

# The Bilge Pump

Vol. 09, No. 08 – August, 2021

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



## PLEASE NOTE: September 05, Meeting NOTICE

We will be conducting our next monthly meeting virtually on September 05 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 Reigate Squire".

Our Special Guest Speakers will be **Ann Caddell** who will discuss 221b, and **Edith Pounden**, who will present on Edgar Allan Poe's Influence on *A Study in Scarlet*.

**Bob Katz, BSI**, will lead the discussion on the story "The Adventure of the Reigate Squire," while **Kerry Mussat Entrekin** will provide us with our opening toast. The monthly quiz will also focus on this story.

We will cover topic 13 on "The Life and Times of Arthur Conan Doyle: The Travels of ACD," by **Carol Cavalluzzi, ASH**.

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

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## Who dunnit:



Third Mate  
Helmsman  
Spiritual Advisors  
  
Secretary  
Historian  
Webmaster

Steve Mason  
Walter Pieper  
Don Hobbs, BSI  
Dr. Jim Webb, BSI  
Cindy Brown  
Pam Mason  
Rusty Mason

[mason.steve@epa.gov](mailto:mason.steve@epa.gov)  
[waltpieper@att.net](mailto:waltpieper@att.net)  
[221b@verizon.net](mailto:221b@verizon.net)  
[jimrwebb@ix.netcom.com](mailto:jimrwebb@ix.netcom.com)  
  
[myrkrid08@yahoo.com](mailto:myrkrid08@yahoo.com)

## Our Website:

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



## Our Facebook Page:

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

# AUGUST 01 SUMMARY

Cindy Brown

There were 59 in attendance at this ZOOM meeting.

We began the meeting with an opening toast by Crew member Dr. William Pervin, who toasted Erik Weisz and friend of Sherlock Holmes who spent much of his life as a de-bunker of mysticism proving that mediums were actually charlatans and could not hear from the dead. Weisz is better known as Harry Houdini.

We then went directly to our first quiz on "The Musgrave Ritual." There were four winners of today's quiz, Liese SherwoodOFabre, Bruce Akin, Roger Johnson, and Marsha Pollak.

Dr. Pervin then spoke briefly (and very entertainingly) on "The Mathematics and Other Trifles of the Musgrave Ritual" in a presentation where he explained the weaknesses of the Musgrave manuscript.

Our dear friend, Dr. Robert Katz, BSI, then led a discussion of the story itself.

Nick Utechin, a wonderful Sherlockian author gave a well-researched and informative presentation on "Playing the Grand Game."

Our Crew members Thomas and Eleanor Hebert conducted a debate on a paper they had written called "Sherlock Holmes and Autism".

We then had a lightning round quiz which was won by Olivia Kirkendall and Susan Dahlinger.

The final presentation of the day was an in-depth talk on the "Boar War and Knighthood" given by Brenda Rossini.

The closing toast was given by our good friend and Deck Mate, Rich Krisciunas. Rich created the toast specifically for our Society as part of our 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary, and has been adopted as our regular closing toast..

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

***As always, thanks so much to Cindy Brown for keeping the notes of the meeting.***

# "A TOAST TO ERIK WEISS"

Dr. William J. Pervin

One hundred years ago, Conan Doyle had a friend named Erik Weisz (E-R-I-K W-E-I-S-Z). They came together because of their shared interest in spiritualism. Weiss became interested in Spiritualism after the death of his beloved mother. He had hopes of contacting her.

In 1893 Conan Doyle had joined the British Society for Psychical Research. Other members were future Prime Minister Arthur Balfour, philosopher William James, naturalist Alfred Russell Wallace, scientists Williams Crookes and Oliver Lodge. During October of 1917 Conan Doyle gave his first public lecture on Spiritualism. He wanted to present the facts, as he knew them, for the benefit of mankind. Even though he knew his reputation and career would suffer, he became an outspoken proponent for the movement.

Weisz, however, after consulting mediums and attending séances with his friend Doyle, became convinced that mediums were charlatans.

Thereafter he made it a personal mission to expose false mediums.

I want to honor Weisz because he tried, albeit unsuccessfully, to convince Doyle not to continue his beliefs that, to modern secular readers, seem so strange. For example, Doyle endorsed the fact that some photographs taken by two young ladies in Cottingley were actually of fairies.



Their friendship ended after a few years when Weisz published a book in which he ridiculed Doyle's statement that spiritualism was a "reasonable religion". That was followed by a quote in the papers in which Weisz said that Doyle was getting "a bit senile".

So, even though the friendship was over, I want to honor Weisz for trying to help preserve Doyle's reputation. So I raise a glass to Erik Weisz, or, as better known to all by his stage name: *Harry Houdini*.

# "CREW OF THE BARQUE LONE STAR TOAST"

Rich Krisciunas, © 7/10/21

As part of our 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary celebration, we asked our Society members to develop a toast that we could offer up to the Society, its founders, and present members at the end of each Society meeting. Rich Krisciunas developed a wonderful toast, which we have proudly adopted as our official Society toast. We gratefully offer our appreciation to Rich for his efforts.

Since 1970, deep in the heart of Texas

Friends have gathered from near and far

to study stories of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson.

We're the Crew of the Barque Lone Star.



Bullet Lowry, Francine Morris and Bill Beason launched our group with a warm spirit that still survives of kinship, community, and scholarship about three men who lived back in 1895.

Arthur Conan Doyle, a doctor and author.

Sherlock Holmes, detective, son of a country squire.

Dr. John Watson, trusted biographer.

This famous trio gives us so much to admire.

They've taken us along on their many adventures.

We've ridden in hansom cabs, dog carts and trains.

We've warmed ourselves by the fire inside their lodgings

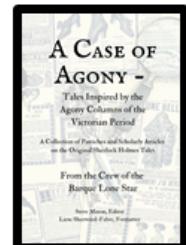
While outside, fog grows, the winds blow and it rains.

We Deck Mates welcome all those who visit, and are most cordial and inviting hosts, Known for cartoons and informative meetings With presentations, quizzes and toasts.

Please raise your glasses one more time and toast all the special friends we've made, To Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson and to the game that we've all played.

Until we meet again.

**The Crew of the Barque Lone Star Society is producing our 5<sup>th</sup> book as part of our 50<sup>th</sup> 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](http://www.dfw-sherlock.org)

If you would like to participate, you can email us at:  
[mason.steve8080@gmail.com](mailto:mason.steve8080@gmail.com)



# THE ADVENTURE OF THE MUSGRAVE RITUAL

## The Real Fate of the Crown Worn by King Charles I

Sonia Yazmadjian

### 1. The context

The English Civil War (1642–1651) was a series of civil wars and political machinations between Parliamentarians ("Roundheads") and Royalists ("Cavaliers"), mainly over the manner of England's governance and issues of religious freedom.

It was part of the wider Wars of the Three Kingdoms. **The first (1642–1646) and second (1648–1649) wars pitted the supporters of King Charles I against the supporters of the Long Parliament**, while the third (1649–1651) saw fighting between supporters of King Charles II and supporters of the Rump Parliament.

