

The Bilge Pump

Vol. 03, No. 9 - September, 2015
*The Irregular Publication of the Crew of the
Barque Lone Star*



From the Editors: A compilation of various topics for you this month. Attached to this newsletter is the start of a new Pastiche by our Jack Brazos. Don, Steve, & Walt

October 4th, 2015 Meeting

The next meeting will be held on Sunday, October 4th, at LA MADELEINE COUNTRY FRENCH CAFE, in Addison.

The restaurant is at 5290 Belt Line Rd #112, just east of the Tollway.

We will be finishing The Hound of the Baskervilles. We will cover chapters #11-15 for this month.

The quiz will cover chapters #11-15.

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

August 2nd 2015 Meeting

16 crew members participated in the September, 2015 cruise. The opening toast, in honor of Laura Linney, Mrs. Munro in "Mr. Holmes," was wonderfully done by Bill, (see page 2).

The quiz, which covered the chapters 5-10 of the Hound of the Baskervilles, was won by Liese, with 7 out of 10 questions correctly answered. She received The Narrative of John Smith, a Sherlock Holmes Mystery Magazine, and Pipe Avon bottle.

Dean announced the death of Dr. Kesner, who belonged to the Afghanistan Perceivers Society of Tulsa (see page 4).

Steve provided a summary of his paper, "In Your Library," about what the top 5 books or items you should have in your library. The results hopefully will be published in a future national publication.

We discussed details on the upcoming symposium we are conducting (Saturday, November 7), entitled "Sherlock Holmes in Popular Culture." (see page 7 for the tentative agenda)

Don reminded everyone that The Wild Detectives bookstore in Oak Cliff will be hosting Lindsay Faye on October 19.

Steve conducted the final reading from the Baker Street Journal, (see page 3).

Thanks to Brenda for taking the minutes of the cruise. The full minutes are posted on our webpage at:

<http://www.dfw-sherlock.org/log-of-the-crew.html>

For more information concerning our society, visit: <http://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

Steve Mason
Walter Pieper
Don Hobbs, BSI
Jim Webb
Cindy Brown
Brenda Hutchison
Pam Mason
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"A Toast to an Actress"

Bill Pervin

Please join me in a toast to a very well-known actress.

She's 51 years old now with a 2 year old boy and has been honored by many awards.

She won 4 of the 5 Emmy's for which she was nominated.

She has had three Academy Award nominations and won 2 of her 6 Golden Globe nominations.

In addition she has had many other awards over the years.

She is now playing Ms. Munro, a middle-aged war widow who is the house-keeper for Sherlock Holmes in the 2015 movie "Mr. Holmes".

It's not a glamorous role but she has received rave reviews for her work.

The story, if you haven't heard, is set in 1947 when Holmes is 93 and his memory is failing.



He wants to set the record straight about his last case from 30 years ago about which Watson didn't really get the facts right.

Ian McKellen plays Holmes at 93 and at 60 – an impressive performance.

It isn't for her role that I want to honor her but what she said about it. For better or worse, Hollywood stars are held up as role models.

What impressed me was that when describing how thrilled she was to be offered the part, she said: "As a child I was obsessed with Sherlock Holmes. I read all the books and loved all the movies."

That's the kind of role model we want for our next generation...

...so I raise my glass to Laura Linney!

Truth is Better than Fiction"

Baker Street Journal – October, 1958

A good many years ago — in November, 1930, to be exact — Heywood Broun wrote an article for *The Woman's Home Companion* entitled.

"Sherlock Holmes and the Pygmies. In it he spoke of the Master as belonging to the ages, and of the creatures of S. S. Van Dine, Earl Derr Biggers and Mary Roberts Rinehart as typical of those fictional characters who stand ignominiously beneath him.

This was a discerning essay; and if Mr. Broun had written it today instead of when he did, he could have made it more discerning still by amplifying his list to include whole legions of other detectives, hard—, soft— and medium—boiled, who have come since upon the scene.

For it is an unhappy fact that most of the figments of the mystery writers' imaginations present themselves to us as cardboard figures, stiff and flat and unconvincing, who move in their contrived postures without integrity and without reality. As Mr. Holmes looks down upon them, we can see him smiling with amusement and, perhaps, a mild indulgence.

