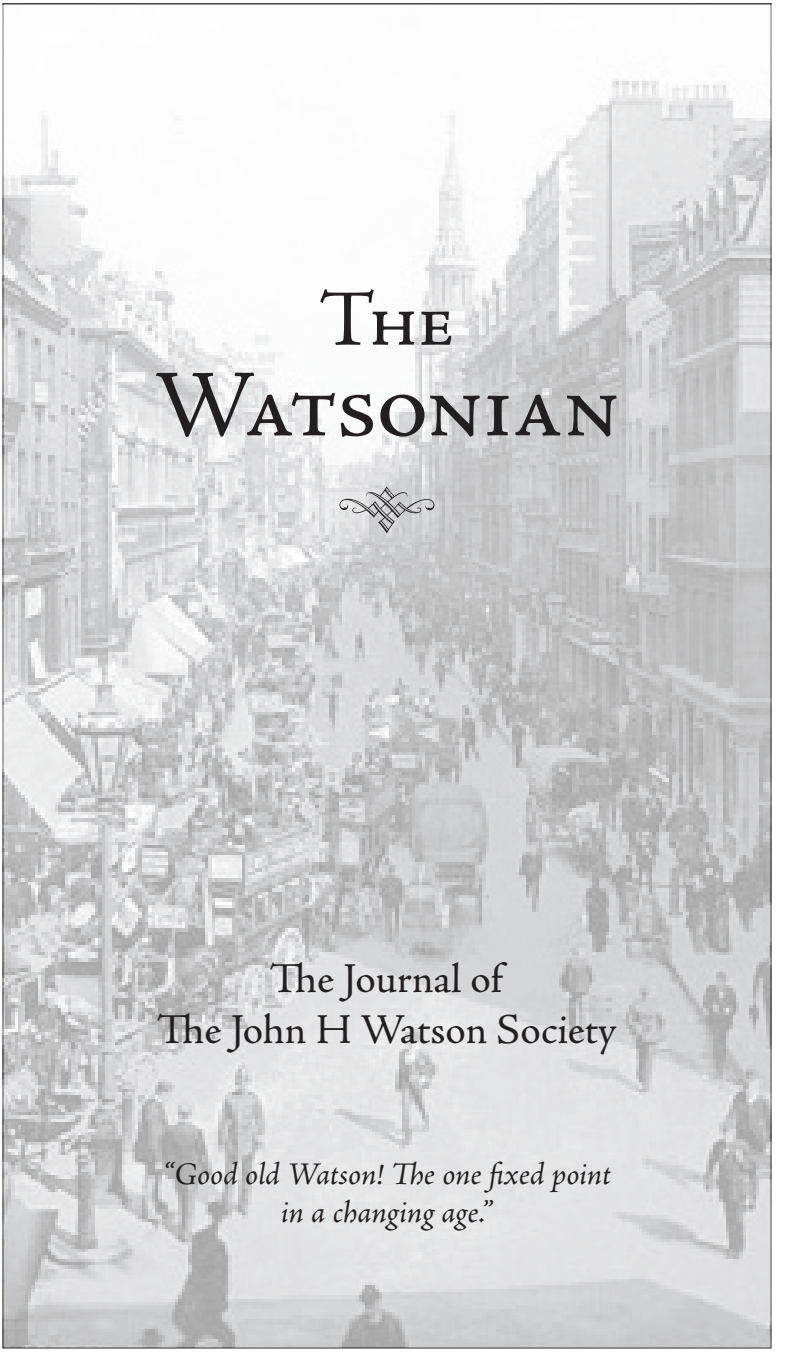

The Watsonian

The Journal of
The John H Watson Society

"Good old Watson! The one fixed point in a changing age."

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Submission Guidelines for *The Watsonian*

The editorial board welcomes a variety of submissions for consideration. In addition to scholarly essays, readers will find cartoons, puzzles, reflections on personal collections of memorabilia, quizzes, reviews of television or movie treatments of Watson's records, Canonical toasts, and fictional flights of fancy. This broad collection is meant to attract a wide readship with the hope of inspiring them to pick up their pens (or keyboards) and share their ideas. (If you are a "new" or "recent" writer, please read page 175 to understand what we look for in submissions.)

"A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of small minds," writes Ralph Waldo Emerson. As editor, I couldn't agree more. As designer, I struggle between honoring our writers' wishes and developing a strategy that accommodates the meaningful inconsistencies, without giving up on certain house rules for consistency. *The Watsonian* embraces British and World English, as well as American English. Readers will see both Baker Street and "Baker-street," a convention familiar to *Strand* readers. Some writers use "for ever" or for-ever, spellings favoured across the pond, while Americans favor their forever. There is always the "s vs. z" differences: realisation/realization, organisation/organization, ad infinitum.

British vs American punctuation is a truly a hair-pulling subject that must be mediated with one's favourite whiskey or brew – and a good deal of it. Luckily, Robert Ritter and the editorial staff at Oxford University Press have released a new edition of the *New Hart's Rules* that clarifies British usage. Americans Strunk and White in their "little book" presented what I think is still good advice on grammar. Based on *Hart's* and *The Elements of Style* (Strunk/White), here are *The Watsonian's* House Rules.

- Use American standards for quoting material: double quotation marks when citing information or text; single quotation marks if quoting dialogue within a story. When in doubt, consult a grammar or style text.

- If possible, use British conventions avoiding full stops after common abbreviated titles such as Dr, Mrs, Mme, and so forth, but do use the period after abbreviated military or religious titles like Rev. or Capt.
- Use either British *or* American spelling, but please try to be consistent.
- Quote accurately from the Canon rather than from memory, as tempting as that may be.
- Document proposed theories. Facts are pesky things: merely saying something does not make it true.
- Submissions should be presented as Word documents, with the author's name and email address on *all* pages. Please refrain from underlining, using special effects, justifying, or any other artistic treatment of text that will require its undoing. When in doubt, use Times as the font.
- Use a a simple but consistent means for identifying quotes, other sources, or Canonical material. You may use formal footnotes, or indicate the source, author, date and page numbers in parentheses after a quote or reference. (Footnotes and citations should appear at the end of the essay without special formatting. Sorry, but it's a headache to undo.)
- Note that pagination of complete or multi-volume publications of the Canon often changes in subsequent printings and makes it necessary to identify the edition as well (i.e., *publisher*, *edition*, and *publication date*).
- Canonical citations use four letters from the story's title, which may include a cardinal number. The letters are usually taken from the first distinguishing word: *The Hound of the Baskervilles* becomes HOUN; "The Adventure of the Three Garridebs" is 3GAR. The convenient system for identifying titles was devised by Jay Finley Christ, an eminent Sherlockian of the twentieth century. His code is universally accepted, a time saver, and found on pages 160-162 of this issue.

We thank you and look forward to hearing from you soon.

From the Editor's Desk

The Watsonian enjoys an increasing number of submissions that are entertaining, inspiring, and hugely informative. I wish to thank and commend our writers who made the first issue so well received, and to those who have contributed to our Spring Issue – which I hope will be equally welcomed and enjoyed by our readers.

The contributions have been organized into seven sections. The first, "nothing is more important than trifles", leads with "Trifles," written by the winner of the 221B Cellars essay contest, Melissa Anderson. Then follows Robert Katz's stunning observation on Watson's silent observations of some physical trifles. The vagaries of memory are the subject of Michele Lopez's investigations. Rob Ryan's newest mystery featuring Dr Watson proves his protagonists' ability to detect the very trifles that will save one's life.

The next collection is "Come Watson, come. The game is afoot!" It deals with Watsonian/Sherlockian activities. Harrison Hunt adds an important footnote to Nicholas Utechin's new monograph on the values of Victorian money – only Mr Hunt refers to the shilling/s used in America. Mr Utechin pens a few additional notes to his essay and challenges the reader with a monetary puzzle. Linnea Dodson tantalizes us with a review of smuggled episodes of a Russian television series based on the Canon. Following is a tour of the sitting room at 221B – a recreation cleverly and lovingly built by Denny Dobry in his Pennsylvania basement! Margie Deck, the Pawky Puzzler, puts you to the test with her crossword puzzle, aptly titled "First Appearances." And as promised in the first issue, the answers to the "Two-Dozen Quiz" and the names of the winners finish off the section.

"Reflections" brings together the work of Watsonians who ponder the significance of the doctor's writings in their own lives. Ron Lies begins with the perspective of a maligned killer. We are challenged by Bonnie McBride to put ourselves into Watson's shoes, while John Foster ingeniously touches on the relationship of the inhabitants of 221B. Francine Kitts helps us understand why the relationship of Holmes and Watson continues to be so meaningful to twenty-first century readers. Finally, we have Ariana Maher's essay on her discovery of Holmes and Watson through BBC Radio productions that brought her a new appreciation of "The Lion's Mane," and the wrenching loneliness of a great detective.

And there's more!

Stephan Arthur's lead article in "The life and times" touches upon the allure of the theatre in Victorian England and how Charlie Chaplin meets Holmes on the stage. Where did Watson stay when Holmes needed some time alone? Molly Carr smartly discovers his London digs. Robert Katz writes an intriguing essay on Barts, (St. Bartholomew's Hospital) and its historical importance throughout many centuries. Was it Ship's or Arcadia that Watson smoked as his favourite tobacco? Harrison Hunt leads us to the obvious conclusion.

"A Case of Identity" begins with Roger Johnson's thoughts on Watson's early years, while Michele Lopez probes the identity of the " … greatest living authority upon tropical disease." Rounding out the section is a revisionist characterization of Stapleton by Don Yates.

We approach the end of the journal with "unfinished business," two articles that had to be postponed from the last issue to their appearance in the current one. Don Libey's exploration of Watson's great writing talent ends with a discussion on the birds of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. Challenged to devise a better explanation for "The Musgrave Ritual," Charles Press delivers with a pastiche based on the rambling tale and finishes off the creative efforts of our contributors.

The last section includes Button's *Ever Polishing of the Brass Plate*, a report on the health and activities of the The John H Watson Society. For the convenience or readers and writers unfamiliar with J F Christ's identification system for Watson's titles, all abbreviations to the fifty-six stories and four novels are listed. You will then find the answers to "First Appearances," review the membership roll, and at last come to the advertising specifications and rates for *The Watsonian*.

You will notice that this issue contains a good number of photographs, some sent by the authors of articles, others that our art department has found to enhance the discoveries and conclusions made in the contributors. Every effort is made to either use non-copyrighted material, or to secure permission for the artwork. In Dennis Dobry's article, the photos were taken by his granddaughter, and one of her shots is used to introduce the second collection of writings on page 23.

The editorial board welcomes your comments, suggestions, and questions … and especially your submissions. As always, I send you my

Kind regards –

Sandy

Postscript

May I tempt any of our readers identify the illustration for "Reflections" on page 58 and to explain its significance?

"... nothing so important as trifles."

Trifles

by Melissa Anderson "Faith"

Beeswing a by-product … a trifle. The wine is the thing we are after, the sweet result of earth, sun, and human effort that invites pleasure and indulgence. The beeswing merely reminds us that the wine has waited awhile for us to accept its invitation and that we shouldn't wait too long to reach for something so appealing. Yet desirable things distract us, especially wine, which even dulls the senses. We drink the wine and leave the beeswing behind, clinging to the glass and bottle, for why should we give another thought to it once the wine is gone? After all, "what do the public, the great unobservant public, who could hardly tell a weaver by his tooth or a compositor by his left thumb," care about filmy scales of potassium bitartrate birthed by a marriage of the grapes' tartaric acid and the soil's potassium? Beeswing is a trifle, and only a rare mind would give it a second thought because only a rare mind observes trifles.

To ordinary minds, trifles are mute, but to extraordinary minds, they speak. They shift paradigms. They unlock mysteries. Whole careers have been built on the observance of trifles, and if beeswing is closely observed, one finds it can stabilize egg whites to make meringues, keep sugar solutions from crystallizing, and lead consulting detectives to the trutH The keen mind knows it must look beyond the wine's appeal, for only the beeswing can say for sure how many people drank after the wine is gone. Wine, no matter how delicious, cannot speak the truth as beeswing does. If one glass has beeswing and two do not, the wine declares three drank, but the beeswing whispers it was two. And only the trained observer hears that murmured revelation and knows the wine and those who drank it are lying. Only he sees the shiny dregs and knows they must have been poured from two glasses into a third.

Those who see but do not observe will continue to drink the wine and ignore the beeswing, just as they pursue many desirable things and leave trifles behind. But beeswing is like dints on a fifty-guinea watch, new nails

in old horseshoes, and dogs that don't bark in the night. "It is, of course, a trifle, but there is nothing so important as trifles."

A Sherlockian since age thirteen, Melissa is a former Instructor of English Literature and Writing Composition at Bradley, University. She has written and produced a play featuring Sherlock Holmes and has completed a novel of Watson and Holmes titled The Mystery of THAT Woman." *Melissa was the 2013 winner of the 221B Cellars essay contest on the topic "Beeswing." When not writing about Dr Watson and Mr Holmes, Melissa is a Ministry Assistant at a Peoria church. She is a member of The Sherlock Holmes Society of London, and The Hansoms of John Clayton.*

Watson's Unspoken Diagnosis

by Robert S Katz"Willow"

There has always been something unsettling about the Holmes/Moriarty confrontation. While it has always been presented as a veritable clash of titans, an Armageddon between the intellectual forces of good and evil, a few things just do not ring true about the events. In fact, a careful analysis of the events at the Reichenbach Falls shows that Doctor Watson may have more to do with the triumph of Sherlock Holmes than previously recognized.

Among the pleasures of the Canon are the many remarkable descriptions that the words of Holmes and the pen of Watson provide to the reader. Perhaps no other section is more evocative then the description that Holmes offers of Moriarty to Watson in FINA. We read those few well-chosen words and come away with a very precise image of Moriarty. Yet, Holmes perhaps forgets that he is speaking not only to a gifted writer but also to a trained physician.

Holmes tells us that Moriarty sits motionless, that he is somewhat stooped of shoulder, and that his head oscillates in a peculiar manner. What now becomes important in the story is what Watson does not tell us: his own reaction to the description given by Holmes. Any trained, experienced physician would, as a reflex, listen to Holmes and then blurt out the obvious diagnosis. James Moriarty was suffering from Parkinson's Disease.

It will be left to the reader to review the many resources, several of which are available through the internet, that describe the signs and symptoms of Parkinson's Disease. However, a few salient points should be made.

Patients with this disorder have a paucity of gait. They move slowly and with difficulty. Some even spend much time sitting "motionless." In addition to their limited mobility, their movements themselves are abnormal. Instead of fluid motions of the arms and legs, they suffer from "cogwheel rigidity," with the arms moving in a slow, jerky manner. This limits their functionality.

Then there is the famous tremor. The hands, in particular, shake, which makes fine motor control a serious problem. But the tremor is not limited to the extremities, and Moriarty's curious head oscillation is but another manifestation of the symptom.

The important point is that once Watson told Holmes that Moriarty had this *neurologic* disorder, Holmes characteristically would have quizzed Watson about it in great detail. But there is one final aspect of Parkinson's Disease that Watson would have mentioned to Holmes, but could never have divulged to the reader. Patients with this affliction have an inadequate "Postural Righting Reflex." This is a complex and automatic interplay between many aspects of the neuromuscular system that allows us to maintain balance. If one takes a misstep, this reflex forces us to remain upright. Without an effective Postural Righting Reflex, patients with Parkinson's Disease have great difficulty in staying balanced and easily fall.

Once he became armed with this information about Moriarty's neurological issues, Holmes devised a remarkable plan to deal with his nemesis. Yet, the plan has a devious aspect and Watson could never reveal that his diagnosis started the process.

The flight of Holmes and Watson across the continent, ending up in Meiringen, has been portrayed as the Sherlockian version of the Odyssey. The malevolent Moriarty, who is intent on killing Holmes,

pursues our two heroes across Europe. The epic ends with Holmes unselfishly allowing Watson to be lured away at the last minute and, apparently, gives his own life in the process of battling the Professor.

However, this really is a myth created by Holmes himself. Knowing that Moriarty was seriously disabled, Holmes could not engage him in a public or witnessed fight. The world would perceive this as unfair. How could The Master take advantage of someone with such profound limitations? So the entire Holmes/Watson flight takes on new significance.

The two put on an elaborate show, changing trains, abandoning luggage, trekking across the Continent, all the while luring, not pursuing, but luring Moriarty farther and farther away from England … to Meiringen. Even the most juvenile of readers would recognize the note received by Watson calling him back to the hotel to tend the sick Englishwoman as a patent ruse. Holmes let Watson return to the hotel, knowing that he was in no danger once he reached the top of the mountain. Holmes knew that he needed to fight Moriarty in a place where no one would see them and realize it was an unequal contest. He also wanted to be at a place where an adversary who moved slowly and had poor balance would be at great risk. The top of a mountain where a fall would be fatal is clearly the ideal place. And to make it an even more certain victory, the presence of a nearby waterfall would make the ground wet and slippery, and someone with Parkinson's Disease more likely to lose balance and plummet to his death.

Holmes had to invent his use of Baritsu to make the fight believable. He had no need of arcane Japanese martial arts. All he had to do was give Moriarty one good push, and Moriarty would lose balance and topple over the cliff. It was a fight to the death, but because of Watson's diagnostic skill, the issue was never in doubt.

Watson's contributions to the life and works of Sherlock Holmes are many and varied. He was friend, biographer, physician, and partner to Holmes for so many years. Had he not put pen to paper, we would not

have the wonderful record of his accomplishments and their adventures together. But Watson's diagnosis of Moriarty's neurological ailment had to remain unreported. The story would lack the heroic qualities of the other tales if we, the readers, knew that Holmes merely had to throw a disabled man over a cliff. But it was Watson, trained physician that he was, who provided the information that enabled Holmes to turn from being the hunted to the hunter.

Dr Katz been published in the Baker Street Journal, Baker Street Miscellanea, Serpentine Muse, *and various scion society publications. Most recently, he co-edited with Andrew Solberg (also a Charter Member of this group), the latest volume in the BSI Manuscript Series, entitled* The Wrong Passage. *Andy and he are currently working on another volume in this series. "Willow" is the Unofficial Ambassador to the Baker Street Irregulars and other scion organisations for the John H Watson Society.*

The Anti-Memoirs of Dr Watson

by Benoit Guilielmo "Cicero"

Memory is central theme and problem throughout the Canon. Each and every story that Watson pens is presented to us as an account of events "exactly as they occurred" (FINA). He understands that the nature of the short story is to tell "what happened," and he dutifully records what he remembers. But it is how he recalls "what happened" that becomes the paradox of memory with which his readers must contend and account for.

In laying the facts before the public, Watson seems to oscillate perpetually between an autobiographical amnesia and a factual hypermnesia. First, we have to remember that "the Canon is not an account of events set down soon after they occurred, but an account of events reconstructed by Watson from notes made at the time. Each of his tales passed through a dormant period as notes in the vaults of Cox & Company before being brought out and put into narrative form." Thus, some errors might appear to be "in transcription, made sometimes many years after the notes were set down." (Gibson, 1957, p 105) But what was in the notes of Dr Watson? Indeed there is no benefit in accusing Watson of producing false memories if we have a better understanding of his methodology.

Watson: An Amnesiac Writer

While Dr Watson did not write T*he Memories of an Amnesiac* (Erik Satie, 1912), or *The Memories of a Mangy Lover* (Groucho Marx, 1940), nor the micro-memories of Georges Perec (*I Remember,* 1978), he surely wrote the unforgettable *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*.

Robert N Brodie, in "The Magic of the Canon," notes that "Doctor Watson's lapses of memory are well known and have been examined, explained, and commented on by every serious Sherlockian scholar." He gives us a few examples to refresh our memory:

- The wandering wound. "In *A Study in Scarlet* he states clearly that he was struck on the shoulder by a Jezail bullet that shattered the bone and grazed the subclavian artery. But in *The Sign of Four* he jumps up and limps impatiently about the room."
- "He can't seem to remember how many wives he had." The scholars' estimations range from one and five wives.
- "He can't seem to remember the location of his practice. In ENGR and again in STOC he refers to his surgery as being at no great distance from Paddington Station. Yet, in NORW, he sells his Kensington practice to young Doctor Verner."

We can add the testimonials of others on Watson's weak memory. For example, in FINA he maintains to be ignorant of the very existence of Professor Moriarty although he jokes about him with Holmes in VALL, an episode that chronologically happened a few years before the Reichenbach events. In VEIL Sherlock Holmes asks his old comrade if he has kept a recollection of the Abbas Parva tragedy. The answer is negative. "'And yet you were with me then,'" retorts Holmes. Watson remembers only the physical appearance of young Edmunds who was working on the case. Undoubtedly Watson had a memory for faces. So here is a man who can remember and describe what he had for breakfast but cannot remember the name of his landlady (SCAN) or whether he practices medicine North or South of Hyde Park.

We don't know if Watson had a sister or if he liked broccoli , but we do know that he had a weak, lacunary, autobiographical memory – or episodic memory. We could say that Watson doesn't remember where he lived, where he was wounded or with how many wives he shared his life. And that's not because he forgot about all those things but because he states conflicting propositions on each of those subjects. He remembers those parts of his world, but in a paradoxical, contradictory manner. As Martin Dakin (1972, p 11) puts it, "Watson may sometimes have had confused memories, but the writer of the Holmes saga was not such a blockhead as all that."

Watson: A Hypermnesic Reporter

Dirk J. Struik, in an important article called "The Real Watson" (1947), remarks that,

> … this extraordinary storyteller must have had, moreover, a wonderful memory. How did he remember, often years after the events, the most minute actions of his friend? How was he able to reproduce the subtle reasonings of Holmes? Was he, like a modern war correspondent, always on the job with pencil and notebook? If so, how did he achieve that nice balance between data and deeds when thrown into a situation where he had to shoot it out? Is it not far more likely that Watson did some of his subtle reasoning himself, and that much of the sleuthing which he ascribed to his friend was actually his own?

Struik offers a view in full contrast with the usual, somewhat amnesic Watson that brings us to this conclusion: Dr Watson is hypermnesic. He remembers everything, every word, every move. Depending on the nature of the recollection that he is looking for, Watson jumps into a region of the past with its own characteristics – its "tones," "aspects," "singularities," and "shining points." Each and every word of Holmes, each action, the least detail, is alive in the Watsonian "recollection-image."

But isn't it rather an illusion of hypermnesia that can be found in Dr Watson's narratives? He is not directly remembering and reproducing his memories while writing the stories. He is doing a work of remembrance based on his notes written permanently, day to day. They are the substratum of his reconstruction of the events. Without the daily recording of Sherlock Holmes's doings, or of his own, as on the moor in 1889 (HOUN), could we trust the pure memories of Dr Watson? As we have seen, those pure memories are mainly contradictory or vague. But still, with all the notes accumulated along the years of adventures, and by giving them a narrative form, it seems as though Dr Watson had too many memories – memories in excess that you don't know where to store – but always with this gap, this hiatus of oblivion, around his personal existence.

Watson Was Afraid to Forget

The prologue of VEIL gives us a good idea of the abundance of raw materials that were the notes and documents of Dr Watson:

> When one considers that Mr. Sherlock Holmes was in active practice for twenty-three years, and that during seventeen of these I was allowed to cooperate with him and to keep notes of his doings, it will be clear that I have a mass of material at my command. The problem has always been not to find but to choose. There is the long row of year-books which fill a shelf and there are the dispatch-cases filled with documents, a perfect quarry for the student not only of crime but of the social and official scandals of the late Victorian era.

Watson had to decide what to choose in this mass of available data would be excluded or kept, what would be brought to light, and then how to underscore such elements. That is what should have been his daily task while writing the adventures. However, instead of praising Watson's recreation of analytic reasoning in *The Sign of Four*, Sherlock Holmes assigns the criticism of "romanticism" to the composition of *A Study in Scarlet* and reminds Watson of the basic rule for making his selections: "'Some facts should be suppressed, or, at least, a just sense of proportion should be observed in treating them.'"

What were Dr Watson's notes actually like? We have to look at Chapter 10 of *The Hound of the Baskervilles* ("Extract of the Diary of Dr Watson") for answers. We have Dr Watson to thank not only for building the story, but for giving us an insight into his writerly methods.

> So far I have been able to quote from the reports which I have forwarded during these early days to Sherlock Holmes. Now, however, I have arrived at a point in my narrative where I am compelled to abandon this method and to trust once more to my recollections, aided by the diary which I kept at the time. A few extracts from the latter will carry me on to those scenes which are indelibly fixed in every detail upon my memory. I proceed, then, from the morning which followed our abortive chase of the convict and our other strange experiences upon the moor.

A close reading of this chapter leads us to the conclusion that those notes were a strange mixture of facts and observations, carefully noted and itemized, with irrepressible meditations on the situation as lived, on the protagonists' personality and, as in other stories (CREE), on his relationship with Holmes. But do we have to trust Watson when he affirms in the next chapter that he will henceforth no more refer to his notes but only appeal to his memory?

> The extract from my private diary which forms the last chapter has brought my narrative up to the eighteenth of October, a time when these strange events began to move swiftly towards their terrible conclusion. The incidents of the next few days are indelibly graven upon my recollection, and I can tell them without reference to the notes made at the time.

There are no real differences between the pages that follow and the one before. We should therefore surmise that Watson doesn't give us his notes in the raw. He elaborates them to keep the standard of narrative continuity with the rest of the novel . For example, the "shrug" mentioned by Watson while he was talking about Selden with Sir Henry, reported as an extract of his diary. Did he really write in his notes: "I shrugged my shoulders"? The letters sent to Holmes (Chapters 8 and 9) are similar: a blend of authentic, of truthful, and of narrative construction to keep coherent the whole story and the development of the plot.

Watson is the *metteur en scène*, the archivist, "the historian of the bunch" (FEAR, Chapter 7), the biographer of Holmes (passim). But biography is a serious recreation that needs exactitude. Watson is sometimes far from exact, as evidenced in chronological lapses, and worse, with facts concerning himself, such as his wound, his marriage(s), etc.

In the conclusion to his paper on Dr Watson's notes, Theodore W Gibson (1957) exposes the following principles, that we should examine when confronted with an inconsistency: 1) narrative facts are trustworthy; 2) dates and numbers are only partially correct in that some were not actually noted but were inferred from the ones that were; 3) pure memory facts are suspect.

We can only agree with Gibson (1957, p 106) when he writes, "it is clear that Watson's description of events is entirely to be trusted. However, background material such as dates, first names, and the like, appear to have occupied a secondary place in his consciousness and are not be trusted implicitly."

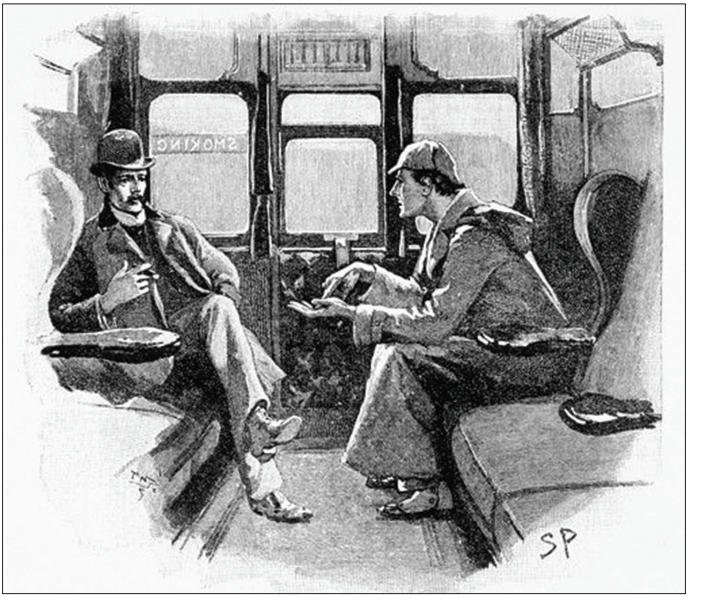
Watson and the False Memories

That was to be expected. If Watson contradicts himself, if we can find errors in his report of facts and data, how can we trust him as to the accuracy of the whole of his stories? Suspicion is permitted but accusation is not justified.

However, A. Vadislav and S. Vadislav (2002) in "Dr Watson's Writings: A Case of Literary Confabulation" treat the doctor discourteously. The authors take for granted the audacious works of David Hammer (2000), which try to prove that Watson has never been to Afghanistan, and so was never wounded. From this view, they have decided to revise the entire biography of the good doctor: Watson began his *Study in Scarlet*, point zero of the Holmesian Cycle, with this "fatal battle of Maiwand" and the infamous wound story in order to give a dramatic beginning for his *entrée en scène* in the Victorian literary world. For them, Watson never met Sherlock Holmes as he claims to. He was, instead, a medical consultant for the Yard and it was in the course of an investigation that he met the great detective. There are many other critical eccentricities in such Sherlockian studies that might be thought provoking. But these critics go too far when they assert, with no solid argument, that Watson never had an elder brother (SIGN, Chapter 1) and that he was rarely sober.

Chronic alcoholism could be key in explaining Watson's numerous lapses of memory and even a diagnosis of Korsakoff syndrome (or amnesic-confabulatory syndrome). Yet such a verdict makes Watson a lover of lies, a storyteller of genius, a producer of false memories, a reporter of events that never happened. Hammer and like-minded critics give as examples from first Watson's first two novels, as well as FINA,

EMPT, ENGR, and 3STU. Do we have to take such massive accusations seriously? Not at all. Those exuberant statements leave us on our glutei maximi and totally incredulous.



"HOLMES GAVE ME A SKETCH OF THE EVENTS."

Conclusion

Dr Watson is certainly a paradoxical fellow, as much as is Sherlock Holmes. He was a talented narrator and dramatist who preserved and gave form to the exploits of the great detective. His memory seems to have been overloaded by unforgettable recollections of the adventures he shared with his friend for so many years. But, it's Holmes who really had a wonderful memory, contrary to what he declares at the end of HOUN when Watson exhorts him "'to dwell upon memories of the past'" in order to evoke this case for the last time. "Intense mental concentration has a curious way of blotting out what has passed … So each of my cases displaces the last, and Mlle Carere has blurred my recollection of Baskerville Hall."

My concern is not to defend a particular thesis but to put in balance two paradoxical aspects of Watson's memory: on the one hand, his vague and contradictory autobiographical memory and, on the other, the power of his memory thanks to the use of his notes and of his art of writing. We often state that memory is the most fragile and whimsical of all our intellectual faculties: unreliable, generally disappointing, and sometimes perfidious.

Well then, Watson's memory is very similar to ours, isn't it?

Notes

The sub-title of the first Dr Watson's publication, *A Study in Scarlet*, is a "reprint from the reminiscences of John H Watson, MD." Why a "reprint"? This is sometimes still considered as an open question but see Bernard Davis, "The Book of Genesis," in *The Sherlock Holmes Journal, A Study in Scarlet Centenary Special*, 1987, p. 9. The sub-title refers to the genre of the *Memoirs*, with an autobiographical content, and not clearly to a detective story. The second collection of adventures written by Watson, and published in 1894, is *The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes*. That is clear enough. The last adventures of the duo will be published in 1927 as *The Case-Book of Sherlock Holmes*. The last chapter of *The Hound of the Baskervilles* is "'A Retrospection'." All those titles points to the conservation of the past, the work of memory. The same goes with the Watsonian Prologues. Thus, in The Resident Patient we can read: "In glancing over the somewhat incoherent series of *Memoirs* with which I have endeavoured to illustrate a few of the mental peculiarities of my friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes …"

[2] Robert N. Brodie, "The Magic of the Canon" (ms dated 1991) in *The Log of the "Gloria Scott"* compiled by Warren Randall, Eugenia, Ontario: The Battered Silicon Dispatch Box, 1998, pp. 12-14.

