

REIGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE M

CLUB • ISSUE 80 JUNE 2013

Is homemade always best?

The Club samples Rachel's attempts at making her own booze...

Brogues Gallery

A new hard-hitting regular feature profiles Members of the Club—this time, the awful truth about Craigh

Hoist the Brolly Roger

Tim Eyre finds outposts of Chappism as our own logo is clearly an inspiration in the Orient

Condiment cocktails

Mustard slammer, anyone?

Dogfights at dawn

Film Night sees Flynn, Niven and Rathbone as air aces in *The Dawn Patrol*





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 5th June in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm. Member Sean Longden will talk to us earnestly on the subject of *Oxford Bags: The Most Important Trousers of the 20th Century*. "Oxford Bags" are one of history's most mythologised fashion items. Arriving out of nowhere in early 1925, these wide trousers took the world by storm and soon spread from Oxford to the streets of London and New York. By the middle of the year they had reached Australia and seen the police intervening to protect wearers from Romanian mobs. However, the Oxford Bags story is shrouded in mythology. The story of how students began wearing super-wide trousers in order to disguise the plus-fours that had been banned by some Oxford colleges remains the standard explanation for their development. But in this lecture the true history of Oxford Bags is

A particularly sumptuous pair of "Oxford Bags"



revealed as Mr Longden plays myth-buster and reveals their 19th-century roots, and shows their worldwide legacy.

The Last Meeting

At our May gathering The Dowager Duchess of Northumberland gave us a talk which she had previously identified only as not being about her cat Patience (presumably figuring that most people would assume that would indeed be her topic). In fact her oration was on a subject close to most Members' hearts—booze. The Duchess has a number of apple trees on her estate as well as a rhubarb patch and a plum tree. Last year she experimented with making cider from her apple glut, with excellent results. This year the Duchess also tried making rhubarb wine, rhubarb schnapps (using vodka as a base) and plum wine, as well as a lavender mead. She explained how she went about it all and handed out samples of her various brews.

An essay version of her talk begins on page 4.



(Above) Rare appearances by both Nick Morgan (sporting a Punishment Tie) and Mrs H; (right) Torquil kicked off with the sad task of delivering a eulogy for his friend and fellow *The Chap* contributor Nathaniel Slipper; (below) Compton-Bassett looking both chipper and frankly rather long-haired



(Right) The Duchess (Rachel to her friends) begins by reassuring us that her cat will not feature before (below right) getting the weighty philosophical questions out of the way so we can focus on the booze-making



(Below left) Rachel's rapt audience; (below) Matthew Howard is nearly torn apart as he tries to distribute samples of Rachel's grog



(Left) Manfred actually arrives in a tie for once; (below) the Earl of Essex sporting some snappy new specs



(Left) Pandora tries on some of Birgit's wares—some sort of knee-length spats, it seems



KISS OF THE CIDER WOMAN

I'VE BEEN A MEMBER of the NSC since its inception. The last time I did a turn was in August 2007. This was around the time of the smoking ban and we created a quartet to sing about this occasion at the NSC summer party on the eve of the ban, "The Last Gasper". Unfortunately the tenor Andy (later my husband) got shingles just before the party, so we couldn't perform, but we sang as a quartet in August, and that was my last turn at the NSC.

Since then I've heard many people speaking extremely knowledgeably on a variety of subjects. I felt that it was about time I did another turn, but I was concerned: what could I talk about as knowledgeably as everyone else? Well, the obvious answer is my cat Patience as I know more about her than anyone else, so I can't be challenged on that subject. However, m'brother Clayton seemed to think that this might not be such a popular subject.

So I thought about what else I know about and concluded that I know quite a bit about booze, from personal experience. However, so do many other NSC members, so I'm not really an expert on that subject. So I decided that I needed to get more personal and talk about my own experiences of making booze, because no one can be more expert on that than me, I hope.

So that explains why I decided to do a talk on this subject, but the next question is why did I

The Dowager Duchess of Northumberland chronicles her experiments with fermenting hooch from the plants that grow on her estate. (Her cat Patience does not feature at all.)

decide to make my own booze? Well, three and a half years ago I moved out of London and down to Littlebourne near Canterbury. You get a lot more for your money down there, so the house that we bought had an acre of land and at least four apple trees in the garden. They produce a lot of apples. After eating lots of apple crumble, apple galettes, apple sauce, etc., I then started thinking about what else I could do with them, and making cider sprang to mind quite quickly!

My first thought was whether I had any cider apples, because there are certain varieties such as Dabinett, Kingston Black, Brown Snout and Foxwhelp that are traditionally used to make cider. The RHS garden at Wisley has apple identification days and so I took my apples along to be identified. I didn't have any cider apples.



Rachel's country pile, with apple tree very much in evidence...

I had three eating apples (Worcester Pearmain, James Grieve and Laxton's Superb), and a dual-purpose one (for eating and cooking—a Blenheim Orange).

But, not to be put off by the idea, I bought myself a book about it called *Real Cider Making on a Small Scale* by Michael Pooley and John Lomax. The first thing that I discovered from the book is that you don't need to have cider apples to make cider. In fact they recommend a mixture of apples. They recommend dessert or eating apples for sweetness, cooking apples for acid and then a small amount of crab apples for tannin to give the right balance to the cider.

Despite being written in 1999, the book is slightly hippyish, with diagrams of how to make your own cider press. I decided to buy one on ebay instead, and it cost about £60. But one idea from the book that did seem sensible is the idea of communal cider-making. Many hands make light work, so I decided to invite people along to help make the cider and I was surprised by the number of people willing to attend. While some people like

Artemis Scarheart saw themselves in more of a management role, there were many people actually willing to do the work. The first party took place in October 2011.

The next question is how do you make the cider? Essentially by following what it says in the book. First of all we had to gather in the apples. This is where having many hands really did make light work. Small children are particularly helpful for this as they seem quite happy to climb on roofs and up trees (although some ...And the finished cider. But what alchemy came in between?)





The vision of hippy communal cider-making from the book... adults seemed very happy to do this too).

We then needed to break down the apples a bit, so after gathering a goodly collection and washing them (although we did often forget the washing part) we then cut them into quarters. There is no need to peel or remove the core – that all adds to the flavour!

Then we got to the “scratting”. The scatter costs about £20 on ebay and is essentially a bucket with a blade that attaches to an electric drill. It acts a bit like a crude liquidiser and mashes the apples. After that we then loaded the mush, or, to use the official term, pulp, into the net bag inside the cider press, put the blocks on the top, turned the lever and collected the juice.

