

The Bilge Pump

Vol. 05, No. 09 – September, 2017
The Irregular Publication of the Crew of the
Barque Lone Star



October 1st Meeting

NOTICE

October 1st Meeting

The next meeting will be held on Sunday, October 1st, 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 reading "The Adventure of the Abbey Grange."

The quiz will cover this tale.

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

September 3rd Meeting

Don and Joyce Hobbs graciously hosted our picnic at their home. Over 20 members were treated to wonderful hamburgers with all the fixings.

And of course, we all got to view Don's wonderful library of foreign editions before it is donated to the SMU Library in Dallas.



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

You can follow us on Twitter at: @barquelonestar

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Who dunnit:



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"That will await him when he enters port," said he, chuckling. "It may give him a sleepless night. He will find it as sure a precursor of his fate as Openshaw did before him."

"And who is this Captain Calhoun?"

"The leader of the gang. I shall have the other."

"How did you trace it, then?"

He took a large sheet of paper from his pocket.

"I have spent the whole day," said he, "over in January and February in '83. There were attracted my attention, since, although it was

"Texas, I think."

"I was not and am not sure which; but I knew

"What then?"

"I wanted the Danvers records, and when I

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vessel which touched at Pondicherry of these, one, the Lone Star, instantly of the states of the Union"

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A SHERLOCK HOLMES LITERARY SOCIETY
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LONDON ON FOUR PENCE A NIGHT

Liese Sherwood-Fabre

In “The Adventure of the Illustrious Client,” Watson describes Holmes’s assistant Shinwell Johnson as having access to “every nightclub, doss house, and gambling den in the town.” While nightclubs and gambling dens still operate, doss houses have disappeared from modern vocabulary and its prominence among the 19th century underclasses.

At the beginning of the 1800s, London’s population was estimated at one million. By the end of the century, it had grown to about seven million. The increase was related to those migrating from outside the capital in search of work as well as immigrants from Ireland, Europe, and as far away as China. Competition for jobs among these groups led to an oversupply of cheap labor and high prices, pushing a large portion of the population into poverty. Estimates suggest the poor spent two-thirds of their income for food, with the other third going to housing.

And the permanence and quality of such lodging depended heavily the person’s income. At the bottom was the workhouse, or “spike.” Having been conceived originally in the 1500s to address poverty and unemployment in London, by the 1800s, the poor viewed the workhouse as their last resort.

In payment for food and a bed for the night, those accepted into the building would work off the charity by picking oakum (a tar-covered fiber used to fill in the seams of ship decks), breaking stones, or scrubbing down the facility.

If the person could afford a penny for the night, they could purchase a place on a bench, but had to stay awake and upright. For two pennies, they moved to a “hang-over” where they could actually sleep—upright on a bench with their arms hung over a rope stretched in front of them. Four pennies would get them a “coffin” bed that

allowed the person to lie down in a narrow box on the floor, with fellow lodgers in their own boxes on each side.

The most up-scale and inexpensive accommodations were actual beds in a “doss” house, where for an additional penny more would allow the renter a “cabin” for the night. These rooms provided a bed with clean bedding, but no ceiling (the thin walls were seven feet tall) or door.

The term “doss” referred to sleeping or bedding down in a cheap lodging house. According to the Metropolitan Police, 1000 such businesses were registered in London in 1889, with space for 31,651—primarily in the East End. Whitechapel (notorious for the murders by “Jack the Ripper”), Spitalfields, Bethnal Green, and The Old Nichol—all in the East End—offered the most variety of such housing. Despite the poverty, or perhaps because of it, the rent per cubic foot was ten times greater than that in better parts of London, and a lack of regulations offered no incentive to upgrade the buildings.



American writer Jack London spent time in the East End, documenting the poverty and living conditions

he found there in *The People of the Abyss*. London described his experience in one the private houses as “uninhabitable,” offering a degrading and unwholesome life. While these places provided kitchens to prepare food, London was unable to bring himself to eat there because of the stench. Strict rules required lights out at 10 pm, and everyone had to leave in the morning. No one was allowed to store any personal items to be picked up that night should they return. In some lodgings, a second shift of guests arrived to take the bed just vacated.

Workhouses were not completely discontinued until 1948 when many of the buildings were refitted into public hospitals following the creation of the National Health Service. The homeless, however, still gravitate to the East End, and Shinwell Johnson would find the area continues to struggle with providing for those “at the abyss,”

just as it did 150 years ago, with one homeless shelter there operating in 2006 as it had since 1860.

Due to copyright and other regulations, I cannot provide photos of actual doss houses, but here are some sites that do:

- <http://www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-2897562/When-poverty-meant-poverty-Impoverished-Victorians-revealed-photographs-workhouse-residents-eating-dinner-coffin-beds-inside-shelter.html>
- <https://digital.library.lse.ac.uk/objects/lse:gup308waf>
- www.pbs.org/show/victorian-slum-house/

You can check out more of Liese Sherwood-Fabre's writings at www.liesesherwoodfabre.com.