Unlike other civil wars in England, which were mainly fought over who should rule, these conflicts were also concerned with how the three Kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland should be governed.

The outcome was threefold: **the trial and the execution of Charles I (1649)**; the exile of his son, Charles II (1651); and the replacement of English monarchy with the Commonwealth of England, which from 1653 as the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland unified the British Isles under the personal rule of Oliver Cromwell.

Before his execution, Charles I divided his jewels among his children, only keeping his enameled

figure of St. George. He didn't have access to his crown.

### 2. The crown

The Tudor Crown, also known as Henry VIII's Crown, was the imperial and state crown used by the monarchs of England and Great Britain from around the time of Henry VIII up to the English Civil War in 1649.

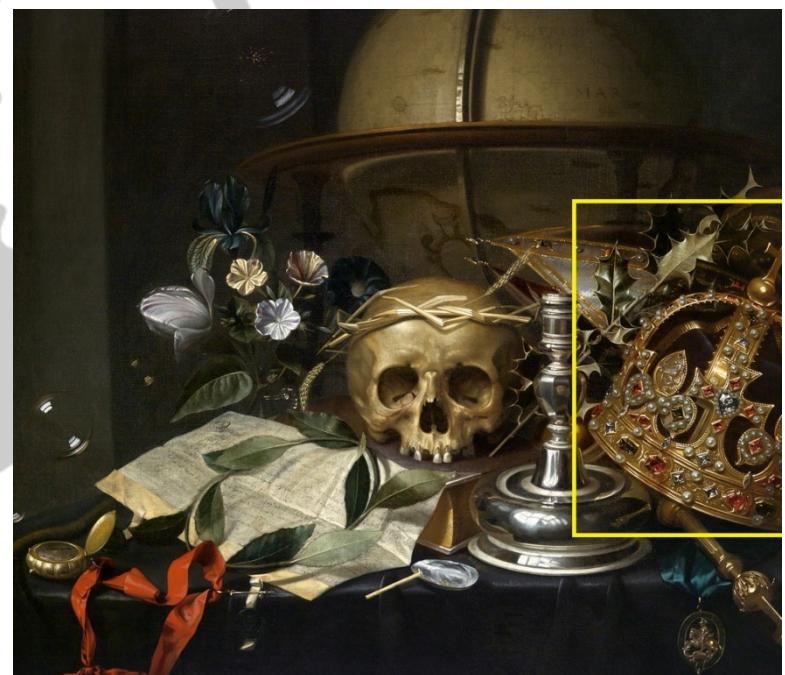
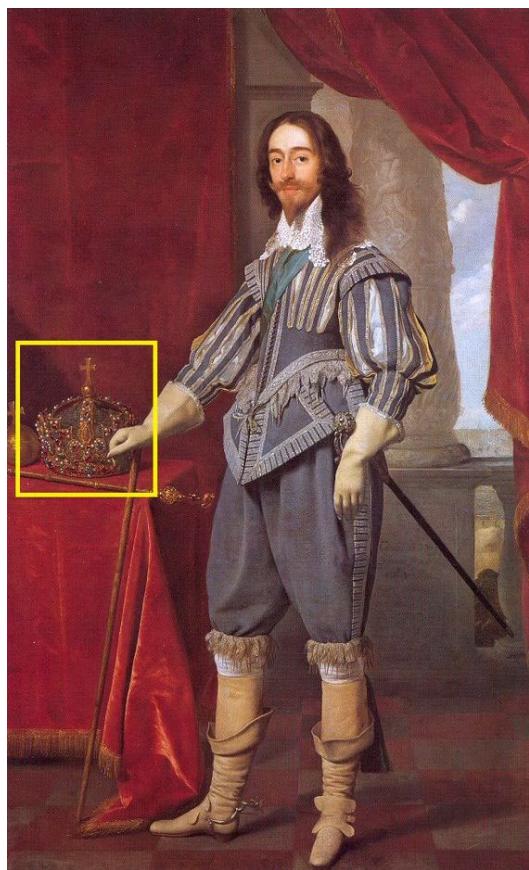
It was described by the art historian Sir Roy Strong as "**a masterpiece of early Tudor jeweller's art**", and its form has been compared to the crown of the Holy Roman Empire (*see portraits on pages 2 and 3*).

After the death of Elizabeth I and the end of the Tudor dynasty, the Stuarts came to power in England. Both James I and Charles I are known to have worn the crown. According to an inventory drawn up for the sale of the king's goods, it weighed 3 kg and 300 g.

**Following the abolition of the monarchy and the execution of Charles I in 1649, the Tudor Crown was broken up and its valuable components sold for £1,100** (i.e. £113,000 or \$159,000 or €134,000 today).

In 1650, £1,100 were the equivalent of 172 horses or 15,714 days of wages for a skilled tradesman.

**Portrait of Charles I by Daniel Mytens (1631)**



**« Portrait » of King Charles I by Hendrick Andriessen (circa 1650)**

# SOME TRIFLING REMARKS ON "THE MUSGRAVE RITUAL"

Dr. William Pervin – July, 2021

If you want a story with sex, violence, mystery and deduction starring our beloved Sherlock Holmes, look no further than "The Adventure of the Musgrave Ritual". As with all the Canon, the writing is excellent with just the right amount of details and cleverness to draw us into the narrative.

Unfortunately, under close examination it is full of nonsense. Before the lynching, let me explain my heresy.

The entire concept of the "Ritual" sounds like the way some 9 year old boys who are playing pirates would decide to bury a treasure rather than how a "prominent cavalier" would act. Did the first Musgrave not think to say to his eldest son "The King's crown is in the cellar"? That's all that was necessary but he could have elaborated "We're keeping it for him. Pass it on".

For me, as a Mathematics professor, the trigonometry that Holmes uses (surprising Watson) is sorely lacking in one basic way. He waits until the sun is grazing the oak and takes a six foot rod. But if he is so clever, why does he not realize that the rod and even the sun are unnecessary? Knowing the height of the oak and the distance to the elm already

determines the angles needed! You can calculate that the shadow of the oak (distance to the elm) is 1.5 times the height of the oak right there in the night. I won't go into the other comment that the elm was "nearly midway between the oak and the house".

That means the oak in front of them would have to be only about 64 feet high, the same as the elm. Also I won't question that trees grow over 250 years.



As a Computer Scientist, the other problem with the story is how the first Musgrave made up the silly ritual. After he decided to use the oak and elm shadows to find the starting point, all he knew was the cellar was 17.89 "paces" away in the 26.5 degrees east of north direction. I challenge you to come up with a nice sounding set of instructions based on N, E, S, W directions [other than 16 North

and 8 East). That's ignoring the question of what "stepped" meant. Was it "feet", "yards", or what? Following directions is much easier than making up the directions (which is the million dollar problem of  $P$  vs.  $NP$  in Computer Science).

