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THE
BAKER STREET
JOURNAL

An Irregular Quarterly of Sherlockiana

Editor: PETER E. BLAU



THE BAKER STREET IRREGULARS

NEW YORK

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An Irregular Quarterly of Sherlockiana

Founded by EDGAR W. SMITH

"Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice"

Editor: PETER E. BLAU

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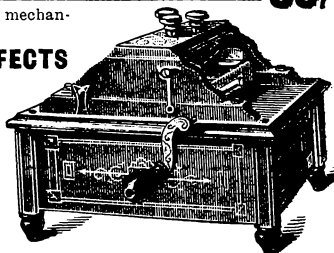
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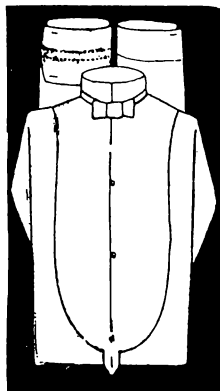
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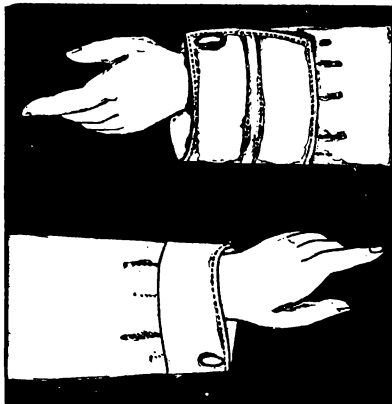
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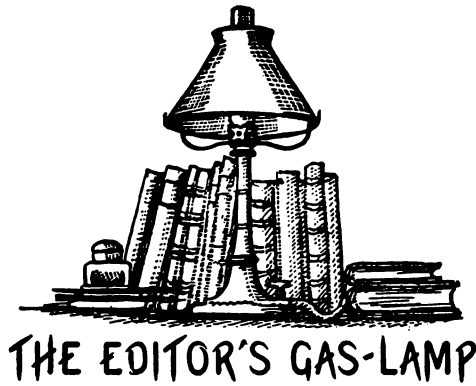
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"I publish a magazine you will enjoy reading," Ben Abramson wrote to one of the younger customers of the Argus Book Shop in 1948. The magazine, of course, was *THE BAKER STREET JOURNAL*, and that young reader was quickly converted to what was then practically a secret cult, led by Christopher Morley and consisting of the fellow-devotees who called themselves the Baker Street Irregulars.

Those early Sherlockians were fortunate in having in their midst an expert and enthusiastic editor, Edgar W. Smith, who in his spare time served as vice-president of the Franco-Midland Hardware Company (as he occasionally referred to General Motors). In 1944 he edited a collection of Sherlockiana published by Simon and Schuster as *Profile by Gaslight*. And there was enough fine material left over to fill another collection, *A Baker Street Four-Wheeler*, also edited by Edgar and published by his own private press The Pamphlet House in the same year.

The appearance of the two collections naturally encouraged other authors, and the first issue of the *JOURNAL* appeared in 1946, edited by Edgar and "dedicated to the proposition that there is still infinitely much to be said about the scene in Baker Street, and that it is of the first importance to safeguard the meritorious offerings laid upon our common shrine from that swift oblivion to which, by a heedless and unheeding world, they might otherwise be condemned." The pages of the early issues of the *JOURNAL* still show the excitement and enjoyment that its contributors shared in their pursuit of their own "grand game" of pseudo-scholarship.

Their enthusiasm and wit were thoroughly seductive, and that young reader was only one of a generation of Sherlockians attracted to the cult by the *JOURNAL*. In those days the scion societies were few and far between, meeting only once or twice a year, more often in members' homes than in restaurants or hotels. Thus it was that the *JOURNAL* served both to unite the citizenry of the world of Sherlock Holmes and to guide new adherents to the cause.

The world of Sherlock Holmes, of course, has changed. There are now

more active scion societies than there were members of the B.S.I. in those early days. The scions and their activities generate a flood of publicity in magazines, in newspapers, and occasionally on television. Sherlockian publications, once a rare and welcome event, now overwhelm the frantic completist collector.

