

The Bilge Pump

Vol. 08, No. 11 - November, 2020
*The Irregular Publication of the Crew of the
Barque Lone Star - founded April, 1970*



PLEASE NOTE:

December 06 Meeting NOTICE

We will be conducting our next monthly meeting virtually on December 06 at 1:00 pm. Will send out the link for the meeting the week before the meeting. The story for the month is the Canonical Christmas Story, "The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle".

Les Moskowitz will present on one aspect on the story.

Our special guest speaker will be Karen Murdock, who will discuss "Figures of Speech in the Canon."

We will cover topic 5 on "The Life and Times of Arthur Conan Doyle: How I Spent My Summer Vacation"

November 01 Summary

There were 42 in attendance at this ZOOM meeting.

Greg Ruby started the meeting with a very nice toast to a beloved Sherlockian character (see page 3).

We then conducted the monthly quiz on the story "The Copper Beeches." Ann Caddell took honors with the most correct answers.

Robert Katz, BSI, then led a lively question and answer session about "The Adventure of the Copper Beeches".

Announcements included: Katz and the SOCBs, Christmas card list, Baker Street Elementary, and others.

Our special guest speaker for the meeting was Mike McSwiggin, BSI, Steven Doyle, who provided a wonderful presentation on Pharmacy in the Canon, covering the poisons and chemicals referenced in the stories.

We then conducted the "Lightning Quiz", which focused on Dr. Watson.

The Doyle study, led by Ann Caddell, focused on Joseph Bell, who mentored Conan Doyle and was the inspiration for Holmes' observation skills.



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

You can follow us on Twitter at: @barquelonestar

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

Who dunnit:



Third Mate
Helmsman
Spiritual Advisors

Secretaries
Historian
Webmaster

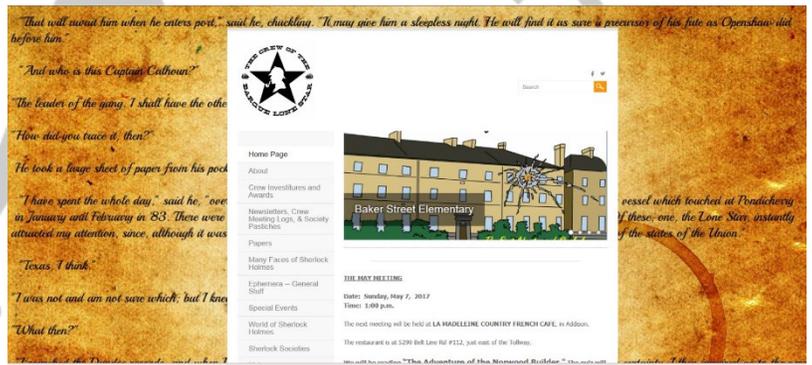
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Don Hobbs, BSI
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Our Facebook Page:

<https://www.facebook.com/BarqueLoneStar/>

"A Toast to Sherlock Hemlock"

Presented by Greg Ruby, BSI

A toast given to the virtual meeting of the Crew of the Barque Lone Star November 1, 2020

Next Monday, [November 9th] marks the 50th anniversary of the first screen appearance of a performer so iconic that when you say his name, you immediately think of the great detective.

Of course, I'm referring to Sherlock Hemlock, the Muppet known as the World's Greatest Detective on Sesame Street. First appearing to solve the Case of the Missing Chicken Salad Sandwich, which (spoiler alert!) he had eaten earlier, he would make several later appearances to solve various cases of missing letters or sounds, as well as the Great Twiddlebug Mystery.

Hemlock has great range as an actor, eventually becoming The Royal Smart Person in the show's Caveman Days sketches. At the request of King Ernie, Hemlock invented paper, the toothbrush and the exit sign. Who knew?

In the early 1990s, Hemlock returned to solving mysteries.

Appearing in the Mysterious Theatre segments hosted by Vincent Twice, Vincent Twice, Hemlock is now assisted by Watson, a small brown dog who appears to solve the cases before Hemlock does.

Hemlock is a media rock star with six cameo appearances in Muppet movies, over 40 books, computer games, and other merchandising.

There even were two albums made that were so successful that they were available on 8-track tapes!

Sherlock Hemlock is still making select appearances these days.

Earlier this year, Hemlock appeared in 12 of the 13 episodes of The Not Too Late Show with Elmo

(missing only the pilot episode) as a member of the studio audience.

So, please join me in toasting 50 years of Sherlock Hemlock. Egads!



The Intercontinental Reach of the Law

Liese Sherwood-Fabre, PhD

In two of Holmes' cases, he meets Pinkerton agents: Edwards in *The Valley of Fear* and Leverton, who trailed Giuseppe Gorgiano from America in "The Adventure of the Red Circle." By 1888, during the first encounter, the reputation of the Pinkerton Agency had been firmly established for almost 50 years and had already lost its founder, Allan Pinkerton.

