

The Bilge Pump

Vol. 08, No. 12 - December, 2020
*The Irregular Publication of the Crew of the
Barque Lone Star - founded April, 1970*



PLEASE NOTE:

January 03 Meeting NOTICE

We will be conducting our next monthly meeting virtually on January 03 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 Beryl Coronet".

Liese Sherwood-Fabre will discuss "Sherlock's Christmas Spirit"

Our Special Guest Speaker will be Barbara Rusch who will present us with "Sherlockian Collectors and Collecting Sherlockiana".

Edith Pouden will cover topic 6 on "The Life and Times of Arthur Conan Doyle: Working with Dr. Budd"

December 06 Summary

There were 47 in attendance at this ZOOM meeting.

The meeting started out with a toast by Steve Mason, "Sherlock Backs a Turkey", written by Jay Christ Finley and published in 1947 in Sherlockian Studies. (see page 3).

We then conducted the monthly quiz on the story "The Blue Carbuncle."

Robert Katz, BSI, then led a lively question and answer session about the structure of the story.

Announcements included: other Zoom meetings, Christmas card list, postponement of the SMU conference, and others.

Les Moskowitz then gave a toast to The Woman, Mildred Samons, "whoever she is". We then had a detailed discussion of geese and do they or don't they have a crop.

Our special guest speaker for the meeting was Karen Murdoch who gave a wonderful presentation on Rhetoric, Figures of Speech in the Cannon and Victorian England.

We then conducted the "Lightning Quiz", which focused on the story's first lines.

The Doyle study focused on the "Dangerous Works" book about the time Arthur Conan Doyle spent on a whaling ship.



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:



Third Mate
Helmsman
Spiritual Advisors

Secretaries
Historian
Webmaster

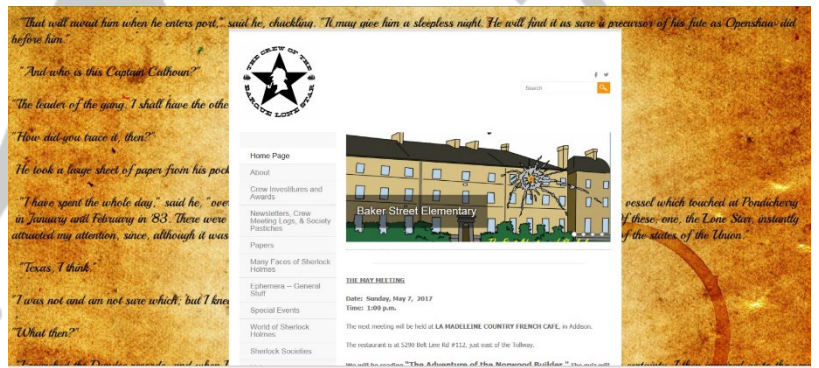
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Our Facebook Page:

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

"Sherlock Backs a Turkey"

Presented by Steve Mason, written by Jay Christ Finley, 1947

Originally published in *Sherlockian Studies*, 1947

There was something askew with the carbuncle,
blue,
Found in the crop of a goose!
'Twas maybe a dream – or do I blaspheme?
The errors in fact are profuse.

It were easily learned, had attention been turned
To facts in the poulterer's shop –
The vaguest suggestion, a casual question –
A goose doesn't have any crop!

It was Ryder who looted
and Holmes who
"commuted"
A felony – that was a
crime;
And other mistakes (or
intentional fakes)
Weren't worthy of
Holmes in his prime

Carbuncles are red, and
not blue, as they said,
And grates are not
soldered – plague on it!
It's amazing to find the
scope of one's mind
Betrayed by the size of
his bonnet!

The gem which was seen was small as a bean,
Yet hark to the quivering Ryder:
The jittery clown said he felt it pass down
As the bird took the jewel insid'er



A goose undertaker or
even Dame Baker
Could point out one more
"howler:"
A goose's sharp "teeth" –
above, not beneath –
Would have injured the
hand of the prowler.

Neither story nor season
provide enough reason
For things of this
frivolous kind;
It still appears true that
the carbuncle, blue
Was a figment of
somebody's mind.

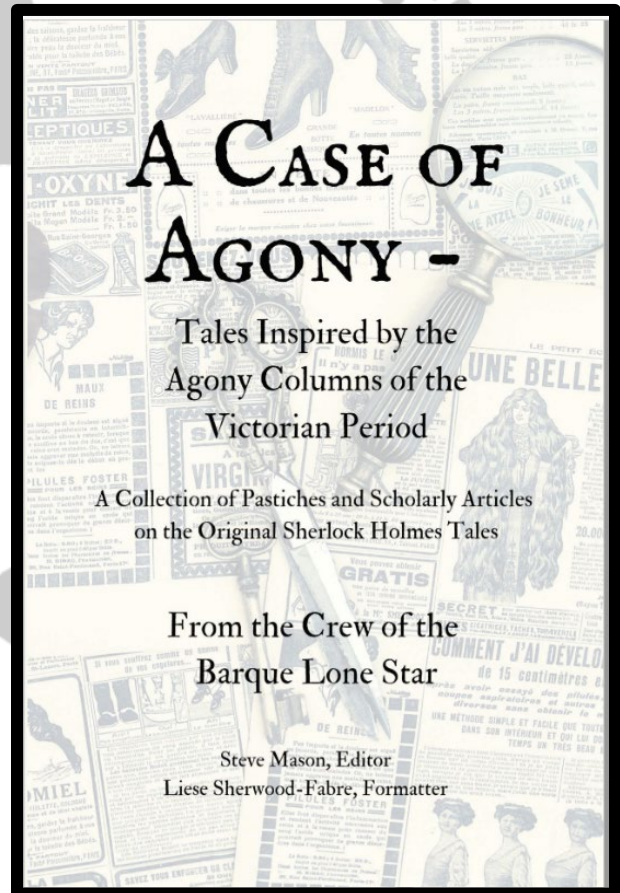
Never was such a goose, nor captive nor loose –
The fog was never more murky.
In view of conditions, I have my suspicions:
The jolly old bird was a "turkey."

A Case of Agony

We are very proud to announce the publication of this year's compilation, inspired by the Personal Ads from the Agony Columns of daily newspapers of the Victorian period.

Thanks so much to Liese-Sherwood Fabre for the final formatting and getting the book printed for the authors. Of course, thanks so much for all those who contributed to the edition...

Cindy Brown
Ann Caddell
Lauren Cercone
Dean Clark, BSI
Thayer Cumings, BSI
Joe Fay
Robert L. Fish, BSI
Charles Hamilton
Eleanor Hébert
Sandy Kozinn
Richard Krisciunas
Rusty Mason
Steve Mason, ASH
Julie McKuras
Karen Olson
Dana Richards, BSI, ASH
Brenda Rossini
Barbara Rusch, BSI, ASH
Liese Sherwood-Fabre
Donny Zaldin, BSI, ASH



You can download a free copy in .pdf and other formats on our website...

<https://www.dfw-sherlock.org/barque-society-pastiches.html>

The Sea, Ships, and Sailors in the Sherlockian and non-Sherlockian Writings of Arthur Conan Doyle

Donny Zaldin, BSI, ASH

The Crew of the Barque Lone Star Society



The CBLs, the Dallas-Fort Worth, Texas Sherlock Holmes Society, founded in 1970, is a scion of the Baker Street Irregulars. The Society derives its name from the barque *Lone Star*, of Savannah, Georgia, the sailing vessel which figures prominently in “The Five Orange Pips.” This story was first published in the *Strand Magazine* in November 1892, the fifth entry of twelve in *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*.