[3] For a good synthesis, see John Warwick Montgomery, "The Wounded Watson" in *The Transcendent Holmes*, Ashcroft, British Columbia: Calabash Press, 2000, pp. 61-66. For a convincing medical approach of the question, see Edward J. Van Liere, "Dr John H Watson and the Subclavian Steel," *Archives of Internal Medicine*, 118 (Sept. 1966), pp. 245-248.

[4] *The Sign of Four*, Chapter 1: "I sprang from my chair and limped impatiently about the room with considerable bitterness in my heart."

[5] See John Warwick Montgomery, "Watson at the Altar" in *The Transcendent Holmes*, Ashcroft, British Columbia: Calabash Press, 2000, pp. 67-74.

[6] Earle F. Wallbridge, "The care and feeding of Sherlock Holmes" in *221B: Studies in Sherlock Holmes*, edited by Vincent Starrett, New York: Macmillan Publishing Company, 1940, reprinted in Otto Penzler Books, 1994 , pp. 54-58.

[7] Achille C. Varzi, "Inconsistency without contradiction," *Notre Dame Journal of Formal Logic*, 38 (1997), p. 628 and p. 633, http://www.columbia.edu/~av72/papers/Ndjfl_1997.pdf (retrieved on 04.02.2014).

[8] Martin Dakin, *Sherlock Holmes Commentary*, David & Charles, Newton Abbot, Devon, 1972.

[9] Dirk J. Struik, "The Real Watson," *Baker Street Journal*, (OS), 2, No. 1 (January 1947), pp. 29-33, reprinted in *Sherlock Holmes by Gas-Lamp*, edited by Philip A. Schreffler, Fordham University Press (1989), pp. 174-178.

[10] Cf. The Prologues of "The Problem of Thor Bridge" and of "The Adventure of the Second Stain" in which Watson says: "I have notes of many hundreds of cases to which I have never alluded."

[11] Cf. The Prologue of "The Adventure of the Golden Pince-nez" "When I look at the three massive manuscript volumes which contain our work for the year 1894, I confess that it is very difficult for me, out of such a wealth of material, to select the cases which are most interesting in themselves, and at the same time most conducive to a display of those peculiar powers for which my friend was famous." He could also have access to the documents (MUSG) and notes of the Master himself (HOUN, Chapter 15): "You will find a few notes upon the matter under the heading B in my indexed list of cases."

[12] Daniel Couégnas, "Mise en scène de l"écriture narrative: Conan Doyle et l"effet-Watson," in *Fictions, énigmes, images: lectures littéraires*, Presses Universitaires de Limoges, 2001, p. 193: "The diary gives a detailed analytical account of those busy days full of important events. The recollections restore prominent and lasting impressions: 'Scenes which are indelibly fixed in every detail upon my memory.' This narrative device is perfectly harmonized with the acceleration of the dramatic rhythm.'"

[13] Ibid, p. 192: "'The divergent readings of the two addressees (Holmes; the reader) are here reunited: – Sherlock Holmes is expecting facts – the reader is expecting adventures.'"

[14] Theodore W. Gibson, "Notes on Dr Watson's Notes," *Baker Street Journal*, 7, no 2, April 1957, pp. 105-108.

[15] Anthony Vadislav and Stephen Vadislav, "Dr Watson's writings: a case of literary confabulation" in *Studies in Psychocriticism*, vol. 1, Heidelberg, 2002, pp 48-54. In psychology, confabulation is the spontaneous narrative report of events that never happened. It consists of the creation of false memories, perceptions,

or beliefs about the self or the environment usually as a result of neurological or psychological dysfunction. When it is a matter of memory, confabulation is the confusion of imagination with memory, or the confused application of true memories.

[16] David Hammer, "Watson's Wandering War" and "Watson's Wandering Wound" in *Yonder by Gaslight*, Eugenia, Ontario, The Battered Silicon Dispatch Box, pp. 59-61 and pp. 62-64.

[17] Cf. Oliver Sacks, *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat and Other Clinical Tales*, Touchstone Books, 1985, Chapter 2 and Chapter 12.

[18] Richard L. Kellog, "The Memory of Sherlock Holmes," *Baker Street Miscellanea*, No. 44 (Winter 1985), pp. 33-36.

[19] Special thanks to Brad Keefauver for his generous help with my hesitating English prose.

Ben, as he refers to himself, is an eminent and well-published member of the French Sherlockian and Watsonian world and was our first European member and our first member from the Société Sherlock Holmes de France. He is an enthusiastic Watsonian, a partisan of the growing block universe theory and a fervent admirer of PG Wodehouse. He is also an active member of the Sherlock Holmes Society of London. Ben is interested in many aspects of Dr Watson's life and works: Watson's pawky humour; Watson's skills as a popular fiction writer; Watson as a detective; and many other aspects of the doctor's personality.

He lives on the lovely French Riviera in Nice.

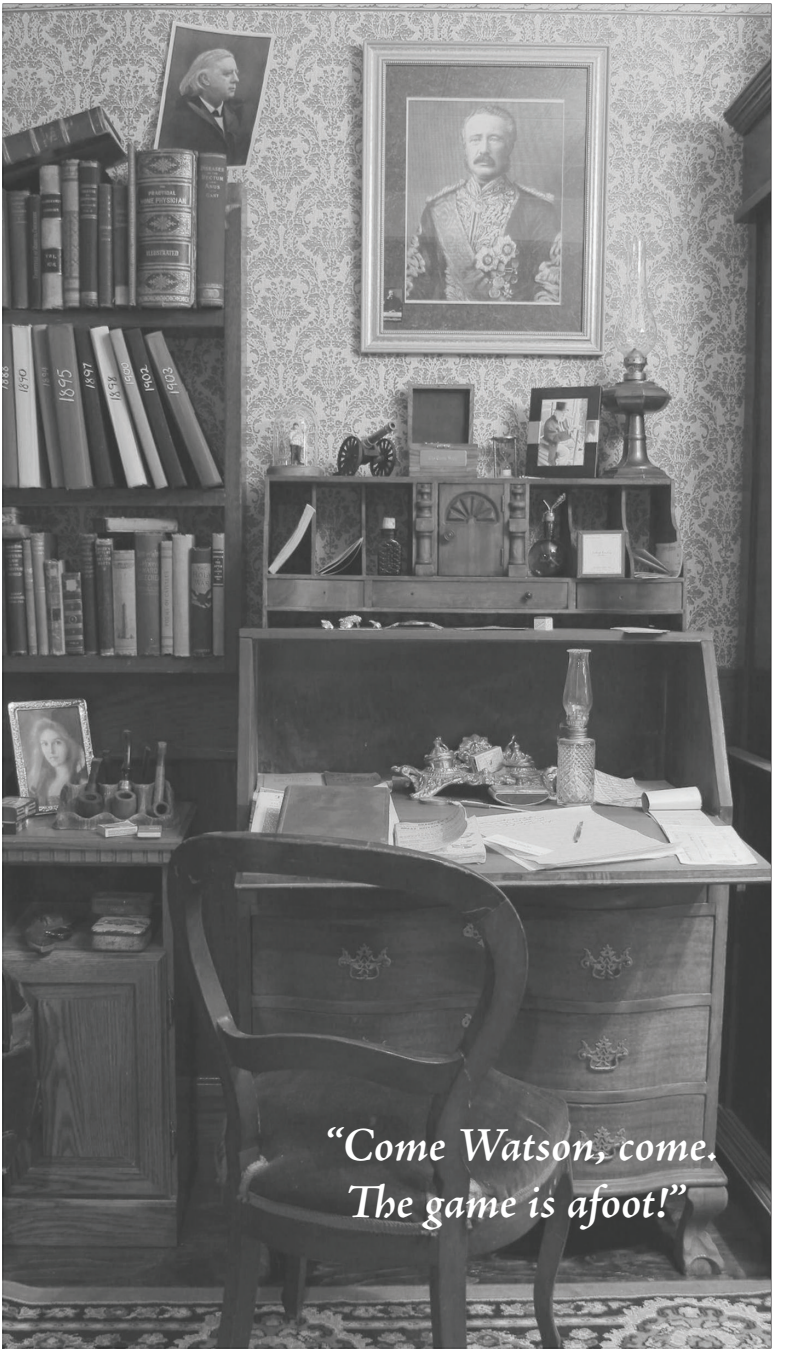
Rob Ryan's New Novel Featuring Dr Watson

a review by M C Scott, www.mandascott.co.uk

Special to the Watsonian! In the words of Manda Scott, novelist, columnist and broadcaster about Ryan's recent release, *The Dead Can Wait* –

> *I became a fan of Rob Ryan's work at Harrogate History Fest in October, when I heard him speak on a panel about Sherlock Holmes. Apparently there was a single line in one of the last Holmes books which said that Watson had gone back to his 'old unit' – that being the RAMC, and given that we were on the brink of WWI, that means he went back to war.*
>
> *Thus arises one of the best post-Conan Doyle Sherlockian series, and a fantastic historical crime series. The Major John Watson we come to know in the trenches in* Dead Man's Land *and again here in the UK in* The Dead Can Wait *is a humane, compassionate, competent individual, who nevertheless appreciates the help of his steadily deteriorating friend, Holmes. The horrors of war are not stinted, but nor are they gratuitous. In DML, we (well, I) learned a huge amount about nurses and the various auxilliaries and how they worked, while in TDCW, we (I) learn a lot we (I) didn't know about 'shell shock' and then, later, about the early development of tanks. It's fascinating, and yet none of it is presented as 'here is the research I did, now suck it up and learn it' which is so often the case in historical novels of this sort. It's all integral to the plot, and carries the dynamic tension even as we're given a virtual tour of the tank testing grounds. There's a truly scary German woman-spy, part of a network called the She Wolves, of whom I'm sure (I hope) we'll learn more, and the very welcome return of Mrs Gregson, the red-headed, motor-bike riding, thoroughly competent nursing auxilliary.*
>
> *In a year when there are going to be 1,000 (at least) books about WWI published, this will be one of the first, and I am prepared to bet, one of the best. It's a cracking, fulfilling, utterly satisfying read and you should get a copy now…*

Ryan's recreation of WWI, the politics, personalities, and tragedies are important reading no matter where your interests lie: Sherlockiana, world wars, history, suffrage … Ryan kindly explained how he came to the subject of Watson returning to service in our first issue, April 2013. – *ed.*



"Come Watson, come. The game is afoot!"

Courtesy of Sara Williams

The Highly Irregular Shilling

by Harrison Hunt "Dash"

In the John H Watson Society's first monograph, *Coin of the Canonical Realm,* Nicholas Utechin has provided us with a fascinating look at the relative values of current-day dollars and pounds compared to the pounds and shillings of Holmes's day. Of course, any devotee of the Canon is familiar with shillings, the coins with which Holmes paid his Irregulars (and which the Baker Street Irregulars still present to new members). There were twenty shillings in a pound, and twelve pence in a shilling for hundreds of years, until the UK went to decimal coinage in 1971.

Few people know that the United States also had shillings, which were in common usage from the 1790s until the eve of the Civil War. Unlike the British shilling, the American shillings were not coins, but units of accounting, which were traditionally used to keep track of sales, store accounts and the like, and even issued as bank scrip for trade.

To make the situation truly confusing, there was not one single American shilling, but four, which were used in different parts of the country. Each had a different value, none of which was equal to the value of a British or Canadian shilling in US currency. Those values varied according to the exchange rate of the day; in 1839, for instance, a Canadian shilling was worth 20¢ US, and when the British pound equaled $5.00 US (as it did in 1840), an English shilling was worth 2¢.

The "New England shilling," which was used in New England, Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, was valued at six to the dollar … making it worth a not very user-friendly $16^{2}/_{3}$¢. The "Pennsylvania shilling," used there and in New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland, was worth $13^{1}/_{3}$ cents, and the "Georgia shilling," utilized in that state and South Carolina, equaled 21½¢.

The poor math students of the day not only had exercises converting these shillings to and from dollars, but from one to the other!

At this point, I should mention another difference between American and English shillings: English shillings consisted of twelve pence, or pennies. American shillings consisted of so many cents. And even though Americans use the terms penny and cent interchangeably – and kept their accounts in shillings and pence – they're not the same. A cent is one one-hundredth of a dollar, but prior to the introduction of the decimal pound, a penny was one two-hundred-fortieth of a pound. Just as an American shilling was not worth as much as a British shilling, an American cent was not worth as much as a British penny; at $5.00 to the pound, a penny equaled approximately 2¢.

To return to American shillings, there was one last version, the "New York shilling" used in New York and North Carolina. Of the four US shillings, the New York version was the easiest to use. The NY shilling was valued at 12½¢. This meant that it was worth half a U.S. quarter, one eighth of a dollar, and, perhaps most significantly, one eighth of a Spanish milled dollar. These Spanish silver dollars were in common circulation in the US, and were often cut into segments for use as change … into halves, quarters and eighths, thereby giving the coins their popular name, pieces of eight. These eighths were known as bits … which is why we call a quarter "two bits."

Through the 1840s, people in New York used bit coins and bank notes issued in denominations of 12½¢ and even 6¼¢, and some traditionalists continued keeping their accounts in shillings into the 1860s. Incredibly, the last vestige of the New York shilling remained in use until 1997, when the New York Stock Exchange stopped reporting stock prices in dollars and eighths.

English shillings and American shillings, pennies and cents … a bit of American trivia from the decades pre-dating Nicholas Utechin's fine overview of the coins of the Canon.

Notes

This paper is based upon research done while the author was Curator of History at Old Bethpage Village Restoration, a re-created mid-nineteenth century village on Long Island, New York. Virtually every elementary math textbook used in America during the first half of the nineteenth century would have had a section on shillings.

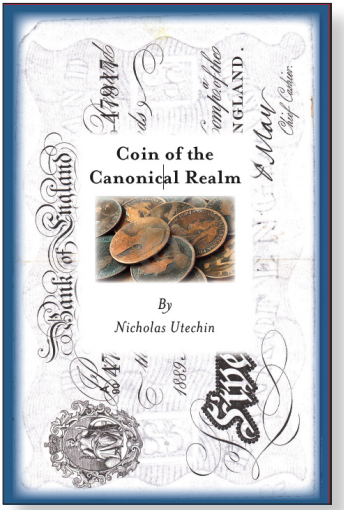
A version of this paper was given at the March 16, 2013 meeting of The Three Garridebs of Westchester County, NY.

This article refers to the first monograph published by The John H Watson Society, Coin of the Canonical Realm *and written by Nicholas Utechin "Rex." This exhaustive, fifty-five page monograph on "Canonical money then and now" is available through the Society website. The first edition consists of only 100 numbered copies and will, doubtless, be a sought-after collectible. Members are encouraged to secure their copies at their earliest convenience. - Buttons*

Following up on a longstanding interest in Sherlock Holmes, "Dash" became an active Sherlockian after the Baker Street Irregulars' 75th anniversary excursion to The Knothole, Christopher Morley's writing retreat, in 2009. Since then, he has been an active member of several scions in the Northeast, including the Sons of the Copper Beeches and The Three Garridebs, and have had articles published in the Baker Street Journal, Watsonian *and* Prescott's Press. *Most recently, he and his wife, Linda, have founded a scion group celebrating Christopher Morley: The Grillparzer Club of the Hoboken Free State. Memberships are welcomed. Contact: Harrison Hunt, 18goldini95@gmail.com*

Coin of the Canonical Realm

Notes by the author, Nicholas Utechin "Rex"



It has long been an axiom of mine that it is virtually impossible to understand in any real way what any sum of money mentioned in the Sherlock Holmes stories actually means. One automatically takes it for granted that something valued at "such-and-such" in 1895 must, by definition, be "such-and-such plus a goodly percentage" in 2014 to make the figures work and comprehensible. But is it as simple as that?

When Holmes, in disguise, offers a cabby in SCAN half a sovereign if he gets to the Edgware church in time to catch Irene Adler and Godfrey Norton's wedding, it seems to make total sense: a sovereign was worth £1 and appears a viable offer. But into what would it translate today? Well, I have to tell you, Sherlock Holmes would have to have called out "Forty pounds and 85 pence…" (that's $65.77, by the way).

Which is where matters become very complicated. It is with the greatest pleasure that I accepted a commission from the Society's "Boy in Buttons" to write on such matters for the first John H Watson Society monograph, which was published in December 2013 – entitled Coin of the Canonical Realm; this little article is but a taster (as we say in the UK) for the full monograph available from the Society.

It is most fitting for this Society that it is Dr Watson himself who starts the fiscal ball rolling, apparently complaining about the size of his army pension when he returns to London, invalided out of the Second

Afghan War: he talks of his "income of eleven shillings and sixpence a day" and I think he means us to feel sorry for him. But we must translate to modern days (2011 – that's the latest year I found for accurate comparisons to be made) to see what that 11s. 6d. now means. Well, actually, not too bad: £44 or $74 – or £308/$495.88 per seven-day week.

But there is more: so much more. We have, from IDEN, the classic quote from Sherlock Holmes that a single lady can get on "very nicely on sixty pounds a year." This makes no sense when that sum is translated to become £4,902/$7,892 in this twenty-first century. On the other hand, when Sir Henry Baskerville (HOUN) bought his pair of brown boots in London for $6 (now £114/$184), the price does not seem to be grotesque.

There are other strange little seeming throwaways: in SUSS, Big Bob Ferguson's wife offers the nurse five pounds if she does not report the first alleged bloodsucking incident: again, it seems OK, until you look at today's valuation: £450-odd, or $727. But then, while the famous eightpenny glass of sherry in ILLU is feasible at £2.72/$4.78, please dream when you consider the current cost of a fine quality hotel room for a night in London as quoted on the same bill (let me remind you of the original and let me hear you weep: 8s.)

What I have done in the monograph is list in context the 124 important mentions of money in the Canon (from forty of the sixty tales) – almost all of which are in £ sterling (or shillings, or half-crowns or pennies – all are explained in the text) – translate them the-then dollar valuation, and then try and make the sums involved as up to date as possible. How have I done that? By choosing what I believe to be the fairest way of comparing then-and-now values – in other words, what £1 in, say, 1880, '90 or '00 would purchase today. It is then relatively easy to make it a dollar sum (throughout the Canonical period, the exchange rate was basically 1-5, and to bring it up to date, I multiply the 2011 £ value by $1.61 – the rate on the arbitrary date which I had to choose in late 2013 as I my privilege as author.

I do hope you are following me! As I say in my introduction to *Coin of the Canonical Realm*, it was simply not viable to bring into play outside

economic factors as might have pertained in the 1880s or '90s, nor less – and even more important – very specific areas of inflation over the years (I think of incomes and housing costs). Thus I fear you will simply have to take on board Breckinridge's 12/- per goose cost to Windigate at the "Alpha" (BLUE) – which works today – as against Arthur Pinner's offer to Hall Pycroft in STOC of "a beggarly five hundred (salary) to start with" – which does not: that pay today would equate to £40,850 / $65,768.

The trouble is with an item like this – and such has never been attempted before in our scholarship – is that it could be completely out of date by the time you read it! My own home finances prove that I am no economic guru, but I utterly refuse to take any blame for pound/dollar fluctuations that may or may not have occurred between penning the monograph and the day you buy and read it! A moment had to be chosen on which to make those all-important then-and-now calculations – and that had to be that.

I explain all the calculators I have chosen to use. The figures are what they are. And it may just be a reference work that could remain vaguely relevant for a few years to come (give or take).

Let me tantalise you further. Guess how much the coins found in Neville St. Clair's coat (TWIS) would be worth today? Can you conceive of the present-day cash equivalent of the winning prize in the Wessex Plate (SILV)? And chance your arm at totting up the current value of the Agra Treasure that still lies, for all we know, in the sludge of the river Thames.

Nicholas Utechin is a Director-at-large of the Society, a Baker Street Irregular, and an Honorary Member of The Sherlock Holmes Society of London (having edited the Sherlock Holmes Journal *from 1976-2006. He is a freelance journalist and worked for many years as a producer and presenter on BBC Radio. He lives in Oxford, U.K. In 2013, he authored the Society's first monograph,* Coin of the Canonical Realm.

From Russia with Love

by Linnea Dodson "Dixie"

Russia created its own addition to the modern Canon in November 2013 with its airing of *Sherlock Holmes* (Internet Database, INDB, for some reason, calls it *Sherlok Kholms*). Starring Igor Petrenko as Holmes and Andrei Panin as Watson, the eight 90-minute adventures follow the precedent of the other twenth-first century adaptations by taking Canonical stories and blending them with each other and original concepts into a new story line. With such small output, it may never be worth it for the Russian production company to make official translations to sell. (Certainly the props were not created with an English-speaking after market in mind; at one point the audience can see Dr Watson's medical advertisement, which reads in part: *The doctor of medicine with the diplom* (sic) … *Watson opens medical practices* (sic) ... *To veterans and disabled veterans a discount. Beiker Street 221-b.)*

But fandom always finds a way to share, especially in this Internet age. The episodes are slowly being subtitled by fans whose screen names are SpiritCC and Svet-ka, with a rotating cast of helpers. Despite a credit to "SpiritCC's English Teacher," the translation is undeniably English as a second language. Nevertheless, the tremendous amount of work they are putting in to make the episodes accessible deserves great applause from the non-Russian speaking Holmesians and Watsonians. Without them, this show would not be reaching the world-wide audience it deserves.

And it does deserve wider dissemination. Although this latest variation of Sherlock Holmes has some plot elements in common with other modern versions (these days it's hardly a spoiler to say that both Moriarty and Irene will show up sooner or later), it also has many unique features that make it an interesting counterpoint to its counterparts. It's set in Victorian London – real Victorian London, not the steampunked nostalgia of the Warner Brothers movies, where life is hard, police casually

use violence to get confessions, executions come quick, and the charming horse-drawn carriages mean streets full of not-so-charming dung. You can practically smell the manure and raw gin wafting off the screen. Panin's Watson is very much a soldier still; while that background is used in Sherlock and the Warner Brothers movies, here it isn't just a plot point, it's the driver for an entire plot. Furthermore, Watson and Holmes are used to illustrate the difference between the military and civilian mindsets when they argue, as they will, about war and the rights of a single person versus those of a whole army. Panin's Watson is also the only one to display consistent symptoms of PTSD. Freeman's Watson threw that away along with his cane in the first episode of Sherlock, Liu's Watson struggled with a different kind of guilt (which she overcame with the help of her Holmes), while Jude Law never seemed to have any trauma in the first place. Panin plays a very damaged but very proactive man.

This isn't to say that the show is unrelievedly dark. There is subtle dry humor, mostly displayed in the interactions between Holmes and Watson. In this version, Holmes is incredibly young – and he's full of the impetuousness and bravado of youth. He's prone to think that he's more skilled than he is, and the more mature Watson occasionally enjoys setting him straight. In the Russian series, Holmes doesn't know how to fight at all; when he sees Watson hang up boxing gloves, he begs for a lesson. The upper-landing boxing matches become a thread running through the series … as does the fact that every time Watson becomes annoyed with Holmes, the doctor easily knocks the detective down the stairs to make a point.

In this essay I discuss the first three episodes in order. You can find them by searching YouTube for "Russian Holmes 2013" or "Russian Holmes (title)." To see the subtitles provided by SpiritCC and Svet-ka, click the Closed Caption "cc" button to the lower right of the player screen.

"221B Baker Street"

This episode begins, as they all will, with Watson lighting his pipe and writing in his journal, introducing the adventure. We immediately learn that this is not going to be a standard Canonical adaptation because

Watson explains he has been invalided due to concussion, not gunshot. As soon as he arrives in London, he tries to advertise for a private medical practice, but the newspaper clerk points out that he has no address for his surgery. So Watson heads back out into the street in search of lodgings – just in time to see someone run over by a cab. He rushes to help, only to be pushed aside by a scruffy, intense young man who casually says that the victim cannot be saved and just as casually pries open his convulsing hand to find a button, which he steals. Watson is horrified at his lack of empathy, but also fascinated at the way he strides around, demanding that constables listen to him as he inspects the carriage, interrogates the cabbie, and asks Watson to come to the police station to give a report. Once there, the man appalls Watson by ordering him to write down a specific description, even though the doctor had seen nothing at all.

While Watson struggles with his conscience, Inspector Lestrade comes in and starts yelling at everyone, especially the now-named Sherlock Holmes. Lestrade berates Holmes for interfering with a standard police procedure (again!) and mocks the explanation about deduction. Watson, too, comes in for some shouting – which offends him into testifying exactly as Holmes had asked.

When Watson emerges from the police station, Sherlock is waiting for him with a string of deductions regarding the doctor's personal life and an offer of the vacant room next to his in a boarding house. His rapid chatter is almost enough to cover the fact that he is digging through Watson's duffel bag for something he'd shoved in there at the crime scene.

Compared to other series, this initial episode isn't the strongest of mysteries, but then, it is trying to introduce the characters and set the tone of the show; a lot of ground to cover while also establishing the foundation of plot arc.

"Rock, Paper, Scissors"

The real title of this episode ought to be "They done stomped on Watson's heart and mashed that sucker flat" – but for Watson fans, it is also the one episode of this series that absolutely must be seen. Viewers watch some of

the terrible traumas that led to Watson's PTSD – the Russian show does not pull punches – but we also see just how intelligent, skilled, determined, loyal, and most of all, how moral Panin's Watson is.

A mortally wounded member of Watson's old regiment makes his way to Baker Street, dropping a king's ransom of gold and jewels on the floor before dying in Watson's arms. Yet that's not the only precious thing Peter Small left behind. His little daughter Mary is living in an orphanage, and when Holmes and Watson go to see her, they find that she already has a visitor – Watson's old commander, Thaddeus Sholto. (Roll with it; this is, after all, a pastiche. Why the story is being told this way will become clear in the next episode.) As Holmes and Watson leave, their cabbie slams a hood over the carriage and whips the horse into a gallop though the back alleys. There is a menacing metallic click as a trigger is pulled …

"Webley, MK3," Watson whispers as he shoves Holmes out of the path of the bullet.

This is the grimmest adventure of the first half of the series; there's no place for the subtle physical comedy Panin used in "221B Baker Street" episode and will display again later. But it is worth noting that there's almost no place for Holmes either; this episode is so Watson-centric that for once it is Sherlock who plays the supporting role. Watson drives the plot entirely, and along the way we see him acting as a soldier, a comrade-in-arms, a doctor, a friend, a protector … and much, much more.

"Clowns"

The title refers to *Pagilacci*. "A Scandal in Bohemia" and the opera are blended to create the plot, and to underscore the point, "Vesti la Giubba" is repeated several times. "I hate that opera," mutters Holmes when he hears it once too often. This time, however, the infidelity isn't between a king and an adventuress, it is between the families of foreign ambassadors; and if revealed, the affair won't prevent a marriage, it will start a war.

Although this episode centers on Holmes, Watson continues to be more of a man of action and better at planning than his young partner. He

also shows how comfortable he is with violence: while Sherlock dithers over how to make Irene Adler give him back a stolen photograph, Watson simply throws an actual, if small, explosive through her window.

"Clowns" also shows how these unfamiliar stories fit into the familiar Canon. Watson has written up the events of "Rock, Paper, Scissors" with complete honesty and military precision, hoping to have it printed. The publisher glances over the manuscript and sighs before handing it back. "The truth of life and the truth of art are absolutely different things," he tells a disappointed Watson, before beginning to lecture him on how to properly create commercial work. Drop all the military "stuff;" that's controversial. An audience wants "secrets, romance." To give it to them, Watson should turn the little girl character into a young woman who searches out Holmes to solve the mystery of the treasure that appears every year on her birthday. That is what audiences like, the publisher explains.

Well, yes. They do.

And I think you'll like the 2013 Russian Sherlock Holmes and his Watson, too.

Shortly after its debut, the series was cancelled, but in an upcoming issue, Ms Dodson will discuss the final three episodes as they are translated from Russian to English by loyal fans. Sadly, not only has Sherlok Kholms *come to its end, but so has Andrei Panin, who died post-production in 2013. – ed.*

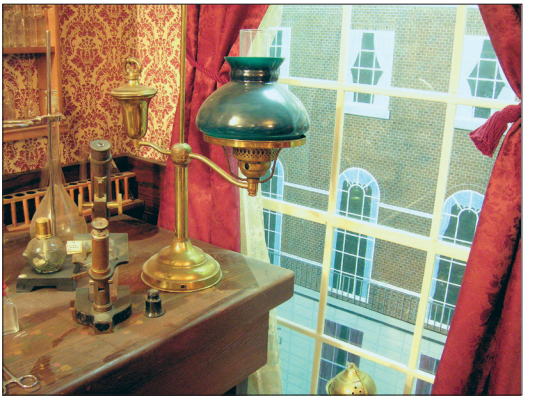
Linnea joins us from Maryland where she is a technical writer with a Master of Science in Writing. She is a member of Watson's Tin Box, The Red Circle, and Sherlock DC. Linnea is also on the Convention Committee of the Scintillion of Scions.

Recreating 221B

by Denny Dobry "Kirby"
*Photography by Sara Williams**

The premise of the "Grand Game" is that Sherlock Holmes and Doctor John Watson were real persons, and that Dr Watson chronicled their adventures as represented in the Canon. It must therefore be accepted that the flat (apartment) that the detective and his companion occupied also existed. Sherlockian/Holmesian scholars and historians such as T S Blakeney, Gavin Brend, William S Baring-Gould, Vincent Starrett, Ernest H Short, James Edward Holroyd, Dr Gray Chandler Briggs and Bernard Davies[1] have failed to identify to everyone's concurrence the physical location of 221B Baker Street, the address of the Holmes/Watson living quarters as documented in the Canon. Given the good Doctors propensity for disguising names and addresses, it is unlikely the actual location of the living quarters will ever be agreed upon.

Although we will likely continue to quibble about 221B's location, Sherlockians would generally agree to the interior appearance of the sitting room and its contents; after all, Dr Watson was quite descriptive of their surroundings. Many Sherlockians have a fascination with collecting and displaying Victorian household items, furniture and artifacts from the Holmes/Watson adventures. One could easily imagine that Christopher Morley owned a gasogene and a Persian slipper.



**All photos for this article are taken at Mr Dobry's recreation of 221B in Reading, PA.*

In 1950, noted Holmesian scholar and author, James Edward Holroyd, suggested that the St. Marylebone Public Library in London create a Sherlock Holmes exhibition to be assembled for display during the upcoming Festival of Britain in 1951. Approval from the Borough of St Marylebone Council was required to allow the library to pursue the project. Initially several vocal council members vehemently opposed the project as being a "childish idea." London newspapers such as the *Daily Graphic, Evening Standard, News Chronicle,* and *Evening News* criticized the councilors for insulting and being ungenerous to "the man whose spirit brooded over Baker Street in saturnine splendor." The *Times* newspaper published letters from writers who signed their names Dr Watson, Inspector Lestrade, Mycroft Holmes and Mrs Hudson urging the Council to reconsider their decision. Support for the exhibition poured in from many distinguished individuals and groups. The Borough of St Marylebone Council finally relented to the avalanche of favorable encouragement for the project and added their support to the Sherlock Holmes exhibition effort.