The Edwards character is said to have been based on James McParland, who had garnered fame in the 1870s for infiltrating and testifying against the Molly Maguires, a secret Irish mining society. (1) Leverton's fame also preceded him as "the hero of the Long Island cave mystery."

Allan Pinkerton was born in Glasgow, Scotland in 1819 and worked as a barrel maker there until immigrating to the US in 1842. He settled outside of Chicago and continued his trade. In 1847, he fell into his new profession when he was out collecting materials for his barrels. A particular island not far from where he lived had a plentiful supply of poles, and while gathering them one summer day, he came across evidence of someone else using the island. He informed the sheriff, and the officer investigated, capturing a large gang of counterfeiters.

Later, local shopkeepers asked Pinkerton to help capture yet another counterfeiter. Based on these efforts, he was appointed as Chicago's first—and, at the beginning, only—police detective. Shortly, he had five detectives working under him, and his reputation continued to grow. (2)

Beyond his detective work, he was also an abolitionist. He had been involved in radical politics in Scotland, which was why he was forced to emigrate. His shop served as a station along the underground railroad, (3) and he raised funds to help transport eleven slaves freed by John Brown.

In 1850 he left public services to form his own agency. Pinkerton's National Detective Agency advertised "We Never Sleep" with an unblinking eye as its logo. This image lies behind the term "private eye." (4) The company included Allan's brother Robert, who was a railroad contractor.

The organization specialized in the capture of counterfeiters and train robbers, but also provided private military contractors and security guards. (5) By 1853, Pinkerton Agencies existed in all the major Union cities. (6) The company hired the first female detective (Kate Warne) in 1856, (7) and during an investigation of a railway case, uncovered a plot to assassinate President-elect Abraham Lincoln in 1861. Warned of the threat, Lincoln changed his itinerary and, under a disguise, passed through the area at night unharmed. (8)

When the Civil War broke out, Lincoln brought Pinkerton to Washington to head the first national police force—a secret service division of the army. Pinkerton agents provided information regarding the Confederacy's military plans.

Such feats were dramatized by William Gillette, famous for his portrayal of Sherlock Holmes, in a play he wrote and starred in as a Union spy sent south as Captain Thorne to send false information to the Confederate army, allowing Union troops to break through their lines. *Secret Service* debuted in 1896, and Gillette reprised his role as Captain Thorne almost 1800 times. (9)

When General McClellan was replaced by General Grant, Pinkerton returned to Chicago, where he focused primarily on bank robbers. (10) The agency introduced a number of innovations, including photographing criminals after arrest and incorporating newspaper stories about them and their crimes in their files.



As a result, by the 1870s, they had the country's largest criminal database and were often consulted by local law enforcement for descriptions of possible suspects. (11) Unfortunately, most of these were destroyed during the 1871 Chicago Fire—along with their offices. The agents themselves, however, were hired to serve as guards and prevent looting in the fire's aftermath.

Following the death of Allan Pinkerton in 1884, his sons took control of the company, and businesses hired the agency to infiltrate unions to prevent strikes and factory shutdowns. Such "union busting" efforts led to a decline in the agency's reputation, which sank even lower when eleven people, including three Pinkerton agents, were killed during the Homestead Strike of 1892. (12)



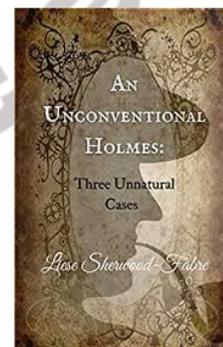
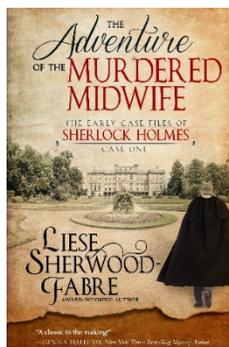
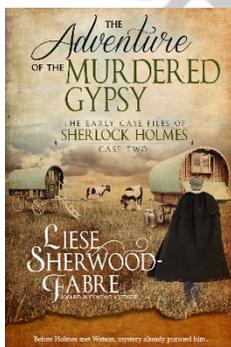
Despite several highly publicized incidents (such as firebombing Jesse James' mother's home), the agency endured and has grown to a \$1.5 billion organization. Its Website boasts of operations in 100 countries and offers such services as security management, corporate investigations, and intelligence protection.

At the time of Holmes' adventures with these agents, the Pinkertons' reputation still netted Sherlock's respect, and had they been given a chance to review Holmes' own scrapbook collection of criminal activity, each would have found a kindred spirit in the other.

