

The Bilge Pump

Vol. 02, No. 08 - August, 2014

The Irregular Publication of the Crew of the Barque Lone Star



From the Editors: We had a wonderful time at the Perot Murder Mystery at the Museum. We are attaching another pastiche written by Jack Brazos III titled "THOU SHALT NOT TAKE THE LORD'S NAME IN VAIN." Don, Steve, & Walt

September 7, 2014 Meeting

The next meeting (and future meetings) will be held on Sunday, September 7th, at LA MADELEINE COUNTRY FRENCH CAFE, in Addison. The restaurant is at 5290 Belt Line Rd #112, just east of the Tollway.

Following Baring-Gould's Chronology of the Canon, "The Adventure of the Dying Detective," will be discussed (see page 5). A quiz on the reading will be conducted at the beginning of the meeting.

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

August 3, 2014 Meeting

Nineteen Sherlockians were present at La Madeleine for the August meeting. An opening 3 part toast was given by Stu Nelan to honor the original Sherlockians, the current Sherlockians, the volunteers and our members.

Tim Kline did a show and tell with his lapel pins which he is offering to sell for \$10 each. Also Herb Linder brought one of his pewter statues from the Sherlock Holmes collections to show the group. Pam Mason brought a painting of the door from 221B Baker Street she had completed in a recent art class.

Sharon won the contest based on the story "The Red-Headed League." The prize was a first edition by Christopher Morley called *Sherlock Holmes and John Watson*.

Don Hobbs showed a short power point of his Sherlock Holmes finger puppet-Vienna Adventure, based on his recent trip to Vienna.

Jim Cox gave a presentation on the Morley Walk which he does each January during the BSI Weekend in New York. He provided interesting details about Morley's early life, his career, and his interest in Sherlock Holmes and Arthur Conan Doyle.

We discussed final details for the Perot Murder Mystery Night, including all the things we will be doing (see page 4).

We discussed possibly going to Austin and Houston during their monthly meetings in an effort to encourage them to participate in our April 2015 Sherlock in the Heart of Texas weekend.

The Executive Committee decided to start a new web site, so Joe does not have to continue paying for the website. *All agreed Joe did a great job while he was here and will be missed with his new life in Connecticut. But we expect him to stay involved with our society.*

Walt has offered to host a monthly Sherlock movie night at his house and the club is excited about that prospect.

The closing toast was given by Steve Mason from a reading of the July 1957 Baker Street Journal, a tribute to Christopher Morley one month after his passing in 1957 (see page 2).



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

You can follow us on Twitter at: @barquelonestar

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

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A GREAT MAN DIES

The Editors Gas Lamp, Baker Street Journal, July, 1957

Christopher Morley died on March 28, 1957. He was a great man: a man whose greatness will be measured in the years to come by the legacy of the writings he has left, as it, was measured while he lived by the tremendous stature of the friendships he made and kept so well. He stood as one of the literary giants of his time, but for a few of us he was, the Gasogene of the BSIs - the founder and the inspiration of that little group of which he was so much a part and which became so much a part of him.

The devotion Chris Morley felt for Sherlock Holmes and his works sprang from the same profound spiritual fervor that underlay his whole creative impulse, and that made him, paradoxically, one of the earthiest of men.

He had a facility, in all he thought and all he did, for finding his way unerringly to the inner truths of the things that challenged him, and he saw in the tales Dr. Watson told a truth of surpassing worthiness. He saw them as a conspectus of the times to which he loved to look back; and as a stirring symbol of the eternal battle between right and wrong, and of justice coming to its own at last, triumphant. There was, on this emotional side, a nostalgia in his devotion, and a vicarious sense of adventure, and – what counted a lot in a man of Chris's beloved proclivities - a great deal of fun besides.

But he drew from his dedication an intellectual satisfaction, too, as is evidenced best, perhaps, by these words he wrote back in 1948 about the organization in which that dedication found its expression:

There have been, of course, occasional hard-minded observers who thought it silly for a group of grown men to dally so intently over a literature of entertainment for which even its own author had only a moderate regard. Let me repeat what I have said before, no printed body of modern social history either by purpose or accident contains a richer pandect of the efficient impulses of its age."

Chris Morley was a man of so many parts it is hard to count them. He was a novelist, and an essayist, and a critic, and a poet; and it is for having been one or all of these the world will honor and remember him. We who knew and loved him for a very special reason will honor and remember him too, and next year, when we meet in annual conclave in New York, we shall drink a toast to the man who was the Baker Street Irregulars, and we shall say to him what we say to all of those who go on before us - the words Sherlock Holmes said to Dr. Watson, with prescient understanding, these many years ago:

"Stand with me here upon the terrace, for it may be the last quiet talk that we shall ever have."

7th Circuit Orders Conan Doyle Estate To Pay Legal Fees, Give Up "Extortion"

by Scott Monty, BSI -- I Hear of Sherlock

For those who have been following the Free Sherlock saga, you'll know that the United States Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit heard arguments in June regarding the appropriate copyright of the Sherlock Holmes stories.

Background

The plaintiff, Leslie Klinger, BSI, had sued for declaratory judgment on the Sherlock Holmes stories, looking for the first 50 to be declared clearly in the public domain, while the Conan Doyle Estate, Ltd., the business entity representing the financial interests of the relatives of Conan Doyle, indicated that Sherlock Holmes as a character was not fully formed until the last story had been written.

