

# The Bilge Pump

Vol. 08, No. 10 - October, 2020  
*The Irregular Publication of the Crew of the  
Barque Lone Star - founded April, 1970*



## PLEASE NOTE:

### November 01 Meeting

#### NOTICE

We will be conducting our next monthly meeting virtually on November 01 at 1:00 pm. Will send out the link for the meeting the week before the meeting. The story for the month is "The Adventure of the Copper Beeches".

Our special guest speaker will be Mike McSwiggin, BSI ("A Seven Percent Solution"), discussing "Pharmacy and the Canon."



Ann Caddell will lead the 4<sup>th</sup> topic on "The Life and Times of Arthur Conan Doyle: Joseph Bell"

## October 04 Summary

There were 39 in attendance at this ZOOM meeting.

We started the meeting with an opening toast given by Robert Stek, BSI, regarding Lewis Carroll and Conan Doyle.

We then conducted the monthly quiz on the story "The Noble Bachelor."

Steve Mason gave a brief discussion on the difference between supper and dinner as noted in the Canon

Our special guest speaker for the meeting was Steven Doyle, who provided a wonderful presentation on Professor Moriarty, what we know and think about him.

After announcements, we conducted the "Lightning Quiz", which focused on Victorian/Cockney slang phrases.

The final reading was done by Liese Sherwood-Fabre, "A Modest Sherlockian Proposal" composed by Pat Moran (see page 5).

The Doyle study, led by Steve Mason, focused on his school days at the University of Edinburgh, including his medical apprenticeships along the way.

In November, we will focus on one of Doyle's favorite professors, Dr. Joseph Bell.



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

You can follow us on Twitter at: @barquelonestar

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

### Who dunnit:



Third Mate  
Helmsman  
Spiritual Advisors  
  
Secretaries  
Historian  
Webmaster

Steve Mason  
Walter Pieper  
Don Hobbs, BSI  
Dr. Jim Webb, BSI  
Cindy Brown, Brenda Hutchison  
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### Our Website:

[www.dfw-sherlock.org](http://www.dfw-sherlock.org)



### Our Facebook Page:

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

# "You are So Clever, Sherlock Holmes "

Presented by Robert Stek, BSI

After 'You Are Old, Father William', by Lewis Carroll

"You are clever, Sherlock Holmes", did  
Watson exclaim,  
"And your deductions are invariably right;  
And yet you incessantly inject cocaine –  
Do you think, at this stage, it is right?"

"My brain stagnates," said Holmes to his  
friend,  
"I fear without it, my powers decline;  
My consultations surely come to an end,  
And I will lose my singular mind."

"Your mind's first rate," said  
Watson, "as I mentioned  
before,  
And you are at the height of  
your career;  
Yet no matter how much I  
might implore,  
I'll find you dead I do fear!"

"In my youth," said Holmes, as  
he played violin,  
"Mycroft kept my brain supple and sharp  
With queries and puzzles again and again –  
But now you needle me and harp!"

"You are clever," said his friend, "And  
observations you make  
Still astound and illuminate the facts;  
Yet extract of coca leaf you still take –  
Your arm well marked with its tracks."

"In my youth," replied Holmes, "I  
considered the law,  
And saw how poor data could limit it;  
So I applied logic to uncover a flaw  
In the crime and discover who committed it.



"You're an addict," said  
Watson, "And I never may find  
That you quit the loathsome  
syringe;  
Might you not use your  
disciplined mind  
To put an end to this binge?"

"I assure you, good doctor,  
that I can quit  
And the needle will nevermore choose.  
Your friendship, I now must freely admit  
Gives me strength to end the abuse.

# "A Modest Sherlockian Proposal"

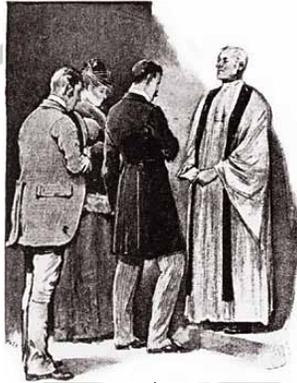
Created by Pat Moran; published in "The Serpentine Muse, Summer 1977; Presented by Liese Sherwood-Fabre

It has occurred to me that one area practically untouched by the creative talents of Sherlockians is the wedding ceremony. After giving the matter a little thought, I've come up with the following points.

The festivities ought to begin with the "Race to the Church". The happy couple start in separate cabs from the bride's home and bribe the driver to get to the church within twenty minutes. The groom takes a slight handicap--he must pick up the wedding ring along the way. Forethought must be given to planning the race route, as well as the time of day, so as to minimize the risk of a speeding ticket or traffic jam.

The bridegroom may arrange to disappear from his cab before arrival at the church. Upon reflection, this may appear a bit hard on family and friends, not to mention the couple themselves. Thus, the choice may be made to restrict this to the wedding rehearsal, with the groom in disguise appropriate to the exercise.

During the procession down the aisle, the bride should throw her bouquet to a guest in the second pew, and catch it on the return toss. An optional note may be stuck into the bouquet at this time for later reading--perhaps as a toast at the wedding breakfast.



As the happy couple stands before the altar, they will stage a mumbled argument with the minister and, at its culmination, the groom rushes from the church. He should return with the best man attired as a drunken groom. Ideally, the best man should be ignorant of the actual details of the ceremony so as to avoid glibness of response.

The memento to the wedding party must of course be a gold sovereign--pierced as for a watch chain.

Following the ceremony, the wedded couple should shake hands and depart each to their own home. For those in search of complete Canonical accuracy, this would be followed by an interrupted wedding breakfast, and separate honeymoons.

Finally, the fact must be faced that family and friends do not always view with complete equanimity the urge for Canonical self-expression. The enthusiast should memorize, and recite at need, the details of a certain Canonical ceremony -- the arrival by bicycle, the drunken minister, the bride's heroic mien while tied to her tree, the brawl culminating in the groom's gunshot wounds -- It will silence the most vocal protests.