Aside from that and other trivia like the interregnum and the cellar and the bent crown, it's a great story.

# RHETORICAL QUESTIONS in the Sherlock Holmes Stories

Karen Murdock – March, 2020

**RHETORICAL QUESTION — a question to which no answer is expected, posed not for the purpose of eliciting an answer but for the purpose of asserting or denying something obliquely**

## A Study in Scarlet

- “What is the use of having brains in our profession?”
- “My dear fellow, what does it matter to me?”
- “a study in scarlet, eh? Why shouldn’t we use a little art jargon.”
- “Why should he fear a trap?”
- “What can it mean?” [Holmes asks himself this, so it is rhetorical. He does not expect an answer from anyone else in the room.]
- “whoever would have thought that Poncho would have been so scared by a lot of cows?”
- What strength or courage could avail against an enemy armed with such mysterious powers?
- If he [Jefferson Hope] died like a dog among the mountains, what was to become of his revenge then” [also simile, alliteration]
- “Shall I ever forget the look which came over his [Drebber’s] face when the first warning pangs told him that the poison was in his system?”
- “Who talks of murdering a mad dog? What mercy had you upon my poor darling, when you dragged her from her slaughtered father and bore her away to your accursed and shameless harem?”
- “Why should he change his name in a country where no one knew his original one?”
- “what better means could he adopt than to turn cabdriver?” [also alliteration]

## The Sign of Four

- What data could he expect from an uncleaned watch? [Watson thinks this question is rhetorical, but it is not.]
- “What sober man’s key could have scored those grooves?”
- “Where is the mystery in all this?”
- “Was ever such a dreary, dismal, unprofitable world? [.] What could be more hopelessly prosaic and material? What is the use of having powers, Doctor, when one has no field upon which to exert them?”
- “I cannot live without brainwork. What else is there to live for?”

- What was I, an army surgeon with a weak leg and a weaker banking account, that I should dare to think of such things? [also alliteration, polyptoton]
- “Let us hide him away, and who is the wiser?” [also alliteration]
- “how could I hope to make it good before twelve foolish tradesmen in a jury-box?”
- “Surely you don’t think that it was I? Is it likely that I would have brought you here if it were I?” [also epistrophe]
- Was it fair, was it honourable, that a half-pay surgeon should take such advantage of an intimacy which chance had brought about? Might she not look upon me as a mere vulgar fortune-seeker?
- “But what good is a steam launch without coals?”
- “As long as he has liquor and good pay, why should he ask questions?”
- “Where is the justice that I should give it up to those who have never earned it?”
- “What could be better for the purpose?”

## A Scandal in Bohemia

- KING OF BOHEMIA: “I am King. Why should I attempt to conceal it?” HOLMES: “Why indeed?”
- “Why should she [Irene Adler] hand it over to anyone else?”
- “She was bound to have me in. What else could she do?”
- “Did I not tell you how quick and resolute she was? Would she not have made an admirable queen? Is it not a pity she was not on my level?” [The rhetorical question is the favorite figure of the King of Bohemia.]

## The Red-Headed League

- “Why should I put ideas in his head?” “Why indeed?”
- “What was it to them, who were playing for thousands?”

## A Case of Identity

- “for what right had he to prevent?”
- “My dear fellow, is it possible you do not see how strongly it bears upon the case?”

**"The Boscombe Valley Mystery"**

- "Could I not snap the bond?"
- "Why does fate play such tricks with poor, helpless worms?"

**"The Adventure of the Five Orange Pips"**

- "But what is that compared with the number of your successes?"

**"The Adventure of the Man with the Twisted Lip"**

- "Many times; but what was a fine to me?"

**"The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle"**

- "Who would think that so pretty a toy would be a purveyor to the gallows and the prison?"

**"The Adventure of the Speckled Band"**

- How shall I ever forget that dreadful vigil?

**"The Adventure of the Engineer's Thumb"**

- "Was it all to go for nothing?"

**"The Adventure of the Beryl Coronet"**

- "How dare you touch that coronet?"
- "who else could outweigh the love and gratitude which she must feel to you?"

**"The Adventure of the Copper Beeches"**

- "How could anyone offer so pitiful a sum to a lady of such attractions and accomplishments?"
- "how could any gentleman ask you to condescend to accept anything under the three figures?"
- "Besides, what use was my hair to me?"
- "Who would associate crime with these dear old homesteads?"
- "Was it not extraordinary?"

**"The Adventure of Silver Blaze"**

- "Why should he run wild upon the moor?"
- "And why should gypsies kidnap him?"

**"The Adventure of Yellow Face"**

- "Why should a man hold a match to the side of his pipe?"

**"The Adventure of the Stockbroker's Clerk"**

- "Why should I consider him in any way?"
- "what could be more natural than that I should bring you both round to the managing director?" [also aphaeresis]

**"The Adventure of the Gloria Scott"**

- "My God! was there ever a slaughter-house like that ship?" [In the Doubleday edition, the final punctuation mark here is an exclamation point, not a question mark. However, it is a question mark — and, hence, more obviously a rhetorical question — in the original Strand version. This is also a simile.]

**"The Adventure of the Crooked Man"**

- "What use was it for me, a wretched cripple, to go back to England or to make myself known to my old comrades?"

**"The Adventure of the Naval Treaty"**

- "But why should any criminal wish to ring the bell?"

**"The Adventure of the Empty House"**

- "Holmes!" I cried. "Is it really you? Can it indeed be that you are alive? Is it possible that you succeeded in climbing out of that awful abyss?"
- "Am I such a farcical bungler, Watson, that I should erect an obvious dummy, and expect that some of the sharpest men in Europe would be deceived by it?"
- "who would expect to find such a thing fired from an air-gun?"
- "What could I do?"

**"The Adventure of the Norwood Builder"**

- "would you choose the very night [...] to commit your crime? Would it not seem dangerous [...] between the two incidents? Again, would you choose [...] let you in? And finally [...] the criminal?"
- "who would steal a thing if he knew that he would shortly inherit it?"
- "Was there ever a more mild-mannered Sunday-school young man?"

**"The Adventure of the Dancing Men"**

- "Who was this Englishman that he should come between us?"

**"The Adventure of the Solitary Cyclist"**

- "Why, otherwise, should he be so desperately anxious that she should not get so near him as to see his features?" [also rhyme, alliteration, homoioteleuton]
- "Who's the better for that?"

**"The Adventure of the Priory School"**

- "Well, now, you do not mean to seriously suggest that this German rode off upon a bicycle in the dead of the night, bearing the boy in his arms?" [also alliteration, metaphor, rhyme, homoioteleuton, assonance]
- "What are promises to such people as these?" [also assonance]

**"The Adventure of Black Peter"**

- "Well, I will tell you," he [John Hopley Neligan] said. "Why should I not?" [also alliteration, homoioteleuton]
- "How many landsmen are there who would drink rum when they could get these other spirits?"