It may be granted that many good detective stories are being written today for our casual reading and entertainment. There is often good plotting, and sometimes excitement and suspense, and occasionally an appealing environment and atmosphere. But there is improbability and implausibility, too; and most improbable and implausible of all, usually, is the central character himself: the reason—for—being of the detective story, which is to say the detective.

Do we really know these individuals — or, if we do, could we tolerate them for long, outside the

pages of the book in which they carry on? Would we like to sit with them by the fire, discussing the obliquity of the ecliptic? Do we have a sense of their personal characteristics — their age, their height, the color of their eyes and of their dressing—gowns? Do we follow their mental processes, and know their methods as we know our own? . . . Not very often!

There are, of course, a few exceptions. One of them is Nero Wolfe, who is — and generously — three— dimensional: we can really see him, buried in his armchair drinking beer, or fussing with his orchids; and his mind works like a human being's and not like the tortured convolutions of a half— finished Univac. And there are Dr. Thorndyke and Hercule Poirot and Hildegard Withers, too, who might be people we really know.

But reach as we can, the list is bound to be a short one.

The fact remains that comparisons between the true and the false are invidious and illogical.

There is no character in fiction with the dignity and reality of Abraham Lincoln or Albert Einstein; there is no villain in any book so noxious and repelling as Adolf Hitler or James Moriarty or Lucky Luciano; there is no substitute in the invention for a Mozart or a Rembrandt or a Shakespeare.

These men, and their like, also stand above the pygmies that other men have created, and they prove, if it needed proving, that truth is not only stranger but more convincing than fiction. Sherlock Holmes, by this testimony, is a greater man, and more vital and viable, than anyone could have imagined.

JOE KESTNER DIES AT 71

Dean Clark

Noted Victorian scholar Joseph A. Kestner, a member of the Afghanistan Perceivers of Oklahoma, died unexpectedly in his sleep at his home in Tulsa on August 24, 2015.

He was 71.

He was a native of New York but had been a member of the English faculty at the University of Tulsa for 37 years.

While at TU, he had built an international reputation for his scholarship and was in constant demand as a speaker on a variety of subjects, primarily Victorian literature, crime fiction, painting, opera, and film.

Kestner was a speaker at the Perceivers' 40th anniversary festivities in September 2014 which were attended by several members of The Crew of the Barque Lone Star.

Kestner began his presentation at that event by giving credit to the founder of the Perceivers, the late Stafford Davis, for his interest in Sherlock Holmes.

"He was theoretically my student, but actually I learned more from him," Kestner said.

Kestner's subsequent scholarly publications included at least two books on Victorian detective fiction.

During the Perceivers' celebration, Kestner met and formed a mutual admiration society with Les Klinger, the very famous authority on all matters Holmesian.

As a result, Klinger invited Kestner to be the distinguished speaker at the BSI weekend in New York in January 2016.

I emailed Joe after learning this news and he replied the it was "a great honor indeed" and that he was "overwhelmed when he got the invitation and regarded it as one of the proudest moments of his life."

This was a great loss to the Sherlockian world and whoever is chosen to be the 2016 distinguished speaker will have a hard act to follow.

Dean Clark



Joseph A. Kestner

Queen Elizabeth II Surpasses Queen Victoria

I Hear of Sherlock Everywhere

9 September 2015, marks a very significant day for Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Second, by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and of Her other Realms and Territories Queen, Head of the Commonwealth, Defender of the Faith.



emerald pin will forever recall to my friend's memory the adventure of the Bruce-Partington plans.

Elizabeth was born 21 April 1926 to Prince Albert, Duke of York (later George VI) and Elizabeth, Duchess of

York (Queen Elizabeth and after his death, Elizabeth the Queen Mother). Churchill described her at the age of two as "a character.

That is the day she has surpassed her great-grandmother, Victoria, as the longest-reigning British monarch.

While Victoria was not mentioned by name in any of the Holmes tales, she was certainly referred to in "The Bruce Partington Plans," during which Holmes expressed his regret "that all the Queen's horses and all the Queen's men cannot avail in this matter."

She has an air of authority and reflectiveness astonishing in an infant."

"Lilibet," as she was known to her family, was initially not expected to ascend the throne.