The Oxford Dictionary defines a “barque” as a sailing ship, typically with three masts, in which the foremast and mainmast are square-rigged and the mizzenmast is rigged fore and aft. The main difference between a barque and a ship is in the way the aftmost mast is rigged.



Arthur Conan Doyle and the Sea

Conan Doyle’s interest in, knowledge of, and fascination with the sea, ships and the sailors who sailed them, provided canon fodder for many of his Sherlockian adventures and were a recurring theme in his non-Sherlockian stories as well.

His passion for seafaring can be traced back to 1880, when he served as ship’s surgeon on an Arctic whaler. Aboard, a young ACD recorded his maritime experiences – which he termed “dangerous work” – in an illustrated daily journal, first published over a century later.

ACD’s 1880 Arctic Adventure

Conan Doyle, then a 20-year old, third-year medical student [pictured at the far right], signed on as a last-minute substitute to take a six-month berth from February to August as ship’s surgeon on the *SS Hope*, outfitted to navigate the ice floes of Greenland. An inveterate sportsman and adventurer, ACD joined Captain John Gray and the commissioned sailors in their whale and seal hunt.

The fledgling author / doctor / whaler / diarist describes his pre-voyage excitement as follows: “[I] stood on the very brink of the unknown ... a strange and fascinating chapter of my life ... [my] my first real outstanding adventure.” On May



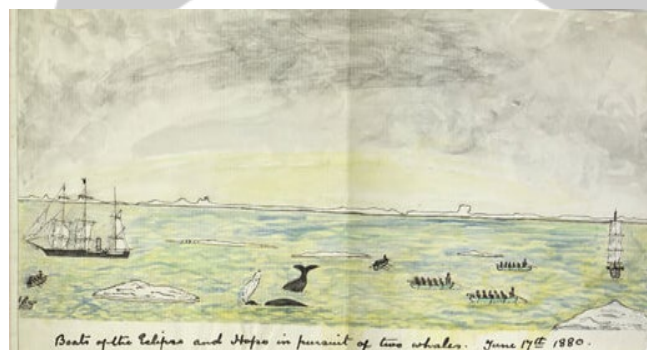
22nd, he turned 21 “within only 100 miles or so from the North Pole,” which he described as a “rather doleful ... birthday,” since he was almost 2,000 miles from his home, family and friends. The grueling expedition was a constant trial of hardships and ordeals, which he overcame and ultimately enjoyed. Thankfully for the literary world and especially fans of detective fiction, the adventurous young seaman was rescued by his older and more seasoned crew mates on Sunday, 4 April, 1880, when he fell overboard into the icy Arctic waters. His diary entry of the incident reads:

I fell into the Arctic Ocean three times today. Luckily someone was ... near to pull me out. The danger in falling in is that with a heavy swell ... you may be cut in two ... by ... pieces of ice coming together and nipping you ... [but] I walked away [from it] ...



**ACD's March 16th 1880 diary sketch,
“The Hope among loose ice”**

Conan Doyle chronicles in great detail the dark workings of the waning days of the British whaling industry when the extinction of world stocks was already underway as a result of two centuries of plunder. His diary provides a first-hand account of a now long-vanished way of life at sea. Although an active participant in the bloody slaughter, a mature Conan Doyle subsequently wrote in his 1924 autobiography, *Memories and Adventures*, that “amid all the excitement ... one’s sympathies lie with the poor hunted creature.”



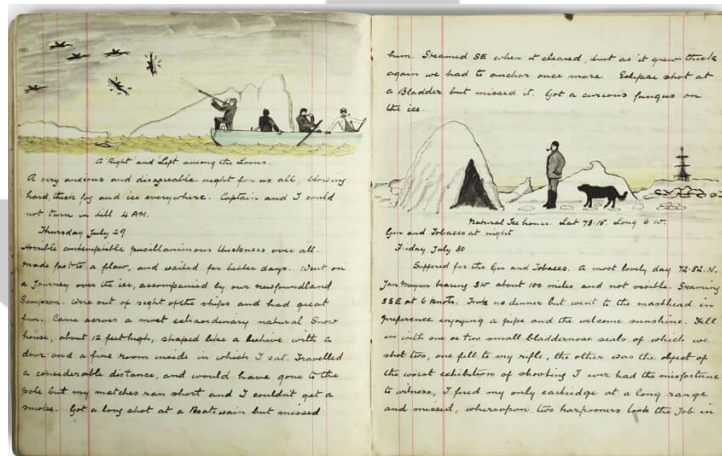
**ACD's June 22nd 1880 diary sketch:
“The Hope in pursuit of two whales”**



April 17: The diary entry for this day pictures “Saturday’s Night at Sea, and reads as follows: “Had singsong in the evening in the mates berth. I began a poem on tobacco which I think is not bad. I never can finish them. Ce n’est que la dernière pas qui conte. [Translation: It’s only the last step that counts.]

Sunday April 18th: “A snowy drizzly kind of day. Shot a seal in the morning off the bows; it was just sticking its head over the water. Saw two large sea birds, “Burgomasters” they are called. Went to a Methodist meeting in the evening conducted by Johnny McLeod the engineer, he read a sermon from an evangelical magazine and then we sang a hymn together.”

A typical diary page, for July 28-30, is pictured below

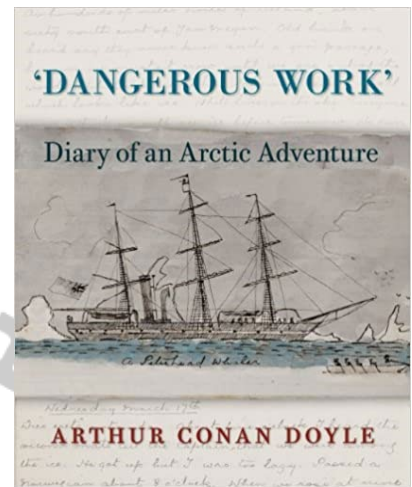


In 1892 – after ACD had left medicine to write full-time – he wrote about the voyage in an article entitled “The Glamour of the Arctic,” which was published in the July issue of *The Idler* magazine. Five years later, he wrote an article entitled “Life on a Greenland Whaler,” which was published in the January 1897 issue of *The Strand Magazine*. In *Memories and Adventures*, ACD summed up his Arctic experience as follows: “I went on board the whaler a big, straggling youth ... I came off it a powerful, well-grown man.” Doylean commentators regard ACD’s untitled Arctic adventure “at 80 degrees north latitude” to be an uncensored autobiographical account of his coming of age.

Subsequent History of ACD’s Arctic Diary

Following his death on July 7, 1930, many of Conan Doyle’s personal letters, notes and handwritten manuscripts, some as yet unpublished, were retained by his widow Jean. Following her death in 1940, sons Adrian and Denis assumed custodianship of these papers and effects. Lengthy legal disputes on the ownership, division and publishing rights caused this vast personal library of 3,000 items to be locked away and lost from view for decades. The archive was only rediscovered near the turn of the twentieth century in the London office of a firm of solicitors.