The Library Exhibition Committee received offers of support from many quarters: relatives of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sidney Paget and of Dr Joseph Bell came forward to assist. In addition to room furnishings and artifacts, items such as movie posters, original Paget drawings, and other Sherlockiana were loaned or given to the library for display.

The Sherlock Holmes Exhibition was assembled on a 1,200 square- foot area of the Abbey House on Baker Street and received over 54,000 visitors in four months in 1951 (www.westminsteronline.org/holmes1951). The exhibition gave rise to friendly disagreements about the authenticity of the items in the display, and a number of visitors earnestly claimed to have known Holmes and had had personal dealings with him when he occupied his rooms on Baker Street.[2]

After the closing of the Festival, the Sherlock Holmes Exhibition was packed up and toured the United States. In 1957, the

Sherlock Holmes Pub opened on Northumberland Street in London in the building that once was the Northumberland Hotel, the hotel that Sir Henry Baskerville patronized in *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. The Pub owners dedicated space for a permanent display of the sitting room recreation using items from Exhibition among others.[3]

The Sherlock Holmes Festival of Britain Exhibition brought prominent British Holmesians together to plan and create the sitting room replica. The enthusiasm generated by this labor of love resulted in the revival of the previously short-lived Sherlock Holmes Society (1934-1936) as The Sherlock Holmes Society of London. The Society's first *Sherlock Holmes Journal* was published in 1952 and continues to this day.

In addition to the sitting room recreation at the Sherlock Holmes Pub in London, there are a number of other commercial venues. Also in London, the Sherlock Holmes Museum on Baker Street features two complete floors rendered to represent the sitting room, Holmes's and Watson's bedrooms, and even the loo. Life-like mannequins recreate characters and scenes from some of the stories. The ground floor contains a gift shop. (www.sherlock-holmes.co.uk)

Two recreations can be found in Switzerland: one in Meiringen, the town near the Reichenbach Falls (www.sherlock-holmes.org.uk/beeline/M_museum.php), and the other in Lucens (www.221b.ch/Lucens_e.html). The latter contains artifacts, personal items, and papers that belonged to Doyle's son, Adrian Conan Doyle. There are also sitting-room recreations in Denmark (www.sherlockiana.dk/shlub/

museum_en.shtml) and France (www.sherlock-holmes.fr/murder party/2-a-visit.htm).

The Festival of Britain Exhibition sitting-room replica was one of the earliest full-scale recreation created for the public. The first privately owned and created sitting room replica likely was the work of a thirteen-year old Sherlock Holmes enthusiast from Cheshire, England. Richard Lancelyn Green (1953-2004) was fixated on the Sherlock Holmes stories from the time he was old enough to read them. Possibly influenced by stories of the Festival of Britain recreation, Richard transformed an attic room in his family's ancestral home of Poulton Hall into an authentic recreation of the sitting room. Richard scoured junk shops, antique and secondhand stores to find artifacts to furnish his recreation. His family members assisted him by providing transportation to shopping areas to look for his treasures.[5] Richard went on to become the youngest member of the Sherlock Holmes Society of London, its president for a time and arguably the worlds foremost authority on the Arthur Conan Doyle works up until his unfortunate death in March, 2004.

The Baker Street Builders

For years, Chuck Kovacic of Southern California traveled to various Sherlockian events around the country buying, selling and trading all forms of Sherlockiana. He often kept for himself the most interesting items that he came across and soon amassed an impressive collection of Canonical and Victorian artifacts. Kovacic's solution to effectively display his collection was to create a full-scale 221B sitting room, and according to Chuck, "the only full-scale sitting room recreation west of the Mississippi" (www.chuckkovacicarts.com).

To ensure authenticity, Chuck meticulously studied the Canon and researched Victorian styles,

customs and items of everyday use. What wallpaper pattern was likely? What furniture would be used year round or changed with the seasons? What kind of chemical apparatus would be correct for the period? What the heck is a "pannikin" (HOUN), a "life-preserver" (BERY), or a "cannula" (CREE)? Kovacic elevated this tangential branch of Sherlockian scholarship to new heights, independent of the "Grand Game" and based entirely on historical facts.

During his travels around the country, Kovacic found other Sherlockians with the passion for recreating authentic replicas of 221B. These kindred spirits began to share their research and discoveries amongst themselves. In November of 2000, Kovacic founded "The Baker Street Builders" (BSB) scion society for those Sherlockians interested in gathering the research necessary to study and/or create the Baker Street townhouse and sitting room of Mr. Sherlock Holmes. To date a total of 26 membership certificates have been issued, but the number of active members have varied with collections being disassembled or members passing beyond the Reichenbach. Gold lapel pins are presented to those members who have actually built a full-sized recreation.

221B - Reading, Pennsylvannia

My personal passion for creating a sitting room was kindled on February 27, 1996, when I was introduced to Paul Churchill at his home in Eldersburg, Maryland. Paul, who later received his investiture into the Baker Street Irregulars as Corot, became one of the first Baker Street Builders having turned his primary living and dining rooms into an authentic replica of 221B. I was in awe at being able to see and touch the Canonical items that I had only been able to imagine while reading the stories. From that day until Paul's untimely death in 2008, Paul and I became close friends, and shared each other's ideas, creations and little treasures that added to our sitting rooms.

I started to collect artifacts soon after meeting Paul, but my options to siting an actual sitting room where limited. My "long-suffering" wife was anything but keen about converting our small country-styled Cape Cod home into a nineteenth-century bachelor's sitting room. However, she had no objection to me using our basement for my project as long as I built a large screened-in porch onto our home first. All good marriages are built on compromise.

Having been relegated to the basement, I was faced with how to create the impression of a first floor flat (second floor American) when I was starting two floors too low to start. My solution was to paint a facade of the buildings on Baker Street on the back wall of the basement. I used a photograph in Michael Harrison's *The London of Sherlock Holmes* as the model of the buildings' features.[6] Leaving a narrow dead space from the painting, I constructed a wall containing the

"two broad windows" mentioned by Watson in STUD. The illusion worked and coupled with a hidden tape-recorder playing London street sounds, this feature has received the most comments from visitors.

Construction of the room's walls, floor and ceiling took about a year and were completed in late 1999. Furnishing the room and adding artifacts continue to this day, as I discover new or better artifacts. Antique stores and eBay have been the most productive sources for finding relevant items. In fact, as I write this article, I am watching an auction on eBay for a ceramic "pannikin," an item that Watson found in the stone hut occupied by Holmes in *The Hound of the Baskervilles*.

When an item or document couldn't be found, a little ingenuity in crafting skills or Photoshop usually brought satisfactory results. One of the first artifacts I "found" was a complete set of the calling cards mentioned in the Canon. The creation of the calling cards was the spark that ignited a treasure trove of "authentic faux" documents that Paul and I "discovered." Paul was a talented artist and I possessed some crafting skills, and together we formed a prolific team. Before his passing, Paul Churchill and I exchanged many ideas and created many interesting artifacts.

The Canon, of course, provided the shopping list of items that were coveted. Stephen Clarkson's *The Canonical Compendium*[7] published in 1999 listed all of the physical items mentioned in the Canon in addition to character names and places, and became a valuable research resource. The sitting room contains a least one artifact from each of the 60 Canonical stories and some stories have numerous representative items. Some of the more interesting items include: a gasogene and a seltzogene (most often Sherlockians

erroneously refer to a seltzogene as a gasogene) (MAZA, SCAN), an authentic Légion d'honneur medal (GOLD), a dark lantern (REDH, BRUC, CHAS), a set of burglars' tools (BRUC), a black and white ivory box (DYIN), a tin of Arcadia Tobacco (CROO), a gold watch with a sovereign as a watch fob (SCAN), and a bust of Holmes with a bullet hole through the head (EMPT).

The artifacts that I treasure the most are an authentic Weiss & Company cataract knife from SILV (a gift from Paul), a Penang Lawyer walking stick complete with silver band and dogteeth marks (HOUN), and the nineteenth-century gasogene. Most recently I found "the very" tin box mentioned in MUSG in which Holmes kept his mementoes from his early cases. The box's authenticity is validated by the fact that it looks exactly like the box depicted in the Sidney Paget drawing in the original Strand publication of the story.

I have been very fortunate in locating the furniture and fixtures for the recreation. Living near Adamstown, Pennsylvania, known as the Antique Capital of America, hasn't hurt. My biggest one-day haul included Holmes's chair, Watson's chair, a cupboard, three bubble-backed chairs and a coal scuttle. On another day on a visit to nearby New Jersey, I found Holmes's desk, the lighting fixture for over the dining table and a Victorian Wedding Basket (which now resides in my wife's curio cabinet).

One disappointment has been that I haven't had as many visitors as I would have hoped. Reading, PA isn't exactly a hotbed of Sherlockian activity. Since the room's completion, however, several hundred visitors from come from nearby Harrisburg, York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. I have also hosted a few gatherings of the Scion Societies from those cities. And I have appreciated the visitors from England, Denmark, Canada and Australia who have stopped in while visiting the general area.

One of my most satisfying moments came during a visit from sister-in-law from Nashville. When she walked into the room, she immediately turned around, came out and wouldn't go back in. When asked what was wrong, she said: "As soon as I walked in I got a weird feeling that I had stepped back in time and I felt strange and had to leave." From that moment on, I knew I had accomplished what I had set out to do.

It was great fun building and furnishing the room, but I take great pleasure now when I can share it with fellow Sherlockians. Visitors to the sitting room are welcome by appointment. Additional information and photographs can be found at www.facebook.com/221binReading.

Photo Credits: *Sara Williams, Reading, Pennsylvania*

The photos for Mr Dobry's article were taken by his granddaughter and represent only a few of the artifacts, memorabilia, and portions of the Holmes's and Watson's rooms recreated at the author's home. The photo which introduces this section of the journal depicts Dr Watson's Desk. The others (in order of appearance) are a view of the Strand from the windows of 221B; the sitting-room fireplace; the Baker St. Builders' pin; a panoramic view of the sitting-room; artifacts from SILV; and finally the *Strand* with other publications of the era.

Notes

[1] Hammer, David L. *The Game is Afoot*. Dubuque, Iowa: Gasogene Press, Ltd, 1983, p. 19.

[2] Green, Richard Lancelyn, ed. *Sherlock Holmes Letters*. Iowa City: University of Iowa Press, 1986, pp. 38-47.

[3] Green, Richard Lancelyn, ed. *Sherlock Holmes Letters*. p. 55.

[4] Green, Richard Lancelyn, ed. *Sherlock Holmes Letters*. p. 45.

[5] Green, Cilla Lancelyn. "Playing as children." In S. Rothman & Nicholas Utechin (Eds.), *To Keep the Memory Green*. New York: The Quartering Press, 2007, pp. 58-59.

[6] Harrison, Michael, *The London of Sherlock Holmes*. New York: Drake Publishing Inc. 1973, p. 42.

[7] Clarkson, Stephen. *The Canonical Compendium*. Ashcroft, British Columbia: Calabash Press. 1999.

Mr Dobry is among our most active and skilled Quiz Masters, having won the 2013 Treasure Hunt. He has a most interesting expertise in The Game: a full-size replica of the sitting room at 221B Baker Street qualifying him for membership in The Baker Street Builders. He is the current Gasogene of the White Rose Irregulars of York, PA, and regularly attends meetings of Watson's Tin Box in Baltimore; The Denizens of the Bar of Gold in Cambridge, MD; and the Regency Irregulars of Phoenixville, PA. He has contributed a chapter to the BSI's latest publication of its Manuscript Series, The Wrong Passage, *and has had an article published Watson's Tin Box annual publication,* Irene's Cabinet.

The Pawky Puzzler presents

First Appearances

by Margie Deck "Gwen"

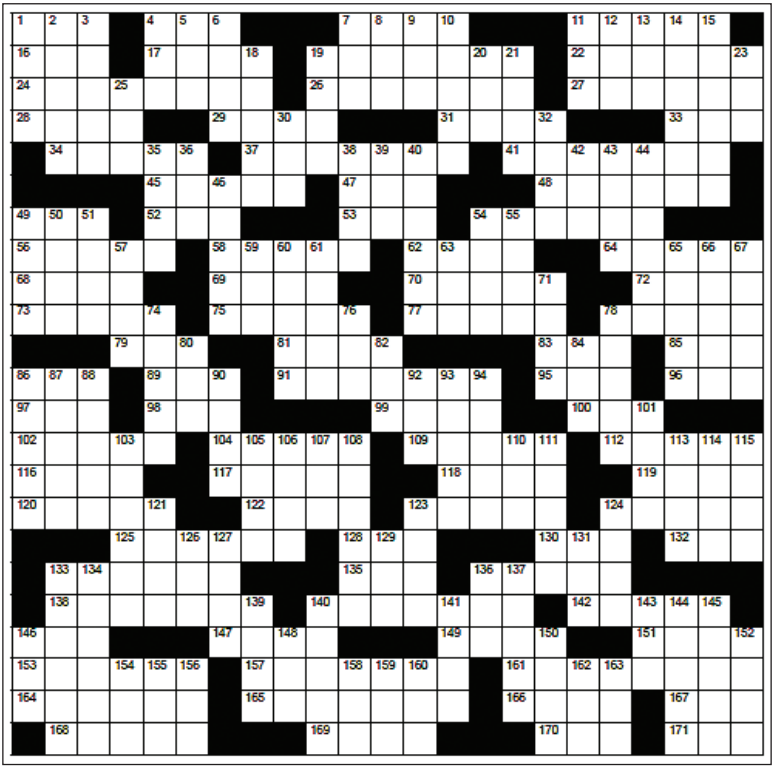
Here is a crossword puzzle specially crafted by Margie Deck for Watsonians and Sherlockians alike. Your cerebral agility will surely be challenged – but don't despair. Look for the answers on page 163. And do let us know how you did: go to the website blog or send an email to Buttons.

ACROSS

1. Soda, in some quarters
4. Mlle. Carere time zone at times
7. Collier's, Mar. 26, 1904
11. Treatment needed after a round of Baritsu?
16. Alpha offering possibly
17. Liberty, Nov. 27, 1926
19. MAZA Yard official
22. ."..daintiest thing under a _____..."
24. Apt description for Holmes and Watson?
26. Straker smoking device
27. Supply the means
28. Strand, Dec. 1910
29. Where a young Armitage put a hand?
31. Zinc blood conveyance
33. The irrepressible, peculiar and obvious Greek letters noted by Holmes
34. Process that might have saved the Ferrier wagon party
37. What Jefferson Hope never does
41. Probable decorative items atop High Gable
45. ."..and a good many of us may wither before its ____."
47. Entreat, in a way
48. Sleeping places for James Dodd
49. US acad. perhaps awaiting The Whole Art of Detection?
52. Scuttle
53. ."..proportion of blood cannot be more than one __ __ million."
54. Holloway and _____
56. What Turner said his life of martyrdom accomplished
58. Beeswing clues
62. Liberty, Dec, 18, 1926
64. What could be cracked with blows from the French ouvrier?
68. Field mouse
69. Skirt style not Victorian
70. Emerge violently
72. Ending for court or croup
73. "But what is ___ at Shoscombe?"
75. Type of coral reef
77. Plural of radius
78. Inspiration for the naming of the Lone Star?
79. French abbreviation for female saint
81. Strand, American, Dec. 1911
83. To and ___
85. Japanese city on the Seto Inland Sea
86. Military acronym for naval methods involving

weapons not unlike The Bruce-Partington

89. Portion of Jabez Wilson's breast pin
91. Where McCarthy was acquitted
95. Old slang for a five pound note
96. Abbreviation on American tax forms
97. Abbreviation for Stapleton's occupation
98. British weight measure in India at one time
99. Strand, Collier's, Dec. 1903

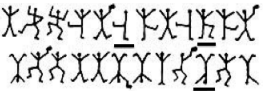


100. Rance's longing
102. Color of St. Clair's plaster
104. These, in Spain
109. Briefly, what should have been drying in Jabez Wilson's cellar?
112. Belonging to a Boscombe groom
116. Strand, Sept. 1891
117. Difference between a solar year and a lunar year
118. Collier's, Sept. 26, 1903
119. Strand, Jan. 1892
120. Up ___ ___ (standard)
122. Strand, Mar. 1892
123. One of the items which drove Watson out of the apartment
124. Color of Mary Sutherland's hat
125. Prepare to fire the revolver again
128. ."... ___ hundred and sixty separate ciphers..."
130. Abbreviation on a US business sign
132. Dept. of the Yard
133. Where Holmes supposes a complete set of Ming pottery could be found
135. Colorful carp
136. Combining form for seven
138. Referring to a random Scottish Highlander
140. Barnicot's office light
142. Two were taken over "keep away"
146. Abbreviation for a portion of a line
147. What Baskerville's captive came down under by way of the ivy on the south wall

149. Philippines municipality, or in urban slang, the opposite of cool
151. Collier's, Nov. 22, 1913
153. The type of spot removed with the arrest of Wilson, the notorious canary-trainer
157. Kitty Winter's weapon
161. Victoria's newer use of the Camperdown-Timboon train line: _____ _____ Coast Rail Trail
164. Belonging to Holmes' Liverpool friend
165. That of which Holmes' knowledge was accurate but unsystematic
166. Strand, Aug. 1901
167. Ending for auction or mountain
168. Eagle nest
169. English girl name meaning Of Noble Birth
170. Many, many times
171. Direction opposite of NNE

DOWN

1. Remitted
2. Not newer
3. Annoy
4. Six hand breadths in textiles
5. Mr. Paget, briefly
6. "L'homme c'est rien-l'oeuvre c'est __"
7. Fish with a barbell on the chin
8. ___, two, three! (Marching)
9. Decode the underlined letters and scramble them:



10. Tobacco in Peter Carey's cabin
11. An author of symbols in 9 Down
12. Tunisia's Cape ___
13. Acid in all living cells
14. Remove Barclay's sword?
15. "My accomplishments, sir, may __ __ than you imagine."
18. __ ___, ands, or buts
19. All of you, in some parts of the American south
20. Scientific writing style
21. Son of Erik The Red
23. Ending for commit?
25. Canary cage to the mongoose
30. Abbreviation for a north-south measurement
32. Exist
35. Strand, Sept. 1904
36 .Abbreviation for a pulp and paper strength measurement
38. Strand, Dec. 1891
39. Geologic time period
40. Apt description of Roylott at the gate
42. Irene Norton ___Adler
43. Collier's, Nov. 8, 1924
44. Penguin of the Antarctic coast
46. Pa __ ___ Kettle, American film characters
49. Strand, Harper's, Oct. 1893
50. An elemental remnant of Dr Barnicot's second bust
51. Collier's, Dec. 26, 1903
54. Beeton's Christmas Annual, Nov. 1887
55. Conical tent (variation)
57. Suffix for shrewd or sick
59. Rochester, NY, university
60. _____ Gay
61. More than one of a venomous creature noted

in The Good Old Index

63. Victorian, for one
65. Moriarty to organized crime perhaps
66. Holmes' dirty dozen
67. City on the Ruhr
71. A fit of irritation
74. Hoard away
76. Abbreviation for the church familiar to the deceased Jefferson Hope per the Echo
78. Invigorating medicine
80. Before, to the poet
82. Contemptuous term used to refer to a Jew, circa 1885-1890
84. Compromise a jury?
86. What Jonathan Small was after his swim
87. Who The Poor Men of Lyon followed

88. Prepare tea
90. Strand, Hearst's International, Mar. 1923
92. A small municipality of northwestern Spain; also the Spanish language exclamation meaning Bang!
93. Nine in combining form
94. Imp
101. Strand, Apr.1892
103. Word probably used instead of pawky today?
105. Strand, Feb. 1892
106. Slang for jail holding cell for the inebriated: Drunk _____
107. UK National Railway code for the Acocks Green Railway Station
108. Ailment of Dr Fordham's patient
110. Network similar to an HMO
111. "On this ___ of grass?" "Certainly, Mr. Holmes"
113. Collier's, Feb. 27, 1904
114. Tuscan site of the Castel Tonini
115. Alternative to an oak leaf sprig or an orange pip: a melon _____
121. Strand, Harper's, June 1893
123. Liberty, Jan. 22, 1927
124. Strand, July 1891
126. Abbreviation for a modern nursing assistant
127. S-shape molding
129. Silent acknowledgement
131. Abbreviation for the Scottish charity protecting Scotland's heritage sites
133. Saffron-flavored dish
134. "What would you do then?" " ____ a special."
136. The one noted as similar to 110D
137. Caulfield Gardens was part of a Victorian one in the West End per Watson
139. Molten rock on the surface
140. Affix a new label
141. Unite by treaty
143. Chemical suffix
144. Burial piles
145. Pieces of land where something was, or is intended
146. Resort providing therapeutic baths
148. What the sculptor Devine might have ordered with dinner?
150. Strand, Harper's, July 1893
152. Collier's, Oct. 31, 1903
154. A certain pike
155. One of the original three cantons of Switzerland
156. Place names suffix
158. Abbreviation often on a rural map
159. Atom with an electric charge
160. Grandmother in Germany
162. ___ wiedersehen
163. Blasting compound

Need a little help or ready for the answers? Then turn to page 163.

Margie Deck, JHWS "Gwen" joins us from Spanaway, Washington where she is a long-time member of The Sound of the Baskervilles. Margie is an enthusiastic Sherlockian crossword puzzle maker known as "The Pawky Puzzler" and she is a devotee of our beloved Dr Watson. "Gwen" and her intrepid quiz partner, Sheila Holtgrieve "Daisy," are the reigning Quiz Team Masters of the 2013 Treasure Hunt and the Weekly Quizzes.

Two-Dozen Quiz Answers

from the Inaugural Issue of The Watsonian

The honours for correctly answering the questions from last issue's (October 2013) Two-Dozen Quiz go to Kenneth Siarkiewicz, JHWS "Cooper" of Tucson, Arizona, who scored a perfect 24/24. ***Congratulations!***

1. Identify the speaker and story of the only Canonical use of the word "dibbs."
Answer: Jack Prendergast in GLOR

2. Identify the speaker and story where the term de novo appears.
Answer: Holmes in ABBE

3. Identify No 2704.
Answer: A cab number in HOUN

4. What "sots" and who is speaking and in which story?
Answer: Holmes speaking of opium addicts in TWIS

5. The term "diplomatist" appears in which story?
Answer: NAVA

6. Where is the "rat-trap?"
Answer: Birlstone Manor

7. Who sways with pleasure and reiterates rejoicings?
Answer: Mrs Bernstone

8. Who calls who a hound and a cur?
Answer: Jefferson Hope about Enoch Drebber

9. Who had climbed every tree in the park?
Answer: Master Godfrey Emsworth

10. What is in the small blue bottle upon the mantelpiece?
Answer: Prussic acid

11. Which story comes from "amid the mad elements?"
Answer: John Openshaw's narrative from FIVE

12. Who in which story has a "presentiment" that who would come that evening?
Answer: Effie Munro about Grant Munro in YELL

13. An arrest of whom is "inadmissible?"
Answer: Moriarty

14. The only time he was "gray with anger."
Answer: Holmes confronting Charles Augustus Milverton

15. Who has something in a hip-pocket?
Answer: Lestrade

16. Where occurs "pinna?"
Answer: human ear discussion in CARD

17. In which story does Holmes speak of "declining years?"
ABBE and LAST

18. Who watches with a "sardonic eye?"
Answer: Elderly woman of Briony Lodge

19. What was a "fraudulent imitation?"
Answer: Catalepsy in RESI

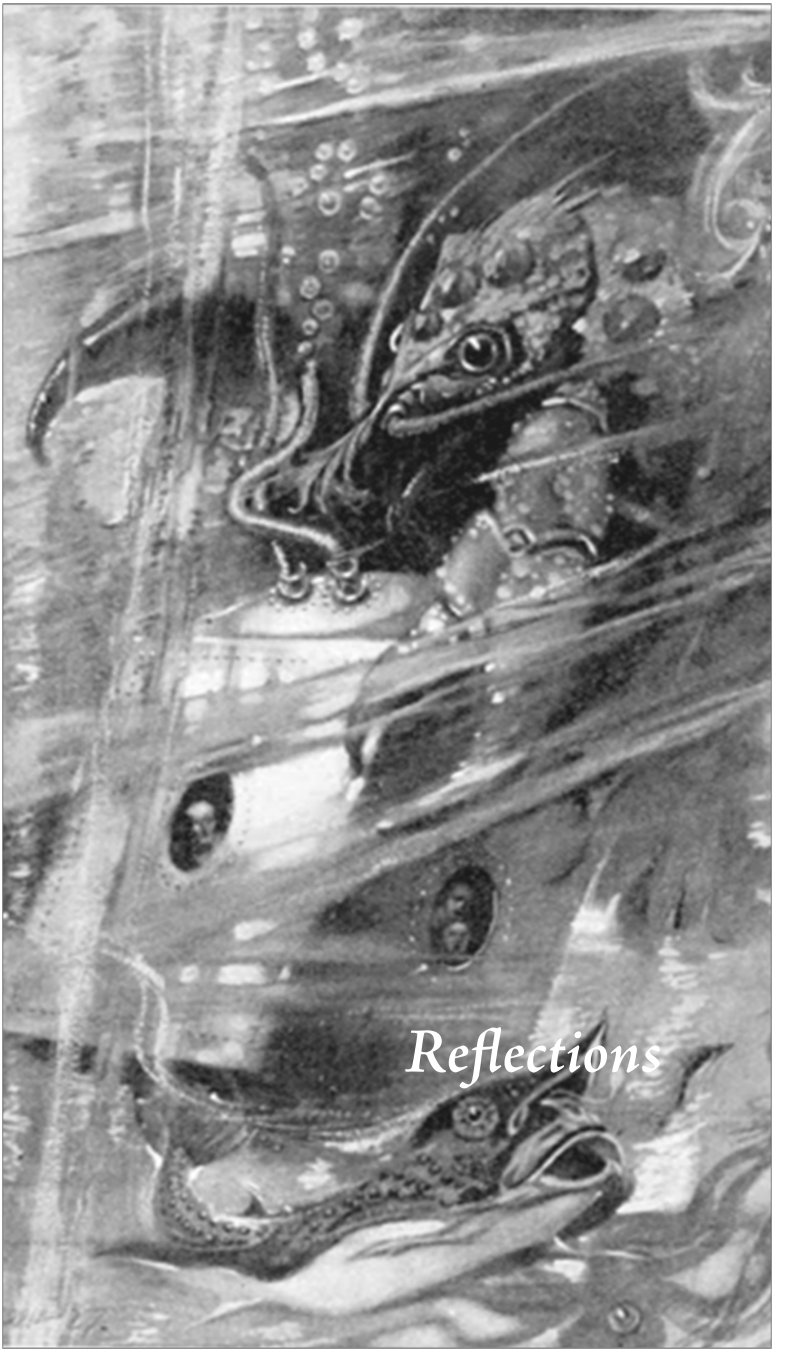
20. In which story do we find a ménage?
Answer: SOLI

21. Who "turned white to the roots of his hair?"
Answer: Bannister

22. In whose house do we find a "pompous butler?"
Answer: John of Dr Leslie Armstrong's house in MISS

23. Who wore a red-and-black check shirt?
Answer: Hudson, the seaman

24. Who is the "astute" person who notices seat numbers?
Answer: Dr John H Watson



Reflections

In Defense of the Swamp Adder

by Ron Lies "Chip"

"Violence does, in truth, recoil upon the violent, and the schemer falls into the pit which he digs for another." Sherlock Holmes (SPEC)

I WOULD LIKE TO make my case for the Swamp Adder being the most maligned victim in the case of "The Speckled Band." No Adders have been reported in India* to this date. This one perished because, though no fault of its own, it became a mortal enemy of the deadliest species of all, man.

The Adder with his small size and vulnerabilities had three protections given by Nature. They were: 1) the deadliest poison that could kill any other creature within minutes after being injected; 2)the ability to crawl down and up vines that grew in the snake's native region to allow an escape from danger: 3) the ability to hear sounds to keep safe or find prey.

The native humans of the area learned to accept this dangerous snake by using three simple coping mechanisms: 1)leave the Adder alone and he will leave you alone; 2) create barriers to block entry of the snake into homes; 3) most important was looking up, down, and around before taking a step.

So-called civilized man developed the idea that Humankind was above the rest of the natural world. The modis operandi of these beings was to conquer and then destroy that which was feared instead of trying to understand and coexist.

Dr Roylett acquired the Swamp Adder by way of his native Indian butler. Then Roylett repaid him by beating the unfortunate servant to death as stated in the story. Dr Roylett trained this Adder to perform what the physician wanted by methods so hideous that I will not list them here.

Here is my interpretation of the Adder's actions.

When let out of his cold chamber one night, the snake explored his surroundings and moved down the rope on to a bed below where he felt a

source of warmth. He crawled over to absorb more of that heat to survive. Whatever was in the bed jumped up so suddenly that the serpent felt in danger and so struck the being.

There was a bright burst of light accompanied by loud noises as a human moved away. Then the serpent heard the sound calling him back up the vine to the the relative safety he knew. He was then thrust back into cold box in which the dreaded human kept him.

The next night his journey started over again but this time the serpent found no warmth. As he was moving down the rope, there was a bright light overwhelming his ability to see and strike back. The Enemy lashed at and hurt him, causing the serpent to move quickly up the vine and to crawl back down the dark path from where he had come. This time, outraged by the assaults on his body, he was ready to strike at anything that moved, and he did, wrapping himself around the head of his next victim.

Again he was leashed about the neck and thrown back into the black cave-like place where he lived.

Taking the snake's persepctive, I propose that this creature probably merely wanted a quiet existence in a tropical jungle with food and an occasional rock on which to warm himself. Yet, through no fault of his own, he had to endure a climate where he was always cold and tortured to do the human's bidding.

Yes, he killed Helen Stoner, a terrible crime to us; but the Adder was only trying to survive the only way he knew. The crime itself would not have occurred without the vilest of villains. The death of the fiend, Dr Roylett, was a case of self-defense, and in an ironic turn of events, he who killed by a snake then died by the snake.

I put it to you, then, that he, the Adder, was the most tragic victim in the case.

Notes

While the swamp adder is a native of East Africa and not India, it is a truly venomous reptile and we may never know how this snake came into the hands of Roylett's butler. Nevertheless, what Mr Lies has touched upon is an important idea, and that is Western culture's egocentric view toward the natural world, and by extention, an ethnocentric view of other cultures. In a brilliant paper presented to the Napa Napoleans of SH, member Andrew Demsky carefully reviewed Watson's characterizations of people in his accounts. After a good deal of study, Demsky discovered that many of the Canon's scoundrals and unsavory types often had foreign names, were foreigners themselves, or had lived for some time away from England. The topic lends itself to many possibilities for papers, and perhaps some of our readers will be enticed to pursue them. – ed.

The Society's most active Cheerleader and Submitter of Good Things, "Chips" is the originator of the Weekly Limerick page of the website and possesses one of the greatest loves of 'things Watsonian' to be found among our many members. He is the Transcriber of Dr Watson's Neglected Patients and has served as past Staff Surgeon, past Chief Surgeon and member since 1972. He belongs to The Sherlock Holmes Society of India; is a member of The Sydney Passengers, The Sherlock Homes Society of Australia; and is a co-founder of The Sons of Shaw, a society honouring the memory of John Bennett Shaw. His overwhelming interest in Sherlock Holmes and Dr Watson began in seventh grade when he read "The Speckled Band." He has always identified with Dr John Watson and now feels he is where he belongs with The John H Watson Society. And we agree.