Perhaps the JOURNAL is no longer needed as the beacon it once was in a dark wilderness, but it has continued and remains today as a window on the fascinating world whose centre is at 221B Baker Street. And its continuity is in many ways a rare and fortunate event. When the Baker Street Irregulars “stood upon the terrace” for Edgar W. Smith in 1960, Julian Wolff inherited the editorial duties, paraphrasing another admirer of Sherlock Holmes and proclaiming that “I did not come here to preside over the dissolution of THE BAKER STREET JOURNAL.”

Julian has certainly kept that promise, aided over the years by a small but stalwart band of assistants. George Fletcher, who modestly denies that Fordham University Press is his private press, assumed the burden of publishing the JOURNAL in 1975. And in 1977, when Julian retired as editor, it took three people to fill his chair. John M. Linsenmeyer was our third editor, assisted by Albert M. Rosenblatt and Chris Steinbrunner (and, as he frequently acknowledged in newspaper interviews, by his wife Barbara).

And the JOURNAL continues to flourish, fulfilling the motto devised many years ago by Christopher Morley: “Never has so much been written by so many for so few.” That once-young reader is now the fourth editor, grateful for the help of the magazine’s staff as well as for the patience and interest of its readers.

The editorial “we” is sometimes regarded as a defensive attempt at anonymity, but far more often it represents a sharing of responsibility for what merits praise. In the case of the JOURNAL that responsibility is shared with our predecessors as well as those now listed on the masthead. We hope you will continue to approve and support our efforts.



SUGGESTIONS TO AUTHORS

The Editor fervently hopes that contributors to the JOURNAL will make every possible effort to ease the burdens borne by our staff, and offers a few suggestions:

All submissions for publication, including letters and scion society reports, should be typed, double-spaced, on letter-size (8½" × 11") paper, with wide margins on all sides. Include your name and address at the top of the first page, and your name at the top of succeeding pages, all of which should be numbered.

It is not necessary to break (hyphenate) words at the ends of lines, even if you always do it correctly. In fact, our typesetter prefers unbroken words.

If footnotes are necessary, they should be numbered in the text, with the actual footnotes assembled at the end of the article or on a separate page. Given the lack of agreement on a standard edition of the Canon, references to the recorded cases should be by actual titles, or simply by the four-letter abbreviations devised by Jay Finley Christ, unless it is necessary to cite a specific point in a specific edition. Authors, titles, and sources of previously published material should be cited in full; our format will be found at appropriate points in this issue.

Keep a copy of your material, as protection against loss in the mails. If you wish to have your submission returned, please enclose an envelope with your name and address and correct postage.

A few biographical details would be helpful for use in preparing "Whodunit?" entries, both for new contributors and for those whose entries require revision.

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KEY TO STORY NAMES

devised by JAY FINLEY CHRIST

ABBE	Abbey Grange	MUSG	Musgrave Ritual
BERY	Beryl Coronet	NAVA	Naval Treaty
BLAC	Black Peter	NOBL	Noble Bachelor
BLAN	Blanchard Soldier	NORW	Norwood Builder
BLUE	Blue Carbuncle	PRIO	Priory School
BOSC	Boscombe Valley Mystery	REDC	Red Circle
BRUC	Bruce-Partington Plans	REDH	Red-Headed League
CARD	Cardboard Box	REIG	Reigate Squires (Puzzle)
CHAS	Charles Augustus Milverton	RESI	Resident Patient
COPP	Copper Beeches	RETI	Retired Colourman
CREE	Creeping Man	SCAN	Scandal in Bohemia
CROO	Crooked Man	SECO	Second Stain
DANC	Dancing Man	SHOS	Shoscombe Old Place
DEVI	Devil's Foot	SIGN	Sign of the Four
DYIN	Dying Detective	SILV	Silver Blaze
EMPT	Empty House	SIXN	Six Napoleons
ENGR	Engineer's Thumb	SOLI	Solitary Cyclist
FINA	Final Problem	SPEC	Speckled Band
FIVE	Five Orange Pips	STOC	Stockbroker's Clerk
GLOR	Gloria Scott	STUD	Study in Scarlet
GOLD	Golden Pince-Nez	SUSS	Sussex Vampire
GREE	Greek Interpreter	THOR	Thor Bridge
HOUN	Hound of the Baskervilles	3GAB	Three Gables
IDEN	Case of Identity	3GAR	Three Garridebs
ILLU	Illustrious Client	3STU	Three Students
LADY	Lady Frances Carfax	TWIS	Man with the Twisted Lip
LAST	His Last Bow	VALL	Valley of Fear
LION	Lion's Mane	VEIL	Veiled Lodger
MAZA	Mazarin Stone	WIST	Wisteria Lodge
MISS	Missing Three-Quarter	YELL	Yellow Face