At this stage various adjustments can be made to the juice before starting fermentation. First we tested the acidity with pH paper: it needs to be between 3.2 and 3.8. Mine was within this range, so I didn’t make any changes. One can also add tannin at this stage if necessary (insufficient tannin leads to an insipid cider, according to the book). Fortunately we had some crab apples in the first year due to a friend having a branch fall off his crab apple tree due to the weight of the fruit, so I felt that

there was probably a sufficiency of tannin. Otherwise one can buy tannin from wine shops or just add a cup of strong tea! Finally pectic enzyme can be added, particularly if there is a high level of sugar, either due to lots of dessert varieties in the mix or very mature apples. I decided against adding any of these. So we poured the cider into glass demijohns which I got from m’brother, who had them left over from his own fruit wine-making days (the least said about that the better).

The only think that we did add was yeast. Some purists feel that adding yeast isn’t necessary as wild yeast tends to be floating around. However, this is risky as there are also a lot of other things floating around which can spoil the cider before the yeast gets going. One can buy specific cider yeast, or else champagne yeast also works well and it is just sprinkled on the top. Some people add sodium bisulphate (also known as campden tablets) to kill off any wild yeast, but I didn’t bother. After a very short time it starts fermenting away at a great rate. Water-filled airlocks in the top of each demijohn allow gas to escape but don’t allow any air in. In a few weeks the first fermentation stops as all the natural sugar in the apples has turned to alcohol. While it could be used at this stage, it is common to have a secondary fermentation.

...and the reality of 21st-century communal “scratting”



Next I needed to go through the process of “racking off”—using the power of physics and a syphon to move the cider into a clean demijohn and leave the old lees at the bottom. A certain amount of yeast is still in suspension, so when more sugar is added, which is simply white sugar heated and dissolved in water, there is sufficient yeast for secondary fermentation. This is very much like the first fermentation only less vigorous.

The next question is whether to make sparkling or still cider. There are slightly different processes, but I found the end results the same whichever method I used. For the still cider I simply racked off the cider into bottles after secondary fermentation had finished. A campden tablet can be added at this stage to help preserve the cider. For the sparkling cider, further fermentation in the bottle is encouraged by adding another dosage of sugar solution and by ensuring that a very small “paint layer” of yeast goes through. Because of the pressure from the further fermentation, the sparkling cider has to be stored in Champagne-style bottles, which meant that I had to drink a lot of sparkling wine and Champagne to save up sufficient bottles.

In total we made 49 bottles of cider, which isn’t bad out of 4 apple trees.

The labels were designed by m’brother and Mrs H and I am very grateful to them for that. My surname is Downer, hence the name Chapple (incorporating apple) Downer, in reference to Chapel Down wine from nearby Tenterden. The house is called Osbourns, hence Osbourns Ultimatum. The list of “still”, “sparkling” or “could go either way” options is very helpful as the sparkling wasn’t very sparkling. With regard to the strength, I’ve no idea how strong Chapple Downer 2011 cider is, but I think it is not very—probably around 3–4% alcohol by volume. There are two methods of calculating the strength. First,



Rachel mans the cider press (£60 on ebay). Note the presence of child labour

one measures the sugar in the juice at the beginning of the process using a hydrometer and then one measures the sugar added during the process. From this one can calculate the strength at the end based on the assumption that all the sugar has turned to alcohol. I forgot to do this measuring. Alternatively one can heat up a litre of cider to 80 degrees, at which point the alcohol will boil off but the water won’t and then one can measure how much liquid is left and calculate it that way, but that involves sacrificing a litre of cider, and I don’t want to do that either.

After a few weeks maturing in the bottle, the cider is ready to drink. A bottle of the 2011 still(ish) Chapple Downer cider was brought to the NSC talk for tasting. No-one died as a result of tasting it and a number of people seemed rather to enjoy it.

Unfortunately I haven’t got any of the 2012 vintage bottled yet. Essentially 2012 was a very poor year for apples. We only made about 7½ litres, filling just 1½ demijohns. Unfortunately the half demijohn developed some sort of growth and when I tasted it, it was obviously off, so I had to abandon that. I’d already made up the sugar syrup to add to both demijohns and I’d made up a bit more to make it a bit stronger. So I then added all of the sugar syrup to the one demijohn and it is still fermenting!



Fermenting cider bubbles away in demijohns fitted with airlocks

What about my attempts at making other alcohol? In summer of 2012 I had a glut of rhubarb. After I'd made loads of rhubarb crumble, rhubarb crème brulee and rhubarb and ginger jam, I still had lots of rhubarb left and so I went online to see what I could find. I came across two recipes, one for rhubarb schnapps and one for rhubarb wine. I had enough rhubarb that I could afford to make both of them.

The rhubarb schnapps involves steeping the rhubarb and a lot of sugar in some vodka. A bottle was brought to the NSC talk for tasting. Personally I was not too keen on the rhubarb schnapps, but some people seemed to like it.

I then also made the rhubarb wine: the recipe was from John Wright—who has been on Hugh Fearnley-Whittingstall's TV show foraging for mushrooms and other things. Basically it involves covering the rhubarb in sugar and leaving it for a few days, then mashing it up with a rolling pin and squeezing out the juice using muslin. I then added grape juice concentrate, yeast, yeast nutrient and water. I then left it for a week before racking off and adding a bit more sugar syrup. I then left it to ferment out and then bottled it. It was all very easy and I think