I Am/Am Not Watson

by Bonnie McBride "Lady"

Who would not be rocked to the core to discover a previously unseen Sherlock Holmes adventure in the hand of Dr John Watson himself? Such was my reaction when a faded, handwritten thick sheaf of pages fell out of a copy of a late nineteenth-century treatise on cocaine that I had called up from the stacks at the Wellcome Library in London. This remarkable tale which he titled "Art in the Blood, A Sherlock Holmes Adventure" had become, through water damage, partially unreadable, and in those places I was forced to fill in as best I could. The results will be available in February of 2014. In the course of this lengthy process and my attempt to fill in the missing bits while staying true to the voice of the good doctor, it has became apparent to me how *not* like and how *very* like Dr John H Watson I actually am.

I am *not like* Dr John H Watson in that I:

- am female.
- do not have an intentional moustache.
- do not own a revolver.
- was not wounded in Afghanistan.
- am neither a gambler, nor a doctor.

Furthermore,

- You are not likely to catch me in a bowler hat though I look rather good in one.
- While I have knowledge of and great affection for the opposite sex, it does not extend to three continents. Thankfully.

I am *like* Dr John H Watson in that:

- I live with a man who is widely regarded as one of the smartest men on the planet.

This can rankle.

- I must occasionally coach him in the social graces. I am not always effective in this endeavor, and he cheerfully doesn't give a damn. He thrives despite this.

This, too, can rankle.

- I both love and admire my companion deeply. But you needn't remind him of it.
- I enjoy escapist fiction, and perhaps too often, a good meal.
- I may not intentionally seek risk, but when called upon, I have managed to survive jumping on a moving train only to find the door locked, punching a villain, riding a runaway horse, thwarting a small coterie of pickpockets, meeting a gorilla close up, and paddling down white water rapids. Not all on the same day, however. In retrospect I quite enjoyed all of this.
- I am a writer, and persist through criticism.

So now you have it. While I have been known to exaggerate in the name of a good story, every item in the lists above, including the penultimate, is quite literally true.

In what ways are you like and not like John H Watson?

Bonnie McBird of Los Angeles is a writer by profession (TRON, many produced plays, former Universal story editor, and three-time Emmy winning producer). She recently completed a Sherlock Holmes full length novel pastiche, Art in the Blood, A Sherlock Holmes Adventure, *for which she's now preparing Paget style illustrations. "Lady" is a member of the Sherlock Holmes Society of London, the Cercle Holmesien de Paris, The Curious Collectors of Baker Street, and is the originator in Los Angeles of the Sherlock Breakfast Club and also the Sherlock Holmes in Brentwood playreading series. She has a dog named Watson.*

Watsonian Wit

a Note from the Editor

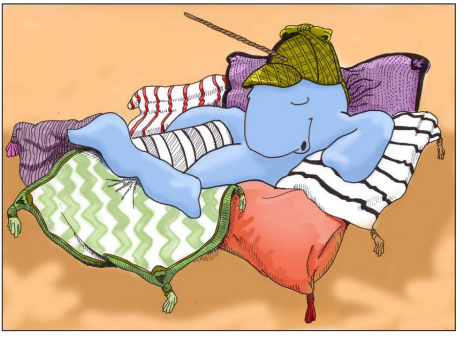
"The earth laughs with flowers." Ralph Waldo Emerson.

"It is only goodness which gives extras, and so I say again that we have much to hope from the flowers." Sherlock Holmes, The Naval Treaty

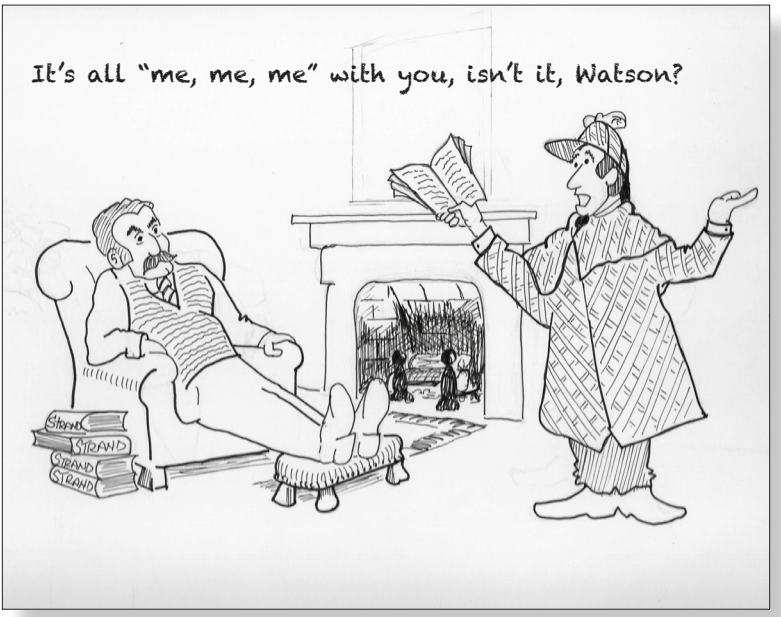
Did Holmes or Watson ever laugh – or have anything to laugh about? As a detective in a bustling, hustling capital of some 4 million people, Holmes was witness to the darkest facets of human nature. And as a doctor of medicine, Watson dealt with the often grisly results of murders, accidents, and the ravages of poverty and disease. So it is reasonable to think that a 7 per cent solution or a good whiskey – and a bit of joviality – helped ameliorate more than just boredom.

We do know, for example, that on occasion that Holmes laughed (BLUE), well actually on some 292 occasions according to A. G. Cooper.[1] And Dr Watson and Holmes broke out in simultaneous laughter in *The Sign of Four,* as noted by James C. O'Leary.[2] Among our readers it appears that humour is a serious issue for discussion as well.

With that said, I would like to introduce you to a new feature of the journal, and that is, "Watsonian Wit." The society is pleased to present the inaugural cartoon for this occasion, executed by noted Sherlockian John Foster. As editor, I have to say it perfectly fits the tongue-in-cheek humour we hope to encourage as a complement to our more scholarly investigations.



Mr Foster, "Barney," has kindly offered to contribute to each of our future issues and will help to manage



Inaugural Cartoon by John Foster

the section. (Some of you may be familiar with another cartoon character he created: Petey, a Narwhal that regularly makes his appearance at the Scrimshanders of the Sea Unicorn. You'll find him napping on your left.)

I invite you to consider our new feature and how you might contribute to the enjoyment of our readers. Cartoons, good wit, humourous reflections, funny toasts, and even a limerick or two – all based on the Canon and meant to solicit a rye smile or giggle – will be considered. Please address queries or email submissions via our website: johnhwatsonsociety.com.

Endnotes

[1] Les Klinger examines our familiarity of Holmes and Watson in his essay, "What We Really Know about Sherlock Holmes and John H Watson? in the *Baker Street Journal*, 54.3 (2004): 6-15. In Note 27, he writes,

For instance, Watson remarks in 'The Mazarin Stone' that Holmes seldom laughs, but A. G. Cooper, in 'Holmesian Humour,' *Sherlock Holmes Journal*, Vol. 6, No. 4 (Spring 1964), pp. 109–113, claims to have counted 292 examples of his laughter; Charles E. Lauterbach and Edward S. Lauterbach, in "The Man Who Seldom Laughed," *Baker Street Journal, Christmas Annual* (1960), pp. 265–271, offered a table of the ways in which Holmes expressed amusement.

[2]Thanks to our loyal "Pippin", James C. O'Leary, we know that Watson laughed a good deal as well. (See "Laugh!", 07/28/13 on the JHWC website blog and then look for Pippin's remarks following.)

John Foster is from St Charles, Missouri. He started reading Holmes while working as a canoe guide in Maine. He became a charter member of the St Charles, Missouri-based Harpooners of the Sea Unicorn in 1989 and began Scrimshanders of the Sea Unicorn as a way to discuss Holmes as a stand-alone group. "Barney's" Sherlockian blog is Sherlock Holmes Society of St Charles.

Watson and Holmes – A Study in Explanations

by Francine Kitts "Holly"

Some things never change … and that's a good thing.

"'You have been in Afghanistan, I perceive.'

"'How on earth did you know that?'"

That very first exchange between Holmes and Watson set the stage for their relationship. Watson was always incredulous at Holmes's knowledge, a theme repeated throughout the Canon. When Holmes finally told Watson how he had determined that he had been in Afghanistan, Watson said, "'It is simple enough as you explain it.'" But first, of course, it had to be explained.

In *The Sign of Four,* when Watson asked Holmes his opinion of the character of habits of the late owner of a watch, Holmes deduced that it belonged to Watson's father and was passed down to his eldest son, Watson's brother. He goes on to say that the brother was untidy and careless, with intervals of poverty and prosperity, took to drink and died. Watson was indignant at first until Holmes explained how he arrived at these conclusions. Watson's reply: ""It is as clear as daylight.'" But first it had to be explained.

In "The Red Headed League," Holmes told Watson, "'… you must come round to my view, for otherwise I shall keep piling fact upon fact until your reason breaks down under them and acknowledges me to be right.'"

In "A Scandal in Bohemia," Holmes told Watson that he sees that Watson is in practice again and that he has a most clumsy servant girl. Watson's reply to his reasoning is, "'When I hear you give your reasons, the thing always appears to me to be so ridiculously simple that I could easily do it myself, though at each successive instance of your reasoning I am baffled until you explain your process.'" Holmes replied, "'You see, but you do not observe.'"

After Watson examined Henry Baker's hat in "The Blue Carbuncle," he told Holmes "'I can see nothing.'" Holmes's examination of the hat ran along these lines: Baker was highly intellectual, was well-to-do, but had fallen upon evil days, probably drank, that his wife had ceased to love him, is middle-aged and has gas laid on in his house. Watson's response was "'You are certainly joking, Holmes!'" Of course after Holmes explained his reasoning, Watson admitted that his thinking was ingenious.

There's something comforting about the fact that Watson was always incredulous about Holmes's deductions until the great detective explained his reasoning. Watson's failures to follow the deductive processes of his companion make possible our enjoyment of the stories since we, the readers, see the story through Watson's eyes and, like Watson, lack the deductive reasoning skills of the master detective. The bond between Watson and reader allows us to be as gobsmacked as Watson is when Holmes explains his process.

The fact that we put ourselves in Watson's place confirms that we, too, are Holmes's friend and confidant. Fortunately, that friendship never changes, and we keep coming back for more confirmation each time we pick up the Canon.

"Holly" lives on Staten Island with her husband Richard "Tally-Ho" and is a member of the Baker Street Irregulars, "Lady Francis Trelawney Hope" and the Adventuresses of Sherlock Holmes "The Third Pillar from the Left," The Mini-Tonga Society, The Montague Street Lodgers of Brooklyn, Watson's Tin Dispatchers, and other clubs.

Behold the Fruits of Laborious Days and Pensive Nights

by Joseph Kruth "Marlowe"

From time to time, we encounter individuals who have a quiet and irrepressible love for their enthusiasm and hobby. Joseph Kruth is one such person. He has focused his Sherlockian and Watsonian interests and collections to the micro level, choosing to organize and categorize his material in the same manner that the Master organized his in the famous commonplace books. "Marlowe" is in search of the obscure references, the passing mentions that only a passionate observer might catch. As a result, he has created a lifelong collection that – in its micro focus – magnifies and celebrates the passions for Holmes and Watson and all things 1895 to a rare degree of clarity. This is Mr Kruth's unique story of his passion. In this, Part I of a two-part essay, "Marlowe" describes his book and film collections. In Part II in an upcoming journal, he describes his detailed collection of newspaper clippings and other Sherlockian/Watsonian 'mentions' found in the daily commentary over the years. – Buttons

My first book, the *Annotated Sherlock Holmes*, Volumes 1 and 2, 1967, by William S Baring-Gould, was followed by *Naked is the Best Disguise*, 1974, by Samuel Rosenberg and that was followed by the *Sherlock Holmes Scrapbook*, 1974, by Peter Haining. After that, I spent hours at book sales, auctions and library sales purchasing whatever books were available. My collection grew to include VHS tapes, magazines, cassette tapes, DVDs, pastiches, miscellany and even duplicates, i.e. the *Sherlock Holmes Compendium*, 1980, edited by Peter Haining, the same book as the *Scrapbook* only with a different dust cover – a mistake not repeated.

My collection now contains nearly five hundred items and acquisitions have slowed considerably. I currently seek out specific items that are within reach. Two examples: I have eight films in my collection of T*he Hound of the Baskervilles* with different portrayers, and it is only logical that I purchase the 1902, first-edition film of *The Hound*. Also,

"Black Peter" is a story that does not receive much press, but is a good story with dramatic scenes. I have a scene scripted with Jeremy Brett attacking the hanging pig, a scene that would have been memorable if produced. I purchased the excellent 27 February 1904 *Colliers* magazine with the striking cover illustration by Frederick Dorr Steele of Sherlock Holmes in the cabin of Black Peter. I had this copy professionally mounted with a removable back to allow re-reading of the contents.

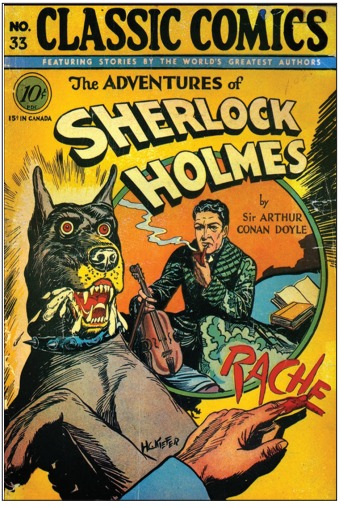
Films are currently a close second to books with my early purchase of the fourteen Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce stories of 1939-1946 series on VHS tapes. In 2011, I upgraded this series to the much better Blu-Ray edition. The Granada series, 1984-1994, with Jeremy Brett, David Burke and Edward Hardwicke is, of course, very good. I have thirty-five of the forty-one episodes. Also well done is *The Sherlock Holmes Collection*, 1968, with Peter Cushing and Nigel Stock, consisting of four stories on DVD. And the 1964, eleven-story DVD, *Sherlock Holmes*, with Douglas Wilmer and Nigel Stock rounds out the group.

My earliest dated film is the 1912 *Copper Beeches* with Georges Treville and Mr Moyse; more recent is the 2009 Robert Downey, Jr and Jude Law *Sherlock Holmes*. My latest DVD is the 2013 *How*

Sherlock Changed the World. Additionally, I have the strange 2009 DVD, *Elementary, My Dear Watson: The Man Behind Sherlock Holmes*, including *The Madness of Sherlock Holmes*. These are two documentaries that remain in the realm of "strange" even after repeated viewings. So, with the good, the not so good, and the strange, my collection of VHS tapes and DVDs stands at one-hundred eleven items.

I tend to gravitate naturally toward the Canon, preferring my Holmes and Watson flat-footed upon English soil and showing their proper Victorian age. My collecting is now limited to the Canon and the writings about the "writings."

Leaving the films on the shelf briefly, let's move on to a few additional items of singular importance. During my travels to Washington, D.C., I purchased a complete October 25, 1924 *Colliers* magazine with "The Adventure of the Three Garridebs," with John Richard Flanagan as illustrator. The seller labeled this magazine "rare." My cost was $10.00. Its table-mate was the complete December 29, 1952 *Life* magazine with "The Adventure of the 7 Clocks," by Adrian Conan Doyle and John Dickson Carr. The seller labeled this magazine as "hard to find." I found it for $5.00, or was it 55 shillings? Even better than the "7 Clocks" story is the accompanying article "How Holmes was Reborn," by Herbert Brean. Both magazines have been framed for display.



There are also the three *Classic Comics* attractively framed: the 1947 *Classics Illustrated* #33, "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," featuring *The Hound of the Baskervilles*; the 1953 *Classic Illustrated* #110, "A Study in Scarlet" and "The Speckled Band;" and the 1944 *Classic Comics* #21, "3 Famous Mysteries," featuring *The Sign of Four*.

The last framed item is the *Saturday Evening Post* of 15 October 1927, cover only. Arthur Conan Doyle's name on the cover with the date would indicate *The Maracot Deep*. This was purchased from a vendor in Orland Park, Illinois, in January, 1999 for $13.00.

On the top bookshelf is my small Sherlock Holmes diorama, including: a magnifying glass retrieved from many years in my aunt's desk drawer in Florida; a straight stem briar pipe from my pipe-smoking days when I found Holmes forty-plus years ago; Dr Watson and Mrs Hudson pewter figures by Michael Ricker; a five-inch bronze bust of Sherlock Holmes, amazingly found at the Sherlock Holmes Museum shop in England; a twenty-four inch folding ruler that appeared in the 1939 Twentieth Century Fox production, *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* with Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce. The ruler was from my uncle and is encased in boxwood with brass hinges, circa 1900 and its provenance was verified by Gilai Collectables.

The last item in my collection is a circa 1930 microscope with a glass slide, found on a farm outside of Bremen, Germany. This single power microscope, illuminated by a small adjustable mirror, was used by a pork inspector who would insert tissue samples between two glass slides etched with segmental lines. The trick is to focus available light through the slide into the microscope. This microscope was verified by Dr Timo Mappes, Karlsruhe, Germany. I would like to think that Holmes in his later years used a similar microscope. Although this microscope has been expertly dusted, the fingerprints revealed are, however, a bit mottled.

Now, returning to the cob-webby and glorious smell of over-stuffed bookcases. On the lower shelves, are thirteen film adaptations with

different portrayers. It is interesting to watch how Jeremy Brett, Raymond Massey, Douglas Wilmer and Alan Napier handle a viper. There is also Eille Norwood, Douglas Wilmer, Jeremy Brett and John Longden taking it on the lip. And, we cannot overlook Peter Cushing, Arthur Wontner, Jeremy Brett and Ian Richardson dealing with, I presume, a somewhat odoriferous and rotting wooden stump.

The remaining shelves are booked-up with the plugs and dottles of a Sherlockian collector: many more books, magazines, calendars, cassette tapes, and miscellany. Including, *Piltdown – A Scientific Forgery*, 1990, by Frank Spencer. Some would say that was indeed, "ineffable twaddle."

Time to put a wrap on my brief tour. It has been an honour and an adventure going through my collection with you, careful not to disturb the dust, and to enlighten Sherlockians who may have interest in my modest, but – to me – not insignificant, collection. While space does not permit a full listing of the contents of the collection, which would take an additional ten pages to note all five hundred items, I will be pleased to provide one upon request.

With permission, I will leave you with my coda: Holmes Again? Always Holmes … Until the End.

Through the years, "Marlowe" has endeavoured to keep up on all things Sherlockian: His seven, three-ring binders contain 526 print newspaper clippings, advertisements, book excerpts, and miscellanea. Mr Kruth's main Sherlock Holmes index is appropriately subtitled "Behold the Fruits of Laborious Days and Pensive Nights," and contains 324 entries ranging from books, tapes, DVDs and miscellany. And, in August 1996, Classic Specialties published his monograph titled,
I Hear of Sherlock Everywhere.

A Dissection of the Cyanea Capillata

by Ariana Maher, Loyal Member

WATSON:	*Holmes?*
HOLMES:	*My dear chap?*
WATSON:	*Forgive me, but… this really is how you spend your days?*
HOLMES:	*Yes.*
WATSON:	*That's incredible. Look, I have to say it– I'd die of boredom inside a week. You're not offended?*
HOLMES:	*No, no… You know, your visit was singularly ill-timed.*
WATSON:	*It was?*
HOLMES:	*You really should have been here ten days ago.*
WATSON:	*Oh?*
HOLMES:	*If it's excitement you're after.*
WATSON:	*Why, what happened? Some of your bees escape, did they?*
HOLMES:	*Not exactly. There was a murder.*

"The Adventure of the Lion's Mane," BBC Radio, 1996

A Dissection

When Bert Coules, the head writer of the BBC Radio Sherlock Holmes series, was asked about the essentials for writing a good Sherlock Holmes story, he had this to say: "A good quote about writing a Sherlock Holmes story is, 'It doesn't need to be a good detective story, but it does have to be a very good story about a detective.' I think that's a clever distinction." With that in consideration, "The Adventure of the Lion's Mane" may be a rather good detective story, but when I first read it, it fell short of being a good Sherlock Holmes story.

I am a novice in Sherlockian study. It was just two years ago when I watched an episode of the *Sherlock* BBC television series on a whim. It was such a fascinating episode, I watched more. Then I dived into the Canonical books and read each one in order, starting from *A Study in Scarlet*. I've since discovered that more than a century's worth of creative pastiches, essays, movies and other media adaptions featuring the great detective exist. This passion continues to grow, and these works serve to feed that passion.

I loved so many of Sherlock Holmes's cases once I read them and yet, out of all of the accounts of the great detective, "The Adventure of the Lion's Mane" was one I disliked more than any other. After reading through the complete cases, I looked back and found this one lacking. It was a unique story with an unanticipated culprit and a stormy sea of pretty red herrings, but I could not connect with it for several reasons, especially when compared to many of the other cases.

I felt adamant about my dislike for this story until this past August. I took it into my head to exercise more during a brief but warm summer and began walking the two and a half miles of my morning commute instead of taking the bus. The walk turned out to be an hour to work in the morning and the same way home in the afternoon. I had two hours a day with nothing to do but enjoy the sun, so I took up listening to podcasts, audiobooks, and radio shows until finally I learned about an extraordinary radio adaption of the Sherlock Holmes series by BBC Radio 4.

With its opening words recorded on October 9, 1989 and its final words uttered on May 26, 1998, the BBC Radio adaption was completed just shy of a decade. During its run, the dramatization became a popular broadcast that managed to accomplish one thing that so many projects had sought to do but never actualized: namely, dramatize every single story in the Sherlock Holmes Canon with the same two lead actors as Sherlock Holmes and Dr John H Watson throughout. Each of the four novels was composed of two-hour plays, while each of the short stories became forty-five minute episodes. This format was perfect for my daily

walks. I could listen to one story on my way to work and one on my return. I became absorbed rather quickly and would take long detours on my way home just to fit one more mystery into my afternoon.

One episode from the series was so exceptional that it effectively changed my view of "The Adventure of the Lion's Mane." After listening to it just once, a story I disliked transformed into one of my favorites.

Coules, who also happened to be the writer for this episode of the radio series, said, "Any dramatization is an interpretation." So does a fresh interpretation of an original account of events have the ability to upend one's view of the original? This was certainly the case for me. Is that proof of the skill of the production team, the approach of the writer, or a shift in the underlying themes? I propose that it is a combination of all three.

I could simply say that I prefer the adaption "just because," but why not attempt an objective analysis on a subjective topic to examine its separate elements? One would think that Mr. Holmes would appreciate a logical study over a romantic one, after all.

An Original

"At this period of my life the good Watson had passed almost beyond my ken. An occasional week-end visit was the most that I ever saw of him. Thus I must act as my own chronicler. Ah! had he but been with me, how much he might have made of so wonderful a happening and of my eventual triumph against every difficulty!"

Originally published in 1926, the case detailed events that took place in 1907, which was during Sherlock Holmes's retirement in Sussex. No longer handling mysteries nor in the company of his biographer, he encountered the gruesome death of a young man whose dying words appeared to be "lion's mane." I will mention little else about the meat of the case for the sake of those who may have forgotten the details or have not yet read it through. It's worth the time to experience it first hand, though I did not feel so strongly about this until after I listened to the BBC Radio interpretation of these same events.

While considering "The Adventure of the Lion's Mane," literary agent Sir Arthur Conan Doyle stated that the story was "hampered by being told by Holmes himself" due to the fact that this, as he put it, "cramps the narrative." This was a reasonable assessment since Mr. Holmes avoided much of the sensation of immediate peril and sweeping drama found in Dr Watson's writing style. When seen through Holmes's eyes, he set out to overlook passion in favor of fact, leaving little to no room for sentiment. Doyle added, however, that "the actual plot is among the very best of the whole series." When I first read the story, I found it difficult to agree with his assessment.

There were certain elements to the story that bothered me from the outset. I found it disheartening that my favorite character, the loyal and steadfast Dr John H Watson, rarely saw his old friend during his retirement and was thus not a part of this adventure. Although Henry Stackhurst took up the role as friend and sounding board to Holmes in the duration, he was too personally involved with the intrigue to act as an objective witness and, unlike Watson, there was little that Stackhurst did which motivated or inspired Holmes in the process of his deductions.

Unaware of the leisurely attitude Holmes seemed to adopt while living in Sussex, it surprised me at first to see him decide to return home for breakfast after an initial assessment of the victim's brutal death, since his younger self would have forgone his meals until he had solved the case to his satisfaction. It was even more startling that an entire week passed after Holmes exhausted the initial lines of his investigation without identifying a culprit:

> A week passed. The inquest had thrown no light upon the matter and had been adjourned for further evidence. Stackhurst had made discreet inquiry about his subordinate, and there had been a superficial search of his room, but without result. Personally, I had gone over the whole ground again, both physically and mentally, but with no new conclusions. In all my chronicles the reader will find no case which brought me so completely to the limit of my powers. Even my imagination could conceive no solution to the mystery.

Without his friend to spark his imagination and a passion for his former work to drive him, it took a week and an unfortunate incident involving a mourning pet to set Holmes on the correct path. Even then, what he required to solve the mystery was not a vital clue, nor a sharp deduction. Holmes solved it by wracking his great mind until he finally dislodged a forgotten fact that fit the disparate clues into a unifying answer. No longer the sparse, organized attic as illustrated in "A Study in Scarlet," the retired Holmes described the interior of his mind as "like a crowded box-room." The struggle of recalling something that had drifted away from his grasp disturbed him deeply: "You have known what it was to be in a nightmare in which you feel that there is some all-important thing for which you search and which you know is there, though it remains forever just beyond your reach."

When Holmes eventually solved the mystery, the local authorities were quick to praise him and his formidable mind. Yet by the end of this case he felt discouraged with himself. "I was slow at the outset – culpably slow," he insisted.

It was this admission at the denouement of the adventure that illustrated the stress involved in lifting up a younger ideal for his self that he no longer felt he matched.

A Dramatization

At the opening of the BBC Radio dramatization of "The Adventure of the Lion's Mane," actors Clive Merrison and Michael Williams hold a conversation between Holmes and Watson that is strangely stilted and caricatured when compared to their usual dynamic. In this scene, Watson (Williams) is paying a visit to Holmes (Merrison) and has brought along a copy of William Gillette's play, *Sherlock Holmes: A Play in Two Acts*. It takes a moment for most listeners to realize that the two are reading out their self-named parts in the play together and so the entire interaction feels odd on purpose. The scene soon transforms into a brilliant nod to interpretations of the Sherlock Holmes Canon in its varied forms, and as an opportunity to introduce a central theme for this particular approach.

HOLMES:	*'Oh, this is elementary, my dear Watson! Child's play of deduction!' ...This is rather good, isn't it?*
WATSON:	*You think so?*
HOLMES:	*Why? Don't you?*
WATSON:	*I do practically nothing but ask questions, when I'm in it at all.*
HOLMES:	*Bide your time, Watson. You'll get your moment in the spotlight one of these days.*

In fact, this installment of the radio series becomes precisely that: a spotlight upon Michael Williams as he puts forth one of his strongest performances as Dr John H Watson. In any form of entertainment, be it theater, television, or radio, a case may be executed well by a fine Sherlock Holmes, but an even more exceptional performance occurs when there is a clever and loyal Dr Watson present in the story as well.

Modern audiences, including myself, may no longer feel satisfied with the straight man/funny man double act that was a mainstay when Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce took up the iconic roles. By seeing through Watson's eyes, one doesn't want to feel a fool any more than the doctor himself would wish. So for the latter end of the 20th century and the early years of this one, we've come to favor a Watson who is truer to the Canon. We prefer to see a man who is clever and quick by any normal standards, so that when we encounter Holmes's brilliant mind we can relate to Watson's sense of awe and wonder. Any less than that is a poor use of a Watson, both for storytelling and for realism. As Clive Merrison put it once, "It's no good to me having a Watson who only says 'Good Lord, Holmes, how do you do it?' – absolutely no good at all ... No, there's no dynamic if Watson isn't really there as a very real person – which is what Michael (Williams) has done."

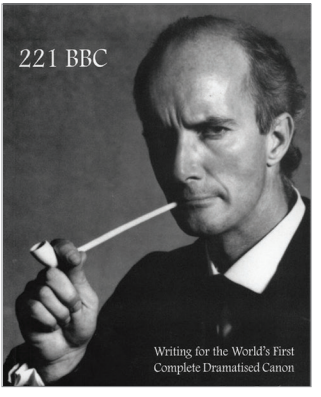
Just as we know Holmes to have a singular mind, the BBC Radio series reminds us of the good doctor's singular heart. As David Stuart Davies mentioned in his book *Starring Sherlock Holmes*, "(Michael) Williams carried out a difficult balancing act, revealing Watson's

humanity and warmth while at the same time assuring us of his intelligence and independence of thought." Throughout the radio series, Watson is portrayed with as much facility for dry wit and foul temper as he is for deep affection and unwavering loyalty. His attitudes contrast with Holmes's in a way that humanizes the extremes of the detective's personality: whenever Holmes's enthusiasm overlooks social niceties, Watson's easy sarcasm can diffuse his bombastic proclamations; and whenever Holmes sinks into fits of melancholia, Watson offers him the most empathetic words one could wish to hear.

The quality of a proper Watson can be determined by his ability to whisper "Norbury" in Holmes's ear before marching into folly. By this proposed rubric, Michael Williams crafted one of the finest Watsons in the good doctor's history of Canonical adaptations.

Bert Coules once explained this interpretation of Dr Watson by describing the doctor's central role in the stories.

> There are many of the stories in which Watson brings a level of knowledge and intelligence that Holmes is not capable of bringing. Watson is the public face of the partnership, Watson is the one who interacts with the clients far more than Holmes does. And although he doesn't have the same sort of intelligence and insight as Holmes does, he is a perfectly intelligent, insightful man in his own right.



Clive Merrison

The writing for the series readily affirms this by elevating Watson from his old radio caricature of comedic foil to an equal partner that Sherlock Holmes can respect and in whom the detective can easily confide.

This accommodation is not jarring to its audience. In fact, a fan of the good doctor can see this as an inherently organic and welcome development, particularly in comparison to previous

radio incarnations. It is a common practice in this modern radio series to eschew dry and distant narration in favor of active dialogue and thrilling action. Certain lines that once belonged to Holmes as some of his more obvious and reasonable observations in the Canon now fall into Watson's domain. This allows for a more kinetic running exchange between our two protagonists in the course of a case. As a result, Watson firmly establishes himself as no mere Boswell, but as a capable and intelligent partner who does well to complement the daunting skills of Sherlock Holmes.

In July of 1991, noted Sherlock Holmes expert Nicholas Utechin interviewed Clive Merrison and Michael Williams at the BBC's headquarters, Broadcasting House, where they were participating in the final day of recording for "The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes." During the interview, Merrison did well to describe what it felt like to strike all of the right notes during their radio performances when he said, "… if we've got a scene that's well written, Michael and I, we can play a bit of jazz, which isn't bad for the Victorian era."