# It's All in the Cards

Liese Sherwood-Fabre, PhD

In more than one tale, when someone called on Sherlock Holmes, they passed a visiting or calling card to Mrs. Hudson, who would take it to her tenant.

For example, Mary Morstan is first introduced by her card. With many potential clients, however, Mrs. Hudson barely had time to open the door, let alone hand over a card, before the visitor would enter the apartment.

Business or visiting cards first appeared in 15th century China, but the practice did not become widespread in Europe until the 17th century.

French aristocrats and royalty introduced the custom as a means of requesting meetings with those at court or other government officials.

Both ladies and gentlemen used them, and a whole etiquette evolved around the practice among those in elite society. (1)

The industrial revolution created a rise in those seeking entrée into "society" as well as business dealings. (2) The first business cards were referred to as "trade cards" and served as a means of attracting customers.

Because street addresses were not introduced until the 18th century in London, cards carried both the name of the merchant as well as some means of locating the establishment. The back might be used to note transactions (such as an invoice or quotation) and became more elaborate with the development of color printing. (3)

For those seeking social connections, a highly ritualized practice known as "morning calls" developed that served, among other purposes, a means of screening those who sought to make connections with those in the upper classes.

Most often the wife of such an aspiring couple would visit the houses of those she wished to see socially and leave her card along with two of her husband's (one for the lady of the house and another for her husband) with the servant who answered the door.

The calling card included the address of the original visitor and an indication of which days the lady of the house would be "at home," and not making visits of her own. (4) The receiver was expected to return a card of her own later or actually visit (should she so desire).

Return visits occurred between 3 and 5 pm when women wore their "morning" or day dress (hence the name "morning calls.")

Another card would be shared with the servant answering the door, and the visitor would enquire whether the lady was "receiving."

This allowed the hostess to decide whether to permit the visitor into her social circle or not.

For those whose arrival was accepted, etiquette books included very strict recommendations for visitors' conduct. Those admitted were to keep hats, umbrellas, etc. with them as a show of not planning to stay long, and conversation was to be kept light.

Whether offered tea or not, the total time spent was to be no more than fifteen minutes. While men might call on a lady, a lady never called on a single man. (5)

In addition to expected social calls, calling cards were also used to thank a host and hostess for a dinner party, express best wishes upon announced engagements or weddings, or pass on condolences.

Cards were to be sent to a lady following the birth of a child for two to three times a week for the first few weeks following the announcement.



Some of these sentiments were indicated by turning down the card's corner, but by the 19th century was no longer socially acceptable.

Short messages were instead written on the back of the card. (6) Additional information might be noted as well—such as P.P.C. (pour prendre congé or, “taking a vacation”) when leaving town. (7)

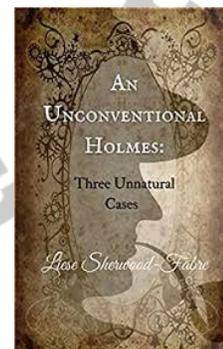
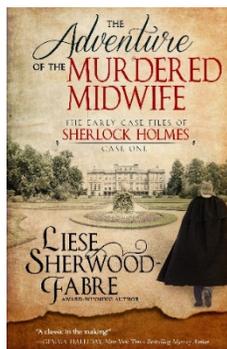
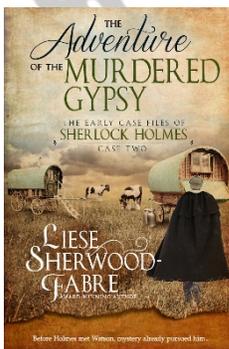
Despite the introduction of colored printing, personal calling cards were still to be “simple” as late at the 1870s. Etiquette manuals dictated that cards should not be “glazed” and the engraving “simple.”

Only the famous, such as Dickens, should include their autograph (as a collector's item). (8) With

- (1) <https://www.caseypainting.com/blog/what-is-the-history-of-business-cards>
- (2) Daniel Pool, What Jane Austen Are and Charles Dickens Knew. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1993, page 66.
- (3) <https://www.greatfxprinting.com/articles/history-of-business-cards.htm>
- (4) Sally Mitchell, Daily Life in Victorian England. Westport, CT: Greenwood Press, 1996, page 151.
- (5) Daniel Pool, page 69
- (6) <https://hobancards.com/calling-cards-and-visiting-cards-brief-history>
- (7) Ward, Lock, and Company, All About Etiquette: The Manners of Polite Society for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families, London, 1875, page 198
- (8) Countess of \*\*\*\*\* , Mixing in Society: A Complete Manual of Manners. London: George Routledge and Sons, 1972, page 78
- (9) <https://hobancards.com/calling-cards-and-visiting-cards-brief-history>

The image of the women's calling card and the trade card are courtesy of The Old Design Shop (<https://olddesignshop.com>).

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



# Do You Write Like Arthur Conan Doyle

By Karen Murdock

Started July 23, 2010. Finished March 12, 2011. Published in *The Serpentine Muse*, Volume 27, no. 4 (Summer 2011)

Winner of the "Jan WHIMSEY" award for "most whimsical" Muse article for 2011

It's a bad combination — the seduction of new technology and the warm inner glow of egotism.

Taken together, they can make the common sense you were born with get up and leave the room.

Take the hot new internet website "I Write Like" (<http://iwl.me>). Please.

It's alluringly simple.

You cut and paste a few paragraphs of English prose — any prose will do but egotism demands that it be yours — into the analyzer box and click the "Analyze" button.

Without a moment's hesitation "I Write Like" processes your prose and tells you "which famous writer you write like."

The site is the work of a young Russian software programmer named Dmitry Chestnykh.