On May 19, 2004, Christie’s put the entire ACD Estate collection up for auction, including the untitled, illustrated journal of his 1880 Arctic adventure, which ran to more than 150 pages in two notebooks bound in marble boards. This manuscript was listed as Lot 5, titled “The Log of the Hope,” with an estimated value of £30,000 (\$53,481 USD) to £50,000 (\$89,135 USD). However, the lot went unsold and remained the property of the heirs of Anna Conan Doyle. In 2012, the estate authorized the publication of this Arctic journal, which had remained out of sight for 132 years, in a facsimile entitled *Dangerous Work: Diary of an Arctic Adventure*, edited and annotated by Jon Lellenberg and Daniel Stashower. The “lost manuscript” may now be found in a handsomely-bound, well-researched volume, retaining all of Conan Doyle’s original illustrations plus some photographs of the voyage and four of his later Arctic writings.



The publication prompted comparisons of Conan Doyle to both author Herman Melville and Captain Ahab, protagonist of *Moby-Dick; or, The Whale*, first published in 1851, twenty-nine years before ACD wrote of his adventures aboard the *Hope*. Although *Moby-Dick* was a commercial failure and out of print at the time of the author’s death in 1891, its reputation as a “great American novel” was finally established in the 20th century. Melville’s classic masterpiece mixes realistic descriptions of whale hunting and life aboard ship manned by a culturally diverse crew with an exploration of class and social status, good and evil, and the existence of G-d.

For the diary accounts of a 20-year-old aspiring author to be favorably compared to what acclaimed English novelist and literary critic D.H. Lawrence called “the greatest book of the sea ever written,” is high praise indeed.

A Lifelong Fascination with the Sea

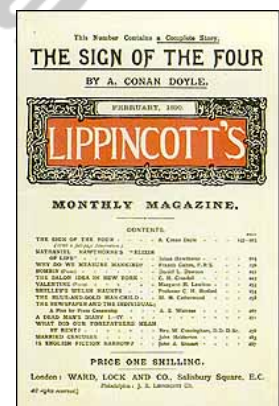
Following his safe return to dry land and medical school, and the ensuing change in his career path from doctor to author, the sea, ships and sailing held a lifelong appeal for Conan Doyle and became recurring themes in both his Sherlockian and non-Sherlockian writings.

Conan Doyle’s Sherlockian Writings:

The Sherlockian Canon is awash with maritime stories and references. In chronological order:

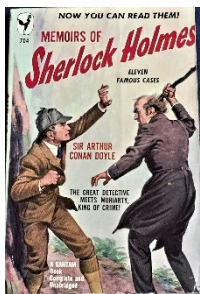
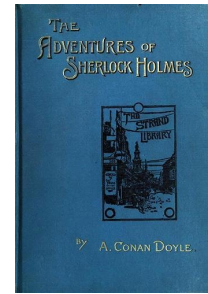
- ***The Sign of Four***

In his second Sherlockian novel, Holmes locates Mordecai Smith’s boat, the steam launch *Aurora* and recovers the great Agra Treasure, following a heart-stopping chase along the Thames.



- ***The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes***

In the signature story of the CBLS, “The Five Orange Pips,” the 3-mast barque is captained by Ku Klux Klan member and murderer, James Calhoun. Watson refers to the untold tales of the British barque *Sophy Anderson* and the singular adventures of the Grice Patersons in the island of Uffa, and Watson reads one of Victorian author Clark Russell’s sea stories. In “The Man with the Twisted Lip,” actor/reporter Neville St. Clair (whose alter ego is the professional beggar Hugh Boone) is enabled by a rascally Lascar (a sailor from India or South Asia). And, in “The Copper Beeches,” Alice Rucastle’s persevering beau, Mr. Fowler, is a seaman.

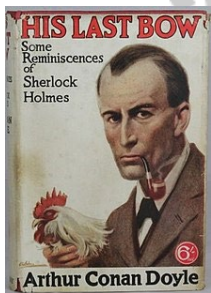
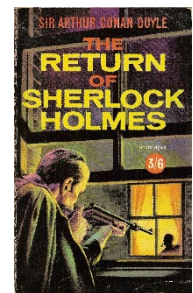


- ***The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes***

James Armitage (later Justice of the Peace Trevor Senior) and three fellow convicts escape penal servitude in Australia by leading a mutiny while being transported aboard the *Gloria Scott*. The untold tale concerning “the Netherland-Sumatra Company,” named in part for the sixth largest island in the world, which is part of Indonesia, is cited in “The Reigate Squires.” None of the Worthington Bank Gang are caught, being presumed lost at sea on the *Norah Creina*, in “The Resident Patient.” After Watson refers to the untold tale of the “Tired Captain,” Holmes solves the theft by Joseph Harrison of “The Naval Treaty” (with a touch of the dramatic), presenting the treaty to Percy Phelps on a breakfast plate.

- ***The Return of Sherlock Holmes***

In “The Norwood Builder,” Watson refers to the untold tale of the shocking affair of the Dutch steamship *Friesland*, which nearly cost him and Holmes their lives. In “Black Peter,” Holmes establishes the innocence of John Hopley Neligan, who is wrongly charged with the murder of Peter Carey, captain of the *Sea Unicorn*, who murdered Neligan’s father for the securities he was carrying. In *The Valley of Fear*, Pinkerton agent John Douglas, aka Birdie Edwards, aka Jack McMurdo, aka Steve Wilson, betrays the Scowrers in Pennsylvania and is lost at sea with his wife, while fleeing Moriarty’s criminal organization.

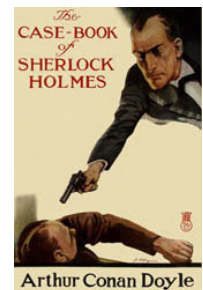


- ***His Last Bow***

Holmes solves the murder of Cadogan West and the theft of “The Bruce-Partington Plans,” the exceedingly intricate specifications for the latest revolutionary war machine, an ultra-top-secret submarine, the most jealously guarded of all state and government secrets.

- ***The Case-Book of Sherlock Holmes***

Holmes thwarts ship captain Van Seddar, who plans to take the stolen Crown jewel, “The Mazarin Stone,” the king of diamonds, to Amsterdam to be cut into smaller stones. In “The Sussex Vampire,” Holmes refers to the untold tale of the “*Matilda Briggs* ... a ship which is associated with the giant rat of Sumatra, a story for which the



world is not yet prepared.” The cutter *Alicia* turns into a small patch of mist and is never seen again in “The Problem of Thor Bridge.” Holmes retires to Sussex with its high chalk cliff bordering the ocean, home of the deadly jellyfish in “The Lion’s Mane.” In “The Veiled Lodger,” Watson assures his readership that the whole [untold] story concerning the politician, the lighthouse, and the trained cormorant will [one day] be given to the public.

- **Canonical Monographs**

Two monographs have a nautical motif. In “The Red-Headed League,” Holmes tells us of a small study of tattoo marks, often associated with sailors, which he contributed to the literature on the subject. And in “A Scandal in Bohemia,” Watson mentions a monograph upon the deep-sea fishes” authored by a staff-commander.

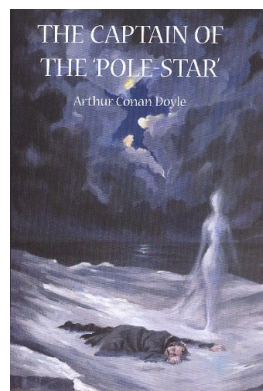
Conan Doyle’s non-Sherlockian Writings:

ACD was a prolific writer of stories, novels, plays, pamphlets and poems, whose body of work extends well beyond the Sherlockian Canon, including genres such as fantasy, science fiction, horror, adventure, history and romance.

