

The Bilge Pump

Vol. 08, No. 09 - September, 2020
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Barque Lone Star - founded April, 1970*



PLEASE NOTE:

October 04 Meeting NOTICE

We will be conducting our next monthly meeting virtually on Zoom on October 04 at 1:00 pm. Will send out the link for the meeting the week before the meeting. The story for the month is "The Noble Bachelor".

Our special guest speaker will be Nick Utechin, BSI, author of Amazing & Extraordinary Facts: Sherlock Holmes, who will be discussing playing the "Great Game."



September 06 Summary

There were 40 in attendance at this ZOOM meeting.

We started the meeting with an opening toast given by Greg Ruby, leader of the Fourth Garridebs Society, entitled "A Toast to Enola Holmes" (see page 4). We then conducted the monthly quiz on the story "Engineer's Thumb."

Richard Krisciunas provided us with a very informative presentation on "The Case of the Shoeless Engineer", and the Ronald Howard series in which this episode is included. This presentation generated a lot of good discussion.

We have postponed our planned symposium at the Allen Library until things normalize.

We hope to do a watch party for the Enola Holmes broadcast on Netflix. Will send out more information in the near future.

As things stand now, we will continue to meet virtually for the foreseeable future.

Our guest speaker for the meeting was Monica Schmidt, who gave a wonderful presentation on the gambling of Dr. Watson in the Canon. Monica, a licensed mental health counselor, led us through understanding more about addictions, and whether Watson was subject to one. Her presentation was entertaining, as well as educational.

The final reading was done by Steve, "221b" by Vincent Starrett (Page 5).

The Doyle study, led by Cindy Brown, focused on his school days at Edinburgh, Hodder, and Stonyhurst. In October, we will focus on his university days.

We conducted the "Lightning Quiz", which was a number of the Canon.



For more information concerning our society, visit: <http://www.dfw-sherlock.org/>

You can follow us on Twitter at: @barquelonestar

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Who dunnit:



Third Mate
Helmsman
Spiritual Advisors

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Historian
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Don Hobbs, BSI
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Our Facebook Page:

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"A TOAST TO ENOLA HOLMES"

Presented by Greg Ruby, BSI

In 17 days, the film Enola Holmes will be released, and I am looking forward to seeing it.

I am not familiar with the series of young adult mystery stories authored by Nancy Springer, so it will be a new experience for me.

A younger sister, by 20 years to Sherlock Holmes.

16-year-old Millie Bobby Brown stars as Enola.

I've never seen anything she has been in her "long film career."

Let's be honest – I have socks older than her.

Henry Cavill portrays Holmes. One Sherlockian has described him as "yummy."

I've never seen that term used to describe Basil Rathbone or Jeremy Brett. Twenty years ago, when I first heard Courtney Love's Celebrity Skin on the radio,



I'd never thought it would be used on a soundtrack for a Sherlock Holmes film.

The trailer looks interesting, and at times I laughed, which is more than I can say after watching the entire Will Farrell movie, Holmes and Watson.

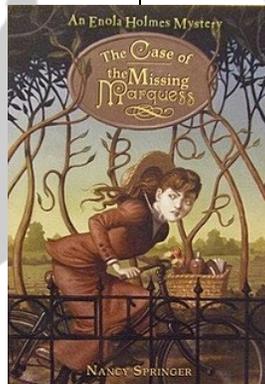
I almost forgot.

Let's throw in a lawsuit for copyright infringement from the Arthur Conan Doyle Literary Estate.

Since the first of the six books was published in 2007, why did they wait so long to file suit?

So, please join me in toasting Enola Holmes.

May this film do better at the box office than the Will Farrell film.



To Enola Holmes!

"221b"

Created by Vincent Starrett; Presented by Steve Mason

Here dwell together still two men of note
Who never lived and so can never die:

How very near they seem, yet how remote
That age before the world went all awry.

But still the game's afoot for those with ears
Attuned to catch the distant view-halloo:

England is England yet, for all our fears --
Only those things the heart believes are true.



A yellow fog swirls past the window-pane
As night descends upon this fabled street:

A lonely hansom splashes through the rain,
The ghostly gas lamps fail at twenty feet.

Here, though the world explode, these two survive,
And it is always eighteen ninety-five.



WHERE DID YOU GET THAT DRESS ?

Liese Sherwood-Fabre, PhD

Clothing in Victorian England, especially women's dress, served as one of the major indicators of class and status. Watson often included a description of the clothing worn by a visitor to 221B for just this sort of designation.

Were the clothes frayed? Dusty? Lined with silk? Seedy? Even without Holmes' ability to deduce any number of characteristics and history from a person's dress, the casual reader would have been able to learn much from Watson's description because perhaps, as in no other era, did "clothes make the man."

While men's fashions changed little during the 19th century, women's clothing passed through a number of transformations. Menswear became more business-like, favoring dark, plain colors for those in the middle and upper classes.

Trousers, white shirts, and a dark coat (no checks or stripes) were considered acceptable apparel. Laborers favored heavier fabrics, shorter jackets, and cloth caps. On the other hand, women's magazines and other publications promoted changes that required women to purchase new clothes for each season to remain fashionable. (1)

This emphasis on alterations in women's fashions originated after the French Revolution and a shift in gender roles. Women were to display "conspicuous consumption, conspicuous leisure, and conspicuous waste" as evidence of their husband's financial standing. (2)

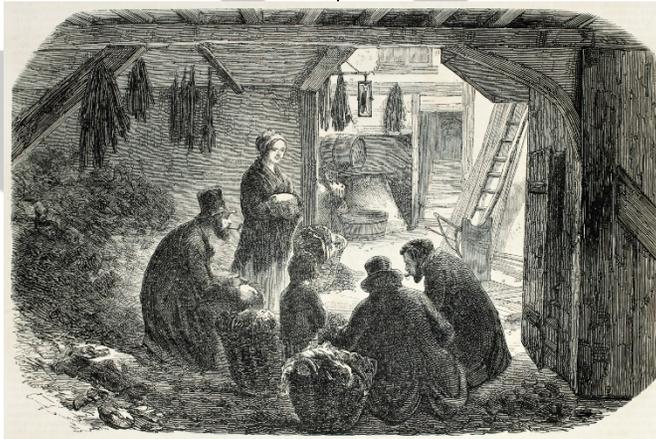
One magazine suggested the minimum wardrobe for women should include "a walking dress, a country dress, a carriage or visiting dress, an ordinary evening dress, a dinner dress, and a ball dress." (3)