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA AND A. CONAN DOYLE

by DANA B. DRAKE

IN a 1974 issue of the JOURNAL, Richard Tyler¹ calls attention to the similarity between the description of Boss McGinty in *The Valley of Fear* and Cervantes' depiction of Monipodio in *Riconete y Cortadillo*, one of the *Novelas ejemplares* of 1613. That collection of short stories, published between the two parts of the *Quijote*, contains a great variety of style and draws upon several prior genres. Some of the tales are romantic in nature and deal with adventures, narrow escapes, and the uniting of lovers in marriage. Other tales contain strong picaresque and satirical elements. In this latter group fall *Riconete y Cortadillo*, *El celoso extremeño* [*The Jealous Extremaduran* or, as it is sometimes called, *The Jealous Hidalgo*], and *El coloquio de los perros* [*The Dialogue of the Dogs*].

In *Riconete y Cortadillo*, two young scamps arrive in Seville and become members of Monipodio's school of crime. At the end they grow tired of this immoral life and return to their parents. *El celoso extremeño* is concerned with an elderly man who marries a very young woman and seeks jealously to guard her from temptation in a mansion. He fails in his effort. *El coloquio de los perros* draws partly on the picaresque genre and partly on the moralistic fable of talking animals. We hear of the woes of the dog Berganza, of his various masters, and of the corrupt society of the times.

With this brief background to Cervantes' tales let us return to Richard Tyler's article. He calls specific attention to the similar manner in which the crime school of Monipodio and the lodge of Boss McGinty are operated. In particular, he points out how, in each case, the crimes to be committed by the group are brought before the membership in the form of a written list. Tyler concludes his article with the suggestion that the influence of Cervantes on Doyle be further investigated.

Not long after reading Tyler's article, I began to re-read *The Complete Sherlock Holmes*, largely for pleasure, but also to ascertain whether I could discover other similarities between the two novelists. Let me state at the outset that the comparison of a later writer with an earlier one is a delicate matter, which may lead to an erroneous downgrading of the implied imitator. Many of the devices used by both writers are ancient and are employed by a large number of novelists. Therefore, I will speak only in terms of parallels and similarities between the two men. I will begin with the *Novelas ejemplares*. In addition to the similarity noted by Tyler, I detected two other parallels between that collection of tales and the Sherlock Holmes stories. First, in describing the seamy milieu of their tales, both works use

¹ Richard Tyler, "Cervantes in *The Valley of Fear*?" BSJ (ns) 24 (December 1974) 208-9, 214.

the same tone, and quite similar wording. Cervantes, in the opening paragraph of *El celoso extremeño*, describes the Indies as “the shelter of the hopeless, the sanctuary of the lawless, the asylum of cutthroats, the cloak and cover of cardsharpers, the decoy of many and the remedy of few.” In addition, the Spanish author, in *El coloquio de los perros*, pictures Seville, as “the asylum of the poor and the refuge of outcasts.” Dr. Watson uses similar terms when he describes London as “that great cesspool into which all the loungers and idlers of the Empire are irresistibly drained” (STUD).

Second, both Doyle and Cervantes experiment with the use of criminal jargon. Doyle is fond of American criminal slang, as is particularly revealed in *The Valley of Fear*. McMurdo tells a policeman: “What the hell is it to you who are my friends? Did I ask you for your advice, or did you think me such a sucker that I couldn’t move without it?” Cervantes, in *Riconete y Cortadillo*, has one figure ask the two young thieves: “Tell me, gallants, are you members of the light-fingered gentry [i.e. pickpockets]?” Rincón later inquires of that character: “Is Your Excellency perchance a thief?” The other answers: “That I am, at the service of God and good folk.” In the *Quijote* Cervantes employs criminal jargon, in the Galleyslaves episode (Part I, chapter 22), where, for example, the word “sing” is used to mean “to confess.”