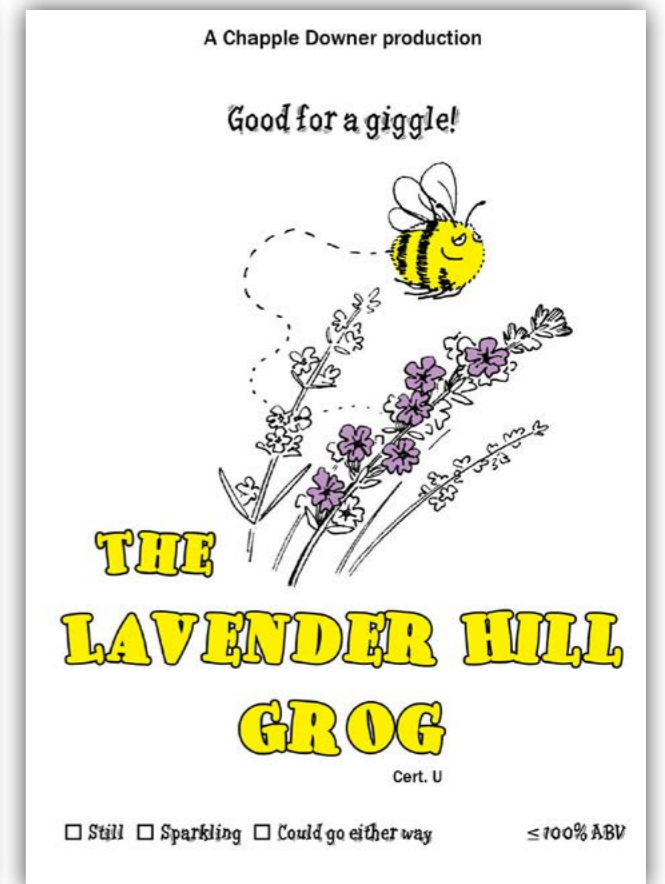
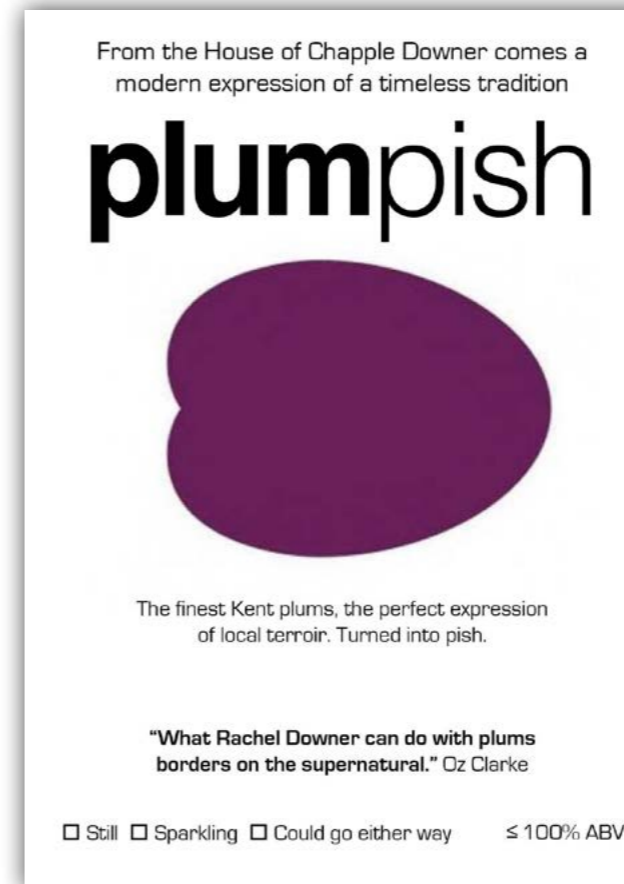
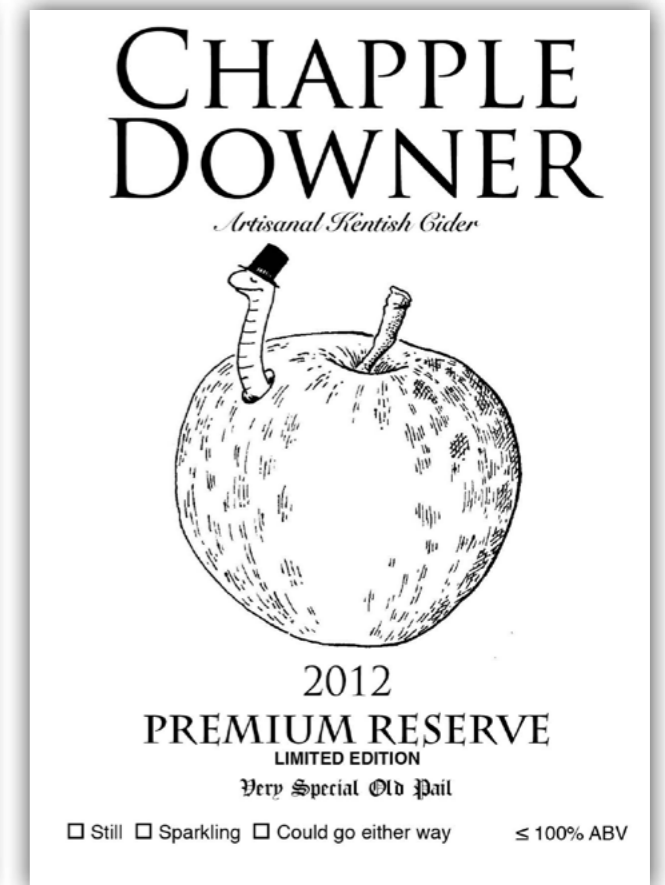
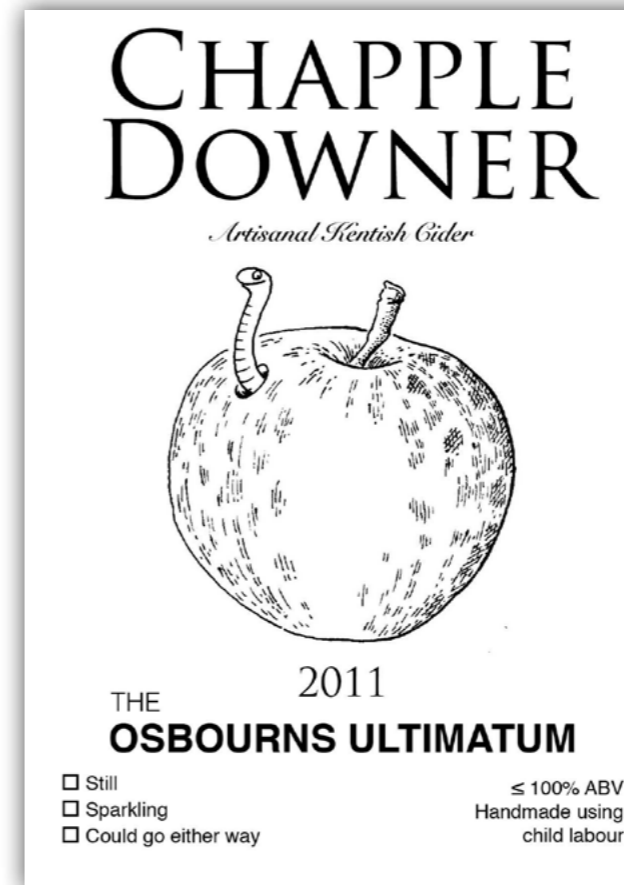
that it is surprisingly tasty. Again, a bottle was brought to the NSC talk for tasting. I actually prefer it to the schnapps and have drunk it with virtually no hangover. I think that it is quite strong as there was quite a lot of sugar added to counteract the rhubarb, and yet it is not too sweet now, but again, I've not idea how strong it really is.