Later in the tale, Watson recounted:

I learned incidentally that my friend spent a day at Windsor, whence he returned with a remarkably fine emerald tie-pin. When I asked him if he had bought it, he answered that it was a present from a certain gracious lady in whose interests he had once been fortunate enough to carry out a small commission.



He said no more; but I fancy I could guess at that lady's august name, and I have little doubt the

While she was third in line to the throne, her uncle the Prince of Wales (later Edward VIII) was young and was expected to have children.

It was only after his abdication and her father's investiture that Elizabeth became heir apparent.

When her father died on 6 February 1952, she became Elizabeth II at the age of 25.

She celebrated her 89th birthday earlier this year and has now earned her rightful place in the record books as the longest serving British monarch.

The River Thames

Liese Sherwood-Fabre, PhD

In *The Sign of Four*, Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson pursue a murder suspect down the Thames in a “mad, flying man-hunt.” (1) By the late 1800s, the time of this story, the river had become much swifter and allowed for such a high-speed chase. (2)

Nineteenth century MP John Burns described the River Thames as “liquid history,” with settlements along its banks going back to Neolithic times.(3) The name itself is believed to be the Latin derivation *Tamesis* of its Celtic name *Tamesas*, meaning *dark*.(4) At 215 miles, it runs from Cotswold, beginning as a small stream, through London, and into the North Sea.(5)

To facilitate commercial traffic, the river has more than forty locks that raise or lower boats along the way. Some of these locks date back more than 400 years and are still operated by hand. In the late 1700s various canals were constructed to create trade routes to and from London, enriching the towns along the river as barges carried coal, wool, grain, and timber to London and other goods back to the countryside until the latter 1800s when railroads took over.(6)

Prior to the 1800s, the Thames would sometimes freeze, and Londoners could enjoy drinking and dancing on the ice at Frost Fairs. While the river had always

been a dumping ground for the city’s waste, the introduction of indoor plumbing increased the effluent into the river. It became so polluted in 1858 that Parliament was suspended because of the stench. Sir Joseph Bazalgette designed a sewer system that carried the waste further down the river and introduced a filtration system. Embankments were also created to speed the river and carry off more mud.(7) As a result of the swifter river flow, the Thames no longer freezes and the last Frost Fair occurred in 1814.

The Victorians also dredged the river to increase its navigability and found numerous artifacts in the process. Modern day “Mudlarks” continue to forage the river for bits of history still buried in the mud along the Thames, dating back centuries. Many of these items can be found in displays at various London museums, including the Museum of London and the British museum. (8)

While the river’s speed would be familiar to Holmes and Watson, the water’s cleanliness would be a great surprise to them. The “dead river” of Victorian times is now home to 125 species of fish, including salmon and sea trout, and otters have returned.(9) Thanks to such ecological efforts England’s “liquid history” continues to flow with a much brighter future ahead.



By Liese Sherwood-Fabre, PhD. You can read more about this award-winning author's writing (as well as her previous articles in the Bilge Pump) and sign up for her newsletter at www.liesesherwoodfabre.com. A non-Sherlockian adventure can be downloaded at: <http://www.liesesherwoodfabre.com/extras.html>

(1) Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Complete Sherlock Holmes* (London: Simon & Schuster UK Ltd., 2012), Kindle Location 3750.

(2) <http://www.lbhf.gov.uk/external/la21/articles/stink.htm>

(3) <http://www.riverthames.co.uk/cms/shared/display.php?path=3274#ice>

(4) <http://www.pla.co.uk/News/Thames-history>

(5) <http://www.visitthames.co.uk/about-the-river>

(6) <http://www.smithsonianmag.com/history/the-long-and-winding-history-of-the-thames-139049496/?all>

(7) http://www.bbc.co.uk/london/content/articles/2009/03/17/river_thames_facts_feature.shtml

(8) <http://www.archaeology.co.uk/articles/features/liquid-history-excavating-londons-great-river-the-thames.htm>

(9) <http://www.smithsonianmag.com/history/the-long-and-winding-history-of-the-thames-139049496/?all>