**"The Adventure of Charles Augustus Milverton"**

- “This has been done so often, and what good has ever come from it?” [also rhyme]

“The Adventure of the Three Students”

- “What could he do?”
- “Wasn’t it natural, sir, that I should save him and wasn’t it natural also that I should try to speak to him as his dead father would have done, and make him understand that he could not profit by such a deed? Could you blame me, sir?”

“The Adventure of the Golden Pince-Nez”

- “Who could have foreseen such a terrible catastrophe?”
- “A fan, a glove, glasses — who knows what article may be carried as a token or treasured when a man puts an end to his life?” [also alliteration]
- “What was she to do?” [also rhyme]

“The Adventure of the Abbey Grange”

- “Can you imagine what it means for a sensitive and high-spirited woman to be tied to him for day and night?” [also antithesis, alliteration, homoioteleuton]
- but what were these commonplace rogues that he [Sherlock Holmes] should soil his hands with them? [also alliteration, assonance]
- “What more is to be said?”
- “If she [Lady Brackenstall] were seated on the chair when the crime was done, how comes that mark?”
- “What sort of burglars are they who steal silver and then throw it into the nearest pond?”
- “Could there be a better hiding-place?” [also alliteration]
- “Well, why shouldn’t she marry whom she liked? Title and money — who could carry them better than she?”
- “how could I leave her in the power of this madman?”
- “What sort of proposal is that to make a man?”
- “Do you think I would leave her alone to face the music while I slunk away?”

“The Adventure of the Second Stain”

- “What chance have we now to overtake or even to trace it?” [also alliteration, assonance]
- “is it for me, who has only learned the true facts under the pledge of professional secrecy, to tell what he has withheld?” [also alliteration, assonance]

**The Hound of the Baskervilles**

- “What was the use?”
- “Is it natural that he should stand for five or ten minutes [...]?”
- “Was ever such bad luck and bad management, too?”

- “you surely do not seriously imagine that I neglected to get the number?”
- “Is it not the very picture of an old family home?”
- “Oh, John, John, have I brought you to this?” [also epizeuxis]
- “And have I not cause for such a feeling?”
- “Is there no such thing as a gentleman?”
- “Why should I deny it?”
- “Do you think a woman could go alone at that hour to a bachelor’s house?” [also rhyme, assonance]
- “Is that a place where a shepherd would be likely to take his station?” [also assonance]
- “Why should I preserve faith with him who never kept any with me? Why should I try to shield him from the consequences of his own wicked acts?”

**The Valley of Fear**

- Is this [Moriarty] a man to traduce?”
- “Why should I be surprised?” [also assonance]
- “Can a husband ever carry about a secret all his life and a woman who loves him have no suspicion of it?”
- “what can one make of such a dénouement?”
- “are these not the pride and the justification of our life’s work?”
- “Where would be that thrill if I had been as definite as a timetable?”
- “Pray what more could I do?”
- “Why should I pull her into it?”
- “Am I to lose my life’s chance and all my heart’s desire for someone else?”
- “Are there not fifty murders to prove it?”
- “Is there a man or a woman in this valley vat does not know it?”
- “Is it not bad enough that one of these people come courting my Ettie, and that I dare not turn him down, but that I should have another for my boarder?” [also homoioteleuton, assonance, alliteration]
- “What chance have you against a dozen of them, with Boss McGinty and all the power of the lodge behind them?”
- “so why should I think the worse of you for that?”
- “What are you but the paid tool of the capitalists, hired by them to club or shoot your poorer fellow citizen?”
- Is it for such results as this that our great country welcomes to its bosom the alien who flies from the despotisms of Europe? Is it that they shall themselves become tyrants over the very men who have given them shelter, and that a state of terrorism and lawlessness should be established under the very shadow of the

sacred folds of the starry Flag of Freedom which would raise horror in our minds if we read of it as existing under the most effete monarchy of the East? [...] How long are we to endure it? Can we forever live — [Most of the rhetorical questions in the Canon are posed in dialogue, but these are in an editorial in a newspaper.]

- “Sure, have we not tried it often enough in the law courts?”
- “Was it a crime last night when a man old enough to be your father was beaten till the blood dripped from his white hairs? Was that crime — or what else would you call it?”
- “How could I give it up when it would be to break my oath and to desert my comrades?” [also alliteration]
- “Besides, if I wanted to, how could I do it? You don’t suppose that the lodge would let a man go free with all its secrets?”
- “Have I not said enough to show the men and their methods?” [possible hendiadys?]
- Why should these pages be stained by further crimes?

#### “The Adventure of Wisteria Lodge”

- “Can you ask me, then, whether I am ready to look into any new problem, however trivial it may prove?”
- “is it beyond the limits of human ingenuity to furnish an explanation which would cover both these big facts?”
- “What does the law of England care for the rivers of blood shed years ago in San Pedro, or for the shipload of treasure which this man has stolen?” [also metonymy, hyperbole]

#### “The Adventure of the Cardboard Box”

- “If she [Susan Cushing] knew, why should she call the police in?”
- “why should anyone play me such a trick?”
- “My God, whoever would have thought that it could have come to this? Whoever would have dreamed it?” [also homoioteleuton]
- “My God, shall I ever forget their faces when they saw who was in the boat that was closing in upon them?”
- “What is the meaning of it, Watson?” [...] “What object is served by this circle of misery and violence and fear? It must tend to some end [...]. But what end?”

#### “The Adventure of the Red Circle”

- “What could it mean except that from the window he had suddenly either caught sight of us in the street, or in some way come to understand how close the danger was, and that he must act right away if he was to avoid it?” [also alliteration, homoioteleuton, rhyme]

- “What woman could ever be worthy of such a man?” [also alliteration]

#### “The Adventure of the Bruce-Partington Plans”

- “how long could I survive against my own pursuit?”
- “Is it a coincidence that it is found at the very point where the train pitches and sways as it comes round on the points? Is not that the place where an object upon the roof might be expected to fall off?”
- “What is the use of our speculating in this way when the original plans were actually found on West?” [also assonance]

#### “The Adventure of the Dying Detective”

- Poor devil, how could I be angry when I saw him lying in such a plight before me?
- “Do you suppose that such a consideration weighs with me for an instant? [...] Do you imagine it would prevent me from doing my duty to so old a friend?” [also assonance]
- “Who asked you to cross my path?” [also rhyme]
- “Do I hear the step of a friend?”
- “Can you ask, my dear Watson? Do you imagine that I have no respect for your medical talents? Could I fancy that your astute judgment would pass a dying man who, however weak, had no rise of pulse or temperature?”

#### “The Adventure of the Devil’s Foot”

- “What was my baggage or Africa to me when I learned that such a fate had come upon my darling?”
- “Should I appeal to the law? Where were my proofs? [...] could I help to make a jury of countrymen believe so fantastic a story?”

#### “The Adventure of the Illustrious Client”

- “Can a human being be placed in a more trying position?”
- “Who could possibly have red what happened at Prague and have any doubts as to the man’s [Baron Gruner’s] guilt!”

