

The Bilge Pump

Vol. 02, No. 02 - February, 2014

The Irregular Publication of the Crew of the Barque Lone Star



From the Editors: Several of us enjoyed the BSI weekend in January. We celebrate the 50th anniversary of the Beatles appearance on Ed Sullivan (I watched it from my mom's lap and was enthralled), a tribute to Saintsbury, a look at "The Hound," and spotlight wonderful internet resources. We are attaching another pastiche written by Jack Brazos III and provided to us by his literary agent, Marland Henderson, titled THE CASE OF THE MAIL BOX MURDER.

Don, Steve, & Joe

March 2, 2014 Meeting

The next meeting (and future meetings) will be held on Sunday, March 2nd, at **LA MADELINE COUNTRY FRENCH CAFE**, in Addison. The restaurant is at 5290 Belt Line Rd #112, just east of the Tollway.

Following **Baring-Gould's Chronology of the Canon, "A Scandal in Bohemia,"** will be discussed (see page 5). A quiz on the reading will be conducted at the beginning of the meeting.

We will also be entertained with a radio play by two members of the "Not Ready for Anytime Players." The very witty play was written by Gayle Lange Puhl, ASH, which some of us for fortunate to see performed at the BSI weekend.

We will also have a presentation debating who portrayed Irene best.

Each monthly meeting will also include appropriate toasts as well as general business, introductions, and general fellowship.

February 2, 2014 Meeting

The last meeting was held on February 2, with 13 members in attendance, including two new attendees (Jonathan and Maria). The opening toast was presented by Herb Linder, who toasted Inspector Gregson (page 2).

The monthly quiz covered the story of the month, "The Adventure of the Reigate Squire." Sharon Lowry won the contest.

Steve Mason provided the "State of the Society," covering the year in review and upcoming projects.

Sharon Lowry gave a wonderful presentation on the very confusing subject of the British peerage system. Joe Fay then presented Sherlock Holmes knowledge of the works of Shakespeare. Tim Kline displayed a new comic book, "Watson and Holmes," which places the pair in modern-day Harlem, as well as a pair of action figures newly manufactured.

Hobbs, Fay, Linder, Stu Nelan, and Mason provided insights into their adventures in New York, known as the BSI weekend.

Bill Pervin gave a rousing closing toast to the author, Rex Stout (page 2) including a reference to Stout's "Watson Was a Woman (page 11).

The meeting was closed with a reading, "A Long Evening with Holmes," written by William Schweickert, in 1984 (page 3).



For more information concerning our society, visit: <http://barquelonestar.com/>

You can follow us on Twitter at: @barquelonestar



You can friend us on Facebook at: <http://www.facebook.com/BarqueLoneStar>



THE OPENING TOAST

Herb Linder

Tobias Gregson
A Scotland Yard Inspector

Holmes had various opinions of him
He is the smartest of the Scotland
Yarders

He and (Lastrade) are the
pick of a bad lot
They are both quick and
energetic but shockingly
conventional



They have their knives into one another
Our official detectives may blunder in
the matter of intelligence but never in
that of courage

Watson wrote that he (Gregson) was
"energetic, gallant and within his
limitations, a capable officer"

Watson described him as "a tall, white
faced, flaxen haired man, with a
notebook in his hand

Holmes said that he was normally out of
his depth, he (Holmes)
none the less called him
(Gregson) "the smartest of
the Scotland Yarders"



Raise your glasses to a
brave officer and the smartest of the
Scotland Yarders, Inspector Tobias
Gregson.

THE CLOSING TOAST

Bill Pervin



While it is usual to never mention the name of the
toasted until the end, I will give a spoiler right away I will be
honoring Rex Todhunter Stout. He was born in Noblesville,
Indiana, on December 1, 1886. He had read the Bible twice
before he was 4, and won the state spelling bee at 13.

He attended high school in Topeka, Kansas, and then the
University of Kansas in Lawrence. From 1906 to 1908, he was in the Navy,
serving as Yeoman on Teddy Roosevelt's official yacht. In 1916, he invented
a school banking system that was adopted by more than 400 schools and
gave him the money to travel and write.

Starting in 1910, he wrote for pulps (e.g., *All Story
Magazine*), and turned to full-time writing in 1927.
However, he lost all his business money in the crash of 1929.
It was in 1934 he introduced his most famous character,
Nero Wolfe, and his assistant and narrator, Archie Goodwin,
in the story, *Fer-de-Lance*. He wrote Nero Wolfe stories regularly until the
final story, *A Family Affair*, in the year of his death on October 27, 1975, at
age 88.



He was honored by the Mystery Writers of America in 1959, awarding
him the Grand Master Award. IN addition, at the Bouchercon in 2000, the
Nero Wolfe stories were named the Best Mystery Stories of the Century.

I honor him because of the wonderful essay he presented to the BSI in
1941, entitled, "*Sherlock Holmes Was a Woman!*" That heresy is available
for your enjoyment on the web, where I read it again this morning (page 7).
It was published in the Saturday Review of Books, volume 23, no. 19, on
March 1, 1941.

Of course, it raised an uproar and the next year, Julian Wolff's talk to
the BSIs was titled, "*That Was No Lady!*" By the way, Stout used some silly
numerology to arrange some of the Canon's titles so their first letters spelled
out "Irene Holmes." In rebuttal, Wolff chose a different order to get "Nuts to
Rex Stout."

I wish to honor him because for me, at least, many years ago when I
had read all the Canon, and knew there were no more, he gave me an
interesting fictional character to enjoy. But even more, by deconstructing
Watson, he showed me it might be fun to emulate BSIs and analyze Watson's
stories, even if in an extreme or silly way.

Please lift your glasses to Rex Stout !!

Lots of Theater Upcoming in Texas

- "Sherlock Holmes: The Final Adventure" Dallas Theater Center, Apr. 25 to May 25 www.dallastheatercenter.org
- "Sherlock Holmes and the Curse of the Sign of the Four" First United Methodist, Dallas, May 16-24 www.fumcdal.org
- "Sherlock Holmes and the Case of the Jersey Lily" Rover Dramawerks, Plano, Sept. 11-27. Plano www.roverdramawerks.com

A LONG EVENING WITH HOLMES

William P. Schweickert, B.S.I., 1984

When the world closes in with its worries and cares,
And my problems and headaches are coming in pairs,
I just climb in my mind those seventeen stairs,
And spend a long evening with Holmes.