- 1) Doyle, Arthur Conan. *The Complete Sherlock Holmes*: with an introduction from Robert Ryan (Kindle Location 27986). Simon & Schuster UK. Kindle Edition.
- 2) <https://www.oldbaileyonline.org/static/London-life19th.jsp>
- 3) <http://www.thirteen.org/blog-post/american-audiences-need-know-victorian-slum-house-pbs/#>
- 4) <https://www.londonlives.org/static/Workhouses.jsp>
- 5) Jack London, *The People of the Abyss*. New York: McMillan Company, 1904. Page 82.
- 6) https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Four_penny_coffin
- 7) <https://en.oxforddictionaries.com/definition/doss>
- 8) <https://www.thejacktheripperwalk.com/jack-the-ripper-the-doss-houses-of-east-london/>
- 9) <http://www.victorianweb.org/history/slums.html>
- 10) <http://www.thirteen.org/blog-post/american-audiences-need-know-victorian-slum-house-pbs/#>
- 11) Jack London, *The People of the Abyss*. New York: McMillan Company, 1904. Page 242.
- 12) <http://www.historyextra.com/workhouse>
- 13) <http://spitalfieldslife.com/2009/12/03/sister-bridget-sister-bernadette/>

The first 24 of Liese Sherwood-Fabre's essays are now available in *The Life and Times of Sherlock Holmes*, both paperback and ebook. Retailers are listed on her Webpage (www.liesesherwoodfabre.com).

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>

SHERLOCKIAN SCHOLARSHIP -- MAXIMUM LOMAX

Holmes / Watson Report – Sherlock Peoria, September, 1998 BY ROSEMARY MICHAUD

I've been fraternizing with the librarians again. That is not surprising, of course, since my husband is a librarian. Anyway, that's how I ended up at the American Library Association's annual nationwide conference again this year. As you probably know, the Sub-Librarians are the ALA scion society of the Baker Street Irregulars. Every year at the conference, the Sub-Librarians join forces with the local scion societies to provide a dinner, a tea, or some other Sherlockian event for the library folk who wish to attend. As with most scions, the Sub-Librarians have several traditional toasts, and it was my assignment this year to provide the toast to Lomax, the librarian who assisted Doctor Watson with his quest for knowledge of Chinese pottery during the adventure of "The Illustrious Client." While I pondered what I ought to say in praise of this noble representative of the library profession, a great truth suddenly revealed itself to me:

Lomax may have been a woman.

I don't claim to be the first and only person to point out this possibility. The stereotype of the female librarian is inescapable, complete with her steel spectacles and her severe hair style - pulled back into a bun, of course. Watson's reference to "my friend Lomax, the sub-librarian," though suggestive of a male friend, certainly allows sufficient room for speculation, especially given Watson's talent for confusing his readers on so many other points.

Taking Lomax's womanhood as a possibility, therefore, I embarked on some research into the question of her hypothetical library career. I learned that women in the United States surged into the library field during the last quarter of the

nineteenth century, and many of them advanced rapidly to the heads of their profession: In England, events moved more slowly. The idea of employing women as librarians first won approval in the public libraries that were being founded in the provincial towns. The Manchester public library led the way in the 1870s, turning to women library assistants because they were found to be more conscientious and knowledgeable than the adolescent boys who had been tried. The women employees had the additional advantage of permanence; there had been constant turnover as the boys grew up and found other jobs outside the library profession. Alas, many towns also found that women could be a financial bargain as well: more than one observer pointed out that a woman could do the same work as a man, but could be paid only a fraction of a man's salary! Whatever their rate of pay, however, English women were fully accepted as public librarians by the end of the 19th century, and some women were even able to advance to the higher levels of their profession.

Although they were a success in the public sector, English women had a more difficult time breaking into careers in college and university libraries, and into the older reference libraries, such as the British Museum. However, the London Library, where Lomax worked, was more amenable to women employees. Founded in 1841, it did not have any long-standing traditions to protect, and since it was a private library for subscribing members only, it could make its own rules, without regard for the academic establishment.

The London Library might not have existed at all, except for the efforts

of Thomas Carlyle, whose works were occasionally discussed by Holmes and Watson (STUD, SIGN.) It seems that the great Carlyle became involved in a feud with the Keeper of Printed Books at the British Museum. The Museum was not a circulating library; books could not be checked out, but instead had to be used on the Museum premises. Faced with a mountain of research for his proposed biography of Oliver Cromwell, and unable to take the books home with him as he would have preferred, Carlyle requested the use of a quiet, private room at the Museum where he could consult his materials.

Such arrangements were often made to accommodate the work of prominent scholars, but in this instance the Keeper denied Carlyle the privilege. Steaming over this rebuff, Carlyle decided that the city of London needed a well-stocked lending library for public use, where research materials would be available to anyone who was a member. He gathered the support of various political and literary leaders of the day and helped round up the necessary paying subscribers from the general public. The London Library came into being as a symbol of public access to information, as well as a testament to Carlyle's tenacity.

When Doctor Watson was faced with his Chinese pottery research, he undoubtedly chose the London Library over the British Museum for the same reasons that had inspired Thomas Carlyle: the good Doctor wanted to be able to bring his research material home with him, so as to spend as much time as possible on his studies. Watson "put the matter" to Lomax, and she helped him select a single "goodly volume" from the collection, probably the

Edwardian equivalent of Chinese Pottery for Dummies. It was unfortunate that Watson did not obtain a copy of Baron Gruner's own work on Chinese pottery, but I do not feel that either Watson or Lomax can be held at fault. In the first place, Holmes gave his assignment to Watson without any explanation; Watson did not know that he was paying a call on the Baron until after he had finished his studying. But even had Holmes imparted additional information to Watson beforehand, he would have done so with the understanding, either implicit or explicit, that Watson was not to tell anyone else of his plans.