Several years later, as they recorded their 55th adventure and were nearing the end of the Sherlock Holmes Canon, the jazz they played was a refined and melodic tune. Bert Coules seemed aware of how well the two leads worked together and how their actual friendship as actors strengthened their performance while recording. This inspired him to craft "The Adventure of the Lion's Mane" into a two-man play and take it in a new direction by completely involving Watson in the tale. As he put it:

> Having brought Watson in, it occurred to me that it would be amusing to take everybody else out and make the piece a two-hander for our stars. Actually, the idea had been in the back of my mind almost since the beginning of the whole project. Sitting in the studio between takes inevitably meant listening to Clive Merrison and Michael Williams swapping jokes, stories and mock insults (at least, I always assumed they were mock) and those exchanges had been the sparking point for quite a few of my scenes between their two characters - but could I extend the idea to an entire forty-five minute script?

Indeed, Coules proceeded to do just that: adapt a case with a diverse range of characters and conflicts into a story related by two men relaxing by the sea. The idea shouldn't work. In fact, with a lesser production team, writer, and cast, it would have been disastrous. However, through this team's hard work, this became a story of friendship and loneliness infused with a fascinating Sherlockian mystery.

They created, as Merrison put it, jazz.

HOLMES:	*I could give you the basic facts, show you the evidence, take you round to the sites, and you could try to solve it.*
WATSON:	*Are you saying that it hasn't been worked out yet?*
HOLMES:	*No, no, no, no! I've cleared the whole thing up.*
WATSON:	*So you're proposing that we traipse around together and I make a fool of myself while you look on, is that it?*
HOLMES:	*No, of course not. If you'd rather, we'll forget the whole thing. It's just that…*
WATSON:	*What?*
HOLMES:	*Well, I … I hoped you might rather enjoy it. I thought it might be … fun.*
WATSON:	*Fun?*
HOLMES:	*Mm. I didn't think that my bees would grip you for very long. I didn't want you to be bored.*
WATSON:	*Oh, my dear chap …*
HOLMES:	*Of course, if you think that it might be beyond you…*
WATSON:	*That is the most transparent bit of persuasion I've heard in a long time.*
HOLMES:	*I'm not surprised. I'm somewhat out of practice.*

And so begins their grand game. Watson and the audience are swept up by Holmes's enthusiasm as he guides us through the case. While

strolling by the shore and through the town, Holmes describes clues and scenes in minute detail as Watson steps forth on our behalf to ask the right questions and speak our minds on where these threads could lead. Throughout this exercise, Holmes and the listening audience share in the exultant joy of watching Watson prove that he possesses a remarkably shrewd and brilliant mind.

As Holmes once famously said to Watson, "You know my methods. Apply them." It is a pleasure to see Watson take those words to heart.

It is by this point in the story that one can hear the true brilliance of Clive Merrison as the voice of Sherlock Holmes. The eccentric personality of the famous detective was adapted true to the Canon by Coules and the several other talented writers for the BBC Radio series, but it is Merrison who breathes life into the written word to create a vivid man with an exceptional mind. Through him, we picture Holmes as if he were a well-cut diamond, where every facet along his surface reflects something distinctive and fascinating about him. His is a Holmes with joviality, dark moods, childlike curiosity, caustic wit, and a wry sense of humor coupled with a unique and riotous laugh. With so many facets shining in the light, Merrison dazzles his listeners and, to those who pay attention, reveals glimmers of Sherlock Holmes'ss great humanity.

In "The Adventure of the Lion's Mane," Merrison shows us a rare quality of Holmes's that I had at first overlooked in the original written version of events. The change of situation helps me see this quality clearer.

During their romp through Sussex, we can picture Holmes in a state of comfort and, one would even say, happiness. On this particular day, he has his grumpy old friend, his lovely bees, and he even has a fascinating mystery to share, so one can deduce from his spritely voice that he is happy. With happiness comes relaxation and with relaxation, a candid state of mind. At certain moments of the radio dramatization, such as when he relates to Watson the beauty of one Miss Maude Bellamy, he allows himself to open up and show his more elusive and ever-present humanity. Holmes is caught up in a moment of reverie and Watson's

bristly attitude softens as he turns a sympathetic ear. It is here that Holmes speaks of the somber import of dedicating one's self to the Work:

HOLMES: *I've devoted my life to exploring the dark side of humanity … what have I missed?*

WATSON: *There's no way to answer that.*

HOLMES: *No logical way, perhaps. And my brain has always governed my heart.*

At this point in their lives, according to the radio series, Watson has remarried and owns a practice in the city. When he goes home, there will be love and warmth waiting for him. Holmes, on the other hand, is aware that his refusal to march to the beat of the common man's drum is not without consequences. Sherlock Holmes conquers mysteries that would cow any other man, yet the mystery of love is one that can strip a great mind bare and vulnerable, therefore making it too daunting for him where so many fearlessly tread. He is a lonely man, but a lonely man well aware of the result of his decisions.

Near the end of the adventure, as Holmes sees his old friend off at the train station, Watson insists that they must meet again soon. Holmes politely sidesteps the topic with a joke, though the way he does so is quite telling of what he believes he must provide in return for these treasured visits from the good doctor.

HOLMES: *Heh … I can't promise you another murder.*

This is a curious line. Watson was there only for the weekend and considering how much he wished to see Holmes, he likely came at the very first opportunity after receiving an invitation. Holmes says he knew that his bees would not hold Watson's attention for long, so it is possible that he invited the good doctor after the lion's mane incident because he finally had something with which to entertain and challenge his friend's mind.

We who read the canon know of the warm friendship between Holmes and Watson. We know that it was an indomitable partnership

of a great mind and a great heart that solved countless mysteries over the course of several decades. Yet when Holmes retired to Sussex, they barely saw each other for many years. I believe that this adaption reveals that when Holmes turned to bees and the countryside, he no longer felt that he was engaging with anything that would interest Watson, a man who loved to experience grand adventures and incredible mysteries. If Holmes had nothing of interest to share in his quiet new life, would he be hesitant to send an invitation? Sherlock Holmes considered the opinion of his friend of great value to him, so perhaps he did not wish to be deemed boring, even if that meant stark isolation from his former life.

There is a moment early on when Watson makes an admission to Holmes that is both as telling of the doctor as it is unintentionally painful to the detective.

WATSON:	*You know, Holmes, in many ways I envy you.*
HOLMES:	*Hm? And in others?*
WATSON:	*... I don't mean to be rude.*
HOLMES:	*My dear chap.*
WATSON:	*Well, it's not a life I could lead – not for long. The isolation would get to me.*
HOLMES:	*To each his own.*

With that scene in mind, one can see how Bert Coules interpreted the legendary detective. As he put it in his own words: "Holmes is dysfunctional, brilliant, tortured, heroic and frightening. And lonely."

A Conclusion

While reading through a book recently, I came upon a remarkable photograph. It was a snapshot taken of Clive Merrison and Michael Williams in the studio as they were recording, fortuitously, "The Adventure of the Lion's Mane." I found it quite touching that even while decked out in modern shirts and sweaters, these two actors not only

appeared identical to how one would picture their fin de siècle counterparts at this stage of their lives, one could see a reflection of two old friends who enjoy working together. Indeed, even before they began to work on the Sherlock Holmes radio series, Merrison and Williams were known to be good friends and experienced actors. They were the perfect Holmes and Watson from the start.

Michael Williams

Since the first time his name appeared in print, Sherlock Holmes sparked hundreds of fresh iterations that seek to depict him and his fascinating adventures. A number of the greatest actors in the past century have taken on this challenge to the delight of many, from Basil Rathbone and Peter Cushing to Jeremy Brett and Benedict Cumberbatch. Given time, any fan of the stories will likely find their own particular "Sherlock Holmes" brought to life for them. It happens to be that it was an incredible BBC Radio team which allowed me to find mine very own Sherlock Holmes in Clive Merrison.

When I first listened to this radio dramatization on a quiet morning walk, I discovered a mystery that provided me with a tale of reunion and friendship, and of lost opportunity and loneliness. My family has grown apart in recent years, what with my father retired in the Philippines, my mother in Brazil, and my brother living in Maryland. Held in the middle of these three points of light, in a town not far from Seattle, Washington, I tend to feel adrift in a sea of unknown faces. The ache I feel for my family can be devastating at times, and so I treasure all the more the few but dear friends I have near me. It was at such a low moment of reflection that I first listened to "The Adventure of the Lion's Mane." The warmth and excitement that I found in the performance provided me with the very best sort of story – the sort which could satiate my mind and fill up my heart in the spaces it felt lacking.

Now, when I sit and read a Sherlock Holmes adventure, it is the voice of the late Michael Williams who sits by me to narrate the tale in his gruff, sincere tone, as if we were sitting by the glowing hearth of 221B Baker Street. And whenever I read "The Adventure of the Lion's Mane," I reflect on the radio dramatization and know that this is now one of my favorite stories in the Canon.

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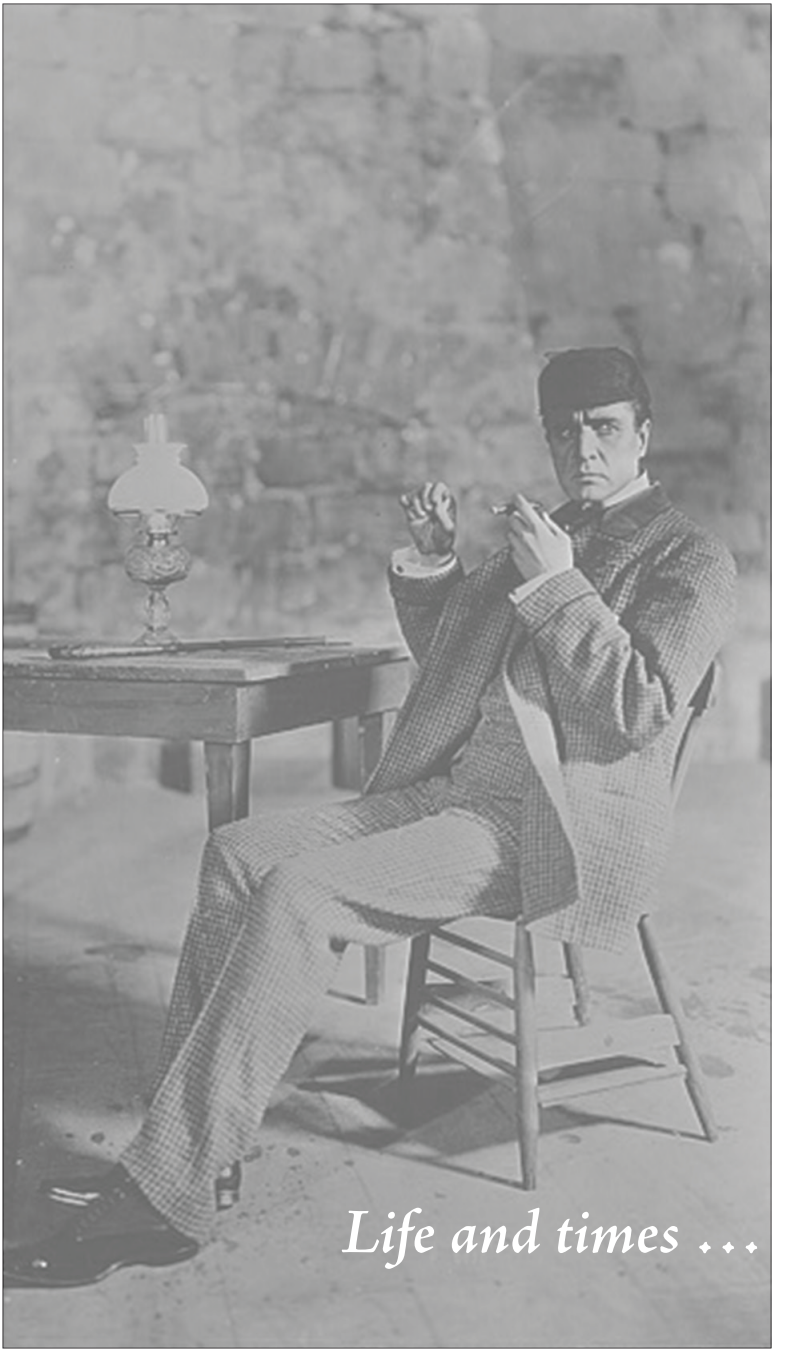
Bert Coules

Ariana Maher is a Brazilian-American who spent her formative years in Singapore and Japan. Currently residing in Washington State, she is a member of the Sound of the Baskervilles with the canonical name "Elizabeth Baskerville" and recently became a Loyal Member of the John H Watson Society. She hopes to study more about the history of Sherlock Holmes and Dr John Watson on the radio, particularly the adaptions of Mr Bert Coules, whose work she respects immensely. She reads Japanese-language Sherlockian pastiches during her free time.


Life and times . . .

Chaplin's First Stage Role (Almost)

by Stephan Arthur

Charles Spencer "Charlie" Chaplin (1889–1977), was a true Cockney (i.e. born "within the sound of Bow bells," probably in East Street, Walworth). His early life was harsh: after his parents separated, his older uterine sibling, Sydney, and he and lived with their mother, Hannah, who had little means of income. At seven, Chaplin was sent – not for the last time – to the workhouse. Two years later, Hannah was committed – also not for the last time – and the boys were sent to live with their father, by then a severe alcoholic who died two years later of cirrhosis of the liver. Their mother had periods of remission, but in 1905 – Chaplin was barely 16 – her illness forced her to be taken into permanent care until her death in 1928.

Chaplin's mother, Hannah, as a minor stage actress and singer. Poor mental health and loss of voice ended her career. -ed.

In this background, Chaplin was infected with the theatrical virus. He later wrote: "[My mother] imbued me with the feeling that I had some sort of talent." At the age of 10, he became a member of the Eight Lancashire Lads, a troupe of young male dancers and toured the music halls with them for a while, becoming, however, quickly dissatisfied with only dancing: his dream was to form a comedy act.

By the age of thirteen, he had left school and, while supporting himself with various jobs, at just fourteen registered with a theatrical agency in the West End. Indeed, he was soon employed for a stage role: as newsboy in H Saintsbury's *Jim – A Romance of Cockayne*. The play opened in July 1903, but closed after only two weeks.

Harry Arthur Saintsbury (1869–1939), actor, playwright and Chaplin's early mentor, was well-known on the Victorian stage even before

he played the title role in William Gillette's 1899 play *Sherlock Holmes* (Arthur Conan Doyle was cited as co-author, to his pecuniary advantage). Saintsbury portrayed Holmes, between 1903 and 1921, over 1,400 times in this play as well as in Conan Doyle's own *The Speckled Band*; he was again Holmes in the 1916 film *The Valley of Fear* (believed lost).

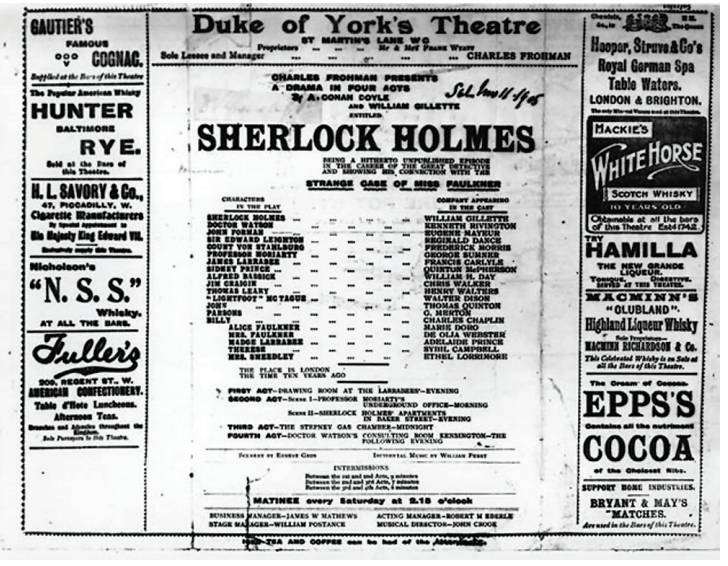
Saintsbury made a strong impression on Chaplin, who wrote in his 1964 autobiography: "Mr. H A. Saintsbury, who played Holmes on tour, was a living replica of the illustrations in the *Strand Magazine*. He had a long sensitive face and an inspired forehead. Of all those who played Holmes, he was considered the best, even better than William Gillette, the original Holmes and author of the play."

Impressed by his performance as the newsboy, Saintsbury secured the role of Billy (the "boy in buttons") for Chaplin, where they made three successful nationwide tours. Chaplin's performance was so well received by audiences and critics alike that he was called to play alongside William Gillette, who had come to London to appear in *Clarice* and, as an after-piece, his own play *The Painful Predicament of Sherlock Holmes*. Chaplin was again cast as Billy; "it was like tidings from heaven," he later recalled.

Clarice was not a success, however, and, after only three performances, Gillette decided to replace it with his own *Sherlock Holmes*, with him again in the title role and retaining Chaplin as Billy. The play ran from 17 October to 2 December 1905 at the Duke of York's Theatre. Early in 1906, Chaplin did one more tour as Billy in

Sherlock Holmes, before leaving what had become a 2½-year stint in the role. He was then just 17.

As an aside and by a singular coincidence, Robert Downey, Jr played the title (adult) role in the 1992 production Chaplin and, in 2009 and again in 2011, the title role in Sherlock Holmes.



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Stephan is the Editor of The Torr, *the journal of The Poor Folk Upon the Moors, the Sherlock Holmes Society of the West Country in England. He lives, writes and reviews in Switzerland. He has recently introduced the first volume* The Camelot Series, *titled "First Books." www.poorfolk.co.uk*

Watson's Club

by Molly Carr "Brenda"

"Going out, Watson?" asks Sherlock Holmes suddenly – dropping a broad hint (HOUN) the moment Dr Mortimer leaves Baker Street.

Watson knows of course that "seclusion and solitude were very necessary for my friend in those hours of intense mental concentration" and writes, "I therefore spent the day at my club."

The question is which club? Watson, from the evidence of the watch episode in SIGN, is thought to have no living relatives. Neither does he have any friends apart from Holmes, even though he occasionally plays billiards with Thurston in what Holmes refers to as "the club" (DANC). But why does Holmes never mention Watson's club by name, as he did his brother Mycroft Holmes's Diogenes Club? According to John Galsworthy most men, while not knowing their friends' (or even their relatives') addresses, always knew the names of their clubs.[1]

The largest number were clustered around the St. James's Street area of London and reached their peak in the 1880s as Britain gradually moved away from being a largely agrarian society to a more industrialised one, and people left the countryside for the towns in order to find better-paid work. The problem, however, was that while many of the towns grew to an enormous size there were pockets where the new residents were unrepresented, at the same time as the now depopulated country constituencies (precincts) were returning men to Parliament on a mere handful of votes. As a consequence of this anomaly, successive Acts of Parliament ("Reform Bills") were passed between 1832 and 1884 in order to give the vote to an increasing number of urban males. This "Enfranchisement" led more and more men to think of themselves as gentlemen, and therefore in need of a gentlemanly environment in which to pass their leisure hours.

Membership of the considerably older and aristocratic clubs, such as White's and Boodle's was out of reach of this new middle class but there were, and are, clubs which reflected members' sporting and professional interests, and some of these had very specific requirements. A man couldn't belong to The Travellers' Club unless he had gone at least five hundred miles out of Britain at any one time. Watson, of course would be eligible because he had once lived in Ballarat (BOSC, SIGN). As a former serving soldier, however brief his tour of duty, Watson also could have stayed at the Army and Navy Club. But it's unlikely that the Doctor, with his "natural Bohemianism of disposition" (MUSG) and more particularly, his lack of cash, would belong to the ultra-conservative Carlton Club in Pall Mall, even though it stood (GREE) "some little distance from the Diogenes Club" with which he was familiar through his association with Holmes.

Speaking of this area of the Metropolis, H V Morton, a prolific journalist and travel-writer, says,

> I am not writing of any individual, but of a type. He comes out of Pall Mall from the direction of St. James's at about 9.30 p.m. He is smoking a cigar. His silk hat, his evening tie, his cane are each perfect. He comes to his club, enters up the broad steps,

> and there he will remain hidden behind a newspaper until it is bedtime.[2]

One can't help being reminded of Mycroft Holmes and his strictures against taking any notice whatsoever of any other members of the Diogenes Club, or saying anything except in "The Strangers' Room" of that Club, a situation which might not have suited the gregarious Watson even if he were to be elected to membership.

Given his admittedly limited experience of India when marching towards Kabul "with many other officers who were in the same situation as myself" (STUD), the Anglo-Indian Club (EMPT) might just be a possibility, until one remembers that Colonel Sebastian Moran, the depraved henchman of Professor Moriarty and murderer of Ronald Adair, was a member. The Tankerville Club would also seem to be out of the question for the same reason, along with the card clubs the Baldwin and the Bagatelle in Pall Mall and the Cavendish in Regent Street (EMPT). And, although Watson presents himself as something of a gambler, he seems to prefer betting on horses rather than cards (SHOS). So did he belong to The Turf Club – even though, as Serge Nelidoff says, "There are few members who are not of blue blood who have succeeded in passing the portals"?[3] It doesn't seem likely.

One other possibility remains. By the time the investigation into HOUN took place Watson had been working with Holmes for a number of years. Indeed he was doing more than that, putting Sherlock's exploits into the public domain in a series of brilliant stories for the *Strand Magazine*. Founded by the writer Walter Besant in 1891, with rooms in Whitehall Court and having guest speakers such as Bram Stoker and Mark Twain, one place where Watson would feel quite at home was surely The Authors' Club.

As Sherlock Holmes might have said (CROO), such a conclusion is "Elementary." Or even (BERY), "'It is an old maxim of mine that when you have excluded the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth.'"[!]

Notes

[1] *A Modern Comedy*

[2] *H V Morton's London*. Methuen. 1940.

[3] "Characteristics of London Clubs," *The English Illustrated Magazine*. April 1904

Dr Carr is a retired Biologist who also has a Doctorate in Victorian Poetry which, surprisingly, has helped her in writing books about Doctor Watson and his wife, Mary Morstan. A voracious reader, a music lover, and a keen photographer, she lives with her like-minded husband in a beautiful spot in Hereford near the Welsh border. "Molly" is one of the UK's distinguished Holmesian and Watsonian enthusiasts. She has written three books about Holmes, The Sign of Fear, A Study in Crimson *and* In Search of Doctor Watson. *Work in Progress:* The Noble Spinster. *Her most recent book is* A Sherlock Holmes Who's Who *from MX Publishing and available on Amazon.*

Behind the Walls of Barts

Robert S Katz "Willow"

The most important moment in the life of John H Watson occurs as Sherlock Holmes is conducting chemical experiments at the laboratories

at St. Bartholomew's Hospital (Barts). The reader is so involved in the momentous meeting between Holmes and Watson that one important issue seems totally overlooked. We know the relationship between Watson and Barts. He did his training there and met Stamford while they were young physicians. But why was Holmes studying and working at Barts in the first place? He never explains this and clues within the Canon itself seem sorely lacking. Yet, if he had been doing his research at another institution, THE meeting would not have taken place, and we all would have been the poorer for it.

Holmes maintained a life-long interest in chemistry and showed immense knowledge of the subject. However, his interests seem more oriented towards organic chemistry. He is an expert on poisons, many of which are organic compounds, and we first see him as he is working on a test for identifying blood in small quantities, also an organic issue. But his choice of Barts is odd.

In the late nineteenth-century, the center of organic chemistry research was in Germany. Emil Fischer was doing seminal work in the subject at the time and students came from throughout Europe to study chemistry at the German universities. If Holmes wanted to study another

important organic substance with vast neurological significance, it would have made sense for him to travel to Paris to work with Professor Charcot. A gifted young physician had traveled from Central Europe to work with Charcot and eventually published groundbreaking research on cocaine, the first of the many contributions made by Sigmund Freud. During the Great Hiatus, we see Holmes studying chemistry at Montpelier, so he was hardly unwilling to do research on the continent. Holmes makes reference to German verbs and was descended from the Vernet family, so he was likely able to handle himself in either French or German, again posing no barrier to studying on the Continent.

Yet, Holmes chose to study at Barts. In order to understand this choice, it is necessary to look at another aspect of the remarkable mind of Sherlock Holmes. Again and again, we see Holmes solving puzzles that involve codes. DANC and VALL are but two examples of the facility with which Holmes can break encoded messages. He has clearly devoted time to the study of encrypted communications.

So, we see Holmes studying chemistry at Barts, when other places were certainly more prestigious and appropriate choices. We also have many opportunities to see Holmes the code-breaker at work. Is there a connection between chemistry and codes; and does this help us to understand why Holmes was studying at Barts?

In order to answer this question, we must go back several centuries to look at the life of another remarkable Englishman. If anyone in British history occupied a position analogous to that held by Mycroft Holmes, it could be only one other man. Sir Francis Walsingham was Britain's first real spymaster. He devoted his life to protecting England in general and Queen Elizabeth I in particular. He maintained a network of agents and informants throughout Europe. Naturally, many of them communicated with him via encoded messages. He was always searching for new codes to use, and for ways to break the codes used by his enemies. He employed several experts in the field to work on these matters. But spies, code makers, and code breakers often need a "front," the safety of a seemingly

innocuous business or institution to provide the anonymity necessary for their work. James Bond had Universal Exports in a later day.

So what did Walsingham use to hide the work of his code specialists? A startling answer is provided in a recent biography of Walsingham. We are told in *The Queen's Agent: Sir Francis Walsingham and the Rise of Espionage in Elizabethan England* (John Cooper, Pegasus Books, 2012) that:

> Timothy Bright was a physician, a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge. Walsingham had sheltered Bright and other Protestants in the Paris embassy during the carnage of St Bartholomew in 1572, and Bright dedicated his abridged edition of *Foxe's Acts and Monuments* to him. In 1585 a letter from Walsingham helped Bright secure a lucrative post at St Bartholomew's Hospital in London, which gave him the security to pursue his research into alphabets and cryptograms. While neglecting his patients, Bright devised an ingenious system of shorthand writing based on a system of eighteen symbols with a series of hooks, loops and lines to vary their meaning, and a list of over five hundred 'characticall' words to be memorized. In 1587 he translated sections of *De Furtivus Literarum Notis*, a study of cryptography by Giovanni Battista della Porta, on instructions from Walsingham's assistant secretary of state William Davison. (pp 205-206)

The "ingenious system" devised by Bright sounds eerily similar to the DANC code. What better place to hide a brilliant code-making physician than a hospital? He has every reason to be there and the practice of medicine is a clever front for espionage activities. It is ironic that Christopher Morley, in his iconic introduction to the Doubleday edition of the Canon, makes reference to Watson neglecting his patients. Even in the life of a physician, there are some things that take precedence over daily rounds.

Some three centuries later, we see Holmes working at Barts, clearly placed there by brother Mycroft, again using the hospital as a front for other activities. While this is an intriguing concept, it would be too much

of a leap of faith to assume that Barts continued as a front for coding and secret activities for centuries without some other evidence. Is there in fact any data, beyond Walsingham's placement of Timothy Bright, and independent of the Canon, to show that Barts continued as a center of secret studies for hundreds of years?

In fact there is such evidence available to us. Some fifty years after Holmes worked on tests for hemoglobin, Barts was a hiding place for a participant in the most secret project of the entire twentieth century. British, German, and American security services more closely guarded the secrets of the atom than anything before, and possibly since. However, we learn from, *Churchill's Bomb: How the United States Overtook Britain in the First Nuclear Arms Race* (Graham Farmelo, Basic Books, 2013) that: "(Leo) Szilard spent the summer and autumn (1934) lobbying companies for funds and doing nuclear research at St. Bartholomew's Hospital." (p 77)

Leo Slizard near Oxford, 1936
Courtesy UC San Diego, Mandeville Special Collections Library

Szilard, a pioneer nuclear scientist and the man who actually drafted the letter, signed by Albert Einstein, that warned FDR that an atomic bomb was feasible and could be developed by the Nazis, spent time working at Barts! The process comes full-circle. 350 years after Francis Walsingham allowed Barts to be used as a shelter for coding research, fifty years after Holmes followed Timothy Bright in working on codes at Barts, the venerable hospital was again a front for nuclear research.

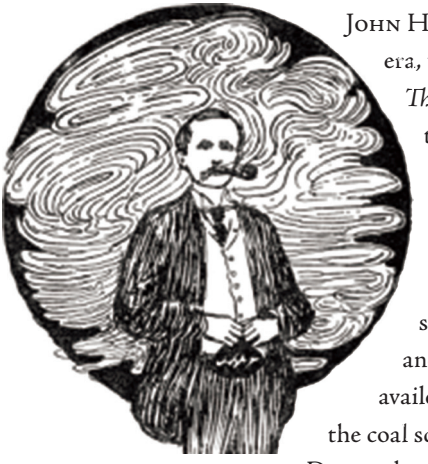
Barts is the oldest hospital in London, founded in 1123, and remains a great medical institution to this day. Yet, it provided cover for

the work of Walsingham's agent, as he worked to protect England from the threat of the Spanish Armada. It remained a center of code study for centuries, as Sherlock Holmes chose to use his chemical studies there as a front for his own work, eschewing the more prestigious opportunities presented by chemical research in Germany and France. Decades later, it sheltered an early nuclear physicist as he escaped from the Nazis and put his expertise at the disposal of the Allies. But to Sherlockians, it also provided an immensely important service. Watson did medical training there. By coincidence, Holmes used it as a front for his code research. Stamford, so very fortuitously, made both acquaintances and brought them together. We are lucky that all three stars converged. Yet, one can only wonder, beyond the fine medical care it still provides, what else goes on even today behind the nearly millennium-old walls of Barts.

Dr Katz been published in the Baker Street Journal, Baker Street Miscellanea, Serpentine Muse, *and various scion society publications. Most recently, he co-edited with Andrew Solberg (also a Charter Member of this group), the latest volume in the BSI Manuscript Series, entitled* The Wrong Passage. *Andy and he are currently working on another volume in this series. "Willow" is the Unofficial Ambassador to the Baker Street Irregulars and other scion organisations for the John H Watson Society.*

Ship's and Arcadia: Some Notes About Dr Watson's Tobacco

by Harrison Hunt "Dash"



John H Watson, like many men of his era, was a smoker. We know from *The Hound of the Baskervilles* that he enjoyed cigarettes from Bradley the tobacconist. Although none of the stories mention Watson enjoying a cigar, he is often depicted smoking cigars with Holmes, and it is reasonable to think he availed himself of the bounty inside the coal scuttle at 221B. While the good Doctor demurred at accepting a pipe of opium at The Bar of Gold (TWIS), if the Grenada series has any veracity he had no qualms about occasionally puffing on a hookah after a Turkish bath. But it is clear that his favorite smoke was a common pipe – whether briar, cherrywood or Meerschaum is unknown – which, from his own accounts, he charged with ship's or Arcadia Mixture.

Watson mentions his predilection for ship's tobacco in his first meeting with the Master. "'You don't mind the smell of strong tobacco, I hope,'" Holmes asked his soon-to-be flatmate in the beginning of *A Study in Scarlet*, to which Watson replied, "'I always smoke "ship's" myself.'" While Jack Tracy's *Encyclopædia Sherlockiana* identifies it as Schipper's Tabak Special, a Dutch blend, "ships's," actually appears to have been a term for a specific type of smoking tobacco rather than a brand.

Unfortunately, despite assiduous research over at least sixty years, no clear definition of ship's tobacco has surfaced. The best clue we have

to what ship's was like is found in a passing reference in the unlikely source, "A Glimpse of the Manners and Customs of the Hill Tribes of Formosa," an 1885 article by J. Dodd located by librarian Kyle Triplett of the George Arents Collection on Tobacco at the New York Public Library. Dodd mentions that foreigners on Formosa would sometimes stack leaves of native-grown tobacco into a block, moisten them with water or rum and compress them "into a circular shape about the size of the wrist and tapering to a point at both ends. Tobacco made in this form is … a very good substitute for what is called ship's tobacco."