The program he wrote breaks prose down into simple computer code, analyzing word and sentence length to make its instant — and invariably flattering — assessment.

Chestnykh, who apparently couples an appealing desire to please with entirely too much time on his hands, uploaded works from 50 of history's greatest English writers to produce the IWL site.

You cannot lose with this program.

IWL will never tell you that you write like a semi-literate sheepherder or like a roomful of students in the second week of an English-as-a-Second-Language class.

No, you are a literary genius every time. No wonder the site is so popular.

It is irresistible, and the moment I heard about IWL, I surfed over to the site.

Just as a test, I plugged in the first paragraph of the last article I published in *The Serpentine Muse*.

I clicked "Analyze." The all-wise, all-knowing website instantly rendered its judgment.

It told me I write like Arthur Conan Doyle.

My little Sherlockian heart went pit-a-pat.

My native common sense leaped up from the sofa and dove out the window.

Showers of glittering confetti rained down upon my ego.

For a moment — OK, maybe three or four moments — I actually felt that I could and did write like my literary hero.

Then my native common sense returned, a bit battered and covered with dead leaves and dirty snow.

It was in a surly mood and simply growled two words — "Sez who??" — before collapsing on the sofa, eyeing me askance, and falling asleep.

So I decided to see how good the algorithms of IWL were.



I plugged in pages from five other randomly-selected Sherlockian articles I have published.

IWL told me, consecutively, that I write like

Charles Dickens  
Vladimir Nabokov  
David Foster Wallace  
Robert Louis Stevenson  
Ursula K. LeGuin

My Cloyingly-Insincere-Flattery Detector began to hum, then to ring, then to shriek.

My native common sense woke up and smirked at me knowingly.

I plugged in two paragraphs from Moby Dick.

IWL said that Herman Melville wrote like Daniel Defoe.

Two paragraphs from Moll Flanders revealed that Defoe wrote like Jonathan Swift.

I took some more modern examples.

Two paragraphs from Virginia Wolff's To the Lighthouse revealed that Wolff wrote like James Joyce.

Two paragraphs from Joyce's Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man produced the conclusion that Joyce actually wrote like Vladimir Nabokov.

When I plugged in paragraphs from Tender is the Night, IWL told me that F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote like either Vladimir Nabokov or David Foster Wallace or Mary Shelly, depending upon which paragraphs one used — and these were consecutive paragraphs, mind you.

My native common sense, who had been standing behind me watching all this, patted me on the shoulder, not unsympathetically I thought.

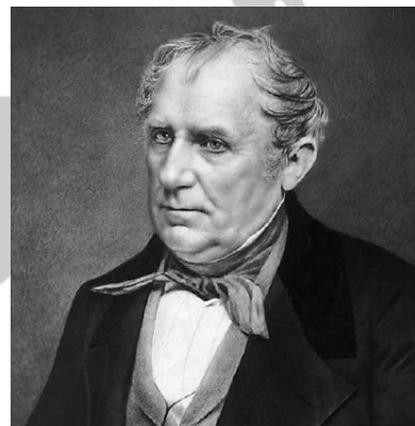
I logged off "I Write Like" and began to type this article.

A large percentage of the readers of this journal have

probably not read my article — scintillating and thought-provoking though it undoubtedly is, and downright Nabokovian in its wit and sophistication — even this far.

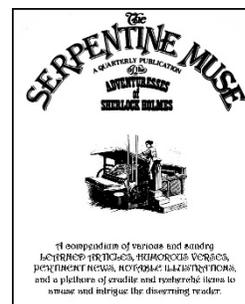
They are all over on <http://iwl.me> seeking flattering assessments of their literary efforts.

So, dear readers, do YOU write like Arthur Conan Doyle? As Edgar Allan Poe once wrote, "Isn't it pretty to think so?"



Or maybe that was James Fenimore Cooper.

**The Serpentine Muse** is a wonderful quarterly journal of Sherlockian articles, essays, poems, toasts, and other items of Sherlockiana. Published by the Adventuresses of Sherlock Holmes, **Muse** gives Sherlockians a regular entrance into the world of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson. For information on the journal, go to: <https://ash-nyc.com/the-serpentine-muse>



# Manifestations of His Genius...

By Melissa Hellen, *The Holmes and Watson Report*, July, 1997

"You have an extraordinary genius for minutiae," said Watson of his brilliant companion early on in their association.

We too like to think of our hero as a mental giant who would be right at home chatting with the great thinkers even of our day.



Holmes took a keen and intelligent interest in a number of scientific subjects in the Canon, and displayed great inventiveness and insight into human nature.

He was no slouch intellectually, of that we are certain.

But was Sherlock Holmes a true genius?

What does that term really mean, and can we rightfully apply it to the great detective of Baker Street?

Holmes himself (never one who considered modesty a virtue) made oblique reference to his being a genius in *STUD*.

Was that just a young man's "brag and bounce"?

Much research is currently going on to determine whether genius can be induced and if it can be anticipated.

Our greatest minds have, according to this research, shared some unlikely common denominators.

Are these same traits evident in Holmes's case?

Let's see.

First a definition: Webster's says a "genius" is "a person endowed with transcendent mental superiority, inventiveness, and ability."

So far it fits nicely, but as Sharon Begley observed in her *Newsweek* article of a few years back, IQ and creativity are not enough.

"The [genius's] creation must shatter worlds and bring forth new ones."

Certainly a few bubbles were popped at the Yard when Holmes rose to notoriety, and Holmes did say he was the very first "consulting detective."

*Marginality*, or being "on the outside edge" of things, is often found both in the geographic location of the genius's home turf and in his habit of thought.

True geniuses are typically viewed as "outsiders" by their fellow man, and they prefer to maintain that position, resisting the mainstream and fighting to maintain their position in order to preserve a fresh perspective on things.