#### “The Adventure of the Blanched Soldier”

- “your card has already shown me that you are a stockbroker from Throgmorton Street. What other regiment would you join?”
- “Is it not natural that I should wonder at his sudden silence and should wish to know what has become of him?”

#### “The Adventure of the Mazarin Stone”

- “What is the use of taking them?”
- “Does it matter very much?” [also alliteration]

- “Why not give ourselves up to the unrestrained enjoyment of the present?”
- “Where could I have it safer?”
- “Shall we make him unbend? Dare we venture upon a slight liberty?”

**“The Adventure of the Three Gables”**

- “Is such a woman to be blamed if she protects herself?” [also alliteration]
- “but who in all London would have failed to recognize it?” [also hyperbole]
- “Could I have believed that a gentleman would do such an act?”
- “what else could I do with my whole future at stake?”

**“The Adventure of the Sussex Vampire”**

- “What have we to do with walking corpses who can only be held in their grave by stakes driven through their hearts?”
- “But are we to give serious attention to such things?”
- “Do I not love him even to sacrifice myself rather than break his dear heart?”
- “Did it not occur to you that a bleeding wound may be sucked for some other purpose than to draw blood from it? Was there not a queen in English history who sucked such a wound to draw poison from it?”
- “If one were to use such a poison, would one not try it first in order to see that it had not lost its power?”
- “How could I tell you, Bob?”

**“The Adventure of the Three Garridebs”**

- “could anyone doubt it?”
- “but why should I go out when I have so much to hold me here?”
- “Can you wonder that I wanted to get to the place?”

- “And can you wonder [...] I had to do the best I could to shift him?”

**“The Adventure of Thor Bridge”**

- “How else could she have met me with unconcern every day and yet had so raging a hatred of me in her heart?” [also alliteration]
- “Was there ever a more exact demonstration?”

**“The Adventure of the Creeping Man”**

- “Whoever saw a frisky dog in a gloomy family or a sad dog in a happy one?” [also antithesis, homoioteleuton]
- “It is an ignoble position for a trusted secretary, but what else can I do?”
- “How could I miss seeing the connection of ideas? Those knuckles — how could I have passed those knuckles?”
- “What sort of cesspool may not our poor world become?” [also metaphor]

**“The Adventure of the Lion’s Mane”**

- Who could have imagined that so rare a flower would grow from such a root and in such an atmosphere? [also metaphor, repetitio]
- “Could our sinister acquaintance be more clearly described?”
- “Why, then, should the attack of any water creature suggest itself to me?”

**“The Adventure of the Veiled Lodger”**

- “but what could they do?”
- “What could be more dreadful than my actual life?”

**“The Adventure of the Retired Colourman”**

- “But is not all life pathetic and futile?”
- “When did I ever refuse one of her requests? Was ever a woman so pampered?”

*Karen Murdock (who, you might remember, gave a Zoom talk to the Crew in December 2020) is finishing up her book on figures of speech in the Sherlockian Canon. She has identified 46 classical figures of speech, from alliteration to zeugma, in the Holmes stories. Her book will identify, list, and discuss each of these figures. She hopes it will be in print in the new year.*

# (YELLOW) PAPERBACK READER

Liese Sherwood-Fabre, PhD

Dr. Watson tried to amuse himself while waiting for Holmes' return in "The Boscombe Valley Mystery" by reading a yellow-back novel, and Violet Hunter read one to her employer Rucastle in "The Adventure of the Copper Beeches."

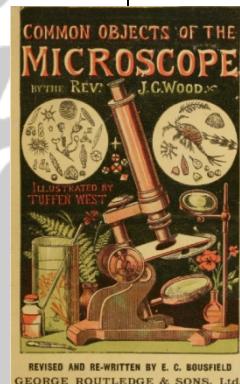
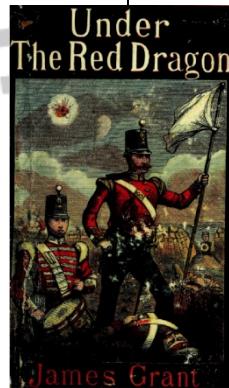
The creation and popularity of these novels coincided with increased railway travel and represented a highly popular innovation in British publishing that, though short-lived, provided a more literate population with classics as well as original works.

The public had access to Jane Austen's novels and the first British translation of Pushkin's *The Queen of Spades*, among others. (1) For current historians, they provide a glimpse into the interests and lives of Victorians. (2)

The term "yellow back" comes from an advancement in engraving developed by Edmund Evans. The wood engraver developed a process in 1847 using three printings—one with the outline and two additional blocks providing color tint.

In addition, he printed these on yellow-glazed paper to give books an eye-catching cover. While paperbacks were cheaper (12.5 pence, or 25 cents vs. 25 pence or 50 cents), they were worth the added expense. The fiberboard was sturdier, and the type had been reset, making the text easier to read. (3)

While several publishers produced these books, George Routledge was the most successful with his "Railway Library" series, offered from 1848 to 1899. Most of these would have been sold by William Henry Smith (W.H. Smith) from his railway bookstalls.



Smith opened his first kiosk in the Euston station in 1848, and by 1860, he had stores on all major and many secondary lines. (4) Both the books and the stalls were designed to appeal to the railway traveler, providing light entertainment for the trip, at the end of which the book might be traded for another, thrown away, or passed on. (5)

The covers, with their bright colors and action scenes, were designed to be seen from 20 yards away. (6) Given that Watson visited the railway station prior to starting his yellow-backed novel, he most likely picked it up at that time.

The popularity of these books was also due to their subject matter. Academic circles referred to these as "sensation" novels with stories attracting an audience through tales depicting lives of moral ambiguity: fallen women, extramarital sex, and murder. (7)

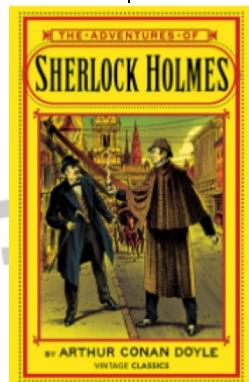
Some theories also suggest that railway travel itself supported the popularity of such themes. Going long distances among strangers gave passengers more freedom in their reading choices without condemnation of family and friends. (8)

Whatever lay behind their popularity, critics became concerned about the influence these books had upon the population. W.H. Smith personally reviewed the books and their advertisements to ensure they were not morally corrupt. (9) While mainly fiction books, other topics were also offered, including science, medicine, and sports. (10) Despite such efforts, the books had their critics.

Oscar Wilde in *Dorian Gray* had his depraved main character use some of these novels as a guide for his life, although in the end he decided such corruption came from within and not through the reading material. (11)

Given the disposable nature of these books, not many exist today, although WH Smith did reproduce some for their 225<sup>th</sup> anniversary in 2017, including *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*. (12)

Outside of the “classics,” many were never published except in this format and in an effort to preserve them for social historians and others, some projects have digitized them for



future readers. Emory University has more than 1000 available for download, which can be found here: <https://tinyurl.com/yjwu43hm>.