Yet, in spite of these surface similarities between the Canon and the *Novelas ejemplares* of Cervantes, I was left with the decided impression that there was more kinship of the Sherlock Holmes stories with the *Quijote*. In the fall of 1977, in a brief unpublished talk at the Cervantes Conference at Fordham University, I alluded to possible resemblances between Cervantes’ two protagonists and those of Doyle. This observation was greeted with enthusiastic skepticism. Nevertheless, after my most recent perusal of the Canon I am even more convinced of that similarity than I was some five years ago. At that time, I only had in mind the fact that both authors use the device of contrasting characters, the one imaginative and impulsive, the other somewhat slow in thought and deed. To my mind, much of the humour of both the *Quijote* and the Canon arises out of the dialogues, an ingenious mixture of realism and fantasy, between these central figures. Let me remind the reader, however, that the utilization of contrasting figures is an ancient recourse, and Cervantes was merely the popularizer (or, perhaps, the perfecter) of this technique, which was later employed by such writers as Henry Fielding, in *Joseph Andrews* and *Tom Jones*, and Charles Dickens, in *Pickwick Papers*. In my recent re-reading of Sherlock Holmes’s adventures I came across other matters which remind me of the Spanish genius.

In regard to the main protagonists individually, one should observe that both are considered by others to have tendencies toward monomania. The Knight is obsessed by books of chivalry, but is capable of talking more reasonably (or at least more calmly) on other subjects. Holmes, too, has an obsession, and is told by a police official: “We think in the C.I.D. that you have a wee bit of a bee in your bonnet over this professor [Moriarty]” (VALL).

As Holmes has certain characteristics of the Don (imagination, obsession, eccentricities, pride), Watson likewise reveals certain traits of the Squire. Each is well aware of the peculiarities of his companion, whom, at times, he regards as quite mad. On occasion, the subsidiary hero will seriously question the wisdom of his superior. Nevertheless, both Sancho and the good doctor, out of respect or affection, will dutifully follow the lead of their more imaginative companion.

More significantly, however, in regard to any parallels between the two novelists, is the fact that both authors are self-conscious writers. That is to say, both openly and repeatedly express their concern over how to write a story, particularly regarding the problem of what to include and what to omit. It should be observed that they both have their characters debate the question. In the famous conversation of the Knight, the Squire, and the Bachelor Sansón Carrasco, in Part II, chapter 3 of the *Quijote*, the Bachelor states: "For all that, some who have read your history would have been glad if the authors had left out a few of the countless beatings which Don Quijote received in various encounters." Here Sancho interrupts, saying: "That's where the truth of the matter comes in." Don Quijote enters the conversation and asserts: "Yet they might in fairness have kept quiet about them, for there is no reason to record those actions which do not change or affect the truth of the story, if they redound to the discredit of the hero. Aeneas was not as pious as Virgil paints him, I promise you, nor Ulysses as prudent as Homer describes him." Sansón here retorts: "This is true; but it is one thing to write as a poet, and another as a historian." In the Canon we see this same playful contrast of literature and history, involving a discussion of the problem of literary selection. For example, at the beginning of *The Sign of the Four* Holmes and Watson debate the inclusion of certain elements in a story. Holmes tells Watson: "I glanced over it [*A Study in Scarlet*]. Honestly, I cannot congratulate you upon it. Detection is, or ought to be, an exact science and should be treated in the same cold and unemotional manner. You have attempted to tinge it with romanticism, which produces the same effect as if you worked a love-story or an elopement into the fifth proposition of Euclid." Whereupon Watson retorts: "But the romance was there. I could not tamper with the facts." Holmes counters with the following words: "Some facts should be suppressed, or, at least, a just sense of proportion should be observed in treating them. The only point in the case which deserved mention was the curious analytical reasoning from effects to causes, by which I succeeded in unraveling it." It may be generally concluded that both Sancho and Watson regard a narration as a factual account that should include all matters involved, whereas Holmes and the Don regard the story more as literature and approve only those facts which reflect the exemplary side of the hero (brilliance at deduction, in the case of the detective, and bravery and dignity in the case of the Knight).