The 7th Circuit, under Judge Richard Posner, issued a judgment in June, less than a week following the oral arguments, indicating that the first 50 stories were indeed in the public domain in the United States, and that any character elements that an author might wish to use in new stories would require the permission of the CDE. But stories incorporating elements prior to those stories being written were fair game.

In that June decision, Posner pulled on examples ranging from Henry IV Part 1 and Part 2, Henry V and The Merry Wives of Windsor to the Star Wars saga to delineate the features of "flat" and "round" characters and the timing of their character development. Judge Posner said that "perpetual, or nearly perpetual copyright looms once "one realizes that the Doyle estate is seeking 135 years (1887–2022) of copyright protection for the character of Sherlock Holmes." He further indicated that later "alterations do not revive the expired copyrights on the original characters."

Fees Awarded

That brings us to the decision this week (also available as an embedded document below), in which the court considered a request from Klinger to reimburse him the nearly \$31,000 in legal fees that he incurred in the appeal. Not included in this request was an additional \$39,000 in district court fees.

The court decided unanimously in favor of Klinger, awarding him the full amount. Saying that "the defendant's only defense bordered on the frivolous," it was clear that the strength of the case was with the plaintiff and that the fees were not unreasonable.

And then Posner went one further by deriding the Conan Doyle Estate, Ltd. business strategy as one that induced publishers succumb to the pressure to pay a fee or face high legal fees if they didn't.

(continued on next page)

The Doyle estate's business strategy is plain: charge a modest license fee for which there is no legal basis, in the hope that the "rational" writer or publisher asked for the fee will pay it rather than incur a greater cost, in legal expenses, in challenging the legality of the demand. The strategy had worked with Random House; Pegasus was ready to knuckle under; only Klinger (so far as we know) resisted. In effect he was a private attorney general, combating a disreputable business practice—a form of extortion—and he is seeking by the present motion not to obtain a reward but merely to avoid a loss.

In case you think "extortion" is a bit of a stretch, here's an excerpt from

the letter that CDE sent to Pegasus Books:

If you proceed instead to bring out *Study in Sherlock II* [the original title of *In the Company of Sherlock Holmes*] unlicensed, do not expect to see it offered for sale by Amazon, Barnes & Noble, and similar retailers. We work with those compan[ies] routinely to weed out unlicensed uses of *Sherlock Holmes* from their offerings, and will not hesitate to do so with your book as well.

Beyond the extortionate element of the decision, the court also noted that the CDE, in enlisting the support of Amazon et al. in a boycott, was violating anti-trust laws.

Perhaps the CDE will take the court's final recommendation to heart: It's time the estate, in its own self-interest, changed its business model.

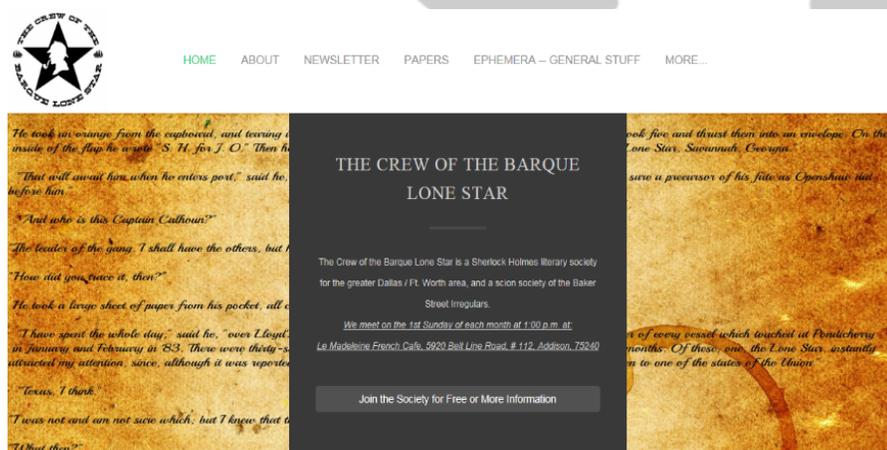
A Man for All Seasons

But perhaps the most notable and noble accolade in the decision are about Leslie Klinger himself. The court notes that Klinger "has performed a public service...with substantial risk to himself" and yet has simply asked to recoup only his costs, while he "deserves to be rewarded" for "exposing the estate's unlawful business practices."

WE HAVE A NEW WEBSITE

The Crew of the Barque Lone Star has moved our website information to a new webpage.... www.dfw-sherlock.org

The website has the following features:



- A description of the Crew, including our background and our meeting schedule.
- Our current and past monthly newsletters, as well as the wonderful pastiches developed by our own "Jack Brazos III"
- A page of ephemera (general stuff) including the Canon abbreviations, chronological listing of the Canon, and many other items which will be useful to our Crew members.
- A repository of papers developed by our Crew members, and other Sherlockian who wants to submit articles about the Canon, Doyle, or other Sherlockian items.

- A special events page, to chronicle our participation in Sherlockian events, as well as future events of interest to our Crew members.
- Links to other special Sherlockian webpages, such fellow scion societies, as well as important Sherlockian webpages, such as Inspector Lestrade's Blotter Page, Scuttlebutt from the Spermaceti Press, Sherlockton, I Hear of Sherlock Everywhere, The Baker Street Babes, Sherlock Holmes Fan!, and Sherlockian.net.
- A contact page, so Sherlockians interested in our society can reach us.