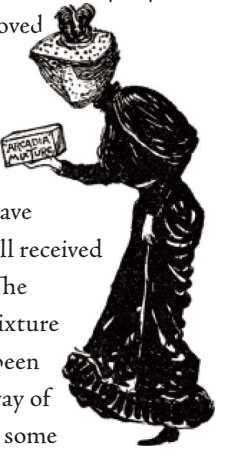
The best description of the nature of ship's is found in Sir Raymond Priestley's Antarctic *Adventure: Scott's Northern Party*. In this account of his survival at Terra Nova Bay, Antarctica, through the winter of 1912, Priestley – who was clearly no complaining wimp – describes the smell of ship's as "vile," and states that "ship's tobacco has always been my greatest enemy on a sledge journey, and has on more than one occasion made me lose a meal. … Watson apparently had a strong stomach as well as a taste for strong tobacco!

The second tobacco Dr Watson is said to have used is Arcadia Mixture. This is revealed in "The Crooked Man," when Holmes observes,

"Hum, you still smoke the Arcadia Mixture of your bachelor days, then," on seeing fluffy ash upon the Doctor's coat. If this is the case, the obvious inference is that Watson switched from using ship's to Arcadia sometime between 1881, when he met Holmes, and 1888 or '89, when he married Mary Morstan and ceased being a bachelor. This change to a better grade of pipe tobacco may have been a result of Watson's improving economic circumstances during these years or the realization that he would have more success courting Mary if he didn't smell like a knacker's yard in August.

The mention of Arcadia Mixture in "Crooked Man" has a few points of significance which, to the best of my knowledge, have not heretofore been identified by Sherlockians. Including the reference was undoubtedly a salute to Sir James M. Barrie, best known as the author of Peter Pan and a friend of the Literary Agent. (Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Barrie even collaborated on one project, the libretto of an unsuccessful comic opera, *Jane Annie*, in 1893.) In the late 1880s, Barrie published a series of articles in the *St. James's Gazette* relating the adventures of the Arcadia Club, whose members waxed poetic about their favorite tobacco, Arcadia Mixture.

These tales are told as reminiscences of happy bachelor days by a member of the Arcadians who had to forswear his beloved in order to win his bride (she allowed him to suck on empty pipe, however). The stories were subsequently reworked into book form as *My Lady Nicotine*, published in London in 1890. The volume has been described as "the only book on tobacco which critics have generally accepted as a piece of literature," and was well received by smokers throughout the English-speaking world. The allusion to Dr Watson's bachelor days and Arcadia Mixture in CROO, which was published in 1893, would have been widely recognized as a nod to Barrie's book … and a way of pointing out that Mary was more understanding than some other wives.



The Arcadia Mixture Watson used was itself a nod to Barrie's tales as well. Barrie's favorite smoke was Craven Mixture, which he publically endorsed. To capitalize upon the popularity of Barrie's articles, Craven's manufacturer re-named it Arcadia Mixture, making a fortune in the process. His product, according to a description of a modern re-creation, was a blend including latakia, perique and burley tobaccos and somewhat similar to Balkan Sobrainie 759 (well remembered from this author's college days as a first-class smoke). While not particularly strong, the presence of latakia in the mix meant that it was still a bit pungent.

The final, and perhaps greatest, significance of Arcadia Mixture to Canonical studies lies in Watson's reply to Holmes when the Master noted that he was still smoking it. Then, for the first time ever, Watson uttered the immortal phrase, "No, ship's, Sherlock!"

Endnotes

[1] This article was inspired by a question about ship's tobacco posed on the John H Watson Society web site on 1 July 2013. The author is indebted to JHWS Quiz Master Don Libey (Buttons) for raising this interesting issue, and many others. Jack Tracy, *The Encyclopædia Sherlockiana* (Garden City, NY: Doubleday, 1977), p.331.

[2] The quest to identify "ship's" dates back at least to Sherry Keen's article "Ship's or 'ships'? That is the Question," in *The Baker Street Journal* 3 (1953), pp. 234-235. J. Dodd, "A Glimpse of the Manners and Customs of the Hill Tribes of Formosa." *Journal of the Straits Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society* 15 (1885), pp. 69-78, quoted in an email from Kyle R. Triplett to the author of this article, 2 July 2013.

[3] Sir Raymond Priestley, *Antarctic Adventure: Scott's Northern Party* (London: Unwin, 1914; NY: Dutton, 1915), pp. 188, 127.

[4] The reader should feel free to add "for the first time" or "again" to the end of this sentence, depending on how many times he or she believes the good Doctor to have walked down the aisle.

[5] Andrew Lycett, *The Man Who Created Sherlock Holmes* (NY: Free Press, 2007), p.198; *Tobacco, its History Illustrated by the Books, Manuscripts, and Engravings in the Library of George Arents, Jr., Volume 4* (NY: 1952), p. 316. *My Lady Nicotine*, a delightful read, is easily available on virtual library sites on line.

[6] Arents, p. 316, note 1; http://www.pipetips.com/2007/12/craven-mixture-pipe-tobacco-reviewS.H.tml.

Following up on a longstanding interest in Sherlock Holmes, "Dash" became an active Sherlockian after the Baker Street Irregulars' 75th anniversary excursion to The Knothole, Christopher Morley's writing retreat, in 2009. Since then, he has been an active member of several scions in the Northeast, including the Sons of the Copper Beeches and The Three Garridebs, and have had articles published in The Baker Street Journal, Watsonian and Prescott's Press. Most recently, he and his wife, Linda, have founded a scion group celebrating Christopher Morley: The Grillparzer Club of the Hoboken Free State. Memberships are welcomed; contact: Harrison Hunt 18goldini95@gmail.com

A Case of Identity

Image courtesy of Internet Archive,Victorian Web

The Younger Watson

by Roger Johnson "Count"

If the question is posed: what do we actually know about the life of John H Watson before he met Sherlock Holmes? – the short answer has to be, not much.

Let us summarise. In 1878 he took his degree of Doctor of Medicine at the University of London, and proceeded to Netley to train as an army surgeon. Thence he went to India to join the Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers, whom he found at Candahar, in the thick of the second Afghan War. After some time with the Fusiliers, Watson was transferred to the Berkshire Regiment, with whom he served at the battle of Maiwand. There he was wounded by a Jezail bullet, but was rescued by his orderly, the faithful Murray. The rest is history.

To these few facts, given at the beginning of *A Study in Scarlet*, a few more can be added. From Afghanistan, Watson returned to an England where there remained to him neither kith nor kin. His father, it is established, had been dead many years by the late eighteen eighties, when Watson took part in the case of *The Sign of the Four*; no reference is made to his mother. We do know that there was an elder brother, whose Christian name had the initial 'H', like the father's (Holmes suggests that this elder son was named after his father, and Watson does not contradict the suggestion). The brother "was a man of untidy habits – very untidy and careless. He was left with good prospects, but he threw away his chances, lived for some time in poverty with occasional short intervals of prosperity, and, finally, taking to drink, he died." No mention is made of other brothers or sisters, except that Holmes refers to the "eldest brother" and "eldest son," an implication which Watson does not deny. This brother died before the case of The Sign of the Four, probably shortly before, since his treasured watch had then only recently come into Watson's possession.

We know that one of Watson's schoolfellows was Percy Phelps, whose mother's brother was the great Conservative politician, Lord Holdhurst. Watson's school number (presumably the number of his locker rather than his position in class) was 31. At some stage he played Rugby football for Blackheath, though in later years his sporting activities seem to have been confined to billiards and betting on the horses.

Finally, he at some time visited Australia, and had seen the results of prospecting activities near Ballarat. Australia was presumably one of the three separate continents wherein Watson gathered his extensive experience of women.

Anything else that may be claimed for the youth of John H Watson must be conjectural.

His birth and childhood have been sited by various scholars as far apart as Northumberland (Elliot Kimball) and Australia (this suggestion seems to be original to William S Baring-Gould). It seems to me significant that Watson, in his published writings, evinces no feeling at all for the beautiful border country; this is not what one would expect of a native Northumbrian. His initial attachment to a Northumberland regiment is irrelevant, particularly since he was soon removed (his own word) from the brigade and transferred to the Berkshires. No less significant is his later ignorance of things Australian. It is at least improbable that anyone with extensive experience of Australia should be unfamiliar with the call of "Cooee," or the meaning of the dying reference to "a rat."

Vernon Pennell seems to me to hit the mark with his suggestion that Watson (already "Doctor," though only by courtesy) spent some time as a ship's surgeon after taking his Qualifying Examinations – the MB and the BS. During this period he might well have visited Australia and brief calls at one or two other continents. Asia and Africa seem probable.

The fact is that we have no clear evidence to point to Watson's birthplace and the site of his boyhood. They may or may not have been the same place. He speaks with affection of the New Forest and the

shingle of Southsea, leading S C Roberts to suppose that he was brought up in Hampshire. He speaks knowledgeably of the countryside south of Horsham and of the area around Forest Row; from this, W S Bristowe deduces that he was a Sussex man. T S Blakeney suggests that he came from the area of Abingdon in Berkshire. It seems probable that Watson's roots were in the south of England, but one has no right to be dogmatic.

Dorothy L Sayers propounded an ingenious theory indicating a Scottish strain in Watson's ancestry, based on the observation that his wife at the beginning of the case of "The Man With the Twisted Lip," referred to him as "James" rather than "John" (would Kate Whitney care to relate her troubles to Dr and Mrs Watson, or "should you rather that I sent James off to bed?"). Please note that no other male person is mentioned as being present; we may be certain that Mrs Watson actually was talking about her husband. Miss Sayers notes that it is not "at all unusual for a wife to call her husband by his second name, in preference to his first …" She reconciles this pleasant notion with the clear statement that Watson's second name had the initial 'H' by observing that "Hamish" is the Scottish equivalent of "James." The Doctor's full name was clearly John Hamish Watson; his wife merely anglicised the rather outlandish "Hamish" to provide a pet name for her husband.

Bliss Austin, however, poured cold water on this theory by pointing out that "in good Gaelic the equivalent of James is 'Seumas'." Who can say, though, whether Watson's parents were familiar with "good" Gaelic? Miss Sayers's notion, despite Mr Austin's objection, strikes me as the most attractive attempt to establish what name was concealed by that initial 'H'. Against it, though, must stand the probability that "James" is simply an error, uncorrected in the proof-reading. Watson allowed many such errors to remain in the printed versions of his narratives. If Mrs Watson actually referred to him on this occasion as "John," it does not rule out the possibility of "Hamish" as his second name, with its implications of Scottish ancestry, but it would certainly demolish a principal reason for supposing this to be the case.

There have, besides, been numerous other suggestions as to what that initial 'H' stood for. S C Roberts and Gordon Sewell proposed "Henry" after John Henry Newman – implying Tractarian or Roman Catholic convictions on the part of Watson's parents. Christopher Morley also thought that "Henry was correct," but for Henry Ward Beecher, whose unframed portrait stood on top of Watson's books in the sitting-room at 221B Baker Street. Jane Throckmorton assumed that the Doctor's father was related to the Watsons of Rockingham Castle, friends of Charles John Huffham Dickens, who dedicated David Copperfield to them. She proposed that the 'H' stood for "Huffham." Elliot Kimball gave no reasons at all for his suggestion of "Hubert," except to say that it was "revealed by incontestably sound research on the present writer's part."

These are the sensible notions. To them should be added the silly ones. Will Oursler claimed that Watson was "the Master's first cousin" and that his middle name was "Holmes." Mrs Crighton Sellars to the contrary thought that the 'H' stood for "Hudson," Watson being a great-nephew of his Baker Street landlady. Having mentioned these theories I shall say no more about them.

The probability is that Watson's mysterious middle name was the less than mysterious "Henry" – not for any of the clever reasons noted above, but simply because Henry was, and is, the most common male given name to begin with the letter 'H'. Probability, please note, and not certainty.

The year of his birth is generally assumed to be 1852. It seems to be S C Roberts who first calculated this, working back from 1878, the year in which Watson received his degree. Now, it is customary to address all qualified physicians as "Doctor"; for most, though, this title is accorded only as a matter of courtesy. The fact is that most English physicians hold no higher degree than master. Genuine doctors – holders of a doctorate – are not thick on the ground. Roberts seems to base his reasoning on the fact that 1852 saw the birth of Sir Charters Symonds, FRCS, who also took his MD in 1878. However, Dr Vernon Pennell pointed out that this

comparison may not be fair, since Symonds was an exceptionally brilliant medical student, while there is nothing in his record to suggest brilliance on Watson's part (this is not, of course, a denial of his competence). The probability is that Watson was born sometime between 1850 and 1852.

I should note, however, William Smith's unlikely theory that Watson was born as early as 1842, going on to qualify in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania and take part in the American Civil War. One John Watson did actually enlist in the 29th Pennsylvania Volunteers in 1861, an undisputed fact to which Mr Williams links the fantastic tale published by Arthur Conan Doyle as "J Habakuk Jephson's Statement." This notion gives us the last and perhaps least likely suggestion as to Dr Watson's middle name, that J Habakuk Jephson was actually John H Watson!

We have no information at all about the date or place of birth of Watson's elder brother. It is safe (perhaps) to assume that he was not living in England at the time of the doctor's return from Afghanistan, but we have no way of knowing whether he came home, at some time before his untimely death.

The fact that Watson shared his schooldays with the nephew of a leading politician has led scholars to assume that the establishment in question must have been one of the better-known public schools. W S Bristowe further suggests that Watson probably gained his expertise on the Rugger field during his schooldays. From this notion, coupled with his choice of career as an army surgeon and the fact that he was for a while attached to the Berkshire Regiment (that last is hardly relevant, as Watson seems to have had no choice in the matter), Dr Bristowe proposes Wellington College, one of the few public schools where Rugby football was played and one, moreover, where there was a strong military influence.

Would Watson's father have been able to afford the fees for such a school, though? And, if it comes to that, would Lord Holdhurst's family? Frederick Bryan-Browne pointed out that "Holdhurst still had many calls even when Phelps was a prospering civil servant, and in earlier years would

not have been able to spend too much on the education of his nephew." He suggested that, firstly, Watson's father was himself a physician ("medicine, like art, is often in the blood") and, secondly, that Holdhurst's sister had married "a brilliant, overworked, underpaid medical practitioner." Granting these not improbable premises, it seems likely that Watson and Phelps attended Epsom College, established in the 1850s for the sons of physicians. And although there is no certainty that Watson's Rugger skills were developed during his schooldays, it is worth mention that the Rugby Club at Epsom College was established before 1870.

Our knowledge of his student days is no more complete. Presumably it was during the eight years (or however many it was) between leaving school and taking his MD that he found time to play Rugger for Blackheath. During this period, at any rate, he made the acquaintance of Bob Ferguson, who played wing three-quarter for Richmond. We know that Watson qualified as a surgeon; W S Baring-Gould observed that "he must have (done) to have held the post of House Surgeon at St Bartholomew's Hospital." And he must have held such a post, because only a House Surgeon would have a Dresser under him. Watson's Dresser, of course, was young Stamford.

Qualification as a surgeon meant taking a BS after his MB. It is usually assumed that these two bachelor's degrees were taken, like the doctorate, at the University of London. There is apocryphal evidence, though, that in this respect Watson's alma mater was the University of Edinburgh. In that neat little spoof by Arthur Conan Doyle, Sherlock Holmes himself declares that Watson had been a member of the Edinburgh University Cricket XI – only possible if he had been a member of the University. However, some doubt is cast on the accuracy of this statement by Holmes' further remark that "the word 'Doctor' is one to which as a Bachelor of Medicine you have no legal claim." "The Field Bazaar" is a spoof, not intended to be taken seriously and not accepted as part of the Holmes/Watson Canon. I at least am happy to respect John H Watson's "legal claim" to the title of Doctor. Still, the idea that he took his MB at Edinburgh is an attractive one.

As to Netley and "the course prescribed for surgeons in the army," Elliot Kimball noted that the course would have involved study of pathology under Sir William Aikens, surgery under Surgeon-General Sir Thomas Longmore, medicine under Surgeon-General W Campbell Maclean and hygiene under Surgeon-Major F S B F de Chaumont. This training took place in the Royal Victoria Military Hospital.

Netley is near Southampton, and here, surely, Watson seized the opportunity to become familiar with the glades of the New Forest and the shingle of Southsea.

We come at last to the military service of John H Watson, MD. Bitter and hard though it may have been, it does not justify his later claim to be an "old campaigner." Whether the term was an exaggeration, whether Watson actually had been engaged in other military campaigns (the American Civil War?) – we cannot tell. There is simply no evidence.

Evidence does exist, though, to confirm Watson's account of his activities in the sub-continent. The Northumberland Fusiliers, or Fifth Regiment of Foot, actually were stationed in India at that time; inevitably they took some part in the Second Afghan War, but they were not present at the Battle of Maiwand. To be involved in that disastrous affair, Watson had to be "removed" from his brigade and attached to Princess Charlotte of Wales' Royal Berkshire Regiment, consisting of the 49th Foot and the 66th Foot. It was the 66th, under General Burrows, who fought at Maiwand. American scholars have read sinister meanings into the word "removed"; Ernest Bloomfield Zeisler suggested that Watson "was laid up with acute gonorrhoea while his brigade moved on," and upon recovering had to join another outfit. There seems to be no terminological reason for such suspicion; it seems to me that Watson means no more than that he was transferred from one unit to another.

Note, however, that both the Northumberland Fusiliers and the Berkshires are regiments of the British Army. There is no official justification for Watson's later labelling his tin dispatch-box "John H Watson, M.D., late Indian Army." The Indian Army was a completely

separate entity. It seems to be the case, though, that officers who had served with the British Army in India were accustomed to describe themselves as "late Indian Army." No charge of fraud can be laid against Dr Watson there, I think.

The Battle of Maiwand has been well documented. Only a couple of points need to be mentioned here. Watson wrote of being taken by the faithful Murray "safely to the British lines," whence he was removed to the base hospital at Peshawar (or Peshawur). Percy Metcalfe pointed out that there were no British lines between Maiwand and Kandahar, but that Watson was probably in no condition to note whether there were or not. W S Baring-Gould further notes that had he gone by way of Kandahar (Watson spelt it "Candahar"), he could not have failed to have been embroiled in the six-week siege, relieved at last by General Roberts and General Phayre. The conclusion is evident: Watson did not go to Peshawar by way of Kandahar. Which route he did take, though, is uncertain.

It was while recovering from his wound (or wounds) at the base hospital that Watson was struck down by "enteric fever, that curse of our Indian possessions." He wrote later that "for months my life was despaired of." The "enteric fever" was certainly typhoid, and according to Dr Maurice Campbell, who had personal experience of the disease, its duration is approximately three weeks, so that "Watson's months of despair were probably only weeks." After all, "there is nothing so interminable as a long stay in a base hospital, as anyone who has experienced it can vouch." Geoffrey Stavert has made the intriguing suggestion that it was not Watson's life that was despaired of for months but, because of a bureaucratic faux pas, his file.

It was Percy Metcalfe who established that the troopship *Orontes*, on which Watson claimed to have made the long voyage back to England, was a real ship, "pressed into special service in July 1880." After carrying troops from Bombay to Portsmouth and Queenstown, the *Orontes* left Bombay again on 31 October, "bringing home the first troops from Afghanistan, including eighteen invalids." The ship arrived at Portsmouth

on the afternoon of 26 November – close enough to Watson's "month" long voyage.

Of Watson's wounds I propose to say nothing more than that there were two, one in the shoulder and one that damaged the Achilles tendon; the injured arm was the left one, but we do not know which leg was damaged; both wounds were caused by Jezail bullets and thus can only have been sustained while on service in India or Afghanistan.

Well, there you have it: a summary of the facts and of a great many conjectures. The evidence in nearly all instances when we try to reconstruct the early life and career of John H Watson is so scanty that the best we can do is to choose the most probable among our probabilities. At least, that is my view. Some commentators prefer to choose the most colourful – and to hell with probability!

Roger Johnson, BSI ("The Pall Mall Gazette"), ASH ("Shinwell Johnson"), PSI ("Geoffrey Thompson"), and the Sherlock Holmes Society of London, is a retired librarian. His introduction to the world of Sherlock Holmes was through an American, the late Luther L Norris. Like Holmes himself, he maintains that it is always a joy to meet an American. He joined the Sherlock Holmes Society of London in 1968. For thirteen years he presented the Society's annual film evening, and since 1982 he has written and distributed its newsletter, The District Messenger. *In 2007 he succeeded Nicholas Utechin as joint-editor of the* Sherlock Holmes Journal.

"The Greatest Living Authority Upon Tropical Disease": An Identification of Dr Ainstree

by Michele Lopez "Reggie"

The purpose of the present article is to examine the evidence available in order to come to a satisfactory identification of the medical authority whom Watson hides under the alias of "Dr Ainstree" in "The Adventure of the Dying Detective" We'll also see how this identification furnishes us with an insight on Watson's high-level professional skills. Finally, we'll briefly discuss the value of the identification of Dr Ainstree as a clue for the dating of the story.

There is, unfortunately, a false image of Watson spread by parodies and some movie adaptations, which has sometimes[1] been endorsed by Holmesians themselves. These travesties depict a poorly trained doctor, who is constantly overlooking patients and has a limited intelligence, or is even affected by a drinking habit! Father Roland Knox, in his seminal essay "Studies in the Literature of Sherlock Holmes," makes this very mistake ("Watson has been a bit of a gad-about […] His brother […] was a confirmed drunkard. He himself, as a bachelor, haunts the Criterion Bar: in *The Sign of Four* he admits having had too much Beaune for lunch… "[2]) It seems that too many people have taken the claim seriously that Holmes makes in DYIN when he says to his friend "… you are only a general practitioner with very limited experience and mediocre qualifications." (DYIN, 933). They ignore the fact that Holmes himself admits at the end of the story that it was only a deliberate lie on his part to prevent Watson from visiting him, lest he might discover the detective's malingering, necessary to force the confession out of Culverton Smith.

Fortunately, various scholars have emphasized the good doctor's expertise and professional skills to dispel such stereotypes.[3] To begin with, Watson is not the holder of a simple MB, a Bachelor of Medicine, but of an MD, a Doctorate of Medicine, a qualification sought after by very few doctors at the time. The MD was awarded only with the presentation of an original research and it seems that being accepted for study at the

University of London was particularly difficult at the time.[4] In later years, although he is not practicing his profession, Watson keeps himself up to date reading recent treatises on pathology (SIGN, 97), surgery (GOLD, 607) and he is even familiar with a little known monograph on obscure nervous lesions written by Dr Percy Trevelyan (RESI, 425). As a general medical practitioner, he reads the *British Medical Journal* in the morning after breakfast (STOC, 362). In short, Watson is a serious professional man, reliable and experienced.

This introduction helps reveal the importance of a remark that the doctor makes in "The Adventure of the Dying Detective." When Holmes, who is apparently lying moribund in his bed affected by "an out-of-the-way Asiatic disease" (DYIN, 939), refuses the assistance of the most eminent doctors in London, Watson says, "But I happen to know that Dr Ainstree, the greatest living authority upon tropical disease, is now in London." (DYIN, 934)

The first question that one naturally asks himself is: *happen* to know? You don't "happen" to know such a thing. Watson must have read it in a journal (the aforementioned *BMJ* seems the most likely) , or if it were a short article in a newspaper, he must have had a good eye to find it. It seems that Watson, within the limits of his profession, was able to see and also to observe, something that he was unable to do in a more general sense.

The second question is: who was Dr Ainstree? The answer provides us with further proof of Watson being well versed and up-to-date in his professional knowledge (and also, as an aside, a valuable clue to the dating of DYIN).

Contrary to what one might think, the emergence of tropical medicine as a specialized field in its own right did not go hand in hand with the British colonial expansion. Despite the large number of members of the military and civilian personnel who brought back the symptoms of infection by unknown diseases from foreign countries – a heavy tribute paid to the expansion of the British Empire – the medical assistance offered them had no central coordination, neither scientific nor logistical. The

investigation of new and often bewildering tropical diseases or other exotic pathologies was entrusted to individual doctors who worked in remote areas of the world, deprived of contact with the scientific community, of adequate equipment and of time to devote to research among several other heavy duties to perform. One of these silent heroes was Dr Patrick Manson.

A Scotsman born in Oldmeldrum near Aberdeen in 1844, Manson was a young graduate from the University of Aberdeen. At age twenty-two he was already a medical officer in Formosa for the maritime customs of the Chinese Empire. After five years there, he was transferred to the Amoy province in China, where he managed to win the confidence of the local population by applying advanced surgical techniques for the removal of the terrible deformities caused by Elephantiasis, or *haematic filariasis*. Manson became interested in the study of this disease, and in 1875 during a visit to England, intended to do further research; but he found out that there was no specialized Society or research centre for tropical diseases. Manson found a lead at the British Museum's Library,[5] where he was able to read an article written by Dr Timothy Lewis that informed him of the discovery of a microscopic worm in the blood and urine of patients suffering from elephantiasis.

This was the inspiration by which Manson discovered in 1877 the mechanism of filarial infection through mosquito bites. This discovery was of enormous importance and paved the way for the understanding of several other diseases: Surgeon Major Ronald Ross and Giovanni Battista Grassi independently from one another discovered the mechanism of the transmission of malaria thanks to the suggestions advanced by Manson. In 1883, Manson moved to Hong Kong, where he was among the founders of the Hong Kong Medical School for the Chinese. He returned to England in 1889 and opened a clinic in Queen Anne Street. In 1898 he published his famous *Manual of the Diseases of Warm Climates*, and then in 1899, founded the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine. For these contributions, Patrick Manson was knighted and today is considered the father of this discipline.

In 1883, the Scottish doctor moved to Hong Kong, where he was among the founders of the city's own medical school. He returned to England in 1889 and opened a clinic in Queen Anne Street. In 1898 he published his famous *Manual of the Diseases of Warm Climates*, and mainly due to his efforts in 1899, the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine was finally established. For these merits Patrick Manson is today considered the father of this discipline.

The hypothesis that Dr Manson was actually Dr Ainstree has been advanced by N Joel Ehrenkranz,[7] MD, who, however, believes that Arthur Conan Doyle was the author of the Canon. Thereby, Ehrenkranz assumes that Doyle used Manson as a model for Ainstree when he wrote the story in 1913. We, however, knowing that Watson was a real person and that his account is based on real facts, can draw two further conclusions. First, since tropical medicine was an emerging discipline and not established until 1899, very few men could, before that date, be considered such an "authority" in this field to be known to a general practitioner like Watson, and Dr Manson is by far the most likely candidate (while Doyle, assuming that he was the author of the story written and published in 1913, could already have – retrospectively – other figures by whom he could have taken inspiration). Second, Watson was (consistent with what we already know) well up-to-date with the latest developments in advanced medical fields, such as tropical medicine.

We can mention in passing that the identification of Dr Ainstree with Dr Manson allows us to date the story more precisely. Manson was not in London until 1889 and did not become a member of the Royal College of Physicians until the following year. The latter seems the most likely year, taking into account Watson's reference to the "second year of my married life" (DYIN, 932). We know that most probably his marriage with Mary Morstan occurred in 1888 or early in 1889 (SIGN).

Some scholars[8] theorize that Watson was referring to his second marriage, thereby making the date for DYIN either 1902 or 1903. But this inference is, in my opinion, greatly weakened by our identification. It is

true that in 1903 Manson was a more widely recognized authority than he was in 1890,[9] but on the other hand he had already been living permanently in London for years and Watson would not have considered the doctor's presence in town like something recent or out of the ordinary, as his words ("… is now in London …") seem to imply. Therefore, we can agree with the majority of chronologists[10] and place DYIN in the year 1890.

We have, I hope, shown positive evidence for the identification of Dr Ainstree. We have also seen that the fact of knowing Manson's name and his work is a further proof of Watson's intelligent and thorough position towards his profession. Our respects, once more, go to the good doctor.

Endnotes

[1]Wigham Price, A., "Holmes and Chemistry," *Baker Street Journal*, vol. 3, n. 1 n.s., January 1953, p. 20; Otten, Eric H, "Dr John Watson, the Third Most Dangerous Man in London," *Baker Street Journa*l, vol. 25, n. 3 n.s., September 1975, p. 162.

[2]Knox, Fr. Roland, "Studies in the Literature of Sherlock Holmes" (1912), reprinted in Haining, Peter (ed.), *A Sherlock Holmes Compendium*, London, Warner Books, 1994, p. 68.

[3]See for example Bengis, Nathan L., "Take a Bow, Dr Watson," *Baker Street Journal*, vol. 8, n. 4 n.s., October 1958, p. 218; Kaplan, Jonathan, "Dr Watson. A Profile of the Long-Suffering Companion of Sherlock Holmes," *Baker Street Journal*, vol. 19 n. 4 n.s., December 1969, p. 227.

[4] Katz, Robert S., "Doctor Watson – A man of mediocre qualifications?," *Baker Street Journal*, vol. 30, n. 2 n.s., June 1980, p. 75.

[5]More or less in the same years Sherlock Holmes was a frequent guest there, from his rooms in Montague Street. Perhaps the paths of the two great men actually crossed each other in the Reading Room, both oblivious to the fame that expected them in years to come.

[7]Ehrenkranz, Joel N., "A. Conan Doyle, Sherlock Holmes, and murder by tropical infection," *Reviews of Infectious Diseases*, vol. 9, n. 1, January-February 1987, pp. 222-225.

[8]E.g. Brad Keefauver (http://www.sherlockpeoria.net/Who_is_Sherlock/SherlockTimeline.html)

[9]I searched the *British Medical Journal* archives available on-line. I found about 50 mentions of Dr Manson and his work before 1889, and almost 500 between 1890 and 1904.

[10]Zeisler and Christ opt for 1890 and also Baring-Gould in his first chronology (he later voted for 1887); Brend 1889; Bell 1888.

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Preface

I have given a good deal of thought over the years to the question of the page missing from Watson's letter to Holmes that Watson refers to in the first lines of Chapter VIII in The Hound of the Baskervilles. When the year of the centennial celebration of the novel's publication rolled around, I decided that it was time to write down the conclusion that I had arrived at. The following article appeared in the Summer 2002 issue of the Baker Street Journal.

I am pleased to lay out my theory once more in this, the second issue of the new magazine, The Watsonian. *It is the only time I ever attempted to cultivate Watson's sturdy literary style, but doing so, as the reader will see, was necessary to my depiction of the dramatic events on the moor as I saw they must have occurred.*

I now give it a new title, which better suits my intent than the original one, "A Vindication of Stapleton."

Stapleton Revisited

by Donald A Yates "Pal"

In an item in his informal column of Sherlockian miscellany, "Clinical Notes by a Resident Patient," Christopher Morley observed, "Since we mention the Baskerville codex (in a preceding item), may I say – for better scholarship to follow through – the great need for insinuating commentary on a number of points.