An even more striking similarity is the use of characters who are aware that their actions are being recorded, or have already been recorded, by a

chronicler (Cide Hamete Benengeli or Dr. Watson). As early as Part I, chapter 2, the Knight dreams of having his illustrious acts set down, and in Part II, chapter 3, the Don becomes aware that his prior deeds have been miraculously published, when Bachelor Sansón Carrasco tells him: "Blessed be Cide Hamete Benengeli, who has left us the history of your great deeds recorded." Throughout the *Quijote* there are constant allusions to this fictitious historian. The Canon likewise uses this chronicler device, though by no means so constantly as Cervantes. For example, in *The Six Napoleons*, Holmes states, "If ever I permit you to chronicle any more of my little problems, Watson, I foresee that you will enliven your pages by an account of the singular adventure of the Napoleonic busts." Similarly, at the end of *The Norwood Builder* the detective observes, "If ever you write an account, Watson, you can make rabbits serve your turn." As we have seen, Holmes was for a long time well aware that Watson was recording their more interesting cases, as early as the beginning of *The Sign of the Four*.

Another feature of both writers (long ago noted by critics of each) is a certain carelessness, perhaps, in part, contrived. Cervantes, himself, calls attention to this error, namely at the beginning of Part II, chapter 4 of the *Quijote*. The Spaniard is also confused about the real name of Sancho's wife. In like manner, Doyle refers to Dr. Watson as "John" in the title to Part I of *A Study in Scarlet*, yet has Watson's wife call him "James" in *The Man with the Twisted Lip*. In a way similar to Cervantes' loss of Sancho's donkey, Doyle is vague as to what became of Watson's wife. In addition, there is some confusion as to where Dr. Watson was wounded. Was it the shoulder (STUD) or the leg (SIGN)? Also, there appears to be an inconsistency in the description of Inspector Lestrade, who is said to be both "rat-faced" (STUD) and yet like a "bulldog" (SECO).

In concluding these brief remarks, let me state that it was not my intention to present an exhaustive study of the parallels between two of my favourite storytellers. Much more, no doubt, could be said about their use of similar motifs and stylistic devices. As I pointed out at the beginning, such comparative studies are quite delicate. Much, perhaps too much, has been written about both Cervantes' and Doyle's use of earlier material. The point is, however, that both are "original" in the true sense of the word, for each has given the world not only one, but two unforgettable and lovable characters.





WILL THE REAL STANLEY HOPKINS PLEASE STAND UP!

by WILLIAM P. SCHWEICKERT

INSPECTOR STANLEY HOPKINS appears in four of Sherlock Holmes's cases. Although Lestrade worked more often with the Master,¹ there existed between Holmes and Hopkins a special relationship not shared by Lestrade or other Scotland Yard men. Indeed, Hopkins' welfare appears to be second only to that of Watson's as an object of Holmes's concern.

Holmes's usual attitude toward the police officials with whom he worked was one of rudeness, arrogance, and sarcasm. When Holmes remarked upon "a motive so transparent that *even*² a Scotland Yard official can see through it" (STUD), indeed, so firm a friend as Watson felt compelled to call the statement "bumptious."

Holmes laid his strongest insults on Lestrade, calling him "absolutely devoid of reason" (CARD) and "imbecile" (BOSC), but in varying degrees he was contemptuous of most police officials.

The sole exception is Inspector Stanley Hopkins. Hopkins first appears in *The Golden Pince-Nez* and shortly thereafter in *Black Peter* and *The Abbey Grange*. He is mentioned in *The Missing Three-Quarter* as referring a client to Holmes but he is not actually involved in that case.

In *The Golden Pince-Nez* Watson describes Hopkins as "a promising young detective in whose career Holmes had several times shown a *very*² practical interest."

When Hopkins appears at 221B on a stormy evening, Holmes shows extraordinary concern for him. He invites Hopkins to the fire to warm himself, offers him a cigar and instructs Watson to give him a hot toddy to ward off the ill effects of exposure to the rain. Hopkins is also invited to spend the night at 221B, the only visitor in the entire Canon to be offered the hospitality of the famous lodgings.

In *The Abbey Grange* Holmes invites Hopkins to "stop for dinner" and in contrast to the Master's usual supercilious treatment of C.I.D. inspectors, Holmes says of Hopkins, "In a doubtful case I would not put him in so painful a position."