Thanks so much to Rusty Mason for the development and maintenance of the website.

Sherlocking at the Perot Museum of Nature & Science

By Don Hobbs, BSI



When the Perot Museum of Nature and Science contacted the Crew of the Barque LONE STAR Dallas' Premiere Sherlockian

Society about hosting a Murder Mystery for their Thursday hands-on lab night, the Crew jumped at the opportunity.

After months of preparation, Thursday August 07 was when the fun began.

[The Perot museum estimates that close to 300 people were in attendance for the event]

The murder mystery created by the Crew's Third Mate, Steve Mason, involved the murder of one of the museum's wealthy donors.

The participants were each given one of five packets.

These packets contained clues including blood splatter patterns and fingerprints that help clear a suspect or indict them.

The evening started with a display table featuring all sorts of Sherlockiana.

The next table was occupied by a team of Dallas Police Department fingerprint specialists.

They were kept busy with a continuous line of youngsters waiting their turn to be fingerprinted.

Oddly enough not very many adults opted for this part of the program. Steve gave a 15-minute slide-show on Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Sherlock Holmes.

More than a dozen members of the Crew of the Barque LONE STAR were on hand to help with the arrangements and be stationed at various locations throughout the museum to help participants should they become stuck and need help.

The Perot Museum is a modern four-story building, celebrating its 2nd anniversary.

The first part of the murder mystery packet was a trip to the 4th floor.

There the participants, according to the Inspector's name on their individual



packet, looked for their first clue on one of five montages of characters.

Each montage included a single image of Sherlock Holmes, a Sherlockian version of 'Where's Waldo.'

Once found, this allowed the 'Inspectors' to travel from floor to floor where they had to match fingerprints and blood splatters from their packet with one of five on other floors.

Each correct match revealed another clue.

The final part was traveling to each of the nine halls in the museum.

On each packet, there were clues written down and beneath these clues were numbered spaces.

The answers were found in each hall.

The corresponding letter for each numbered space was written in the solution space at the bottom of the packet, like an acoustic puzzle.



This revealed the murderer.

It was very clever and the more than one-hundred participants seemed to enjoy themselves.

With ages ranging from four to the eighties, it was quite a feat but then again, we are talking about it's creator being a Sherlockian so it should not be that much of a surprise..

We passed out free Sherlockian-related books and invitations to our monthly meeting.

Ironically, the most liked feature of the evening was not the fingerprinting or even Sherlock Holmes.

It was the green-taped outline of the murder victim. Nearly every child took their turn lying down inside the figure and trying their best to contort their bodies to match the figure outlined on the floor.

It reminded me of Christmas when the kids had more fun with the box the toy came in than the toy itself.

It is our sincere hope to spark the interest in Sherlock Holmes and maybe even add a few new members to the Crew. Only time will tell.





THE INVASION OF MRS. HUDSON'S FLAT

We are given a few examples of Mrs. Hudson's long-suffering nature in this tale, the first of which being: "Not only was her first-floor flat invaded at all hours by throngs of singular and often undesirable characters"

Reading this in the past, I've always assumed this meant Holmes's clients coming through the entryway. Looking at it now, however, I get a feeling people were wandering into Mrs. Hudson's living quarters. Would the front door at 221 Baker Street have been kept locked or unlocked during daylight hours? Would over-eager or distraught potential clients (not to mention those mad folk who just took an inkling to see Mr. Sherlock Holmes in the flesh) have just been wandering through the house looking for Holmes?

A VERY TRICKY MANIPULATION

Mrs. Hudson tells Dr. Watson, "This morning when I saw his bones sticking out of his face and his great bright eyes looking at me I could stand no more of it. 'With your leave or without it, Mr. Holmes, I am going for a doctor this very hour,' said I. 'Let it be Watson, then,' said he."

Holmes's entire plan seems to depend upon Mrs. Hudson's concern for him, and taking the action she explains above. What might Holmes have done had he had a landlady who was content to let him dwindle away, if he were trying to set the same trap?

MRS. HUDSON'S KNOWLEDGE OF HOLMES'S CASES

"He has been working at a case down at Rotherhithe, in an alley near

the river, and he has brought this illness back with him."

Did this information come to Mrs. Hudson only when Holmes fell sick, or did he keep her vaguely apprised of his current work with no Watson present?

THE DUTCH MEDICAL EXPERIENCE IN SUMATRA

"I know what is the matter with me. It is a coolie disease from Sumatra-- a thing the Dutch know more about than we, though they have made little of it up to date."

One would expect the Dutch to know more about Sumatran disease than the British, given the British relinquished their Sumatran holdings to the Dutch earlier in the century, but why have the Dutch made so little of what seems to be a very contagious disease? Just the state of things at the time, or were they behind the British in medical research? What nation was the world's medical leader in the late 1800s?

THE REF CALLS UNNECESSARY ROUGHNESS!

"But facts are facts, Watson, and, after all, you are only a general practitioner with very limited experience and mediocre qualifications. It is painful to have to say these things, but you leave me no choice."

Couldn't Holmes have simply pleaded with Watson to get him a specialist without cutting the doctor down first? Would Watson have insisted on checking Holmes out before getting the specialist? Would Watson's assessment of Holmes's medical knowledge have allowed him to get a specialist based on Holmes's word alone?