So now I was getting into the swing of things with booze-making and Mrs H's brother Paul bought me a book *Booze for Free* by Andy Hamilton, which inspired me further. As I said, the 2012 apple harvest was very poor, but I actually had people asking whether I was going to be doing a cider-making party again and I didn't want to disappoint. So I held another party and, as well as making the small amount of cider, we also used the glut of plums to make some plum wine. This has the rather strange addition of raisins and bananas. I hate bananas. But the aim is to get a range of sugars to turn into alcohol and make a more well-rounded drink.

A bottle of plum wine (which was named Plumpish in Clayton and Mrs H's labels) was brought along for tasting to the NSC meeting with the warning that it had only recently been bottled so was probably rather unmellow.

I also had a lot of lavender in the garden, so I bought some local honey and made some honey mead. This involved adding hot water to honey, placing the lavender in the demijohn and pouring the honey water liquid over it and then adding special mead yeast. After a couple of months I racked it off to remove the lavender and left it to ferment. It is still fermenting vigorously, several months later, and smells very interesting.

So, what does the future hold? Well, apple crops are often biennial—good one year and poor the next—so I am hoping that it will be good this year as I'd like more to experiment with. I have made further investment by buying and planting two crab apples for next year's cider. I don't expect to get much in the way of crab apples this year, but a few will help. Aside from that, the other alcohols are more for novelty value. One wouldn't tend to spend an evening drinking just rhubarb wine. But it is fun to experiment and for cocktails and the like. I shall continue seeing what I have lying around and try things out from there.



(Clockwise from top left) The original Chapple Downer label from the bumper 2011 crop (referencing "chap", "apple", "Chapel Down" and "Downer"); this label spun the measly 2012 yield as an exclusive "reserve" offering; a filmic label for the 2012 lavender mead; a cutting-edge modern design for the plum wine. "Plumpish", I should point out, was a Hartley family tongue-in-cheek euphemism for "obese"; so, as you see, the name works on several levels (I spotted nine)

THE BROGUES GALLERY

WITH ARTEMIS SCARHEART



In which a Member of the New Sheridan Club is asked to introduce themselves to other Members so that those at Home and Across the Seas may all get to know fellow Club Members. No part of this interview may be used in court or bankruptcy proceedings.



Craigoh

'All donations gratefully received'

Name or preferred name?

Craig Trevor Young, AKA 'Craigoh'

Why 'Craigoh'?

Well, when a WWII veteran, a former artillery man, bellows 'Craigoh!' at you often enough, you tend to stick with it.

Where do you hail from?

From the now much broken, but formerly fair, city of Christchurch, in the proud province of Canterbury, South Island, of the Commonwealth

Realm of (Aotearoa) New Zealand. These days usually found sauntering around Londinium, or manfully propping up the bar.

Favourite Cocktail?

Is it your round? In that case, a Whisky Mac, thankee. Or a Brandy Alexander, or White Russian. In high summer, a G&T, with very little 'T'.

Most Chappist Skill?

Can pilot a punt and used to do so for a living when still a callow youth. At the last two NSC punting trips I have been called upon to use this skill as a callow adult, but have yet to take the plunge into the cold and unforgiving waters. Can open Champers bottles with ease and can sometimes even hold my drink. Fluent in small-talk and babble (see previous).

Most Chappist Possession?

Hard to say. I have a soft spot for my 'Goodtime Guide to London, 1951'. Its Nightclub section is well wicked, innit, blud (Kiwi patois?—Ed). It talks about establishments 'recently graced by Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret'. I also own copies of 'The Young Fogey Handbook' and 'The Official Preppy Handbook'. Both very Chap. Other than that, the usual Chappist possessions: broken heart, broken furniture, unopened envelopes and unpaid bills, plus too many books for a modest abode. Also kilt, pipe, fez, dinner jacket, cufflinks, full desert combat gear circa 1942, KGB overcoat, tweed jackets, numerous hip flasks of diverse provenance and vintage, etc.

Personal Motto?

On occasion, I have found the following three bon-

mots to be helpful aides memoire...

- Illegitimi non carborundum
- Onward! (NZ Army Motto)
- All donations gratefully received

Favourite quote(s)?

"The empires of the future will be empires of the mind" —Winston Spencer Churchill
"Well George, we knocked the bastard off" —Sir Edmund Hillary (to compatriot George Lowe, upon returning to base camp), having climbed Mt Everest. Hillary was a New Zealander which many people tend to forget.

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

I used to make my (not very substantial) living in commercial radio as a copywriter, voiceover and announcer. I used to write the silly adverts, do the silly voices, and play the occasional silly record. Happy days. I now do something-or-other in marketing in 'The City'. Aged 19 and 20 I stood for elections for both mayor and parliament back in NZ. My policies included: a promise of better weather for the electorate, a total ban on all canines within city limits, and a project to flood my hometown to create the 'Venice of the South Seas'. Astoundingly, the electorate failed to realise the soundness of these modest proposals and I shall deal with them when the time comes.

How long have you been involved with the NSC?

Since February, 1910.

How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

Matthew 'The Chairman' Howard told me about the Sheridan when I first encountered him at the Chap Olympiad some time in the last decade ('07 or '08, methinks); 'You MUST come to the New Sheridan' he boomed. And, so, ahh, two-or-three years later, I did.

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

It's a very well-known spot, but I am rather fond of the pub near my work: Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese. It is indeed genuinely Ye Olde. The sawdust in there has been trodden on by Mark Twain, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, M'Lud Tennyson, Charles Dickens, and Dr Johnson. Until recently, the

prices were pleasingly historical too. In the winter, in the front room, with the fire going, Splendid. Clayton Hartley's own Candlelight Club is a must-do. Ditto the Chap Olympics. It's most fun if one competes. (Did I tell you about my Gold Medal...?) And if one has the wherewithal or resources visiting/joining a genuine Pall Mall Club is a very nice 'Chappist' thing to do.

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

- Cleopatra, Louise Brooks, Marilyn Monroe. For the life of me, can't think why.
- Peter Sellers, Spike Milligan & Harry Secombe. One's very own Goon Show...
- Abraham, Jesus, Mohammed. Introduce them to the Dalai Lama; then tell them to damn well sort it all out.
- J.P. Morgan, Nathaniel Rothschild, J.P. Getty. Get at least one of them to leave something in their various Trusts and Wills...

Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?

Artemis Scarheart.