Of course, only a few could actually afford such frequent wardrobe changes, and those with lower incomes fueled a thriving business in second-hand clothing. For those below an annual income of £50 (a little over £6000 in 2020 figures), the purchase of "new" items were those that had been discarded by the upper classes once they showed wear, or were replaced with the latest style. (4)

When a dress was no longer in fashion, a lady would pass it on to her maid, who might remake it or pass it on to another servant for the "ragbag." Either way, many made it into the second-hand clothing trade. (5)

Such purchases allowed those with lower incomes to maintain a "respectable appearance" above their economic level. (6)

Interestingly, clothing was the item most often stolen during the Victorian period. Seamstresses would sell the items they had been paid to alter, or laundresses those they were to wash. (7)



In addition to second-hand clothing, some purchases were made at "slop-shops," where cheap, ready-made clothes were sold. The term "slop" referred to ready-made breeches worn by sailors but became associated with any "off the rack" item. (8) With the introduction of the band-saw to cut multiple garment pieces at the same time, the ready-to-wear clothing industry began to affect the income of skilled dressmakers.

Manufacturers of such mass-produced items would hire women to stitch together garments for piece-rate wages. These sweat-shop workers often labored 14-18 hours a day in their homes for below-subsistence earnings. Most of these items were shipped to the US to supply immigrant populations there. These were often ill-fitting, but serviceable. (9)

In addition to seamstresses, others involved in the clothing trade were “cobblers, tailors, dressmakers..., milliners, mantua makers, hatters, importers, shop girls, weavers, dyers, and textile workers.” (10)

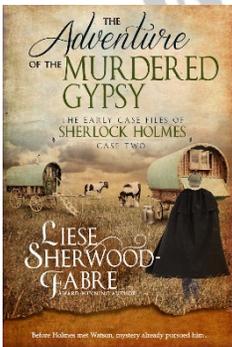


Altogether, this industry was the second largest employer of women in England (the first being domestic service). In part, because the work was considered “respectable” as it often involved needlework — a skill considered within a woman’s sphere. (11)

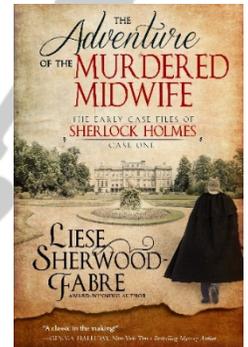
During his efforts to solve “The Adventure of Silver Blaze,” Holmes finds a Bond Street milliner’s bill for more than thirty-seven pounds — a rather hefty sum and not something that a servant — or horse trainer — could afford.

A visit to the dress and hat maker confirmed the identity of the purchaser and a second woman in Straker’s life. If only she’d been less inclined to keeping up with fashions, Straker might have been spared his life. In this case, Sherlock uncovered the answer to “where did you get that dress?”

- (1) Sally Mitchell *Daily Life in Victorian England*. Westport, CT: Greenwood Press, 1996, pp 133-134.
- (2) Sally Mitchell (editor), *Victorian Britain: An Encyclopedia*. New York: Garland Publishing, Inc., 1988, page 175.
- (3) Daniel Pool, *What Jane Austen Ate and What Charles Dickens Knew*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1993, page 215.
- (4) Clare Rose, *Making, Selling and Wearing Boys’ Clothes in Late-Victorian England*. Farnham, UK: Ashgate Publishing, 2010, pp. 113-114.
- (5) Pool, page 231.
- (6) Beverly Lemire, “Consumerism in Preindustrial and Early Industrial England: The Trade in Secondhand Clothes.” *Journal of British Studies*, vol. 27, no. 1, 1988, pp. 1–24.
- (7) Kellow Chesney, *The Victorian Underworld*, New York: Schocken Books, 1972, page 189.
- (8) https://www.fashion-era.com/shopping_in_the_past.htm#Cheap%20Slop%20Work%20Clothes
- (9) https://www.fashion-era.com/victorian_occupations_wojtczak.htm
- (10) Mitchell, *Encyclopedia*, page 173.
- (11) https://www.fashion-era.com/victorian_occupations_wojtczak.htm



Liese Sherwood-Fabre is pleased to announce the publication of *The Adventure of the Murdered Gypsy*, case two of *The Early Case Files of Sherlock Holmes* on August 30. A series of events disrupt the Holmes family Christmas gathering. Can Sherlock uncover a murderer before someone close to him meets his or her end? Available as an eBook or paperback. In addition, she has released a collection of three unconventional Sherlockian tales for free as an eBook. Pick up both at all major booksellers..



DANGEROUS PETS

By Karen Murdock

Published in The Serpentine Muse; Volume 21, number 1 (Winter 2004)

My favorite phrase in the Sherlock Holmes stories comes near the end of SPEC when Watson tells us that “the slow process of official inquiry [into the death of Dr. Grimesby Roylott] came to the conclusion that the Doctor met his fate while indiscreetly playing with a dangerous pet.”

“In discreetly playing with a dangerous pet.” Is it not marvelous?! And so “veddy” British. Roylott manages to import a swamp adder (“the deadliest snake in India”) into the peaceful British countryside, uses the creature to murder one of his step-daughters, tries the trick again on his second step-daughter, and is killed when the reptile turns its venom upon its master — and the official verdict of the Coroner’s Jury is that Roylott died “while indiscreetly playing with a dangerous pet.”

They may as well retire the trophy for “Classic British Understatement with Aplomb”; *nobody* is going to top this one. It makes you wonder if “dangerous pets” was an official listing for “cause of death” in the Victorian Era.