If interested in Gillette's original play Secret Service, you can read the entire script (including stage directions) [here](#). (13)

- (1) https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/James_McParland#The_Valley_of_Fear:_McParland_.22meets.22_Holmes
- (2) http://www.frvpld.info/sites/default/files/u98/pinkerton_13.pdf
- (3) http://www.americaslibrary.gov/jb/nation/jb_nation_pinkerto_1.html
- (4) <https://www.pbs.org/wgbh/americanexperience/features/james-agency/>
- (5) <https://www.legendsofamerica.com/allan-pinkerton>
- (6) <https://chroniclingamerica.loc.gov/lccn/sn83045462/1884-07-05/ed-1/seq-3/>
- (7) <https://pinkerton.com/our-story/history>
- (8) <https://www.loc.gov/item/today-in-history/august-25/>
- (9) <https://immortalephemera.com/52226/secret-service-1931/>
- (10) <https://law.jrank.org/pages/9212/Pinkerton-Agents.html#ixzz6ZovY3k69>
- (11) <https://law.jrank.org/pages/9212/Pinkerton-Agents.html>
- (12) <https://www.legendsofamerica.com/pinkertons/>
- (13) http://books.google.com/books?id=IBwtAAAAYAAJ&source=gbs_navlinks_s

The first two cases of "The Early Case Files of Sherlock Holmes" by Liese Sherwood-Fabre are now available in eBook and paperback at all major bookstores. Also check out her free eBook of three Sherlock Holmes short stories "An Unconventional Holmes: Three Unnatural Cases" available at the same bookstores.



Each June I Make a Promise Sober (with notes)

By Karen Murdock

Published in the *Passengers' Log* (Sydney, Australia) May-August, 2005

(Ogden Nash (1902-1971) was the most famous American humorous poet of his generation. Born in Rye, New York, on August 19, 1902, he worked in teaching, selling war bonds, and writing advertising copy before landing a job as an editor and publicist for Doubleday Page Publishers in 1925.



At Doubleday, Nash met Christopher Morley (1890-1957), twelve years Nash's senior and one of the most popular American writers of the 1920s. Morley, Nash and Cleon Throckmorton (1897-1965) collaborated on *Born in a Beer Garden, or She Troupes to Conquer*, which was published in 1930.

That same year, Nash's first humorous poem, "Spring Comes to Murray Hill," appeared in *The New Yorker*. By the mid-1930s, Nash had quit his job to devote himself fulltime to his verse. He published several dozen books of verse, children's stories and essays.

His Broadway play, *One Touch of Venus* (1943), written with S. J. Perelman, was a smash hit. He died in Baltimore, where he had spent much of his life, on May 19, 1971.

Nash was a fan of Sherlock Holmes, as he confessed in his poem "Each June I Make a Promise Sober." This poem first appeared on the front page of "The New York Times Book Review" section on Sunday, June 7, 1953, the "Vacation Reading Issue" of that magazine.

It expresses only too well the melting away of lofty reading ambitions in the somnolence of summer, a

pattern just as widespread today as it was fifty-two years ago.

"Each June I Make a Promise Sober" was reprinted in *The Baker Street Journal*, Volume 3, No. 4 (October 1953) and was then, apparently, lost to the sight of the Sherlockian community. Ronald DeWaal's massive 1994 bibliography *The Universal Sherlock Holmes* lists the poem (C13489) as having appeared in just two places—the original appearance in the *Times* in June 1953 and the reprinting in the *BSJ* in October of that year.

I have been unable to find "Each June I Make a Promise Sober" in any book of Nash poems. The poem is not posted anywhere on the Internet, although there are several online sites devoted to

Nash poems. "Each June I Make a Promise Sober" has, apparently, never been published in Australia, nor anywhere else in the Southern Hemisphere.

I thought that Aussie Holmesians would enjoy reading it. Even if June represents the depths of winter Down Under, the sentiments Nash captures are universal.

I have added some footnotes in case you, like Ogden Nash then and like me now, have not yet gotten around to reading the originals of all the "masterpieces major" we once hoped to read.

I am grateful to Isabel Eberstadt for her kind permission to reprint this poem by her father, Ogden Nash. ~KJM, January 2005)



Each June I Make a Promise Sober

by Ogden Nash

Every summer I truly intend
My intellectual sloth to end,
Leave Dumas¹ and Conan Doyle behind me,
And let the dog days, when they find me,
Find me beside the sea perusing
Volumes of Mr. Hutchins' choosing²,
Congesting my uncultured head
With famous books I haven't read—
With Milton's *Areopagitica*³,
The almanacs of Gotha⁴ and Whitaker⁵,
With *Lysistrata* and *The Frogs*⁶
And lots of Plato's dialogues⁷,
With Darwin's *Voyage of the Beagle*⁸,
Erasmus⁹, and *Tyl Eulenspiegel*¹⁰,
Corneille and Moliere and Racine¹¹
And *Rasselas*¹² and *The Faerie Queen*¹³.
Every summer with me I wager
That I'll read these masterpieces major.