While Watson found the plot in his own yellow back thin, readers of Sherlock’s yellow-back adventures wouldn’t have found the same.

- 1) <https://www.hermitagebooks.com/yellowbacks.html>
- 2) <http://shared.web.emory.edu/emory/news/releases/2010/05/download-19th-century-books-from-emory-libraries-web-site.html#.Y0mnwhNKhhE>:
- 3) *Ibid*
- 4) <https://www.historytoday.com/archive/first-wh-smith-railway-bookstall>
- 5) <https://victorianlondonunderworld.wordpress.com/2013/05/22/fancy-a-literary-tryst-the-sordid-tale-of-yellow-back-books/>
- 6) <https://blog.railwaymuseum.org.uk/yellowback-sensational-stories-railways/>
- 7) <https://victorianlondonunderworld.wordpress.com/2013/05/22/fancy-a-literary-tryst-the-sordid-tale-of-yellow-back-books/>
- 8) <https://blog.railwaymuseum.org.uk/yellowback-sensational-stories-railways/>
- 9) <https://blog.whsmith.co.uk/yellowbacks-how-whsmith-brought-reading-to-the-masses/>
- 10) <http://shared.web.emory.edu/emory/news/releases/2010/05/download-19th-century-books-from-emory-libraries-web-site.html#.Y0mnwhNKhhE>
- 11) <https://victorianlondonunderworld.wordpress.com/2013/05/22/fancy-a-literary-tryst-the-sordid-tale-of-yellow-back-books/>
- 12) <https://blog.whsmith.co.uk/yellowbacks-how-whsmith-brought-reading-to-the-masses/>

Liese Sherwood-Fabre recently appeared on two different podcasts, which can be seen on A.F. Stewart’s Facebook page at <https://fb.watch/71sjmSiIKv/> or heard at JMD Reid’s blog at <https://tinyurl.com/jkhjkrhj>. In both, she shared about her “Early Case Files of Sherlock Holmes” series available at all major booksellers. Links can be found at [www.liesesherwoodfabre.com](http://www.liesesherwoodfabre.com).

# CHEATING THE NOOSE: A Speculation on the Silence of the Resident Patient

Karen Murdock, The Holmes-Watson Report – September, 2002

Why didn't Blessington, the eponymous Resident Patient of "The Resident Patient," make more noise - or at least make some noise - while the "kangaroo court" of his ex-confederates sat in his bedroom condemning him to death? Sherlock Holmes surmises that Blessington was "so paralysed with terror as to have been unable to cry out"

However, if the judicial proceedings "lasted for some time" (as shown by the cigar ends in the fireplace), Blessington's paralysis ought to have worn off, at least to some extent. Terror is not a sustainable emotion.

It is true that the Worthingdon gang's first move upon entering Blessington's bedroom was to gag him and bind him. However, a man with a gag in this mouth can still make a lot of noise. (Try it - preferably with your windows closed!) Even a man bound hand and foot can still make a lot of noise (flop around like a beached fish, kick the floor and the walls, roll around and knock over the furniture).

We do not know the exact number of people living under Dr. Trevelyan's roof but, in addition to the doctor and Blessington himself, there is a coachman (unnamed), "maids" (no number or names given), and a page (who, Holmes speculates, was an insider in the pay of the Worthingdon gang).

A housekeeper to run the place and a cook to keep the whole household fed are not mentioned, but are not unlikely to have been a part of the picture. Servants came cheap in those days. Altogether there may have been, perhaps, six people asleep in the house at the time of the murder -- and this in a London house, not a great sprawling country estate with a separate wing for the



servants. Yet not a single one of them seems to have been awakened by any noise made by Blessington that night. The only reasonable explanation for this is that Blessington actually made no noise. This was not because he was "paralysed with terror," but because he was already dead by the time his ex-colleagues strung him up. He died of sheer fright the moment he woke up and found them in his bedroom, thus cheating the noose. This would explain why nobody in

Trevelyan's house heard any noise that night.

Consider the physical and emotional state of Blessington that night. He was not a well man to start with. "He came himself to live with me in the character of a resident patient," reported Dr. Trevelyan.

"His heart was weak, it appears, and he needed constant medical supervision." Blessington was a "very fat" man and "of a sickly colour." For weeks before his death, he had been living "in mortal dread," finally becoming reduced to a "pitiable state of prostration" in which he was "mad with panic." A coronary waiting to happen, if ever there was one.

The poor fellow would probably have been dead before morning even if the Worthington bank gang had not managed to make their way into the house that night. Recent medical evidence, in fact, suggests that it is quite possible for a person to be "frightened to death" - a result researchers have termed "the Baskerville effect."(1)

The moment that he was awakened by Biddle, Hayward and Moffat, Blessington/Sutton dropped dead - either from a heart attack (like Sir Charles Baskerville in HOUN) or from a stroke (like Colonel James Barclay in CROO).

However, the three intruders were not satisfied. They were still thirsting for vengeance, and they did not wish to abandon their plans to hold a "necktie party" merely because their intended victim was now lying stretched out on his bed, a cooling corpse. They still wanted to see their own version of justice carried out.

Besides, they wanted to make use of all the equipment they had lugged along for the evening. The story mentions "a screwdriver and some screws" found at the crime scene, and Holmes guesses that the gang had brought along a wire for picking the lock of the bedroom door and "some sort of block or pulley which might serve as a gallows," although they ended up using a remarkably robust lamp hook instead.



They must have brought along their own rope (though they ended up cutting a piece from Blessington's fire-escape coil to string the man up), and goodness knows what other hand tools and hardware. (Brace and bit? Winch? Molly bolts? Plant-Hang-R screws? Lead anchors? Magnetic stud finder?)

Attaching something to a ceiling is a tricky business. Fully laden, the murderers must have clanked as they climbed the stairs. It's amazing that they awoke nobody in the household even before they got to Blessfogton's room.) The gang did not want to waste all that equipment, so they held a trial

and then strung up Blessington, even though he was already dead.

(1) "Study finds 'Baskerville effect' may not be so fictitious after all," *The Houston Chronicle*, December 25, 2001. The researchers, led by David Phillips of the University of California-San Diego, reported, "This Baskerville effect exists both in fact and in fiction and suggests that Conan Doyle was not only a great writer but a remarkably intuitive physician as well." The findings were reported in *The British Medical Journal* of Dec. 22-29, 2001.

# SHERLOCK HOLMES

John Northern Hilliard

When Sherlock Holmes, ingenious man, pursued his strange career,  
We followed his deductions with an interest sincere;  
Altho in time his victories monotonous became,  
We must confess since he quit work life's never been the same.

He always kept his wits on tap, he always had a clue,  
He always could foretell just what a criminal would do;  
A bit of string, a button, or a half-smoked cigarette  
Made up the only evidence that Sherlock Holmes need get.

