

LET THE GAMES BEGIN!

PLUS:

Diary of a scoundrel

How American 'Chips' Channon fell in love with the British privileged class and played them at their own game

Tashes tested by torrent

July's turbulent weather takes its toll on the Club's annual cricket match between the hirsute and the clean-shaven

Ale fellow well met

The Club's beer hero Ian White pieces together another of his epic NSC pub crawls

Gentleman amateurs

Do this year's Olympians cut it sartorially?

The Chap Olympics expands to fill two whole days and it mostly doesn't rain. Mostly.

Marxist theory

A personal analysis of the Marx Brothers' comedy classic *Duck Soup*

RESIGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • ISSUE 70 AUGUST 2012



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 Editor writes...

Perhaps it was the fact that we have reached the 70th issue, but I felt a change might be in order. I certainly couldn't be bothered to redesign the whole magazine (and frankly I have no new ideas) but I have followed a suggestion Artemis made and renamed the newsletter *Resign!*, in recognition of the Club's most venerable running gag. For some reason it hadn't occurred to me before that the newsletter could actually have a name, and I certainly don't rule out the possibility of changing it frequently from now on.

The Next Meeting

The next Club Meeting will take place on Wednesday 1st August in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm. Dorian Loveday will thrill us with "*The Irish Giant*": *Tom Crean, Greatest Polar Explorer of Them All*. "Think of Antarctic exploration and names such as Scott and Shackleton normally spring to mind," Dorian observes. "But one man served with both of them, and was regarded by both as one of the most valuable members of the team—an



Tom Crean about to have breakfast. Only kidding: they are sleigh puppies on the Shackleton expedition

unassuming sailor called Tom Crean, who went on to win three Polar Medals and, in Shackleton's terms, was 'worth trumps'. This talk will relive the thrilling adventures of the Heroic Age of Antarctic Exploration through his eyes."

The Last Meeting

At our July meeting The Earl of Essex came to talk to us about Sir Henry "Chips" Channon, a mercurial figure of the early 20th century who, though American born, rejected US values and embraced the creed of wealth, rank and privilege that he found in London society. He married well (into the Guinness dynasty) and was a long-serving MP though he never achieved high office. Nevertheless he was clearly popular and skilled at making useful connections. His most interesting claim to fame is his detailed diaries, though he

stipulated in his will that they not be published until a certain time after his death—which is coming up soon. Apparently many from the era who might feature in them turned white when they discovered the journals existed... See page 4.



(Above) Young Alex pores over the latest NSC Newsletter; (right) Essex, watched over by Alan Clark



(Left) Happiness is a lorgnette; (right) the NSC Jubilee mugs



Essex's attentive audience



Chris Choy, happy to be reunited with his raffle prize of a HM The Queen ice cream scoop



(Above) This pipeman is from Scotland but decided years ago that London was the place for a Chap to live. Sensible fellow



(Above left) Hartley has learned how to operate the camera using mind control. Malgorzata seems unfazed; (below) Mark for some reason is dressing Oliver in a lady's cape



(Above, l-r) Craigoh, Watermere—the man behind the Tashes—and Tim Eyre

scandalous!

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF

Sir Henry 'Chips' Channon

By the Earl of Essex

WHO WAS SIR HENRY "CHIPS" CHANNON? Not an unreasonable question, as Sir Henry, or "Chips", as he was always known to his European friends but never his American family, was a relatively inconsequential Conservative politician from the mid-1930s to the late 1950s.

However, as a rich and well connected member of society he did leave an important set of personal diaries which have been of interest to social historians and were the forerunner of the modern political diary—though they have so far only been published in an abridged form. Alan Clark, the late Conservative politician, published his own diaries in 1993, to great acclaim. He was a keen follower of Chips and is said to have dipped into his diaries when he had his morning cup of tea. Clark, who also shared the same Savile Row tailor as Chips, was said to have offered £100,000 for the unpublished extracts.

Chips took great care of his diaries and

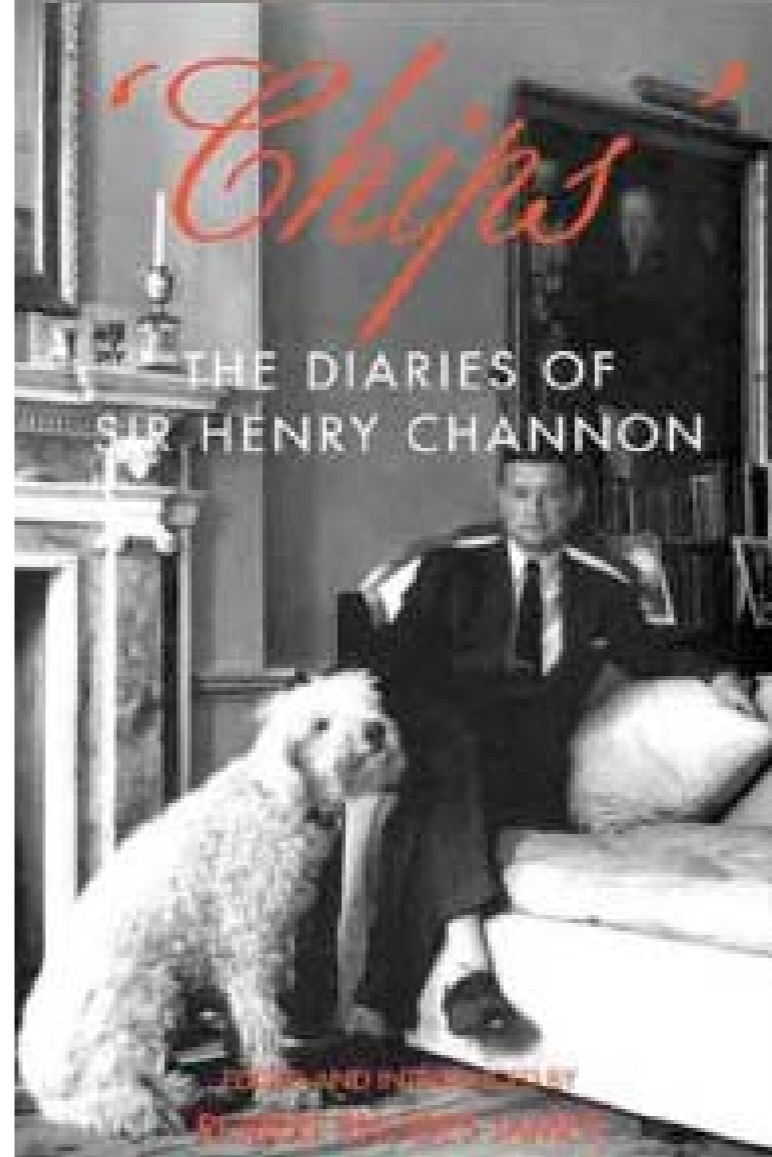
planned to have them deposited in the British Museum, but as he intended to edit and publish them himself this was against their rules. He buried some at his Essex home in 1940 and stipulated that the rest should not be published until 50 years after his death. Eventually an expurgated version was published in 1967, edited by the Conservative MP Robert Rhodes James. However, it was the diaries that were not published that were of greater interest, particularly of his Oxford undergraduate

years. When told that these were not to be published, a fellow alumnus exclaimed, "Thank God!"

Channon himself once said, "What is more dull than a discreet diary? One might as well have a discreet soul." In 1936 he wrote, "I sometimes wonder why I keep a diary at all. Is it to relieve my feelings? To console my old age? Or to dazzle my descendants?" By 1951 he was more confident: "I feel that some day they may see the light of day and perhaps



The young "Chips" Channon



shock or divert posterity a little."

Henry Channon was born in Chicago on 7th March 1897, the only son of businessman Henry Channon II. His paternal family roots were English: his grandfather Henry Channon I had been born in Bridgewater, Somerset, and had left home at 15 to go to sea. He eventually settled in Chicago, where he founded a ship's chandler's business, H. Channon & Co., and also acquired a fleet of sailing vessels for The Great Lakes Shipping. Both businesses prospered and were the foundation for Chips's father's wealth and, eventually, his own.

Chips's relationship with his father was quixotic at best, describing him as "a dull, charmless, uneducated, unexciting, unhappy, untidy little man. But I always quite liked him and he doted on me." His mother was a woman of charm and intelligence but in later life became eccentric, nervous and difficult. The marriage was not successful and after a long

separation there was eventually a divorce.

Chips more closely resembled, and was closer to, his maternal grandmother Sarah, known as Libby. He wrote: "I loved her as a child more than anyone else, though it was from her that I inherited all my most unattractive traits—love of display, grandeur, money for its spending sake, and social position."

Chips attended school in Chicago, and also in Paris for three months in 1907 when he was ten. He had visited Paris a few times more by the time he was stationed there with the American Red Cross in 1917, where he acquired a considerable knowledge of French literature and society.

This also engendered a deep dislike of America. He wrote: "The more I know of American civilisation the more I despise it. It is a menace to the peace and future of the world. If it triumphs, the old civilisations which love beauty and peace and the arts and rank and

privilege will pass from the picture. And all we will have left will be Fords and cinemas. Ugh!"