The good Doctor greets me and motions me in,
Holmes grasps my hand and lays down his violin,

Then we sit by the fire and sip a tall gin,
When I spend a long evening with Holmes.

And while we're discussing his cases galore,
If I'm lucky there comes a loud knock on the door,
In stumbles a client, head splattered with gore,
When I spend a long evening with Holmes.

Watson binds up the client's poor face,
While Holmes soon extracts all the facts of the case,
Then off in a hansom to Brixton we race,
When I spend a long evening with Holmes.



The Adventure is solved, Holmes makes it all right,
So back to the lodgings by dawn's early light,
And a breakfast by Hudson to wind up the night,
When I spend a long evening with Holmes.

So the modern rat race can't keep me in a cage,
I have a passport to a far better age,
As close as my bookcase, as near as a page,
I can spend a long evening with Holmes.

"Release the Hounds"

A Look at the Foreign Editions of the Hound of the Baskervilles

A Discussion with Don Hobbs, BSI



As you walk into the "library", you cannot help but be awed by the enormous number of publications surrounding you. Of course, this is the world-famous collection of foreign editions of the Canon, by the Maniac Collector himself, Don Hobbs, BSI.

We recently were able to discuss with Don his favorite story from the canon, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, as it has been presented around the world.

A little history first. Don was able to start his Sherlockian collection from

his gains by selling off his Stephen King book collection. After finding two foreign editions at book stores in a large collection of canons and pastiches, the quest began.

Don has identified right at 100 different languages which the Canon (or parts of the Canon) has been translated into. Presently, he has Canonical examples of 94 of these languages.

The Hound was originally published as an 8-part novel in the *Strand Magazine* from August, 1901,



to April, 1902, and then as a stand-alone novel in May, 1902, between Holmes death and reappearance. The story timeline precedes the events at Reichenbach



Falls. Conan Doyle was inspired to write *The Hound*, while visiting a friend, Bertram Robinson, at his estate in Dartmoor. Doyle had just returned from serving as a surgeon during the Boer Wars in South Africa. While roaming the moors, Robinson related to Doyle the legend of a ghostly hound which roamed the countryside. Doyle's young driver while visiting the moors was named Harry Baskerville.

Don currently owns translations in 60 different languages of *The Hound*.

The British Strand series (8 issues), of the Hound may cost you \$2,500-5,000 in good shape. The American Strand issues may run you \$800-1,600. A first edition of the book may run you anywhere from \$800 to \$10,000.

(next page)



As you survey the covers of the translations, you can see a loving puppy on the cover, to the most ferocious monster ever to terrorize mankind.



So you will see *El Mastino dei Baskervilles (The Mastiff of the Baskervilles)*.

Covers from South American issues can be very colorful, using an art deco format.

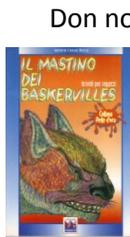
Don found a Canon translation in Uigher, which is a Muslim area of northwest China. This 1984 edition was translated from a 1982 Chinese translation, which came from a 1978 Russian translation, which originally came from the English edition.

Fortunately, when Don first entered the foreign edition market, prices were extremely reasonable.

... and Don's favorite cover of a foreign edition. It appears to be a 1920's Valencian (version of Catalan spoken in the Valencian area of Spain), in which the Hound appears to be breathing flames from his mouth, and exuding more flames from his eyes.



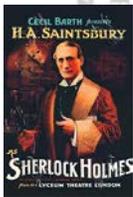
So if you want to spend a few hours (or days or weeks) studying all the ways our favorite pooch can be portrayed, schedule a visit to "the library" in Flower Mound, Texas.



Don noted the Italian editions, as well as other languages, had to take a minor liberty in the title, since *Hound* may not translate into that language.

HOLMES, GILLETTE, SAINTSBURY AND A NONDESCRIPT OF THE SLUMS (Part 1 of 3 parts)

Written by Josiah Baker, Inspector Baynes, of the THE TERRACE on MOUNTAIN CREEK



When we think of Sherlock Holmes on stage, our thoughts turn naturally to William Gillette. There is good reason for that. But as we focus on Gillette we may tend to overlook another actor of equal talent who performed the part at the same time: Mr. H.A.

Saintsbury. It was in 1897 that Conan Doyle wrote a stage play entitled "Sherlock Holmes." He first presented it to the British actor, Sir Henry Irving, and then to actor-manager, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree for consideration. Both without result.

Some time later, Doyle sent his script to the American impresario, Charles Frohman. Frohman liked and accepted it. And he wanted William Gillette to play the title role. Gillette liked the idea of playing Sherlock Holmes, but felt that the play needed major revision. Gillette, with Doyle's consent, completely re-wrote the script.

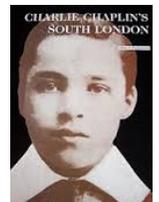
In May 1899 Gillette came to England. He met with Doyle at Undershaw in Hindhead. There they reviewed the Gillette revision. Doyle approved. The famous author and actor were immediately en rapport, and a lasting friendship resulted. The play was originally entitled, simply, "Sherlock Holmes," but along the way it gained the



sub-title: "a hitherto unpublished episode in the career of the great detective and showing his connection with 'The Strange Case of Miss. Faulkner.'"

On October 23, 1899, the play began a two-week run in Buffalo at the Star Theater. On November 6, 1899, it opened at the Garrick in New York City. It enjoyed magnificent success. The critics were not kind, but the audiences loved it. It played mostly to capacity houses and closed in New York on June 16, 1900, after 236 performances. Then came the successful American tour. John Dickson Carr tells us that Gillette played the title role 450 times before he brought the production to London.

On September 9, 1901, the play opened at the Lyceum Theatre in London. Again there were good audiences and bad reviews. The English critics felt that Gillette had "Americanized" the part of Sherlock Holmes. But the play was immensely popular, running for 216 performances at the Lyceum. At about the same time a poverty-stricken street-urchin from the Pownall Terrace area of London was looking for his first big break. A twelve-year-old Charles Chaplin had a dream of becoming an actor.