And when he bagged his man and had him safe behind the bars,  
He'd tell the tale to Watson over coffee and cigars;  
Friend Watson then would spin a yard from details to of the case,  
And label it "The Tonkin Three" or "Mystery of a Face."

We have detectives who are shrewd, detectives who are wise,  
Detectives who, like M. Lecoq, are experts at disguise;  
We have detectives whose brave deeds would fill a dozen tomes,  
But never one that can compare with Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

Dupin's "Rue Morgue" deductions we today vote rather "slow",  
For Sherlock would have solved the case in half a day or so;  
The novels of Gaboriau, the tales of Mrs. Green,  
Were tossed aside when Sherlock Holmes appeared upon the scene.

So here's to Sherlock Holmes and may his glory never dim,  
And here's to his friend Watson for his faithfulness to him;  
And here's to Conan Doyle, may he attain the prophet's span,  
And all his life just write of Holmes, that great and noble man.



# HERLOCK SHOLMES - The Case of the Pawned Pickle Jar!

Charles Hamilton (Peter Todd), February 12, 1916, *The Greyfriars Herald*

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

## Chapter 1

I have already mentioned, in the course of these memoirs, the curious case of the Pawned Pickle-Jar. In no case has the amazing insight of my remarkable friend Herlock Holmes been displayed to greater advantage. How Holmes, in a few hours, elucidated a mystery that had baffled Scotland Yard for several weeks, I now propose to describe.

Holmes was lounging idly by the window of our sitting-room in Shaker Street, his hands thrust into the pockets of his celebrated dressing-gown—that somewhat shabby but still gorgeous dressing-gown which has become historic in the annals of crime. I looked up as he uttered a sudden ejaculation.

"Our friend Pinkeye!"

I joined him at the window. Inspector Pinkeye of Scotland Yard had just stopped at the door.

Holmes smiled slightly. "My assistance is required again, I fancy, Jotson," he remarked. "Once more the Criminal Investigation Department has realised its helplessness. Well, well, we must do our best to help friend Pinkeye out of his scrape."

A few minutes later our landlady, Mrs. Spudson, showed the inspector into our sitting-room

"Good-morning, Pinkeye! Have the missing bonds come to light yet?" drawled Herlock Holmes.

"It is about those bonds that I have come to consult you, Holmes," said Inspector Pinkeye, sinking into a chair. "I admit, Holmes, that we have been completely beaten so far. Messrs. Have & Hookit's War Bonds are still missing. We have the thief safe and sound, but the plunder—" The inspector made a gesture of despair. "Can you help us, Holmes?"

Herlock Holmes leaned back in his chair, his feet resting negligently on the mantelpiece, his dressing-gown draping carelessly about his knees.

"Pray let me have a few details, Pinkeye," he said. "You can speak quite freely before my friend Dr. Jotson"

"I dare say you have seen the case in the papers," said the inspector. "It beats us, Holmes. Here is the matter in a nutshell. Mr. H. Walker, chief cashier to Messrs. Have & Hookit, was discovered to have been robbing the firm for years. He was arrested, but not till he had made away with a number of bonds belonging to his employers. These bonds have not been disposed of in the market, and they 54 cannot be found. The prisoner declines to give information. Evidently he has

concealed the bonds, as a nest-egg for his old age when he comes out of chokey. But where — that is the question."

"You have searched—"

"His lodgings have been searched, even the wallpaper being stripped off the walls, every inkpot emptied and examined under the microscope, and his bulldog subjected to Rontgen rays. No trace of the bonds has been discovered."

"And his person—"

"Subjected to the most thorough examination. Nothing was found upon him but a pawnticket."

"Ah," said Holmes — "a pawnticket! An indication that Mr. Walker has been hard up for ready cash?"

"I suppose so, but it does not represent a large amount. The sum stated on the ticket is fourpence, and the article entrusted to the care of the pawnbroker was simply a pickle-jar."

Herlock Holmes raised his eyebrows.

"A pickle-jar, Pinkeye?"

"Simply a pickle-jar. Quite unconnected with the case in hand,



of course. The pickle-jar has been ascertained to be his own property."

Sherlock Holmes nodded.

"Certainly there seems no obvious connection between a pickle-jar and War Bonds to the value of a thousand pounds," he remarked. "And what is not obvious is of no use to Scotland Yard — eh, Pinkeye?"

"Really, Mr. Holmes, I don't quite follow. Our department has attached no importance whatever to the pawned pickle-jar."

"Naturally!" said Sherlock Holmes. "Can I see the pawn-ticket?"

The inspector made a gesture of impatience.

"I came to you for advice, Mr. Holmes. Your methods are not the same as ours, but I admit that, in some cases, you have had phenomenal luck. But——"

"Luck, my dear Pinkeye, is not a word in my vocabulary," said Herlock Holmes, with some asperity. "My method is deduction. I repeat that I should like to see the pawn-ticket."

With evident impatience, Inspector Pinkeye drew the little slip of cardboard from his pocket, and passed it to Herlock Holmes.

"Now tell me what you make of that!" he exclaimed, with unconcealed derision.

Sherlock Holmes did not reply.

He took the pawn-ticket and examined it minutely.

I watched my amazing friend with the keenest of interest. Knowing Herlock Holmes as I did, I should not have been surprised if he had described minutely the hiding-place of the missing bonds, merely from an examination of the pawn-ticket referring to the pickle-jar. He did not

speak for some minutes, but his brow was very thoughtful. Both his pipes went out, a proof of his concentration of mind. It was the official who broke the silence.

"Wells Mr. Holmes?"

Herlock Holmes yawned.

"May I keep this ticket for an hour or so?" he asked.

"Oh, certainly! It is of no use to Scotland Yard!" said the inspector. "Perhaps, Mr. Holmes, you have already discovered the hiding-place of the bonds?"

"Exactly."

"What!"

Sherlock Holmes laughed, and rose.

"My dear Pinkeye, as you have already remarked, my methods are not yours. Jotson, my dear fellow, may I trouble you to call a taxi?"

"Certainly, Holmes."

"Will you do me the honour to remain here a little while, Pinkeye? I shall be absent an hour or so. You will find these cigarettes excellent, and the cask of cocaine is in the corner."

"But — but—" stammered the inspector.

But Herlock Holmes was gone.

## Chapter 2

"Bosh!" growled the inspector.

He stood at the window, watching the taxi as it sped away with Herlock Holmes. The expression on his face was one of ironical impatience. It was evident that he believed that he was wasting time.

"You may rely on Holmes," I ventured to remark. "His experience of pawn-tickets has been long and

varied, extending over many years. At almost every period in his career he has had a large collection of them."

Inspector Pinkeye merely grunted. He did not share my faith in the amazing abilities of Herlock Holmes. The hide-bound prejudice of the official mind was not so easily overcome.

We waited.

In less than an hour, the taxi was heard without, and then we heard the familiar tread of Herlock Holmes on the stairs. He came in, smiling.

