

The Bilge Pump

Vol. 09, No. 04 - April, 2021

*The Irregular Publication of the Crew of the
Barque Lone Star - founded April, 1970*



PLEASE NOTE:

May 02, Meeting NOTICE

We will be conducting our next monthly meeting virtually on May 02 at 1:00 pm. I will send out the link for the meeting the week before the meeting. The story for the month is "The Adventure of the Stockbroker's Clerk".

Our Special Guest Speaker will be **Mark Jones**, the creator of the "Doings of Doyle" podcast.

We will cover topic 10 on "The Life and Times of Arthur Conan Doyle: Sportsman / Athlete" by **Mark Alberstat**.

April 04, Summary

There were 38 in attendance at this ZOOM meeting. The meeting started out with a wonderful toast to our Sherlockian Friends by **Jerry Kegley** (see page 3).

We then conducted the monthly quiz on the story "The Yellow Face," which was won by **Bruce Aikin**.

Robert Katz, BSI, then led a great discussion on the story, including a nice digression by our own **Jerry Kegley**.

Our special guest speaker this month was **Charles Peters**, who has portrayed Sherlock Holmes on stage, as well as Moriarty. His discussion focused on the relationship between Holmes and Watson, among what it takes physically to portray Sherlock.

We then played a round of Sherlockian Jeopardy which was won by **Thomas Hebert**.

We then went to the lightning round quiz for the day, based on Colors of the Canon. The winners of the quiz were **Mark Jones** and **Olivia Kirkendall**.

Next, we had a wonderful presentation given by **Edith Pouden** on Doyle's first wife, and the children from that union.

The meeting was adjourned and a good time was had by all.



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
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Our Facebook Page:

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

"LONE STAR TOAST"

Presented by Jerry Kegley

When Steve approached me to do the opening toast for this meeting, I asked to whom.

His reply was, "we do not have themes... you can provide a toast to anyone or anything you would like..."

To say I was a bit perplexed would be an understatement. Holmes, Watson, Doyle, the crew of the Lone Star, all were plausible possibilities. A friend had asked, and I had acquiesced, now what?

While mulling this over I noted that today would be Easter Sunday. For many, a significant date upon the Judeo-Christian calendar and for others a day to celebrate Spring, rebirth, and the renewal of life itself.

Ah... that's it! Holmes death at the Reichenbach in Final Problem and his resurrection and return in Empty House. It's a given, silver platter stuff, wrapped with a nice pink, yellow and green bow. On went the thinking cap to draw a parallel to the parable. The whole Holmes as a Christ like figure... death, resurrection, Easter, it's perfect! Or was it?



Those of you who know me well will understand why this brief utterance will not take on a religious bent. Alas... as a friend of mine is fond of saying, if it's absolutely, positively 100 % perfect, chances are it won't happen, and once again he's right.

Then it hit me, friends. I've already mentioned friends twice in the preceding paragraphs, and what are we Sherlockians if not a worldwide collection of likeminded individuals sharing a common interest in the life and times of Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

I've heard it said that it's Sherlock Holmes who brings us to the table but it's the people gathered who make the feast. As Sherlockians we come to find that at their core, the tales penned by the good Doctor are as Christopher Morley authored, "A textbook of friendship."

As I continued along this train of thought, the current situation we find ourselves in reiterated one of the only positives in my view to come from the Covid-19 pandemic.

The Scion world's adaptation of a virtual ZOOM oriented meeting place. I realized and appreciated the number of new friends and Sherlockians I have met over

the past year that in all probability I would have never encountered in what we would consider normal circumstances due to geographic undesirability.

While ZOOM will, in my opinion, never supplant the in-person Scion gathering, it has provided for greater fellowship and access across a wider spectrum of Sherlockians.

More accessibility adds more people and expands interaction that equal friendships. A win-win in a time of mass isolation, depression, and unfortunate loss.

This of course made my overtly reminiscence-oriented brain think of absent friends. Farrell, Speck, Rice, Randall, O' Lunney et al. Those mentors, hosts, and one-of-a-kind people who enter our lives and leave an indelible mark.

I am one, after all, who will erect a plaque or create a Scion to the dearly departed.

The fourth and fifth lines of Vincent Starrett's immortal 221b say it better than I ever could:

How very near they seem, yet how remote
That age before the world went all awry.
As you've probably deduced, friends and friendships are very important to me.

In the 40+ years I've been associated with Sherlockian Scion activity I have met and continue to meet some of my closest friends. Someone far wiser than me once stated, "friends are the family we choose for ourselves."

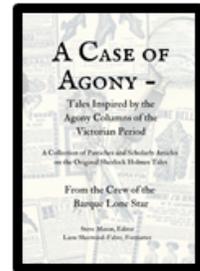
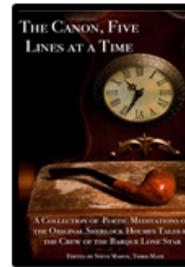
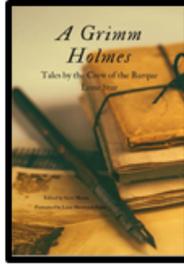


I believe this to be true.

So, raise you glasses ladies and gents to friends and friendship, those current and those absent.

If we continue to remember our friends, they never truly leave us. On this Easter Sunday, what could be a more fitting tribute to life everlasting.
To friends!

**The Crew of the
Barque Lone Star
Society is producing
our 5th book as part of
our 50th Anniversary.**



For this year, we are asking for members to submit a short paper on what Sherlock Holmes means to them... This could involve many things: how you met Sherlock, what has kept you involved in this passion for years, how did Sherlock help you through the past year or so, etc. This could be very insightful if we get to relive your wild childhood reading or watching Sherlock.

1. You can use any format you feel most comfortable writing – such as, essay, pastiche, poem, limerick, radio play, or even artwork
2. Your paper should not exceed 1,500 words, so that our book does not have more pages than a dictionary... Obviously, a shorter paper is fine.
3. Feel free to include with your story a photo of you dressed as Sherlock Holmes or any artwork you may have done in the past...
4. Your story will be edited by one or two member volunteer editors, but only for grammar, typos... we will not edit the content of your story.
5. This project is not limited to just those members in the DFW area. Any member (if you're getting this email) is welcome to submit a paper.
6. We plan to finalize the anthology by the end of the calendar year, so we ask for members to submit their entry by August 31.