(Part 2 – Next Month)

Seventeen Steps to a Scandal in Bohemia

Courtesy of Brad Keefauver, BSI

THE RETURN OF DOCTOR WATSON

After two novels worth of nursing his wounds, John H. Watson suddenly has a home, a wife, AND a job, all his own. But the doctor's exact words are "I had now returned to civil practice." In the opening of "A Study in Scarlet," he seems to have gone straight from medical school into the military. He doesn't seem to have a civil practice in either of the first two books . . . so when was he working as a civilian doctor before this? Some time between the shoulder wound and the leg wound, perhaps? Back when he had to support his "first" wife?

THE WOO DOOR

The front door at 221 Baker Street is one Dr. Watson says he will always associate with his "wooing." Now, the Smash did a little wooing once upon a time himself, and he will always associate a certain front door on Polk Street with that period of time. The door of one's beloved is certainly the place one awaits the divine presence one is utterly smitten with. So why is Watson associating the front door to 221 with his dating? One almost imagines Mary dropping him off, and the two spending a parting moment there, but that would never have been done in Victorian England, would it? Or did the door just happen to be the same style Mrs. Forrester had on the front of her house?

THE SHOULDER WOUND? HEALED!

Holmes casually tosses a case of cigars at Watson when he comes in the door, a gesture of celebration at Watson's return. Would Holmes be tossing it if Watson was still holding his left arm in an unnatural manner? And this cigar case ... am I right in assuming this would be a small, pocket case? Or was Holmes tossing a wooden box at his friend, which would definitely require a two-handed catch?

WHERE THE HECK?

Holmes's Continental Gazetteer has convenient listings for Eglow and Eglonitz. In Jack Tracy's "Encyclopaedia Sherlockiana," Mr. Tracy has put an asterisk next to each of these references, denoting them as "fictitious." In die-hard Sherlockian terms, this means Mr. Tracy couldn't find them in his researches and simply gave up looking. But the key to all research is knowing where to look. As we know they're on "the Continent" (Europe), we at least have a starting place, but past where would the Hounds look for these places based on the makeup of their names? My first thought is Eglow, Scotland and Eglonitz, Transylvania, but I'm sure there are better ideas out there.

A PAIR OF BEAUTIES

While Watson goes on about how loveless and immune Holmes is to the charms of women, we do find Sherlock talking about a pair of beauties in this tale. Later, we even find Holmes was rubbing down some specimens of that charming type. Now I have the Lascar's attention, I would ask the Hounds if they find Holmes has a special fondness for horses, or he was just a typical citizen of a horse-powered world?

THE RICHNESS OF THIS WRITING!

In one fabulous sentence, Watson tells us: "My own complete happiness, and the home-centred interests which rise up around the man who first finds himself master of his own establishment, were sufficient to absorb all my attention, while Holmes, who loathed society with his whole Bohemian soul, remained in our lodgings in Baker Street, buried among his old books, and alternating from week to week between cocaine and ambition, the drowsiness of the drug, and the fierce energy of his own keen nature."

The mind whirls! "Home-centred interests" -- Was Watson buying or renting? If he bought, was he doing home improvements? Or were these interests simply the setting up of a household, complete with boot-slitting servants? Was he helping Mary decorate? Or is "home-centred interests" just Watson's way of saying he was spending every night romancing his new wife? (And we won't even get into the Seinfeld-reminiscent "master of his own establishment.") And Holmes! "Buried in old books." Buried! While we're treated to a lot of books by name in the Canon, what we wouldn't give to know what those burial piles consisted of. Criminal histories? Old law books? Music? He "loathed every form of society" -- does this mean he hated gatherings of every sort, or is Watson saying he actually hated people? "The drowsiness of the drug" -- don't know much about cocaine, but my impression was it was a stimulant. Was Watson mixing up the drowsiness of Holmes's ambition ("I am the most incurably lazy devil ever stood in shoe leather") with the fierce energy of the drug?

KING OF HIS BOHEMIAN SOUL

In the quote from the last section, we saw how Holmes had a "Bohemian soul." And here's the King of Bohemia appearing and offering Holmes unlimited funds to do his bidding, producing a king's ransom in gold and currency as temptation. The Hounds have discussed the foulness of this tale's doings before, but taking from a step back, this tale begins to look like "The Devil of All Bachelors and Sherlock Holmes." Symbolism aplenty in this tale. Watson, the tale's patron saint of marital bliss, begins by telling us how Holmes had no special fondness for women. Mr. Bachelor and Mr. Married seem to have fallen out of touch, leaving Holmes easy prey for the Bachelor King's offer to

pay Holmes to betray an Angel of a Woman. (Irene the adventuress, an angel? Well, she leads Holmes to a church, and later, will only let him in her house if he comes as a holy man.) In the end, Holmes must decide between taking the snake (ring) or the angel's photograph). Holmes chooses the angel, no doubt thanks to the recent return of the saintly Watson. (Holmes later took the King's "reward," as we find in "A Case of Identity," and offered its contents to Watson, symbolically tempting him into the he-man woman-hater's club.) My question for the Hounds: Am I imagining all this in a fit of late-night desperation? Or is there an allegorical aspect to this tale?

SERPENTINE AVENUE IRREGULARS

We've seen Holmes using his gang of street urchins in the previous two tales, but now Holmes has gone a step further and come up with a gang of full grown adults. Shabbily dressed loafers, a scissors-grinder, two guardsmen, a nurse-girl, well-dressed young cigar-smokers, stablehands, serving maids, and a certain doctor. Where did Holmes find this bunch, and how much was he paying per person? Did the stablehands come from the ranks he'd been socializing with earlier? Apparently they were men and women Holmes trusted, as all it would have taken was one traitor to go up to Briony Lodge and say "I'll tell you who was behind that mess for a sovereign" to spoil his whole plan. Yet Holmes is confident enough in this bunch he doesn't come back until morning. Or was he betrayed?

THE LIMITS OF AN INDEX

"For many years he had adopted a system of docketing all paragraphs concerning men and things, so it was difficult to name a subject or a person on which he could not at once furnish information." One would suspect these paragraphs came out of the London papers. But the scope of performing one's own extract service from every daily in London seems

immense. While his system had certain built-in efficiencies, Holmes had to set some criteria for his data gathering. What sort of criteria might be? Were the people limited to citizens of London? Were the subjects limited to those he perceived had some point of contact with crime?