Nor is that swamp adder the only dangerous pet in the Canon. You’d think that people would learn better than to keep animals which might someday turn upon them and kill or maim them. But no. Jephro Rucastle is nearly killed by his mastiff Carlo in COPP, and Professor Presbury by his wolfhound in CREE. John Straker is kicked to death by the horse he trained in SILV. The circus lion Sahara King cannot qualify as a “pet,” but he does manage to kill one of his owners and to severely maim another. I’m not going to

count the hound of the Baskervilles in the “pet” category either. Despite the preposition “of,” the hound was never a part of the Baskerville household and cannot be accused of turning upon its masters.



The most dangerous “pets” in the Canon, however, do not slither down bell pulls or lope, howling, across moors. They walk upright on two legs, dress well, speak well, and kill and maim more Canonical characters than all other pets combined. They are, of course, the wronged women of the Canon, who exact revenge upon the men who have “kept” them as pets and then spurned them.

The King of Bohemia (SCAN) gets off easy in this regard; his kept woman, Irene Adler, merely tries to blackmail him. She never tries to kill him or harm him physically, however wronged she may have felt.

Beryl Stapleton never actually kills her unfaithful husband, Jack, in HOUN—but we are led to believe that this would have happened if only Jack had not been swallowed up in that bog. When she finds that she has been her husband’s “dupe and his tool,” Beryl readily helps those who try to track him down.

Holmes speculates that “if we had not been there, his [Jack’s] doom would none the less have been sealed. A woman of Spanish blood does not condone such an injury so lightly.” Had the bog not gotten the rotter, Beryl would have.

The relationship between Isadora Klein and Douglas Maberly in 3GAB ends in a severe beating for Douglas, but we are not going to go further into a discussion of this relationship, for it seems likely that the “keeper/kept” model of man to woman was reversed in this particular instance.

She had all the money, after all. (The term “boy toy” had yet to be invented a century ago...)

Rachel Howells kills the butler who betrayed her in MUSG. Mrs. Henri Fournaye kills her two-timing husband in SECO. Dangerous pets indeed. The murder of Charles Augustus Milverton by an unidentified noblewoman does not fit the pattern of a “pet” turning upon its owner.

This seems more in the nature of—how to put it?—a business relationship gone bad. It does,

however, illustrate how deadly females in the Canon can be, once roused to vengeance.

However, my vote for “most dangerous pet” in the Canon goes to Kitty—note the house cat name—Winter of ILLU. Instead of simply killing her ex-lover, Baron Adelbert Gruner, she destroys both his good looks and his hold over woman by throwing vitriol in his face and maiming him for life.



The brooding, long-in-the-planning quality of her human revenge beggars the “snakish temper” of a swamp adder or any

other non-human pet.

Many men meet an early end in the Sherlock Holmes stories and, for not just Grimesby Roylott, it comes from “indiscreetly playing with a dangerous pet.”

AUTHOR OR AGENT: A LITERARY PROOF

By Jeffery Alan Bradway, The Holmes and Watson Report, July, 1997

The question of whether John H. Watson, M.D., late Indian Army, was the true author of the Sherlock Holmes saga has been argued almost as much as the question of who wrote Shakespeare's plays.

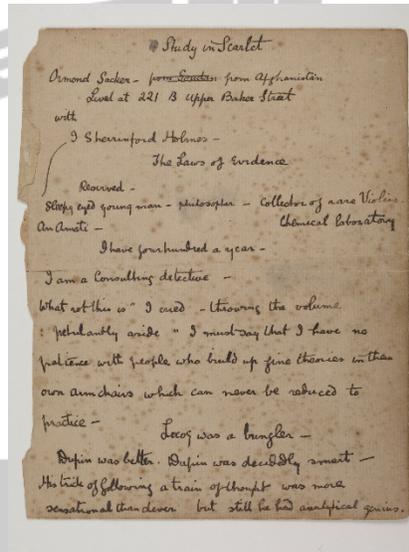
The true believers among scholars have no doubt that it was Dr. Watson who wrote the tales (at least the majority of the tales, excepting the two written by Holmes himself and those two written in the third person).

Some have claimed that Sherlock Holmes and Dr. John Watson were but the fictive figments of the fertile imagination of an underemployed doctor, one Arthur Conan Doyle.

Let me state for the record that I am a true believer and as St. Anselm observed, "One must believe in order that one can understand."

Dr. Watson *did* write the bulk of the Canon; Sir Arthur was but his literary agent.

I propose here to lay down proof positive from the very best source available that this is, indeed, the truth of the matter.



When his write-up of *A Tangled Skein*, his first case with Sherlock Holmes, made no headway among the editors' offices of various literary journals, Watson turned to a medical colleague of his, Arthur Conan Doyle, who had had some success in placing his own works with publishers.

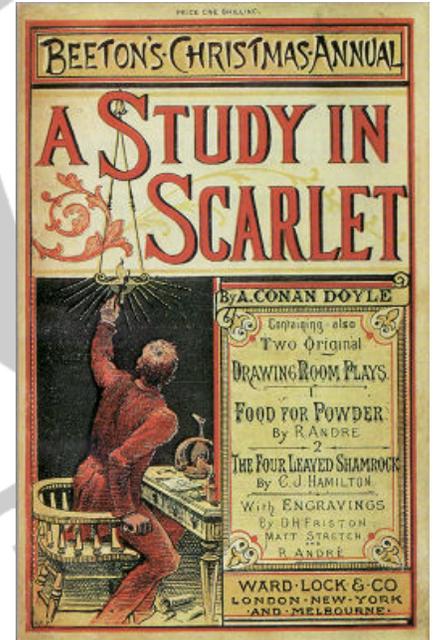
Doyle agreed to look through Watson's manuscript, effect editorial changes, and take upon himself the task of getting the work published.

He changed the title to *A Study in Scarlet*, reworked the criminal's story to make it more dramatic, and submitted

the tale to a series of publishers with himself listed as author.

Watson agreed to this arrangement out of gratitude for Doyle's aid and, moreover, because he wanted the true story of who solved the Lauriston Gardens mystery to be made public.