Why was one page of Watson's letters to Holme's "missing?" (See beginning of Chapter VIII.) It was not likely that Holmes lost it in carelessness, and we know that neither the lightfoot skivvy nor the heavyfoot Mrs. Hudson ever removed a paper from the sitting-room. … The page that Holmes deliberately removed from Watson's reports was one that told more about Watson (possibly re: Laura Lyons?) than Holmes thought prudent. Remember, it was always Holmes who was the prude, not Watson.[1]

I too, have long wondered about the same problem. I have read and reread *The Hound* several times over the past decade or so, trying

to determine what significance that page might have had. Why would Watson bother to mention a missing page that is never referred to again unless he was puzzled over its fate? Like Morley, I believe that Holmes did in fact remove the page in question. But I believe there is a deeper and more far-reaching reasons for his having done so than the one Morley casually suggested fifty years ago.

There is a line from Sir Thomas Browne's *Urn Burial* that Edgar Allan Poe transcribes as an epigraph to the world's first detective story, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," and that would seem to have some relevance to the aims of this paper. Browne observes: "What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among other women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture." So let us enter into the realm of conjecture.

I must confess that I have always been very dissatisfied with the solution that Sherlock Holmes assembles at the end of *The Hound*. As numerous commentators have pointed out, clearly some problems of plausibility plague that part of the narrative. This circumstance, together with the unusually testy and almost peevish tone that Holmes employs in the novel's final chapter when Watson presses him for specific details in the case (which tends to make me suspect he was not being entirely forthright with his responses) have led me now at last to do what I can to cast some light on a few particularly foggy moments on the moor.

In *Hound of the Baskervilles*, aside from the principal problem and its solution, we have a collateral problem and a small mystery. The circumstances surrounding the death of Sir Charles Baskerville and the reports of a spectral hound that appears to run loose on the moor are explained in the novel's closing chapters, and we learn who is the author of the sinister goings-on that Sherlock Holmes, at the request of Dr James Mortimer, agreed to investigate. The other problem that remains unsolved, despite Holmes's uncharacteristically loose and highly conjectural attempts to deal with it in the final chapter titled, "A Retrospection," is that there really is no conceivable way for Rodger Baskerville, aka Vandeleur, a person also known as Jack Stapleton, to cash

in on the gleanings of his magnificent design to become sole heir to the Baskerville properties and fortune. He has clearly ruined his chances to present himself, at some moment subsequent to the orchestrated demise of Sir Henry Baskerville, and claim the family inheritance as Sir Charles's nephew, the last in the Baskerville line, because he has decided to move – practically next door – into Merripit House and become generally known around the neighborhood as somebody else, not a Baskerville. There are no two ways about it: His is an undeniably hare-brained scheme.

The small mystery we have mentioned is that the reader of this adventure is given no explanation whatever of the fact that, in the penning lines of Chapter VIII, Watson writes:

> From this point onward I will follow the course of events by transcribing my own letters to Mr. Sherlock Holmes which lie before me on the table. One page is missing, but otherwise they are exactly as written and show my feelings and suspicions of the moment more accurately than my memory, clear as it is upon these tragic events, can possibly do.

A missing page? In a footnote to *The Hound*, Baring-Gould observed the following: "Why should a page be missing? Holmes was not careless with Watson's correspondence. This statement is particularly curious because the two letters as reproduced, seem to be complete."[2]

I originally titled this "A Vindication of Stapleton," a more appropriate designation would have been "Portrait of a Loser." I now settle on "Stapleton Revisited." The fellow that we come to know as Stapleton is without a doubt the most inept, short-sighted, luckless, reckless, arrogant, mean-spirited, star-crossed, two-faced character to be found in the entire Canon. (In the end, however, we must be grateful to him, since it is owing to his idiotic scheme to polish off all the Baskervilles and inherit everything that we have Watson's thrilling account of Holmes and the hound.)

For many years, as we eventually learn, Stapleton, originally living as Rodger Baskerville in Central America, had been in trouble. He had the great fortune of marrying the Costa Rican beauty, Beryl Garcia,

but before long he ran afoul of the law and had to flee that country. Subsequently, he tried founding a school in the north of England, but he had no real talent and that undertaking was a disaster. At this point he decided to move to Devonshire and see if there might be some way to cash in on his Baskerville blood. Settling into Merripit House, he saw that Sir Charles stood directly in the way.

Stimulated by the local legend involving a vengeful hound – which for centuries had nursed a persistent grudge against the Baskerville line – the man now known as Stapleton first devises a way to remove Sir Charles from the picture. He acquires his own hound and is successful in frightening the impressionable Sir Charles to death. Then, upon Sir Henry's appearance in London, which provides us with the opening sequence of the tale, he moves the newly arrived baronet into his sights. If this seems cold-blooded, consider that once in Devon he presents his wife as his sister, presumably because down the line he might manage to make use of her as a pawn in Lord-knows-what plan.

He first goes with his wife in tow to London to see if Sir Henry can be eliminated there. That idea doesn't pan out. His wife, the lovely Beryl, whom he periodically abuses and ceaselessly intimidates, manages to send a warning to Sir Henry: "Stay away from the moor." This only proves to be an irresistible challenge.

At Baskerville Hall, romance unforeseeably disturbs Stapleton's developing plan. Beryl and Sir Henry fall in love. The villain, who has already taken advantage of the affections of Laura Lyons in Coombe Tracey to lure Sir Charles to his end, envisions a way to use his wife as bait to draw the next-to-last of the Baskervilles into a perilous situation. This is a simple matter of arranging for Sir Henry to stroll home across the moor late one night after dinner, which will provide Stapleton the opportunity to loose his hound on him.

Stapleton's hound frightened Sir Charles into a heart seizure, and scared poor Selden, the escaped criminal living on the moor, into a fatal fall. It never killed anyone, though as starved and mistreated as the beast

was, there is no way to predict its reactions once let to his own devises. Sir Henry was husky and robust – and presumably strong enough to defend himself. And, of course he carried a gun. Why? Because Beryl had told him what her husband was planning. Why did she? She despised her husband for his treatment of her and was in love with Henry. It is frankly inconceivable that she wouldn't have.

Sir Henry knew he was safe on that crucial night. He knew, moreover, that Holmes, Watson, and Lestrade would by lying in wait on the moor to save him from whatever danger might arise. He certainly did not buy into their story that on that particular evening they all had had to leave. He recognized the obvious ploy, as would any sensible person. Besides, he had taken the precaution of carrying his own weapon, which, as we know, he didn't have to use. It was Holmes who fired his pistol, destroying the hound.

I firmly believe that the people who together plotted Stapleton's end were those with good reason to hate him – his abused wife; this wife's long-time, faithful servant, Antonio from Costa Rica days, who was obliged to countenance the beatings that her husband was in the custom of dispensing; Laura Lyons, who had become aware of Stapleton's duplicity and came to understand that she had been the instrumental in kindly Sir Charles's death; and finally, Sir Henry, who could not tolerate Stapleton's unrelenting intimidation of Beryl.

Stapleton's plan was abundantly clear to everyone: He would set his hound on Sir Henry's trail as soon as the latter had left Merripit House to stroll home, and hope for the best. It is patently obvious, for reasons that we have already stated that all this was doomed to failure. The ensuing gunshots on that fatal night effectively let him know as he lurked nearby that his plans had gone awry. Now, had he ever thought beyond that moment? Obviously not. The poor devil had absolutely no secondary plan.

Back at his house, his wife, beaten and tied in an upper room, made going back home unwise. Could he run off into the night and

wander about? No. Clearly his only refuge would be his little camp in the middle of Grimpen Mire, that horribly treacherous bog. Few people knew the way in. Loyal old Antonio did, we are told, and late on that fatal day, at his mistress's direction, he did his despised master the favor of removing the secret wands that signaled the only secure path to follow into the safety of the center.

So on that night, Stapleton, his hound destroyed, now in sudden panic, fled into Grimpen Mire and was immediately lost because of the absence of the indispensable guiding signs. He probably died in the very spot where Sir Henry's old boot was found, which moments earlier he had used to give the cosmetically enhanced hound the necessary scent.

Holmes, of course, was completely unaware of this conspiracy to remove Stapleton, and when he found out the truth – presumably in the course of his two subsequent private conversations with Beryl – he realized that he had been issued the role as an actor in a drama scripted by others. This was understandably humiliating, and I suggest that it was out of his concern over letting his less than heroic role in this adventure be known that he lifted one page of Watson's correspondence. That page Holmes believed could have made a difference in the alert reader's understanding of just what plan that was being carried out on that evening.

I propose that the missing page to which Watson refers in the opening paragraph of Chapter VIII belongs at the end of the paragraph that concludes,

> By the way, your instructions to me never to allow Sir Henry to go out alone will become very much more onerous if the love-affair were to be added to our difficulties. My popularity would soon suffer if I were to carry out your orders to the letter.

I suggest that the following is the essence of the unexplained missing page.

> *Indeed, I have to confess to some degree of negligence in this respect. Several days ago, when I came down for a late breakfast, I learned from the manservant Antonio that Sir Henry had left the house an hour or so before, to take a stroll on the moor. I was, as you can understand, alarmed and wasted no time in finding my cap and*

stick and striking out in the general direction that the old man indicated to me. I immediately understood that my path was taking me toward Merripit House, and my suspicions were aroused that my charge was being drawn to the person of Stapleton's sister. I felt most uncomfortable in this role of the secret chaperone, but pressed on nonetheless, keeping your instructions foremost in my mind. I had gone at least half the distance to the Stapleton residence when I spied beyond a low hill the figures of several persons. I stepped behind a rocky outcropping and discreetly tried to determine their identities. I quickly recognized Sir Henry and at his side, Miss Stapleton. But there was a third person present, whose form at my distance I could not clearly make out. It was a veiled woman whose features were impossible for me to discern. By the gestures and postures of the three I concluded that an intense dialogue was being carried on.

Presently, the two women took their leave and departed in the direction of Merripit House. Sir Henry watched them for a moment and then retraced his steps in my direction. I was able to move out of sight as he passed and watched as he headed off in the direction of Baskerville Hall. When I returned, I found him in the library, slumped in a chair deep in thought. I explained that I had gone out after him to join in on the morning's walk, but had not crossed his path. He shrugged and attempted a friendly smile, but for the better part of that day he was taciturn and incommunicative. I now realize that I must redouble my efforts at vigilance, Holmes, and should Sir Henry propose once more to go out on the moor paths, I must make certain that I am at his side.

At this point, Watson's report to Holmes continues: "The other day – Thursday, to be more exact – Dr Mortimer lunched with us …"

Given the context of Watson's own words, the above text fits very nicely and supports the existence of another parallel and different scenario from the one we are given. For Holmes, however, it is not a favorable rendering of the facts that he proposes (or supposes?).

The death of Sir Charles led Laura Lyons to an understanding that she had been cynically used in Stapleton's plan to lure her friend and benefactor to the moor gate. She became immediately suspicious of Stapleton's motives, to say nothing about his insinuation that eventually

they might share a life together. Deeply shocked by Stapleton's abuse of her trust, she determined to uncover the truth. I believe she had the courage to go to Merripit to confront him.

On that day he was away, and his wife, the woman known as his sister, received her. Taking advantage of her husband's absence, Beryl had that day planned a rendezvous with Sir Henry in the moor between their two homes. This arrangement coincided with the sudden appearance of Laura Lyons. The details of the relationships maintained by Stapleton with both women must have quickly emerged. It was Beryl's quick decision to bring this new information to Sir Henry's attention. Thus, it was that the understandably veiled woman, whom Watson was unable to identify (and whom he had no way of recognizing when he paid her a subsequent visit in Coombe Tracey), accompanied Stapleton's "sister/wife" to that meeting. And so it was that Watson dutifully described the incident to Holmes in his letter of 13 October – in the space of a page that subsequently disappeared. (There can be little doubt that Holmes immediately guessed Laura Lyon's identity from this account.)

Stapleton depended on his brutal treatment of his wife to keep her silenced as he prepared his plan to lure Sir Henry to Merripit House for dinner and later dispatch him in the maw of the savage hound. But of course she alerted the man she was growing to love deeply, and effectively delivered him from peril. It was at a cost, however, for on the critical evening she told her husband that she had learned of his relationship with Laura Lyons and, profoundly repulsed by his cold calculation, scornfully told him that his plan was insane. She knew that meant another beating and restraint. The sacrifice was small because with his attack on Sir Henry destined to failure, she could offer eloquent evidence of Stapleton's villainy. Her wretched state would lend credence to the results of the secret plan that she had devised.

With his design frustrated moments after Holmes dispatched the hound, the hapless Stapleton could seek refuge in only one place. Antonio, as we have noted, saw to it that there would be no safe passage for him through Grimpen Mire. He had simply removed the guiding wands at

some point after Stapleton had brought the hound to the outhouse near his home that day.

That is what happened on the night on the moor. We can perceive the obvious sense of this chain of events as well as sample justification for the motivation of the persons involved. There is, admittedly, a certain amount of acting required on the part of the principal figures in this secret scenario. Beryl's deplorable state provided a credible means for her to conceal the fact that she had actually sent her husband to his death. Sir Henry, to some small degree menaced by the hound, had only to represent the role of a man half-frightened out of his wits. The truth was that he knew he was never in real danger. Laura Lyons needed only to feign astonishment when Holmes revealed the true nature of Stapleton's relationship with the woman he lived with at Merripit House.

Holmes had failed to perceive the true character of these relationships. He theorized throughout that Stapleton had managed to maintain some sort of firm control over his wife and Lyons that would prevent them from speaking or acting against him and his interests. As we can see, Holmes was mistaken. By nature, he was not closely attuned to the intimate impulses of the female psyche. Ill served by one of his few blind spots, he did not consider the depth of emotion that is provoked in a woman deceived, rejected, or manipulated.

When Beryl Stapleton, in the course of two conversations with Holmes sometime after the fatal night, confided in him in all candor the details of the successful plan, he saw his error. Thus, he deemed that the evidence of a meeting on the moor of three people with profound animosity toward Stapleton had to be suppressed. It was the simple matter of removing a single page.

Finally, I have no doubt that Sir Henry's projected lengthy voyage in the company of Mortimer – obviously undertaken for the sake of appearances – was soon cut short. And I am sure that in time, the lovely and resourceful Beryl Stapleton happily found her place as the mistress of Baskerville Hall.

In conclusion, it would seem fitting to cite Virgil, who two thousand years ago wrote this timeless line: *"Amor vincit omnia."* Love conquers all.

Endnotes

[1] Christopher Morley, "Clinical Notes by a Resident Patient, *Baker Street Journal* (NS), Vol. 1, No. 1 (January 1951), p. 11.

[2] William S. Baring-Gould, *The Annotated Sherlock Holmes*, Vol. 2, New York: Clarkson N. Potter, 1967, p. 52.

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Unfinished business ...

Doctor Watson's Natural and Preternatural Imagery in *The Hound of the Baskervilles* With a Comment on the Birds

by Don Libey "Buttons"

John H Watson, MD, in his role as recorder of the cases of Mr Sherlock Holmes, often writes with eloquent style, demonstrating his talent for creating and using natural and preternatural images to further his story well beyond the skills of most writers.

In *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, Dr Watson alternates between natural and preternatural imagery to intensify the action of the story set in an environment suspended between the natural imagery of the moors and the preternatural imagery of the forces of evil acting at the rarefied edge of the laws of Nature.

Holmes comments extensively on these forces of evil, referring to them as "supernatural." Dr Watson records Holmes's comments, repeating the term supernatural in his writing. It can be argued that both Holmes and Watson are using the term supernatural incorrectly. Supernatural is reserved for creations of God or gods. Highly unusual, or uncanny, creations within the laws of Nature are, in fact, "preternatural." The expected creations common to the laws of Nature are referred to as being "natural." The hound of the Baskervilles itself, at worst the beast of a demonic legend, is never a divine creation and cannot be accepted as an everyday finding within Nature; therefore, it can only be an outlier at the edges of – but still within – the accepted, if strained, laws of Nature and, consequently, firmly within the category of preternatural.

In Chapter Two, "The Curse of the Baskervilles," we have Watson skillfully using nascent imagery to establish the preternatural curse. The caged "bird" escapes; a "devil" pursues; Hugo Baskerville renders his "body and soul to the Powers of Evil;" and then rides off "full cry in the

moonlight over the moors." This is a scene suspended between natural imagery and preternatural imagery; between the natural moors and the unnatural evil lit by the moon.

Following, in Chapter Three, "The Problem," Holmes frames the case and Watson records his construct. Holmes is particularly careful with his position on the matter of natural and supernatural speculations in the following two excerpts: "'I have hitherto confined my investigations to this world," said he. "In a modest way I have combated evil, but to take on the Father of Evil himself would, perhaps, be too ambitious a task.'"

And then Holmes states, "'I see that you have quite gone over to the supernaturalists.'"

Dr Watson achieves one of several literary highpoints with the following scene-setting excerpt from Chapter Six, "Baskerville Hall:"

> The wagonette swung round into a side road, and we curved upward through deep lanes worn by centuries of wheels, high banks on either side, heavy with dripping moss and fleshy hart's-tongue ferns. Bronzing bracken and mottled bramble gleamed in the light of the sinking sun. Still steadily rising, we passed over a narrow granite bridge and skirted a noisy stream which gushed swiftly down, foaming and roaring amid the gray boulders. Both road and stream wound up through a valley dense with scrub oak and fir … a tinge of melancholy lay upon the countryside, which bore so clearly the mark of the waning year. Yellow leaves carpeted the lanes and fluttered down upon us as we passed. The rattle of our wheels died away as we drove through drifts of rotting vegetation.

Again, we see Dr Watson's strengthening talent for creating the imagery of an ominous and foreboding Nature, a natural, organic environment "heavy" and "dripping," "bronzing and mottled," and "foaming and roaring." We hear a "noisy stream" a "rattle of wheels" which "died away as we drove through drifts of rotting vegetation." And, we sense the importunity in the "sad gifts … for Nature to throw before the carriage of the returning heir of the Baskervilles." The imagery is almost funereal with the foreshadowing of death, decay and fate.

Within this evocative paragraph are Sir Henry Baskerville's impressions of delight and beauty juxtaposed to Watson's "tinge of melancholy" and "the waning year." The reader continues to experience the state of suspension between the natural and the unnatural. Even the celebratory "returning heir of the Baskervilles" is borne upon a dying rattle of wheels

and "drifts of rotting vegetation," stark, implicit images of the pervasive death and decay. Colours are expressed as "gray" and "bronzing." The light is "sinking." Dr Watson paints images of a pre-spectral surrounding, one where the preternatural holds sway and there is evidence of the coming exaltation of evil.

Further, in Chapter Six, Watson writes:

> We looked back on it now, the slanting rays of a low sun turning the streams to threads of gold and glowing on the red earth new turned by the plough and the broad tangle of the woodlands. The road in front of us grew bleaker and wilder over huge russet and olive slopes, sprinkled with giant boulders … stunted oaks and firs which had been twisted and bent by the fury of years of storm. Two high, narrow towers rose over the trees.
>
> A few minutes later we had reached the lodge-gates, a maze of fantastic tracery in wrought iron, with weather-bitten pillars on either side, blotched with lichens, and surmounted by the boars' heads of the Baskervilles. The lodge was a ruin of black granite and bared ribs of rafters …

Watson's imagery has now taken on decidedly bleak aspects, using massive rocks, vegetation, high, narrow towers, black granite, and the blood-red earth ploughed into gouges similar to the bloody, torn throat of Hugo Baskerville by a demonic beast loosed upon the ancestral land. Supporting these dark natural images are equally stark images of the preternatural: "fantastic tracery in wrought iron;" "weather-bitten pillars (note particularly the use of "bitten"); "blotched with lichens" calling to mind the pallor mortis or livor mortis of death; and the skeletal-like "bared ribs of rafters;" and all framed by the "stunted oaks and firs which had been twisted and bent by the fury of years of storm." This is powerful imagery, well-crafted by a talented writer.

Arriving at Baskerville Hall, Watson and his charge are engulfed by the Hall itself:

> The wheels died away down the drive while Sir Henry and I turned into the hall, and the door clanged heavily behind us. It was a fine apartment in which we found ourselves, large, lofty, and heavily raftered with huge baulks of age-blackened oak. In the great old-fashioned fireplace behind the high iron dogs a log-fire crackled and snapped. Sir Henry and I held out our hands to it, for we were numb from our long drive. Then we gazed round us at the high, thin window of old stained glass, the oak panelling, the stags' heads, the coats of arms upon the walls, all dim and sombre in the subdued light of the central lamp.

The door "clanged heavily behind us" as if a prison. The apartment rises in the gloom, fire-lit, "dim and sombre" in the "subdued light." We sense the weight of time and legend, the crush of the curse in "heavily raftered" and "huge baulks of age-blackened oak." Indeed, the excesses and cruelties of Hugo and the accursed hound are ever-present "behind the high iron dogs" where "a log-fire crackled and snapped." The fearsome jaws of the beast are everywhere.

Dr Watson develops the scene with spatial elements in his imagery. We are often given views downward into depressions and upward to high, narrow towers and lofty, mullion-windowed apartments rising in the

interior gloom. The Devonshire landscape is carefully sketched to create images of suspension between the heavens and the earth, with pointed tors rising and moorlands extending to the veiled horizon, and all lit with the non-colour of the clouded moon. From Dr Watson's room, elevated between the "above" and the "below" he describes the sense of ominous, melancholy suspension settled upon the Hall like a pall:

> Beyond, two copses of trees moaned and swung in a rising wind. A half moon broke through the rifts of racing clouds. In its cold light I saw beyond the trees a broken fringe of rocks, and the long, low curve of the melancholy moor.

The next example of developmental natural imagery is found in the chapter following, Chapter Seven, "The Stapletons of Merripit House." Watson now gives us the "other side of the coin" thereby creating a momentary release from the tension necessary to a skilful preparation for the building of the dramatic elements to follow:

> The fresh beauty of the following morning did something to efface from our minds the grim and gray impression which had been left upon both of us by our first experience of Baskerville Hall. As Sir Henry and I sat at breakfast the sunlight flooded in through the high mullioned windows, throwing watery patches of colour from the coats of arms which covered them. The dark panelling glowed like bronze in the golden rays, and it was hard to realize that this was indeed the chamber which had struck such a gloom into our souls upon the evening before.

Here, the scene is flooded by sunlight, the gloom is effaced, and patches of natural colour are sent through the stained glass to cheer Sir Henry and Dr Watson. All seems right with the world and the reader is now sufficiently charged emotionally to meet the Stapletons.

Watson ratchets up the suspense in Chapter Eight, "First Report of Dr Watson:"

> … the very next morning he took us both to show us the spot where the legend of the wicked Hugo is supposed to have had its origin … a place which is so dismal that it might have suggested

> the story. We found a short valley between rugged tors which led to an open, grassy space flecked over with the white cotton grass. In the middle of it rose two great stones, worn and sharpened at the upper end until they looked like the huge corroding fangs of some monstrous beast … Sir Henry was much interested and asked Stapleton more than once whether he did really believe in the possibility of the interference of the supernatural in the affairs of men.

The mise-en-scéne is at the exact location of Hugo's long-ago death:

> ". . . a short valley between rugged tors … an open, grassy space flecked over with the white cotton grass … two great stones, worn and sharpened at the upper end … like the huge corroding fangs of some monstrous beast."

And we are left suspended again between the "white cotton grass" and the "corroding fangs of some monstrous beast," highly effective imagery supporting the non-reality between the natural and the preternatural.

We are now ready to receive the foreshadowing of the force that creates cohesion from the natural and the preternatural forces. This essential foreshadowing is accomplished with the following imagery from Chapter Nine, "The Light Upon the Moor:"

> The moon was low upon the right, and the jagged pinnacle of a granite tor stood up against the lower curve of its silver disc. There, outlined as black as an ebony statue on that shining background, I saw the figure of a man upon the tor … the figure was that of a tall, thin man. He stood with his legs a little separated, his arms folded, his head bowed, as if he were brooding over that enormous wilderness of peat and granite which lay before him. He might have been the very spirit of that terrible place … There was the sharp pinnacle of granite still cutting the lower edge of the moon, but its peak bore no trace of that silent and motionless figure.

The "tall, thin man … with his legs a little separated, his arms folded, his head bowed, as if he were brooding over that enormous wildness" is a strong natural image suspended halfway between the natural and

preternatural worlds. It is a human potential equal to, if not dominant to, the evil that is to be exalted. The positioning of the figure – high on the jagged tor between the dark sky and the veiled moorlands – is further a symbolic image of power over light and dark, good and evil, or if one must: heaven and earth. But, the image is not of heaven, and it is not of earth; it is of something uncanny, something at the rarefied edges of normal, some unifying force that portends the fusion of the natural and the unnatural to create Truth and extinguish Fear.

In Chapter Eleven, "The Man on the Tor," Dr Watson reaches a high-point of imagery, separating even more the Upper Region from the Lower Region; in effect, setting up the "resurrection" of Holmes for the denouement to come:

> The sun was already sinking … A haze lay low upon the farthest sky-line, out of which jutted the fantastic shapes of Belliver and Vixen Tor. Over the wide expanse there was no sound and no movement. One great gray bird, a gull or curlew, soared aloft in the blue heaven. He and I seemed to be the only living things between the huge arch of the sky and the desert beneath it. The barren scene, the sense of loneliness … in a cleft of the hills there was a circle of the old stone huts.

The soundless, wide expanse with a blue heaven above and a barren desert below is a skilful hybrid image that furthers the suspension of Reason midway in the scene. Above is one "great gray bird, a gull or curlew" and below is the "circle of old stone huts;" life and death; future and past; heaven and hell. In just moments, Watson hears and then sees the resurrection of Holmes and the subsequent emotional and narrative denouement begins leading to an ultimate justice. But first, there must come anguish, suffering and the sacrificial deaths of Selden, Stapleton and the hound to allow the act of propitiation that produces the triumph of Reason created by Holmes, which brings together the natural and the preternatural experiences into a final cohesion of Reality and Truth.

Discussion

A comment can be made about the four birds mentioned in The Hound of the Baskervilles. In order of appearance, these are; a bittern; a gull; a curlew; and a raven. The bittern and the raven are suggested, not seen; the gull and curlew are seen, but not definitively identified. Dr Watson does not specifically state whether he saw a gull or a curlew. The bittern and the raven are further suggested to be terrestrial; that is, of the moors. The gull or curlew are placed specifically—by sight—"soar[ing] aloft in the blue heaven." The bittern is tied to the hound; the raven is tied to the corpse of Selden; both are associated, therefore, with evil and death. And, of course, the raven would have instantly called to the minds of Victorians the long accepted superstition that the presence of the ravens is traditionally believed to protect the Crown and the Tower; a superstition that holds: "If the Tower of London ravens are lost or fly away, the Crown will fall and Britain with it." One can only associate the potential fall of the Crown with the potential fall of the Baskervilles. The gull or curlew is tied to the potential of good as evidenced by the "blue heaven." They are also associated with the good Dr Watson, as he is the only one to see them as they "soared aloft."

The question that—as far as Canonical research has uncovered—has yet to be answered is: "What did Dr Watson see: a gull or a curlew?"

The curlew is 20 to 24 inches long with a wingspan of 35 to 42 inches. It is essentially brown in colour. It is considered to be rare, migrating south from Britain in June and returning in April. It breeds on damp moorland and pasture and winters on estuaries and damp grasslands in warmer southern climates of the Mediterranean and Africa.

The gull most common in Devonshire is the Great Black-Backed Gull, 25 to 31 inches long with a wingspan of 60 to 70 inches. It is black and gray in colour. It is considered to be common, and it winters over in Great Britain. It would be prevalent on the moors of Devonshire in October when The Hound of the Baskervilles takes place. The gull tends to soar, playing on the thermals and the wind currents, whereas the curlew is a straight-flying bird moving quickly from point A to point B.

Given the evidence concerning size, colour, migration, the reported soaring, and the wintering over, it can be posited that Dr Watson indeed saw a gull. Perhaps this then answers a small but interesting and, as yet, unresolved Canonical avian conundrum.

"Buttons" has recently moved from California to Ocala, Florida (Witness Protection Program relocation) where he is in the throes of dealing with a paucity of local Sherlockian and Watsonian enthusiasts. He is the "Editor" of The Biography and Autobiography of Sherlock Holmes *and author of some 16 other books. In another of his many incarnations, he is Vamberry of 221B Cellars, Wine Merchants of Sherlock Holmes. He is a retired gastronomer.*

The Musgrave Ramble

by Charles Press "Rofer"

Some critics chided Sherlock Holmes for claiming to have discovered the ancient Crown of our early Stuart kings. They ridiculed the notion that the Crown of early English kings lies in a flimsy glass case in some out-of-the-way Sussex manor house, where as one wrote "by slipping a servant a sixpence, he would fish it out and let you pose with it in any barmy way you might wish."

I showed the articles to Holmes. After a short silence he said, "Watson, "The Adventure of The Musgrave Ritual" was before your time. I long avoided discussing it but finally decided to do so by embellishing some parts to distract attention from others.

I looked at him in astonishment. "But, Holmes, Musgrave's actions like your own were highly creditable – "

"Not in the eyes of the law, Watson. Someday you may perhaps tell all."

That day arrived with Sir Reginald Musgrave's passing. We had finished a late supper and retired to our customary chairs. Holmes had again somehow retrieved from the jumble and disorder of taped up papers in his large tin box, the small wooden box with the sliding lid, and again had set on the table his mementoes from the mysterious case of the Musgrave Ritual.

Holmes began the extraordinary tale.

"When Musgrave asked my help, how could I not be suspicious since he appeared so obtuse? He had surprised his butler, Brunton, at 2 a.m. in the manor house library poring over a private family document: the mysterious Musgrave Ritual. He gave Brunton a week's notice. Three days later Brunton vanished, leaving behind his effects and most of his clothes. And then a housemaid, romantically involved with him, also disappeared."

"It seems a bit unusual," I mused.

"The Ritual was the heart of the matter. Yet Musgrave assured me, it was 'nothing of any importance,' 'a thing of private interest, but of no practical use whatever,' 'a rigamarole,' 'a rather absurd business,' 'something I'm afraid can be of little help to you in solving this mystery.'"

"Odd, Holmes," I agreed.

"Only reluctantly would he let me peruse that singular document – 'if you think it really necessary,' were his actual words. Obviously Musgrave proposed leading me through a courtly dance for some purpose of his own."

Holmes lit his pipe and I leaned back comfortably in my chair.

"When we arrived at Hurlstone manor, Musgrave called my attention to the beech trees. I had to ask about the elm mentioned in the Ritual. Then he presented me with the crucial measurement for that remarkable tree which ten years before had been struck by lightning.

"I dutifully went through the charade of decoding the Ritual and paced it off. At my first thrust, I found a conical impression in the ground not two inches from where I was about to place my own peg. Surmise became certainty. The trail had been baited. When the pacing took me to an unyielding passage floor, I waited for guidance, and as I anticipated, Musgrave led me on."

"'And under,' he cried, 'you have omitted the and under.'

"I followed him down the winding stair to the cellar and saw a sight that made my blood run cold; a thick shepherd's check muffler attached to a ring embedded in a heavy flagstone. Musgrave at once identified it as Brunton's.

"He had twice told me, and I repeat his words, 'Of course we ransacked the house from cellar to garret, but there was no trace of him.' I ask you, Watson, what kind of search would pass by this shepherd check muffler?

"When we had the stone cover lifted, there was the contorted corpse of Brunton and a disintegrating chest containing a scattering of coins. Then we found a mound of coins and jewels in a corner. Musgrave rambled on about his ancestor, Sir Ralph Musgrave, and Charles the First, but I was on my guard." Holmes paused as he fingered the box of matches.

"And so, Holmes?" I encouraged.