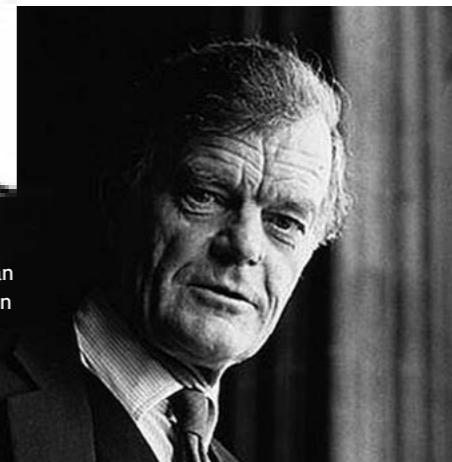
Chips subsequently became an honorary attaché at the US embassy in Paris during

the First World War. He was summoned home by his parents at the end of 1918, and then went up to Oxford to study at Christchurch College.

Chips was very happy at Oxford and it was here that he "arrived" in London Society. He shared a house in London with two undergraduate friends, Viscount Gage and Prince Paul of Yugoslavia. (It is not known how Chips acquired his nickname but one plausible explanation is that he once shared a house with a man named Fish.) He now attended London luncheons, dinners and balls and also long country house weekend parties.

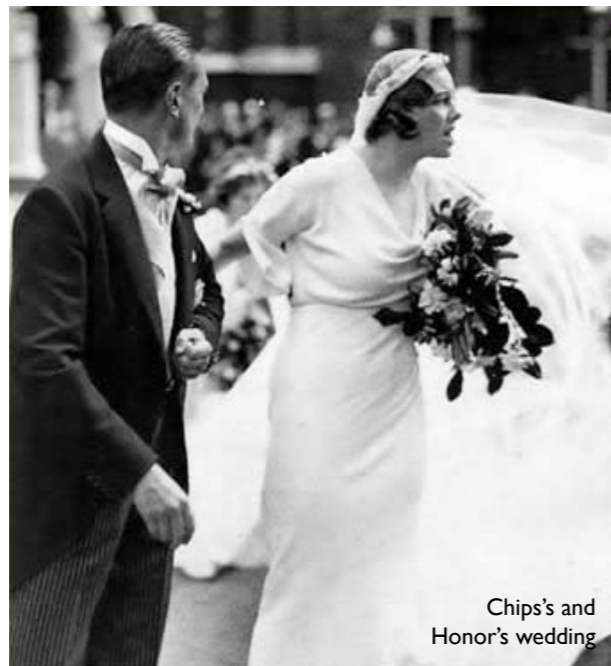
He became close friends of Lord and Lady Curzon, with whom he often stayed, and also Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon (the late Queen Mother), the Prince of Wales and Princess

Political diarist Alan Clark, himself a huge fan of the published version of Chips's diaries (above)





Chips's parents-in-law, Rupert Guinness, 2nd Earl of Iveagh and Lady Gwendolyn



Chips's and Honor's wedding

Chips now had the wherewithal to enjoy London. He wrote of "one of these London days when one's blood surges within one and one is madly, desperately happy, when one is tempted to spend a quarter's income on flowers and something puckish impels one to a thousand capers. Oh, this is London!"

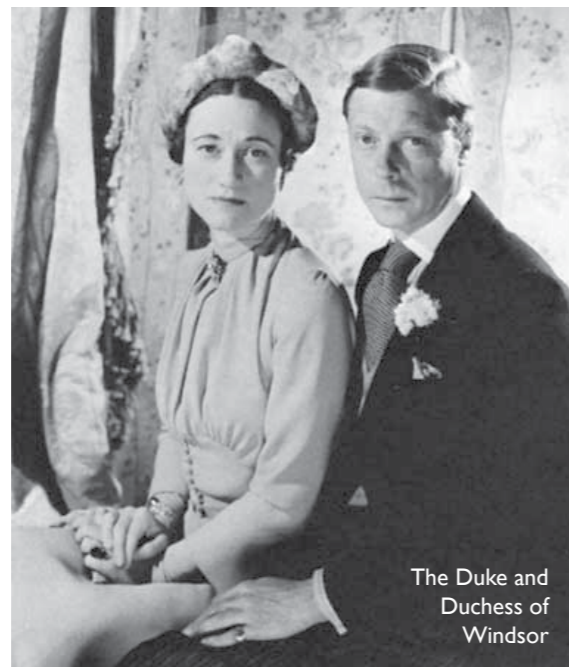
He did indeed spend voraciously, writing, "It is very difficult to spend less than £200 a morning when one goes out shopping."

Chips had met and married society beauty Lady Honor Guinness, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Iveagh, in 1933, and it was through this family connection that he was introduced into the world of politics. Lord Iveagh, as

Rupert Guinness, had been Conservative MP for Southend-on-Sea from 1918 until 1927—when he succeeded to the title upon the death of his father and had to give up his seat in the Commons. Rupert's wife succeeded him as MP until 1935, when Chips was invited to stand for the seat and was selected by the local constituency party. Upon his death in 1958, Chips himself was succeeded by his son Paul—meaning that the Guinness family had provided the MP for the seat for an uninterrupted

75 years by the time Paul retired in 1997. Unsurprisingly, the constituency was known colloquially as "Guinness-on-Sea".

With his own private income now wedded to the Guinness brewing fortune, Chips looked to purchase a fine London home, befitting his social position. He settled on 5 Belgrave Square,



The Duke and Duchess of Windsor

Marina, the future Duchess of Kent. Chips was particularly fond of Mrs Simpson, the future Duchess of Windsor, describing her as "a woman of charm, sense, balance and great wit. With dignity and taste, she has always been an excellent influence on the King, who has loved her openly and honestly. I really consider she would have been an excellent queen." Of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Windsor, he was less sure: "I first met him in 1920 and have known him fairly well ever since, but there have been long intervals when I never saw him or, when I did, he barely recognised me."

During this period Chips was maintained by a modest but sufficient allowance from his father. In 1924 his father gave him a settlement of \$90,000 (£764,000 today), which gave him an income of £800 (£38,000 today) per year; and in 1927 he inherited an additional \$85,000 (£712,000 today) from his grandfather's estate. He triumphantly wrote, "I belong definitely to the order of those that have, and through no effort of my own, which is a great joy."

a fine Grade I listed Georgian town house, which he purchased in 1935. He set about creating a home that would "shock and stagger" London.

He engaged the legendary decorator Monsieur Stéphane Boudin, president of the Paris-based design house Maison Jansen. Chips enthused: "He is considered the greatest decorator in the world. I think it's going to be stupendous." Boudin was hired to create a Rococo fantasy, with an elaborate dining room based on the Hall of Mirrors in the Amalienburg, the hunting lodge of the Nymphenburg Palace, near Munich. Together with a lavish library, behind which a music room was installed, with a Rex Whistler chimney piece depicting a divinity within a gilded niche. The work took six months and cost £6,000. In June 1936 the King attended a dinner there with Mrs Simpson. Chips wrote, "It was the very peak, the summit, I suppose." Not everyone was so taken, however, Noel Coward sniffed, "Very grand, and rather agony."

The house was bombed during the war and the dining room badly damaged, but later restored. Harold Nicholson, the former diplomat and MP, attended a party there on VE night in 1945. But he was dismayed to find it swimming with Chips's somewhat questionable German chums. Nicholson recorded: "I left early and in haste." When the Queens of Spain and Romania attended a dinner there in 1947, Chips laced the cocktails with Bazedrine, "which I always find makes a party go". The house was sold on Chips's death.

To be nearer his constituency, Chips also purchased a country house, Kelvedon Hall, in 1937, near Brentwood in Essex. It had been the country seat of an 18th-century landowner and later used as a school. Chips restored it and added a pair of entrance lodges. The house is now in the care of Chips's grandson Henry.

Chips described himself thus: "I hate and am uninterested in all the things most men like, such as sports, business, statistics, debates, speeches, war and the weather. But I am riveted by lust, furniture, glamour, society and jewels. I have flair, intuition and great good taste."