Each June I make a promise sober,
That I'll be literate by October,
Lose d'Artagnan and Sherlock Holmes
In worthier and weightier tomes,
In Nietzsche¹⁴ and even preachier Germans,
And Donne's more esoteric sermons¹⁵,
The lofty thoughts of Abelard¹⁶,
And Rilke¹⁷, Kafka¹⁸, and Kierkegaard¹⁹;
Loop in one comprehensive lasso
Turgeniev²⁰, Thomas Aquinas²¹ and Tasso²²,
The *Conquest of Peru*, by Prescott²³,
And David Harum, by Edward Westcott²⁴.
Of the classics, from *Beowulf*²⁵ to *Baedeker*²⁶,
I know less than a first or second gradeke²⁷,
So every summer I truly intend
My intellectual sloth to end,
And every summer, for years and years
I've read *Sherlock Holmes and The Three Musketeers*²⁸.

Notes

1. Alexandre Dumas (1824-1895), French novelist best known for *The Three Musketeers* (1844).
2. Robert Maynard Hutchins (1899-1977) became the president of The University of Chicago in 1929, at the tender age of 30. He believed that all educated people should be familiar with the great books of the past and sought to reorganize the curriculum of the University of Chicago around that and several other of his strongly held beliefs. Hutchins was the editor-in-chief of "Great Books of the Western World" (1952), a 54-volume series published by the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* in collaboration with the University of Chicago. This series included works by several of the authors Nash mentions in "Each June." As this poem was published in 1953, the "Great Books" would have been fresh in the minds of those readers who actually read them instead of simply bringing them along to the beach.
3. The poet John Milton (1608-1674) published his pamphlet *Areopagitica* in 1644 as an appeal to Parliament to repeal the Licensing Order of 1643, which imposed controls on publishers. *Areopagitica* has since come to be seen as one of the all-time classic defenses of freedom of thought, of speech, and of the press.
4. The *Almanach de Gotha*, first published in 1763, is the world's leading authority on the genealogy of the noble families and the reigning houses of Europe. It can be found online at http://www.almanachdegotha.com/main_page.htm#
5. *Whitaker's Almanac* is an annually published guide to the government and social structure of the United Kingdom and the rest of the world. It was founded by the bookseller and publisher Joseph Whitaker (1820-1895) in 1868 and has been printed annually since then. Sherlock Holmes used *Whitaker's Almanac* to decipher a code message at the beginning of *The Valley of Fear*, a feat which is proudly mentioned on the home page of Whitaker's Almanac online (www.whitakers-almanack.co.uk). In May 2002, Whitaker's Almanac was purchased for £750,000 by Bloomsbury Publishing PLC.
6. Two classic comic plays by the Greek playwright Aristophanes (ca. 450-385 BC)
7. The famous dialogues of the classic Greek philosopher Plato (ca. 428-347 BC) include *Phaedrus*, *Symposium*, *Apology*, *Phaedo*, *The Republic*, *Parmenides*, and *Theaetetus*.
8. Charles Darwin (1809-1882), biologist and author of *On the Origin of Species* (1859), the *locus classicus* of the theory of evolution. In 1831, at the age of 22, he embarked on the ship "The Beagle" for a voyage of scientific discovery. The voyage lasted five years and took