Even supposing that Watson may have dropped a hint to Lomax that he knew of a Chinese pottery book by a fellow named Gruner, there are other good reasons why Lomax did not give him that particular book. Perhaps, despite the Baron's conceit, his book was not by any means the foremost single volume upon the subject. Or perhaps the London Library did not possess a copy of the work, at least not in an English translation. It stands to reason that Gruner, an Austrian, might have written his book in German. Watson may have learned sufficient German to aid him in his medical studies, and to allow him to quote Goethe later on in life, but with time so short for his pottery studies, he probably would not have wanted to labor over a book in any language save English. And in the end, the book itself did not make any difference to the outcome of the case. Watson held Gruner's attention just long enough for Sherlock Holmes

to locate a very different book, one that was available only in the Baron's own private, non-circulating library. It was, of course, the volume that Gruner had assembled about his other hobby: the collecting of women.

After the adventure was over, Watson quickly forgot most of what he had learned about Pottery, but he may have taken some time to reflect upon the dangerous case, and the women involved in it. On one end of the emotional scale was the flame-like Kitty Winter, and on the other, the frostily arrogant Violet De Merville. We may imagine that neither woman compared favorably with Watson's ideal of womanhood, the memory of his beloved Mary. Watson's life was at a kind of crossroads at that time it would seem. Relations between Watson and Holmes were "peculiar" (CREE) and Watson had once again taken up his medical practice and a separate residence away from Baker Street. We know from Sherlock Holmes's own account (BLAN) that by the following year, "the good Watson had at that time deserted me for a wife." Watson was fifty years old, and though he was still ready to join the chase whenever the game was afoot, he was well aware of his own age, and of the profound passage of time.

But time passes in its trivial course as well, and books that are borrowed from the lending library must be returned. The Chinese pottery book may have slipped Watson's mind for a time, busy as he was nursing the

injured Holmes back to health. Eventually, however, the Doctor drove back to the London Library. There he found Lomax once more, and he thanked her for her help. He was not at liberty to discuss the specifics of the case until years later, but he surely told her in general terms that her assistance had enabled the great Sherlock Holmes to triumph over evil once more.

Lomax listened attentively. How different she was from the fire and ice extremes of Winter and De Merville! Lomax was intelligent and well-read, and she possessed the level-headedness and determination of a woman who was capable of earning an honest living on her own. There is little doubt that she was on her own; in those days it was not customary for a married woman of the middle classes to hold a job outside the home. Perhaps Lomax had been married, and was a widow now. It is difficult to assess her age, but at the least she was probably several years older than Miss Winter and Miss DeMerville - old enough to appreciate the worth of a man of fifty.

Perhaps Lomax had a queenly figure that was outlined to advantage in the glow of the reading lamps. Perhaps her steel spectacles did not conceal her deep blue eyes from, Watson's discerning gaze. Perhaps Watson could also imagine the rich coils of her hair when it could be loosened from her librarian's bun. Perhaps the conclusion of the story was inevitable.

Reader, he married her.

THE SEVENTEEN STEPS TO "THE ABBEY GRANGE..."

Brad Keefauver, Sherlock Peoria

THE LIGHTING SITUATION IN 1897

Watson writes, of Holmes's first appearance: "The candle in his hand shone upon his eager, stooping face..."

Why a candle? Gaslights and oil lamps were available weren't they? If Holmes was waking Watson so he'd get dressed, why not light up the room? Or is lighting up a whole room just another luxury of modern life?

THE PRE-DAWN MESSENGER SERVICE

Stanley Hopkins sends a note to Holmes at 3:30 in the morning, which arrives before dawn. Was he using some established service at such an hour, or would he have had to send his own man? Bonus question: Holmes says Hopkins has called him in seven times at this point. Do we have records of all seven?

WHO WAS WATSON WRITING FOR IN 1897?

"You slur over work of the utmost finesse and delicacy, in order to dwell upon sensational details which may excite, but cannot possibly instruct, the reader," Holmes criticizes Watson in a fit of morning grumpiness.

"Why do you not write them yourself?" Watson retorts.

We usually assume Holmes is talking about the stories Watson publishes in the Strand Magazine. But in previous tales we have seen Watson quitting his job to go into partnership with Holmes(NORW).

We've seen three "massive volumes" of manuscript on the cases that took place in one year (GOLD). We've also seen that Holmes instructed Watson not to publish any more tales until well after the turn of the century (NORW).

Could Holmes be entirely within his rights to make such criticisms, having actually brought Watson in as

a partner or employee to record his cases for instructional purposes (and not the Strand)? Was there ever a time when Holmes was actually Watson's boss? Could the famous tin dispatch box be filled with case records in which Watson attempted to write as Holmes wanted?

THAT MOST RARE OF ALL SHERLOCKIAN BOOKS

"At present I am, as you know, fairly busy, but I propose to devote my declining years to the composition of a textbook, which shall focus the whole art of detection into one volume," Holmes promises. But when he has the time, the book he seems to have written is on bees. Why the switch? Or did Holmes never reach his "declining years"?