The final product will be put together in book form and posted on our website and shared with all society members as a .pdf file. We plan on publishing copies of the book as a gift for those who submit a piece.

Our Society has a wonderful website, chocked full of Sherlockian items. Visit us at...
www.dfw-sherlock.org

If you would like to participate, you can email us at:
mason.steve8080@gmail.com



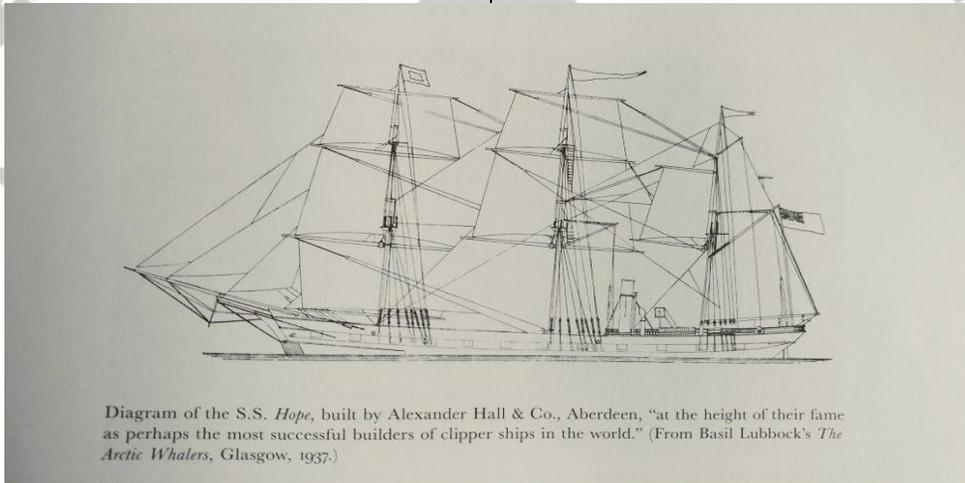
SHERLOCK AND THE SPIRIT OF THE SEA

Ann Caddell

So long as the oceans are the ligaments which bind together the great, broadcast British Empire, so long will there be a dash of romance in our minds. For the soul is swayed by the waters, as the waters are by the moon, and when the great highways of an empire are along such roads as these, so full of strange sights and sounds, with danger ever running like a hedge on either side of the course, it is a dull mind indeed which does not bear away with it some trace of such a passage.

--Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, "De Profundis," 1892

Imagine yourself on the deck of a 19th century sailing ship a mere 45 feet long, dwarfed by the rigging towering above you. Even though the ship is equipped with one of



those new-fangled steam engines, if you run out of coal or have a breakdown, you'll be back at the mercy of the winds and currents. With a footprint no larger than a modest suburban house, this vessel is home to at least fifty other souls. You'll be sharing these tight quarters for weeks or months at a time, so you'd better hope that your shipmates are decent, law-abiding types. If they're not, you'll have no way of escaping them, or even calling for help. Wireless communication from ship to ship and ship to shore is still in the future, not becoming common until the early 20th century. You don't know what's happening to your family and friends back home, and they have no hope of knowing the fate of your ship until it either arrives at its next port or passes mail off to another land-bound ship.

If you're in Arctic waters, you'll be buffeted by ice floes, blown about by sudden unpredictable gales, and occasionally blinded by mists and fogs that seem to

come out of nowhere and trap you inside a cloud. Would the tropics be pleasanter? Think again. Without air conditioning and refrigeration, you can bake under the blazing sun or retreat to your cramped and stifling quarters, and hope that you don't fall prey to some tropical fever. Better not cool off with a dip in the ocean – you might find the black fin of a shark following you.

Sound intimidating? Sir Arthur Conan Doyle had already braved these hardships and more when barely out of his teens. In 1880, at age 20, before he had even finished medical school, he signed on as ship's surgeon on the whaler *Hope*, for a six-month cruise through Arctic seas. He "came of age at 80 degrees north latitude." Arctic whaling was, as Doyle put it, "dangerous work," but he returned safely with

his taste for adventure not yet sated. In late 1881 he sailed again as ship's surgeon, this time on the steamer *Mayumba* bound for West Africa. The physical dangers and isolation were less, with much of the trip spent pottering from one port to the next along the African coast rather than wandering among the ice floes, but Doyle apparently found both the surroundings and the company less congenial than those of the whaling ship. However, these two early voyages provided him with a wealth of experience that he would mine for literary material for the rest of his life, both within and outside of the Holmes canon.

Doyle had some fun with the impossibility of ship-to-shore communication in his 1881 story "That Little Square Box." A nervous passenger on a trans-Atlantic voyage overhears two shady characters discussing how, with the help of a mysterious mechanical box they brought aboard, the world will hear of the fate of their ship long before it reaches land. Immediately deciding that the two are terrorists planning to blow up the ship in a gigantic fireball visible in distant lands, our cowardly hero puts the two under surveillance and tries in vain to convince the captain and other passengers of the danger. Finding no help from that quarter, he finally works up his courage and interrupts the two men as they are about to spring the mechanism of the box. Not surprisingly, they overpower him and continue their dastardly plan. The trigger falls, the box is opened, and out burst two carrier pigeons, racing to see which will carry word of the ship back to shore first. The victorious pigeon wins a good deal of money for its backers, but even under pigeon-power, the news only has a range of about a hundred miles.