However, Watson feared that placing his memoirs before the public with his friend's name appended as "author" would give the impression the work was one of fiction.



Because of this, he imbedded into the text which described his first meeting with Holmes clues to the real relationship

between himself and Doyle. Let us examine these clues:



- 1.) Where did Watson first meet Holmes?
 - In the chemical laboratory at Barts, a "lofty chamber, lined and *littered* with countless bottles."
- 2.) What did Holmes know of Watson through his initial observations?
 - That Watson had been wounded and that he was a doctor with the *air* of a military man.
- 3.) On what was Holmes working as Stamford and Watson entered the laboratory?

- A *reagent* precipitated by haemoglobin.

There, in one scene, the very scene in which these two very real characters first meet, we have the clues to the purported "author's" true relationship to them and to the text.

He was the "*litter - air - reagent*," the Literary Agent.

Quad erat demonstrandum.

Amazing, you cry?

Elementary, say I. It is *all* there for the trained eye to see.

JOHN H. WATSON NEVER WENT TO CHINA

By Jay Finley Christ, March, 1949 - *Baker Street Miscellanea*, Volume 1, April, 1975

BAKER STREET MISCELLANEA (BSM) was published by Donald Pollock for 19 years (1975 to 1993), and 76 issues, containing amazing works of Sherlockian Scholarship, as well as puzzles, poems, and other works. BSM was the product of the boom in Sherlockian interest that was sparked by the publication of Nicholas Meyer's novel *The Seven Per-cent Solution* in 1974 and the world-wide success of the Royal Shakespeare Company's revival of the William Gillette play "Sherlock Holmes" at the same time.

Baker Street Miscellanea



Mr. Pollock has graciously given us permission to reprint articles from the BSM to honor those articles of Sherlockian Scholarship.

From this time forward, John Dickson Carr's *Life of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle* is indispensable to all Sherlockian scholars and to students of Conan Doyle. It is a splendid and revealing book, though it does not (in my opinion) wholly displace Pearson's *Conan Doyle: His Life and Art*, nor Doyle's own *Memories and Adventures*.

Whether or not it does displace them, however, is another story. Just at the moment, I should like to tug gently -- even if maybe a little impolitely -- at an exposed small thread which is not essential to the integrity of the fabric of Mr. Carr's book. It has to do with the "origin" of Dr. John H. Watson, a character almost as famous as Sherlock Holmes.

Page 46 of Mr. Carr's splendid book is concerned with the origin of the patronymic of the beloved John H. Watson, M.D. It says :

There was a real name that he might use; it suggested the burly and the commonplace. A friend of Doyle's at Southsea, also a leading member of the Portsmouth Literary and Scientific Society, was a young doctor named Watson: James Watson. Surely Watson wouldn't mind the use of his surname if the first were changed to John? Down it went as John H. Watson.

As evidence of the validity of this conclusion: this James Watson was president of the Society in 1890 and he presided at a farewell dinner in honor of Conan Doyle in December of that year.

A considerable time before Mr. Carr's book was available, I had considered this James Watson as a possible model for John H.; but although the British Medical Directory for 1889 showed that Dr. James was a resident of Southsea in that year, I had given up on him because the Directory provides the following data:

1. James took his M. D. at Edinburgh University in 1863;
2. He was author of an article, *The English Doctor in Southern Manchuria*, published in *Edinburgh Medical Journal* in 1864;
3. He was editor or author of certain medical yearly reports of the British Consular Service at Newchwang, China, for the years 1871-1883, inclusive;
4. He was listed in 1889 as "late physician British Consulate and Imperial Customs at Newchwang."

It is extremely improbable that James had returned to England in time to pose for the portrait of Dr. John H. Watson, for *A Study in Scarlet* was written in March - April, 1886, and Conan Doyle had chosen his characters' names before he wrote the story.¹ Dr. James did not seem to be related to John H.

When Mr. Carr's book appeared, the statement quoted above brought out the Directory again. It was clear at once that James was not a "young" friend of Doyle in the late '80's. James had been in practice since Conan Doyle was about four years old.² Yet, there was Mr. Carr's assertion, and there was the hiatus in my own information as to Dr. James. I was not sure just how long he had been in England -- if he had been there at all -- when *A Study in Scarlet* was written; and so the search was resumed.

The Directory listed both Conan Doyle and Dr. James as Members of the General Council of Edinburgh University, which seemed to promise a basis for some intimacy between the men; but it became abundantly clear that the General Council was merely an association of graduates of the university a sort of alumni association – a body with electoral powers and of considerable other influence, but of no present help to us.³

Next went an inquiry to The Foreign Office, No. 10 Downing Street, London. In three weeks (March 20, 1949) came a reply from The Keeper of the Papers -- a grand Victorian (or maybe Chaucerian) designation which should be gobbled up by some scion of the B.S.I.

The letter said , so far as relevant here:

"Dr. James Watson was born on the 24th June, 1839... early in 1865 he left Edinburgh for China, arriving at Newchwang on 2nd May, 1865. On that date he took up his appointment as physician to Her Majesty's Consulate... He retained that position until his resignation on the 30th September, 1885. There are no records of the exact dates on which he left China and arrived in England, but he was residing in Southsea in March 1886 . It would therefore appear, in view of travel conditions in those days, that he would have left China shortly after his resignation..."

The last quoted sentence seems to justify an inference that James did not leave Roman before the date of his resignation; and also that he could not have been in Southsea very long before March 1886. Apparently he had to leave "shortly after his resignation in order to be in Southsea at all in March, 1886.

Other things tend to support this latter inference . If he left Edinburgh "early in 1865" and reached Newchwang on May 2nd, passage time must have involved some sixty to ninety days. True, transportation may have improved somewhat in twenty years , but *Whitaker's Almanack* shows that in those days the mail schedule from Pekin to London involved forty days.