DID THESE FELLOWS MAKE HOUSE CALLS?

Watson asserts: "I happen to know Dr. Ainstree, the greatest living authority upon tropical disease, is now in London. All remonstrance is useless, Holmes, I am going this instant to fetch him."

Does one fetch "the greatest living authority" just like that? What about Sir Jasper Meek or Penrose Fisher, or any of the best men in London? Could Watson fetch any of these experts in their field and get them to come to Baker Street just like that? Would Holmes's prominence in the 1890's have made such a thing more probably than in his 1880's beginnings?

HOLMES'S BEDROOM GALLERY

"Then, unable to settle down to reading, I walked slowly round the room, examining the pictures of celebrated criminals with which every wall was adorned."

What do we make of the walls in Holmes's room? Sure, he's a criminal specialist, but why would he have pictures of criminals on his walls? Would they be art-type paintings or drawings, or actual photos? Were they to inspire him or remind him of some past injustice? Was he memorizing faces to recognize them at first sight?

HOLMES'S BEDROOM COLLECTIONS

"Finally, in my aimless perambulation, I came to the mantelpiece. A litter of pipes, tobacco-pouches, syringes, penknives, revolver-cartridges, and other debris was scattered over it."

We know Holmes has many pipes, as pipe-enthusiasts commonly do. But how many different tobacco-pouches,

syringes, or penknives would one expect a man of Holmes's habits to have lying around? Did syringes have other uses than injecting drugs, as we saw in "Missing Three-Quarter"?

DR. WATSON WILL DRIVE YOU CRAZY!

"I hate to have my things touched, Watson. You know I hate it. You fidget me beyond endurance. You, a doctor--you are enough to drive a patient into an asylum. Sit down, man, and let me have my rest!"

How much of that outburst was due to Holmes's horror at Watson playing with the deadly box-trap, and how much was a reflection of Watsonian habits Holmes found irritating during their residence together? Was Watson always touching Holmes's things, and getting scolded on a regular basis?

THE CULVERTON SMITH STORY

"Mr. Culverton Smith is a well-known resident of Sumatra, now visiting London. An outbreak of the disease upon his plantation, which was distant from medical aid, caused him to study it himself, with some rather far-reaching consequences."

Was Smith an Englishman? If so, would it have been unusual for him to have a plantation in Dutch Sumatra? Was coffee his most likely crop?

JUST HOW FAUX-DELIRIOUS WAS HOLMES?

"Indeed, I cannot think why the whole bed of the ocean is not one solid mass of oysters, so prolific the creatures seem . . . No doubt there are

natural enemies which limit the increase of the creatures."

So what's the deal with oysters? Are they truly prolific creatures? Who are their natural predators? What are their limits? Climate?

SCOTLAND YARD ALMOST BLOWS IT

Upon leaving Holmes, Watson encounters Inspector Morton, who asks how Holmes is. When Watson replies Holmes is ill, we read:

"He looked at me in a most singular fashion. Had it not been too fiendish, I could have imagined the gleam of the fanlight showed exultation in his face."

"I heard some rumour of it," Morton replies, chuckling to himself.

Was it necessary Morton check Watson's frame of mind as he left? Could Morton have tripped Watson to the game with such an encounter?

THAT SPACE AT THE HEAD OF THE BED

This one has been debated to death, but it bears mentioning: How does Holmes have room behind the head of his bed for Watson to hide? Is his bed set on a diagonal to the room? Is Watson still "as thin as a lath" from the Afghan campaign? Why not just crawl under the bed?

THREE DAYS WITHOUT WATER

"I give you my word for three days I have tasted neither food nor drink until you were good enough to pour me out that glass of water."

This can't be good. Are there any long-term effects to depriving one's self of water for three days? And what of the short-term ones?

THE SYMPTOMS OF A DYING DETECTIVE

"Could I fancy your astute judgment would pass a dying man who, however weak, had no rise of pulse or temperature?"

Aren't there any diseases one can die of that don't involve a rise in pulse or temperature?

DISEASE OR POISON?

"He took to his bed on Wednesday afternoon and has never moved since."

"Do you remember a box--an ivory box? It came on Wednesday."

Don't most diseases have some sort of incubation period, in which the infection takes hold and spreads through the body? Is any disease so virulent a morning exposure leads to afternoon symptoms?

VICTOR SAVAGE'S FORTUNE

"I dare say it was by some such device that poor Savage, who stood between this monster and a reversion, was done to death."

Okay, I'll admit it. I still don't understand the concept of "reversion" which seems to have been the motive here, even after reading Baring-Gould's not on it. Does anyone have "The Dummies Guide to Reversions" handy, and can explain it clearly and concisely?

BAKER STREET: IT'S ELEMENTARY

[For those of us in the metorplex...]

I used to think of Baker Street Pub & Grill as a pretty run-of-the-mill place — until I found myself turning into a regular. (It doesn't hurt that it's near my apartment.)

For all my devotion to small businesses and dive bars, I've come to appreciate the joys of hanging out at a mid-sized chain, mostly for day drinking.

If the name doesn't already tip you off, Baker Street is an English pub generally themed around Sherlock Holmes, which seems to be just a pretext to give menu items like sandwiches and appetizers names like the Elementary Burger and Watson's Chicken Tender Platter.