Although carrier pigeons were a surprisingly common means of 19th century communication, they did not come standard on all ships, and normally a ship had to make landfall before anyone could know its whereabouts. In "The Five Orange Pips" (1891) Holmes deduces not only the route but the nature of

the ship carrying the men who are sending threatening letters to the Openshaw family. The letter from Pondicherry arrives seven weeks before the fulfillment of the threat, while the letter from Dundee arrives only four days before. Since the letters were carried by steam-powered mail boat, they traveled much faster than the murderers making their way to England in a sailboat. Although Holmes is not in time to prevent Openshaw's death, he arranges for the murderers to be apprehended when they return to America. However, they never arrive, and the only indication of their fate is a single spar with the initials L.S., for the name of their ship, the *Lone Star*, seen floating far out in the Atlantic. The sea has exacted justice in its own way.

The fate of a ship that never makes it back to port, (a not uncommon occurrence of the time) may become an unsolvable mystery, and an atrocity committed on board may never come to light— but then again, you can't always rely on the sea to keep its secrets forever.

In two of the Holmes stories, crimes at sea catch up to the criminals on land many years later. In "The Adventure of Black Peter," Captain Peter Carey of the *Sea Unicorn* has been living ashore for over a decade, but his character has not been improved by land life. He is as violent and abusive to his family and neighbors as he was to his crew when afloat. He has built a replica of his shipboard cabin on his estate, and one night he is discovered transfixed to the cabin wall with the very harpoon displayed so proudly on that wall. No-one in the neighborhood is sorry to hear of his gruesome demise, but justice must be done, and Holmes is called in to investigate the crime. He untangles a blackmail plot by a former shipmate who saw Carey murder a shipwrecked man in the black of night so he can steal the man's valuable securities. After a dozen years, Black Peter finally faces the consequences of his crime.

In “*The Gloria Scott*” (Holmes’s very first case, the one that convinces him to become a detective), tragedy at sea takes an entire lifetime to become tragedy on land. James Armitage, sentenced to transportation to Australia for a minor crime of embezzlement, becomes caught up in a revolt by the convicts on the transport ship *Gloria Scott*. After a successful mutiny, he and a handful of others are set adrift by the leader of the convicts for refusing to commit cold-blooded murder. This turns out to be a stroke of luck, as the transport ship is blown up in a last battle, leaving only one survivor, who is rescued by the men in Armitage’s lifeboat. The fugitives are picked up by a passing ship, and by posing as honest shipwrecked sailors, they make it to Australia, where Armitage changes his name, makes his fortune in the gold fields, returns to England as a rich and respectable colonial, and lives a long, productive, unblemished life. Meanwhile the *Gloria Scott* is recorded as “lost at sea,” like so many ships that simply vanished in the limitless ocean. But once again, a blackmailer brings the truth to light. Ironically, the fugitive Armitage rescued from the wreckage returns decades later to extort money in exchange for silence about the fate of the ship. Even a lifetime of virtue on land can’t protect Armitage from a reckoning for his early crimes, and the shock and fear of exposure drive him to his death of stroke.

The Holmes canon relies on purely rational, natural explanations for even the most bizarre and mysterious occurrences. Doyle kept up this tradition in many of his non-canonical sea stories as well. “The Fiend of the Cooperage” (1897) draws on Doyle’s experiences on the *Mayumba* on the African coast, with its vivid descriptions of life in a small tropical outpost. But along with his evocations of the delicious pepper-pot stews, the fragrant and beautiful orchids, and the melodious sounds of a tropical rainstorm, Doyle induces shivers with the gruesome depredations of a terrifying phantom that silently crushes its victims to death and vanishes without a trace. Despite the natives’ tales of Voodoo

and malignant spirits, the phantom is ultimately revealed as an enormous python washed down from up-country in a recent flood.

Rational explanations are all well and good, and they’re certainly the only kind that Holmes will accept. But the experience of sailing on a 19th century ocean vessel, especially on a long trip in an extreme environment like the Arctic, must incline a man of artistic temperament to see the supernatural and mysterious on all sides of his fragile, isolated ship. “The Captain of the *Polestar*,” one of Doyle’s most haunting stories, was published in 1883, not long after his return from his ocean adventures. The narrative is a fictional extract from the journal of a young medical student who has signed on as ship’s surgeon on an Arctic whaler, and it shows how deep an impression the Arctic experience made on the young Doyle. His description of being icebound is one of the most vivid in polar literature:

“My fears have been confirmed, and the thin strip of blue water has disappeared from the southward. Nothing but the great motionless ice-fields around us, with their weird hummocks and fantastic pinnacles. There is a deathly silence over their wide expanse which is horrible. No lapping of the waves now, no cries of seagulls or straining of sails, but one deep universal silence.”

Doyle’s alter ego in the story, John McAlister Ray, starts out very much like Holmes, unwilling to accept anything but a natural explanation for the distinctly unnatural events that keep occurring around the ship. Locked into the ice near the end of a long voyage, with supplies running low, uncertain when (or whether) they will get back to port, the sailors are becoming more and more alarmed by noises that sound “sometimes like a bairn crying and sometimes like a wench in pain.” The stolid old harpooner swears that he’s “never heard seal, old or young,

make a sound like that.” Meanwhile, a strange white figure that might or might not be human flits about on the ice, luring sailors to chase after it before disappearing. The captain, who should be using his influence to discourage the superstitions of the crew, instead seems to be the most profoundly affected by the apparitions, to the point that young Ray decides the ship is being commanded by a madman and declares that “I sometimes think I am the only really sane man aboard the vessel.”

Soon Ray is forced to abandon his cherished skepticism as he himself begins hearing the terrifying noises, while the captain’s behavior becomes ever more erratic. At last, as Ray watches on deck on a moonlit night, the captain leaps onto the ice and dashes off in pursuit of a wraith-like white figure, which flees before him forever out of reach until both vanish in the distance. When the search party finally finds the captain’s body the next day with outstretched arms and a bright smile on his face, they see the ice crystals from his jacket whisk up in the breeze, dance about him for a moment, seem to bend over him one last time, and then race off in the direction of the sea. Though Ray refuses to admit that he sees anything more than drifting snow, his companions insist that the shape of a woman stooped over the corpse and kissed it before hurrying away across the ice. The inference is clear that the captain has been pursuing the ghost of his lost beloved, and has at last been reunited with her.