It is common knowledge that passenger transport was normally slower than the mails; it is some 300 miles from Newchwang to Pekin; and all together James could hardly have made his trek of more than 12,000 miles, settled

with the Foreign Office and reached Southsea very much before January, 1886. He might have made it by Christmas;, but it may have been deep in January. At his best he could hardly have got to Southsea in time to influence the christening of Conan Doyle's "puppets",⁴ nor in time to become a "leading member" of the Portsmouth Society by March - April, 1886.⁵

James may have been chosen president of the society in 1890 (& so automatically presided at the farewell dinner in December of that year) just because his name was Watson; or his rise to leadership and his election may have been based upon his long service in an out-post of the Empire and to the character which he possessed. If the latter were the reasons -- and they seem the more likely, for Dr. John H. was not yet very famous in 1890 -- then the similitude of the two surnames was "entirely coincidental."

If Mr. Carr has more data about James Watson's life between September 30, 1885, and the time of the naming of John H. Watson, the Sherlockian world would like to know "whatever there is to know;" but until such data are made available , I cannot string along with his hypothesis: it does not square with Doyle's own statement, and the time element renders the hypothesis so nearly impossible that I cannot accept it without more data.

On the basis of present information, it seems pretty nearly certain that Dr. James Watson was not a model for and did not give his name to John H. Watson, M.D., comrade and chronicler of Sherlock Holmes. Certainly James was not young, nor a leading member of the society early enough; and it is highly improbable -- if not quite impossible -- that James could have been a friend of Conan Doyle for any significant period of time before John H. Watson got his name.

Since it may seem unseemly to adjourn upon a negative note, I offer another suggestion. It is mere surmise, but it holds some promise of interest.

In Logan Turner's *Sir William Turner*, some interest - facts are presented. One Patrick Heron Watson was assistant surgeon to The Royal Infirmary of the University of Edinburgh in the early 1860 's. He was promoted to surgeon in 1863. He chose for his assistant one Edwards (not Birdy Edwards, but possibly his brother). Dr. Joseph Bell was an unsuccessful applicant for the same

appointment. The latter information elevated my bloodpressure a few c.'s of mercury, as the doctors have it; and while the fit was upon me, I searched further for the possibilities of a Bell – Watson - Doyle relationship.

In 1865, when Edwards died prematurely, Joseph Bell became Heron Watson's assistant; and in 1871, when Watson was again promoted, Bell himself became head surgeon and "at once established himself as a favorite clinical teacher."⁶

Heron (as his familiars called him) was a stormy petrel of medical education, as John H. became a stormy "petrel of crime" as related in *The Naval Treaty*. Among other things, Heron was among the very first to insist upon equal rights and status for women in medical education, in clinical work and all. Heron's colleagues disliked him heartily and bitterly for it, because it drained away their students and so cut into their revenues. The boys apparently liked to have the girls in the clinics with them, and so they went where the girls were.

While the pressure was on, I put together my data. Heron Watson had passed up Joseph Bell in 1863. True, he surrendered in 1865 and Bell followed Watson up the

ladder in 1871, after which Bell became a popular teacher. Heron's rejection of Bell in the first round may have been the basis for a student prejudice against the older man; such prejudice may have descended through a couple of generations of students; Heron Watson was still active and Bell was still a favorite when Doyle was at Edinburgh; and as Doyle recalled Bell and wrote of Holmes, some of the old prejudice may have adhered to him, so that both the Watson and the H. may have descended for these reasons.

There is another train of thought which produces the same result and in a manner more pleasant to take. I may be doubted that Heron Watson was the source of the surname in the Saga, because Heron Watson was *not* a commonplace name; but let us recall that John H. Watson was not commonplace either, no matter what Conan Doyle started out to make him. In any case, Heron may well have been the original of the H. in our John's name. If Sherlock Holmes was *designed* after Joseph Bell, why may we not suppose that Watson was *named* after Patrick Heron -- not in spite, but as a distinct honor? Heron would have been an unusual original for a distinctive character. And so I think it was that our man was John Heron Watson, and that he had never been in China in his life.

Notes

1. Holmes "must have a commonplace comrade as a foil -- an educated man... A drab, quiet name for this unostentatious man. Watson would do. And so I had my puppets and wrote my '*Study in Scarlet*'." *Memories and Adventures* (1924), p. 69. The name Watson was common enough. In '89 there were 52 Watsons in the Directory as licensed to practice medicine. An earlier edition of the Directory was not available.
2. Moreover, no doctor would be apt to be very much elated to know that his name was used because it was a drab one for an unostentatious character - a "commonplace comrade" for Sherlock Holmes.
3. A. Logan Turner, *Sir William Turner: A Chapter in Medical, History* (1919), Blackwood & Sons, Edin. & London.
4. Remember that the names were chosen before the tale was written. N. 1, above.
5. By 1891, when Doyle wrote *The Man With The Twisted Lip*, James could have met all of the qualifications ascribed by Carr (except that of youth), so that Doyle, even though no longer residing at Southsea, might well have had James temporarily in mind, as occasion from Mrs. J.H. Watson's error in referring to her man as James.
6. Logan Turner, *Story of a Great Hospital: The Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh* (1937); Oliver & Boyd, London.

HERLOCK SHOLMES -- The Adventure Of The Diamond Pins & The Case of the Biscuit-Tin

Charles Hamilton, November 20 & 27, 1915

Charles Hamilton (under the pen name, Peter Todd) created Herlock Sholmes as a parody of Conan Doyle's famous detective in 1915.

Between 1915 and 1961, over 100 stories were written. Herlock Holmes lives at No. 101 Shaker Street, takes cocaine at seven-hundred percent, has a landlady Mrs. Spudson, a side-kick - Dr. Jotson, and an arch-enemy, the Professor Hickorychicory.

Remember, these are parodies and so not taken seriously !!!



The Adventure of the Diamond Pins

Chapter 1

Sholmes was examining attentively, under a powerful microscope, a leading article in the Daily Mail, when I came into our sitting-room at Shaker Street. He looked round with a lazy smile.

"I have surprised you, my dear Jotson," he remarked.

"You are always surprising me, Sholmes," I replied. "May I ask what you hope to discover by a microscopical examination of a daily paper?"

He yawned slightly as he laid down the microscope.