Though no specific quote comes immediately to mind, I think most will agree Holmes kept very deliberately to the margins of society and cherished any fresh perspectives he could garner.

*Specialization* is a trait the genius shares with the savant.

Both are often startlingly deficient in some areas, as lacking in some things as they are preeminent in their fields of expertise.

Holmes's "lacks" were discussed at length by his wondering roommate, so that both his ignorance and contempt for certain subjects and his "cold and admirably balanced mind" are well documented,

What the savant gains in socialization he loses in his special abilities.

Is this true of the genius as well?

Perhaps, as Holmes once theorized, the little room upstairs is limited after all.

A *middle-class upbringing* and the *Protestant work ethic* are also typically present in a true genius.

Though we know little beyond what we can conjecture about Holmes' early years, he is definitely not afraid of hard work.

Indeed, though he often sneers-at his colleagues when they lack talent and refuse to recognize his, when they make up for their thick-headedness with energetic effort, he praises them for it.

*Social distancing* is another trait.



This is perhaps the natural outgrowth of being so absorbed in his work that the genius gives little time or value to his relations with his fellow man.

With the exception of the good doctor, this certainly fits our Holmes who, when asked if he

were expecting some friend on a certain rainy night, remarked to Watson, "Except for you I have none," and once commented on the subject of love and romance, "I should never marry lest I bias my judgement."

"*The Ten-Year Rule*" refers to a pattern in the lives of most geniuses.

There are typically two great bursts of creativity.

The first usually represents a radical breakthrough and the second, a comprehensive synthesis and cultural benchmark, about ten-years later.

Holmes's beginning his public career may represent the first.

He still seems to be working on that "comprehensive synthesis" in the form of his magnum opus *The Whole Art of Detection* (though it is your author's opinion that the thing has indeed been written and passed on to one who would best know how to employ what it contains, namely John Douglas, late of the Federal Bureau of Investigation's profiling department).

It is also typical for most of the pyrotechnics of the genius's productive life to occur very early -

an explanation for Holmes's seemingly untimely retirement?

*Madness* in its various forms is also much more common in the gifted than in the general population.

The more "artistic" the genius, the likelier the possessor of that gift will suffer from depression, obsessions, manic-depressive disorder, attention deficit disorder and other forms of mental miseries.

The gifted among us often pay high price for their brilliance. And Holmes?

Well, his black reactions and mercurial personality traits are well documented, and their implications regarding the above maladies have been discussed exhaustively.

Conclusion?

Holmes' unique personality is evident in nearly every line of this description.

His claim to true genius - though never really in doubt - has only been reinforced by the findings to date.

I think we're safe in applying the term to him.

# Eros in Baker Street (The Subterranean Sherlock Holmes)

By Michael Felong, - Baker Street Miscellanea, Volume 1, April, 1975



"To Sherlock Holmes she was always the woman... In his eyes she eclipses and predominates the whole of her sex." (1)

Indeed. For once, it appears, good old Watson struck the nail precisely on the head, though as usual, even more than he knew.

There have always been a few loose ends, odd little discontinuities bobbing about in the wake of *A Scandal in Bohemia*, a recent review of which prompts new speculations upon the most mysterious relationship in the Canon.

Let us take a chronological approach to the evidence, refusing (for the moment) to theorize in the absence of data.

Watson, arriving at 221B, spies Holmes' lean silhouette as he paces "swiftly, eagerly, with his head sunk upon his chest and his hands clasped behind him...

He was at work again... rising out of his drug created dreams and hot upon the scent of some new problem."

Odd, then, that upon presenting Watson with the mysterious letter, Holmes avers that he has formed no theories concerning it.

Odd, again, that throughout the interview with Wilhelm Gottsreich Sigismund von Ormstein, Grand Duke of Cassel-Felstein and hereditary King of Bohemia, the Great Detective's manner is anything but swift and eager.

He chuckles at the Monarch's "pretty little problem," yawns at the news that but three days remain to acquire the damning materials, and drops the aside that he has "one or two matters of importance to look into at present."

Here one might add that Holmes proceeds to ignore those one or two "important" matters while taking up the pursuit of the Divine Miss A.

If these alleged other matters were of pitch and moment, why overlook them?

If not, how does one explain all the eager, swift, head-on-chest-bloodhound-upon-the-scent behavior, which we may take as genuine, since even Holmes could not anticipate that Watson would be peering at his window.

Deep waters.

Deep and rather muddy.

Holmes is at some pains to treat the King condescendingly throughout, allowing at the conclusion even a bit of contempt to filter through his normally courtly manner.

While it must be admitted that even the most bohemian sensibility would reel at the sight of a man eighty inches tall, with astrakhan-slashed sleeves, flame coloured silk linings, and fur-trimmed calf length boots, who is unable to determine which of his interlocutors is Sherlock Holmes, we might expect that the degree of his peril and his exalted station might count for something.

However, Holmes not only treats him with a relative lack of grace, but accepts without hesitation an offer of £ 1000 (for expenses!), later disingenuously *refusing* "payment" for his services.

Worse, Holmes' perhaps understandable lack of cordiality is followed, in the penultimate scene, by an apparently unforgivable lapse in sagacity.

Let us look at the matter more closely.

The King's difficulty lies essentially in the field of public relations: to wit, the populace must not discover his relationship with Irene Adler.

Any hint of scandal might be fatal. So Holmes, apparently expecting to find Irene at home, brings the King, in full

view of the ubiquitous denizens of Serpentine Mews, directly to the front door of Briony Lodge, with the (again, apparent) intention of collaring the young proprietress, invading her residence and making off with the property.

One could hardly expect this plan of attack, employing not just Holmes and Watson, but a seven-foot purple cloaked figure, undoubtedly still wearing a black vizard mask, to pass unremarked in the center of London.