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

Not yet. I want to do a partially auto-biographical steam-powered wireless talk, provisionally entitled either: 'Hell in the Pacific; I was a Teenage Soldier of the Queen', or 'Eccentricity in the Antipodes'.

Thank you for allowing yourself to be interviewed in the palatial surroundings of New Sheridan Club House, Craigoh. As a fellow Chap Olympic Gold Medal Winner I'm pleased to meet a peer. On behalf of the Members of the Club may I therefore ask you to resign.



Film Night: *The Dawn Patrol* (1938)

Monday 17th June

7pm–11pm (screening from 8pm)

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

Admission: Free

For this month's Film Night (actually rescheduled from April), Mr Derek Dubery will present the 1938 version of *The Dawn Patrol*, starring Errol Flynn, David Niven and Basil Rathbone, a war film set in the Royal Flying Corps during the First World War.

The first version of the film had been made just eight years earlier, one of the first talking pictures. The idea to remake using the latest generation of stars came from producer Hal Wallis, prompted by a national realisation that a second world war was looming in Europe. His judgement was shrewd and the film's anti-war tone made it a hit with critics and the public. Both films were written by John Monk Saunders, based on his short story *The Flight Commander*. Saunders, who also wrote the 1927 silent epic *Wings* on the same subject (the first movie to win a Best Picture Oscar) served as an aviator in WWI but was allegedly haunted by his failure to see combat. The



remake even reused aerial footage from the 1930 version.

The film introduced many of the images of WWI air aces that became stereotypes: the white scarves, the hard-drinking fatalism, the raw recruits with just a few hours flying time being sent off to certain death, and the legend of the German ace known as the Red Baron. (Those the same age as me will remember all this from the late 1970s BBC TV series *Wings*—I've no idea if that was a conscious remake of the 1927 film of the same name.)

Monk's 1927 story was rewritten to incorporate female star *du jour* Clara Bow—“[*Wings* is]... a man's picture,” she grumbled, “and I'm just the whipped cream on top of the pie”—but for the 1938 *Dawn Patrol* they made no pretence: the entire cast is male. All 12 credited characters in the squadron are played by actors with British backgrounds, including director Edmund Goulding's house-mate the 7th Earl of Warwick, who tried his hand at acting under the screen name Michael Brooke. Flynn and Rathbone were cast because of their recent success in *The Adventures of Robin Hood* (1938), though interestingly it is the only film in which the two actors appear on the same side.

The 1930 original had been directed by Howard Hawks and both films embody classic “Hawkesian” themes of leadership under pressure and men who live by a code.

The New Sheridan Club Summer Party

SOUTH OF THE BORDER



THERE ARE TIMES in the life of the gentleman traveller when he finds himself in a situation that has become a little sticky—where the obstinate lack of fair play/sense of humour displayed by the region's authorities, or perhaps a cuckolded husband who happens to belong to a powerful tribe or crime family, mean that the only shrewd course of action is for the gentleman to remove himself from the vicinity with all haste.

Yes, we've all had to flee the country to avoid bad debts, an arrest warrant for duelling or a paternity suit. So as a celebration of such tactical exile, the New Sheridan Club's Glorious Committee advises you to flee South with us over the border to the magic and romantic land of Mexico.

Here we will be safe from the G-Men and bounty hunters and can start a new life amongst the cacti and tequila, lazing on our verandas drinking mezcal and serving peyote in the drawing room after dinner. It was good enough for dapper beat writer William Burroughs—just look how character-building it proved for him.

As usual there will be silly games, a complimentary Snuff Bar and our legendary Grand Raffle (entry is free but to Members only, including anyone who joins on the night). More details to come: keep an eye on the Events page of the NSC site and the Facebook event.

So come and join us *compañeros*, *caballeros* and *damas* as we say... ¡*Viva México!*

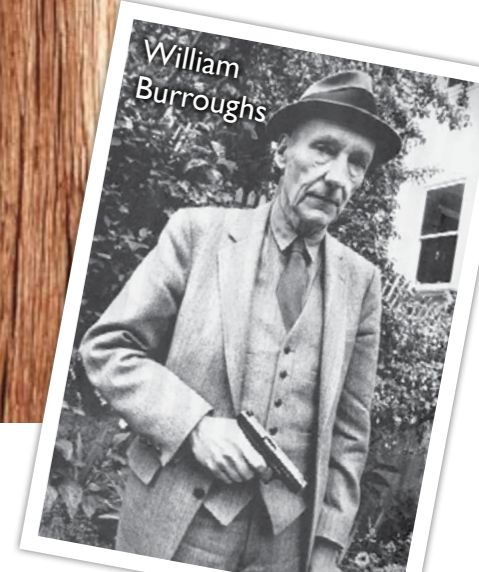
SATURDAY 20TH JULY

7PM TILL 1AM

**ADAM STREET CLUB,
9 ADAM STREET (OFF STRAND),
LONDON WC2N 6AA**

FREE ENTRY FOR NSC MEMBERS

£5 FOR GUESTS



Condiment Cocktails

By David Bridgman-Smith

Cocktails made with jam are far from new, with the Marmalade Cocktail featuring in the 1930 *Savoy Cocktail Book* (the modern-day “Breakfast Martini” is just an unimaginative variation with a better name). But, knowing that a friend of mine in New York has a distinct fondness for mixed drinks containing jam, I thought that I would explore a little more into “condiment cocktails”—cocktails that are perfect to enjoy with your morning toast.

The Improved Jam Cocktail

by Aaron J. Knoll

50ml Old Tom gin

25ml Cocchi Americano

Half a lemon, freshly squeezed

1 tsp strawberry jam

Put all ingredients into a cup filled with ice and stir the jam into the drink. Then garnish with one more spoonful of jam on top of the



The Improved Jam Cocktail

Marmalade Cocktail



ice. Serve with ice in the drink.

This is quite reminiscent of an old-fashioned Martini (by which I mean a very “wet” one—with a lower ratio of gin to vermouth than the later “dry” Martini), with plenty of tart lemon, followed by jammy strawberry notes; however, the latter are quite subtle and there’s no danger of them overpowering the drink. The sweetness that they add is then balanced out by zesty lemon and the bitter finish of the Cocchi Americano. I quite like this drink and, as I sit here and sip it, it grows on me; in terms of aesthetics, though, it falls rather flat.

Marmalade Cocktail

1 heaped tsp marmalade

35ml dry gin

Juice of half a lemon

Shake vigorously.

This is a superb drink; there’s great balance between the dry juniper of the gin, the tart

Cocktail au Citron



citrus, and a burnt sugar sweetness from the marmalade. It’s full of bold and crisp flavours and, despite the conserve ingredient, it’s far from being too sweet.