"Merely an amusement, Jotson. It may not have occurred to you that by a careful examination of the type in which an article is printed, much may be learned of the man who wrote it; in fact, his age, form, and starting-price, with sufficient care and attention. A simple amusement for an idle moment, my dear Jotson."

"You amaze me, Sholmes."

"Not at all, my dear Jotson. I do not say that this theory is widely known. Scotland Yard would smile at the idea." Herlock Sholmes shrugged

his shoulders, as he frequently did at the mention of Scotland Yard, and changed the subject. "I see that you have not shaved this morning, Jotson."

"Sholmes, how could you possibly know --"

He laughed.

"Is it not a fact?" he asked.

"It is a fact, certainly. But how you guessed --"

"It was not a guess, Jotson." Sholmes frowned a little. "I never guess. I leave guesswork to the police. It was a simple deduction, Jotson, simply explained. After shaving, your face presents a smooth and newly-mown appearance. I have observed this on innumerable occasions."

"True. But --"

"At the present moment it presents a rough and hairy appearance. To a trained eye, my dear Jotson, the conclusion is instant and obvious. You have not shaved."

"It is simple enough now that you explain it, Sholmes, but I confess it would not have occurred to me. Yet I have endeavoured to study your methods."

"Rome was not built in a day, my dear fellow," said Sholmes, with a smile. "You must take time. It would amuse me to test your progress. Look at this, and tell me what you deduce from it."

He took a large pistol from a drawer, and handed it to me. I examined it with great attention. I confess to a keen desire to prove to Herlock Sholmes that my progress in his peculiar art was greater than he supposed.

"Well, Jotson?" he said, a smile lurking round the corners of his mouth.

"In the first place, Sholmes, it is a firearm." I felt that I was upon safe ground so far. This much was, indeed, almost obvious.

He nodded.

"Go on, Jotson!"

"In the second place," I went on, encouraged by Sholmes' approval, "it is a revolver of the Colt pattern, which is manufactured in the United States."

"What do you deduce from that, Jotson?"

"That it is an American pistol," I said triumphantly.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Sholmes. You are indeed progressing, Jotson. I am interested now; pray continue."

He threw himself back in his chair, and put his feet on the mantelpiece, in his usual attitude of elegant ease.

"There is a dark stain upon the butt," I continued. "I conclude from that — that--"

"Courage, my dear fellow. Go on!"

"That the revolver has been used as a paperweight, and that ink has been spilled upon it," I suggested. I was mortified to see Sholmes burst into a hearty laugh. I threw down the pistol somewhat pettishly.

"I suppose I am wrong?" I exclaimed.

"Excuse me, my dear Jotson." Sholmes checked his merriment. "I am afraid you are a little wide of the mark. That stain is not ink; it is blood."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed.

"The revolver was found upon the scene of the Hornsey Rise murder," explained Sholmes. "You have heard of it? Seventeen of the most respected residents of Hornsey Rise were murdered on the night of the fourth. The peculiar circumstance is that each of them was robbed of a diamond pin. The police have concluded that the murders were committed for purposes of robbery. To that extent, Jotson, the intellect of Scotland Yard can go, but no further. They have no clue excepting this revolver, which has been handed to me. As a last resource," added Sholmes, shrugging his shoulders, "the police are willing to make use of my humble services."

"Better late than never," I remarked.

"Perhaps so." Sholmes glanced at the clock. "Nearly half-past nine. At

half-past nine, Jotson, I expect a visitor."

I rose.

"Do not go, my dear fellow. I shall need you."

"You delight me, Sholmes. You wish me to observe and deduce —"

"I wish you to take the tongs, and station yourself behind the door," said Sholmes calmly. "You will prevent his escape if I do not succeed in handcuffing him. He will be desperate."

"Sholmes ! Who is it, then, that you are expecting?"

"The Hornsey Rise murderer !" said Sholmes tranquilly.

Chapter 2

Before I could make any rejoinder to my friend's astounding remark the door was thrown open, and our landlady announced the visitor.

He was a man of powerful frame. My study of Sholmes' methods made it possible for me to observe that he was a man of dangerous character. The handles of several knives protruded from his pockets, and he carried a bayonet in the place of a walking-stick. These details did not escape me, though perhaps I ought to admit that, but for Sholmes' warning, I should have noticed nothing out of the ordinary.

Herlock Sholmes greeted him genially. But the fact that he picked up the poker showed me that he was upon his guard. I secured the tongs immediately, mindful of my friend's admonition.

"Good-morning!" said Sholmes. "You have called in answer to my advertisement, I presume?"

"I have," said the visitor, glancing at him suspiciously. He may have noticed the tongs in Herlock Sholmes' hand.

"I am glad to see you," said Sholmes. "You have only to establish your right to the property in question, and it will be handed over to you immediately. This way, please! Ah! Help, my dear Jotson !"

Sholmes was upon the ruffian with the spring of a tiger.

I rushed forward.

There was a desperate struggle. In the midst of it, the door was flung open, and Inspector Pinkeye rushed into the room.

A moment more, and the handcuffs snapped upon the wrists of the ruffian.

Herlock Sholmes rose, panting, to his feet. He lighted a cigarette.

"Quite an easy capture," he drawled. "You are welcome to him, Pinkeye."

"Much obliged to you, Mr. Sholmes," said the inspector, with a smile of satisfaction. "I don't know how you did it, but you've done it. A lucky fluke, I suppose — what?"

Sholmes smiled.

"Exactly — a lucky fluke, my dear Pinkeye!" he said, with a sarcasm that was lost upon the worthy inspector. "Good-morning, Pinkeye!" Inspector Pinkeye marched the scowling ruffian from the room. Herlock Sholmes sank into his chair again, yawning.

"Twas ever thus, Jotson," he said, with a trifle of bitterness. "Scotland Yard will never understand my methods, and is content to call my success a lucky fluke. But for your generous appreciation, Jotson, I should be discouraged."