Within the five-year period following his 1880 adventures at sea, Conan Doyle published several stories about occurrences aboard ships – no doubt inspired by his recent sailing experiences.

- **“The Captain of the Pole-Star [Being an extract from the singular journal of John M'Alister Ray, student of medicine]”**

In 1883, Conan Doyle published this ghost story, which was reprinted in 1890 as the title story to an anthology. For no apparent reason, Captain Nicholas Craige decides – against the wishes of his crew - to anchor in the middle of the Arctic Ocean, risking being trapped in the ice and facing certain death for all those aboard. Members of the crew report seeing a ghost at night and hearing its cry. One night the captain disappears from the ship into the darkness and is found dead the following day, with a look on his face – not of horror or pain – but of contentment.



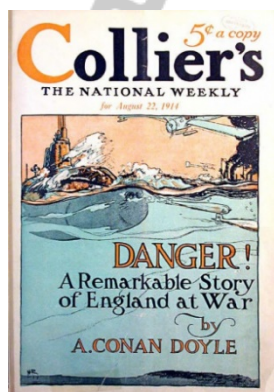
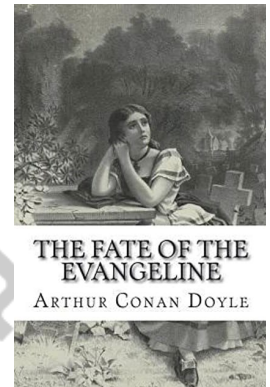
- **“J. Habakuk Jephson’s Statement”**

In January 1884, *The Cornhill Magazine* published this story of the supernatural about the derelict brigantine *Marie Celeste*, found at sea with no one aboard. The story was inspired by the real ship *Mary Celeste*, which had been found on December 4, 1872, drifting in the Atlantic off the Azores Islands, Portugal, under full sail but apparently abandoned. She was in a disheveled but seaworthy condition, amply provisioned, but with no one on board, and her lifeboat missing. The last log entry was dated ten days earlier. The personal belongings of the captain, his family and crew were undisturbed. None of those who had been on board – the captain, Benjamin Briggs, his wife, their

two-year-old daughter, Matilda (after whom ACD named the phantom ship in “The Sussex Vampire”) and the crew of seven – was ever seen or heard from again.

- **“The Fate of the Evangeline”**

In December 1885, this story of romance appeared in the *Boy's Own Paper* Christmas Number. In it, John Vincent Gibbs tries to win back the hand of his former fiancée, Lucy Forrester, who acceded to her father’s dictate that she wed a rich young banker. Gibbs separates Lucy from her father and fiancé on the uninhabited island of Ardvoe, off the coast of Scotland, and sails off with her aboard the *Evangeline*. Once at sea, he persuades her to follow her heart and marry him in Ireland. However, the weather becomes stormy and in the fog the ship is hit by a large steamer. The lovers are rescued by the crew and the reunited couple land in Australia, where they marry.

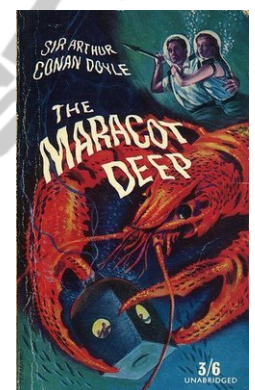


- **“Danger! Being the Log of Captain John Sirius”**

This short story of technology and war depicts an imaginary European country, Norland, waging and winning a war against Britain. It was first published in *The Strand Magazine* in July 1914, the very month of the commencement of World War I, known contemporaneously as “The Great War.” Conan Doyle chose the plot in order to direct public attention to the great danger posed by enemy submarines in the looming war with Germany – by way of naval blockades and the torpedoing of civilian ships – hence the urgent need for Britain to update its naval preparations. The account was an example of “invasion literature” and accurately presaged the unlawful German sinking of Cunard’s *RMS Lusitania* on May 7, 1915 – much like Morgan Robertson had foretold the tragic fate of the *RMS Titanic* in his 1898 novella, *Futility* about the fictional *Titan*, “the largest craft afloat and the greatest of the works of men.” In 1912, the prophetic American author renamed and republished his maritime story of catastrophe as *The Wreck of the Titan* after the “unsinkable” White Star liner collided with a giant iceberg in the North Atlantic and sank with great loss of life on its April 15 maiden voyage.

- ***The Maracot Deep***

Over a quarter century later, in 1929, a 70-year old Sir Arthur Conan Doyle published this fantasy novel, serialized the previous year, featuring the legendary city of Atlantis, which sank due to divine intervention. The exploration team descends to the floor of the Atlantic Ocean in a submersible and makes contact with the inhabitants of the submerged city before escaping to the surface using Atlantean technology. The book provides interesting glimpses into early 20th century beliefs regarding the sea, as well as ACD’s belief in Spiritualism.



Conclusion

Sea, ships and sailing themes in the Sherlockian Canon and ACD's non-Sherlockian writings were spawned by his visceral experiences in 1880 aboard the Arctic whaler, the *Hope*. In a sense, thereafter, his heart always belonged, in part, to the sea. His Arctic adventure had instilled in him a lifelong passion for all things maritime, which never waned. And in the era before commercial air travel became common, Conan Doyle traveled by ship to Europe, Scandinavia, Greece, Egypt, West and South Africa, Canada, the United States, New Zealand and Australia – totaling over 60,000 miles during his lifetime.

His tombstone at All Saints Church, Minstead, England reads in part, “Steel True / Blade Straight / Arthur Conan Doyle / Knight / Patriot, Physician & Man of Letters.” In the nine decades since his passing, some historians have added “Justice Advocate, Statesman and Spiritualist” to this impressive list.



To his *curriculum vitae*, I submit that it would be fitting to add the designation “Sailor” to the stone monument which defines the life and work of this great Renaissance man.

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- Conan Doyle, Arthur, *Memories and Adventures* (London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1924)
- Conan Doyle, Arthur, *The Sherlockian Canon* (1887-1929)

Biography

Donny Zaldin, *BSI* (“John Hector McFarlane”), *ASH* (“The Last and Highest Court of Appeal”), has served The Bootmakers of Toronto (the national Sherlock Holmes Society of Canada) in multiple leadership roles and belongs to several other Sherlockian societies, including The Crew of the Barque Lone-Star. He has been published in the *Sherlock Holmes Journal*, the *Baker Street Journal*, *The Serpentine Muse*, *Explorations* (Minnesota), and *Canadian Holmes* (Toronto) and he has contributed as author to the BSI manuscript and general series, the website, *Sherlockian.net*, the CBLs Society’s 2020 annual anthology (*A Case of Agony*) and the Norwegian Explorers 2020 annual Christmas Annual (*Games are Afoot*), and as author and editor to the BSI professional series (*Canon Law*, 2019) and *Magic Door* (The Quarterly Journal of the Friends of the Arthur Conan Doyle Collection at the Toronto Public Library). Donny has made presentations at Sherlockian conferences in Toronto (2011), Minneapolis (2016), and Baltimore (2018) and serves as “Colonel Ross” and Chair of the triennial “Can-Am BSI -BOT Silver Blaze Race and Conference at Toronto.” In his non-Sherlockian life, Donny is a retired barrister-at-law and is married to his own “certain gracious lady” Barbara Rusch, with whom he shares six children and 15 grandchildren.