Even after all he has experienced, Ray still has a hard time acknowledging the supernatural, imploring his readers to remember that “I do not write from conjecture or hearsay, but that I, a sane and educated man, am describing accurately what actually occurred before my very eyes. My inferences are my own, but I shall be answerable for the facts.” Holmes himself could not have said it better.

Why did Doyle, who wrote so movingly about the sea, never set a Holmes story aboard ship? Holmes must have made at least a few ocean voyages, if only to get to America and back in pursuit of German spies in “His Last Bow.” And yet, even though many Holmes stories have plot points that depend on some aspect of sea travel, we never get to see Holmes and Watson in the closed world of a trans-Atlantic steamer in mid-ocean, tracking down clues, making deductions, and apprehending the villain far from the support of Scotland Yard or any local constabulary.

Was the deck of a ship simply too far from his beloved London for Holmes to want to exercise his powers there? Or was Doyle reluctant to place Holmes, about whom he had such mixed feelings, in the midst of settings that affected him so powerfully in his youth? Whatever the reason, we Sherlockians can still have fun imagining our own versions of Holmes and Watson at sea, stalking the bad guys under a full moon on a Victorian steamer as it sails into a never-ending sunset.

JUST CAN IT

Liese Sherwood-Fabre, PhD

Holmes was not above putting convenience over luxury in certain circumstances. In *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, he camped out on the moors in an ancient dwelling, subsisting on tinned foods such as tongue and peaches. Over the 19th century, tinning—or canning—foodstuffs provided an important means of increasing the variety and quality of people’s diets.

For centuries, humans sought methods of preserving foods to make it through lean times—either long winters, droughts, or when on the move. Smoking, salting, pickling, and drying foods developed over the centuries. Such methods, however, had their drawbacks, and in 1795, the French government, seeking a means of sustaining their soldiers and sailors across the empire offered a prize for the development of an effective and efficient means of food preservation. The winner, Nicolas Appert, created a means of packing food—along with a mixture of cheese and lime—in airtight champagne bottles. Over time, the bottles evolved into wide-necked glass containers, and the French navy sent out the vegetables, fruit, meat, dairy and fish on a sea trial in 1803. Appert published his method in 1810, and soon



others were preserving various foods across the world. (1)

Glass containers, however, had a tendency to explode, and another Frenchman, Philippe de Girard developed a method of using tin cans in 1811. (2) A British merchant, Bryan Donkin, purchased the patent for tinned foods, and produced these on a large scale to supply the Royal

Navy and arctic explorers. Such foodstuffs, however, were not without their dangers. The 1845 British arctic expedition saw the death of a number of crew members from lead poisoning. The bodies of the first three to perish were exhumed in 1984. An examination of different tissues from these well-preserved men indicated acute lead poisoning. Tests of some of the remaining tins revealed some of the cans’ seams had

not been correctly sealed and led to contamination of much of the supply. Researchers speculate that these errors occurred because the order for the expedition was rushed through production without proper quality control. (3)



Canning was introduced in the US in 1825 with the introduction of canned oysters, fruits, meats, and vegetables, but it was

Borden’s condensed milk that made the process a commercial success. (4) Gail Borden introduced his

Eagle Brand sweetened condensed milk in 1856 and became an important military supplier during the Civil War. The product was also credited with reducing infant mortality in North America because it remained safe until use. (5)

Cans and tins, however, predated any type of means of opening them by about fifty years. Tops had to be chiseled or pried open with an implement such as a hammer or bayonet. (6) The can opener finally came along in 1858 when Ezra Warner patented his device. The instrument included a bar with a pointed tip used to pierce the can. A sickle-shaped cutter was inserted into the piercing and sawed around the can to open it. It was very popular among soldiers during the Civil War but was considered too dangerous for domestic use. Grocers kept one on-hand to open cans for their customers before they left the store. (7)

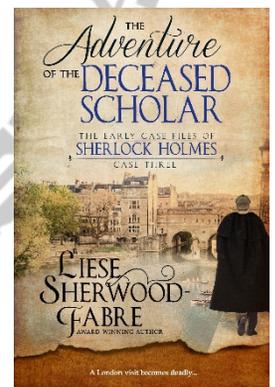


While Appert developed a method for preserving food, the science behind his process was not provided until 1865 when Louis Pasteur patented his process for heating wine to destroy micro-organisms. (8) Following this development, Samuel Prescott and William Underwood provided a scientifically-based time and temperature table to ensure canned foods were sterilized and safe for future consumption. (9) Different foods require different amounts of time at 240-250°F (depending on the content's acidity, density, and ability to transfer heat) to ensure their safety for two years or more. (10)

Today, most foods are packed near the source and often at the peak of harvest. As a result, few nutrients are lost during the process and can sometimes even be enhanced. Today, any food that is grown can be canned. (11) Quite a long way from tinned tongue and peaches.

- (1) <https://www.history.com/news/what-it-says-on-the-tin-a-brief-history-of-canned-food>
- (2) <https://www.foodingredientfacts.org/apperttotheballbrothers/>
- (3) <https://www.historytoday.com/archive/canned-food-sealed-icemens-fate>
- (4) <https://www.foodingredientfacts.org/apperttotheballbrothers/>
- (5) <https://www.eaglebrand.com/history>
- (6) <https://www.history.com/news/what-it-says-on-the-tin-a-brief-history-of-canned-food>
- (7) <http://www.patentlyinteresting.com/january-5.html>
- (8) <https://www.sciencehistory.org/historical-profile/louis-pasteur>
- (9) <https://www.britannica.com/topic/canning-food-processing>
- (10) <http://www.foodreference.com/html/artcanninghistory.html>
- (11) Ibid

The third case in The Early Case Files of Sherlock Holmes will be available May 15 at all major booksellers. The Adventure of the Deceased Scholar is being offered for pre-order for a special price. You can find it on your favorite platform here: <https://books2read.com/u/3LYAYw> or on Liese Sherwood-Fabre's Website: www.liesesherwoodfabre.com.