Of others he was less generous. He described the writer Hugh Walpole as "noisy, common and uninteresting, and quite devoid of the rarities, the voluptés almost, that make an English gentleman, such as Thomas-made boots and Eton-made inflections." On Queen Mary he wrote: "Like having a conversation with St Paul's Cathedral." On Geneva: "A most unattractive city. So clean, so damnably prosperous, so smug, so protestant,

(This page) Chips's home at 5 Belgrave Square and the lavish interior he added





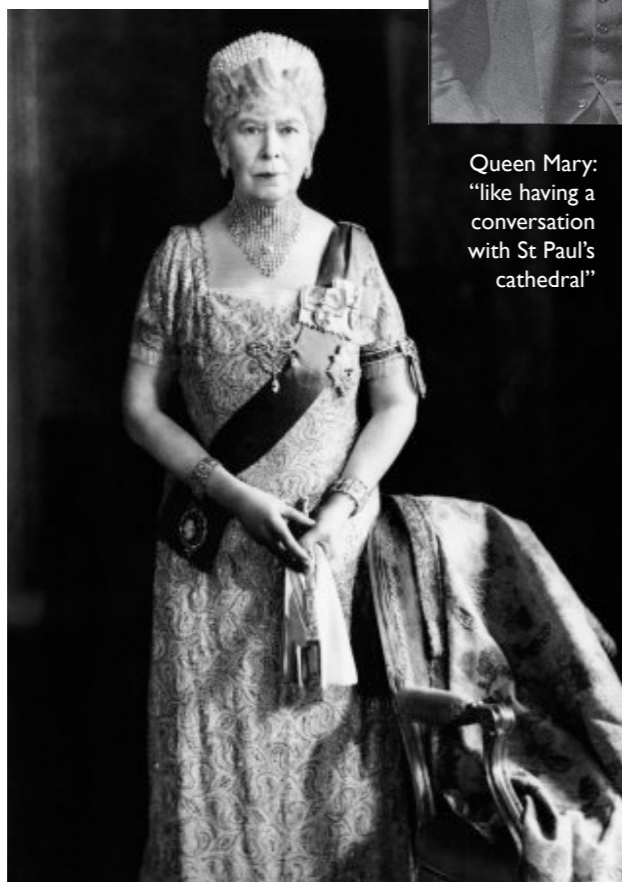
Kelvedon Hall, Chips's country seat in Essex

so oppressively chauvinistic. I like my 'abroad' to be Catholic and sensual. I long for yells and smells, cathedrals and great marketplaces, old streets, antiquaries. The Swiss are so unimaginative, practical and charmless that they might almost be Americans."

Chips's marriage was, ostensibly, a happy one and blessed with a son, Paul, born in 1935. However, Chips had always led something of a double life and was notably indiscreet with his male "friendships":

Prince Paul of Yugoslavia (1893–1976) was his closest friend at Oxford and Chips named his son after him. Prince Paul himself described Chips as "the man I have loved the most".

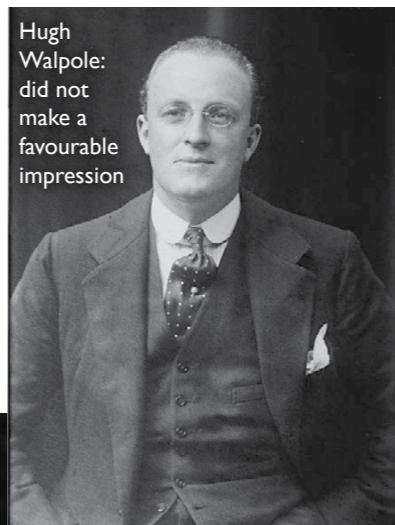
Paul was an Anglophile who had shared a house in London as an undergraduate with Chips and Viscount Gage. He was also a member of Oxford's notorious Bullingdon Club. In 1923 he married Princess Olga of Greece and Denmark in Belgrade, attended by Princess Marina, Duchess of Kent, with the Duke of York, later George VI, as best man. The couple had three children. On the assassination



Queen Mary: "like having a conversation with St Paul's cathedral"

of his cousin King Alexander in Marseille in 1934, Paul became regent of Yugoslavia and struggled to maintain his country's neutrality in the war through difficult negotiations with Hitler. Churchill described him as "a man in cage with a tiger, hoping not to provoke him. while dinnertime approaches".

Paul was forcibly removed from power in 1941, following a British-inspired coup, and kept under house arrest in Kenya for the duration of the war. Denounced as a war criminal by the communist government for his appeasement of Hitler, he lived after the war as an exile in Paris, where he died in 1976, aged 83. But he remained a lifelong Anglophile and continued to visit the British Royal Family after the war. He was finally exonerated and pardoned by the Serbian authorities in December 2011.



Hugh Walpole: did not make a favourable impression

Terence Rattigan, the successful playwright of middle-class drawing-room dramas of the 1940s and 1950s, was pursued with vigour by Chips. Rattigan himself was a famously discreet

homosexual, at a time when it was still a criminal offence. At sixteen he had caused an uproar at Harrow when he was involved in a threesome with a local bookmaker and the racing correspondent of the *Daily Express*. Chips became besotted with him and began sending him expensive gifts of vintage Champagne, giant pots of caviar and expensive items of jewellery. Rattigan, himself a wealthy man, was flattered but could not return the



Prince Paul of Yugoslavia

affection. However, he did dedicated his play *Love in Idleness* to Chips, and his most acclaimed play, *The Window Boy*, was dedicated to Chips's son Paul.

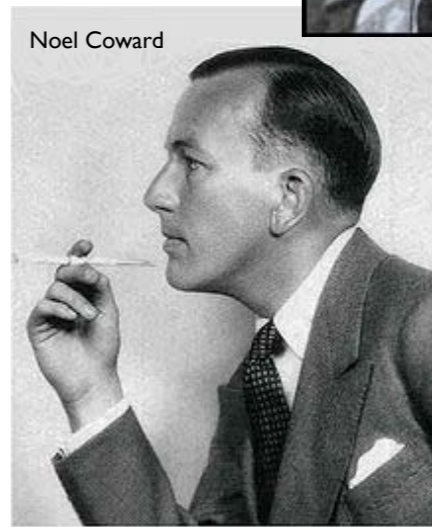
Lord Archibald Wavell (1883–1950) was the son of a general. Born in Colchester and educated at Windsor and Sandhurst, he



Terence Rattigan

served with distinction in the Boer War and on the Northwest Frontier. He won the Military Cross at Ypres, where he was badly wounded, losing his left eye.

Wavell served as a general in Libya against the Italians in the Second World War, but he eventually lost the confidence of Churchill, who replaced him. He also served in Burma and India, where he became Viceroy, but was unlucky to be removed in favour of Lord Louis Mountbatten in 1947. Despite his military honours, Wavell was a diffident and reserved personality who enjoyed the company of men outside his milieu, such as Cecil Beaton, Noel Coward and Chips. On returning from India he spent several months living with Chips at his London home.



Noel Coward



Lord Wavell

Prince George, Duke of Kent (1902–1942), the youngest son of King George V, enjoyed a tempestuous and promiscuous social life, having numerous affairs with both men and women. In the 1920s he had been cured of an addiction to morphine and cocaine by his eldest brother Edward, Prince of Wales. He had a 19-year affair with Noel Coward, which only ended with George's mysterious death in 1942, when his plane crashed off the coast of Scotland. Officially he was flying to meet American commanders in Iceland, but many believe he was on his way to hold secret peace negotiations with the Germans in Norway. Conveniently for Chips, George had married his very good friend Princess Marina, and they lived next door to him in Belgrave Square. Prince George and Chips became "very good friends".

Peter Daniel Coats, known as "Petty" Coats, was an interior designer, and it was probably his affair with Chips, begun in 1939, that caused the end of Chips's marriage. However, it was Chips who, somewhat uncharitably, sued for divorce in 1945, when Lady Honor ran off with a Czech airman.

As a politician, Chips was an exceptionally silent Member of the House of Commons.

His metier was holding court in the Lobby, the Smoking Room and the long panelled corridor where he was able to press the flesh and facilitate useful friendships. Although he



Prince George, Duke of Kent

rarely spoke in debates, Chips was a universally popular Member of the House and a diligent constituency MP. He loved the House of Commons, calling it “this smelly, tawny, male paradise”, and writing, “I held my little court in the Members’ Lobby. I loved the racket and would not be out of it for the world.”

Politically Chips was to the right of the Conservative Party, and during the General Strike of 1926 had worked as a special constable and distributed the anti-strike newsletter *The British Gazette*. He had also spoken out strongly in the Commons in support of General Franco in the Spanish Civil



Chips with his son Paul

Foreign Office. He kept this position throughout the war but, although he hoped to rise further in office, he was never promoted.

After the war Chips was out of favour when Churchill returned to power in 1951, and suffered ill health for several years, eventually dying in 1958, aged just 61. His son Paul assumed his Parliamentary seat for Southend and achieved higher office than his father, become Secretary of State for Trade and Industry and also Transport. Although he was somewhat unkindly dubbed the Minister for Disasters, due to various rail, air and shipping accidents that happened on his watch, he was ennobled as Lord Kelvedon on leaving Parliament in 1997. He never recovered from the death of his daughter Olivia who died of a drug overdose at a finals party at Oxford, in the rooms of Count Gottfried von Bismark in 1986. He suffered from Alzheimers in later life and died in 2007.



Paul Channon

Of Chips his friend society beauty Lady Diana Cooper said, “Never was there a surer or more enlivening friend. He installed the mighty in his gilded chairs and exalted the humble. He made the old and tired, the young and strong shine beneath his thousand lighted candles.”

But perhaps the last words should be left to Chips himself: “As I re-read my

diary, I am frequently horrified by the scandalous tone it has; one might think we lived in a world of cads.”

Chips’s friend Lady Diana Cooper



Olivia Channon

War. He supported Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain’s policy of appeasement in the run-up to the Second World War and was rewarded with a junior government position of Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State at the

LET THE GAMES BEGIN!