A Shot in the Dark

Liese Sherwood-Fabre, PhD

Firearms figured prominently in three of the cases in the Canon: the very special airgun of Colonel Sabastian Moran in “The Adventure of the Empty House,” the apparent death of Hilton Cubitt and his wife’s suicide in “The Adventure of the Dancing Men,” and the apparent murder of Maria Gibson by one of a pair of her husband’s revolvers from his “arsenal” in “The Adventure of Thor Bridge.” In all three deaths, Holmes’ knowledge of weapons and ballistics provided the true nature and sequence of events.

Holmes was known to use several different firearms, including a .45-caliber Webley Metropolitan Police RIC (Royal Irish Constabulary) revolver, a .45-caliber British Bull Dog (a pocket revolver), and a Webley RIC chambered in .442 (his pistol of choice). (1) Watson’s trusty service revolver was most likely a .45-caliber Adams, purchased with his own funds, with the ammunition supplied by the government during his service years. (2) While it could be assumed Holmes was no slouch with his aim (he couldn’t have “decorated” his flat with the initials “VR” in bullet holes without a great deal of precision), Baring-Gould concluded Watson was the better shot. The doctor needed only a single bullet to take down a mastiff in “The Adventure of the Copper Beeches,” while Holmes needed five to do the same with the hound of the Baskervilles. (3)

When first developed, guns were basically hand-held canons where the shooter loaded gunpowder and a steel ball into the barrel and lit a fuse. A trigger and a percussion cap later replaced the fuse. Adding a revolving chamber that held several shots, reducing the need to reload and created the revolver. By the 1870s, instead of filling each chamber with gunpowder, these weapons used a bullet cartridge containing the projectile, gunpowder, and an explosive

cap. Today, as then, when the shooter pulls the trigger, a hammer draws back and then springs forward to hit the cartridge and its cap. The gunpowder explodes and forces the bullet down the barrel of the gun. (4)



A gun’s caliber refers to the internal diameter of the gun’s barrel and is important in identifying the make of handgun. (5) As noted above, most of Holmes’ and Watson’s firearms were .45 caliber, meaning the interior diameter of Watson’s trusty service revolver was .45 inches. Colonel Sabastian Moran, on the other hand, deceived law enforcement by using a

soft revolver bullet in his airgun.

In addition to the type of gun and bullet used in a crime, another part of forensics—referred to “firearm examination”—involves gunshot evidence on either the victim or suspect. As noted above, when a bullet is fired, the gunpowder explodes. The gases and other particles created by this explosion follow the bullet as well as escaping through spaces in the weapon itself. Revolvers are particularly “holey” and leave more of this residue on the shooter. In the case of the victim,

gunshot residue (GSR) can be used to determine how far the victim was from the weapon. The closer the two, the more GSR will be found. (6) Holmes used this knowledge of GSR to conclude that William Kirwan in “The Adventure of the Reigate Squire” was not shot during a struggle over a gun as reported, because his clothes carried no black marks from being shot at close range.



He also used his knowledge of GSR and ballistics in the “The Adventure of the Dancing Men” to determine the presence of a third shooter in the murder of Hilton Cubitt. Ballistics is the study of how bullets (and other projectiles) travel. (7)

He noted the lack of powder marks on the victim, but some on Mrs. Cubitt's hands, and a third bullet hole through a window sash, indicating a third shot and shooter. Taken together, the evidence indicated Cubitt and the third person exchanged gunshots—one with deadly aim and the second missing its intended victim. Upon finding her husband dead, Mrs. Cubitt unsuccessfully attempted to take her own life and would have been tried for murder without Holmes' keen observations and discovery of the third shot.

Holmes' knowledge of firearm investigations took a more mathematical bent in "The Adventure of Thor Bridge." One of a pair of revolvers was found in the suspect's wardrobe. The other was missing. Given that two minus one leaves one, the second revolver was the murder weapon—especially when a new chip appeared on the bridge railing where the victim died. Several criminologists and Sherlockian have noted this case resembled an 1893 suicide described by Hans Gross. In

this actual event, a grain merchant staged his suicide to appear as a homicide by tying a stone to his pistol and letting it be dragged over a bridge and into the water. (8)

While firearms appeared in several of the Canon's cases, including one where a mysterious widow fired "barrel after barrel," instead of "chamber after chamber" to end the life of Charles Augustus Milverton, (9) Holmes' observations and the use of his knowledge of ballistics and related firearm traits were of particular importance in a smaller number. All the same, his conclusions were never proved to be a shot in the dark.

The image of VR is provided by John Griffiths and downloaded on 10-21-2020 from https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Sherlock_Holmes_Museum_Study_4.jpg under the creative commons license. (10)

(1) <https://literary007.com/2015/03/31/armed-for-her-majesty-james-bond-and-sherlock-holmes-weaponry/>

(2) <https://simanaitissays.com/2015/05/15/firearms-of-the-holmesian-canon/>

(3) William S. Baring-Gould, *The Annotated Sherlock Holmes, Volume II*. New York: Clarkson N Potter, Inc., 1967, page 131.

(4) <https://science.howstuffworks.com/revolver2.htm>

(5) D.P. Lyle, *Forensics for Dummies*. Hoboken, NJ: John Wiley & Sons, Inc., 2019, page 311.

(6) Lyle, page 316-318.

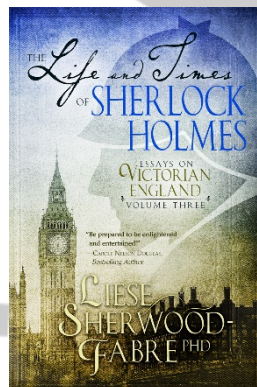
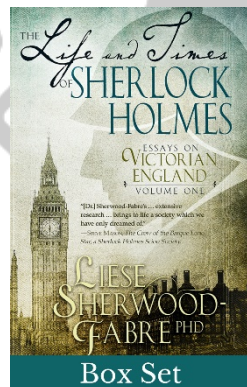
(7) Lyle, page 307.

(8) https://journals.lww.com/amjforensicmedicine/Fulltext/2016/06000/Disguising_a_Suicide_as_a_Homicide__Sir_Arthur.9.aspx

(9) Baring-Gould, page 569.