NO NEED TO PROTECT THE ARCHERS ANYMORE

Watson writes of the Brackenstall home, "the large windows showed that modern changes had been carried out." At what point did large windows come into fashion? Can we tell the age of the house by this detail? Was window size something that ran historically concurrent with the state of law and order in England?

THOSE COOL LEWISHAM BURGLARS

"You remember that Lewisham gang of burglars?"

"What, the three Randalls?"

"Exactly; the father and two sons. It's their work. I have not a doubt of it. They did a job at Sydenham a fortnight ago and were seen and described. Rather cool to do another so soon and so near, but it is they, beyond all doubt."

The Randalls are burglars. Everybody knows they're burglars. They haven't been caught yet. Why is the thought that they pulled another job considered so cold-blooded?

What would one expect known burglars to be doing?

A SOUL-MATE FOR DOCTOR WATSON

Lady Brackenstall admits, "I was brought up in the freer, less conventional atmosphere of South Australia, and this English life, with its proprieties and its primness, is not congenial to me."

Hey, weren't Watson's old stomping grounds in Ballarat, Victoria not far from South Australia? Would the doctor sympathize with such an attitude about English life?

WELL, IT'S NOT MOUSSELINE DE SOIE, BUT ...

"Seldom have I seen so graceful a figure, so womanly a presence, and so beautiful a face.... She was enveloped in a loose dressing-gown of blue and silver, but a black sequin-covered dinner-dress lay upon the couch beside her."

Would this subtle reference to a lady of some serious attractions having gotten out of her dress have seemed slightly suggestive to a reader of Watson's time? What was Watson trying to tell us?

THE CERTIFICATE SAYS SO

His widow tells Holmes, "Sir Eustace was a confirmed drunkard." And now a somewhat silly question: How many witnesses or incidents does it take to confirm a drunkard?

THE ROUNDS OF LADY BRACKENSTALL

"Then I walked round to see that all was right before I went upstairs. It was my custom to do this myself, for, as I have explained, Sir Eustace was not always to be trusted. I went into the kitchen, the butler's pantry, the gun-room, the billiard-room, the drawing-room, and finally the dining-room."

What was the layout of this house that the dining-room was so far from the kitchen? Was there any more to the first floor than just these rooms, or is this all we would expect? (And if there was more, why didn't she check it, too?)

DENTAL HYGIENE OF DRUNKARDS

"It was the body of a tall, well-made man, about forty years of age. He lay upon his back, his face upturned, with his white teeth grinning through his short, black beard."

How did Sir Eustace keep his teeth so white at forty? Did Victorians have a teeth-whitening secret that Sir Eustace might have taken to?

CAUGHT IN HIS SPIDERMAN PAJAMAS

Sir Eustace "had evidently been in his bed when the alarm had broken out, for he wore a foppish, embroidered nightshirt, and his bare feet projected from his trousers."

What sort of embroidery would make a nightshirt look "foppish" to Watson? Something more elaborate than a monogram, one would think, but what?

THE AGING PROCESS AFTER DEATH

"It was a very large and high chamber, with carved oak ceiling, oaken panelling, and a fine array of deer's heads and ancient weapons around the walls."

We run into old, old houses with hunting trophies a lot in the Canon, or so it seems. The ancient weapons

near the deer heads, however, make one wonder how old those heads were.

How long did a mounted animal head last in earlier times? Would a really old house like Baskerville Hall have some that were centuries old?

WASN'T HIS SPECIALTY CRIME?

"The keen interest had passed out of Holmes's expressive face, and I knew that with the mystery all the charm of the case had departed. There still remained an arrest to be effected, but what were these commonplace rogues that he should soil his hands with them? An abstruse and learned specialist who finds that he has been called in for a case of measles would experience something of the annoyance which I read in my friend's eyes."

Wait a minute ... the Lewisham gang of burglars was still out there, and nobody seemed to be capturing them. Shouldn't a "criminal specialist" have some brilliant idea about bringing them in? If trapping hidden felons isn't enough of a challenge for Holmes, is there another specialist in actually catching villains once their identity is known?

Or is Holmes's attitude towards this case just a carryover of the grumpy mood he was in when the case began?

THE TURNS OF THE SCREW

"If you will examine the top of the cork, you will observe that the screw was driven in three times before the cork was extracted."

As an expert at opening wine bottles badly, I can tell you that a bad first corkscrewing pulls out a lot of cork with the screw. A second will just dig the hole deeper.

How can Holmes tell the screw went in three times with a failed purchase by a corkscrew does not leave a tidy little hole that another tidy little hole can be next to?

THE SILENCE OF THE BURNING DOGS

"From what I hear, in spite of all his wealth and his title, he very nearly came our way once or twice. There was a scandal about his drenching a dog with petroleum and setting it on fire--her ladyship's dog, to make the matter worse--and that was only hushed up with difficulty."

Who was being hushed in the Great Burning Dog Scandal? Would someone have actually had to pay off or threaten the local newspapermen?

Was it the servants who would have to be sworn to secrecy? Exactly who had to be silenced in this bad business?

WAS HOLMES A BIT TAKEN WITH LADY MARY?

"The lady's charming personality must not be permitted to warp our judgment."

This seems a bit different from the Holmes who didn't notice if Mary Morstan was cute or not. Is he actually admitting that he found Lady Brackenstall charming? Was she actually distracting him from a full consideration of the case?