Cocktail au Citron

30ml milk

30ml vodka

1 tsp lemon curd

First, dry shake the ingredients (without ice) in a shaker, then add ice and shake again. This helps to emulsify the liquid, blending the flavours together.

This is a sweet dessert cocktail, but, although rich, the lemon curd gives it a tart finish. Nevertheless, you would probably only want one and I’d suggest drinking it after dinner so as to not spoil your appetite. If you like tart au citron, I suggest trying this.

Mustard gin

This was a little creation of mine that I wanted to take for a spin. (In fact, it’s the only actual “condiment” used in this selection of cocktails, but I’m sure members will agree that is a mere detail.) The mustard gin was made by combining 200ml of gin with 2 teaspoons of Colman’s Mustard

Powder in a bottle, shaking occasionally for 24 hours (or until the powder has dissolved).

The Mustard King

50ml mustard gin
Juice of a quarter of a lemon
½ tsp powdered sugar
2 dashes orange bitters
1 egg white

I have to admit to being initially dubious about this one, but the result is much like a White Lady with a spicy finish with warmth from the mustard. It’s unusual, but I think it will appeal to some and the flavour is certainly

both different and unexpected (if you didn’t know what the drink was). All in all, it suggests that mustard cocktails require further attention.

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



The Mustard King



CLUB NOTES

Club Symbol Found Worshipped by the Turk

By Dr Tim Eyre

ON A RECENT VISIT to the city of Istanbul in Turkey I spied a logo for an English language school that bears more than a passing resemblance to the New Sheridan Club's own "Brolly Roger" symbol. Learning English is a popular activity in Istanbul, where it is seen as the language of business. Indeed, NSC Member Helen Cashin has even spent time teaching English in this great city.

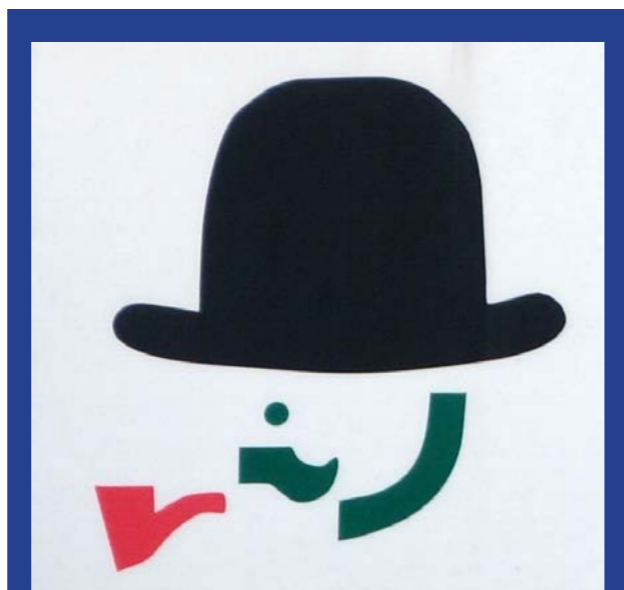
The language school goes by the name "British English", which suggests that the school teaches the Queen's English rather than the American dialect that is commonly taught around the world. One would like to think that

they also offer supplementary cultural classes in tea making, moustache grooming and maintaining an air of louche sophistication. In any case, they are clearly doing something right because they have seven branches around Istanbul and have been operating since 1975.

The designers of the logo have chosen four gentleman's accoutrements rather than the Brolly Roger's three: a pipe, a cane, a pair of gloves and a hat. A pipe also appears on the Brolly Roger, albeit one of a different style. We applaud the choice of the cane and gloves; these evoke a gentle stroll through Regent's Park on a summer's afternoon. The hat is a little more puzzling. One might imagine that the

artist intended to draw a bowler but the result appears to owe more to the 1920s ladies' cloche hat than the trusty Coke. Still, the cloche hat is a fine item of chapettish millinery in itself.

Members are encouraged to report any other instances of chappish logos they spot in exotic (or otherwise) locations.



POSTSCRIPT

I've just returned from a trip to Taipei where I spotted this logo on a shop selling arca nuts...



DOCTOR AT LARGE

Count Martindt Cally Von Callomon has recruited a GP to answer your health questions. Dr* Ben Wei is the best he could come up with

Q: Doctor, I've heard that cardiovascular exercise can prolong life. Is this true?

A: Heart only good for so many beats, and that

it. Don't waste on exercise. Everything wear out eventually. Speeding up heart not make you live longer; it like saying you extend life of car by driving faster. Want to live longer? Take nap.

Q: Should I reduce my alcohol intake?

A: Oh, no. Wine made from fruit. Fruit very good. Brandy distilled wine, that mean they take water out of fruity bit so you get even more of goodness that way. Beer also made of grain. Grain good too. Bottom up!

Q: What are some of the advantages of participating in a regular exercise program?

A: Can't think of one, sorry. My philosophy: no pain... good!

Q: Aren't fried foods bad for you?

A: YOU NOT LISTENING! Food fried in vegetable oil. How getting more vegetable be bad?

Q: Is chocolate bad for me?

A: You crazy? HEL-LO-O! Cocoa bean! Another vegetable! It best feel-good food around!

Q: Is swimming good for your figure?

A: If swimming good for figure, explain whale to me.

Q: Is getting in shape important for my lifestyle?

A: "Round" is shape!

[*Struck off]

Film Night Takes Off

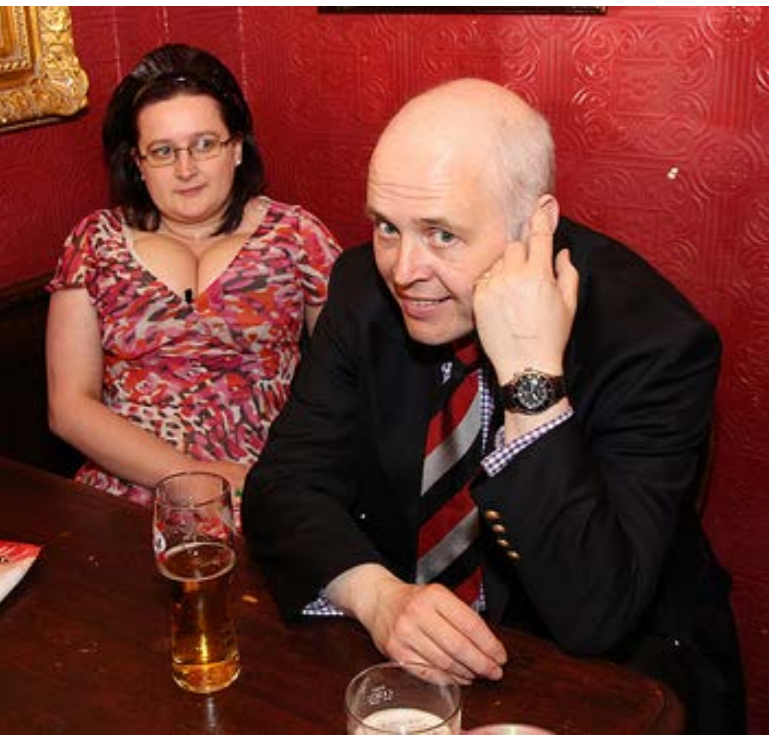
OUR MAY FILM NIGHT was presented by Lorella McDonald, who chose to screen *Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines*, a classic Britcom from 1965 featuring all the national stereotypes and slapstick that you would expect of this era—even featuring running gags about airmen crashing into a sewage works.