(10) <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/2.0/deed.en>

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Insensible Upon the Bearskin (Fainting in the Canon)

By Karen Murdock

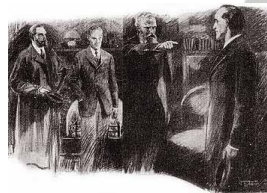
Published in the Serpentine Muse, Volume 20, number 3 (Summer, 2004)



I rose to my feet, stared at him for some seconds in utter amazement, and then it appears that I must have fainted for the first and last time in my life. (EMPT)

Horner, who had shown signs of intense emotion during the proceedings, fainted away at the conclusion and was carried out of court. (BLUE)

But the lady has fainted! (BLAN)



Clunk! Splonk! How often has it happened to you?! Never? You are, quite obviously, not a character in the

“The boots” at Stangerson’s hotel
James Windibank
Hatty Doran
Effie Munro
Nancy Barclay
Violet Smith
Lady Brackenstall
Laura Lyons
Brother Morris
Major Sholto
Elias Openshaw

STUD, 47
IDEN, 200
NOBL, 298
YELL, 356
CROO, 418
SOLI, 535
ABBE, 649
HOUN, 734
VALL, 842
SIGN, 102
FIVE, 220

Jefferson Hope
Victor Hatherley
Silas Brown
Harry Pinner
Percy Phelps
Bannister
Lady Hilda Trelawney Hope
Jack McMurdo
John Scott Eccles
Mary Morstan
James Ryder

STUD, 72-3, 74
ENGR. 283
SILV, 345
STOC, 369
NAVA, 466
3STU, 597, 601
SECO, 663
VALL, 834
WIST, 871
SIGN, 104, 115, 142
BLUE, 254, 255, 256

All these near-faints and faked faints aside, however, twenty-five characters in the Canon actually do faint (2). The gold medal for Best Faint goes to Thorneycroft Huxtable with his over-the-top-and-under-the-table entrance to 221B in PRIO:



We have had some dramatic entrances and exits upon our small stage at Baker Street, but I cannot recollect anything more sudden and startling than

the first appearance of Dr. Thorneycroft Huxtable, M.A., Ph.D., etc. [...] his first action, when the door had closed upon him, was to stagger against the table, whence he slipped down upon the floor, and there was that majestic figure prostrate and insensible upon our bearskin hearthrug.

The silver medal in this hotly-contested Canonical event goes to Trevor Senior in GLOR:

Mr. Trevor stood slowly up, fixed his large blue eyes upon me with a strange wild stare, and then

pitched forward, with his face among the nutshells which strewed the cloth, in a dead faint.

Huxtable and Trevor Senior are joined in unconsciousness by the following Canonical characters:

*Jonathan Small	SIGN, 145
Mrs. St. Clair	TWIS, 235
John Horner	BLUE, 249
*Victor Hatherley	ENGR, 275
Hatty Doran	NOBL, 298
Mary Holder	BERY, 306
Trevor Senior	GLOR, 375
Nancy Barclay	CROO, 414
“more than one” person in Col. Barclay’s household (3)	CROO, 415
Dr. Watson	EMPT, 485
*Sherlock Holmes (4)	NORW, 505
Elsie Patrick Cubitt	DANC, 513
*Thornycroft Huxtable	PRIO, 539
Horace Harker	SIXN, 586
Sir Henry Baskerville	HOUN, 757
Beryl Stapleton	HOUN, 758
Lady in the Brixton bus	REDC, 904
Col. Valentine Walter	BRUC, 929
*Mrs. Porter	DEVI, 959
Baron Gruner’s servant	ILLU, 998
*Godfrey Emsworth	BLAN, 1009
Mrs. Emsworth (5)	BLAN, 1012
*Ian Murdoch	LION, 1092
Eugenia Ronder	VEIL, 1101

For the characters marked with an asterisk, a very good medical reason caused them to have passed out (lack of food, loss of blood, breathing poisonous fumes, attacked by a really unusual and unexpected sea creature, etc.). For the others, a general diagnosis of “emotional shock” may be given. (We don’t know why the lady in the Brixton bus fainted. We only hope that she got home safely.)

The majority of people who keel over from emotional shock in the Canon are men. This goes against the usual notion (fondly held by Victorian men) of Victorian women being weak, emotionally frail creatures, much prone to succumbing to attacks of “the vapours.”

The numerical dominance of males in the Canon partly explains this unexpected finding. Of the named characters in the Canon, 755 are males, 159 females (6). However, many of the named characters do not appear “in person.”

Inactive, albeit named, characters include authors, artists, military leaders, and statesmen who are mentioned only in passing, the principal players in Watson’s unchronicled cases, various law-abiding homeowners in the vicinity of Wisteria Lodge, and any number of victims of the Scowrers.

A count of “active” characters in the Canon is inevitably subjective, but includes approximately 51% of the named males and 77% of the named females. Approximately 3.6% of the active males and 8.2% of the active females in the Canon faint. This extraordinarily high percentage indicates that the author “used the act of fainting to represent acute emotional stress and, of course, to heighten an already dramatic event (7).”

MEDICAL DIGRESSION

The medical term for fainting is *vasovagal (vasodepressor) syncope*. *Syncope* is a brief loss of consciousness caused by temporary acute impairment of the circulation of blood to the brain. It can be caused by emotional shock, pain or injury, loss of blood, hunger (8), prolonged standing, and various health problems such as heart disease (9).

The loss of consciousness in a faint is not usually sudden, as it is in a blackout. Warning signs may include blood draining from the face, sweating, nausea, a sensation of warmth or cold, yawning, lightheadedness, buzzing in the ears, or dilation of the pupils.

A special type of fainting is *carotid sinus syncope*, sometimes called “tight collar syndrome.” The carotid arteries supply blood to the head and neck. Each artery contains, midway up the neck, a carotid sinus, a section with nerve endings sensitive to pressure. When a carotid sinus is stimulated, the heart rate slows and the blood vessels dilate. As blood pressure falls, so does the flow of blood to the brain, which may result in a faint. A tight collar pressing upon the carotid sinus can start the process. Blood does not drain from the fact and there is no nausea or sweating.

If a person who is lying down or sitting stands up quickly, blood flow to the brain may decrease temporarily. This can cause positional hypotension, a kind of *vasomotor syncope*. Elderly people who have been sitting or lying down for a while are susceptible to this.

When Watson fainted in EMPT, his tight collar may have contributed to his collapse by restricting the flow of blood

to his brain. Perhaps positional hypotension contributed too, as Watson “rose to my feet, stared at him [Sherlock Holmes] some seconds in utter amazement,” and then fainted. Holmes did the right thing by loosening Watson’s collar and leaving him on the floor to restore his circulation.

FACE DOWN IN THE CANON

The Canon—written by a medical man—offers vivid and varied descriptions of people either fainting or about to faint. They show many of the classic symptoms:

BLOOD DRAINING FROM THE FACE. While not all characters exhibiting this symptom faint, the implication is that they came close to doing so:

Miss Stoner turned white to the lips as she listened. (SPEC)

I couldn’t stand it, and the doctor was as white as a sheet. Indeed, he fell into a chair in a sort of faint, and we nearly had him on our hands as well. (DEVI)

The lady sprang to her feet, with the colour all dashed in an instant from her beautiful face. (SECO)

At the short account of her father’s death, Miss Morstan had turned deadly white, and for a moment I feared that she was about to faint. (SIGN)

She [Elsie Patrick Cubitt] turned deadly white, read the letter, and threw it into the fire. (DANC)

SWEATING. Several characters break into perspiration when under emotional stress. Jem Ryder sweated, although it was a cold December day, as he rushed to his sister’s house in the Brixton Road (BLUE). She noticed that he had become pale (another warning sign), but he did not faint on that occasion. Ian Murdoch in LION did faint after sweating. He continued to sweat after he had come round. Col. Elias Openshaw in FIVE—under great mental stress after receiving a death threat from the KKK—sometimes broke out into a cold sweat.



“At such times,” reported his nephew, “I have seen his face, even on a cold day, glisten with moisture, as though it were new raised from a basin.” John Openshaw does not report, however, if the colonel fainted from emotional shock after these episodes of sweating.

BUZZING IN THE EARS. This prelude to a faint occurs to several Canonical characters. Victor Hatherley in ENGR reported of his ordeal in Eyford:

I glanced down at my hand, which was throbbing painfully, and then, for the first time, saw that my thumb had been cut off and that the blood was pouring from my wound. I endeavoured to tie my handkerchief round it, but there came a sudden buzzing in my ears, and next moment I fell in a dead faint among the rose-bushes.