STOP THAT BROUGHAM!

Time moves strangely in the Canon. In "Copper Beeches," Violet Hunter arrives at 10:15 in the morning and bids Holmes "goodnight" as she leaves, when nothing seems to have occurred that took all day to take place. And in SCAN, we find this odd passage: "'Then, good-night, your Majesty, and I trust that we shall soon have some good news for you. And good-night, Watson,' he added, as the wheels of the royal brougham rolled down the street." The coachman has as little respect for the King as we do, and decided to take off when his shift was over, king or no king. Of course, we see no indication the king used the door and the seventeen steps on his way out, perhaps he lept from the window in the pause between sentences. (What a sight that would have made with his mask back on his face and deep blue cloak flying behind him!) Do these strange time tricks of the Canon hide moments and conversations Watson would rather not tell us about? In this tale, might it not be the place where Holmes and Watson reconciled after some disagreement had kept them apart since Watson's wedding?

IT'S HARD TO SAY GOOD-BYE

Speaking of Holmes's goodnights, has anybody noticed when Holmes says "good-bye" or "goodnight" in the Canon, it's never the end of the sentence? It's always "Good-night, and I trust that we shall have good news for you," or "Good-night, and I'll call upon you tomorrow." It's a great little technique, but one has to wonder: Does he do it on purpose? Or were there hard goodbyes in his past, and he can't let that be the last thing

out of his mouth? The added line makes it seem he and the listener will have future contact, and this could be a sign of Holmes's softer side.

THE MYSTERIOUS MRS. TURNER

One of the most popular bits of Sherlockian trivia originates in SCAN. In the tale previous to this one, and in every tale mentioning Holmes's landlady after this one, her name is "Mrs. Hudson." In "A Scandal in Bohemia," however, it would seem her name is "Mrs. Turner." But is it really? What the story truly contains are two separate statements taken in close succession:

"When Mrs. Turner has brought in the tray I will make it clear to you."

"He turned hungrily on the simple fare that our landlady had provided."

Mrs. Turner brought in the tray. The landlady provided the food. Need they be one in the same? And if they're not the same, who's the lady bringing in the food? The cook at 221? Another servant? Or the "Wiggins" of Holmes's Serpentine Avenue Irregulars, hanging around to await last minute instructions?

CIGARS, CIGARETTES, PECCADILLO?

Upon looking again at the cigar case incident, notice Holmes then lights a cigarette. Does this indicate Watson was a regular cigar smoker, as opposed to Holmes being a cigarette man? These fellows never seem to be too picky in their self-poisonings where tobacco are concerned ... pipes, cigars, cigarettes, snuff (at least they seem to avoid the chaw and spit routine), but do more tobacco-conscious Hounds perceive patterns in their tobacco consumption?

GROSSIN' HANKIES?

Godfrey Norton's call to the cabbie, "Drive like the devil, first to Gross & Hankey's in Regent Street, and then to the Church of St. Monica in the Edgeware Road," perplexes a bit, as we don't really know what Gross & Hankey's is at all. It's presumed by some to be a jeweller,

where Godfrey quickly bought a ring for the wedding that day. If Godfrey and Irene had gone to the trouble of getting a license, wouldn't they have picked up the ring already as well? Do you see any other possibilities for what Godfrey was doing at the mysterious Gross & Hankey's?

THAT "GOOD FOR NORTON" IRENE

Sherlock Holmes holds Irene Adler in high regard. Irene Adler holds Godfrey Norton in high regard. Sherlock must watch Irene marry Godfrey, and even aid in creating that union, because his client's welfare is best served by the marriage. It's his job to make sure his ideal woman marries another man -- is this a great plot for a romance, or what? (And not the kind with knights and dragons, either!) For a man who stole Holmes's perfect woman, Godfrey

Norton is still someone we know darn little about. Was he Irene's true love or just a convenient hireling willing to take on the role of husband for a time? Why does he pace and wave his arms in that half hour before they head for the church? Is the marriage up for debate, or is he just impatiently waiting for Irene to get dressed?

BOMBS AWAY!

Holmes has a very simple little task for Watson in this story: "When I raise my hand--so--you will throw into the room what I give you to throw." And what does Holmes give Watson to throw? "It is an ordinary plumber's smoke-rocket, fitted with a cap at either end to make it self-lighting." Caps are something that seem to be moving further and further away from common usage. Toy cap-guns aren't in the hands of boys everywhere

anymore and blasting caps are for professionals. What kind of caps was Holmes using on his smoke-rocket, and what would use would these have normally been put to? Were such caps sensitive enough to trigger upon hitting a couch or some other object they might encounter, flying through a window?

STUBBORN ABOUT SINGLE WOMEN

"Irene Adler, as I will still call her..." Watson writes after the part of the narrative where he learns of Irene's marriage. An interesting choice, as I would think a writer's natural inclination would be to refer to her by her married name from that point onward. Why would Watson make such a choice? Did he think his readers couldn't keep up? Or is this his way of passing judgement on the validity of the Norton nuptials.

So You Want to Know More ?

There is an amazing wealth of information on the internet connecting us to the world of Sherlock Holmes. Each month, we will highlight a website and resources they offer. This first month, we will highlight two (my newsletter, my rules)

I Hear of Sherlock Everywhere

Scott Monty, BSI, and Burt Wolder, BSI, maintain a wonderful website, where regular postings keep Sherlockians aware of the current events of the community.

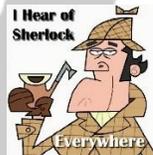
One of the favorite portions of the site is their podcasts, I Hear of Sherlock, in which Scott and Monty interview experts in the field, from collectors to fans, to creative forces in the Sherlockian world. They currently have approximately 60 episodes of the podcast, which you can easily download to your computer, or other device to listen at your convenience.

The posts on the site cover the entire gambit of the Sherlockian field, submitted by a large group of Sherlockian contributors.

Their banner seems to say it all:

News and information about Sherlock Holmes in popular culture in one convenient site and podcast.

URL: <http://www.ihearofsherlock.com/>



The Sherlockian E-Times

If you go to: <http://www.sherlock-holmes.com/> and click on the Sherlockian E-Times button, you will be transported to a fanciful newsletter, maintained by Joel and Carolyn Senter (before going to the newsletter, click on the buttons on the right side of the page to see articles, book reviews, and collectibles).