November 7th Symposium – Sherlock Holmes in Popular Culture – Agenda

9:00 – 9:10	Opening (announcements)	
9:10 – 9:30	Topic 1 -- Conan Doyle Life	Cindy Brown
9:30 – 10:00	Topic 2 – 101 Damnations	Don Hobbs
10:00 – 10:15	Break (view displays / show video)	
10:15 – 10:45	Topic 3 -- It Was a Dark and Stormy Night: Resources and Tips for the Pastiche Writer	Colleen O'Connor
10:45 – 11:15	Topic 4 – The Games of Sherlock Holmes	Tim Kline
11:15 – 12:45	Lunch (view displays / show video)	
12:45 – 1:00	Topic 5 – Radio Plays of Sherlock Holmes	Dean Clark
1:00 – 1:45	Topic 6 – Irene Adler in the Modern Times	Carole Nelson Douglas
1:45 – 2:00	Break (view displays / show video)	
2:00 – 2:45	Topic 7 -- "The Rise of the Sherlockian Fangirl: Myths and Realities in the BBC Sherlock Online Community" / A Three Patch Problem: Reinterpreting the Canon In the Modern Era	Sandra Little
2:45 – 3:00	Topic 8 – Sherlock Holmes Societies in America	Stu Nelan
3:00	Closing	

CREW OF THE BARQUE LONE STAR of North Central Texas

From the June, 1971 Baker Street Journal

Correspondence: Margaret F. Morris, Third Mate, 472 Westview Terrace, Arlington, Texas 76013.

The spring cruise was held 14 May with nine members aboard.

The reading of communications from corresponding members and some routine matters took up the first leg of the cruise.

Then the Crew quizzed itself on The Five Orange Pips; the honours went to Laverne Prewitt and Bill Beeson.

After the members approved a joint meeting with the Fort Worth Corral of the Westerners, the cruise ended with the ceremonial signing of the ship's log.

WHO IS ANGUS HUDSON?

From the founder of our society, in the *Baker Street Journal*, March, 1976

MARGARET FRANCINE MORRIS, founder and Third Mate of the Crew of the Barque Lone Star and Chairman of the Sub-Librarian's Scion, has a B.A. from The University of Texas (at Austin) and an M.S. from East Texas State University.

FOR more than three years, fully half the people within range of a public broadcasting station have spent one or two hours a week following the fortunes of the residents of 165 Eaton Place, London, West. Children, cads, and parlour-maids wander in and out, the lovely Lady Marjorie Bellamy goes down with the Titanic, coachman are replaced by blackmailing chauffeurs, but Hudson remains, the one fixed point in a changing household — Angus Hudson, the butler of Eaton Place, that is.

The coincidence of surname and profession are enough to make any Sherlockian curious about this paragon of butlers. Competent, loyal, resourceful, with uncompromising personal and professional standards, occasionally fond of a joke and softer-hearted than he wants anyone to know; what else do we know about Angus Hudson?

He is a Scot, the son of a gamekeeper, born between 1860 and 1870. He entered service as a very young footman to the Talbot-Careys on the Southwold estate. He was probably under-butler at the time of the Lady Marjorie's marriage to that young man from the Foreign Office, Richard Bellamy. He was selected to superintend their modest London establishment. Mrs. Bridges, the cook, came up from Southwold with him.

After a few years Rose Buckjoined them as housemaid. Other staff come and go, a steady stream of under house-

parlourmaids, valets, and secretaries are added, then depart. Hudson regulates whatever staff he has according to the standards of a great house: his standards, those by which he and the Lady Marjorie were reared. Hudson is, for instance, shocked to the point of giving notice when the son of the house insists on serving the best claret in his father's cellar to a secretary (and at luncheon at that!).

What do we notice most about Hudson? Is it not his loyalty? When scandal threatens (about every other week), Hudson is unperturbed. He declines the stewardship of a great country house to remain with a lost, widowed Richard Bellamy. He is eager to conspire with the sturdily middle-class Hazel Forrest Bellamy to circumvent his master's gentlemanly refusal to break his word to the man who involved him (innocently) in a conflict-of-interest scandal. Hudson may disapprove of the actions of the junior Bellamys, but his private feelings disappear behind the butler's façade—except in the case of the claret.

Hudson can cope with anything: an ex-housemaid giving birth in the kitchen (while Edward VII plays bridge in the morning room), an axe murderer lurking in the cellar, several hysterical maids, an attempt to bribe an ingenuous young footman, and a superior fishmonger making drunken advances to Mrs. Bridges (with whom, we gather, Hudson has an understanding”).