JULY SAW THE EIGHTH annual Chap Olympiad, a celebration of the indolence, caddishness and debonair élan that characterises readers of the *The Chap* magazine, the organiser of the event. Attendees are invited to participate in Chappish contests, such as the Martini Relay (in which each team constructs a Martini cocktail in stages), Bounders (in which a line of men approach a line of women and attempt to say or do something roguish, the winner being the first to get a slap in the face), or the 10 Yard Saunter (in which the winner is the last person to cross the finishing line). Needless to say, competitiveness is frowned upon and creative cheating positively encouraged. In many cases, even the stewards and stalwart MC Tristan Langlois admit they don’t know what the rules are.

The venue was again Bedford Square Gardens, but this year for the first time the event spanned two days, Saturday 7th and Sunday 8th, with many events occurring on just one day or the other, and separate opening ceremonies and winners’ award presentations for each day. Unsurprisingly, Saturday proved a lot more popular, reaching its 900 or 1000 capacity ahead of time—which actually gave the Sunday a strangely relaxed feeling, akin to



The day begins with the lighting of the Olympic Pipe. by *The Chap* editor Gustav Temple. It is passed among the Olympians before being placed in the Olympic Pipe Rack



the old days (before corporate partner Bourne & Hollingsworth got involved) when it was unticketed and more do-it-yourself. Having two days also spread the risk as far as the weather was concerned—and those who were there last year will remember just how torrential was the rain that time. In fact we were relatively lucky this time, with scarcely any rain falling on Saturday at all; Sunday morning bode ill, with heavy rain right up till about 1pm, but the skies cleared and more or less stayed that way until the closing ceremony was safely over—at which



(Left) **Swooning**; (above) Matthew “The Chairman” Howard **Butler Racing**, before being chased with a hot iron (left); (below) Ed and Farhan do battle with a rival team but lose time as Farhan gives Ed’s shoes a quick polish (below right)



Not Playing Tennis (Below) Torquil and Miss Minna pay no attention as Tristan explains the rules—which are simply to play tennis while doing as little as possible to engage in the game. Even the ball has to run on a wire, here (left) helped by Fleur de Guerre. Torquil may seem insouciant, but his opponent (below right) moved his deckchair so he could turn his back on the game altogether, thus winning the match.



point it bucketed down again.

As is traditional, new events were added to the canon this, time—Swooning (a kind of antithesis to Bounders), Butler Baiting (a name that has occurred before, but this year seemed to involve piggy-back riding, perhaps borrowed from the Steeplechase which was absent this time, somehow combined with ironing), a Briefcase Phalanx game which was basically British Bulldogs with briefcases, and Synchronised Slippages, a game involving a paddling pool, of which no one really understood the object.

Lessons had been learned from last time and much of the seating was under canvas. We brought the trusty NSC gazebo, though on the Sunday it was co-opted as a first aid post by Atter’s mysterious nurses who raced on to the field at regular intervals and administered gin to contestants who looked like their blood alcohol levels were critically low. As usual B&H were stopping and searching guests for booze on the way in—there is a certain amount of resentment among those who remember the free-form days when people brought their own—but it seemed that more or less everyone had managed to smuggle in a hipflask.

I’m pleased to report that the NSC did well, taking Gold on both days (Ed Marlowe on Saturday and Craigoh on Sunday) plus bronze medals for Miss Minna and Andy Hill. Commiserations to Farhan, who was tactically aiming to a silver, to complete his set—there’s always next year...



(Above) Andy Hill returns as the Great Colonosi; (left) Pandora has a brooch that conveniently reminds her of her name in case it all gets a bit out of control; (below) the Curé in a fetching blazer that matches his smoked salmon sandwiches; (below left) having learned from last year’s deluge, the organisers have wisely put all the seating under canvas





During the interval on Day One, Albion entertained the crowd with a demonstration of a walking-stick martial arts system, based on the Victorian discipline of Bartitsu but with additions of his own. On the left he plays the role of an assassin while his son Merlin is the gentleman who effortlessly repels the dastardly attack. Above is a group masterclass



Ironing Board Surfing As you can see there were many approaches to this race between teams carrying someone on an ironing board



(Left) Farhan with a very tall chap who judged the Martini Relay a few years ago; (above) a sozzled Chairman; (above right) this chap's cape was sewn together from teddy bears; (right) a steward rocking the dictator look; (below) Mr and Master Beckwith; (left) David Kudish, moustache wax merchant





(Above) Stewards prepare the field for **Moustache Wrestling**, in which two men attempt to pluck a hair from each other's moustaches using a plastic lobster (right). Nipple tweaking (above right) is not technically illegal. Of course all it takes is for a woman to take part (below) and her opponent is stumped and must inevitably lose



The **Briefcase Phalanx** requires contestants to get past a wall of briefcases (below) and deliver a message to a secretary (below left, seen here having a quick stiffener)



Shouting at Foreigners requires the contestant to enter the foreigner's shop and come out with a specified object. The foreigner was played by Chopper on Saturday (with the beard) and by Artemis Scarheart on the Sunday (in the white T-shirt). Both the tactics of the buyer (shouting, pointing, bribery, showing some leg or attacking with fruit) and the response of the foreigner were largely random, although no one expected the large steampunk to overturn the table in a fit of rage (below)...



Successful tactics on the day included distracting the phalanx with gifts of jam (left), while Chuckles's attempt to use semaphore (right) was thwarted by the cunning guardians





Bicycle Jousting involves two contestants pedalling towards each other and jousting with umbrellas. It can get quite dangerous but no one fell off the stage this time. Instead we saw plenty of unhorsings, exploding umbrellas and Farhan unexpectedly brokering peace between two combatants (above left). (Below) Sadie from Vintage News; (below left) NSC types lounge at the touchline

Cucumber Sandwich Discus is like normal discus except with a cucumber sandwich on a plate; points are awarded for how close the plate and the sandwich land. The games see some unusual launches, including a chap who compressed the sandwich with a book, but was disqualified because it wasn't a first edition. Fleur so appalled the judges with her sports attire (right) that she was stretchered off by nurses (below)





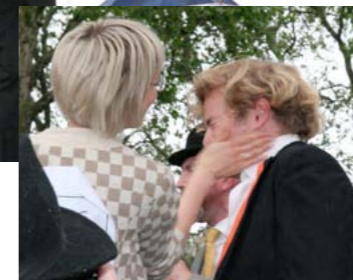
Hop, Skip and G&T is like a conventional triple jump except that players must do it holding a gin and tonic, and are scored simply on how little of the drink they spill; **Three-Trousered Limbo** is a three-legged race, using specially made three-legged trousers, that also involves limboing under a bar (which the stewards frequently raise or lower on a whim)



Tug of Hair is a tug-of-war contest that happens to use the moustache of Michael "Atters" Attree (or rather an artificial extension of it) in place of a rope. By the end of this exhausting bout, Atters was such a spent force that stretcher bearers were sent for and the Curé was asked to perform the Last Rites to be on the safe side



Bounders requires men to approach ladies and somehow offend them: the winner is the first to get slapped. Atters made such a nuisance of himself that he had to be restrained by nurses





Synchronised Slippage (left) was a new event involving a paddling pool. No one knew much more about it than that, and players made pretty much their own interpretation...



Both days featured musical entertainment, with the **Kings Cross Hot Club** (top) closing Saturday, while Sunday's interval saw **Mr B. the Gentleman Rhymer** (below), seen on the left being fortified with gin pre-show



(Far left) The dapper presence of MC Tristan Langlois was a calming influence throughout; (above left) on Day Two the Curé arrived in a state of disarray appropriate for a Sunday morning; (left) a heartwarming scene



Medal time! On Saturday Il Colonesi took bronze (right), Chopper took silver (below) and the NSC's own Ed Marlowe took gold (left)



On Sunday bronze went initially to Torquil, then to Miss Minna (right) after she dispatched him (far right). Silver went to David Diviny! (below) and gold to our own Craigoh (above), who was rewarded with a lap of honour (far right)



Both days ended with stage invasions and jitterbugging (below) even when, on Sunday, the heavens opened right after the medal ceremony (right); (left) Craigoh helps Farhan with some breakdancing





Go, and Never Darken My Towels Again...

CRAIG YOUNG tells us why he chose the Marx Brothers' 1933 comedy classic *Duck Soup* for our July Film Night

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, hail, hail, Freedomia! Now, as you probably all know, I don't hail from Freedomia, but in fact I come from a small town in the Antipodes. Specifically, I come from the fallen city of Christchurch, New Zealand. Well, somebody has to come from there. And if you came from there, you might want to come over here too.

Now, is that remotely relevant to our screening of The Marx brothers' *Duck Soup*? Not really. Except to say that when the redoubtable Clayton Hartley canvassed for movie requests for tonight, I said, "Well, we all need a jolly good laugh in these tough times." And so I hit upon the idea of screening a comedy, and not just any old comedy, but the Marx brothers, and their finest film to boot. I recommended them because I feel perhaps the comedy of the Brothers Marx, especially their radio and fillums, is oddly relevant to our times.