FEWER PASSENGERS THAN USUAL

Karen Murdock

Originally Published in *The Passengers' Log* (Sydney, Australia) Volume 10, No. 1 (October, 2006)

Australian Sherlockians who go under the name "Passengers" might be interested in the sense of this word as used at the beginning of "The Beryl Coronet":

*The gray pavement had been cleaned and scraped, but was still dangerously slippery, so that there were fewer **passengers** than usual. Indeed, from the direction of the Metropolitan Station, no one was coming save the single gentleman whose eccentric conduct had drawn my attention.*

The eccentric gentleman is Alexander Holder. The eccentric use of the word "passengers" is that Holder is coming to see Sherlock Holmes on foot. He is not a passenger in any vehicle. When Watson observes that "there were fewer passengers than usual" that snow-covered morning in Baker Street, he clearly means the word "passengers" to indicate pedestrians. Today, the word "passenger" invariably means a traveler in a vehicle (not the driver or the pilot or the streetcar operator). However, historically, the word (which derives from Old French "passer" meaning "to pass") could mean anyone who makes a passage (or any nonhuman creature, for that matter; the passenger pigeon, *Ectopistes migratorius*, a one-common, now-extinct North American bird, was named for its extensive migrations.)

The *Oxford English Dictionary* traces the meaning of passenger as "a person who passes by or through a place" to the early to mid-15th century. The usual meaning in the times before mass transit or hansom cabs was a traveler on foot. The English poet and monk John Lydgate (c. 1370-1449) used it in this sense in his 1426 translation of De Guileville's "Pilgrimage of the life of man":

A Pylgrym or a passagour...reioyseth whan he Resorteth to his restynge place.

Shakespeare used the words "passenger" or "passengers" six times¹, always in the sense of a person on foot, as in these examples:

HENRY BOLINGBROKE:

Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son? [. . .]
I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions,
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our **passengers**
(*King Richard II*, Act V, sc. iii)

GLOUCESTER:

Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me; [. . .]
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleeced poor
passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment
(*King Henry VI, Part II*, Act III, sc. i)

Noah Webster (1758-1843), the man whose name, to Americans, is synonymous with "lexicographer," gave this definition of "passenger" in his *American Dictionary of the English Language* (1828):

PASSENGER, n. One who is traveling, as in a public coach, or in a ship, or on foot. This is the usual, though corrupt orthography.

Webster's definition indicates Americans of two centuries ago still used the word "passenger" to include pedestrians. However, the now usual sense of the word "passenger" as a person in or on a conveyance (other than its driver, pilot or crew) is also of ancient usage. The OED traces it back to 1511. Of course, to *The Sydney Passengers*, the most important use of the term "passengers" in the Sherlockian Canon is to the survivors of the *Gloria Scott* disaster:

*“Next day we were picked up by the brig Hotspur, bound for Australia, whose captain found no difficulty in believing that we were the survivors of a **passenger** ship which had foundered. The transport ship Gloria Scott was set down by the Admiralty as being lost at sea, and no word has ever leaked out as to her true fate. After an excellent voyage the Hotspur landed us at Sydney, where Evans and I changed our names and made our way to the diggings”*
(GLOR, Doubleday 385)

Most uses of the word “passenger” in the Canon refer to passengers on board a ship:

*“The villain Sholto went off to India, but he never came back again. Captain Morstan showed me his name among a list of **passengers** in one of the mail-boats very shortly afterwards. His uncle had died, leaving him a fortune, and he had left the Army; yet he could stoop to treat five men as he had treated us.”*
(SIGN, Doubleday 155)

*Such were the singular circumstances in connection with the Resident Patient and the Brook Street Doctor. From that night nothing has been seen of the three murderers by the police, and it is surmised at Scotland Yard that they were among the **passengers** of the ill-fated steamer Norah Creina, which was lost some years ago with all hands upon the Portuguese coast, some leagues to the north of Oporto.*
(RESI, Doubleday 434)

*It was the Rock of Gibraltar, their largest and best boat. A reference to the **passenger** list showed that Miss Fraser, of Adelaide, with her maid had made the voyage in her.*
(ABBE, Doubleday 646)

*“You seem to know everything, so I expect you know that I met her when she was a **passenger** and I was first officer of the Rock of Gibraltar. From the first day I met her, she was the only woman to me.”*
(ABBE, Doubleday 648)

*The same evening papers had an announcement which I was bound, sick or well, to carry to my friend. It was simply among the **passengers** on the Cunard boat Ruritania, starting from Liverpool on Friday, was the Baron*

Adelbert Gruner, who had some important financial business to settle in the States before his impending wedding to Miss Violet de Merville
(ILLU, Doubleday 994)

Trains are also a common mode of conveyance in the Canon:

*“At Reading I had to change not only my carriage but my station. However, I was in time for the last train to Eyford, and I reached the little dim-lit station after eleven o’clock. I was the only **passenger** who got out there, and there was no one upon the platform save a single sleepy porter with a lantern.”*
(ENGR, Doubleday 279)

*The oil lamps had just been lit in the leading **passenger** car, a long, bare carriage in which some twenty or thirty people were seated. The greater number of these were workmen returning from their day’s toil in the lower part of the valley.*
(VALL, Doubleday 815)

*“We had some fresh evidence this morning,” said Lestrade. “A **passenger** who passed Aldgate in an ordinary Metropolitan train about 11:40 on Monday night declares he heard a heavy thud, as of a body striking the line, just before the train reached the station. There was dense fog, however, and nothing could be seen.”*

*“And yet one would have expected some bleeding. Would it be possible for me to inspect the train which contained the **passenger** who heard the thud of a fall in the fog?”*
(BRUC, Doubleday 919)

Given the great prevalence of carriages and hansom cabs in the Canon, it is odd the word “passenger” is only once used in reference to a horse-drawn vehicle, this in the very first Sherlock Holmes story, *A Study in Scarlet*:

“I saw the cab pull up. The driver jumped down, and I saw him open the door and stand expectantly. Nothing came out though. When I reached him, he was groping about frantically in the empty cab, and giving vent to the finest collection of oaths that ever I listened to. There was no

sign or trace of his **passenger**, and I fear it will be some time before he gets his fare.”

