know so many people like in this soft drink.

My Recommendation

Instead, I would recommend that you replace the Smirnoff with Stolichnaya Red (40% ABV)

and the Ginger Beer with D&G's Old Jamaican, an old standard that's hard to beat. The result is a drink with a lot more flavour that is just as refreshing and certainly more quaffable.

If you want to go even further, I'd suggest using Stolichnaya Blue (50% ABV) and Breckland Orchards' Chilli Ginger Beer; this will give you a great drink that will have quite a kick to it.

For more musings on booze, see the NSC's **Institute for Alcoholic Experimentation**



CLUB NOTES

NSC Scarf Testimonial

NSC MEMBER and recent purchaser of a Club Scarf Actuator has this to say on the subject of his new quality woollen neckwear:

“As an MG owner I am well aware of the importance of keeping one’s neck warm and protected from random draughts. I am happy to report that the NSC scarf, which I have tested for a number of miles now, is an admirable motoring accessory in this respect. The colours are also particularly good at hiding ash dropped from one’s cigar when power sliding around corners as well as the blood and oil that inevitably arise from the equally inevitable roadside repairs. I have absolutely no hesitation in recommending this product to gentlemen motorists everywhere.”

If you would like to join Actuator in the exclusive club of NSC scarf wearers, the garments in question—made to our specifications by Ryder & Amies of Cambridge—are available to Members for



£21.50. We need a minimum number of 10 takers to place the next order, but if you would like to put your name down do get in touch.

Curé Michael Gains Plaudits

FR MICHAEL SILVER has been in the spotlight again: although a full-on man of the cloth he has a day job with POHWER the independent advocacy service, and it seems his team (Stevenage) won the Team of the Year gong, presented by some daytime TV cipher called Lorraine Kelly (not pictured). More to the point, however, Fr Michael attended the swanky ceremony splendidly attired (see daguerreotype), striking another blow for proper sartorial values.

New Members

AS THE NATION is once again blindsided by sun in summer, we massage the cooling *après-sol* of NSC Membership into the metaphorical pink and peeling flesh of the following overcooked coves, who have all signed up in the last month: Robert Stevens, Danny “Leslie” Charles, John James Archer, Edward Cain, Samuel English-Kershaw, Lord Price of Alkham, Manthe Penton Harrap, Roy Engoron, Tim Metcalfe and Dorian and Ginger Parr Mackintosh.



Actuator models the NSC scarf



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.

🔴 NSC Club Night

Wednesday 3rd August

8pm–11pm

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

Members: Free

Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)

See page 2.

Rag & Bow Vintage Sale

Saturday 6th August

Midday–5pm

Paradise By Way of Kensal Green, 19 Kilburn Lane, London W10 4AE

Admission: Free

All manner of vintage schmutter (possibly mostly 1960s–1980s) for sale in the reading room of this gastropub, courtesy of roving purveyors of old stuff Rag & Bow. Apparently popular with Florence Welch. More here.

Lipstick & Curls Hair and Make-Up Workshop

Sunday 7th August

10am–4pm

A secret London location

Admission: £75

including lunch

Vintage syling duo Lipstick & Curls are having another of their workshops, this time focusing on getting the Mad Men look. More here. These events always sell out, so book early by dialling Amanda on 07879076449 or Natasha on 07765166460 or emailing info@lipstickandcurls.co.uk.

Gangbusters Hot Summer Special

Sunday 7th August

7.30pm–12.30am

The Lexington, 96–98 Pentonville Road, Islington, London N1 9JB

Admission: £8 (£5 conc)

Vintage dance club with music from the 1920s to the 1950s, kicking off with a Balboa swing class from 7.30 then general dancing from 8.30 to guest DJs Mr Fletcher and Miss Venus plus host Tim Hellzapoppin. For info see www.hellzapoppin.co.uk or dial 020 837 5371.

Cakewalk Café

Wednesday 10th August

7pm–1am

Passing Clouds, 1 Richmond Rd (Behind the Haggerston), Dalston, London E8 4AA

Admission: Free

Night of live jazz led by Ewan Bleach and Nicholas D. Ball, featuring an open mic session from 7pm, live band from 8.30 and a late jam session from 11pm. If you would like to join in email ewanbleach@gmail.com.