But where's the relevance to my home town? OK, I'll start with a little personal and Marxist history. As a lad in the cultural desert of New Zealand, where you *do* have to make your own fun, I was not quite like all the other kids who thought the sun shone out of the All Blacks' posteriors (jolly fine chaps though they were), or who banged their heads to Led Zeppelin, or who shimmied to Abba or Wings. No. I was a devotee of comedy and comedians—Spike Milligan, Peter Sellers, the crew from MASH, the Two Ronnies, Eric and Ernie, John Clarke (aka Fred Dagg—look him up), etc. As a teenager I considered these my heroes, my rock 'n' rollers.

The Brothers Marx certainly belong in my long list of personal comedic heroes; indeed there was a time, when, as a teenager,

I absolutely idolised Groucho. I would try to speak like him, walk like him, and occasionally, at student parties, attempt to dress like him. Hey, I already had the glasses. I went so far that, at a gig in the ChCh Theatre Royal, when Elvis Costello craved the indulgence of the audience to perform a new number, my response from the stalls was, "Why, certainly. It's your concert." Say that in any other accent, and somehow it's not funny.

The first thing to know about the Marx Brothers, is that they really were brothers, and their name really was Marx. (I still find it hard to believe that, in "the land of the free", such gentlemen could rise to national and international fame while Stalin was ruling America's sworn enemy of Communist Russia—indeed, so improbable as to be proof of the existence of some sort of comedic serendipity, if not mischievous deity.)

The five brothers were the sons of German-French Jewish immigrants, born and raised in New York's Upper East Side, in Yorkville, between the Irish, German and Italian quarters. They started out in vaudeville in the 1900s–1910s. Vaudeville is what we in Blighty would call "music hall", a tough gig, though they had family connections and their uncle got them on the stage. They started out as musicians: they could all play something and Harpo mastered six instruments.

There are different versions of this story, but legend has it that in 1912 a performance by the Marx Brothers at the Opera House in Nacogdoches, Texas, was interrupted by shouts from outside about a runaway mule. The audience hurried out to see what was happening. When they finally returned, a grouchy Groucho (which is how he got his name), started ad-



Craig explains his choice of film for our screening on 16th July

libbing lyrics in the song he was singing, such as "Nacogdoches is full of roaches" and "the jackass is the flower of Tex-ass". Instead of reacting angrily, the audience laughed. Today there is a plaque commemorating the incident.

From such beginnings their comedic potential was born and, much like Billy Connolly, their act moved gradually from "singing with comedy" to "comedy with music".

It was during the 1910s and 1920s, that the brothers developed their famous stage personas and nicknames:

- Groucho because he was grouchy
- Chico because he was always chasing "chicks" (his cod Italian accent was first developed offstage as a defence mechanism in his tough neighbourhood)
- Harpo as he was a muso who favoured the harp
- Gummo from his habit of wearing gumshoes
- Zeppo developed as a riff on the "Zeke and Zeb" jokes that poked fun at two archetypal redneck Americans (like "Paddy" jokes about the Irish).

There are other versions of these explanations, but I prefer the ones I've given.

Groucho started off with an onstage character of a German teacher; but in the heat of First World War anti-German hysteria,

he dropped this. In the 1920s, under Chico's management and Groucho's creative direction, the brothers moved on from vaudeville to become stars of Broadway, with the music revue *I'll Say She Is* and the musical comedies *The Cocoanuts* and *Animal Crackers*. Although they used their now-famous nicknames backstage, they initially put their real names on playbills—afraid of being rejected by Broadway as "low class" vaudevillians.

From vaudeville to Broadway, and then to Radio City. As an ex-radio man, my interest in the Marx Brothers was recently rekindled when I happened upon a 1990 Radio 4 remake of the early 1930s radio shows *Flywheel, Shyster and Flywheel*, starring Groucho and Chico. The scripts, thought lost, were discovered and re-recorded by the BBC before a live audience, using excellent mimics.

My favourite line from these scripts is where Chico is told by Groucho—playing Flywheel the shady lawyer—to go out and drum up business. So Chico walks out into the street and calls out in best Italian fruiterer style, "Anyone wanna lawyer? Nice-a-fresh-a lawyer, gotta lovely lawyer, he's a real peach." Interesting that "liar" and "lawyer", when pronounced in the American fashion, sound awfully similar.

So, from radio to telly. Well, not quite. John Logie-Baird's invention had yet to be



The NSC Film Night presents

The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp

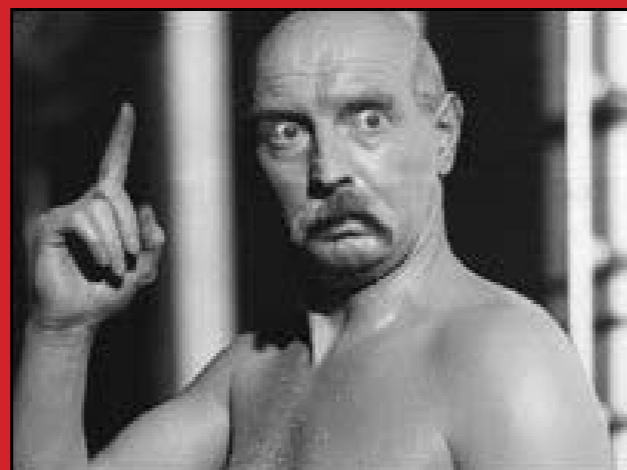
Monday 13th August

7pm (screening starts around 8pm)

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

Admission: Free

Member M.C. Tierney offers this 1943 comedy-drama from Powell and Pressburger. It looks back over the life of the eponymous Colonel Blimp, based on a comic strip character, and, although appropriately propagandist given the year it was made, it at the same time offers



a satire on Britishness and the British Army in particular. Which is arguably a quintessentially British thing to do...

popularised, so instead the Brothers went to Hollywood—*Hooray!*—where they reprised their Broadway hits and produced original material, *Duck Soup* being their fifth and last film with Paramount.

The Brothers then moved on to MGM, releasing *A Night at the Opera* in 1935 and *A Day at the Races* in 1937, then to RKO and United Artists, retiring in 1941 upon the release of *The Big Store*, but coming back in 1946 and 1949 with *A Night in Casablanca* and *Love Happy*, to help settle Chico's gambling debts. (You couldn't make that up.)

Duck Soup, made in 1933, initially didn't do as well as hoped at the box office, and is sometimes thought of as a flop. A flop that was the sixth highest grossing movie in its year. The film is set in the bankrupt country of Freedonia. The only person with any money is wealthy widow Mrs Teasdale (the long-suffering Margaret Dumont, who plays the same character in every film), who declares that she will only continue to bail out the state if Rufus T. Firefly (Groucho) is made president. Firefly manages to appoint a peanut vendor (Chico) to his cabinet—in reality a spy sent by neighbouring Sylvania—before accidentally declaring war. Despite mixed critical response at the time, *Duck Soup* is now seen as the classic political farce, going on to inspire Charlie Chaplin's *The Great Dictator* and Sasha Baron Cohen's recent flick *The Dictator*. Not that Groucho himself ever claimed any high satirical motives: when asked the film's political significance he shrugged and said, "What

significance? We were just four Jews trying to get a laugh."

That said, the Brothers were apparently delighted when they heard that Mussolini himself took the film as a personal insult and banned it in Italy. When the residents of the real town of Fredonia, New York, protested that the nation's name of Freedonia was "hurting our town's image", Groucho fired back a telegraph asking them to change the name of their town because "it's hurting our picture".

As mentioned earlier, it is my contention that there are parallels between the Marx Brothers movies and our own times. Their shtick, their slapstick, their inability to develop a plot, are perhaps not so popular nowadays, but in a decade that is beginning to resemble the 1930s in many ways, their transgressive and anarchic humour has more resonance. Mind you, it didn't always connect at the time—some critics felt *Duck Soup's* cynical, un-patriotic, farcical attitude to war to be in poor taste and too flippant.

Perhaps they had a point: 1933 was the year the Nazi party was voted into office in Germany; Japan was already occupying Manchuria; France went through five coalition cabinets; America went off the gold standard with 15 million unemployed; the Oklahoma Dust Bowl occurred; millions were killed in a deliberate Soviet Ukrainian famine; Romania's Iron Guard assassinated the country's prime minister; the President of Brazil declared himself dictator; and the Chaco War was raging in South America. In good news, in the US Roosevelt was

sworn in and Prohibition repealed, but cannabis was outlawed. Oh, and in an infamous debate the Oxford Union declared "That this House will in no circumstances fight for its King and country".

Some aficionados argue that *A Night at the Opera* is the better film, but I chose *Duck Soup* as I wanted to see Groucho do his shtick as a dictator of a banana republic. I also thought his numerous costume changes during the war scenes would appeal to Sheridanites. Further, *Duck Soup* is the last movie to include Zeppo, who always played the straight man/romantic lead. (The fifth brother, Gummo, had left the ensemble before they moved into broadcasting and movies. Gummo and Zeppo later became successful Hollywood acting agents.) Oddly, it is often said that offstage Zeppo was the funniest and could imitate his brothers perfectly, especially Groucho.