(STUD, Doubleday 40)

In only one of the Sherlock Holmes stories² is the term “passenger” used to refer to a person riding in an automobile, “a little Ford” driven by Watson in “His Last Bow,” which takes place in the year 1914 on the eve of the outbreak of the First World War:

*He was just in time to see the lights of a small car come to a halt at the gate. A **passenger** sprang out of it and advanced swiftly towards him, while the chauffeur, a heavily built, elderly man with a gray moustache, settled down like one who resigns himself to a long vigil.*

(LAST, Doubleday 974)

Doyle uses the word “passenger” often in his non-Sherlockian writings³, but he always uses it in the now-conventional sense of people riding in a vehicle, usually a train or a ship:

*On Thursday, November 2nd, the last train escaped under a brisk fire, the **passengers** upon the wrong side of the seats.*
(“The Great Boer War”)

*Here [Bombay] at least half our **passengers** were disgorged, young subalterns, grey colonels, grave administrators, yellow-faced planters, all the fuel which is grown in Britain and consumed in the roaring furnace of India.*

(“The Wanderings of a Spiritualist,” Chapter 2)

*“My dear, the **passengers** on that train were no more animate than the coals into which they crashed or the carbon which they have now become,” said Challenger, stroking her hand soothingly. “It was a train of the living when it left Victoria, but it was driven and freighted by the dead long before it reached its fate.”*

(The Poison Belt)

In *Rodney Stone* the use of the word is rather ironic, for the “passengers” on the stage coach have been forced to get out and walk on a steep slope:

*Close to Hand Cross we passed the Royal Brighton stage, which had left at half-past seven, dragging heavily up the slope, and its **passengers**, toiling along through the dust behind, gave us a cheer as we whirled by.*

(Chapter 8, “The Brighton Road”)

Sometimes the word “passenger” is used as an adjective:

“And what became of this British star?” asked the German.

*“He’s still about. He’s in the **passenger** trade now.*

(The Firm of Gridlestone: A Romance of the Unromantic, Chapter 30, “At the Cock and Cowslip”)

*I am speaking now of the whale-back freight carriers, and not of the fine **passenger** service, which could not be beaten.*

(“Western Wanderings”)

*“the Decia is a fine 600-ton **passenger** boat, doing the round journey by Bahia and Buenos Ayres to Rio and Valparaíso”*

(The Stark Munro Letters, Chapter 8)

Sometimes Doyle used the term “passengers” metaphorically. In “The Roman Catholic Church: A Rejoinder,” Doyle uses the term to mean the members of the church traveling on the “old ship” of Roman Catholicism:

*Let them unite to clear away the relics of paganism [. . .] which have no real connection with the sweet and simple teaching of the Christ. Scrape these and other barnacles off the old ship and it may become seaworthy once more, carry **passengers** who are worth the bearing.*

In one of his spiritualist writings, *Pheneas Speaks*, Doyle uses the term “passenger” to refer to Pheneas, a voice from beyond the grave accessed through a spirit medium:

*Mary’s music is a God-given gift. She will win a name, and do some great work. <Then I will meet you?> No, you can rather describe me as a fellow **passenger**.*

(Pheneas Speaks, February 22, 1925)

One meaning of the word “passenger” is somebody on a team who does not do his or her fair share of the work. It is this sense of the word that Doyle uses in “The Story of Spedeque’s Dropper”:

*“Cheer up, old chap,” said Sir James. “Our conscience is clear. We have acted for the best. Dash it all, we have ten good men, anyhow. If the worst came to the worst, it only means one **passenger** in the team.”*

Undoubtedly the most dramatic use of the word “passenger” in the writings of Arthur Conan Doyle is in his short story “The Fiend of the Cooperage,” which is set on a small island at the mouth of a large river on the west coast of Africa. In this case the word “passenger” refers to a dreadful monster which had been terrorizing the island and the vessel which the passenger rides is a hollow tree trunk.

A huge black tree trunk was coming down the river, its broad glistening back just lapped by the water. And in front of it—about three feet in front—arching upwards like the figure-head of a ship, there hung a dreadful face, swaying slowly from side to side. It was flattened,

*malignant, as large as a small beer-barrel, of a faded fungoid colour, but the neck which supported it was mottled with a dull yellow and black. As it flew past the Gamecock in the swirl of the waters I saw two immense coils roll up out of some great hollow in the tree, and the villainous head rose suddenly to the height of eight or ten feet, looking with dull, skin-covered eyes at the yacht. An instant later the tree had shot past us and was plunging with its horrible **passenger** towards the Atlantic.*

“What was it?” I cried.

“It is our fiend of the cooperage,” said Doctor Severall [...].

“Yes, that is the devil who has been haunting our island. It is the great python of the Gaboon.”

Although his passage is not as dramatic as this, still Alexander Holder retains his curious distinction as the only “passenger” in Doyle’s writings whose “passage” is completely on foot. Members of The Sydney Passengers honour that use of the word every time they walk to a meeting.

¹ There is a searchable Shakespeare concordance online at <http://rhymezone.com/shakespeare>

² Searchable concordances of the Sherlock Holmes stories can be found in several places online including:

<http://victorian.lang.nagoya-u.ac.jp/concordance.html>

http://en.wiktionary.org/wiki/Concordance:Sherlock_Holmes

<http://www.221b-baker-street.com/SearchCanon.php>

<http://mrmoon.com/moonfind/holmes/index.mv>

<http://www.related-pages.com/sherlockholmes/concordance.asp>

³ A searchable compact disk, “The Works of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle,” was put out in 1997 by E-Codex Publications, a division of Insight Engineering, Franconia, Virginia, USA. It can be purchased through Amazon.com.