Who is this young inspector that Holmes should act so paternalistically towards him? Why should Holmes show such concern for Hopkins' health, comfort, and career?

Several theories have been advanced. Marion Prince³ suggests that Stanley Hopkins was the son of Sherlock Holmes. This premise seems very unlikely. William S. Baring-Gould has fixed upon 1854 as the year of

¹ Lestrade appears in thirteen cases, Hopkins in four, Gregson in four, and Bradstreet in three.

² Emphasis added.

³ "Sherlock and Son," *A Baker Street Four-Wheeler* (edited by Edgar Smith), 1944, pp. 27-29.

Holmes's birth, with 1852 as the earliest date suggested by any other scholar.⁴ We know that Hopkins was 30 years old in 1895 (BLAC); therefore he was born in 1865. Holmes would have been between 11 and 13 years old at Hopkins's birth, and a little over 10 or 12 years old when conception took place. While not physically impossible, such an early paternity is highly improbable.

Prince acknowledges a "slight difficulty in chronology," noting that "if Holmes were born in 1854 and Hopkins was a man of thirty in 1895, the whole theory obviously falls to the ground." He then shakily attempts to prop it up by blaming Watson's unreliability about dates.

However, Baring-Gould makes two arguments for 1854 as the year of Holmes's birth. Either one is convincing. Together they are overwhelming. First, Holmes described himself as a "middle-aged" man in 1889 (Bosc). Thirty-five has long been accepted as middle-aged, being exactly halfway through the biblical "three score years and ten." If Holmes was 35 in 1889, he was born in 1854.

Second, we are told Holmes was "a tall gaunt man of sixty" in 1914 (LAST). Sixty from 1914 again leaves 1854. Moreover, this latter story was not written by Watson but by a third party, so Prince's blame of Watson's unreliability on dates does not hold up.

Obviously, Stanley Hopkins was not Sherlock's son. Yet Watson has given us an obvious clue that Holmes's interest in Hopkins results from some close family relationship. Hopkins's initials, like Sherlock's, are S.H.

Could he have been Mycroft's son? We know that Mycroft was seven years older than Sherlock (GREE). He would have been between 16 and 19 years of age when Hopkins was conceived. Hopkins could have been the result of a youthful dalliance of Mycroft with a household maid-servant. Such encounters were part of a young gentleman's education according to that famous Victorian journal *My Secret Life*.

However, Hopkins is described as "an exceedingly *alert*² man" (BLAC) and we cannot see him as the offspring of the ponderous, lethargic Mycroft who "has no ambition and no energy" (GREE). Also, this supposition would not account for the initials.

If Hopkins was not Sherlock's or Mycroft's son and yet was closely related to Holmes, who was his father? Baring-Gould⁵ claims that there could have been a third and eldest Holmes brother since neither Mycroft nor Sherlock had inherited the family estate. He proposed Sherrinford Holmes as that brother since, "we know, Sherrinford was, in one sense, at least, an elder Holmes than Sherlock or Mycroft."

I submit that Stanley Hopkins was the illegitimate son of Sherrinford, the result of an affair with a female below his station, probably a servant in

⁴ *The Annotated Sherlock Holmes*, vol. I, p. 47.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 56.

the house. Sherrinford, having inherited the family estate, could well afford to support the mother and child in a separate residence and educate young Stanley. The child's initials S.H. quite obviously were meant to indicate he was Sherrinford's son. Sherlock probably took a strong avuncular interest in his nephew and it would be natural for Stanley to idolize his famous uncle and choose to follow in his footsteps as a detective. Undoubtedly Holmes, trading on his many favours to the Yard, helped young Hopkins obtain employment there and continued to aid his career. Hopkins evidences his affection towards his famous uncle by referring clients to him.