No. It appears that an agonizing reappraisal is required. Holmes was not acting in the King's best interest.

But if not in the King's interest, then whose?

Who indeed? Let us pursue some additional points of interest in the psychological landscape:

1. Holmes was not expecting Watson's first visit.
2. Holmes' first conversational sally upon Watson's arrival refers to the state of wedlock. (2)
3. Holmes, attributing the comments without corroboration to the men of Serpentine Mews, says "She [Irene] has turned all the men's heads down in that part. She is the daintiest thing under a bonnet on this planet." (3)
4. Irene Adler has only one male visitor he is dark, handsome, and dashing, never calls less than once a day and often twice. According to Holmes, this visitor is Godfrey Norton of the Inner Temple, but we have only Holmes' word for this, as no one else ever sees the worthy barrister. Indeed, a perusal of the records of the Inner Temple for the

- period 1880-90 reveals no Godfrey Norton in association with that august institution. (4)
5. Holmes refers to Irene Adler, somewhat condescendingly, as "this young person." while such a term was commonly used to refer to younger women, it must be pointed out that, as Baring-Gould notes, (5) Holmes was but 33, and Irene 29 at the time. Holmes seems to be at pains to emphasize to the King and Watson his superior, clinical attitude toward the suspect.
  6. Consider Holmes' reading from his index of the sublime and ridiculous events in the checkered career of Irene Adler; "*Hum!* Born in New Jersey in the year 1858. Contralto -- *hum!* La Scala, *hum!* Prima Donna. Imperial Opera of Warsaw -- Yes! Retired from operatic stage -- "*Ha!* Living in London -- Quite so." (6) This extraordinary performance (comprising no less than three "hums," one "yes," a "ha" and a single "quite so") coming from a man who, immediately after, appears to become completely offhand and relaxed -- even bored -- is, well, curious. From the quiet, contained, close reasoner we have come to know and love, this manic performance is highly suspicious. The casual observer of a psychiatric bent might well conclude that the man under observation, who lapses from floor-pacing deep thought to studied calm, to strained high-pitched joviality and back to boredom and lassitude again, all in the space of a few minutes, is either on the threshold of a trip to Broadmor, or perhaps Colney Hatch, or else finds himself in an

acutely difficult position and is thinking fast.

7. Holmes' account of the afternoon during which he supposedly witnessed the frenetic nuptials of Adler and Norton has, alas, more holes than John Dillinger, though the presence of a somewhat scarlet lady and the background of betrayal do present some affinities. Baring-Gould informs us that by 1888 the legal period for performing marriage ceremonies had been extended to 3:00 PM. not, as Holmes claims Norton believed, by noon. (7) In addition, by British law, two witnesses to a marriage are required (not just an itinerant groom staggering through the church at the right moment), the ceremonies are not over in an instant, no "informalities" are brooked, and since no banns had been published, the marriage could have been performed only via special dispensation from Canterbury.

Clearly, either the marriage was faked, or the Master was weaving a story out of whole cloth.

*Various wild speculations have been advanced, all of which suggest that Holmes, if not Irene herself, was taken in.*

All the evidence from the story, however, inclines the close reasoner to the alternative wild speculation that, rather than conspired against, Holmes and Irene were themselves conspirators.

And so we see a collection of facts, insignificant in themselves, which together have a certain cumulative force.

We may never know the details, but it is possible to piece together an outline of what occurred.

Holmes, prior to the start of Watson's account, had encountered Irene, perhaps at a performance by Sarasate or Norman Neruda.

With his acute observational powers, he evidently saw that she was "the daintiest thing under a bonnet on this planet."

And, though he, in his quiet moments jibed and sneered, though the emotion was abhorrent to his cold, precise mind, he soon found that he had placed himself in, shall we say, a false position.

The conflict between his two selves must have been acute.

His whole career depended upon his freedom of action -- he knew how circumscribed Watson's activities had been since his marriage -- yet wedlock, as we have seen, was clearly impressing itself painfully upon his admirably balanced mind.

Had he been informed about Irene's Bohemian Connection?

Apparently he had, but we must conclude that he did *not* anticipate Irene's actions vis-a-vis the incriminating evidence.

This accounts for his agitation at receiving a note which he discovered was from von Ormstein, and for his confusion of modes of behavior in the interview: he knew the King's problem in advance, but was still agonizing as to the method of approach to a situation which greatly increased in intricacy by his own involvement.

Thus his rather bizarre behavior.

Thus his abrupt ejection of Watson, whom he had not seen for some time, because of a problem to which he had professed indifference.

His enamored had, it seemed, resolved to throw a spanner into the *smoothly-oiled* gears of the King's onrushing nuptial carriage, and had thus created a perilous situation.

From what we know of the King, he would have doubtless, upon retrieving the letters, put out the Victorian equivalent of a contract on Irene, having several men with truncheons pound her to a jelly at the first available opportunity. (8)

The letters could not be returned. But, in addition, Irene must leave London, or at least go underground.

And so, after a hurried and perhaps tearful conference at Briony Lodge the dark, handsome, clashing visitor (my blushes, Watson!) became Godfrey Norton, a bogus wedding story was concocted and two dramas were played out, one for the benefit of Watson, the other for the King's.

It is vital in this connection to remember that in the carriage before reaching Irene's celebrated abode, and before the "discovery" of Irene's letter assuring von Ormstein of his safety, Holmes is careful to point out that she, bewitched and betrothed, will no longer try to ruin the King.

The Monarch's peace of mind is essential to the preservation of Irene's famous qualities.

All the smoke-bombing/purloined letter business was intended to draw

a veil over *Watson's* eyes, and the crowning touch was Irene's disguised "Goodnight Mr. Sherlock Holmes."

Picture Holmes putting hand to mouth and saying, "Mmm! Haven't I heard that voice somewhere before?, and the old campaigner falling for the ploy like the proverbial ton of bricks.