From the 1940s onwards, Chico and Harpo appeared separately and together in nightclubs and casinos. Chico also fronted a big band, the Chico Marx Orchestra (with 17-year-old Mel Tormé). Groucho began his solo career with *You Bet Your Life*, which ran from 1947 to 1961 on NBC radio and television. He also authored several books. Harpo released an autobiography. There were various chat show reunions and talk of new movies, including plans for a Billy Wilder film *A Day at the UN*, but when Chico died in 1961 this all came to an end.

Aside from any satirical merits, *Duck Soup* includes many immortal lines and one big comic innovation—the mirror scene—and is considered, along with *A Night at the Opera*, to be the brothers at their funniest. (OK, Charlie Chaplin did a mirror scene in 1916, but it is the one with Groucho, Harpo and Chico that is generally considered to be the template, as it has been copied many times.)

To finish, let me tease you with some of the film's choicest lines:

Chico: Sure we shadowed him. Tuesday we sit outside his house all day, but he no home. Wednesday we went to the ball game, but he fool us and no show up. Thursday he go to the ball game, but we fool him and we no show up. Friday it was a double header, nobody show up, so

we stay home and listened to it on the radio.

Chico: Who are you going to believe, me or your own eyes?

Groucho: Understand it? Why a four-year-old child could understand this! [Aside to Chico] Run out and get me a four-year-old child: I can't make head or tail of it.

Mrs Teasdale: Closer... closer... closer...

Groucho: If I were any closer, I'd be in the back of you.

Groucho: Remember men, we're fighting for this woman's honour, which is probably more than she ever did.

Groucho [to Trentino]: Perhaps you can suggest something. You *do* suggest something. To me you suggest a baboon. What? I'm sorry I said that. It isn't fair to the other baboons.

Groucho [to Mrs Teasdale]: Why don't you marry me? Married! I can see you now, bending over a hot stove. But I can't see the stove...

Mrs Teasdale: I'm willing to do anything to prevent this war.

Groucho: It's too late. I've already paid a month's rent on the battlefield.





Sartorial Olympiad

By David Bridgman-Smith

LAST FRIDAY saw the Opening Ceremony of the Thirtieth Modern Olympiad in London. While much of it was a veritable visual feast some of the attire of the athletes—both foreign and domestic—was, at best questionable...



(Above) **Australia's** Alan-Partridge-inspired tie and blazer badge combo; (below) Team **Canada** went to great (lumberjack-inspired) lengths to avoid being mistaken for Americans



(Left) Team **Spain**, where one athlete had an unfortunate run-in with a candy floss machine



(Left) **Belize** wins the prize for Best Dressed Team. This elegant combination would be perfect for the Annual NSC Punting Trip; (right) **Guatemala** addressed the important neckwear question with an Ilya Kuryakin Cold War rollneck sweater look



(Above) **Mexico's** uniform had the interesting distinction of not actually being uniform



(Left) Forewarned of the British Summer, Team **Czech Republic** decided to take no chances



(Above) In a drive for more efficient categorisation of their athletes, Team **Germany** really had made blue uniforms for boys and pink ones for girls; (left) the swarm of Team **USA**, dressed as fashion commandos in a uniform designed by Ralph Lauren. The gentleman inset is shouting "U-S-A"; as if one could have mistaken him as coming from anywhere else



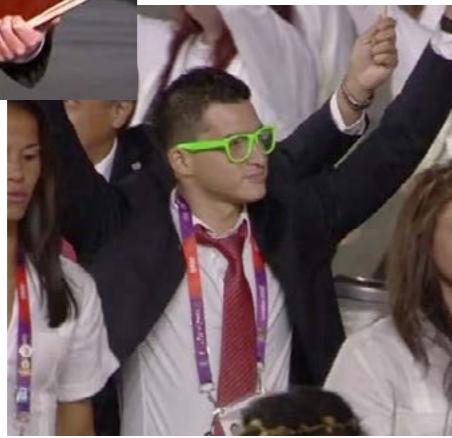
(Below) Britain's Finest: Team **GB**. The white and gold colour scheme was probably meant to make them seem like Greek Gods, but the sports casual styling just made them look like Essex boys on the lash. Which was probably a pretty good representation of modern Britain. Either way the Queen seemed embarrassed



(Above) Elegant and snappy, Team **Puerto Rico** gave it some effortless pimp cool in simple white suits and matching pork pie hats



(Left) **Sir Kenneth Branagh** kicked the ceremony off nicely as the finely attired Isambard Kingdom Brunel; (below) Neon green spectacles, but not a hat to be seen from the **Panama** team; (right) Team **Bulgaria**, in their Dick Van Dyke, cockney-inspired attire; keen environmentalists, they made their uniforms from discarded picnic blankets



(Below) Team **Montenegro** were ready for the piano-shifting event



(Right) Team **Ukraine's** answer to the Chuckle Brothers—a bit late for the Tashes, chaps!





Clang! Clang! Clang! Went the Trolley

THE EARL OF WAVENEY reports on an event that made the heartstrings of public transport enthusiasts go zing, zing zing!

THIS YEAR IS one of many anniversaries, commemorations and events—the Diamond Jubilee of Her Majesty’s accession to the throne, the 2012 Olympics in London and the centenary of the sinking of the Titanic being the most well-known. The



Trolleybuses galore! Such a vision may have been considered impossible after closure in 1962, but preservation always leaves the possibility of recreating such scenes. Heading this line-up is 1521, with 1812 waiting to pass by

double anniversary of 50 years since the end of London’s trolleybuses and 60 years since the end of London’s trams is one that I had the privilege of talking about at the Club’s April meeting, bringing to life, I hope, these electric machines through words and photographs.

Over the May Day Bank holiday weekend, the East Anglia Transport Museum (EATM) and the London Trolleybus Preservation Society (LTPS), which owns the majority of the trolleys based at the EATM, sought to commemorate this



Diddler no. 1 and tram no. 1858 stand side-by-side. Only a year separates them, the trolleybus considered to be the future, but after the war both forms of transport would be doomed in the face of competition from motor-buses

event by hosting what, in the end, would be the largest congregation of London trolleys since the closure of the system. On the Friday and Saturday, private photographic parties attended for photo opportunities with the London trolleys and other Museum exhibits. Sunday and Monday saw the museum opened to the public at large, with the opportunity to ride on all the London trolleys and the Museum’s sole London tram, while free bus services to Lowestoft and Beccles were operated by London buses. Tuesday 8th May—50 years to the day since the last trolley service in London—was an exclusive LTPS commemorative event where invited guests were entertained.

Out of nine preserved London trolleys in the UK, four of them are based at the EATM—260, 796, 1201 and 1521. For this event, a further

At Woodside, trolleys 1521 and 1768 wait for tram 1858 to go by on its way to Hedley Grove



four trolleys were brought to Suffolk, 1348 and 1812 from the Sandtoft Trolleybus Museum and “Diddler” 1 and 1768 from the London Transport Museum. To have these eight trolleys in operation was a truly one-off event; to have the opportunity of riding on all of them was not to be missed.

The greatest coup was Diddler no. 11. Since withdrawal in 1948, it has only operated on three occasions: on the last day of operation in 1962, for the 1990 season at the EATM, and on this special occasion in 2012. At 81 years old, the Diddler is rather fragile, being left in withdrawal condition, and seating was limited to 23 out of 56 seats. Alas, after completing all five scheduled journeys on Sunday, the Diddler only managed to complete three journeys on the Monday before being withdrawn after its wiring became unfit for further public service. For the remainder of the Monday, well into the evening, volunteers led by the London Transport Museum’s Senior Curator Bob Bird sought to bring her wiring back to standard. The work did enable the Diddler to be used for a couple of demonstration runs without passengers on the Tuesday, but it’s unlikely the Diddler will ever run again without a complete re-wiring.

No. 260 is a C2-class trolley dating from 1936 which spent its career at Stonebridge until withdrawal on 19 August 1959. It was the original choice as London Transport’s officially preserved trolleybus, considered a good example. However, it was realised that K2-class 1253 (the only London trolley not at this commemorative event) was more original, so 260 was eventually sold for scrap—but was fortunate to be bought from the scrap man literally in front of the old Clapham museum.

Making its debut in Britain for the first time in over 50 years, H1-class no. 796, built in 1938, was launched back into service on this special weekend. This vehicle was presented by London Transport to the Paris Transport Museum (AMTUIR) and left England in October 1960. While in France, it was on display for a time but was latterly in storage at various locations. In November 2009, AMTUIR formally agreed to loan 796 to the LTPS and she arrived back on English



On the Tuesday, the LTPS held its own event, commemorating 50 years to the very day since trolleybuses last ran in London. 1521, the very last trolley to run in London, is once again decorated for the occasion

Diddler no. 1 completes another circuit of the EATM trolleybus route, and passes trolley 1348



soil in October 2010. Since returning, 796 has been completely restored internally and has been checked both electrically and mechanically. External repainting and restoration is now the outstanding task.

No. 1201 is one of three K2-class trolleys to have been preserved and was built in 1938. Its survival is attributable to its being used by a car dealer, Welton Autos in Shepherd’s Bush, as a store. It was purchased by the LTPS in 1968, but as so often in the field of preservation it had to wait its turn in the restoration queue, with the task commencing in 1987, and it only re-entered service in 1997.