I started going there during football season last year in my annual attempt to keep up with my hometown team, the 49ers. Baker Street has plenty of TVs, and most of the seats offer good views.

Inside, it's about what you'd expect from an English pub: tidy, lots of dark wood, and even a carrel where you can find a British newspaper. You can also find, like, 30 beers on tap.

Overall, the drafts tend to skew toward whatever Baker Street's distributor seems to be trying to push, as opposed to



interesting brews (local, craft). It might not wow hardcore beer enthusiasts, but I tend to stick to light beers during the day anyway, and Baker Street has a lot of those.

Baker Street also has free pool on Mondays, and despite such a sweet deal, the purple-felted tables are usually pretty empty until happy hour rolls around — if you're bored on a Monday and not at work, Baker Street should be on your list of hangs. Otherwise, I recommend taking a long lunch.

You're not going to be blown away by the menu (burgers, assorted sandwiches, and fried fare, plus English pub faves like shepherd's pie and bangers and mash). But the aforementioned Elementary Burger is pretty solid. Basic but solid.

The only foreseeable problem is someone lighting up nearby. Baker Street is a bar, first and foremost, and it's a bar in Fort Worth. Expect to get a bit of secondhand smoke in your hair, on your clothes, and in your lungs.

That, unfortunately, is often the price you pay for drinking in this town, but at least the staff here is attentive and amicable enough to make up for a handful of customers fogging you while you're trying to enjoy a Welsh open-faced sandwich or a Scotch egg.

I've never been to England, and I don't really care about Sherlock Holmes, so I can't honestly tell you if Baker Street is true to either. But for a comfortable spot to kick back, drink some beer, and eat some heavy food, this place does the job.

— Steve Steward

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND FREEMASONRY

by Josiah Baker

[During our last meeting, where we discussed the "Red-Headed League," we had a short discussion about the breastpin worn by Mr. Wilson, which Sherlock Holmes commented on.

Our friend, Jody Baker (Inspector Baynes of the Surrey Constabulary), of the Friends of the Soldier Named Murray (A Sherlock Holmes Official BSI Scion Society, at THE TERRACE on MOUNTAIN CREEK), has just written a very good article on this very subject.]

Mrs. Baynes pushed her spectacles high up over her forehead onto her head where they nested comfortably in her luxuriant hair. She put aside the book that she had been reading, but she let it remain open as she placed it upon the table within easy reach. She knew that she might need to refer to it.

With a coquettish smile she turned to me and said, "I have just determined, Inspector, that your friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, was not very well acquainted with Freemasonry and the emblems of that organization."

"I'm not sure that I can agree with you on that," I replied.

"You know, of course that the Literary Agent is listed among 'The World-Famous Freemasons' in Pick & Knight's The Pocket History of Freemasonry. I rather suspect, Mrs. Baynes, that Mr. Holmes was very familiar with Freemasonry and its symbology."

"Well," she continued, "in the tale that I have just read, 'The Red-Headed League,' he certainly missed the mark when he was attempting to describe the emblem worn by Jabez Wilson. Look right here where Mr. Holmes infers that Mr. Wilson is a Freemason, and he then tells him how he knew that fact: '... rather against the strict rules of your order you use an arc-and-compass breastpin.'"

Mrs. Baynes continued with emphasis, "Even I know, from the mention that you have made of it, that the emblem for the Masonic fraternity is the square-and-compass; not the arc-and-compass."

I responded and sought to point out, "You are correct, Mrs. Baynes, as far as you go, but perhaps you have not gone far enough."

"The emblem for the Master Mason - and in fact for the Symbolic Lodge - is indeed the combined square-and-compass (or compasses as some prefer to say). And as you may read in Mackey's Encyclopedia of Freemasonry a part of the meaning and purpose of that symbolism is to serve as a continuing reminder that as Masons we must square our actions and always keep them within due bounds."

"You make my point, do you not, Inspector. Mr. Sherlock Holmes, if he knew masonry at all, would not have referred to Mr. Wilson's emblem as the arc-and-compass. He would have said, instead, the square-and-compass."

"But there is more," I continued. "While the square-and-compass is well known and often seen, there is no strict rule of the order prohibiting the wearing of it on a ring, or a lapel button or even as a breastpin, if one cares to do so."

"In fact, the identification of one with the fraternal body is encouraged by the Blue Lodge. It may be worn or displayed in any decent, honourable and appropriate manner."

"Holmes was wrong there too, wasn't he?" she pressed.

"No. He was not wrong on that point, either." I then explained, "The arc-and-compass is not the emblem of the Master Mason (or third) Degree."

"It is the emblem, or jewel, of the Knight Rose Croix, which at one time constituted the 18th degree of the Rite of Heredom and is now most familiarly associated with the 18th Degree of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry."

Looking once more to Mackey's Encyclopedia, I pointed Mrs. Baynes to page 873 and explained: "Here we see depicted the English Jewell of Rose Croix Knight which is, in fact, a compass-and-arc."

You may note, Mrs. Baynes, that it does, in fact, hang from a breastpin and ribbon in much the same fashion as some of the medals and decorations of our are military worn."

I then read aloud from Volume 2 of Mackey's monumental work: "Although there are as many as six well-known Rose Croix Degrees in as many systems, the jewel has invariably remained the same, while the interpretation has somewhat differed."