56 STORIES IN 56 DAYS - "THE ADVENTURE OF THE ABBEY GRANGE"

Posted by October 24, 2011 by barefootonbakerstreet



Holmes has an epic moan at Watson on the way to the scene of the crime, writes Charlotte Anne Walters.

On the way to Abbey Grange, Holmes has a massive moan at poor

Watson about his literary shortcomings.

He really does go on and on about it to the point where Watson snaps – “Why do you not write them yourself?” with some bitterness.

Holmes is oblivious to the hurt in this comment and continues to witter on about how he intends to but not until his declining years.

They then start to discuss the current case concerning the murder of Lord Eustace Brackenstall.

If I were Watson, considering Holmes had turned him out of bed and whisked him off at such an early hour without breakfast, I would have demanded an apology for such rudeness before a subject change.

But then, I am a nightmare in the mornings, especially if I haven't had breakfast.

Here again we have a highly-spirited wife from overseas.

Her husband, Lord Eustace Brackenstall, was a violent drunkard and has been murdered.

Suspicion initially falls on a gang of local burglars known to the police, but Holmes senses a different explanation.

Due to the knots with which the lady was tied to a chair and the nimble way someone climbed up to the bell rope, he suspects a sailor and, indeed, the guilty man is one who the lady met on her voyage over to England from Australia.

He is in love with her and acts in defence of her and himself when he strikes her violent husband with a poker.

Here again we see Holmes hide the truth from the police, even his young prodigy Hopkins, to protect the man who, he feels, deserves to go free.

The advantages of being an unofficial person are clear once again, though I don't see how this one could stay hidden for long.

Where would that leave Holmes if the truth eventually came out? I think this is the biggest risk he has taken of all the times when he has kept the truth to himself.

Still it's a 7 out of 10.

The Prodigal

P.G. Wodehouse, Punch, September 23, 1903

The Prodigal is a sherlockian pastiche written by [P. G. Wodehouse](#) published in [Punch](#). The story was published anonymously but credited to Wodehouse in the Index to Vol. 125 of [Punch](#).

[It is rumoured that Sherlock Holmes, when he reappears, will figure in a series of stories of American origin.]

I met him in the Strand. It was really the most extraordinary likeness. Had I not known that he lay at the bottom of a dem'd moist unpleasant waterfall, I should have said that it was Sherlock Holmes himself who stood before me. I had almost made up my mind to speak to him, when he spoke to me.

"Pardon me, stranger," he said, "can you tell where I get a car for Victoria?"

I told him.

"Do you know," I said, "You are astonishingly like an old friend of mine. A Mr. Sherlock Holmes."

"My name," he said coolly.

I staggered back, nearly upsetting a policeman. Then I seized him by the arm, dragged him into an A.B.C. shop, and sat him down at a table.

"You are Sherlock Holmes!" I cried.

"Correct. Sherlock P. Holmes of Neh York City, U.S.A. That's me every time, I guess."

"Holmes!" I clutched him fervently to my bosom. "Don't you remember me? You must remember me."

"Name of—?" he queried.

"Watson. Dr. Watson."

"Wal, darn my skin if I didn't surmise I'd seen you before somewhere. Watson! Crimes, so it is. Oh, this is slick. Yes, Sir. This is my shout. Liquor up at my ex-pense, if you please. What's your poison?"

I said I would have a small milk.

"Why, the last I saw of you, Holmes—" I began.

"Guess you didn't see the last of me, sirree."

"But you did fall down the waterfall?"

"Why, yes."

"Then how did you escape?"

"Why, I fell over with Moriarty. The cuss was weightier than me some, so he fell underneath. If two humans fall over a precipice, I calcilate it's the one with the most avoir-du-pois that falls underneath. Conse-quently I was only considerable shaken, while Moriarty handed in his checks."

"Then you weren't killed?"

"My dear Watson, how—? No. Guess I survived. But, say, how are all the old folks at home?

How's Sir Henry Baskerville?"

"Very well. He has introduced base-ball into the West Country."

"And the hound? Ah, but I remember, we shot him."

"No. He wasn't really dead. He recovered, turned over a new leaf, and is now doing capitally out Battersea way."

Just then a look of anxiety passed over my friend's face. I asked the reason.

"It's like this," he said; "I've been in the U-nited States so long now, tracking down the toughs there, that I reckon I've ac-quired the Amurrican accent some. Say, do you think the public will object?"

"Holmes," I said, "it wouldn't matter if you talked Czech or Chinese. You've come back. That's all we care about."

"It's a perfect cinch," said Holmes, with a happy smile.



Much more than Booger

Curtis Armstrong is an actor, an author, a nerd, and he's Booger

By Michael Smith, Tulsa World, August 21, 2017

You can call him Booger. By now, he's accustomed to being addressed that way in public.

Or you can call him Curtis Armstrong, the actor who turned teen-movie roles and a particularly bad habit into a 35-year career.

It was 150 screen credits ago that he debuted in "Risky Business" as Miles, the smart-aleck friend opposite Tom Cruise with a "Sometimes you gotta say, 'What the (bleep)' way of looking at life.