- Darwin around the world. He kept a journal during his trip, during which he developed his famous theory. The journal was published posthumously, in 1909, as *The Voyage of the Beagle*. It is perhaps the greatest scientific travel narrative ever penned.
9. Desiderius Erasmus (c. 1466-1536), Dutch humanist and scholar, a central figure in the Reformation. He edited the New Testament in Greek and authored several works including *In Praise of Folly* (1509).
 10. Tyl Eulenspiegel (or Ulemspiegel) was a peasant trickster who, supposedly, lived in the 14th century. He is part of the folklore of Germany and the Low Countries.
 11. These are considered the "Big Three" playwrights of the classic French theater. Pierre Corneille (1606-1684) was the author of "Le Cid" (1636). Molière (pseudonym of Jean Baptiste Poquelin, 1622-1673) wrote comic plays including "L'École des Femmes" (1662), "Tartuffe" (1664), "Le Misanthrope" (1666), and "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" (1670). Jean Racine (1639-1699) wrote tragic plays, most famously *Phèdre* (1677).
 12. *The History of Rasselas, Prince of Abissinia* by Samuel Johnson (1709-1784), the great lexicographer, critic and conversationalist. *Rasselas*, published in 1759, is Johnson's only long work of prose fiction. In it, four characters (including the title character) travel through Egypt in search of the happiest mode of life, which they never find.
 13. *The Faerie Queen*, an allegorical vindication of Puritanism in verse, was written by the Elizabethan poet Edmund Spenser (1552-1599). It was published in three books beginning in 1590.
 14. Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche (1844-1900), German philosopher and poet. He believed in the perfectibility of man and championed the superman (Übermensch) in his work *Also Sprach Zarathustra* (1883 ff.).
 15. John Donne (1572-1631), poet and Anglican priest. An edition of Donne's *Sermons* was actually published by The University of California Press in 1953, the year Nash published this poem, so he *could* have brought it to the beach with him.
 16. Peter Abelard (1079-1142), Medieval French philosopher, teacher, and theologian. He published his *Theologica Christiana* in 1123-24. Although one of the greatest theological minds of his age, he is remembered today mainly for his passionate love affair with Héloïse (c. 1098-c.1164) and for the letters he exchanged with her over many years. Abelard once wrote, in a letter to Héloïse, "Against the disease of writing one must take special precautions, since it is a dangerous and contagious disease."
 17. Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926), German lyric poet
 18. Franz Kafka (1883-1924). Austrian poet and writer of surrealist fiction. He is best known for his posthumously-published novels *The Trial* (1925) and *The Castle* (1926).
 19. Søren Aabye Kierkegaard (1813-1855), Danish philosopher and theologian. His works, which emphasize a personal relationship to God, include *Fear and Trembling* (1843) and *Concluding Unscientific Postscript* (1846).
 20. Ivan Sergeevich Turgeniev (sometimes rendered into the Roman alphabet as Turgenyev or Turgenjev or Turgenjeff or Turgeniv or Turgenuvha), (1818-1883), Russian novelist. His books include *A Nobleman's Nest* (1858), *On the Eve* (1860), and *Fathers and Sons* (1862).
 21. Thomas Aquinas (1225(?)-1274), also Saint Thomas or Thomas of Aquino, Italian philosopher and one of the greatest theological minds of all time. He was canonized by Pope John XXII in 1323. His most famous work is the *Summa Theologica* (1273), which has never been read on any beach in the history of beaches.
 22. Torquato Tasso (1544-1595), Italian poet. Known for his *Jerusalem Delivered* (*Gerusalemme Liberata*), 1575, an epic poem on the capture of Jerusalem during the First Crusade.
 23. *History of the Conquest of Peru, with a preliminary view of the civilization of the Incas* (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1847) by William Hickling Prescott (1796-1859).
 24. Edward Noyes Westcott (1847-1898) was the author of *David Harum, a Story of American Life* (New York: D. Appleton and Co., 1899). The book was dramatized in 1939 by Ripley Hitchcock (1857-1918) and became a popular play.
 25. *Beowulf*, written in Old English around the year 1100, describes the adventures of Beowulf, a great Scandinavian warrior of the 6th century. It is the oldest surviving epic in British literature.
 26. Karl Baedeker (1801-1859), German editor and publisher of a classic series of travel guides that are still being published under the "Baedeker" name today. The first Baedeker guide (1829) was for the city of Coblenz. The guides are currently published in Hamburg.
 27. Nash often used outrageous rhymes like "second gradeke" for "second grader." In the United States, free public education begins with kindergarten, which a child enters at the age of five (or nearly five). First grade follows (age six), then second grade (age seven).
 28. Dumas wrote three novels about d'Artagnan and his friends Athos, Porthos and Aramis. The first and most famous of these was *The Three Musketeers*, first published in serial form in 1844.

A Toast to Emilia Lucca

By Joe Moran, BSI, *The Holmes and Watson Report*, July, 1998

(Presented to Montague Street Lodgers of Brooklyn 2 Feb 97)

Watson's narrative of "The Red Circle" gives us only a rather skimpy description of Signora Emilia Lucca.

This is surprising, since she is the principal character in this case.

When he and Holmes first spot her from their box-room vantage point across the hall at Mrs.

Warren's house in Great Orme Street, he tells us only that "I caught a glimpse of a dark, beautiful, horrified face..."

When she arrives at the scene of Gorgiano's death in the house in Howe Street, he describes her as "... a tall and beautiful woman... her face pale and drawn with frightful apprehension..."

After the group returns to her small sitting room at Mrs. Warren's house, Watson tells us that "She spoke in rapid and fluent but very unconventional [Ungrammatical] English..."

We may think we know nothing about her beyond that, except

what Watson reports that she tells us herself - very little.

But we have clues elsewhere from which we may infer that she apparently suffered from a very troublesome medical condition.

Consider Mrs. Warren's description of the quarters rented by Gennaro Lucca for his wife's secret

hiding-place: "There is a small sitting-room and bedroom, and all complete, at the top of the house."

Note: There is no mention that these rooms were equipped with a private toilet.

We aren't privy to the details of the plumbing facilities in Mrs. Warren's house.

From what we know of London housing at the end of the Victorian era, however, it's likely that a replica of Thomas

Crapper's great invention was installed somewhere in the house.

But it's also pretty likely that any such toilet fixture would have been located centrally within the house, rather than reserved for use by a single lodger on the top floor.