I continued, "No, Mrs. Baynes, Mr. Holmes was not in error when he referred to the arc-and-compass as a Masonic emblem and when he deduced from it that Mr. Jabez Wilson was a Freemason."

"His remark and his deduction show not ignorance of the order but, rather, they show an intimate knowledge of some of the more refined aspects of the fraternity."

Mrs. Baynes seemed pleased to have added this item to her storehouse of knowledge.

There was a bit of pride in her voice as she said, "Then what we may deduce from this is that Mr. Holmes not only knew about Freemasonry, he knew much more about it than many of his followers suspect."

"Let there be no doubt about that."

"But," she added, "what about the 'strict rules of the order' that Mr. Holmes referred to when he said that it was against the strict rules of the order for Mr. Jabez Wilson to be wearing the jewel as a breastpin?"

I smiled and told her that there were some aspects of Freemasonry that I was not permitted to discuss outside of a Lodge meeting. Frankly, I was glad to have that secrecy as a shield, because I didn't have the foggiest as to how to answer her question.

Respectfully,
Inspector Baynes



PINKERTON: THE SCOT WHO GAVE YOU BIRDY EDWARDS AND SAVED A US PRESIDENT

The Scotsman, August 15, 2014



One hundred and fifty years ago this month an assassination attempt on Abraham Lincoln was foiled. The hero of the hour was Allan Pinkerton, a rabble-rousing fugitive from the Gorbals and one of one of the most extraordinary men of

the 19th century.

Eventful is one way to describe the multifaceted life of Allan Pinkerton. It was also adventurous, enterprising, worthy, and packed with the spice of variety and danger. For he was truly a man of many parts, this complex Glaswegian who founded the still-going Pinkerton detective agency – which gave rise to the phrase "private eye", because its logo depicts a large, open eye above the words "We Never Sleep".



When he hired his agents, Pinkerton warned them that he was a hard man who ran his company with an iron hand. "I am self-willed and obstinate," he said. "I must have my own way of doing things."

But he wasn't as simple as that. At various points in his colourful life this carrot-haired policeman's son was seen as a drunkard, a defender of truth and liberty, a left-wing troublemaker, a bosses' puppet, a patriot, a traitor, a fugitive from the law, a dogged pursuer of America's most wanted outlaws, a romantic adventurer, a slave savior, a hard-headed businessman, and a soft-hearted idealist.

"Myth, legend, distortion of the truth and controversy would surround Allan all the days of his life," according to Scottish biographer James Mackay. And American writer Judith Josephson, who also wrote a book about Pinkerton, called him "a maverick who helped shape the meaning of the word 'detective' ... one of the most colorful men of the 19th century".

Pinkerton, who grew up in the Gorbals earlier in that century, would one day save the life of America's most legendary president.



That happened 150 years ago. But how had he found himself in a position to know of an assassination plot against president-elect Abraham Lincoln, due for inauguration the following month?

More pertinent, how had Pinkerton, then 41, travelled so far as to achieve exclusive access, in his heavy Glasgow accent, to the great man's ear?

Pinkerton's leaving of Scotland was like an escape. When he and his Edinburgh-born bride, singer Joan Carfrae, were

smuggled aboard a Canada-bound ship three weeks after they were married in March 1842, Pinkerton was a fugitive, having learned he was on the King's Warrant list and soldiers were on their way to arrest him.



A cooper by trade from the age of 12, four years after his father's death, he had become not just an expert barrel-maker but also a passionate orator as a fighter for universal suffrage and a militant member of the Chartist movement that championed "freedom" for the working classes.

The authorities had formed their dim view of him when, at 23, he started to advocate physical conflict in speeches to men on the cooperage floor. While they failed to foil his escape, big waves almost did it for them when his ship was blown 200 miles off course in a storm, to founder on a reef off Nova Scotia.

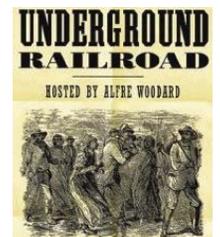
That was the dramatic beginning of a long string of North American exploits. The sea-soaked Pinkertons were lucky to survive after abandoning ship and being relieved of their valuables by natives.

On their rescue vessel, with only a few coins left in Allan's waistcoat pocket, they determined to test their luck and changed their plan of settling in Quebec in favour of the USA – specifically fast-growing Chicago, where there had to be big demand for his trade skills in an age when everything was transported by barrel. In a remarkably short time, he had his own ten-man cooperage.

It was the next chapter in his life that was to prove catalytic for his career, making his story a remarkably romantic one for writers and film-makers – even if with his gruff, thick-set dark-suited looks, with a bushy beard and flat bowler hat, he had only one only asset as a potential cinematic hero: cool, penetrating blue-grey eyes.

Currently producing a film about Pinkerton, Bob Cochran, said: "Pinkerton was an amazing guy – he took part in all the great sweeping events of the 19th century."

At one point, Pinkerton was a key player in the Underground Railroad, a network of secret routes that smuggled slaves to freedom in Canada. Cochran adds: "On one hand he was enforcing the law, and on the other he was breaking it. He was interested in (his own perception of) right and wrong, not so much in the law."



Having grown up with the law at home – his father was a policeman – it was perhaps an inherited suspicious mind that set his second career on track.