The other K2-class trolley operating at



Q1-class 1768 and 1812 stand alongside one and another at Chapel Road awaiting their next duties, their blinds set to some of their last duties in the 1960s

the EATM was Sandtoft Trolleybus Museum's 1348. After withdrawal in 1961 it left for the Irish Transport Museum Society, based at Castleruddery. It was stored in the open and suffered from the weather and vandal attacks, but after negotiations with Sandtoft it was eventually transported back to England in 2010 for restoration. The restoration team, led by Brian Maguire, worked extremely hard to bring her back to original London condition and it was a joy to see her on her first visit to the EATM.

Whilst the London Transport Museum has London's first trolleybus, the EATM is fortunate in having London's last trolleybus, L3-class 1521

1201 is at the turning-circle of Chapel Road with yours truly conducting and watching the trolley-booms as they approach the frogs (frogs being the term for a set of points in the overhead)



built in 1940. Despite its historic importance, 1521 was sold to the scrap merchants Cohen's. Thankfully, Cohen's presented it to the Historic Commercial Vehicle Club, before it was acquired by the LTPS in 1968 and moved to the fledgling EATM. On 10th January 1971, 1521 made history once again by being the first trolleybus to run under power from a museum's overhead. However, she was not fully restored until 1990 and entered service in 1992.

The 1948-built Q1-class no. 1768 has worked at the EATM before, operating between 1992 and 2000. No. 1768 was one of two Q1s not to have been sold for further service in Spain, instead selected for preservation at the London Transport Museum.

No. 1812 is another Q1-class trolley and has been lovingly restored by Sandtoft Trolleybus Museum. After withdrawal in 1961, it was among the 125 sold to Spanish operators and served with the Santander-Astillero fleet, with steering-wheel, staircase and platform being converted for left-hand operation. It was withdrawn and repatriated to England in 1977, with restoration beginning in 1999 and completed in 2001.

There was one non-London trolleybus operating during the special event, but for a very good reason. Newcastle Corporation 628 was one of the Q1s sold to provincial operators.

While the event was primarily for the London trolleybuses, EATM's only London tram, HR/2-class 1858, represented the 60th anniversary since the closure of the London tram system at the Museum's commemoration. "HR" denotes she was designed for hilly routes and the all-metal body enabled the class to operate in the Kingsway Subway. She entered service in 1930 and was withdrawn in 1952, and was rescued by Peter David. At first, 1858 was displayed at the entrance of Chessington Zoo before moving to the EATM. No. 1858 made a fantastic impact at the event, and it was also a welcome return to service after 12 months of repairs.



Whilst not a London Transport vehicle, Newcastle Corporation 628 was built under licence from London Transport from its famous Q1-class trolleybus design

While I may be biased in my opinions, I think it is true to say that the EATM and LTPS managed to host a fantastic and truly historic event. Not only is it one of only a few museums that could hold such an event but the entire staff are purely volunteers. A big thank you is due for the effort, logistics and dedication from all those that organised, negotiated, repaired, prepared and operated. Thanks must also go to the Sandtoft Trolleybus Museum and the London Transport Museum, for without their support the scale of the commemoration by EATM and LTPS would not have been achieved. Thanks also go to the number of owners who brought and operated their buses and other vehicles to complete the London atmosphere.

It may now be too late to

enjoy the array of London trolleys in one location, but the opportunity to ride on four of them is still possible. If my talk and article have stirred your curiosity, please do come along to the EATM's annual Trolleybus Gala weekend of 8th/9th September. All available trolleybuses will be in operation, along with the Museum's trams and motor-buses, and on the Saturday is the opportunity to ride on these vehicles at night—you will truly feel like you've been transported back in time.

"The eyes have it!" How many children thought these was the real of eyes of a trolleybus? This distinctive advert for Picture Post is on trolley 1521



At the Chapel Road terminus awaiting their next duty are (l-r) tram HR/2-class no. 1858, tower wagon 89Q and trolley 1348



Summer 'Scotchers'

By Mrs B.

Summer is usually a time for cooling cocktails and delicious drinks designed to refresh and rejuvenate. Usual candidates include the Gin & Tonic, John Collins, Americano and Fruit Cup (usually Pimm's). But, as Club Members often like to set their own stride, I thought I'd look at cocktails with a less usual base: Scotch.

Naturally, I'm not talking about a 1953 Glenfarclas (coming in at £762 a bottle), but some of the better blends such as Bell's, Famous Grouse and Johnnie Walker Red Label.

Of course, when the sun beats down, the last thing you want to do is to spend five minutes making a drink, so all of these are easy to prepare and simply involve adding the ingredients to a glass, with ice and giving it a quick stir.

Scotch & Ginger

50ml Scotch
100–150ml ginger ale

Fresh lemon and revitalising ginger notes fade into warmer, but refreshingly dry, light wood notes from the whisky. There's a kick from the ginger and a flash of sweetness from the mixer,

before the dryness of the whisky on the finish. Deliciously cooling and an excellent way to enjoy Scotch on those hotter days.

Scotch & Soda

50ml Scotch
50–100ml soda water
If you would



Ginger Dram



Whisky Ginger

Ginger Dram

50ml Drambuie
100ml ginger ale
Build in the glass

Very tasty, with a combination of fresh lemon, gingerbread ginger and the more sugary ginger that you get from German *lebkuchen* dusted with sugar. The other spicy elements of the Drambuie come through towards the end: cloves, cardamom and a hint of aniseed, all mixed with honey.

This is definitely a sweet drink, so you probably won't need many—but what a treat when you do!

prefer your long drink to taste a little more distinctly of Scotch, then you might prefer one of these. The soda adds a good fizziness and lengthens the spirit without taking much away. The whisky comes through at the start—dry wood and peat—followed by the characteristic sour tang of the soda. The whisky then reappears on the finish, which is decidedly dry, but also comfortably warm in the stomach (fortunately, the ice keeps the drink cool).



Whisky Fruit Cup



JW & Cream Soda

Whisky Imperial

30ml Scotch
20ml orange juice

Dry malt and wood fade into creamy orange juice notes with just a hint of acidity. Lovely and refreshing, light and fruity. Perfect for a summer picnic (an alternative to Fruit Cup?), with lots of ice.

JW & Cream Soda

50ml Johnnie Walker Red Label
100ml vanilla cream soda

An intriguing mix of classic, rich and creamy ice-cream flavours of the soda and the dryer, more refreshing malt and grain notes of the whisky. Although very different, they go alongside one another well, alternating between one and then the other, and wrapping up with a light, but warm finish from the Scotch.

Still Time (for Whisky)

30ml Scotch

Whisky Fruit Cup

30ml Scotch
15ml ginger wine
15ml red vermouth
Top up with lemonade

There's a wonderful nose of fresh fruit and cucumber that continues into the taste. The whisky forms a tasty and warming base for this drink, that is then made both sweeter and richer by the other ingredients. There are also layers of

warm spices, like ginger. The finish is savoury, with hints of citrus. Dangerously easy to drink.



Still Time (For Whisky)

10ml King's Ginger Liqueur
80ml apple juice

An initial burst of sweetness is followed by an excellent variety of complex herbal and rich, fruity notes that lead into the peatiness of the whisky. The finish is syrupy sweet, with a touch of ginger, making this one for those of you with more of a sweet tooth.



JDDB

JDDB

50ml Jack Daniels whisky
150ml dandelion & burdock

This is a very different drink from the others, with

the medicinal, herbal notes of the Dandelion & Burdock coming through strongly at the start. The flavours then slowly fade to a warmth from the whiskey, where the bourbon starts to make itself more evident, with vanilla, oak and a dry, savoury finish.

In Conclusion

Some might sometimes avoid mixing with whisky, particularly Scotch, whether that be due to a fear of its being lost in a longer drink or a fear of its not working well with other flavours. I hope that the range of whiskies and recipes above provide you with something of an arsenal of summer coolers that are a little different, whether you prefer refreshing, long drinks, sweet treats, or more herbal, dry drinks to sip and savour.

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



CLUB NOTES

The Tashes: Match Report

By Artemis Scarheart

A TITANIC STRUGGLE between two teams of evenly matched sporting giants—those with mighty facial hair and those as smooth and hairless as an alabaster buttock—was again in the Club’s diary this year. Who would win this time? We have seen both teams put up admirable struggles every time and Madame Luck has certainly played her part. The Hirsute side have often vainly battled against the Clean Shaven but each year has hung in the balance to the general indifference of the picnicking masses and even, on occasion, the Umpire and Scorers.

This year promised to be a special clash as it is the last before game organiser Watermere moves to the t’North where they do things Differently.