The New Sheridan Club presents:

🔴 The Tashes

Saturday 13th August 9.30am–11pm

The Richard Evans Memorial Playing Fields, Roehampton Vale, London SE15 3PQ
Admission: £10

contribution to ground fees for players; bring your own picnic

The annual Club Cricket Match between

CALLING ALL ENTHUSIASTS FOR THE DINGY-BROWN ERA OF BAKELITE!

BAKELITE PICNIC WEEKEND

AT THE BAKELITE MUSEUM IN WILLITON

SAT 13TH & SUN 14TH AUG 2011

FROM 1:00PM ON SATURDAY

A CELEBRATION OF 30 YEARS OF THE BAKELITE MUSEUM. A CHANCE TO DUST OFF YOUR GLADRAGS. POLISH YOUR AUSTIN 7 & SHAKE A LEG

MUSIC - ENTERTAINMENT - VINTAGE STALLS - FOOD & DRINK

ACTS & SPECTACLES INCLUDE

GOOD VIBES JAZZ - FORKBEARD FANTASY - ELLA PARRY-DAVIES
THE BAKELITE MUSEUM - NOEL COWARD CABARET
ZOE FRANCIS - BAKE ALIVE! - TOY & GAMES TENT
THE BAKELITE PICNIC (WITH HAMPER HIRE) - KIERON THE MIGHTY MAGICIAN
CABARET - LADY MADE - MUSEUM TOURETTE & AMY YON

WE NEED TO KNOW NUMBERS SO BOOKING IS ESSENTIAL
PLEASE FILL OUT A BOOKING FORM

the Hirsute Players and the Clean Shaven Gentlemen, usually followed by a trip to a local pub where everyone will inflate the number of runs made and balls caught. All skill levels welcome. If you can't (or are not allowed) to grow facial hair we will have the means to give it to you on the day to balance the teams.

The Bakelite Picnic Weekend

Saturday 13th–Sunday 14th August
From 1pm on Saturday

The Bakelite Museum, Orchard Mill, Williton, Somerset TA4 4NS

Admission: £20 for one day, £35 for two

To celebrate 30 years of the Bakelite Museum this special weekend brings you live jazz and cabaret plus theatrical performance and the opportunity to picnic using a genuine bakelite picnic hamper. Pre-booking is essential—download a booking form here.

If you can't make this event, why not visit the museum some other time? It is open 10.30am–6pm, Thursday to Sunday from Easter till the end of October, and every day during main school holidays.

Saturday Night Swing Club

Saturday 13th August
7.30pm–2am

City Firefly, 18 Old Bailey, London EC4M 7EP
Admission: £12 (includes a £3 drinks voucher)

Three dance floors playing swing, R n' B

BREAKING THE CODE
BY HUGH WHITEMORE

BASED ON THE BOOK
ALAN TURING, THE ENIGMA
BY ANDREW HODGES

16 - 20 AUGUST 2011
PROMPT CORNER 8PM

THIS AMATEUR PRODUCTION PRESENTED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH SAMUEL FRENCH LTD.
SOUTH LONDON THEATRE / THE OLD FIRE STATION
2A NORWOOD HIGH STREET / LONDON / SE27 9NS
BOX OFFICE: 020 8670 3474 / WWW.SOUTHLONDONTHEATRE.CO.UK
SLT WELCOMES NEW MEMBERS / CALL AND BOOK 48 HOURS IN ADVANCE TO SEE A SHOW

and rock n' roll music from the 1920s to the 1950s, with resident DJs Dr Swing and Simon "Mr Kicks" Selmon, plus guest DJs, this time Reverend Boogie and Jazz Monkey (probably not what he was christened). On the middle floor there are dance classes from 8.15 till midnight, including a surprise class by Rebecca Latz Harwood all the way from that America.