Holmes gives us a small clue on this point when he asks: "But surely you or the girl enters [the lodger's] room of a morning?"

It seems fair to infer that what Holmes has in mind is the need to empty the chamber pot in the room. But Mrs. Warren

replies: "No sir; he looks after himself entirely."

This leaves us all to wonder how that chamber pot was emptied during the time Emilia Lucca occupied the premises.

We know that there was a window in the room.

Emilia used it to observe the house from which she expected Gennaro to send signals to her.



Did Emilia follow the custom that had prevailed in London in earlier days (and probably still prevailed in Posillipo during the days of her youth)?

Did she use that window and the adjacent street for disposal of bodily wastes?

Probably not.

By the time of this adventure, Mrs. Warren's neighborhood had become too genteel to tolerate this practice.

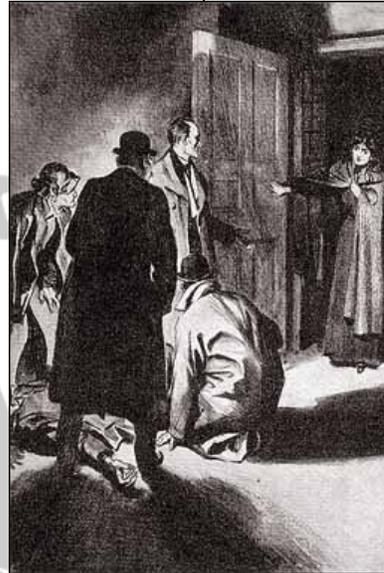
One alternative is that Emilia used the chamber pot for an entire fortnight without ever emptying it at all.

But surely that would have created an obnoxious odor.

That would have led her uneasy landlady to take more forceful action - or at least to mention it to Sherlock Holmes - and it certainly would have brought forth comment from Watson and others who entered the room.

We are left with another alternative: that Emilia Lucca did not use the thunder mug at all during the two full weeks she stayed hidden in the room.

Does this mean that Emilia was an anal-retentive personality?



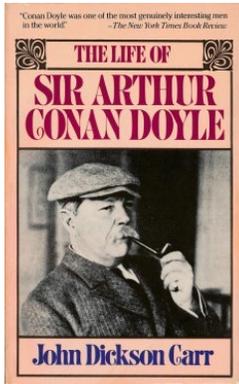
No -- I prefer to think instead that fear had caused her to suffer from a medical problem.

Of the hundreds of characters in the entire Canon, Emilia Lucca was afflicted with the worst case of constipation!

Thus I ask that we extend our sympathies for her medical problem as we offer this toast: To Signora Emilia Lucca!

John H. Watson Never Went to China

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



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.

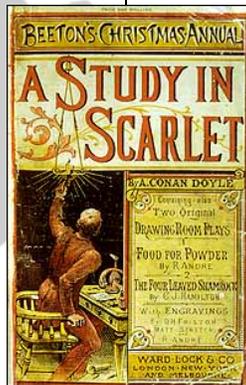
As evidence of the validity of this conclusion: this James Watson was president of the Society in 1890 and he presided at a farewell dinner in honor of Conan Doyle in December of that year.

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."

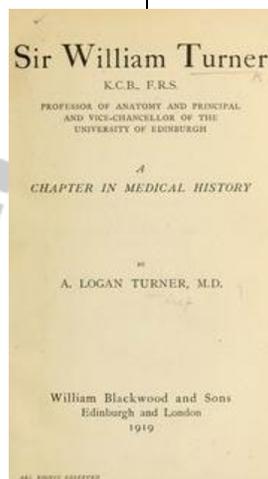
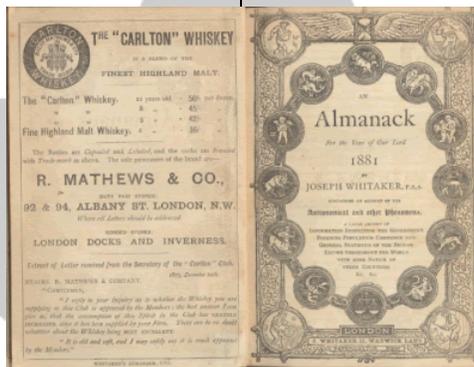
If Mr. Carr has more data about James Watson's life between September 30, 1885, and the time of the naming of John H. Watson, the Sherlockian world would

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 un seemly 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 man; 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 Freckled Band

Charles Hamilton (Peter Todd), December 11, 1915, *The Greyfriars Herald*

The Freckled Hand! is a Sherlock Holmes parody of the series *The Adventures of Herlock Sholmes*, written by Charles Hamilton (under pen name Peter Todd), published on 11 december 1915 in *The Greyfriars Herald*, starring Herlock Sholmes as the detective and Dr. Jotson as his sidekick.

Another Grand Story dealing with the Amazing Adventures of Herlock Sholmes, Detective.