While accompanying Captain James for a week-end of grouse

shooting, he not only valets and loads impeccably, but takes charge of the shooting lunch when the host's butler turns up drunk. Dour though he may appear to young servants, Hudson is not without his light side. We see him in the Crown and Anchor only once (rescuing Edward the footman from a disreputable private inquiry agent), but he is not a stranger to the establishment. I think he enjoyed music halls, though we never see him visit one.

Once, oh joy, we got to see Angus at the seaside on a fateful bank holiday, boater on the back of his head, freckles standing out on his forehead, trousers rolled up to a decorous mid-calf. Interrupted in the midst of a moving recitation of “The Eye of the Little Yellow God” by World War One, he downs his beer, sings patriotic songs, and is at the point of slugging Albert Lyon (the fishmonger) for making coarse remarks to Mrs. Bridges. There is life in Uncle Angus yet.

Is it too much to think that Angus is Martha's son? I have always believed that Mrs. Hudson had been in “good service” as a young woman. We know so little about her! She is not a Scot, but has “as good an idea of breakfast as a Scotswoman.”

She came to London as a fairly young widow with enough money to buy the lease in Baker Street and set up as a lodging-house keeper. Her cuisine is substantial, but limited. She is loyal to her tenants, keeps a stern eye on the “goings-on,” is resourceful when called on,

and willing to help out with a joke (placing missing state papers in the scrambled-egg dish, for instance).

One might postulate a young housemaid who was taken to Scotland on the annual August visit or who accompanied some junior Southwold connection to live there. She married Hudson, the keeper. Perhaps she continued in-service for a time; married servants were not unusual in Scotland. She acquired executive housekeeping experience somewhere. Perhaps she and Hudson the elder looked after some retiring Carey cousin or were resident caretakers on the estate. She had at least two children, Angus and Donald. The family broke up when the boys were in their teens, Donald to be apprenticed to a shipyard, Angus to enter service at Southwold. There is some reference to a few years in Glasgow, but we have no idea when this was.

We do not know how or when Martha was widowed. Was Hudson killed in some sort of shooting accident that called for more than a widow's pension? Was he murdered by poachers? Was he, as some have suggested, a blackmailer; his widow setting up a London house on his profits? Surely, not the last two. For one thing, no Scottish poacher, at least as portrayed by John Buchan, would dream of murdering a keeper.

As to blackmail, we have seen what her son (and I become more convinced that he was her son) did with a £5 bribe offered to Edward the footman. Such moral fibre is implanted early in life. No, Martha did not buy the lease with blackmail money. There are so many

possibilities. . . . Whatever happened, Martha came into enough money to send the younger boy to a good grammar school and article him to a shipbuilding firm as an engineering apprentice. There was enough left to buy up the lease in Baker Street. It is fairly clear that Angus did not receive as good an education as Donald did.

He is, I think, the product of a Scottish primary school, probably kept by the local dominie. Little Scottish primary schools did two things supremely well in the nineteenth century: they instilled a love of the written word that bordered on worship and an abiding faith in Holy Writ, especially the cadences of the Scottish psalter.

Which raises another point: Is he Anglican or Presbyterian? When welcoming a Welsh maid, he tells her all employees are given time off "for church or chapel," but in Scotland, the kirk is the established church.

That's a point for someone. More evidence is needed of course. There are many more points to consider. For instance, why does Hudson hate Germans so? What did he have to do with unmasking a German spy? Why does Mrs. Bridges say at one point, "His mother died in Glasgow a couple of years ago," when we know she was living near Eastbourne in 1914?

Did he consult anyone outside the household when he and Hazel Bellamy were conducting their investigations for Sir Geoffrey Dillon on behalf of Richard Bellamy? What was the "sad trouble" of Mrs. Bridges when Hudson was, in her words, "so helpful and so gallant"?

What will the war years bring? In the final scene of this series, James Bellamy jokingly warns his father to keep an eye on Hudson lest he join up.