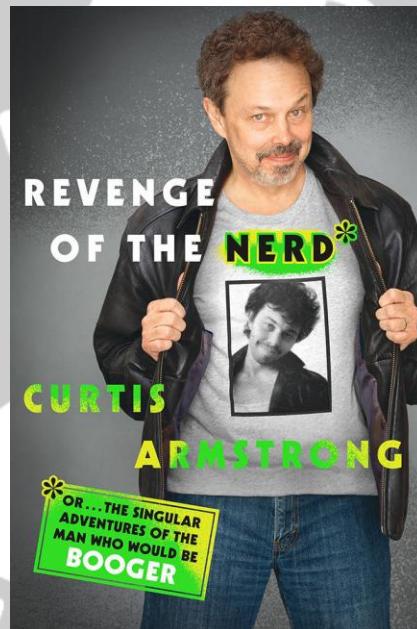
That and one of the great 1980s movie laugh lines, as the frightened high school boys in a Porsche try to outrun a prostitute's manager: "I've got a trig midterm tomorrow, and I'm being chased by Guido the killer pimp!"

"It was the beginning of my film career, and I would not have a career if not for that movie, which I saw again recently, and I'm amazed at how well it holds up," Armstrong said in a phone interview ahead of his trip to Tulsa.

But it was Armstrong's second role, in 1984's "Revenge of the Nerds," that would forever

immortalize him as Booger, the college nerd with a hygiene issue but a good heart.

It wasn't easy for the classically trained theater actor to be thought of in this manner, but the actor has come to appreciate the role so much that when he penned a memoir, he went with "Revenge of the Nerd: Or ... the Singular Adventures of the Man Who Would Be Booger."



You never know what he'll talk about, but the man who described himself as a "nerd who became famous playing a nerd" said guests can ask anything.

So we did.

Considering your stories in your book about Tom Cruise — including his many romantic partners during the filming of "Risky Business" — we can only wonder what he was doing in Tulsa with the cast of "The Outsiders," considering it was the film Cruise shot following "Risky Business."

It seems kind of bizarre that people are shocked by that information and then go ape-s-- hearing about Tom going through the local talent.

Wow, that cast of "The Outsiders," I can only imagine. But with (Tom), I was 10 years older than him, and I was married, at 29, and I was just sort of looking at these young lads with the movie and smiling somewhat paternally, thinking, "Boys will be boys."

You starred in some of the early 1980s teen comedies, many of which were rated R ahead of the 1984 introduction of the PG-13 rating, and then there were far fewer R-rated teen movies.

"Revenge of the Nerds" was an R, and a hard R, for language and nudity.

It was a sex comedy, and it was really a product of the period. The studio had no interest in "appealing to the widest audience" when you consider that "Risky Business" was supposed to be another "Porky's" but it wasn't, and "Nerds" was supposed to be another "Animal House," and it wasn't that, either.

I think it was better.

It's easy to think of "Nerds" being for an adult audience when you and co-star Robert Carradine were in your 30s playing teens.

Definitely for that audience, and yet the weird thing is when I go to conventions, or I run into parents who have these angelic children and say, "She just loved 'Revenge of the Nerds,'" and my reaction is "Really?" I don't criticize their parenting.

What was your own daughter's reaction?

My daughter has never seen "Revenge of the Nerds."

She was subjected to unwelcome attention, like from guys in public screaming "Booger" at me when I was literally carrying her.

She became not very interested in all that.

We have a wonderful relationship, and I'm very proud of her being accepted at Oxford in England. She amazes me.

How has your gut-reaction to someone addressing you in public as Booger changed, and what is your immediate reaction at an event like this?

There's been a lot of change from then and now.

I hadn't initially wanted to do the movie, but by the finish, we all had gotten a sense of having accomplished something against the odds, which is what the movie is about.

All these creative people had made something worthy out of

something we initially thought was cringe-worthy.

When the movie came out, I was still a struggling actor, and while I was happy to see what they had done with it, the focus on Booger was something I found frustrating for a while.

But over time, I found that when people respond to the movie, and to the character, that you can become part of something bigger than yourself, and this ridiculous movie is really meaningful to a lot of people.

I've become more fond of the film, and the character, and I see that as one of my top performances because you could not have picked a character type any more different than myself.

I look back and say, "That was a pretty good performance."

I'm a little more patient with Booger now than I was in my 30s, and that comes with time, too, the perspective part.

AN INQUIRY INTO "THE ABBEY GRANGE"

Murray, the Courageous Orderly (a.k.a. Alexander Braun), Hounds of the Internet

- "The Adventure of the Abbey Grange" was first published in The Strand Magazine in September 1904. It is part of The Return of Sherlock Holmes
- In this case, the chronology (a rare thing) is unanimous. The estimates are as follows: Canon: Winter 1897; Baring-Gould: Saturday, January 23, 1897; Bell: January 1897; Blakeney: 1897; Brend: January 1897; Christ: Friday, January 22, 1897; Dakin: January 1897; Folsom: Late January 1897; Hall: Early January 1897; Keefauver: Monday, February 15, 1897; Klinger: 1897; Zeisler: Friday, January 15, 1897.
- If the case took place in 1897, as all Canon chronologists state, at the time Holmes was 43 years old and Watson 45.