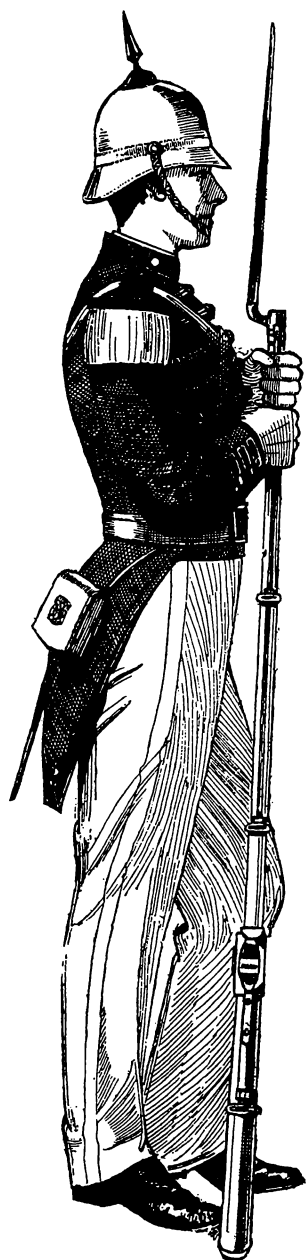
The uncle-nephew hypothesis seems to me to answer all the questions raised by the Sherlock Holmes-Stanley Hopkins special relationship. As Holmes himself expressed it (FIVE), "the observer who has thoroughly understood one link in a series of incidents, should be able accurately to state all the other ones, both before and after."

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“THERE WAS NOT A FINER LAD IN THE REGIMENT”

by JOHN W. ELY, JR.

WHEN a chronicler such as Watson recounts the adventures of someone like Sherlock Holmes, his tendency is to tell only as much of the hero's background as is necessary within the framework of the story, and even less about himself. We do, however, have some details of Watson's background, some of which are contradictory.

In *A Study in Scarlet* Watson tells us of his battle experience at Maiwand, where he states that he was wounded in his shoulder. Indeed, Holmes, at their first recorded meeting, noticed that Watson's left arm had been injured. But in *The Sign of the Four* and, later, in *The Noble Bachelor*, Watson refers to his wounded leg. To add to this confusion, Watson is shot in the thigh in *The Three Garridebs*, although this is discounted as only a scratch. I can only agree with some Holmesian scholars, including D. Martin Dakin,¹ that Watson was wounded twice — once in the shoulder at Maiwand and also in the leg at some heretofore unspecified prior time.

We know the author of the Canon was named John H. Watson; yet, in *The Man with the Twisted Lip*, Watson's own wife calls him James. Which is his true name and why is there any doubt? J. S. Coltart² gives us his opinion that Watson's name was really James and not John. In the same story, Watson calls himself an old campaigner when he could have served in Afghanistan no more than a year. Were there then other campaigns not recounted to us? Surely Watson has not told us everything about his past, at least as far as his war service and wounds, and perhaps his name as well.

Why then would Watson describe his shoulder wound in such detail and yet be so circumspect about his leg wound? Was it received in some battle of which Watson was less than proud, or in a battle in which Watson should not have taken part? To answer these questions, we must pose another — where in the 1870s could a young man in his twenties have fought in a campaign that fits some of the facts previously stated?

When we attempt to trace Watson's service prior to Maiwand, the obvious choice of British service would be the Zulu campaign of 1879. It will be remembered that, at Isandhlwana, British troops suffered their worst defeat at the hands of native troops up until that time. If Watson took part and was wounded in that battle, he could well have wanted his service kept secret. But, alas, more can be said against this campaign than for it. Firstly, for Watson to have survived Isandhlwana or to have fought at Rorke's Drift and not be known in England would seem hardly possible. Secondly,

¹ D. Martin Dakin, *A Sherlock Holmes Commentary* (Newton Abbot: David & Charles, 1972), p. 7.

² J. S. Coltart, "The Watsons," *Fortnightly Review* 129 (May 1931) 650-57.

Watson tells us in *A Study in Scarlet* that he took his M.D. in 1878 and then went to Netley for training as an Army surgeon, yet, at neither of these two battles was a newly appointed young surgeon mentioned.

So we must look further afield for Watson's earlier campaign. My next choice was, I must confess, based on whim. I had just discarded as unlikely a campaign in which a commander underestimates the fighting ability and number of his foe and splits his forces, only to have one part annihilated by a vast force of enemy warriors and another part hold off this same force until the enemy broke off the action. Why not consider Watson's service in another campaign so strikingly similar in detail to this one but on another continent (one of Watson's three?).