Hudson is a patriot, we know that. Richard Bellamy is bound for minor office, some ministry in which he will work himself to death. Hazel will probably help in his work, officially or at home. James has been recalled; Edward will join up. Mrs. Bridges will do her best with what she can get. What will Hudson do? It has been remarked that the great attraction to the married man or woman in the Baker Street scene is the carefree, bachelor freedom—no mortgage, no 7:15 bus, no orthodontist's bills, no picky bosses—no responsibilities beyond those you select for yourself.

Bachelors, I am told, think lovingly of Mrs. Hudson below stairs: no cooking, no housework, no flying trips to the cleaners. Spinsters enjoy the thought too. Dream with me: your Saturday mornings would be your own; no dog hair, no fireplace cleaning, no dusting table legs when you'd rather be playing tennis.

But, ladies, consider Angus, that monument of dignity to chase solicitors to the service door; those firm Scot tones inquiring if madam is in when the phone rings; Hudson to deal with the plumber; Hudson to interview and hire domestic help; Hudson, happily married to Kate Bridges, the two of them supervising your domestic arrangements. And, in case of a real disaster, Hudson the butler knows Hudson the housekeeper at 221B.

Sidney Paget Memorabilia

Randall Stock

For many years I've published a census of Sidney Paget original drawings, and this spring I added photos of many original Holmes drawings to the census.

I've just added a new, related checklist of Paget memorabilia with Holmes associations to my site. It includes artifacts like Paget's hunting crop, vest, and furniture depicted in his Holmes illustrations, as well as various books and archival material.

If anyone knows the location for Paget's dressing gown, his receipt book, or his signed copy of Rodney Stone, please let me know. The checklist is at:

<http://www.bestofsherlock.com/sidney-paget-memorabilia.htm>

Heteronyms

Lew Rockwell

Homographs are words of like spelling but with more than one meaning.

A homograph that is also pronounced differently is a heteronym.

You think English is easy??

I think a retired English teacher was bored...THIS IS GREAT!

Read all the way to the end..... This took a lot of work to put together!

- 1) The bandage was wound around the wound.
- 2) The farm was used to produce produce.
- 3) The dump was so full that it had to refuse more refuse.
- 4) We must polish the Polish furniture..
- 5) He could lead if he would get the lead out.
- 6) The soldier decided to desert his dessert in the desert..
- 7) Since there is no time like the present, he thought it was time to present the present.
- 8) A bass was painted on the head of the bass drum.
- 9) When shot at, the dove dove into the bushes.
- 10) I did not object to the object.
- 11) The insurance was invalid for the invalid.
- 12) There was a row among the oarsmen about how to row.
- 13) They were too close to the door to close it.
- 14) The buck does funny things when the does are present.

- 15) A seamstress and a sewer fell down into a sewer line.
- 16) To help with planting, the farmer taught his sow to sow.
- 17) The wind was too strong to wind the sail.
- 18) Upon seeing the tear in the painting I shed a tear..
- 19) I had to subject the subject to a series of tests.
- 20) How can I intimate this to my most intimate friend?

Let's face it - English is a crazy language.

There is no egg in eggplant, nor ham in hamburger; neither apple nor pine in pineapple.

English muffins weren't invented in England or French fries in France .

Sweetmeats are candies while sweetbreads, which aren't sweet, are meat.

We take English for granted.

But if we explore its paradoxes, we find that quicksand can work slowly, boxing rings are square and a guinea pig is neither from Guinea nor is it a pig.

And why is it that writers write but fingers don't fing, grocers don't groce and hammers don't ham?

If the plural of tooth is teeth, why isn't the plural of booth, beeth?

One goose, 2 geese. So one moose, 2 meese?

One index, 2 indices?

Doesn't it seem crazy that you can make amends but not one amend?

If you have a bunch of odds and ends and get rid of all but one of them, what do you call it?

If teachers taught, why didn't preachers praught?

If a vegetarian eats vegetables, what does a humanitarian eat?

Sometimes I think all the English speakers should be committed to an asylum for the verbally insane.

In what language do people recite at a play and play at a recital?

Ship by truck and send cargo by ship?

Have noses that run and feet that smell?

How can a slim chance and a fat chance be the same, while a wise man and a wise guy are opposites?

You have to marvel at the unique lunacy of a language in which your house can burn up as it burns down, in which you fill in a form by filling it out and in which, an alarm goes off by going on.