The newsletter itself provides information on newly published books, events which will be happening shortly, tidbits from other Sherlockians, as well as links to several other Sherlockian websites, and many times, just simply fun items to share.

The Sherlockian E-Times

Their motto: ***North America's leading electronic Sherlockian epistle containing news, views, and other items of interest to fans of Sherlock Holmes***

URL: <http://www.sherlock-holmes.com/>

ANSWERS TO SHERLOCKWIZZ by Fannie Gross (from the July 1957 BSJ)

Can you identify ten characters of the Canon by the brief descriptions below? These are direct quotations.	
1. A sturdy, middle-sized fellow, some thirty years of age, clean shaven, and sallow-skinned, with a bland, insinuating manner, and a pair of wonderfully sharp and penetrating gray eyes.	James Windibank A Case of Identity
2. He was a very tall, thin man, with a long nose like a beak, which jutted out between two keen, gray eyes, set closely together and sparkling brightly from behind a pair of gold-rimmed glasses.	Dr. James Mortimer The Hound of the Baskervilles
3. A big, swarthy fellow, with a formidable moustache, shading a cruel, thin-lipped mouth, and surmounted by a long, curved nose, like the beak of an eagle.	Count Sylvius The Mazarin Stone
4. He was a large man with rounded shoulders, a massive head, and a broad, intelligent face, sloping down to a pointed beard of grizzled brown.	Mr. Henry Baker The Blue Carbuncle
5. He was very fat, but had apparently at some time been much fatter, so that the skin hung about his face in loose pouches, like the cheeks of a bloodhound.	Mr. Blessington The Resident Patient
6. She was a striking-looking woman, a little short and thick for symmetry, but with a beautiful olive complexion, large, dark Italian eyes, and a wealth of deep black hair.	Annie Harrison The Naval Treaty
7. A slim, flame-like young woman with a pale, intense face, youthful, and yet so worn with sin and sorrow that one can read the terrible years which had left their leprous mark upon her.	Kitty Winter The Illustrious Client
8. Her face had neither regularity of feature nor beauty of complexion, but her expression was sweet and amiable, and her large blue eyes were singularly spiritual and sympathetic.	Mary Morstan The Sign of Four
9. His face was lean and haggard, and the brown, parchment-like skin was drawn tightly over the projecting bones; his long, brown hair and beard were all flecked and dashed with white; his eyes were sunken in his head and burned with an unnatural luster.	John Ferrier A Study in Scarlet
10. Her features and figure were those of a woman of thirty, but her hair was shot with premature gray, and her expression was weary and haggard.	Helen Stoner The Speckled Band



This Sunday, February 9, is the 50th anniversary of the Fab 4 appearance on the Ed Sullivan show, so the following article seems appropriate...

Were the Beatles Holmesians?

From *The Holmes & Watson Report*, November, 1998
by Don Hobbs, BSI

As a child of the sixties, I grew up listening to the music of the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, and even Herman's Hermits. This was the same time I first was introduced to Sherlock Holmes. Although I can honestly say I do not listen to Herman's Hermits anymore, I still listen to the Beatles, and although I do not read Tiger Beat magazine anymore, I still enjoy reading the Canon. But it took more than thirty years before I was able to make the connection - the Beatles, especially John Lennon and Paul McCartney, were Holmesians. The songs of Lennon and McCartney have long been analyzed for their hidden meanings. This, however, may be the first time that the TRUE meanings behind the album names and the song lyrics have been revealed. Sometimes it takes a sleuth as good as Holmes to see through the ruses; other times there is no subtlety required at all. Take the Beatles' first American album release, "Meet the Beatles" (Capitol/January 20, 1964).



What does the title suggest? An initial meeting, but not only with the Beatles, but of Holmes and Watson as well! The song titles bear out this fact. Holmes and Watson met in Bart's and shook hands--the first track on this album (CD for those younger Sherlockians/Holmesians) is "I Want to Hold Your Hand."

Coincidence? In fact, the entire first side of the album is a synopsis of Holmes and Watson's first meeting. The gender sometimes changes, but this part of the Beatles' sense of humor shines through in such instances, as in the second track -- "I Saw Her Standing There." "This Boy" is evidently Holmes and Watson's thoughts when they saw each other.

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"It Won't Be Long" is the summation of the decision on sharing rooms. "All I've Got to Do" (is be on my best behavior and this roommate will work out). The album's second side jumps ahead in describing life at 221B Baker Street. "Don't Bother Me" is a song reflecting on Holmes's mood swings. "Little Child" is a direct reference to the Baker Street Irregulars. "I Wanna Be Your Man" is a response to Irene Adler always being 'The Woman.'



The Beatles' next release, "The Beatles' Second Album" (Capitol Records/April 10, 1964), shows the continuation of the group's humor. This humor is especially shown in the song "Devil in Her Heart," where once again not

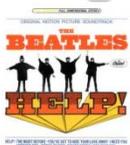
only is the gender changed, but the anatomy as well. The song is really about "The Adventure of the Devil's Foot."

"You Really Got a Hold on Me" is surely a reference to "The Final Problem." "Please Mr. Postman" has direct bearing on the seven daily deliveries in London of the Royal Mail during Holmes's time. The song "Money," which is subtitled "That's What I Want," was originally subtitled "My Rate Is on a Fixed Scale." (This, according to an unnamed source at Northern Songs, the publisher of the Beatles' songs.)

The Fab Four's next album was titled "A Hard Day's Night" (Capitol Records/June 26, 1964). This album was originally dedicated to John Clay, but this was overridden by Brian Epstein. Besides the title track, there are Sherlockian references within most of the songs. "Tell Me Why" can certainly apply to several cases in the Canon. "I'll Cry Instead" is from *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. "I'm Happy Just to Dance with You" was a ballad about Abe Slaney. "If I Fell" (I Wouldn't Be Alive Now) is from "The Empty House."



Throughout the mid-1960s, the Beatles continued releasing albums, all with songs full of Sherlockian meanings. But skipping ahead to the release of "HELP!" (Capitol Records/ August 13, 1965), we find significant Holmesian representation. The title track is the ultimate reason clients visited Holmes -- for help! "The Night Before" is more than likely when a case would begin. Look at John Straker or John Douglas; they were murdered the night before.