Hatty Doran in NOBL nearly fainted during her wedding service. She said the words spoken around her sounded “like the buzzing of a bee.”

DILATION OF THE PUPILS. Holmes said Trevor Senior’s “large blue eyes [fixed] upon me with a strange wild stare” before he fainted in GLOR.

SLOW PULSE. When Dr. Thorneycroft Huxtable lies unconscious, Watson finds “the stream of life trickled thin and small.”

FASHIONABLE FAINTING

In the late 19th century, to attain the then-fashionable small waist, a woman would lace her corset tightly. Many women took this too far. In *The Agony of Fashion*, Eline Canter Cremers-van der Does writes:

The tapes [of the corset] could, if pulled too tight, make a deep ridge which might ultimately damage the liver[. . .] The corset pushed the liver partly upwards, partly downwards; upwards it pressed into the lungs, impeding breathing; downwards it pressed into the abdomen, making breathing

practically impossible, which occasioned the much sought-after "heaving bosom."

A corset laced this tightly increased the risk that even the slightest exertion or a sudden shock would put such a demand on a woman's heart that the wearer of the corset would faint. Tight collars on dresses were also at fault. There was some advantage to fainting, however, as Cremers-van der Does observes:

Fainting, a power tool in the hands of a clever woman to be used if she did not immediately get her way, was blamed on the tight corset. The real culprit in the drama was actually the tight collar, which obstructed the flow of blood to the brain. This fainting, the so-called "vapours," and the headache, the "migraine," may have given a lady more power than voting rights and legal equality.

TREATMENTS, SOME DUBIOUS

What should you do if someone has fainted or seems about to faint? Modern medical advice is to loosen the person's clothing and have him lie down with his feet slightly higher than his head. A medical misconception in Victorian times was that a person who had fainted needed a stimulant, such as brandy (10). Upon Dr. Huxtable's dramatic faint, "Holmes hurried with a cushion for his head, and I with brandy for his lips. The cushion, at least, was a good idea. It would have been a better idea, however, if Holmes had put the cushion under Dr. Huxtable's feet rather than under his head. The brandy is dubious at best.

While the usual remedy for women who fainted was "smelling salts" (not mentioned in the Canon), the usual remedy for men was brandy poured down their unresponsive throats (11). The tendency of Canonical characters to faint may explain the prevalence of hip flasks filled with brandy. This universal specific presumably averted fainting in the case of John Scott Eccles in WIST: "He had gulped off the brandy and the colour had returned to his face." It returned the stricken man to consciousness in the cases of Dr. Thorneycroft Huxtable, Dr. Watson, and Sir Henry Baskerville. J. G. Wood just happened to have this miraculous medicine on hand (in his picnic basket?!) when he needed it most. After being stung by *Cyanea capillata* (LION), he "gulped down brandy, a whole bottleful, and it seems to have saved his life."

Brandy is, by far, the most common type of alcohol in the Canon, appearing in seventeen of the tales, almost always in a medical context. Col. Elias Openshaw in FIVE seems to be the only character who drinks brandy for pleasure; and even he used it, at least in part, as self-medication in an attempt to blot out his fears of the KKK. The prevalence of brandy is directly linked to the prevalence of fainting, as it is always the treatment of first resort when any character faints or looks as though he might. If it were not for the great number of characters who faint, brandy would be as rare as Curaçao in the Canon.

ENDNOTES:

1. Bannister was partly faking this fainting episode. But only partly. He was dreadfully shaken by seeing his young master's gloves in the room and looked "quite ghastly." Some people were never meant to lie.
2. Maurice Campbell reported 21 instances of fainting, but acknowledged that this was based on a casual count. Rodin and Key repeat the figure of 21 in their book. I have added a few more here.
3. I am counting "more than one" as meaning "two," for a total of 25 fainters. Of course, more than two of Colonel Barclay's servants could have fainted when they saw his dead body with its "most dreadful expression of fear and horror."
4. While there is no evidence that Sherlock Holmes faints in NORW, Watson writes, "I have known him [Holmes] presume upon his iron strength until he has fainted from pure inanition."
5. She is the only one who faints upon receiving good news.
6. Based upon the "Names" lists in Clarkson's *The Canonical Compendium*.
7. Rodin and Key, p. 228
8. Hunger is a major factor in the faint of the usually-well-fed Dr. Thorneycroft Huxtable in PRIO, for he is as good as news after "a glass of milk and a biscuit."

9. Trevor Senior in GLOR attributes his faint to heart disease, although it is a stroke that carries him off several weeks later.
10. In low doses, alcohol is a stimulant. The initial euphoria of intoxication often stimulates excited or uninhibited behavior. In higher doses, alcohol is a depressant. The relationship between stimulants and depressants was apparently not very well understood in Dr. Watson's day. His treatment for Lady Frances Carfax as she lay near death from suffocation and an overdose of chloroform (a depressant) was "injected ether" (another depressant). Rodin and Key comment, "Using one anesthetic agent to overcome the effects of another is rather startling because both are depressants of the central nervous system."
11. A medical look at the use of brandy in the Canon is "Doctor Watson's Universal Specific" in Van Liere's *A Doctor Enjoys Sherlock Holmes*. A thorough—and thoroughly amusing—discussion of the medicinal uses of alcoholic beverages in the Victorian age is Patricia Guy's "Just What the Doctor Ordered: Victorian Medicinal Imbibing," *The Serpentine Muse*, Volume 12, no. 4.

THANKS:

The germ of this paper first appeared as a post to The Hounds of the Internet. I thank fellow Hound Stephanie-Jane Love for her insightful response to my post and for contributing substantially to this paper, especially as it concerns medical facts and Victorian fashion. I also thank fellow Hound Richard Sveum, M.D. for reading and commenting upon an earlier version of this paper.

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HERLOCK SHOLMES - The Death of Sholmes!

Charles Hamilton (Peter Todd), December 25, 1915, *The Greyfriars Herald*

Chapter 1

The case of Professor Hickorychicory — pronounced Hickychicky — is the next on my list at this period of our residence at Shaker Street, and it is the one I propose to give here. This case, which caused the disappearance and supposed death of Herlock Sholmes, proved the most tensely exciting of all in which I shared the work of my amazing friend.

Sholmes had been absent for several days, and I was growing somewhat uneasy on his account, when one morning a coal-heaver was shown into my rooms while I was at breakfast. I rose to my feet, somewhat surprised, but at once the well-known voice reassured me.

"Good-morning, Jotson!"

"Sholmes!" I exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Himself!" he replied, sinking into the armchair, and resting his feet on the mantelpiece in his old familiar way that I knew so well. "Give me something to eat, my dear fellow. I have eaten nothing for fourteen days. I am famished!"

He devoured bacon and eggs ravenously. Through the grime on his face, he looked at me with his old smile.

"I see you have changed your habits, my dear Jotson."

"In what way, Sholmes?"

"You have taken to clean-shaving." I started.

"My dear Sholmes," I protested, "you have been absent! How can you possibly be aware——"

"Deduction, my good fellow," said Sholmes carelessly. "When I left you, you were wearing a moustache. At the present moment there is no trace of hair on your upper lip. To the trained eye of a detective, Jotson, the inference is clear. You have shaved clean!"