"You may always count upon my admiration, Sholmes," I said fervently. "You astound me more than ever. May I ask—"

"To you, Jotson, I will explain," said Sholmes. "It may help you on in your study of my methods. The capture was effected simply through the medium of an advertisement in

the daily papers. The murderer left his revolver on the scene of the crime. You are aware that lost property, advertised in the papers, is very likely to be claimed."

"I have heard so," I assented. "But surely, Sholmes, the murderer would not have answered an advertisement of his lost revolver. Might he not have suspected that it was a trap of the police?"

"Undoubtedly, and therefore I did not advertise the revolver. I advertised a diamond pin."

"A — a what?" I exclaimed in amazement.

"A diamond pin, my dear Jotson. Look at this paragraph."

I looked. The advertisement ran:

"FOUND, in the neighbourhood of Hornsey Rise, a valuable diamond pin. Owner can

have same by applying to No. 101, Shaker Street."

I gazed at Herlock Sholmes in complete astonishment.

"Sholmes!" I ejaculated. "You had found a diamond pin?"

"Not at all."

"One was lost?"

"Certainly not!"

"Then, in the name of all that is wonderful——"

Sholmes smiled patiently.

"My dear Jotson, reason it out.

Seventeen murders were committed in a single night, each for the purpose of stealing a diamond pin. Does this not argue that the criminal dealt specially in diamond pins? My advertisement stated, therefore, that a diamond pin had been found. Sooner or later it was certain to meet his eyes, and the rest was inevitable.

To add one more diamond pin to his collection of ill-gotten gains would be an irresistible attraction for him."

"Most true!" I exclaimed. "But — forgive me, Sholmes — one more question: Suppose some ordinary member of the public had lost a diamond pin — such things happen — and suppose he had seen the advertisement, and come here——"

"My dear Jotson, you are supposing now, and my methods do not deal with suppositions." Herlock Sholmes yawned. "I leave suppositions to the police, my dear fellow. It is time you went to visit your patients, Jotson."

THE END



The Case of the Biscuit-Tin!

Chapter 1

Sholmes was at breakfast when I came down. He was dressed with his usual negligence, in a dressing-gown, a bathing-towel, and a slipper of a curious Oriental design.

He threw down the morning paper with a gesture of impatience.

"Nothing doing, my dear Jotson," he said. "The criminal classes seem to have gone out of business for three years, or the duration of the war. I have had nothing since the case of the King of Spoofia's Crown Jewels and the case of the missing Duke of Hookeywalker. I am growing bored, my dear Jotson."

"You are not losing your keenness, my dear Sholmes."

"I wonder," said Sholmes, absently knocking the ash from his eternal cigarette into my left ear— "I wonder, my dear Jotson! Shall I tell you what you had for breakfast this morning?"

I smiled.

"You cannot, Sholmes."

"Now, you have put me on my mettle, my dear Dotson. In the first place," said Sholmes dreamily, "you rose from that bed."

I started.

"It is true," I admitted. "But how—"

"You then took your morning bath."

"Sholmes!"

"And you breakfasted upon eggs and bacon."

"Marvellous!"

Sholmes smiled, with a slightly bored expression.

"Nothing at all, my dear boy. Deduction, that's all."

"But how --"

"Ah, if I explain you will no longer wonder at the accuracy of my deductions!" he said, with a smile.

"Still, I will risk it with you, my dear Jotson. In the first place, you are now in a perpendicular attitude."

"True!"

"The observations of a lifetime have led me to conclude that in bed people generally – in fact, almost invariably – assume a horizontal attitude."

"True again!" I exclaimed. "I had not observed it, but, now that you point it out, I must admit that so far your deductions seem very simple."

"Did I not tell you so? But to proceed. Your present perpendicular attitude shows indubitably that you rose from your bed. As for your bath, I have observed your customs during the time we have been together at Shaker Street. Why should the habit of years be broken upon this especial morning? I admit that this was a venture, but it proved correct, as you admit."

"Perfectly correct. But the eggs and bacon?"

"Ah, there we go a little deeper!" smiled Sholmes. "First, I have observed that, contrary to modern custom, you wear a moustache."

"You astound me, Sholmes!"

"Upon your moustache remains a slight trace of the breakfast egg. Voila tout!" said Sholmes carelessly.

"But the bacon?" I urged.

"Ah, there I was obliged to call upon my very wide experience! Bacon and eggs frequently — in fact, almost invariably — are taken together. From the eggs I deduced the bacon."

"Marvellous!"

Before I could further express my admiration for the marvellous insight of my amazing friend the door was

flung open, and Inspector Pinkeye, of Scotland Yard, rushed into the room.

"Sholmes!" he gasped. "Ah, thank goodness you are here! But --"

"You may speak freely before my friend, Dr. Jotson," said Sholmes.

"Take a cigarette, my dear Pinkeye, and a gallon of cocaine."

"Sholmes, the Duke of Shepherd's Bush's diamonds have been stolen! There is no clue. The thieves left nothing behind them but a biscuit-tin!"

Herlock Sholmes was on his feet in a twinkling. All the laziness was gone from his manner. He was once more the keen, cool detective.

"Only a biscuit-tin!" he drawled. "That is hard upon you, my dear Pinkeye. What do you deduce from that?"

"Nothing!" said the inspector, with a despairing gesture.

Sholmes smiled.

"Then answer one question," he said: "Was the lid on the biscuit-tin?"

Inspector Pinkeye shook his head.

"It was not!" exclaimed Sholmes.

"No. But what has that --"

But Herlock Sholmes was gone.

Chapter 2

I did not see Sholmes again for some days. Although kept pretty busy by my medical practice, my thoughts were chiefly with my friend. The case of the stolen diamonds occupied my mind, and I wondered whether the Duke of Shepherd's Bush would ever see them again. To this preoccupation I attribute the fact that several of my patients died during those few anxious days. This was a considerable loss to me financially, but I gave it little thought in my concern for Sholmes.

At last he reappeared. When I found an Italian organ-grinder reposing on the couch in my consulting-room one morning I had little difficulty in guessing that this was my friend in one of his innumerable disguises.

"Saffron Hillo!" he said. "Greeko Streeto! Macaroni, vermicelli!" Herlock Sholmes spoke Italian like a native. "Organ-grindo! Soupo potato!"