Notable Quotes:

- "Come, Watson, come! The game is afoot."
- "Hopkins has called me in seven times, and on each occasion his summons has been entirely justified. I fancy that every one of his cases has found its way into your collection, and I must admit, Watson, that you have some power of selection which atones for much which I deplore in your narratives. Your fatal habit of looking at everything from the point of view of a story instead of as a scientific exercise has ruined what might have been an instructive and even classical

- series of demonstrations. You slur over work of the utmost finesse and delicacy in order to dwell upon sensational details which may excite but cannot possibly instruct the reader."
- Seldom have I seen so graceful a figure, so womanly a presence, and so beautiful a face. She was a blonde, golden-haired, blue-eyed, and would, no doubt, have had the perfect complexion which goes with such colouring had not her recent experience left her drawn and haggard. (Good Old Watson! As ever, a discriminating eye for the fair sex!)
- "Once or twice in my career I feel that I have done more real harm by my discovery of the criminal than ever he had done by his crime. I have learned caution now, and I had rather play tricks with the law of England than with my own conscience."

== It's Easy to Be a Critic ==

If ever the descriptive "long-suffering" applied to anyone, it is to Dr. John Hamish Watson. The poor man is ruthlessly dragged out of his warm bed in the dead of winter, before dawn, rushed into an unfriendly, drafty railroad station, pushed into a rattling, smelly train with only a cup of tepid tea masquerading as breakfast, and then served a dose of criticism of his literary efforts that can only be described as being undeservedly unkind.

Certainly our biographer is quite right in essentially replying, "If you don't like it, why don't you do it yourself?"

That I know of, neither I nor any other student of the Sacred Writings has been able to locate a copy of any of the many monographs authored by Holmes, so we lack even an inkling of what his formal writing was like. However, no such problem exists with those cases that the Great Detective decided to record by himself. I do not think that it is unkind to opine that his efforts fell considerably short of attaining the quality of Watson's writing.

On the plus side of this, we see that Holmes was not a monolithic creature lacking in any fissure that might have made him more human. One cannot but wonder whether all his decidedly unjust criticism of Watson's literary efforts was free from a tinge of envy over the Good Doctor's success.

== Too Many Details ==

I tend to think that Lady Brackenstall embroidered her description of what happened a bit too much. Although overwhelmingly it rings true, the part where she tells of the robbers (who by now are murderers, which in the England of the time was truly serious) calmly collecting the valuables and then coolly pausing to enjoy a drink—using glasses, no less! Why add this? It would have been far more straightforward to just wash the glasses and leave that extra detail out.

== Judge and Jury ==

Of the 37 cases of murder, attempted murder, or manslaughter, in 22% of them Holmes decides to follow his conscience (or whim) and let the person go. His reason generally appears to be that Justice is best served by a not-too-strict adherence to the letter of the Law. CHAS and BOSC immediately come to mind.

In the present case, there can be no doubt that a serious crime has committed, yet Holmes chooses to exercise his own sense of justice on the matter, rather than leaving things to the authorities and courts of law. He puts it best: "Once or twice in my career I feel that I have done more real harm by my discovery of the criminal than ever he had done by his crime. I have learned caution now, and I had rather play tricks with the law of England than with my own conscience."

He does assuage his conscience, however, by giving Hopkins the necessary clues to discover the culprit on his own. In this case, as well as in the two mentioned above, it is very difficult to disagree with Holmes' decision.

One cannot but wonder what was the harm caused by the Great Detective's discovery of the criminal.

What else happened in 1897:

EMPIRE

- Victoria's Diamond Jubilee.
- Uprising on India's Northwest Frontier.
- Benin Expedition, a punitive expedition with a force of

1,200 under Admiral Sir Harry Rawson captures, burns, and loots Benin City, bringing to an end the West African Kingdom of Benin. Much of the country's art, including the Benin Bronzes, was either destroyed, looted or dispersed.

- First Women's Institute in the world; established at Stoney Creek, Canada.

BRITAIN

- Sir Henry Tate presents the Tate Gallery to the nation.
- Northern Polytechnic, Holloway Road, opens.
- Blackwall Tunnel opens.
- Report of Royal Commission (Eversley) on agricultural depression.
- Employers' Liability Act: responsibility for injuries to and compensation of employees injured at work.
- Royal Automobile Club, London.
- Trunk telephone lines transferred to control of the GPO.
- Trained nurses only to be employed in hospitals.

WORLD

- Dreyfus affair.
- Visit of French President Faure to St. Petersburg cements Franco-Russian Alliance.
- Two German missionaries murdered in Shantung; German interest in China.
- Universal suffrage introduced in Austria.
- Austro-Russian treaty on Balkans relaxes tensions created by 30-day war

between Greece and Turkey in Macedonia.

- Gojong, or Emperor Gwangmu, proclaims the short-lived Korean Empire; lasts until 1910.

ART

- Conrad publishes *Nigger of the Narcissus*.
- Henry Havelock Ellis publishes *Studies in Psychology of Sex*.
- H.G. Wells publishes *The Invisible Man*.
- Rostand publishes *Cyrano de Bergerac*.
- Bram Stoker writes *Dracula*.
- Paul Dukas debuts *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*.
- Gauguin paints *Girls Bathing in Tahiti*.
- Toulouse-Lautrec paints *Marcelle*.

SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

- Aspirin marketed.
- Sir J.J. Thomson discovers the electron.
- J. McCreary patents an air-washer intended to purify air in a building; beginning of air-conditioning.
- Diesel engine invented.
- S.A. Andrée is killed attempting to explore the polar regions in a free-flying balloon.
- Sir Ronald Ross, bacteriologist, identifies the causes of malaria and studies the disease.
- Barthelot publishes *Thermochemie*, extending his *Méchanique chimique* (1878).
- Beginning of Monotype system of typesetting.

STORY INFO PAGES FOR "THE ABBEY GRANGE"

McMurdo's Camp, <https://mcmurdoscamp.wordpress.com/>

- **First published in:** Strand Magazine, September 1904; Collier's Weekly, December 31, 1904
- **Time frame of story (known/surmised):** 1897, toward the end of winter, given.
- **H&W living arrangements:** Sharing bachelor quarters at 221B
- **Opening scene:** A quick scene. Holmes wakes Watson by tugging at his shoulder early in a winter morning. Watson moved quickly. In ten minutes they were in a cab on their way to Charing Cross station.
- **Client:** Holmes had been summoned by Stanley Hopkins, of the Yard.
- **Crime or concern:** Killing of Sir Eustace Brackenstall, a confirmed drunkard, whose head was knocked in with his own poker.
- **Villain:** Depends on your point of view. The victim may have been the bad guy, although the killer was Captain Crocker, admirer of Lady Brackenstall, the victim's wife (widow). Crocker was a very tall young man, golden-moustached, blue-eyed, with a skin which had been burned by tropical suns, and a springy step.
- **Motive:** Cover up a death that occurred in an honorable fight (see "interestings" below), and pin blame on some known criminals.
- **Logic used to solve:** The gang of robbers, who were supposed to be blamed, was described in the papers, so anyone could use the descriptions. There were several minor oddities that tended to make Lady Brackenstall's story improbable, whose cumulative effect was certainly considerable.
 - Unlikely the gang would have hung around to drink the wine, and if they had, it is even more unlikely they would have left some.
 - Holmes also draws Watson's attention to the wineglasses. The presence of beeswing in only one indicated two people used the glasses, and poured the leftover into the third. Holmes deduces

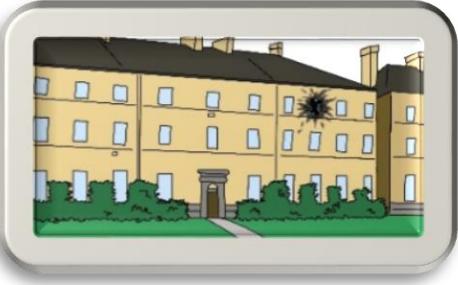
from these that Lady Brackenstall and her maid have been lying all along, and began to look at their story from that viewpoint, believing nothing they said.

- Rope was frayed on one side of the separation, cut clean on the other. Splatter of blood on chair where wife was supposedly tied up during the violence.
- **Policemen:** Stanley Hopkins, with a youthful figure and alert, eager face. He had called Holmes in seven times, each entirely justified.
- **Holmes' fees:** no mention
- **Transport:** H&W took a cab to Charing Cross Station, rattling through the opalescent London reek. Then they took train from Charing Cross to Chiselhurst Station, followed by a drive of a couple of miles through narrow country lanes.
 - On the return journey, Holmes was puzzled. Then at a suburban station, he sprang on to the platform and pulled Watson out after him, and caught a train going back to Chiselhurst.
- **Food:** The first morning, H&W got going too quickly to break their fast. They had some hot tea at Charing Cross and boarded a Kentish train.
 - Back in London, Holmes and Watson had dinner.
- **Drink:** None mentioned other than the wine supposedly drunk by the burglars.
- **Vices:** Holmes smoked his pipe after the above-mentioned dinner.
- **Other cases mentioned:** The seven cases of Hopkins, mentioned above, all found their way into Watson's collection.
- **Notable Quotables:** "Come, Watson, come! The game is afoot. Not a word! Into your clothes and come!"
 - "We are moving in high life, Watson"
 - What were these commonplace rogues that he should soil his hands with them?

- “I believe you are a man of your word, and a white man.” (Crocker, the killer, confessing to Holmes)
- **Other interestings:** The term “Kentish” sounds unusual, at least to a modern American. It is used twice in the writings. Once here, and once in The Final Problem, referring to a train passing through the “Kentish woods.” Evidently means “of or pertaining to Kent”.
 - Once again Holmes criticizes Watson’s storytelling, and Watson challenges Holmes to write them himself. Holmes promises that he will, in his declining years.
 - Was Lady Brackenstall truthful, or were she and Crocker lovers who deliberately plotted to murder Sir Eustace? Had it been they conspired to kill Sir Eustace in cold blood, none of the evidence would

have been any different, only their stories. To Captain Crocker’s credit, however, he did respond quickly and correctly to Holmes’ test.

- Beeswing: [BEEZ-wing] Named for its translucent appearance, beeswing is a flaky deposit sometimes found in older, bottle-aged wines, particularly port. Such wines are usually decanted, thereby eliminating the residue. © Copyright Barron’s Educational Services, Inc. 1995 based on THE WINE LOVER’S COMPANION, by Ron Herbst and Sharon Tyler Herbst.
- When all was said and done: H&W held court, Holmes the judge, Watson the jury. “Not guilty, my lord,” said Watson. The voice of the people is the voice of God. Captain Crocker was acquitted.



Baker Street Elementary

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