English was invented by people, not computers, and it reflects the creativity of the human race, which, of course, is not a race at all.

That is why, when the stars are out, they are visible, but when the lights are out, they are invisible.

PS. - Why doesn't 'Buick' rhyme with 'quick'?

You lovers of the English language might enjoy this.

There is a two-letter word that perhaps has more meanings than any other two-letter word, and that is 'UP.'

It's easy to understand UP, meaning toward the sky or at the top of the list, but when we awaken in the morning, why do we wake UP?

At a meeting, why does a topic come UP?

Why do we speak UP and why are the officers UP for election and why is it UP to the secretary to write UP a report?

We call UP our friends.

And we use it to brighten UP a room, polish UP the silver; we warm UP the leftovers and clean UP the kitchen.

We lock UP the house and some guys fix UP the old car.

At other times the little word has real special meaning.

People stir UP trouble, line UP for tickets, work UP an appetite, and think UP excuses.

To be dressed is one thing, but to be dressed UP is special.

A drain must be opened UP because it is stopped UP.

We open UP a store in the morning but we close it UP at night.

We seem to be pretty mixed UP about UP!

To be knowledgeable about the proper uses of UP, look the word UP in the dictionary.

In a desk-sized dictionary, it takes UP almost 1/4th of the page and can add UP to about thirty definitions.

If you are UP to it, you might try building UP a list of the many ways UP is used.

It will take UP a lot of your time, but if you don't give UP, you may wind UP with a hundred or more.

When it threatens to rain, we say it is clouding UP.

When the sun comes out we say it is clearing UP.

When it rains, it wets the earth and often messes things UP.

When it doesn't rain for awhile, things dry UP.

One could go on and on, but I'll wrap it UP, for now my time is UP, so.....it is time to shut UP!

Author or Agent: A Literary Proof

BY JEFFRY ALAN BRADWAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He changed the title to A Study in Scarlet, reworked the criminal's story to make it more dramatic, and submitted the tale to a series of publishers with himself listed as author.

Watson agreed to this arrangement out of gratitude for Doyle's aid and, moreover, because he wanted the

true story of who solved the Lauriston Gardens mystery to be made public.

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

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

Let us examine these clues:

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

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

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

Quod erat demonstra um.

Amazing, you cry?

Elementary, say I.

It is all there for the trained eye to see.

The Phoenix Repertory Theatre - the Speckled Band

Thanks to Peter Blau, for this alert...

A dead girl in a locked room, another in danger and surrounded by exotic characters - it's a mystery, but of course not insurmountable for the inimitable Sherlock Holmes.

This fall, Phoenix Repertory Players will stage a lively and suspenseful adaptation of "Sherlock Holmes and the Speckled Band," which author Sir Arthur Conan Doyle considered his best Holmes story.

The performances will be perfectly timed for Halloween weekend, running Oct. 29-Nov. 1, 2015, at Theatre Rocks!, 505 NW Main St., Ennis. Get your tickets now for one of our five performances!

Performances will be on:

Friday, October 30, 7:30 pm

Saturday, October 31, 2:30 pm

Saturday, October 31, 7:30 pm

Sunday, November 1, 2:30 pm

Tickets are \$ 10.00 for adults, less for seniors and students...

Go to <http://www.phoenixrepertoryplayers.com> for more information...



3 Truths and a Lie

John Watson

If you like the show *Elementary*, you will enjoy this...

Like to challenge your powers of observation? I did, and sharpened mine! I worked my way through each "week," doing the three tests from easy to hard each "week," and kept getting better.

Final week is a real challenge.

http://www.cbs.com/shows/elementary/3_truths/

Baker Street Elementary

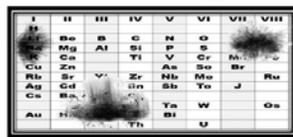
Created by Joe Fag,
Rasty & Steve Mason



Baker Street Elementary

Fag, Mason, & Mason

What preposterous fiction are you filling your brain with now, Watson?



Copyright 2015, Fag, Mason, & Mason

I'll have you know this is an American masterpiece, Holmes.

That is no recommendation, James.



How many times must I remind you, my name is JOHN!

Really? You look more like a James to me.



Well, anyway, I guess I'll leave you alone, to study your Scarlet.