"After Brunton's body was carted off and the others left, Musgrave suggested a brandy and smoke. We returned to the library off the Great Hall. I took out my pipe and Musgrave lit a cigarette.

"As we settled back, I held the snifter to the light and then said in a loud and firm voice, 'Now Musgrave, it won't do! You had best tell me all! Where is that poor hysterical girl? Did she meet a similar fate as Brunton?' Reginald Musgrave reeled as if I had struck him with one of the battle axes that decorated the walls. 'Speak up, man, out with it,' I cried. I have observed, Watson, that individuals let down their guard when they believe danger is over, and they have passed out of the valley of fear."

"Valley of Fear," I repeated. "Very good. It scans."

"Watson, stop muttering! Are you following?" Holmes said with some asperity. I stirred myself and Holmes continued.

"Musgrave's languid and courtly manner fell away as he stammered out the truth. Brunton, that first night, had offered to go partners in finding the Musgrave treasure. Musgrave angrily dismissed him, but also began a closer study of the Ritual.

"Evidently, the Ritual seemed straightforward enough to Brunton. Musgrave's cavalier ancestor, Sir Ralph Musgrave, suspected Hurlstone would be raided by Cromwell's men, as indeed it was. He carefully hid the

fortune, devised the code, and went off to battle for Charles the Second.

"'Whose is it?'

"'His who is gone.' Who else but Sir Ralph Musgrave who hid the treasure?" Holmes asked.

"'Who shall have it? He who will come.' Obviously, Sir Ralph's heir," again said Holmes, answering his own questions.

"'What shall we give for it?'

"'All that is ours.' For it is certainly a treasure worth finding."

"'Why should we give it?'

"'For the sake of the Trust.' What else then to preserve the Musgrave family heritage!" Holmes declared.

He continued. "What happened next is best if put into Musgrave's own words.

"'My apologies, Holmes. The morning after Brunton's disappearance, I found the maid, Rachel Howells sobbing and laughing hysterically, shrieking that the butler was gone, "oh yes, he is gone," and then she broke down in her room and told me all. To gain her help, Brunton had explained away Janet Tregellis as a fleeting infatuation and again proposed marriage to Rachel. She agreed to help him but was still suspicious. In the middle of the night they went to the cellar room where Brunton's calculations told him the treasure lay. By the light of their candles, they inserted wood shims as he pried up the flagstone. Brunton finally squeezed through the narrow opening and he found a chest full of silver coins and jewels.'

"'Rachel told me how Brunton had filled and refilled the linen bag and passed it up to her to be emptied onto the flagstone floor while he chortled and giggled and even did an insane little dance. He jeered how he, Richard Brunton, the servant his master showed off to visitors like some prize performing pig, had proved superior to ten generations of Musgraves.

"'But Brunton,' Musgrave continued, 'made a serious mistake. Something he said raised Rachel's fears that he was planning a future with the comely Janet Tregellis. Rachel said the blood rushed to her brain, she grew faint and confused. The propped up billet of wood somehow slipped out and the flagstone crashed down into place. Perhaps Brunton himself jarred it loose in his dancing about or in attempting to crawl out of the pit. We shall never know but I prefer to think the butler did it.'"

Holmes continued as though he just heard the story from Musgrave.

"'As Rachel recovered full consciousness, she heard Brunton's muffled shouts and screams. She tried to lift the heavy stone lid. As the shouting gradually ceased, Rachel staggered up to her room where she fell exhausted onto bed. The next morning she arose as from a bad dream and attempted to go about her household duties.'

Holmes then interposed, "Musgrave stopped and shakily refilled his brandy glass. His hand trembled noticeably as he went on."

"'After I had settled Rachel in her room," Musgrave continued, "I hurried to the cellar. The floor was littered with odds and ends of wood and trash covered with a thick layer of dust. But one corner was neatly swept clear. There lay a huge pile of old coins and jewels covered by a linen bag –The Musgrave Treasure! And I saw to my horror, Brunton's muffler, tied to the flagstone ring.'

"'Holmes,' he said, 'the future flashed before my eyes. If I called in the police, Rachel Howells would be questioned, and would quickly break down. She would have to endure a trial. It would probably end in her death. It was too horrible to blight a promising young life over a cad such as Brunton. So I decided Rachel must be spirited away, even at the risk of myself becoming an accessory after the fact.'"

Holmes then added, "Musgrave paused and looked to me for encouragement. I motioned to him to finish the story."

"'I removed the muffler from the flagstone ring. I carried the Musgrave treasure upstairs and put it in the safe. I intended that Rachel flee at once, but her brain fever greatly complicated matters. Two days

slowly passed. I had the servants do a first search. They found nothing. I arranged for Rachel's escape – to travel incognito to London, and thence to America and to one of the states in its vast interior. In the rubbish on the cellar floor, I found some twisted brass and put it with a few coins and stones into the linen bag and threw it into the mere. I hoped this might give us an extra day by encouraging further dragging.'

"'All the while I imagined Janet Tregellis nosing about in servant's quarters and discovering that Brunton had stumbled onto family secrets that would embarrass me. Her father would be even more bold in his surmises about Brunton's disappearance. Rumors would flourish.'

"'Just when I despaired and was cursing myself for impetuousness, Rachel recovered sufficiently to travel. That night I was able to drug her nurse's tea with a light sedative. I had Rachel make a false trail of footprints leading up to the mere and then escape on the gravel path. The next morning I called in the constabulary and they discovered the footprints and set the drags. They found the bag and continued to search for Rachel's remains. But the speculation about Brunton's disappearance continued. Some began to suggest he must still be in the manor house. How could I lead the police to find his body without implicating myself?'

"'And then, I thought of you,' Musgrave went on. 'You were just the man to play the clever outside investigator who would unravel the secret of the Ritual and then make the horrible discovery of Brunton's body with the proper flourishes. I would play the role of interested spectator, standing by applauding your skill. Rachel's part might be supposed, but she would be beyond the reach of the law. And so I put the muffler back on the ring for you to discover and replaced the treasure and covered it with trash so it might be easily discovered.'"

"At that point, Watson," said Holmes, "Musgrave simply added, 'Holmes I am at your mercy.'"

Holmes drew on his pipe and stared into the fire as the cold winds of winter howled in the chimney. "And so I told you that fanciful story, adding the flummery about Charles the First."

"And," said I, "you agreed to help Musgrave suppress the truth of Rachel's escape and yourself became an accessory after the fact to what was possibly a murder?"

"I felt disinclined to follow any other course. The actions of Musgrave enlisted my sympathy." Sherlock Holmes paused. "Sir Reginald's crime was an act of kindness incited by youthful idealism. He shielded a poor wretched girl who had already suffered much. And as I have elsewhere observed, I am not employed by the police to alleviate their perplexities."

Holmes went on, "The authorities concluded that Brunton's demise was death by misadventure. The whereabouts of Rachel Howells remained a mystery. Janet Tregellis soon found other swains. The treasure was, of course, legally Musgrave's. It allowed him to refurbish Hurlstone, marry, and pursue a distinguished political career."

"Have you ever regretted your complicity?" I asked.

"I have never regretted that decision," answered Holmes. "It justified itself many times over in the lives of all the principals."

Holmes paused to reflect. "Most satisfactory of all, Rachel was able to forget the horrors she had witnessed, and in time build a new life. Musgrave some years later received a communication, telling how she had met and married a Professor of the Classics on the staff of what I understand Americans call a land grant college, the initial such institution in that industrious nation. She lives today life more suited for her talents in a village community east of the capitol city in one of the northern-most states."

"America," said I, "has indeed proven itself to be a land of opportunity."

"Yes," answered Holmes. "It has indeed. To leave behind the forbidding grey archways and mullioned windows and all the wreckage of Hurlstone Manor House is remarkable. But then to be so fortunate as to become the life's helpmate to a Greek Interpreter, that indeed is bliss."

1. An earlier version of this piece was presented to a meeting of the Greek Interpreters of East Lansing, Michigan, a scion group of The Baker Street Irregulars, in response to a challenge from our Mr. Melas, Don Yates, to propose a more plausible account of "The Adventure of the Musgrave Ritual."

Charles Press is retired from the Department of Political Science at Michigan State University and is a long-time member of the Greek Interpreters of East Lansing, the first academic Sherlockian society founded in the US. He is the author of Looking Over Sir Arthur's Shoulder *and* Parodies and Pastiches: Buzzing 'Round Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. *His essay, "When Conan Doyle Met Jean Leckie," appeared in the* Baker Street Journal.

Taking care of business

An Explanation

The Boy-In-Buttons is retained by the good Doctor to greet callers to the Consulting Room, to convey them to the Doctor when he is ready to see them and to escort them to the door after their consultation. Between times, his functions are primarily concerned with errands for the Doctor and the timely ingestion of his daily ration of meat pies and pints. Accordingly, he often has sufficient time to observe and take note of the people and events in the immediate neighbourhood.

As you read this issue, the Society will have completed its first year of existence, having been founded 11 April 2013 at St Helena, California. During the first year, we made measurable progress, particularly in membership and publishing endeavours. As of late March when this was written, we had 145 members and we estimate at least 150 by 15 April 2014. Our publishing successes have included not only this second issue of *The Watsonian*, so skillfully edited and produced by our Editor "Sandy," but also the first monograph of the Society, *Coin of the Canonical Realm*. Renowned Sherlockian and Watsonian, Nicholas Utechin wrote this excellent monograph and we are deeply indebted and most appreciative for his vast body of enduring scholarship. And, of course, our inaugural issue of *The Watsonian* in October 2013 was received with notable acceptance throughout the scion world. We are encouraged that a high-quality, print scholarly journal of over 150 pages with a large number of excellent articles, papers and miscellanea is still welcomed by Canonical enthusiasts worldwide.

During the past year, the Society has also maintained a weekly schedule of quizzes and a number of members have become regular contributors to these Canonical exercises of the mind. Our Quiz Masters include Denny Dobry "Kirby," James O'Leary "Pippin," Michael Ellis "Lobo," Kenneth Siarkiewicz "Cooper," Elinor Hickey "Misty," Dean Turnbloom "Stoker," Michele Lopez "Reggie," Ron Lies "Chips," and – of course – our intrepid and unbeatable team from Seattle's Sound of the Baskervilles (SOB's), Margie Deck "Gwen" and Sheila Holtgrieve "Daisy," whose scores are virtually perfect on every quiz.

The First John H Watson Society Canonical Treasure Hunt was held during the month of August 2013. The honours went to (and here we repeat the results in order to promote interest among new and old members for the 2014 edition of the Treasure Hunt):

Open Team Competition: The team consisting of Society Members from Seattle's Sound of the Baskervilles (SOB's) scored a perfect 100 on the very difficult questions. Their team consists of:

Stephen Adkins, JHWS "Alfie"

Margie Deck, JHWS "Gwen"

David Haugen

Sheila Holtgrieve, JHWS "Daisy"

Allen Nelson, JHWS "Trix"

Margaret Nelson, JHWS "Annie"

Congratulations to Team SOB's on their scholarship, teamwork and their perseverance. They reported having logged hundreds of hours during the month-long Treasure Hunt. They also competed entirely for the fun and joy and specifically requested that they be awarded no prize. Instead, the Society has awarded two-year Charter Memberships to the team non-members as a token of its respect and admiration and to joyfully obtain four new members who are dynamite quizzers. The team will defend in the 2014 Second Annual John H Watson Canonical Treasure Hunt scheduled for August 2014.

Open Individual Competition: Tenacious JHWS member Denny Dobry "Kirby," worked entirely alone and finally completed the Treasure Hunt after twenty-three days of Treasure-Hunt obsession and considerable concern to his family (his wife was preparing to pack his bags and grandchildren kept crying out, "What in the world is wrong with Pop?") Our good "Kirby" took Open Individual honours with a score of 98 correct answers and even managed to find numerous alternative, accurate answers to questions that Buttons overlooked. Congratulations to "Kirby"

on a job well done. He won the Treasure Hunt Prize, a British First Edition of The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes donated by an anonymous member.

Open Student Competition: This category, unfortunately, attracted no entries. We would encourage all Society members to "adopt a student for the Canon" and encourage participation in the upcoming 2014 Treasure Hunt.

Open Team International Competition: Team France of La Société Sherlock Holmes de France took the honours for the International Team category. Their team consisted of M. Thierry Saint-Joanis and M. Alexis Barquin, who are both co-founders leaders of La Société Sherlock Holmes de France and maintain the very valuable website, the *Sherlockian Who's Who*. This skilled and knowledgeable team answered an amazing number of the 100 difficult questions, and did so without the use of the edition of *The Complete Sherlock Holmes* specified in the Treasure Hunt and to which all page number references were keyed. Essentially, they were working from memory. Congratulations to the first International Team winners: *Formidable!*

And congratulations to all who participated, to those who tried, to those who persevered, and to those who achieved success. For 2014, the Treasure Hunt will be revised with a focus on international scion club teams and will be known as The International John H Watson Invitational Canonical Treasure Hunt. And … it will be even more difficult!

The Society was saddened 28 December 2013 by the passing from the terrace of Vincent Brosnan, JHWS "Beeton," known to the Sherlockian world as "Sherlock in L.A." and BSI "That Gap on That Second Shelf." Mr Brosnan was one of the last of the great bookmen of our era. He was featured on the Society's website on the "Watsonian Limelight" page prior to his death. We shall miss Vinnie and his impeccable integrity, not only as a Sherlockian but as a kind and generous human being. Vincent Brosnan "Beeton," JHWS Emeritus (1933-2014).

At the end of 2013, the Society closed its Charter Member category and instituted the Loyal Member designation. Charter Members, now known as Monikered Members due to their being given bull pup names upon joining the Society, will be limited to 135 members. When a Monikered Member resigns, a Loyal Member will be given their bull pup name and be placed in Monikered Membership in order of seniority. Therefore, it is suggested that the Charter Member certificates be retained as they are likely to become historic artefacts of the Society.

Another potential artefact of the Society is the new lapel, blouse or deerstalker pins with the Watson family crest and motto: *Insperata fluorit*, which means "It has flourished beyond expectations." Harrison Hunt, JHWS "Dash," discovered these very attractive pins, and, subsequently, a supply was obtained from Scotland. They are featured on the website and are available for purchase by Society members. We encourage the display of the pin at Sherlockian scion meetings and dinners and for all Consultations of the Society. Thank you, "Dash."

Certain of the Society's Directors have provided wise counsel this first year. Our Founding Chair, Prof Don Yates has assured a reasoned and steady course with his hand on the tiller. Other Directors have urged a "slow and steady" speed on publishing activities and, owing to their valued counsel, the Society will continue with two journals and two monographs annually. Forays into book or novella publishing will await the future so as not to get ahead of our capabilities. We are indebted to those Directors who offer their wisdom and excellent advice. You know who you are.

We wish to thank Robert Katz, JHWS "Willow" for volunteering to be the Society's Unofficial Ambassador to the Baker Street Irregulars January 2014 weekend events in New York City. Bob offered information about the Society to attendees and encouraged participation in our publishing endeavours, especially by youthful Canonical enthusiasts. For his kind and valued ambassadorship, we are all most grateful.

Several members have done yeoman work in submitting any number of fascinating and interesting items for the website and the journal

over the year. This steady flow of miscellanea is the "intellectual glue" that binds the Society to its ever-increasing inventory of knowledge regarding Dr Watson, Mr Holmes and the Canon. We are particularly thankful for and indebted to Ron Lies, JHWS "Chips" and Kumar Bhatia, JHWS "Bobbie" for their frequent submissions to both journal and blog. The richness of any society is always measured in the richness of the member participation; "Chips" and "Bobbie" are treasures in this regard and we are grateful for having them as members.

Membership is an important aspect of societal management. There are common formulas for obtaining new members and retaining existing members. Generally, organisations lose between 30 and 40 per cent of their membership each year. That means we will have to recruit 50 to 60 new members in 2014 just to remain even. This becomes far more important when considered in light of the financial requirements. A journal costs about $9 to produce, print and mail; four journals over the two-year membership will cost nearly $36. With other postage and operating expenses, the remaining $4 of the $40 membership costs doesn't go far. Therefore, we need to recruit new members to assure a stable source of printing revenues, or we have to consider converting to an online journal, an alternative we do not wish to consider at this point; too many members enjoy having a beautifully designed and printed journal to hold and read.

To these ends, we will ask your cooperation in an annual program called "Get-A-Member," a proven method for attracting new members to many organisations. It is simplicity itself: each member finds one new member a year. If everyone is successful, we will have 150 new members. Normally, however, about 45 per cent of the members will actually be successful in attracting new members, and that would give us the needed 50 to 60 new members every year. Most of our members belong to scion groups with numerous fellow members who do not belong to The John H Watson Society. We would welcome just one new member from your scion club, although two would be highly satisfactory. Please give this some thought. It is the oldest and most reliable way to strengthen a society: it

is word-of-mouth and personal invitation; nothing works better. We need your help.

That brings us to the semi-annual Report of Operations. The Society remains sound. Here are the operational numbers as of 31 December 2013 presented in our policy of open information to all members.

Membership

Founding Members	11
Emeritus Members	2
Charter (Monikered) Members	135
Loyal Members	15
Total Members:	163

Financial

Endowment	$ 5,000
Receipts	$ 5,940
Total Revenues	$10,940

Expenses

Journal/monograph printing and postage	$ 3,650
Membership certificate packages and postage	$ 926
PO box rental	$ 180
Website hosting	$ 190
PayPal and bank fees	$ 147
Treasure Hunt prizes	$ 250
Journal prize and awards	$ 500
Total Expenses	$ 5,813

Balance	$ 5,127
Reserve for 3 more printings of *The Watsonian* during this two-year subscription cycle	$ 3,900
Available Balance	$ 1,227

A Call for Involvement: "Buttons," "Asta," and "Sandy" (your gofer, membership director, and editor and publisher, respectively) appreciate your many kind emails thanking them for efforts rendered. While your words are greatly appreciated, what we need to develop is a broad base of volunteer Society involvement. For example, if the Society had 5 members who were Quiz Mavens and each one would write one quiz every 10 weeks, we would have the 52 weekly quizzes covered and we would introduce more variety into their creation. If a member was into being a webmaster, that would give us a back-up for the website operations. If a member was excited by leading and developing The John H Watson Society International Invitational Treasure Hunt, that would be a very good thing … a *very* good thing!

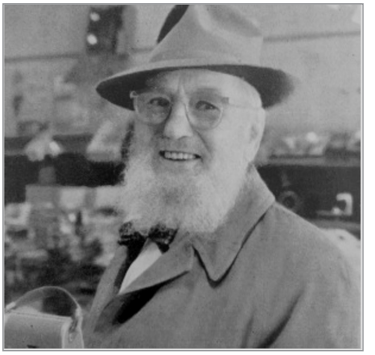
The long and short is that any society needs involvement by its members, and we are no different. Please consider how you might take a leadership role in making the JHWS better.

Once again, the Doctor's brass plate is now polished and appears quite shiny indeed. In the reflected light of the Spring season, one can see many good, kind and gracious individuals passing by, all having a wonderful time and providing bits and bobs of happiness for each other during each wondrous day where it is always 1895. Now, I believe it is just coming time for a pint and a pie.

Yours faithfully,

Buttons

The Reference Guide to Watson's Chronicles



Courtesy of the Baker Street Journal

Jay Finley Christ wrote the book that standardized the references to the 56 short stores and four novels based on the cases of Sherlock Holmes: *An Irregular Guide to Sherlock Holmes of Baker Street.* Professor Christ taught at the University of Chicago and was among the most celebrated of Sherlockians. He became friends with Edgar W. Smith and Vincent Starrett in the early 1940's and soon after was invited to join the Baker Street Irregulars in New York. He received the titular investiture of "The Final Problem" in 1943.

Christ was also a distinguished member of The Sherlock Holmes Society of London, The Hounds of the Baskerville (sic), The Illustrious Clients of Indianapolis, and Hugo's Companions. His credits include *An Irregular Chronology of Sherlock Holmes of Baker Street*, and a series of lectures entitled "The Life and Times of Sherlock Holmes" and "Sherlock Holmes of Baker Street." William S. Baring-Gould lists his texts as "Cornerstone Works."

The following are Christ's abbreviations as listed in his "Irregular Guide" and based on the single-volume *Complete Sherlock Holmes*, published by Doubleday & Company, Garden City, New York in 1930.

ABBE – The Adventure of the Abbey Grange

BERY – The Adventure of the Beryl Coronet

BLAC – The Adventure of Black Peter

BLAN – The Adventure of the Blanched Soldier

BLUE – The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle

BOSC – The Boscombe Valley Mystery

BRUC – The Adventure of the Bruce-Partington Plans

CARD – The Adventure of the Cardboard Box
CHAS – The Adventure of Charles Augustus Milverton
COPP – The Adventure of the Copper Beeches
CREE – The Adventure of the Creeping Man
CROO – The Adventure of the Crooked Man
DANC – The Adventure of the Dancing Men
DEVI – The Adventure of the Devil's Foot
DYIN – The Adventure of the Dying Detective
EMPT – The Adventure of the Empty House
ENGR – The Adventure of the Engineer's Thumb
FINA – The Final Problem
FIVE – The Five Orange Pips
GLOR – The Gloria Scott
GOLD – The Adventure of the Golden Pince-nez
GREE – The Greek Interpreter
HOUN – The Hound of the Baskervilles
IDEN – A Case of Identity
ILLU – The Adventure of the Illustrious Client
LADY – The Disappearance of Lady Frances Carfax
LAST – His Last Bow
LION – The Adventure of the Lion's Mane
MAZA – The Adventure of the Mazarin Stone
MISS – The Adventure of the Missing Three-Quarter
MUSG – The Musgrave Ritual
NAVA – The Naval Treaty
NOBL – The Adventure of the Noble Bachelor
NORW – The Adventure of the Norwood Builder
PRIO – The Adventure of the Priory School

REDC – The Adventure of the Red Circle

REDH – The Red-Headed League

REIG – The Reigate Squires

RESI – The Resident Patient

RETI – The Adventure of the Retired Colourman

SCAN – A Scandal in Bohemia

SECO – The Adventure of the Second Stain

SHOS – The Adventure of Shoscombe Old Place

SIGN – The Sign of the Four

SILV – Silver Blaze

SIXN – The Adventure of the Six Napoleons

SOLI – The Adventure of the Solitary Cyclist

SPEC – The Adventure of the Speckled Band

STOC – The Stockbroker's Clerk

STUD – A Study in Scarlet

SUSS – The Adventure of the Sussex Vampire

THOR – The Problem of Thor Bridge

3GAB – The Adventure of the Three Gables

3GAR – The Adventure of the Three Garridebs

3STU – The Adventure of the Three Students

TWIS – The Man with the Twisted Lip

VALL – The Valley of Fear

VEIL – The Adventure of the Veiled Lodger

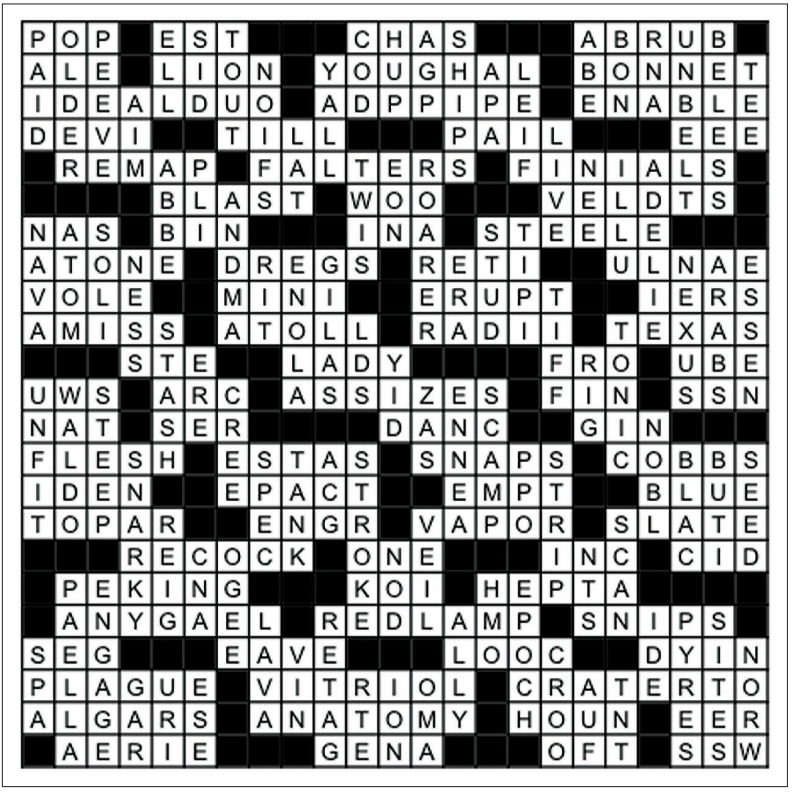
WIST – The Adventure of the Wisteria Lodge

YELL – The Yellow Face

"First Appearances"

by Margie Deck

Crossword Puzzle Answers from page 52.



Charter/Monikered Members (by date)

Andrew Solberg, JHWS "Herbie," BSI "Professor Coram"

Alexian A Gregory, JHWS "Byron," BSI "The Grimpen Postmaster," ASH, "The Coptic Monasteries of Syria and Egypt"

Jacquelynn Morris, JHWS "Daphne," BSI, "The Lion's Mane," ASH

Benoit Guilielmo, JHWS "Cicero," SSHF, SHSL, (France)

Caitlin Yates, JHWS, "Bonnie," NVNSH

George Vanderburgh, MD, JHWS "Pompey," SHSL (Canada)

Michael J Quigley, JHWS "Roy," SHSL

Laura Tomkins, JHWS "Blythe," (UK)

Sandy Kozinn, JHWS "Roxie," ASH, SHSL

Lynn Walker, JHWS "Queen," DMin, BSI, "Long Island Cave Mystery," SHSL

Frank Mentzel, JHWS "Merridew," The Red Circle, The Carlton Club

Prof Bruce R Parker, JHWS "Oxford," MD, PhD, FACR, BSI, "A Garrotter by trade," SHSL

Robert S Katz, JHWS "Willow," MD, BSI "Dr Ainstree" Sons of the Copper Beeches

Joseph Kruth, JHWS, "Marlowe"

Prof Russell L Merritt, PhD, JHWS "Spenser," BSI "The Trepoff Murder"

Susan Capell, JHWS "Heather"

James B Saunders, JHWS "Archer," DuD, BSI "The Beryl Coronet"

Harold E Niver, JHWS "Prince," BSI "The Man on the Tor"

Theodora Niver, JHWS "Patience," BSI "Carina," ASH

Harrison D Hunt, JHWS "Dash," BSI "The Something Hunt," ASH

Julie McKuras, JHWS "Violet," BSI, "The Duchess of Devonshire," ASH, SHSL

Michael Dirda, PhD, JHWS "Alex," BSI "Langdale Pike"

James C O'Leary, JHWS "Pippin," SBB, PSI

Michael Proudfit, JHWS "Skippy," NVNSH, SMMSF

Richard J Sveum, MD, JHWS "Marco," BSI "Dr Hill Barton," SHSL

Andree Youngson, MA, JHWS "Belle," NVNSH

Chuck Youngson, JHWS "Jeeves," NVNSH

Melissa Anderson, JHWS "Faith," SHSL, The Hansoms of John Clayton

Nuno Robles, JHWS "Oakley," (Portugal)

Charles Press, PhD, JHWS "Rofer," GIEL

Matt Laffey, JHWS "Baron," Priory Scholars of NY

Andrew G Fusco, JD, JHWS "Topper," BSI "Pondicherry Lodge"

Margie Deck, JHWS "Gwen," Sound of the Baskervilles of Seattle

Hugh Ashton, MA (Cantab), JHWS "Clancy," SHSL, JSHC (Japan)

Alena Mueller, JHWS "Ruby"

Ron Lies, JHWS "Chips," Dr Watson"s Neglected Patients

Dan Andriacco, DMin, JHWS, "Dutch,"
The Tankerville Club, The Illustrious Clients

Kumar Bhatia, JHWS "Bobbie," Sherlock Holmes Society of India (India/UAE)

Bruce Harris, JHWS "Scottie"

Kieran McMullen, JHWS "Raleigh"

Stuart Nelan, JHWS "Leo," SHSL, The Diogenes Club, The Red Circle,
Sound of the Baskervilles of Seattle

Steven Rothman, JHWS "Duke," BSI, "The Valley of Fear," SHSL,
Le Cercle de Sherlock Holmes, Editor, *Baker Street Journal*

Don Hobbs, JHWS "Winston," BSI "Inspector Lestrade,"
Diogenes Club of Dallas

Herbert Linder JHWS "Casey," Barque Lone Star, Dallas

George Harlem, JHWS "Beau," SHSL

Bill Berg, MD, JHWS "Lucky," The Diogenes Club of Carmel-by-the-Sea

Christopher Music, JHWS "Russell," BSI, "Wagner Night at Covent Garden,"
SHSL, Amateur Mendicant Society of Detroit

Brenda Rossini, JD, JHWS "Ginger," Devon Street Beggars, Criterion Bar,
Scotland Yarders, Torists

George Grumbles, JHWS "Arthur"

Steven G Savino, JHWS "Buddy"

Vickie A Savino, JHWS "Molly"

Susan Z Swan, PhD, JHWS "Cygnus" (Okinawa)

Pamela R Bodziock, JHWS "Charlie," SHSL,
Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers

Cade Deverell, JHWS "Ivy," Napa Valley Napoleons of SH,
The Scowerers and Mollie Maguires of San Francisco

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J Randolph Cox, JHWS "Champ"

Bill E Mason, JHWS "Billy,"
The Nashville Scholars of the Three Pipe Problem

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Sound of the Baskervilles of Seattle

Linnea Dodson, MS, JHWS "Dixie," Watson"s Tin Box, The Red Circle,

Denny Dobry, JHWS "Kirby," Baker Street Builders,
White Rose Irregulars of York PA

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John H Watson, JHWS "Teddy"

Carla Coupe, JHWS "Lily," The Red Circle, Watson"s Tin Box

Randall Stock, JHWS "Brandy," BSI "South African Securities"

Ann Margaret Lewis, JHWS "Cameo," ASH "Vatican Cameo"

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ASH "Shinwell Johnson, PSI "Geoffrey Thompson,"
Editor, *Sherlock Holmes Journal* (UK)

Jean Upton, JHWS "Countess," SHSL, BSI "Elsie Cubitt, "
ASH "Mrs Farintosh," (UK)

Thierry Saint-Joanis, JHWS "Tristan," BSI "M Bertillon,"
La Société Sherlock Holmes de France (France)

Alexis Barquin, JHWS "Olivier,"
La Société Sherlock Holmes de France "John M Watson" (France)

Bonnie MacBird, JHWS "Lady," SHSL,
Le Cercle Holmesian de Paris

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BSI "Lady Hilda Trelawney Hope"

Richard Kitts, JHWS "Tally-Ho"
BSI, "The Battered Tin Dispatch-Box,
The Turf Builders of Baker Street (co-founder)

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Scrimshanders of the Sea Unicorn

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SHSL President, Uno Studio in Holmes (Italy)

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Jeff Quest, JHWS "Galahad"

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Joseph Eckrich, JHWS

Katherine Aldritch, JHWS

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Nicholas Martorelli, JHWS

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Advertisements must be submitted electronically as an Adobe PDF and can be produced only in black and white in the interior of the journal. Advertisements for the inside covers may be produced in colour. Please inquire prior to placing colour advertising requests.

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