Thus Irene Adler, of dubious and questionable memory, disappeared, and Sherlock Holmes' involvement with her remained unsuspected.

The elaborate charades were necessitated both by the dangers to Irene, and by Holmes' desire to keep the affair secret.

Besides the potential for embarrassment, and the King's wrath, there was the constant danger that some felon desiring vengeance might attempt to wound the Master through his loved one.

One remarks, with some diffidence, that these revelations provide fuel for yet another theory of the Great Hiatus.

Where was Holmes for those three years, and what was he doing?

It might be readily imagined that the Master, after the titanic struggle with Moriarty, needed a rest-cure, a time of quietude and tender loving care; perhaps some of the grace and kindness with which Irene Adler waited upon the amiable and simple-minded nonconformist clergyman who reclined (by habit?) upon the couch in her house.

Perhaps the idyll lasted for the entire three years.

Perhaps it continued, at least at intervals, long after Holmes returned to Baker Street. (9)

And perhaps, on cool nights before a fire, somewhere in London, while ironically contemplating a dog-eared photograph of a beautiful woman and

a king, two minds speculated as one upon the vagaries of fate and the mutability of men's affairs.

## Notes

Canonical references are to the Doubleday edition of the Saga.

1. p. 161. One might add, parenthetically, that Watson's use of "eclipse" is a rather unfortunate one, suggesting that Irene's presence in one's field of vision rendered others unavailable to view; a certain bovinity, visions of tidal waves at Brighton though the whole things squares rather well with attempts to picture a Prima Donna of the Warsaw Opera. Perhaps one could prophecy a follow-up story delineating Irene's early career -The Adventure of the Danzig Men...
2. p. 162; "Wedlock suits you..."
3. p. 168, contradicting Watson's judgement of Irene's figure.
4. Records of the Inner Temple : 1880-1890. Just as well...
5. *The Annotated Sherlock Holmes* p. 354. Baring-Gould discusses several attempts to sort out the problems presented by this adventure, which define most of the difficulties, but fail in the synthesis. There are now other analyses, notably Ralph Ashton's, which tread some of the same ground covered by my own presentation. Ashton's is beautifully written, and certainly on the right track, but a bit lean at some crucial points. I intend in future a more thorough consideration of this most interesting literature.
6. p. 165.
7. p. 360.
8. It has been pointed out to me that old London Bridge was one of Moriarty's favorite spots for doing-in unfortunates whose antagonists could meet his fees. This is the first recorded instance of a contract bridge.
9. Yes, Watson referred to her as the Late Irene Adler (p.161), but I strongly suspect that Holmes contrived a false death notice. Still, Sherlock may have tired of his sport." ... My dear, let us get away from London for a while. I know a lovely, restful little spot by a waterfall in Switzerland..."

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## Eros in Baker Street? A Reply to Felong

by Donald Pollock

As usual, Mr. Felong hides what I can only label an extremely simplistic argument behind his characteristic excess of deceptively elaborate prose. I am sorry to say, then, that it will first be necessary to "cut out the poetry" in order to expose the frangible structure and the faulty pinions of the *deus ex machina* he has foisted upon his readers.

Mr. Felong opens by examining certain "evidence"; facets of Watson's account which he takes to exert a cumulative force sufficient to warrant his conclusions. Let us consider the major points in more detail :

1. Holmes' behavior at the outset of the story. Holmes has clearly been involved in deep thought, yet tells Watson that he has formed no theories concerning the letter from von Ormstein. He has one or two matters of importance at hand, yet seems to ignore them while chasing the revealing photographs. Mr. Felong finds this all very suspicious, but if we assess Watson's statements from a point of view unencumbered by wild speculations, Holmes' actions emerge as quite understandable. Surely the sunken-chin pacing is over the one or two matters of note. That he has formed no theories about the letter is consistent with his refusal to hypothesize in the absence of data (a "lesson Mr. Felong should note). We recall that it is only after Watson's arrival that Holmes even determined where the paper was made... Again, Mr. Felong finds something remarkable in the apparent disregard of the important matters -- though Holmes is pleased to hear that he has three days in which to settle the Adler affair. But here again, the

theory has shaped the data and blinded Mr. Felong to the more reasonable inference that Holmes' statement indicated his pleasure at having to drop the important matters for only a few days.

2. Mr. Felong's second major point concerns the account of the wedding of Irene and Godfrey Norton. The major difficulties lie in the legal aspects of that event, and it is regrettable that so many scholars have insisted on complete jural accuracy from Watson. For it was Watson who recorded the event, at least two years after at that. Even so modern an Englishman as Dakin remembers that, in his youth, the popular belief was that weddings had to take place before noon. Is it too much to assume that Watson, too, held the same belief so many years before, or that when recalling the event so long after its conclusion he inserted what he took to be the appropriate times? In this regard, let us note that Holmes left Baker Street at eight in the morning of the wedding, and that by the time of his departure for the church had rubbed down a number of horses, consumed a glass of half and half and a considerable quantity of tobacco, and had listened to the biographies of no less than seven people! Regardless of the time Watson (Watson) remembered it to be, I suspect that more than three and one half hours were spent by Holmes in the Serpentine Mews, and that the actual time of the wedding was the more appropriate three o'clock. Remember also that Holmes returned to Baker Street at almost four that afternoon... Mr. Felong futhermore concludes that the wedding did not take place at all. Though I must admit that this is an appealing suggestion, a number of points indicate that such a theory is, at best, unworthy of Holmes' reasoning ability (though apparently not Mr. Felong's). First, the King, who had taken such pains to consult Holmes, surely would have checked the public records to insure the accuracy of the account (i.e. that Irene was in fact married). Additionally, Mr. Felong's theory still fails to account for many of the problems in Holmes' story; for example the role of the ill-kempt groom and the supposed irregularities of the license. I, for one, do not believe that Holmes -- who had a good practical knowledge of British law -- would have lied with a story so obviously full of Dillinger-like holes, as we are glibly reminded.