In 1846, he made a boat trip to a small, supposedly uninhabited island in the Fox River, several miles from his factory, to cut saplings for barrel hoops.

There he noticed a newish path from the shore where undergrowth was bent back. He followed it out of curiosity – and found signs of a recent campsite and fire. What was going on? After informing the local sheriff, he was deputized to help check out the case, and both men crouched in the bushes for five nights to keep watch on the site.

On the fifth they were rewarded with a stunning coup as they arrested, at gunpoint, a 12-strong gang carrying spades and sacks full of the kind of counterfeit dollars that had been spreading uncontrollably around northern Illinois.

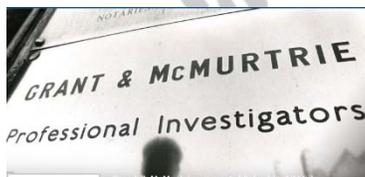
Impressed by his success and courage in this case, local businessmen hired Pinkerton to seek out more forgers – which he did with some relish – and so the first private eye was born.

Realizing that he could make serious money in the challenging business of crook-catching, Pinkerton was hooked. As his reputation for detection grew, he literally rolled out the barrels and moved his family to a more central area of Chicago to accommodate more case-solving offers.

The Treasury Department and the Cook County Sheriff's Department asked him to find the kidnapers of two Michigan girls, and he tracked down and shot one of the abductors, adding a "biggie" to his toll of arrests in 1848 and confirming him in deputy sheriff role. He also became Chicago's first police detective in 1850.

He kept taking freelance commissions, and business was so good that by that year's end he had set up the North-Western Police Agency – later renamed Pinkerton National Detective Agency.

Choosing only the best, morally upstanding agents, employing guile and cleverness – and the first female private eye Kate Warne who could get into places male agents



couldn't – the agency's tenacity became legendary among the criminal fraternity who began to quake in their boots when they heard

they were on its target list.

Stephen Grant of Grant & McMurtrie, a present-day Scottish private investigator, says of Pinkerton: "He inspired me from a very young age, as I was always aware of my industry being founded by this enterprising Scot. Although his methods have been well overtaken now, he was away ahead of the police work of his time, pioneering techniques like use of mugshots and disguises, shadowing, going undercover, and using code names and female agents."

In the general prevailing atmosphere of lawlessness at the time – with American expansion fuelled by gold- and cash-

laden trains pushing across often-hostile open country – the post office and the railroads became the agency's biggest clients, and its main work was hunting down railway thieves such as the ruthless Reno Gang.

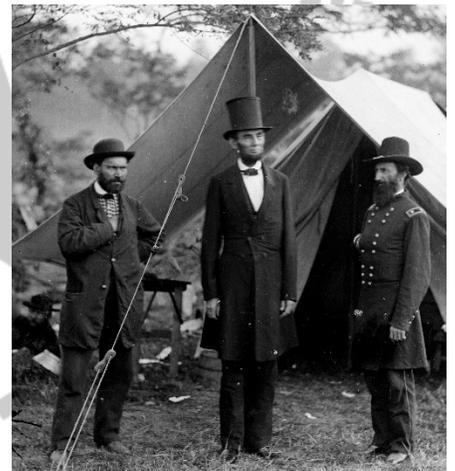
The agency became famed for its dogged pursuit of not only them (running four members to ground) and many other Wild West legends – notably Jesse James, the Hole in the Wall Gang, the dynamite-happy Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, and the vicious Molly Maguires – who returned the compliment by making Pinkerton their No 1 murder target.

But there were also "security" jobs to be done, some of which must have stretched the principles of the old Chartist firebrand. With investigative work into union activities, he was seen as responsible for keeping unions out of various trades around the Chicago area for years, and 300 of his agents played a critical part in the restraint of protesting workers at the Homestead steel plant of fellow-Scot Andrew Carnegie.

Perhaps the workaholic Pinkerton was just too busy building his booming business to appreciate the irony of such matters; for another security job, the biggest imaginable, was in the pipeline, won at least in part by his abolitionist sympathies. These, and his successes, had drawn him to the attention of president-elect Abraham Lincoln, who then hired his agency for bodyguard services. Just as well.

For what then transpired was, without doubt, Pinkerton's finest hour. Despite being relatively moderate in his anti-slavery position, Lincoln's election to the presidency had ripped the country apart. The sympathizing North looked on askance as the affronted slave states of the Deep South seceded from the Union like falling leaves.

As the Civil War boiled up, bosses of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad called Pinkerton in to investigate rumors that secessionists were planning to blow up train ferries, rail-lines and bridges on the Susquehanna



River. In response, the detective disguised himself, adopted a southern accent, and insinuated his way into the company of the suspects – members of the Plug-Uglies gang, who had terrorized Baltimore, even killing local politicians – and one of them, encouraged to drink too much, revealed in a slip of the tongue that something much bigger was planned.

The plot, thus uncovered by Pinkerton, was to assassinate the president-elect as he stopped to speak in Baltimore on Saturday, 23 February, 1861, on his way from Philadelphia to

Washington DC to take his oath of office and deliver his inaugural speech in front of the unfinished Capitol on 4 March.

According to a CIA report, Pinkerton's uncovered intelligence showed that, while secessionists whipped up a riot, a barber who called himself Captain Ferrandini would kill Lincoln, vanish into the mob, and slip away to the South.