"You've Got to Hide Your Love Away" is about "The Yellow Face"; "I Need You"-- Holmes to Watson, "Come Watson, I need you, the game's afoot"; "Ticket to Ride" -- "Silver Blaze"; and "You're Going to Lose That Girl" is definitely a song relating to Charles Augustus Milverton.

In "Rubber Soul" (Capitol Records/ December 6, 1965) we once again see John Lennon's sense of humor pouring out. The term "rubber soul" is a thin disguise for Holmes's return in "The Empty House," his soul literally bounced back from the dead like a rubber ball.



We know from the Master himself that he traveled under the name Sigerson as a Norwegian explorer, thus we see the song "Norwegian Wood (This Bird Has Flown)." The opening track is about "The Adventure of the Blanched Soldier," a song titled "I've Just Seen a Face." The number three track is about Sherlock Holmes's ability to trail a person unnoticed. When Dr. Watson mentions this to Holmes, his reply must have been, "You Won't See Me."

How many times in the Canon has Holmes told Watson, in one form or another, 'To Think for Yourself' which is the album's fourth track. The last track is probably in reference to "The Five Orange Pips" -- "Run for Your Life."

The album "Revolver" (Capitol/August 8, 1966) was supposed to be titled "Eley's No. 2." "The White Album" relates to Holmes's cocaine use; "Sgt. Pepper" was a Scotland Yarder and Lestrade's assistant in the disappearance of James Phillimore, one of the unrecorded cases; "Abbey Road" was the street where the Brackenstalls lived; and "Yellow Submarine" was about "The Adventure of the Bruce-Partington Plans." Each of these recordings is full of songs which in turn are full of Holmesian references. If one would sit down and listen to the Beatles, they too could find these secret messages. Has anyone ever thought about the lyrics of "Martha My Dear"?



Martha, my dear
Hold your head up you silly girl, look
what you've done
When you find yourself in the thick of it. . .

Mrs. Hudson, the long-suffering landlady, was surely a dear for putting up with the constant parade of visitors calling at all hours of the day and night. She was very much involved in the capture of Sebastian Moran, the second most dangerous man in London.

Although she may have felt silly crawling across the floor to move the bust of Holmes without being seen, her action did help fool Moran.

Mrs. Hudson could hold her head up because she was in the thick of it. There are many, many more examples which I could delve deeper into, but I believe I have proven beyond a shadow of a doubt the real meanings behind the Beatles and their lyrics.

The next time you are driving in your car and hear "Piggies," will you not think about "The Adventure of Black Peter," or when you hear "When I'm Sixty-Four," will "His Last Bow" not come to mind? Finally, the Beatles paid tribute to the Literary Agent in their hit song "Paperback Writer." There can be no denying the Beatles' music has that universal staying power that transcends the decades, and so do the Sacred Writings. Just as the Sacred Writings are known and translated throughout the world, so is the music of the Beatles. For the first time, the Beatles' success has been revealed --they were Holmesians.

The Canonical Villains: This puzzle was presented at the BSI Weekend, at the Saturday night dinner, by the wonderful hosts, Chrys & Jerry Kegley. Match the Villain to the following stories:

1. A Study in Scarlet (Part 1)	A. James Winter
2. A Study in Scarlet (Part 2)	B. Giuseppe Gorgiano
3. The Sign of Four	C. Grimsby Roylott
4. A Scandal in Bohemia	D. George Brunwell
5. The Red-Headed League	E. Mortimer Tregennis
6. A Case of Identity	F. Jacky Ferguson
7. The Speckled Band	G. Josiah Amberley
8. The Engineer's Thumb	H. Robert Norberton
9. The Beryl Coronet	I. Adelbert Gruner
10. The Copper Beeches	J. James Windibank
11. The Gloria Scott	K. John McGinty
12. The Reigate Squires	L. Don Murillo
13. The Greek Interpreter	M. Isadora Klein
14. The Final Problem	N. Jonathan Small / Tonga
15. The Empty House	O. Hugo Oberstein
16. The Hound of the Baskervilles	P. Von Bork
17. The Norwood Builder	Q. Eugenia Rodner / Leonardo
18. The Dancing Men	R. Arthur Pinner
19. The Solitary Cyclist	S. Holy Peters (Shlessinger)
20. The Second Stain	T. Sara Cushing
21. The Valley of Fear (Part 1)	U. John Straker
22. The Valley of Fear (Part 2)	V. Abe Slaney
23. The Red Circle	W. Enoch Drebber / Joseph Stangerson
24. The Bruce-Partington Plans	X. Negretto Sylvius
25. The Dying Detective	Y. James Moriarty
26. The Disappearance of Lady Frances Colfax	Z. Vincent Spaulding
27. His Last Bow	AA. Lysander Stark
28. The Illustrious Client	BB. Jefferson Hope
29. The Sussex Vampire	CC. The Cunninghams
30. The Three Garridebs	DD. Sebastian Moran
31. The Retired Colourman	EE. Jephro Rucastle
32. The Mazarin Stone	FF. Jack Pendergast / Hudson
33. The Three Gables	GG. Bob Carruthers / Jack Woodley / Williamson
34. The Veiled Lodger	HH. Onas Oldacre
35. Shoscombe Old Place	II. Culverton Smith
36. Wisteria Lodge	JJ. Harold Lattimer / Paul Kratides
37. The Devil's Foot	KK. Irene Adler
38. Silver Blaze	LL. Ted Baldwin
39. The Cardboard Box	MM. Eduardo Lucas
40. The Stockbroker's Clerk	NN. Jack Stapleton (Vandeleur)

Answers in Next Month's Newsletter

Who dunnit:



Third Mate
Helmsman
Spiritual Advisors

Secretaries

Steve Mason
Joe Fay
Don Hobbs, BSI
Jim Webb
Cindy Brown
Pam Mason

mason.steve@epa.gov
joef@HA.com
221b@verizon.net
jimrwebb@ix.netcom.com

If you have never read the following, this was considered one of the more heretical speeches given to the BSI dinner.