So, dragging myself from my rotting poet’s garret I made my way to Putney to meet the others for 10am. The clouds I saw on the way out of Waterloo didn’t worry me and I assured Choy that, yes, we would be playing even if it meant batsmen drowning at the crease or the picnickers swept away in a flash flood. But by the time I shunted into Putney things had taken a turn for the worse. I hurried over the road to the local Wetherspoons—which has an excellent view of the station entrance, actually, officer—and settled in with a bacon sandwich to wait for it to clear and the sun to come out. I waited. Bunty, Torquil and Rod all joined me. We continued to wait. We had a couple of pints and waited. Torquil and I popped to the local charity shops in the now horizontal rain to “kill a few minutes before the sun comes out and this all dries up”. We went back to the pub and had another pint as we waited.

After a quick call to Watermere



Safe in the arms of Bacchus, the Clean Shaven Players have forgotten they ever planned to have a cricket match

who was at the ground it was decided that we simply couldn’t play like this. For the first time ever the pitch was all laid out beautifully, but sadly under three inches of water. In a wrenching decision we first pushed the date back to the following day but then had to put it off until next year. The first time ever the Tashes had to be postponed.

However, we were not to be beaten. A flash message was sent to the Club and instead we made our way to The Green Man, the tavern we retire to after each year’s match. Here a fair crowd gathered and we made merry over lunch and drinks and clandestine munches on picnic sandwiches. The day wasn’t a total washout because of this early retirement and larks were had but the match will be even more fiercely fought over next year.

The Clean Shaven side won by 376 runs to 4.

Pub Crawl Preview

MR IAN WHITE, the Club’s resident ale expert, and a stalwart of CAMRA, has once again plotted one of his sterling pub crawls, designed to introduce Members to a variety of fine public houses in the capital and the fine ales and ciders



Ian White ponders his pint on a previous NSC Pub Crawl

that may be supped within them.

The date for your diaries is Saturday 8th September and the rendezvous point is the Wetherspoons on Victoria Station. Here is the planned itinerary:

1.30pm–2.30 pm Wetherspoons, Unit 5, Victoria Island, Victoria Station, Victoria, SW1V 1JT. Assembly point right in the middle of Victoria Station, Real ales and food. Couldn’t be easier to find!

3.00pm The Grenadier, 18 Wilton Row, SW1X 7NR. Various ales. Originally built in 1720 as the Officers Mess for The First Royal Regiment of Foot Guards, the Grenadier became licensed premises in 1818. Haunted by the ghost of a man beaten to death for cheating at cards, apparently.

4.15pm The Nags Head, 53 Kinnerton St, SW1X 8ED. Adnams. Small pub filled with curios; has a rule of no mobiles allowed!

5.00pm The Wilton Arms, 71 Kinnerton St, SW1X 8ED. Shepherd Neame. Built 1826, wood paneled pub, has grand flora display.

6.00pm The Star Tavern, 6 Belgrave Mews West, SW1X 8HT. Fullers. Well known historic pub in a cobbled mews.

8.00pm The Antelope, 22 Eaton Terrace, SW1W 8EZ. Fullers. Seventeenth century pub; does food until 9pm.

9.30pm The Fox and Hounds, 29 Passmore Street, SW1W 8HR. Youngs. Small and unspoilt.

Now That’s More Like It

MEMBER CALLY CALLOMON, disgruntled at the decline of the Chap Olympics (and imagine how he must feel about the real Olympics!) is keen to draw Members’ attentions to the short film at <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dEH4ahCCrJo>. It’s from Dutch TV comedy show *Jiskefet* and pokes fun at the (to outsiders) arcane and incomprehensible rules and play of cricket. The stills on this page give you a flavour of it.



New Members

AS MEMBERS OF TEAM GB politely plunge out of the running left, right and centre, we buff up the gold medals of NSC Membership and hang them around the dainty necks of the following Olympic aesthetes, all of whom have joined this month: Manfred Kronen, Stuart Turner, Pete Farnsworth, Phil Bennett, John Laking, Chris Cox, Stephen Parkes and Willoughby Chase.

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

Cakewalk Café

Wednesdays 1st, 8th 15th, 22nd, 29th August
8pm–1am (swing dance classes 7–8pm and 8–9pm)
Passing Clouds, 1 Richmond Road, Dalston, London E8 4AA
Admission: £5 (£3.50 if you're in 1920s/1930s clobber) or £8 including a dance class; £12 including both.

Live swing jazz every Wednesday featuring Nicholas Ball, Ewan Bleach and chums, with optional dance classes from Swing Patrol.

The Guinea Club

Thursday 2nd August
8pm
Bar Solo, 20 Inverness Street, London NW1 7HJ
Admission: Free

A night of traditional cabaret, hosted by NSC Member Anke Landau channelling Marlene Dietrich... This time feature Kim Lone, I Am FYA, Declan Broadberry, Little Queenie and Rubber Ritchie. Heavens.

Swing at the Light

Mondays 6th, 13th, 20th, 27th August
From 7pm
Upstairs at The Light Restaurant and Bar, 233 Shoreditch High Street, London E1
Admission: £8 for class and club, £3 just for the club night after 9pm
Dress: Vintage/retro appreciated

Weekly vintage dance night in a venue with a wooden floor and its own terrace. Beginners classes from 7.30, intermediate classes from 8.15, and "freestyle" from 9pm.

Burlesque Variety Show

Friday 10th August
7.30pm
Club V, FTFC Cams Alders Stadium, Palmerston Drive, Fareham
Admission: £10
If burlesque is your thing and you live in the Fareham area, you might want to check this out. See the Facebook page.

Will You Hold My Hand?

Friday 10th–Sunday 12th August
8pm–9pm
The Camden Head, 100 Camden High Street, London NW1 0LU
Admission: £8 (may be purchased in advance)
The Club's own Timothy Kennington in a one-hour show with We Are Goose, his (I believe musical comedy) duo. This show concerns the truth about John Hunter, the father of modern medicine—the grave-robbings, the murders, the stalking of an Irish giant...

Storyville

Saturday 11th August
7pm–4am
Factory 7, 13 Hearn Street, EC2A 3LS
Admission: £25
Dress: "Bordello chic"

The coves from the Prohibition-themed bar Nightjar are putting on a special event celebrating the jazz of New Orleans, from early ragtime to Fats Waller and Professor Longhair,

with an array of live performances from Hugo Simmonds, the Basin Street Brawlers, the Brass Volcanoes and Dom and the Ikos (most of them veterans of the Candlelight Club too), plus DJs Monkey Stomp Blues, dancers, Tarot, a photo booth, and traditional Nwarlins food and cocktails. More details at the Facebook event.

🎪 The NSC Film Night presents *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp*

Monday 13th August
7pm (screening starts around 8pm)
The Tea House Theatre, 139 Vauxhall Walk, London SE11 5HL (020 7207 4585)
Admission: Free
See page 26.

Spin-a-Disc

Mondays 13th and 27th August
8–11pm
The Nag's Head, 9 Orford Road, Walthamstow Village, London E17 9LP
Admission: Free
A music night organised by Auntie Maureen: you bring your favourite discs (33, 45 or 78 rpm) and she spins them.

Ciné Illuminé presents

The Phantom of the Opera (Live Score)

Sunday 19th August
Doors 6pm, screening 7.30pm, bar till 1am
Volupté Lounge, 9 Norwich Street, London EC4A 1EJ
Admission: £10 in advance (dial 0207 831 1622 or email reservations@volupte-lounge.com), £12 on the door

A screening of the silent classic from 1925 accompanied by a live score from experimental musical duo Cipher. There will be cocktails, food and usherettes.

Steampunk Concert

Thursday 23rd August
7.30–11pm
The Scala, 275 Pentonville Road, King's Cross, London N1 9NL
Admission: Varies, but about £14 See www.brownpapertickets.com/event/222073

White Mischief present a show featuring US steampunk band Abney Park, with support from Mr B.'s ill-shaven rival Professor Elemental and Sunday Driver. Although White-Mischief-style

TWINWOOD FESTIVAL
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fancy dress is welcome, it is not particularly specified.

Twinwood Festival 2012

Saturday 25th–Monday 27th August
10.30am Saturday till 11.30 Monday
Twinwood Arena and Airfield, near Bedford, MK41 6AB
Admission: From £27–31 for one day to £71 for all three

Huge vintage music and dance festival celebrating the 1930s, 1940s and 1950s, now in its 11th year. This time there will be ten separate venues, hosting such luminaries as Max Raabe and the Pasadena Roof Orchestra, plus over 100 traders. Camping seems to be the order of the day. See www.twinwoodevents.com.

The Phoenix Dance Club

Friday 31st August
9pm–2am
The Phoenix, 37 Cavendish Square, London W1G 0PP
Admission: £5
Dress: Smart or vintage

A monthly night of hot jazz and swing for dancers at the Phoenix Bar, Oxford Street, on the last Friday of the month. With resident DJs Turn on the Heat and Swingin' Dickie, plus special guests playing the best sounds from the 1920s, 1930s and 1940s.

Mr B. the Gentleman Rhymer gets some expert medical attention prior to taking the stage at this year's Chap Olympics (see pages 11–23).



FOR THE LATEST information on what the Club is up to, who has been arrested, etc., have a squizz at www.newsheridanclub.co.uk. For more photos of Club events go to www.flickr.com/sheridanclub. You can even befriend us electrically at www.facebook.com.

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