"Well?" snapped Inspector Pinkeye.

"I have had a very agreeable drive," smiled Herlock Holmes. "I trust you have not been bored by my friend Jotson, Pinkeye?"

"Mr. Holmes, we are wasting time. Kindly return the pawn-ticket, and I will return to my duties," said the inspector gruffly.

"Too late!" smiled Herlock Holmes. "I have parted with it."

"You have parted with it?"

"Yes; but I have something to hand you in exchange."

"And what may that be?"

"The missing bonds," drawled Herlock Holmes.

He drew a small bundle from beneath his dressing-gown, and laid it upon the table, Inspector Pinkeye gazed upon it, dumbfounded.

"The — the bonds?" he stammered.

"Pray, examine them, Pinkeye, and I think you will find the numbers correct."

With trembling hands, the inspector examined the bonds.

"They are all here;" he said. "In the name of wonder, Holmes--"

Holmes shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear Pinkeye, there are the bonds. Good-morning!"

"Holmes!" I exclaimed, when the inspector was gone.

Herlock Holmes did not reply for a moment. He was lighting a pipe with his usual methodical care.

"Holmes, you amaze me more and more. You have discovered the missing bonds?"

"So it appears, Jotson."

"Merely from the clue of the pawnticket?"

"Evidently."

"You astound me, Holmes!"

"My dear Jotson, you should be accustomed to being astounded by this time," said Holmes chidingly.

"True. And yet—"

"A perfectly simple case, Jotson. Nothing was found on the prisoner but a pawnticket relating to a pickle-jar in the custody of a Mr. Solomons in security for a loan of fourpence. What would you, my dear Jotson, have deduced from that?"

"That H. Walker was extremely short of money, when it was worth his while to raise a loan of fourpence by pawning a pickle-jar," I replied.

"Exactly the conclusion that the police came to, Jotson," Holmes smiled. "But I did not come to that conclusion, Jotson. Consider a moment, my dear fellow. Fourpence, certainly, is not a sum to be despised. But the purloiner of the bonds had a more powerful motive. If he had pawned a clock, or a walking-stick, or a parrot, the police theory might have held water. But have you not remarked upon the extraordinary circumstances that the article pawned was a pickle-jar?"

"I confess, Holmes—"

"Not a jar of pickles, you observe, but a pickle-jar," resumed Holmes. "Does that tell you nothing, my dear Jotson?"

"Nothing, Holmes."

"My dear fellow, you are fully qualified for a high position in Scotland Yard," said Herlock Holmes, with a smile. "Observe! The thief's

object was to discover a safe hiding-place for the bonds. What securer place could he find than the interior of a pickle-jar placed in the keeping of a common, or garden, pawnbroker? His object was not to raise the useful, but far from lavish, sum of fourpence."

"Holmes!"

"I presented the pawnticket to Mr. Solomons, Jotson, and claimed the pickle-jar, Inside it—somewhat stained with disused pickles, but still recognisable—reposed the missing bonds. Voila tout."

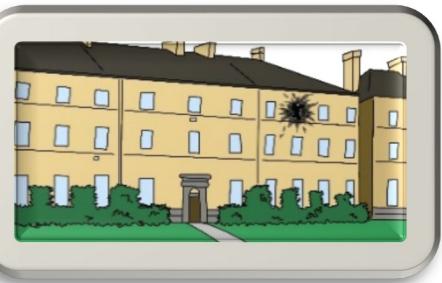
"Marvellous!" I could not help exclaiming. Holmes smiled.

"Elementary, my dear Jotson. But, until your valuable memoirs appear in the Press, Jotson, Inspector Pinkeye will remain mystified. The intellect of Scotland Yard is not equal to discerning the connection between the missing bonds and the Pawned Pickle-Jar."

**THE END**

# Baker Street Elementary

Created by: Joe Fay, Rusty & Steve Mason



Baker Street Elementary  
Number 351 – 08/08/2021

Fay, Mason & Mason

OUR EXPERIMENT IS JUST ABOUT COMPLETED...

PLEASE REMOVE ME FROM THE PHRASE 'OUR EXPERIMENT'.

THE FIRST ADVENTURES OF HOLMES AND WATSON

Copyright 2021 Fay, Mason, Mason

YOU HAVE ALREADY BLOWN UP TWO LABS, AND SINGED OFF EVERY HAIR OFF OF OUR HEADS IN THE PAST...

SCIENCE IS PAINFUL...

Copyright 2021 Fay, Mason, Mason

REMEMBER THE TENETS OF ALL GREAT CHEMISTS:

IF AN EXPERIMENT IS SUCCESSFUL, SOMETHING HAS GONE TERRIBLY WRONG...

WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, AT LEAST DO IT NEATLY...

The Bilge Pump 23 | Page

ADDITIONALLY, IN CASE OF DOUBT, MAKE IT SOUND CONVINCING...

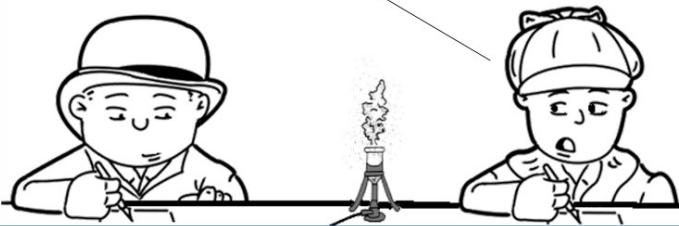
DO NOT SIMPLY BELIEVE IN MIRACLES... RELY ON THEM...

AND FINALLY, A FAILED EXPERIMENT CAN SERVE AS A NEGATIVE EXAMPLE.

The Bilge Pump 23 | Page

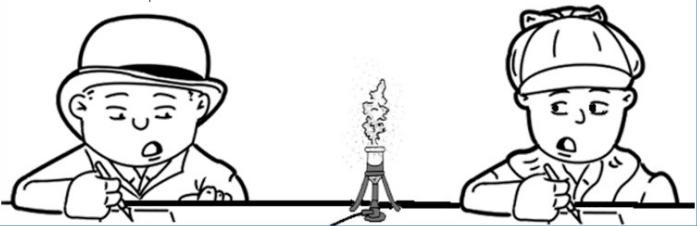
IMAGINE IF WE  
ARE SUCCESSFUL  
IN DETERMINING  
HOW TO  
IDENTIFY  
HÆMOGLOBIN  
FROM BLOOD...

IMAGINE IF YOU TWO  
ACTUALLY DID THE  
ASSIGNED EXPERIMENT,  
CREATING A LIQUID  
SOAP, MASTER  
HOLMES...



IT IS  
STARTING TO  
BOIL  
VIOLENTLY...

OH WATSON, DON'T  
OVERREACT (NO PUN  
INTENDED)



HOW LONG WOULD  
YOU ESTIMATE I WILL  
BE BLUE-TINTED ?

MAYBE WE COULD  
MAKE THE SOAP AND  
SEE IF THAT DOES  
THE TRICK...