Chapter 1

In looking over the notes of this period of my residence at Shaker Street, with my friend, Herlock Sholmes, I find three cases of especial interest: "The Case of the Missing Dumb-bell," "The Adventure of the Prime Minister's Ear-trumpet," and the strange and tragic story of Dr. Grimey Pylott, which I have classified as "The Case of the Freckled Hand." It is the last-named that I propose to give here.

I was chatting with Sholmes one morning, when a young Lady, deeply veiled, was shown into our sitting-room at Shaker Street. Sholmes removed his feet from the table at once, with his usual exquisite politeness where women were concerned. The visitor pushed back her veil, and revealed a beautiful and tear-stained face.

"Mr. Sholmes," she said, in an agitated voice, "I have come to you because I am in danger of my life. If my uncle should learn that I have

come, he would blow out my brains upon the spot! Of that I am assured. He is accustomed to these ebullitions of violent temper. Mr. Sholmes, will you help me?"

"Pray give me some details!" said Shames. "You may speak quite freely before my friend, Dr. Jotson."

"I should tell you first that my name is Mary Jane Pylott. I live at Coke Pylott with my uncle, Dr. Grimey Pylott. My sister lived with us there till the time of the tragedy of two years ago. One never-to-be-forgotten night, Mr. Sholmes, she came into my room, and sank upon the floor. All she could utter was, 'It was the hand — the freckled hand!'" Mary Jane Pylott sobbed. "Some time before, she had told me of how she was disturbed in her sleep by tilt, sound of a rattle. Mr. Sholmes, last night I woke up, and heard distinctly in my room the sound of a rattle."

Sholmes' eyes gleamed. I could see that he was deeply interested.

"What kind of a rattle?" he asked.

"That I cannot say. It was simply a rattle. As there are no children in the house, and my uncle is too old to play with a rattle, I cannot account for it. But — but I am sure, Mr. Sholmes, that it was the same rattle that my unhappy sister heath upon that fatal night. Without saying a word to my uncle, I came here by the first morning train. I fear that he has followed me. I dare not remain another moment!"

Our visitor departed hastily.

A few minutes later a gigantic man rushed into the room.

Herlock Sholmes eyed him calmly, as he advanced with menacing gestures.

"You are Herlock Sholmes!" shouted he. My friend nodded tranquilly.

"Good-morning, Dr. Grimey Pylott!" he replied. "Sholmes, the detective! Sholmes, the meddler! Sholmes, the spy!" hissed Dr. Grimey Pylott.

"What beautiful weather we are having!" yawned Herlock Sholmes.

"If you dare to meddle in my affairs, I will break you as I break this vase!" shouted Pylott, as he seized a vase from the mantelpiece, and hulled it upon the floor, where it was shattered into a thousand fragments.

"The sunflowers are coming on well," remarked Herlock Sholmes.

Dr. Grimey Pylott glared at him, and rushed from the room, slamming the door behind him with a noise like thunder.

Herlock Sholmes yawned.



"A pleasant visitor, Jotson. If he had tried conclusions with me, he might have found, perhaps, that he had met his match!" With scarcely an effort, Sholmes tossed the fragments of the vase into the grate. "Jotson, there is work to do! Not a moment is to be lost! You may go and see your patients, my dear fellow."

He was gone before I could reply.

Chapter 2

Sholmes came in towards evening, looking somewhat tired. But he had not come in to rest.

"Come, my dear Jotson — that is, if you wish to be in at the finish!" he said.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"To Coke Pylott."

The express from Euston bore us away. My friend was silent and distraught during the whole journey. He smoked, some hundreds of cigarettes, but I noticed that he did not take his usual swig of cocaine.

The dusk was falling as we approached the house. It was a rambling, old-fashioned building. Miss Pylott met us at the door.

"My uncle is shut up in this room," she whispered.

"All the better," said Sholmes. "Miss Pylott, in this case you must trust us absolutely. Could you sleep in the coal-cellar, or some secluded spot, this night, and leave your room to my friend Jotson and myself?"

"I am entirely at your orders, Mr. Sholmes."

"Good!"

We were shown to Miss Pylott's room, and left there. Sholmes looked about him, and listened at the wall which adjoined Dr. Grimey Pylott's apartment. The doctor could be heard pacing to and fro. A gleam of light penetrated into the darkened room from the doctor's apartment.

"Hush!" whispered Sholmes. "Not a word, Jotson! Have you a revolver?"

"Here," I whispered back.

"Be on your guard, Jotson! We are taking our lives in our hands!"

I thrilled at the words.

We waited.

For what were we waiting? I did not know. But I felt that danger was in the air. The shadow of tragedy brooded over the house.

No sound was heard save our subdued breathing. The hours struck dully from the clock in the hall.

Midnight!