I can only conclude that Mr. Felong's "evidence" consists of little more than perfectly understandable behavior and a lapse of memory on Watson's part (not an unknown occurrence). Indeed, I believe my comments here to have dissolved these spurious problems and fictitious explanations into the speculative mist out of which they were born.

The only commendable quality of Mr. Felong's paper is that it reinterprets several aspects of the case. But we must ask ourselves if the price is not too high to pay.

For it requires that Holmes become a bare-faced liar, his client a dupe, and Watson an intruder who must be deceived! Such a theory, bordering as it does on outright heresy, needs more "evidence" than Mr. Felong has offered.

Holmes could not make bricks without straw. I am sorry to say that the man who has tried -- once the pride of Taunton, Mass. is more to be pitied than censured.

Mr. Felong's paper and the reply by Pollock were first presented at a meeting of Hugo's Companions in the Spring of 1974.

# HERLOCK SHOLMES - The Bound of the Haskervilles

Charles Hamilton (Peter Todd), December 4, 1915, *The Greyfriars Herald*

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

## Chapter 1

The story of the disappearance of Sir Huckaback Haskerville, and the strange events that followed, has never been fully told. It is my privilege, as the faithful companion and chronicler of Herlock Sholmes, to give the story to the public for the first time. It was Sholmes, it is needless to say, who solved the mystery that had baffled the police for three weeks. It is only just that my amazing friend should be given, even at this late date, the credit that is his due.



The disappearance of Sir Huckaback, the head of one of the oldest families in Slopshire, had created a sensation. There were whispers of family dissensions that had preceded it. Society held that Lady Haskerville was to blame. What seemed certain

was that the unhappy baronet, after hot words at the breakfast-table, had rushed forth from his ancestral halls, and plunged to his death in the deep chasms in the heart of Haskerville Park. From those gloomy depths he had never emerged.

Strange stories were told of that yawning chasm in Haskerville Park. Tradition had it that a certain ancestor of the Haskervilles, who had sided with King Charles in the Civil War, had escaped the soldiers of the Parliament by a desperate leap across the yawning gulf. From this tradition the place was known locally as "The Bound of the Haskervilles." A certain resemblance was given to the story by the fact that this ancient Haskerville had had a considerable reputation as a bouncer in the Royal Court before the wars.

Be this as it may, there could be little doubt that his descendant had perished in those gloomy depths. His footsteps had been traced to the edge of the chasm, and there were no returning footprints. Where his ancestor, pursued by Cromwell's Ironsides, had bounded to safety, if local tradition was to be relied upon, Sir Huckaback had plunged into his doom.

The grief of Lady Haskerville was terrible. For several days she was not seen at the theatre or the cinema. I was not surprised when, one morning, as I sat at breakfast, with Herlock Sholmes in our rooms at Shaker Street, Lady Haskerville was announced.

Sholmes made a slight gesture of impatience. He was very busy, at this time upon the case of the missing DePaste diamonds, and had no mind for other work. But his face relaxed at the sight of Lady Haskerville. Even the clever work of her Bond Street complexion specialist could not hide the pallor of her beautiful face.



"Mr. Sholmes," she exclaimed, clasping her hands, "you will help me! I have come to you as a last resource. The police are helpless."

Sholmes smiled ironically.

"It is not uncommon for my aid to be called in when the police have proved to be helpless," he remarked. "But really, my dear Lady Haskerville — pray sit down — really. I cannot leave the case I am engaged upon."

"Mr. Sholmes, to save me from despair!"

I glanced at Sholmes, wondering whether his firmness would be proof against this appeal. My friend wavered.

"Well, well," he said. "Let us see what can be done. Pray give me the details,

Lady Haskerville. You may speak quite freely before my friend Jotson."

"I am convinced that Sir Huckaback still lives," said Lady Haskerville, weeping. "But he will not return. Mr. Sholmes, it was my fault; I admit it. Oh, to see him once more, and confess my fault upon any knees! The bloaters were burnt !"

"The bloaters?" queried Herlock Sholmes.

"It was a trifling quarrel," said Lady Haskerville tearfully. "Sir Huckaback's favourite breakfast dish was the succulent bloater. I have never cared for bloaters; my own taste ran rather in the direction of shrimps. Mr. Sholmes, we loved each other dearly; yet upon this subject there was frequently argument. On the morning of Sir Huckaback's disappearance there were words — high words. Sir Huckaback maintained that the bloaters were burnt. I maintained that they were done perfectly. Mr. Sholmes, to my shame I confess it, I knew that the bloaters were burnt !" She sobbed.

Sholmes' clear-cut face was very grave.

"And then?" he asked quietly.

"Then, Mr Sholmes, Sir Huckaback rose in wrath, and declared that if he must eat burnt bloaters he would not remain at Haskerville Park. I was angry too; I was not myself at that moment. In my haste I said that if he persisted in his obnoxious predilection for bloaters, I never desired to look upon him again. He gave me one terrible look, and vanished. Too late I called to him; he did not hear, or he would not heed. I hoped he would return. In spite of

the difference in our tastes, I loved him dearly. But he did not come back. Search was made. The police were called in. The track of his boots was found, leading down to the yawning abyss in the park known as the Bound of the Haskervilles. There he had disappeared."

Lady Haskerville trembled with emotion. My own eyes were not dry. The grief of this beautiful woman moved me deeply. Sholmes was unusually gentle.