HERLOCK SHOLMES - The Adventure of the Brixton Builder

Charles Hamilton (Peter Todd), January 15, 1916, *The Greyfriars Herald*

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

Chapter 1

Herlock Sholmes took the cask from the corner, and the hypodermic syringe from the coal-box. With his long white fingers he adjusted the needle, and turned back his trouser-leg. For some little time his eyes rested dreamily upon the pink sock, all scored and spotted with innumerable darns. Finally, he pressed the sharp point into the fatted calf, and sank back into the armchair with a loud snort of satisfaction.

Many times I had witnessed this operation, but never had I found the courage to protest. But now I could contain myself no longer.

"What is it?" I asked. "Morphine or cocaine?"

He raised his eyes dreamily from the front page of Chuckles.

"Cocaine," he replied. "A seven-hundred-per-cent solution. Would care to try a gallon or so, my dear Jotson?"

"Sholmes," I said earnestly, "count the cost."

He shook his head.

"My dear Jotson, my chemist makes a reduction upon large quantities. He supplies my weekly cask at reasonable rates."

"I referred to the cost to your health, Sholmes. The continual use of cocaine may result in rendering permanent the state of mental idiocy which is now only intermittent."

"Perhaps you are right, my dear Jotson," he said thoughtfully. "But my powerful brain rebels at stagnation. Crime, my dear fellow, is on the down-grade. Since the death of Professor Hickorychicory — pronounced Hickychicky — really interesting crimes have been disgustingly rare. Give me a case which calls forth my transcendent abilities, and I am happy. Otherwise..."

He made a gesture towards the cask of cocaine.

At this moment the door was flung violently open, and a young man rushed into the room.



"Mr. Sholmes," he exclaimed, "shave me — excuse my agitation — I mean save me. I am the unhappy Hector McWhusky."

"Indeed!" drawled Sholmes. "I do not think I have the honour of your acquaintance, Mr. McWhusky."

"You have not heard my name?"

"No."

"Then you have not seen the morning papers. Mr. Sholmes, even now the police are on my track. They believe me guilty of the murder of the Brixton builder."

"Calm yourself, Mr. McWhusky," said Sholmes. "If the police believe you guilty, the great probability is

that you are innocent. Their methods are not mine."

"Bless you for those words, Mr. Sholmes. But Inspector Pinkeye is even now at the door. I saw him following me on the next motor-bus. Listen to my story."

"Take a swig at the cocaine, my dear fellow, and proceed."

"Look at the head-lines in the paper, Mr. Sholmes.

'Disappearance of a Brixton Builder! 'Murder and Incendiarism!' 'Arrest of the Criminal Hourly Expected!' Last night, Mr. Sholmes, I stayed at the house of Mr. Lathan Plasster, the Brixton builder. This man has always been the bitter enemy of our family. Judge of my astonishment, therefore, when he asked me to visit him, and showed me a will he had made in my favour, leaving a row of houses in Gerrybilt Street. I stayed with him till after midnight, and when I left, I left him alive and well. But you will see in the paper—"

Herlock Sholmes glanced at the report. It stated briefly that Mr. Lathan Plasster, the well-known Brixton builder, had been murdered the previous night, and his body disposed of in a burning wood-pile in the backyard. His boots, partly burned, had been found, as well as several waistcoat-buttons, amid the charred embers. There were

bloodstains in the house, proving beyond doubt that several pints had been shed.

"I left him alive and well," repeated Hector McWhusky. "But the police..."

There were heavy footsteps on the stairs. Inspector Pinkeye, of Scotland Yard, entered the room. "Mr. Hector McWhusky," said Pinkeye, "I arrest you..."

"Save me, Mr. Sholmes."

The inspector smiled.

"A clear case this time, Mr. Sholmes — what!"

"Perhaps so," said my companion enigmatically. "Mr. McWhusky, rely upon me. I will do what I can for you."

"Ha, more theories?" said Inspector Pinkeye. "I think my facts will weigh more with a jury than your theories, friend Sholmes. But we shall see."

And Inspector Pinkeye led his unhappy prisoner from the room.

Chapter 2

Sholmes was silent for several minutes, during which I regarded him curiously. I confess that to my mind there appeared little doubt of the young man's guilt.

Sholmes rose at last and stretched his long neck.

"Would you care for a morning in the beautiful and salubrious suburb of Brixton, Jotson?" he asked.

"Certainly, my dear fellow." "But your patients, Jotson——"

"The last of my patients died while we were busy upon the case of the Powned Pickle-Jar," I replied. "I am quite at your service."

"Good!"

An hour later we were in Brixton. Mr. Plasster's house was in the possession of the police. Inspector Pinkeye was there, and he welcomed us with an ironical smile. It was evident that the worthy inspector was assured that he had found the right man, and that he was elated to think that Scotland Yard had succeeded, for once, without the assistance of Herlock Sholmes.

"You would like a look round, Mr. Sholmes," he said affably. "Pray go ahead. If you discover any clues I have missed, you are welcome to them. There is not the slightest doubt that young McWhusky murdered the old man, and cremated him in the wood-pile to cover up his tracks. His stick has been found, covered with blood."

"He left it behind specially to assist you in your case, doubtless!" said Herlock Sholmes, with a touch of sarcasm.

"He left it behind, at all events," said Inspector Pinkeye, nettled. "There is no room for wild theories here, Sholmes."

My friend did not reply, but he proceeded to a close examination of the building. While he was so engaged night fell, but Herlock Sholmes did not tire. The inspector watched him at work, with the same ironical smile. He was evidently enjoying his anticipated triumph over my amazing friend.

Suddenly the sound of a loud snore was heard, proceeding from a direction that could not be ascertained.

Herlock Sholmes smiled.

"What is that, Pinkeye?" he asked. "A snore, I presume," said the inspector testily. "What importance do you attach to that common everyday sound, Sholmes?"

"That is what we shall see."

"It is probably the housekeeper snoring," said the inspector, with a stare. "Really, Sholmes, this approaches absurdity."

Sholmes smiled again his inscrutable smile. The sound of the snore was almost continuous. Inspector Pinkeye returned to the lower room with a gesture of impatience.

"Come, my dear Jotson!" said Sholmes, at last.

We descended the stairs.

Inspector Pinkeye greeted us with a mocking grim.