"Sholmes !" I exclaimed.

"Right again, my dear Jotson!" he said, rubbing his hands. "Are you busy this morning, or would you like a little excitement?"

"My dear Sholmes, I am entirely at your service. I was about to visit a patient for a dangerous operation. Probably he will not survive if it is delayed. But what does that matter at a time like this? Lead on!"

"Good man, Jotson! What should I do without my faithful Jotson?" said Herlock Sholmes, with one of those rare touches of affection that endeared him so much to me. "But you must be disguised."

With a few touches of his skilful hand, he disguised me as a coal-heaver.

A few seconds later we were seated in a taxi-cab.

"Where are we going, my dear Sholmes?" I asked, as the taxi whizzed through the streets at breakneck speed, causing several unfortunate fatalities by the way.

"You will see in a moment, Jotson. Have you your revolver?" I felt a thrill.

"It is in my pocket, Sholmes."

"Leave it there, my dear fellow. It is safer there."

Before I had time to reflect upon this cryptic remark the taxi drew up at the door of the Hotel d'Oof. I followed Herlock Sholmes into the gorgeous vestibule. We were shown

at once into the spacious kitchens. I was amazed. What mystery was this? My amazement increased at the sight of Inspector Pinkeye and several special constables hiding behind a pat of butter in a corner of the kitchen. Evidently the climax was at hand.

The chef was busy, with his spotless apron about him, and his sleeves rolled up. A momentary frown appeared upon his fat face at the sight of Sholmes, but it vanished immediately, and he smiled.

"Good-morning, Mr. Bakenphat!" said Sholmes cheerily. "I have brought my friend, Jotson, to see that remarkable wrist-watch of yours."

The chef started, and turned deadly pale.

"You have no objection?" smiled Sholmes.

"None at all," stammered Mr. Bakenphat.

"You are quite welcome --"

He held out his wrist. The watch was worn in a somewhat remarkable bracelet formed of dull metal. Sholmes appeared to examine it attentively. There was a sudden click.

Bakenphat staggered back.

The handcuffs were on his wrists.

"There!" exclaimed Sholmes, with an exultant note in his voice. "There is your prisoner, Pinkeye. You will find the duke's diamonds concealed in a German sausage in his watch-pocket."

"But – but how --" gasped Pinkeye, as he grasped his prisoner.

"And if you observe closely, my dear Pinkeye," said Sholmes, in a careless drawl, "you will find that watch-bracelet is made of tin --"

"Tin!"

"And is, in fact, the missing lid of the biscuit-tin. Come, my dear Jotson! We are finished here. The police can do the rest."

Chapter 3

In our rooms in Shaker Street, after the usual pint of cocaine and a hundred cigarettes, Herlock Sholmes explained.

"Quite simple, my dear Jotson," he said— "elementary, in fact. The thief left behind him an empty biscuit-tin. You must be aware that it is not usual for cracksmen to take tins of biscuits with them upon burgling expeditions. This peculiar taste on the part of the cracksmen furnished the first clue. Observe, Jotson, that while leaving the empty tin upon the scene of crime, he had taken the lid away with him."

"But Inspector Pinkeye attached no importance --"

Sholmes made a gesture.

"Ah, these Scotland Yard men!" he murmured. "They tire me, Jotson! Cannot you see that, when the lid of the biscuit-tin was found, the thief was found? Where would he conceal it? And observe that, however cunningly he might hide the lid of the biscuit-tin, he could not hide the abnormal taste for biscuits which had caused him to leave this clue behind him."

"True!"

"Such was my task. Well, the chef at the Hotel d'Oof had an almost morbid affection for biscuits. I discovered that he had taken to wearing a wrist-watch instead of the usual time-keeper in the usual place. Aha! Disguised as a butcher's boy, I penetrated into the kitchens of the Hotel d'Oof. His watch-bracelet was made of beaten tin; his watch-pocket bulged. It was enough. It was a cunning scheme, which would have deceived the police. Who, my dear Jotson, would have suspected a cracksmen of concealing the lid of a biscuit-tin under the form of a watch-bracelet?"

"Nobody but you, Sholmes," I said, with conviction. "It is wonderful!"

"Elementary, my dear Jotson."

"One more question, Sholmes. Why did not the thief throw the lid of

the biscuit-tin into the nearest dustbin?"

Herlock Sholmes smiled his inscrutable smile.

"Ah, why, Jotson?" he replied.

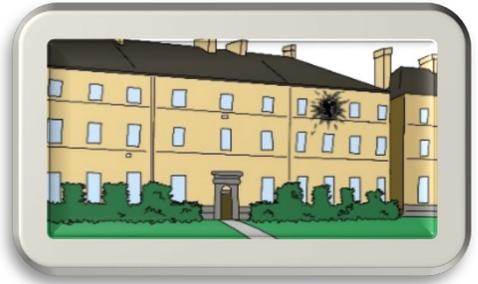
"The psychology of the habitual

criminal presents many baffling peculiarities. This is one of them. Pass the cocaine."



Baker Street Elementary

Created by: Joe Fay, Rusty & Steve Mason
The First Adventures of Sherlock Holmes and John Watson



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WHY DON'T I HAVE ANY MEMORIES BEFORE
THE AGE OF THREE OR FOUR ?



DID YOU DO ANYTHING MEMORABLE
ENOUGH TO REMEMBER ?

NOTHING THAT I KNOW OF...



IT COULD SIMPLY BE YOUR
BRAIN WASN'T TURNED ON
UNTIL AGE FOUR...



THERE'S A BRAIN-BUTTON ?

YOU DIDN'T THINK
YOUR NOSE WAS
JUST FOR SMELLING
THINGS ?



IT'S POSSIBLE
THEY TURNED
YOUR NOSE
BACKWARDS...
WOULD
EXPLAIN THE
LOSS OF
MEMORY.

IS THAT
FIXABLE ??

I BLAME YOU TWO
FOR HIS GRADES
THIS YEAR... I'M
NO LONGER
RESPONSIBLE...