"But I cannot believe that he is dead," continued Lady Haskerville, controlling her emotion. "Mr. Sholmes, he is keeping away from me. He has taken my hasty words too, too seriously; and that he will never give up bloaters I know only too well. I feel that he is living yet, in some quiet and serene spot where he may be able to enjoy his favourite breakfast-dish undisturbed. He must be found, Mr. Sholmes, or my heart will be broken. This dreadful doubt must be set at rest."

"It is quite certain that the footprints leading to the chasm were really Sir Huckaback's?" asked Sholmes.

"Yes, that is certain; his footprints were well known. He took number eleven in boots."

Herlock Sholmes caressed his chin thoughtfully for a moment. Then he rose to his feet.

"Your car is outside, Lady Haskerville?"

"Yes, Mr. Sholmes. You will come with me?" she exclaimed eagerly.

"We will come," corrected Herlock Sholmes. "My friend Jotson will, I am

sure, give up his patients for one day."

"Willingly !" I exclaimed.

Ten seconds later we were in the car, whirling away at top speed for the ancient home of the Haskervilles, in the heart of Slopshire.

## Chapter 2

"So that is the celebrated Bound of the Haskervilles!" said Herlock Sholmes thoughtfully.

We arrived at Haskerville Park, and my friend had proceeded at once, to the scene of the supposed suicide of the baronet. Following the tracks in the grassy sward, which had not been disturbed, we had arrived at the border of the yawning abyss.

Sholmes stood regarding it thoughtfully. I watched, in wonder, striving to guess the thoughts that were passing in that subtle brain. He had stopped for a few minutes in the house to use the telephone. Why? I could not guess. Now we were upon the scene of the disappearance. Three weeks had passed since Sir Huckaback had reached that fatal verge. What did Sholmes hope to discover there?

He turned to me at last with his inscrutable smile.

"Do you feel inclined for a stroll, Jotson?" he asked.

"Anything you like, Sholmes."

"Come, then.

We started off along the edge of the abyss. A quarter of a mile's walk brought us to the end, and we walked

round it, and along the other side. Sholmes took a pair of powerful glasses from his pocket, and scanned the smiling countryside. In the distance the smoke of a cottage rose above the trees.

He started off again, and I followed him in wonder. When we reached the cottage it was easy to learn that the occupant was at a meal, for a strong scent of frying fish came from the open window.

Sholmes knocked at the door.

It was opened by a man in rough attire, wearing; very large, heavy boots. He looked suspiciously at Sholmes.

"What's wanted?" he asked gruffly.

Sholmes smiled.

"You are Sir Huckaback Haskerville?" he replied tranquilly.

The man staggered back. I could not repress a cry of astonishment.

"Sholmes!"

"It is false!" exclaimed the cottager. "Sir Huckaback Haskerville is dead."

"My dear Sir Huckaback," said Sholmes quietly, "it is useless to deny

your identity. But I have come as a friend, not as an enemy. Her ladyship has repented. She confesses her fault. In future, I am assured, she will utter, not a single word that could wound your feelings upon the subject of bloaters. Sir Huckaback, be generous. Return to her ladyship, and relieve her breaking heart."

He wavered.

"Come!" said Sholmes, with a smile. And, after a brief hesitation, the baronet assented.

"Sholmes, I am on tenterhooks!" I exclaimed, as the express bore us Londonwards. "You astonish me anew every day. But this—"

He laughed as he lighted a couple of cigarettes.

"The fact is, Jotson, I am pleased myself," he said. "Yet it was very simple."

"But the police—"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"The police knew that old story of the Bound of the Haskervilles," he said. "Yet they never thought of the obvious deduction. The baronet had determined to disappear. By leaving the pumistakable track of number

eleven boots to the verge of the chasm he gave the desired impression. A certain ancestor of Sir Huckaback originated the tradition of the Bound of the Haskervilles by clearing that chasm at a single jump. Why should not that trait have descended to the present baronet? That was the theory I worked upon, Jotson. I was perfectly prepared to find that, instead of having fallen into the abyss, Sir Huckaback had repeated the performance of his ancestor by clearing, it. Consequently, I searched for hiss on the other side.

"Wonderful!"

Sholmes smiled.

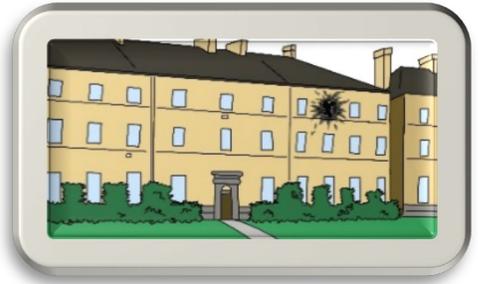
"I wished to ascertain, Jotson, whether Sir Huckaback had ever shown any trace of inheriting the peculiar bounding powers of his ancestor. I called up his college at Oxford. In five minutes I had learned all I wished to know. Sir Huckaback's reputation, in his college days, was that of the biggest boulder at Oxford. Have you any cocaine about you, Jolson? Thanks!"

And Herlock Sholmes remained in a comatose condition till we arrived at Shaker Street.

**THE END**

# Baker Street Elementary

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



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FAY, MASON & MASON

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I TOLD MY GRANDMOTHER I WAS GOING TO DRESS UP AS A MUMMY FOR HALLOW'S EVE THIS YEAR...



IS SHE WILLING TO HELP WITH THE COSTUME ?

NO, AS A MATTER OF FACT, SHE IS NOT A FAN OF THIS HOLIDAY...



WHY NOT...?



SHE SAID "IT IS THE DAY OF THE DEVIL", AND I REPLIED, 'GREAT, A WHOLE DAY ALL FOR ME...'

SHE WAS NOT AMUSED...



THEN MY YOUNGER BROTHER ASKED HER IF SHE WAS OLD AND LONELY ENOUGH TO BE THE SUBJECT OF A GHOST STORY HERSELF...



WE WILL NOT BE ASKING FOR CANDY AT HER HOUSE THIS YEAR...