"I see that you have not changed, at all events, Sholmes," I replied. "The same amazing insight—the same irresistible power of deduction——"

"You flatter me, Jotson. At the present moment," he said moodily, "my insight is at fault. I have met my match at last, Jotson."

"Impossible!"

"It is true. Have you ever heard of Professor Hickorychicory — pronounced Hickychicky?"

I shook my head.

"Naturally," said Sholmes. "Few have heard of him. The police know nothing of him. Even the fact that his name is Hickorychicory, and pronounced Hickychicky, has failed to put them on the track. Yet he is the most dangerous criminal in London — or in the world. Every crime that has

been committed during the past seventy years has been planned by this man. His hand is everywhere — invisible, but



powerful. It was he who stole the Crown Jewels of Spoofia; he who robbed the Princess of Ghammon; he, my dear Jotson, who kidnapped the young Duke of Shepherd's Bush, and assassinated the Marquis of Hornsey Rise; ha who made away with the Depaste diamonds; he who administered the permanent sleeping-draught to Sir Tedward Bray; he who abstracted the Prime Minister's spectacles at a critical moment, and caused him to remain in ignorance of the existence of *Vulgaria* on the map at a very critical hour in European history!"

"Good heavens, Sholmes!"

"It is true, Jotson. With this unseen, invisible, indiscernible, and unspotted criminal I am now at the death-grapple!"

"My dear Sholmes!"

"Murder," said Sholmes quietly, "is nothing to him! I have had several narrow escapes. He has sworn my death! Ha, ha! Yesterday, in a fashionable restaurant, I detected a fragment of German sausage in my

soup. It was a plot to poison me; he bribed the waiter. Last evening I received free tickets for the latest revue at the Giganteum Theatre; a cunning scheme to bore me to death. Last night a German band began to play under my window; I barely escaped with my life. This morning, as I came here, my taxi-cab was blown sky-high by a bomb cunningly placed in the taximeter, timed to go off when twopence had ticked away. I was blown into the air. Fortunately, I landed unharmed on top of the Monument, and descended safely by means of the steps. "Jotson, you know that I have nerve, but I confess that this has shaken me."

He rose to his feet and tiptoed to the window. On the other side of the street a ragman was passing, uttering the familiar cry: "Rags and bones, bottles and jars!" Sholmes turned to me, his face blazing with excitement.

"Run, Jotson!"

"Sholmes!" I ejaculated.

"You see that ragman? It is Professor Hickorychicory — pronounced Hickychicky — in disguise! Bolt!"

We rushed to the door.

Hardly had we reached the garden, when a terrific explosion shook the building to its foundations.

Sholmes looked at me, with a grim smile.

"Just in time, Jotson!"

"Sholmes!"

"A bomb!" he said. "The work of Professor Hickorychicory — pronounced Hickychicky. He sticks at

nothing. The coils are closing round him, Dotson. Only my demise can save him." He set his teeth. "It is a struggle for life or death between Herlock Sholmes and Professor Hickorychicory — pronounced Hickychicky. Dotson, are you with me?"

"Hear me swear——" I began.

"Enough! Let us go!"

With a few magic touches of his hand, he disguised me as a fishmonger. Then he hurried me away.

Chapter 2

The next few weeks were crammed with excitement.

It was the hardest case Herlock Sholmes had undertaken, and he did not conceal from me that sometimes he feared that Professor Hickorychicory — pronounced Hickychicky — might yet escape him. Our narrow escapes were marvellous; we grew familiar with danger. The coils were closing round the hardened criminal, but he was fighting hard. The man who had ruled the criminal world for seventy years was not to be taken easily.

Why Sholmes did not cause the arrest of the man who was so deeply dyed with crime was a mystery to me. Sholmes did not explain. It was one of the secrets that were locked up in that inscrutable breast.

It was at sunset one evening that we found ourselves pursuing a lonely track amid the rocky waste and precipices of the wild Hill of Ludgate. Far below us flowed the dark water of the Fleet river. Sholmes had been

silent for several minutes — a most unusual circumstance. He turned to me suddenly.

"Jotson!" he said. His voice was unusually gentle, and I could not help a rush of tears to my eyes. I blew my nose. "Jotson, I feel that the end is coming — the end for him, Dotson, and the end for me!"

"Sholmes!" I murmured.

"He is here," said Sholmes. "I have tracked him down. In the narrow pass leading to the Bridge of the Black Friars he is in hiding. Dotson, my old friend, good-bye!"

"You shall not go alone!" I exclaimed.

"I must, Jotson. At the finish we must be alone—Herlock Sholmes, the detective, and Professor Hickorychicory — pronounced Hickychicky — the master-criminal. Fear not for me, Dotson; I am armed. I have here a railway sandwich, and with one blow——"

"But——"

"If I fail, Jotson, I leave to you all my belongings. My account in the bank, amounting at the present moment to fourpence-halfpenny, will be paid to you in a lump sum. I have instructed my bankers. The furniture at Shaker Street is yours — on the sole condition that you pay the remainder of the instalments. Only the tabby cat I should like to be given to my Aunt Sempronia. You promise me this, Jotson?"

I promised, with tears in my eyes. Could I refuse him anything at that moment?

It was in vain to seek to change his resolution. The last scene of the tragedy was to be enacted between those two alone — Herlock Sholmes, my dear, amazing friend, and the dark and tortuous criminal, the spelling of whose name gave no clue to its pronunciation.

We parted, and Sholmes plunged into the dark and gloomy pass. I sat upon a rock and waited. My eyes were blinded with tears. Was I ever to see again my astonishing friend — ever again to behold those old familiar feet resting upon the mantelpiece in the old rooms at Shaker Street? I am not ashamed to say that I wept, and

the lonely rocks around me echoed: "Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!"

Suddenly there was a trampling of feet — a sound of voices. I recognised the voice of Herlock Sholmes.

"At last!"

"At last! Ha, ha!" echoed another voice, the deep and thrilling tones of Professor Hickorychicory — pronounced Hickychicky.

For a moment I saw them — locked in a deadly embrace, reeling upon the verge of the wildest precipice of the Hill of Ludgate. Then they

disappeared from my sight — still locked in that deadly embrace as in a Chubb lock.

I stumbled away — I hardly know how. I had looked my last upon Herlock Sholmes — that marvellous man whose adventures I now present for the first time to the public (copyright in the U.S.). Far, far below, where the dark waters of the Fleet murmured beneath the frowning crags of Ludgate Hill, lay Herlock Sholmes, side by side with his deadly foe, Professor Hickorychicory — pronounced Hickychicky!





THE END



Baker Street Elementary

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



<p>BAKER STREET ELEMENTARY NUMBER 309 - 12/13/2020</p> <p>FAY, MASON & MASON</p> <p>GUESS WHAT I LEARNED TODAY ?</p> <p>WHO KNOWS...</p> <p>WHO CARES...</p> 	<p>I FOUND OUT THAT MY BIRTHDAY IS ACTUALLY ON THE SAME DAY THAT I WAS BORN... WHAT ARE THE ODDS OF THAT ?</p> 
<p>APPROXIMATELY 1 IN 365, OR SO...</p> <p>OH GOOD GRIEF...</p> 	<p>DO YOU EVER THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK ?</p> <p>NAH... I WANT TO BE AS SURPRISED AS YOU ARE BY WHAT I SAY...</p> 

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