South London Theatre presents:

Breaking the Code

Tuesday 16th August–Saturday 20th August
8pm

South London Theatre, The Old Fire Station,
2A Norwood High Street, West Norwood,
London SE27 9NS

Admission: £4–8

The Club's Anton Krause is involved with this theatrical production, and writes: "Alan Turing was a brilliant mathematician, who became an obvious choice to join the code-breaking team at Bletchley Park at the height of WWII, when the German U-boats were placing a stranglehold on the seas around Britain. Turing made a major contribution to the breaking of the Enigma codes which, among other tactical advantages, allowed our navy to track and destroy the U-boats before Britain could be starved into submission. This and his work on artificial intelligence and computing machinery led him to be considered one of the fathers of modern computing. Unfortunately he never got to see the technological revolutions that his work helped to kick-start. Following a routine police investigation into a burglary to his house in 1952 Turing let slip that Arnold Murray, who he suspected of being involved in the crime, had been a sexual partner of his. Homosexuality was still illegal in Britain and Turing broke the code of modern society by not only indulging in but not being ashamed of his true nature. His treatment following this transgression is a particularly shameful event in recent British history for which our government finally offered a posthumous apology in 2009."

Lipstick and Curls Pin-Up Studio

Saturday 20th August
9am–8pm

East London

Admission: £250

Vintage makeover crew Lipstick and Curls offer you the chance to be photographed as a vintage-style pin-up by snapper Rocco Rolls. For your money you get styled and coiffed, get access to their vintage props, tips on posing for the camera and come out with four prints of your bad self looking impossibly glam. For more information email info@lipstickandcurls.co.uk or dial 07879 076449 or 07765 166 460.

The Candlelight Club presents

A Night in Casablanca

Friday 19th and Saturday 20th August
7.30pm–12am

A secret central London location

Admission: £17.50 in advance

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

In homage to the famous Manhattan club El Morocco, which began as a speakeasy during Prohibition, we bring you the scents, sights and tastes of north Africa and the middle east, a glitter of mosaic, a whiff of the souk... There will be shisha pipes, palm trees, belly dancers and Moroccan food. Bring fly whisk and fez. It's technically about ten years too late, but watch *Casablanca* again for inspiration*. (As if you needed an excuse to watch *Casablanca* again...).

Blind Lemon Vintage Fashion Fair

Saturday 20th August
10am–5pm

Hungerford Town Hall, High Street,
Hungerford

Admission: £4 (£3 concs)

Vintage everything from Victoriana to the 1970s (shudder), plus vintage hair and makeup and on-site alterations. See www.blindlemonvintage.co.uk.

The New Sheridan Club presents

Kiss Me Quick

Saturday 27th August

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

Admission: NSC Members free, guests £5

See page 19.

*You could even watch *A Night In Casablanca*, which is a Marx Brothers film. It's not one of their best but the brothers are always good value.

Twinwood Festival

Saturday 27th–Monday 29th August

Twinwood, Clapham, near Bedford

Admission: £24.50–£29 per day, £45 or £48 for two days, £60 for all three

Annual celebration of 1940s and 1950s music, dance and culture. Non-stop live music from bands playing swing, jive, jazz and



The Marx Brothers in *A Night In Casablanca*

rock'n'roll. Multiple stages and dance floors, late night entertainment venues, vintage clothing stalls, make up and hairdressing, fashion shows, dance lessons, air displays, re-enactors and living history, museums and historical displays, real ale bars and classic and military vehicles, all at the airfield from which Glenn Miller took his last flight. More at www.twinwoodevents.com.

The Cakewalk Revival

Sunday 28th August

5.30–11.30pm

The Palm Court, Alexandra Palace, Alexandra
Palace Way, London N22 7AY

Admission: £5 or £8 including a dance lesson

An evening of dancing to live jazz and vintage DJing in the beautiful Palm Court. Doors open at 5.30, the introductory dance class is from 6pm to 6.30pm and the Cakewalk Orchestra will swing into action from 7.30 to 10.30. Kitchens are open till 8.30. Nearest station is Alexandra Palace or go to Wood Green tube and take the W3 bus which stops outside the Palm Court entrance. For further details telephone Sally on 07989 513 577.



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. Those of a technological bent can befriend us electrically at www.facebook.com or even www.myspace.com/newsheridanclub.



CONTACTING US

Telegrams@newsheridanclub.co.uk

mrarbutnot@newsheridanclub.co.uk

mrsscarheart@newsheridanclub.co.uk

mrhartley@newsheridanclub.co.uk