Baltimore police would have only a small force at the scene, under orders from the mayor and chief of police, both Southern sympathizers.

Certain the plot threat he'd learned of was real, Pinkerton requested an urgent meeting with Lincoln, which was granted.

They met at a stop in Chicago, where the detective spoke the heavily accented words that made the politician blench with shock: "We have come to know, Mr Lincoln, and beyond the shadow of a doubt, that there exists a plot to assassinate you. The attempt will be made on your way through Baltimore, the day after tomorrow."

While Lincoln shook his head in shock, Pinkerton insisted that he bypass Baltimore altogether, arriving ahead of schedule in Washington instead.

Indeed, the Scot urged the president to allow him to accompany him directly to Washington that very night. But Lincoln felt too obliged to go through with speeches in his next day's schedule. After that, however, he undertook to follow the Scot's advice – changing his travelling times and passing through Baltimore at night.

Also on Pinkerton's advice, just in case there were any attempts on his life awaiting him there too, he disguised himself on arrival in Washington – adopting a hunched-over walk of an old farmer with a cane and a false beard that (in natural form) would later make him so recognizable.

Though such tactics probably saved his life and he went on to make an elegant inaugural speech in front of the Capitol urging a "more perfect union", Lincoln was ridiculed by his enemies for his "undignified" nocturnal trip through Baltimore.

While he was sufficiently stung to express some regret about it later, he was also deeply grateful to Allan Pinkerton, to

the extent that, with the Civil War breaking out that same year, he enlisted the Scot's help as a spy against the Confederacy.

True to form, Pinkerton responded well, bringing out valuable information on rebel supplies, defenses and conspirators, and becoming known as "The Spy Master of the North".

And when he was then appointed head of the Union Intelligence Service, forerunner of the US Secret Service – and in that role was often seen standing shoulder-to-shoulder in the field with his president – he must have allowed himself the occasional moment of quiet pride.

For to have reached that ultimate honor, it had been quite a journey for the poor boy from the Gorbals.

Pinkerton & Jesse James

Pinkerton and the outlaw Jesse James had an intense dislike of one another. For years, the James gang had managed to outwit the Pinkertons, but on January 5, 1875, Pinkerton's men attacked the home of James' mother, thinking James was inside.

The attack resulted in serious injury to Mrs James and left Jesse thirsting for revenge.

James went to Chicago, the Pinkerton agency's headquarters, vowing to kill Pinkerton. For four months, the outlaw walked the streets of the city with a loaded gun. Inside the gun was a bullet with the name "Pinkerton" written on it.

The detective did not know James was in the city, but James never carried out his threat.



CAN YOU SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING SHERLOCK HOLMES FILM?

The 100 year-old A Study in Scarlet has been missing for generations - can you help the BFI track it down?

by Stephen Kelly

The game is afoot. Sherlock Holmes fans around the world have been asked to turn into detectives themselves in order to track down the first ever feature film starring Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's famous creation.

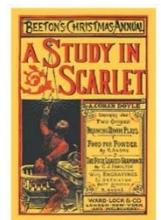
A Study in Scarlet, a silent movie directed by George Pearson, was released 100 years ago this autumn but has not been seen in generations.

It is high on the British Film Institute's Most Wanted films list, and the BFI has now appealed to the general public for any information of its whereabouts.

"Every archivist dreams of finding lost films," said Bryony Dixon, curator of Silent Film at the BFI National Archive. "But this is a film of great importance. Sherlock Holmes is

internationally renowned as a great detective. It would be wonderfully appropriate if a super-sleuth could help us celebrate the centenary of this film with a chance to see it."

A Study in Scarlet is an



adaptation of Doyle's novel of the same name, which concerns Brigham Young's trek across America with his Mormon followers and sees Holmes solve a series of murders through masterly deduction.

The call-out coincides with a landmark exhibition on the consulting detective, and the city which inspired the stories, at the Museum of London, opening 17 October.

Alex Werner, curator of the exhibition, said: "The long filmic history of Sherlock Holmes is unique – dominating popular culture in a

manner only to be rivalled perhaps by Dracula or Frankenstein. As we prepare for the museum's major exploration of the most famous fictional Londoner of all time, it would be a remarkable achievement to discover this missing film in its centenary year, and at the very least, remind the public of Sherlock's endurance on-screen, interpreted literally hundreds of times for over a century."

Pearson's *A Study in Scarlet* was made for the Samuelson Manufacturing Company in 1914.

It featured James Braginton in the lead role and was shot at Worton Hall studios and on location.

Fans with any information are urged to get in contact at Sherlockholmes@bfi.org.uk



From the July 9, 1905 Los Angeles Herald

The third in the Elliot Keene Sherlock Holmes Puzzle series.



The Chinaman, who had been employed in the family a long time, had disappeared, taking with him a piece of money which was valued as a keepsake more than as currency, since it was not a United States coin, but one issued by Great Britain.

Sherlock Holmes was not in the least puzzled by the mystery.

"I hold in my hand an object," said he, "which tells me what the amount of the coin was which the Chinaman took. I also see a clue which tells me the nature of his occupation in this house. I perceive that he was a Chinaman because of something which he left behind him. I also see to what place he was going."

Can you find the objects in the picture which would supply these clues? The objects are not hidden, but are in plain sight.