We actually had the largest audience yet for one of our Tea House silver screen evenings, including a number of non-NSC types who had just seen it advertised. Admittedly we lost some during the course of the film, including one cluster who turned out to be a local autism group, but it is a surprisingly long film (two hours and 18 minutes). In fact by modern standards the whole first half was quite leisurely in setting up the story of an Edwardian London-Paris air race

in which pioneers of flight from different nations compete for a handsome prize. The whole thing really comes together in the second half, filled with splendid aerial footage, much of it shot using replica aircraft built for the film. Throw in some hammy performances from Terry-Thomas, Eric Sykes and Tony Hancock and you have a guffaw-filled treat. Many thanks to Lorella.



Lorella makes her opening remarks



Bunty Pearson, a man untouched by pre-wedding nerves

Wedding Bells

CONGRATULATIONS ARE IN ORDER: Club Member Bunty, aka Sean Pearson, is to be wed to Miss Sharon Bowers at Rochester Registry Office, Kent, on Monday June 10th. They met after attending a social event last Summer and have decided to tie the knot. I'm sure the whole Club will join us in wishing good luck to the happy couple.

New Members

AS THE LONG-AWAITED SUN finally turns its golden face to us and spring begins just in time for summer, the nation will doubtless flock to the nearest patch of grass, strip down to its pallid skin and neck a few bottles of lager before falling asleep in the noonday rays—only to awake in A&E with sunstroke and blistered flesh. From the cool confines of our crisp, white linen suits, we offer to anoint the peeling scarlet skin of the following sunseekers with the soothing *après sol* of NSC Membership, for they all have seen the light in the last month and decided to bask in the divine radiance of the New Sheridan Club: H.P. Flashman, George Tudor-Hart and Mrs Kellyanne O'Callaghan.



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 5th June

7pm–11pm

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

Members: Free

Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)

See page 2.

Alex Mendham and his Orchestra present

The Masquerade Ball

Wednesday 5th June

7.30–11.30pm

Floridita, 100 Wardour Street, London W1F 0TN

Admission: £10 from www.floriditalondon.com

Alex Mendham's band do their best to recreate the 1920s/30s dance hall experience, down to their vintage instruments and brilliantined hair. They hit the stage at 9.30, supported by the Silver Ghosts at 7.30.

Cakewalk Café

Every Wednesday

8pm–1am (swing dance classes 7–9.15pm,

uke classes 5–6pm, live music from 8.30)

Passing Clouds, 1 Richmond Road, Dalston, London E8 4AA

Admission: Free before 9pm, £4 after (plus £2 for the uke class and £1 for the dance class)

Live swing jazz every Wednesday featuring Nicholas Ball, Ewan Bleach and chums, with optional dance classes from Swing Patrol and ukulele classes too, plus a uke open mic session and a late jam session with the band.

The Vauxhall Vintage Bazaar

Thursday 6th June

7pm–midnight

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

Admission: £8

A private sale of top-quality vintage, repro and bespoke clothing, hand-picked by private sellers from the biggest institutions on the vintage fashion scene, including *The Chap* magazine, The Ric Rac Club and the New Sheridan Club. Try on clothes and accessories from the 1920s to 1950s in an intimate, elegant setting, without the disheartening chore of digging through endless rails of moth-eaten 1980s mohair and taffeta. Tickets include a free champagne reception, gourmet canapés, swinging tunes from a vintage DJ duo and a bar serving classic cocktails and home made cakes. Our mavens will be on hand offering styling, hair and makeup advice as well as an on-the-spot alterations service for that perfect dress which doesn't quite fit and quick repairs.

Palais de Danse

Friday 7th June

6.30–11pm

London Welsh Centre, 157–163 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8UE

Admission: £15 in advance, £20 on the door

Dress: Strictly vintage glamour

Brandyn Shaw invites you to his vintage dance event, Palais de Danse—step back in time to the glamour of the interwar period ballroom. Dance the night away to authentic live period dance music from the Boomtown Swingalings, with tonsil input from Brandyn Shaw, a vocal spitting image of Al Bowly if ever there was one, who will also be DJing. Large sprung dance floor and licensed bar. For more info see the Facebook event.

The Phoenix Dance Club

Friday 7th June

10pm–2am

The Phoenix, 37 Cavendish Square, London W1G 0PP

Admission: FREE

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. This time, to celebrate their first birthday, entrance is



Alex Mendham and his Orchestra

free! With resident DJs Turn on the Heat and Swingin' Dickie, plus special guests playing the best sounds from the 1920s, 1930s and 1940s—this time featuring Lady KamiKaze from the Black Cotton Club. They also now have their own Phoenix Dance Club cocktails: the Broadway Limited, the I Can't Dance, the Al Capone's Spats and the Cotton Club.

52nd Street Jump

Saturday 8th June
7.30pm–2am

The Amber Bar, City Point, 1 Ropemaker Street, London, EC2Y 9AW

Admission: £12 (£11 members) including a £3 drinks voucher)

Dress: Vintage or modern but an effort appreciated

Regular swing dance event from the Saturday Night Swing Club, with three rooms offering taster dance classes from 8.15 and music from the 1920s to the 1950s. Resident DJs Dr Swing and Mr Kicks plus guest DJs.



An example of Victorian hair-derived jewellery

Swing at the Light

Every Monday

From 7pm

Upstairs at The Light

Restaurant and Bar,

233 Shoreditch High

Street, London E1

Admission: £8 for class

and club, £4 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.