"You are finished, Sholmes?" he asked.

"Quite."

"You have come to the conclusion that there is nothing doing?"

"Not at all. I advise you, my dear Pinkeye, to effect the release of young McWhusky at the earliest possible moment."

"Sholmes" — I could see that the worthy inspector was a little staggered by my friend's confident manner — "what do you mean? Who is the man who murdered Mr. Plasster, if not the young man who was with him last night, and who benefits under his will?"

"No man at all, Pinkeye."

"A woman?" exclaimed the inspector.

"No!"

I regarded my friend in amazement. The inspector stared at him blankly.

"Who, then?" shouted Pinkeye.

Herlock Sholmes' reply astounded us.

"Nobody!"

"Sholmes! If this is a joke——"

"I never joke, my dear Pinkeye. There is one thing, and one thing only, that I need to conclude my case."

"And what is that?"

"A pick-axe."

"A — a — pick-axe?"

"Exactly."

I could see that the inspector believed that my amazing friend had taken leave of his senses. The same fear came into my own mind. But Herlock Sholmes, with the same inscrutable smile upon his face, took a pick-axe, and proceeded up the stairs. We followed him. Our amazement intensified when Sholmes raised the implement, and crashed it upon the wall of the upper passage.

There was a spattering of lath and plaster. A door, cunningly concealed, burst open.



The sound of snoring suddenly ceased, and a man with a scarred face sprang into view.

"Good-evening, Mr. Lathan Plasster?" said Sholmes calmly. "Pinkeye, there is a prisoner for you, to replace the one I have been compelled to deprive you of."

"Alive!" yelled the inspector.

"Mr. Lathan Plasster, alive and well!" smiled Sholmes. "You will arrest him upon a charge of conspiracy, with intent to cause serious bodily injury. That would certainly have resulted, Pinkeye, if you had succeeded in hanging our friend McWhusky."

The handcuffs clinked upon the wrists of the Brixton builder. Leaving the astounded Pinkeye with his prisoner, we returned to our cab.

Chapter 3

"Sholmes! I am on tenterhooks..."

Herlock Sholmes smiled as he stretched himself in the old

armchair, in our rooms at Shaker Street.

"Nothing could be simpler, my dear Jotson," he drawled. "It was a cunning scheme. The Brixton builder's object was, of course, revenge. He was the old and bitter enemy of the McWhuskys, as young McWhusky told us. He had, in former days, been the suitor of McWhusky's aunt, and she had accepted him — hence his hatred of the family. The will, the bloodstains, the buttons in the burnt wood-pile, were all in the game — yet I confess that even I might have been deceived but for the fact that the plotter betrayed himself."

"How, Sholmes? I am quite in the dark!"

"The snore, Jotson."

"The snore?" I exclaimed.

"Undoubtedly. He had built himself a secret recess, wherein to lie hidden while the police hanged McWhusky for his supposed murder. During the day he lay there silent and safe. But at night, Jotson, he slept—and he snored!"

"Then it was not the housekeeper who snored!"

"That, Jotson, was the most obvious theory, which was, accordingly, seized upon by Inspector Pinkeye, in the well-known Scotland Yard manner. I ascertained that, at that precise moment, the housekeeper was in the kitchen, frying bloaters. Evidently it was not the housekeeper who snored. Then, who was it? The conclusion was inevitable."

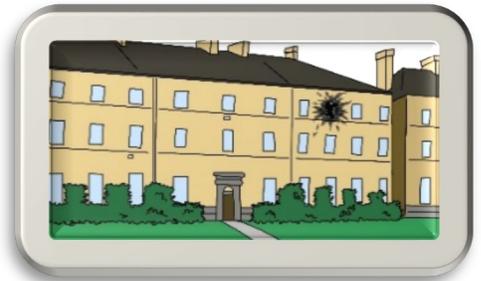
"To you, Sholmes," I said; "but to no other. It was fortunate, indeed, that young McWhusky came to you."

"Fortunate for him, and fortunate for me, my dear Jotson," said Herlock Sholmes. "This amazing case has supplied me with the stimulus I needed — and the cask of cocaine will now last me over the week-end."

THE END

Baker Street Elementary

Created by: Joe Fay, Rusty & Steve Mason



Baker Street Elementary
Number 330 – 04/11/2021

Fay, Mason & Mason

I NOTICED YOUR LATEST PUBLISHED ADVENTURE IN THE SCHOOL PAPER HAD THE BYLINE 'JOHN WATSON'... IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK TO NORMAL...



THE FIRST ADVENTURES OF HOLMES AND WATSON

NORMAL ? DO YOU NOT RECOGNIZE HOW EXTREMELY COMPLICATED THIS CASE WAS ?

YES, IGNATIUS, DO YOU NOT SEE THAT ?



ONLY MY ABILITY TO OBSERVE THE MINUTE AMOUNT OF STEAM ARISING FROM THE HORSE MANURE ALLOWED ME TO BETTER DETERMINE THE TIME OF THE KIDNAPPING...

I WOULD NOT HAVE LOOKED FOR STEAM...



DOES A HORSE RECOGNIZE THEIR MANURE FEEDS THE SOIL, THE SOIL FEEDS THE GRASS, AND THEY THEN EAT THE GRASS ?

THAT WOULD PUT ME OFF MY FEED...



MY MOTHER HAS A FAVORITE SAYING... "MANURE HAPPENS"



IF YOUR JOB IS TO SHOVEL MANURE ALL DAY, WHEN YOU USE THE FACILITES, DO YOU HAVE TO WASH YOUR HANDS BEFORE YOU RETURN TO WORK ?

ARE YOU SUPPLEMENTING THE COMPANY ?



AFTER 40 DAYS AND NIGHTS, I BET NOAH WENT INTO THE FERTILIZER BUSINESS ONCE THEY LEFT THE ARK...



WE'RE LOSING SIGHT OF MY ACCOMPLISHMENT...

IN THIS CASE, I'M NOT SURE I WANT TO KEEP MY EYE ON THE PRIZE...