You can find this speech, along with Julian Wolff's rebuttal, "That Was No Lady," and other amazing articles, essays, and other criticisms in the book, the Grand Game, edited by Laurie King and Leslie Klinger, offered on the BSI website: <http://www.bakerstreetjournal.com>

Watson Was a Woman

by Rex Stout :: Given at the 1941 Baker Street Irregulars Dinner

GASOGENE: Tantalus: Buttons:
Irregulars: You will forgive me for refusing to join in your commemorative toast, "The Second Mrs. Watson," when you learn it was a matter of conscience. I could not bring myself to connive at the perpetuation of a hoax. Not only was there never a second Mrs. Watson; there was not even a first Mrs. Watson. Furthermore, there was no Doctor Watson.

Please keep your chairs.
Like all true disciples, I have always recurrently dipped into the Sacred Writings (called by the vulgar the Sherlock Holmes stories) for refreshment; but not long ago I reread them from beginning to end, and I was struck by a singular fact that reminded me of the dog in the night. The singular fact about the dog in the night, as we all know, was that it didn't bark; and the singular fact about Holmes in the night is that he is never seen going to bed. The writer of the tales, the Watson person, describes over and over again, in detail, all the other minutia of that famous household--suppers, breakfasts, arrangement of furniture, rainy evenings at home--but not once are we shown either Holmes or Watson going to bed. I wondered why not? Why such unnatural and obdurate restraint, nay, concealment, regarding one of the pleasantest episodes of the daily routine?

I got suspicious.

The uglier possibilities that occurred to me was that Holmes had false teeth or that Watson wore a toupee, I rejected as preposterous. They were much too obvious, and shall I say unsinister. But the game was afoot, and I sought the trail, in the only field available to me, the Sacred Writings themselves. And right at the very start, on page 9 of "A Study in Scarlet,"

I found this: *...it was rare for him to be up after ten at night, and he had invariably breakfasted and gone out before I rose in the morning.*

I was indescribably shocked. How had so patent a clue escaped so many millions of readers through the years? That was, that could only be, a woman speaking of a man. Read it over. The true authentic speech of a wife telling of her husband's-- but wait. I was not indulging in idle speculation, but seeking evidence to establish a fact. It was unquestionably a woman speaking of a man, yes, but whether a wife of a husband, or a mistress of a lover, . . . I admit I blushed. I blushed for Sherlock Holmes, and I closed the book. But the fire of curiosity was raging in me, and soon I opened again to the same page, and there in the second paragraph I saw:

The reader may set me down as a hopeless busybody, and when I confess how much this man stimulated my curiosity, and how often I endeavored to break through the reticence which he showed on all that concerned himself.

You bet she did. She would. Poor Holmes! She doesn't even bother to employ one of the stock euphemisms such as, "I wanted to understand him better," or, "I wanted to share things with him." She proclaims it with brutal directness, "I endeavored to break through the reticence." I shuddered and for the first time in my life felt that Sherlock Holmes was not a god, but human--human by his suffering.

Also, from that one page I regarded the question of the Watson person's sex as settled for good. Indubitably she was female, but wife for mistress? I went on. Two pages later I found: *...his powers upon the violin ...at my request he has*

played me some of Mendelssohn's Lieder.. Imagine a man asking another man to play him some of Mendelssohn's Lieder on a violin!

And on the next page:

...I rose somewhat earlier than usual, and found that Sherlock Holmes had not yet finished his breakfast . . . my plate had not been laid nor my coffee prepared. With . . . petulance . . . I rang the bell and gave a curt intimation that I was ready. Then I picked up a magazine from the table and attempted magazine from the table and attempted to while away the time with it, while my companion munched silently at his toast.

THAT is a terrible picture, and you know and I know how bitterly realistic it is. Change the diction, and it is practically a love story by Ring Lardner. That Sherlock Holmes, like other men, had breakfasts like that is a hard pill for a true disciple to swallow, but we must face the facts.

The chief thing to note of this excerpt is that it not only reinforces the conviction that Watson was a lady--that is to say, a woman--but also it bolsters our hope that Holmes did not through all those years live in sin. A man does not munch silently at his toast when breakfasting with his mistress; or, if he does, it won't be long until he gets a new one. But Holmes stuck to her--or she to him--for over a quarter of a century. Here are a few quotations from the later years:

...Sherlock Holmes was standing smiling at me... I rose to my feet, stared at him for some seconds in utter amazement, and then it appears that I must have fainted....

I believe that I am one of the most long-suffering of the mortals.

The relations between us in those latter
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days were peculiar. He was a man of habits, narrow and concentrated habits, and I had become one of them. As an institution I was like the violin, the shag tobacco, the old black pipe, the index books, and others perhaps less excusable."

And we have been expected to believe that a man wrote those things! The frank and unconcerned admission that she fainted at the sight of Holmes after an absence! "I am one of the most long-suffering of mortals"--the oldest uxorial cliché in the world; Aeschylus used it; no doubt cave-men gnashed their teeth at it! And the familiar pathetic plaint, "As an institution I was like the old black pipe!"

Yes, uxorial, for surely she was wife. And the old black pipe itself provides us with a clincher on that point. This comes from page 16 of "The Hound of the Baskervilles": *...did not return to Baker Street until evening. It was nearly nine o'clock when I found myself in the sitting-room once more.*

My first impression as I opened the door was that a fire had broken out, for the room was so filled with smoke that the light of the lamp upon the table was blurred by it.

As I entered, however, my fears were set at rest, for it was the acrid fumes of strong coarse tobacco which took me by the throat and set me coughing. Through the haze I had a vague vision of Holmes in his dressing-gown coiled up in an arm-chair with his black clay pipe between his lips. Several rolls of paper lay around him.

"Caught cold, Watson?" said he.

"No, it's this poisonous atmosphere."

"I suppose it is pretty thick, now that you mention it."

"Thick! It is intolerable!"

"Open the window, then!"

I say husband and wife. Could anyone alive doubt it after reading that painful banal scene? Is there any need to pile on the evidence?

For a last-ditch skeptic there is more evidence, much more. The efforts to break Holmes of the cocaine habit,

mentioned in various places in the Sacred Writings, display a typical reformist wife in action, especially the final gloating over her success. A more complicated, but no less conclusive, piece of evidence is the strange, the astounding recital of Holmes's famous disappearance, in "The Final Problem," and the reasons given therefor in a later tale, "The Adventure of the Empty House." It is incredible that this monstrous deception was not long ago exposed.