Détente

Thursday 13th June

7.30pm–1am

Oui Madame!, 182 Stoke Newington High

Road, London N16 7UY

Admission: £6 (includes an “appetising starter” from the bistro)

Dress: Mid-century Cold War/Jet Set. Think trenchcoats and mini skirts, cocktail dresses and proletarian flat caps, fabulous inflammable nylon patterns and luxuriant facial hair

Détente is a fortnightly haven of mid-century lounge discotheque presented by international collective Court Of St James, invoking the glamour of the jet set era of the 1960s and 1970s. Exotic locations with a thrillingly realised soundtrack. Insouciant cocktails smooth the voyage to a time when people travelled on airliners rather than airbuses. A pulsating travelogue from the Riviera to uptown Manhattan, from Swinging London to downtown Nassau. Hosted by loungecore icon Count Indigo with live piano and floorshow interludes in a charming subterranean bistro.

The Victorian Art of Hair Jewellery

Friday 14th June, Saturday 15th June and

Sunday 16th June

1pm–5pm

The Last Tuesday Society, 11 Mare Street, London E8 4RP

Admission: £50



Just some of the entertainment that will be on offer at Herr Kettner's Kabaret on Friday 14th June: escapologist Edwin Flay, dance band the FB Pocket Orchestra, close-up magician Oli B, cabaret host and ukulele messiah Tricity Vogue and the vintage portrait studio of the NSC's own Hanson Leatherby, Gentleman Photographer



Herr Kettner's Kabaret

Friday 14th June

7pm–2am

Kettner's, 29 Romilly Street, Soho, London



Johnny Vercoutre cuts a rug at Détente last year

W1D 5HP

Admission: Non-dining tickets £20, dining tickets £65. Telephone 0207 292 0512 to book or email hannah@kettners.com

Dress: 1920s Berlin, moustachioed dandies, dizzy flappers, monocled counts, decadent aesthetes, firebrand radicals, apoplectic Teutonic military officers, predatory cross-dressers, itinerant jazz musicians, black/white tie

A special collaboration between Clayton Hartley of the Candlelight Club (and the NSC) and Kettner's, the Soho institution that has been throwing parties since 1867, this night evokes the bohemian spirit of 1920s Weimar Berlin—the economy in tatters and the government a political free-for-all, citizens plunge into nightly whirls of Champagne, dancing and laughter while their money still has some value. Spread across two floors of Herr Kettner's beautifully decadent house, this party offers you live 1920s jazz, with complimentary swing dance lessons and vintage DJ Swingin' Dickie; a full bill of cabaret; a vintage photo booth; wandering magician Oli B; a masterclass in absinthe with a complimentary sample courtesy of Pernod, and much more. There are dining tickets too, offering a three-course meal

with exclusive cabaret performances. More at HerrKettnersKabaret.com.

NSC Film Night
The Dawn Patrol (1938)

Monday 17th June
7pm–11pm (screening from 8pm)
The Tea House Theatre, 139 Vauxhall Walk,
London SE11 5HL (020 7207 4585)

Admission: Free
See page 12.

Spin-a-Disc

Monday 17th June
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.

Mr B's Hoorah!

Thursday 20th June
8pm
The Prince Albert, 48 Trafalgar Street, Brighton
BN1 4ED
Admission: £8 in advance from wegotickets.com

Champion (and indeed inventor) of Chap-Hop music Mr B brings his fusion of Chappist rap, ukulele fury and deftly programmed hip-hops beats back for the latest instalment of his occasional Prince Albert residency with a summer special featuring Brighton's own Jennifer Left and immersive Hip-Hopera star Adele Bates.

Auntie Maureen's Gourmet Food Fair

Saturday 29th June
12pm–5pm
The Bell Pub, 617 Forest Road, London E17 4NE

Admission: Free to attend; to enquire about a pitch, email Auntie Maureen at ask@auntiemaureen.info or ring 07432 430386

Part of June's Appetite Food & Drink Festival in the E17 area, this event organised by our own Auntie Maureen celebrates the delicious products of independent home-makers, garden growers, artisan bakers, gourmet tasters, liqueur lovers and cook-your-own enthusiasts. A local

market place with a flair for good food and drink; expect a feast of proud pop-up stalls from East London sharing their delicious wares and produce to taste, treat, buy and bestow.

The Candlelight Club's Anniversary Ball

Saturday 29th June
7pm–12am
A secret London location
Admission: £25 in advance from www.thecandlelightclub.com

Dress: Prohibition dandies, swells, gangsters and molls, Kentucky Colonels, degenerate aristos and decadent aesthetes, corrupt politicians and the Smart Set In the Know
The Candlelight Club is a clandestine pop-up cocktail party with a 1920s speakeasy flavour, in a secret London venue completely lit by candles. Each event offers a one-off cocktail menu with special themes, plus live period jazz bands and vintage vinylism from the New Sheridan Club's own DJ MC Fruity. Ticket holders get an email two days before revealing the location.

To mark three years of bringing speakeasy chic to an in-the-know crowd, the Candlelight Club is throwing an Anniversary Ball before breaking for the summer. There will be dancing to hot jazz from Candlelight regulars Benoit Viellefon and his Orchestra, plus balletic burlesque from the luminous Vicky Butterfly—the very first performer ever to appear at the Candlelight Club, in a basement in 2010.

The Society of a Wonderful Picnic

Sunday 30th June
1pm
Kew Gardens, 37 Kew Street, Richmond, Surrey TW9 3AB
Admission: Free but bring



The Society of a Wonderful Picnic shake a fist at the gods of English weather and go hammer and tongs for al fresco lunching

food and drink

Mai Britt Møller is trying to wring the most picnicy goodness out of the summer with this series of jaunts. This time the location is Kew Gardens. See the Facebook event for ongoing arrangements about who brings what. Note that Kew has a ban on playing music, so leave the ghetto blaster at home.



Vicky Butterfly performs at the very first Candlelight Club in 2010

THE CHAP-HOP BUSINESS CONCERN PRESENTS
MR. B'S HOORAH!
8PM THURSDAY
20TH JUNE 2013
STARRING
Mr. B
The GENTLEMAN RHYMER
Jennifer Left
PLUS IMMERSIVE OPERA FROM
ADELE BATES
AS WELL AS DISC JOCKEYS, PARLOUR GAMES
AND GENERAL JOLLIETY
TICKETS £0 IN ADVANCE, £10 ON THE DOOR.
THE PRINCE ALBERT
48 TRAFALGAR STREET, BRIGHTON

Louise Newton sports "dazzle pattern" camouflage at the May Club Night



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.



CONTACTING US

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