My heart was beating wildly. In the gloom I could scarcely discern Herlock Sholmes. I saw that he had gripped his walking-stick hard. His eyes were glittering. The hour was at hand.



Suddenly, in the deep silence, I heard a faint rattle.

I started.

It was the sound that had been described to us. My heart beat almost to suffocation.

The rattle was repeated.

With startling suddenness Herlock Sholmes turned on his electric lamp. The light flashed upon a large freckled hand, and upon — Before I could see further my friend had sprung forward, and was lashing out furiously with his stick.

The rattle ceased.

From the adjoining room came a sudden, fearful cry.

Then silence!

"Follow me!" panted Herlock Sholmes.

We rushed into the doctor's room. Stretched upon the floor was the gigantic form of Dr. Grimey Pylott. About it was coiled a huge rattlesnake. With a single blow, Sholmes stretched the reptile dead upon the floor. He threw himself beside the doctor. But it was too late!

Dr. Grimey Pylott, the last representative of the ancient race of the Pylotts of Coke Pylott, had paid for all his sins!

Chapter 3

I was still considerably shaken by the tragic, events of the night when we returned to Shaker Street. Sholmes himself was unusually grave.

"You are puzzled, my dear Jotson," he said.

"I am astonished, Sholmes! I do not see how—"

"If you could see how, my dear Jotson, it would not be necessary for me to give my usual explanation," he said, with a slight smile. "It was the freckled hand that gave me the clue I needed. When Dr. Pylott visited us, you may have noticed his hands?"

"I confess that I did not. But you—"

"I observed that they were very large and freckled, my dear Jotson. But that was not all. You remember the rattle? How could that mysterious sound be accounted for? That Dr. Pylott was in the habit of playing with a toy rattle was scarcely an admissible theory. I deduced a rattlesnake. When I left

you yesterday, Jotson, it was to consult the wills at Somerset House. I found that Dr. Pylott was heir to his nieces, and that in the case of their death he would take possession of all their furniture. That supplied the motive, Jotson. When we arrived at Coke Pylott I was perfectly prepared to find a means of communication between Dr. Pylott's room and that of Miss Mary Jane."

"You found it?" I exclaimed.

He smiled again.

"Did you not observe, Jotson, when we were waiting in the dark, that a ray of light came from the adjoining apartment?"

"I did. But—"

"From that, my dear Jotson, I deduced an opening in the wall. Light cannot penetrate a solid body. Had the wall been intact the light could not have come through. I deduced an opening."

"Wonderful!" I exclaimed.

"Why was the opening there, Jotson? And you remember that strange exclamation of the former victim — 'It was the hand — the freckled hand!' Once I had deduced the opening in the wall, Jotson, the rest was easy. Through that opening the villain had introduced the rattle-snake into the room. But this time, Jotson, we were there. The dastardly work was interrupted, and the reptile, excited perhaps by the blows I had rained upon it, turned upon his master, and bit the freckled hand that held him. I confess that I had not anticipated this, but I cannot say that I am sorry. He was a distinctly unpleasant character. You remember that saying of the wise Frenchman, Jotson, 'Il fait beau temps ! Bonjour!'"

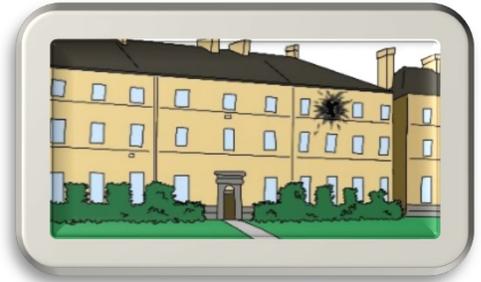
And Herlock Sholmes was silent.

THE END



Baker Street Elementary

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



BAKER STREET ELEMENTARY
NUMBER 302-11/06/2020

FAY, MASON & MASON

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ON ALL HALLOW'S EVE, MY MOM READ
ME AN ABRIGED 'FRANKENSTEIN'...

DID IT SCARE YOU ?



NO, BUT THERE WEREN'T A LOT OF
BRIDGES IN THE STORY...

ANOTHER VOCABULARY
WORD FOR YOU TO
WORK ON...



WHO KNEW THERE ACTUALLY IS A STORE
WHERE YOU CAN BUY REPLACEMENT BODY
PARTS...

<< uhhhh... >>



SEEMS HARSH TO CALL HIM A 'MONSTER'
WHEN HE WAS SO NICE TO EVERYONE...

<< uhhhh... >>



... AND THANKFULLY NO ONE WAS HURT AND
EVERYONE LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER...

<< uhhh... >>

LEAVE IT...
HE'S HAPPY.



... NEXT, MOM IS GOING TO READ ME POE'S
ABRIDGED 'TELL-TALE HEART'... I BELIEVE IT
IS A ROMANTIC SHORT STORY WHERE TWO
PEOPLE MEET ON A BRIDGE...