Holmes and Watson had together wandered up the valley of the Rhone, branched off at Leuk, made their way over the Gemmi Pass, and gone on, by way of Interlaken, to Meiringen. Near that village, as they were walking along a narrow trail high above a tremendous abyss, Watson was maneuvered back to the hotel by a fake message. Learning that the message was a fake, she (he) flew back to their trail, and found that Holmes was gone. No Holmes. All that was left of him was a polite and regretful note of farewell, there on a rock with his cigarette case for a paperweight, saying that Professor Moriarty had arrived and was about to push him into the abyss.

That in itself was rather corny. But go on to "The Adventure of the Empty House." Three years have passed. Sherlock Holmes has suddenly and unexpectedly reappeared in London, causing the Watson person to collapse in a faint. His explanation of his long absence is fantastic.

He says that he had grappled with Professor Moriarty on the narrow trail and tossed him into the chasm; that, in order to deal at better advantage with the dangerous Sebastian Moran, he had decided to make it appear that he too had toppled over the cliff; that, so as to leave no returning footprints on the narrow trail, he had attempted to scale the upper cliff, and, while he was doing so, Sebastian Moran himself had appeared up above and thrown rocks at him; that by herculean efforts he had eluded Moran

and escaped over the mountains; that for three years he had wandered around Persia and Tibet and France, communicating with no one but his brother Mycroft, so that Sebastian Moran would think he was dead. Though by his own account Moran knew, must have known, that he had got away!

That is what Watson says that Holmes told her (him). It is simply gibberish, below the level even of a village half-wit. It is impossible to suppose that Sherlock Holmes ever dreamed of imposing on any sane person with an explanation like that; it is impossible to believe that he would insult his own intelligence by offering such an explanation even to an idiot. I deny that he ever did. I believe that all he said, after Watson recovered from the faint, was this, "My dear, I am willing to try it again," for he was a courteous man. And it was Watson, who, attempting to cook up an explanation, made such a terrible hash of it.

THEN who was this person whose nom de plume was "Doctor Watson?" Where did she come from? What was she like? What was her name before she snared Holmes?

Let us see what we can do about the name, by methods that Holmes himself might have used. It was Watson who wrote immortal tales, therefore if she left a record of her name anywhere it must have been in the tales themselves. But what we are looking for is not her characteristics or the facts of her life, but her name, that is to say, her title; so obviously the place to look is in the titles of the tales.

There are sixty of the tales all told. The first step is to set them down in chronological order, and to number them from 1 to 60. Now, which shall we take first? Evidently the reason why Watson was at such pains to conceal her name in this clutter of titles was to mystify us, so the number to start with should be the most mystical number, namely seven. And

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to make it doubly sure, we shall make it seven times seven, which is 49. Very well.

The 49th tale is "The Adventure of the Illustrious Client." We of course discard the first four words, "The Adventure of the," which are repeated in most of the titles. Result: "ILLUSTRIOUS CLIENT."

The next most significant thing about Watson is her (his) constant effort to convince us that those things happened exactly as she (he) tells them; that they are on the square. Good. The first square of an integer is the integer 4. We take the title of the 4th tale and get RED-HEADED LEAGUE."

We proceed to elimination. Of all the factors that contribute to an ordinary man's success, which one did Holmes invariably exclude, or eliminate? Luck. In crap-shooting, what are the lucky numbers? Seven and eleven. But we have already used 7, which eliminates it, so there is nothing left but 11. The 11th tale is about the "ENGINEER'S THUMB."

Next, what was Holmes's age at the time he moved to Baker Street? Twenty-seven. The 27th tale is the adventure of the "NORWOOD BUILDER." And what was Watson's age? Twenty-six. The 26th tale is the adventure of the "EMPTY HOUSE." But there is no need to belabor the obvious. Just as it is a simple matter to decipher the code of the Dancing Men when Holmes has once put you on the right track, so can you, for yourself, make the additional required selections now that I have explained the method. And you will inevitably get what I got:

Illustrious Client
Red-headed League
Engineer's Thumb
Norwood Builder
Empty House
Wisteria Lodge
Abbey Grange
Twisted Lip
Study in Scarlet
Orange Pips
Noble Bachelor

And, acrostically simple, the initial letters read down, the carefully hidden secret is ours. Her name was Irene Watson.

But not so fast. Is there any way of checking that? Of discovering her name by any other method, say a priori? We can try and see. A woman wrote the stories about Sherlock Holmes that has been demonstrated; and that woman was his wife. Does there appear, anywhere in the stories, a woman whom Holmes fell for? Whom he really cottoned to? Indeed there does. "A Scandal in Bohemia" opens like this:

"To Sherlock Holmes she is always the woman. . . . In his eyes she eclipses and predominates the whole of her sex."

And what was the name of the woman? Irene!

But, you say, not Irene Watson, but Irene Adler. Certainly, Watson's whole purpose, from beginning to end, was to confuse and bewilder us regarding her identity. So note that name well. Adler. What is an adler, or, as it is, commonly spelled, addler? An addler is one who, or that which, addles. Befuddles. Confuses. I

admit I admire that stroke; it is worthy of Holmes himself. In the very act of deceiving and confusing us, she has the audacity to employ a name that brazenly announces her purpose.

An amusing corroborative detail about this Irene of "Scandal in Bohemia"--the woman to Holmes according to the narrator of the tales--is that Holmes was present at her wedding at the Church of St. Monica in the Edgeware Road. It is related that he was there as a witness, but that is pure poppycock. Holmes himself says "I was half-dragged up to the altar, and before I knew where I was I found myself mumbling responses. . . ." Those are not the words of an indifferent witness, but of a reluctant, ensnared, bulldozed man--in short, a bridegroom. And in all the 1323 pages of the Sacred Writings, that is the only wedding we ever see--the only one, so far as we are told, that Holmes ever graced with his presence.

All this is very sketchy. I admit it. I am now collecting material for a fuller treatment of the subject, a complete demonstration of the evidence and the inevitable conclusion. It will fill two volumes, the second of which will consist of certain speculations regarding various concrete results of that long-continued and--I fear, alas--none-too-happy union. For instance, what of the parentage of Lord Peter Wimsey, who was born, I believe, around the turn of the century--about the time of the publication of "The Adventure of the Second Stain"? That will bear looking into.