...and so I began my search of the published works on the "Fight at Greasy Grass," as the victors named it—or, as it is known to most of us, the "Battle of Little Big Horn," which took place in 1876.

One of the reasons, other than similarity, that led me to this battle was the fact that many of the personnel of the Seventh U.S. Cavalry at that time were of foreign birth. As a matter of fact, G Company had more immigrants than native Americans in its ranks and the Regimental Adjutant, First Lieutenant W. W. Cooke, had the nickname "The Queen's Own" given for his guardsmanlike appearance (he was, in fact, Canadian); and, of course, the regimental song "Gary Owen" was taught to its commander by British officers serving with the Union Army during the American "War Between the States."

I first turned to Walter Camp's book, *Custer in '76*,³ one of the only works published that interviewed the people involved in this famous battle, and I had immediate good fortune. While searching the muster roles of the Seventh Cavalry at the time of the battle, I had my first piece of solid evidence. There, listed with the privates of Company C, was not only a Watson but a James Watson!⁴ I then went through the book for information on this Watson and found a quote of Sergeant Daniel A. Knipe, also of Company C. Knipe states, "Although trumpeter Martin and myself were the last messengers sent by General Custer, we were not the last men to leave his battalion and survive. This distinction belongs to Peter Thompson and James Watson of my company."⁵ If this is then our Watson, he certainly holds an unique position among the survivors of the battle, a position he may in later life want to keep hidden. There is more in Camp's book on Peter Thompson but, sadly, nothing more is said of Private James Watson.

Now my research had a specific goal—find more out about this elusive Watson. I did discover a James C. Watson who was awarded the Medal of

³ Walter Camp, *Custer in '76* (Provo: Brigham Young University Press, 1976).

⁴ Camp, p. 272.

⁵ Camp, p. 125.

Honor for action with the Cavalry during the Indian Wars. But this Watson, a corporal, was born in Cohocton, New York and won his award for an action in 1870 while serving with the Sixth Cavalry. I was at an impasse; if this was the James Watson of Little Big Horn fame, he was certainly not our Watson. In studying the facts, it was not likely that the two James Watsons were the same, as most of the facts that I have noted preclude James C. Watson from being our Watson and also preclude his being the Watson who rode with Custer.

I had a small piece of circumstantial evidence and a good theory that would be supported by the facts or near-facts, that is, theories set forth by Holmesian scholars. Dr. W. S. Bristowe⁶ wrote that both Watson's father and elder brother came to America to fight in its Civil War, and it was to visit his dying brother that Watson came to America late in 1883 or early 1884. William Smith⁷ went so far as to state that Watson himself fought in that war and, closer to the point, Robert Keith Leavitt⁸ holds that Watson's visit to America was made in 1874.

When I had almost decided that my research had produced only a theory and not facts, I chanced to read a newly published book by Charles K. Mills, an avid researcher of the American West. Mills's book, *A Mighty Afternoon*,⁹ was to join Walter Camp's book as a definitive work on the people and not just the tactics involved in the Battle of Little Big Horn. Like Camp, many years before, Mills's writing was based on the statements and writings of the men who survived.

This book was to give me the final evidence to prove that the author of the Canon, whom we know as Dr. John H. Watson, was in fact serving with the Seventh Cavalry when his company, along with four others, was wiped out to the last man. The information in Mills's book is based on professional research that I, as an amateur, could never have attempted.

Thus, it was with much thanks that I came across the statements that were to prove my theory. Mills writes, "Two men from Tom Custer's C Company gave up altogether. A short Englishman named James Watson and a rudy young Scotsman named Peter Thompson..."¹⁰ A short Englishman—well, our Watson was certainly English and Jay Finley Christ¹¹ tells us in "The Height o' Watson" that Watson was 5'7"! When you

⁶W. S. Bristowe, "The Mystery of the Third Continent, or Was Dr. John H. Watson a Philanderer?" in SHJ 2 (December 1954) 27-39.

⁷William Smith, "You Have Been in Gettysburg, I Perceive", BSJ (ns) 13 (June 1963) 77-85.

⁸Robert Keith Leavitt, "The Preposterously Paired Performances of the Preacher's Portrait," BSJ (os) 3 (October 1948) 404-17.

⁹Charles K. Mills, *A Mighty Afternoon* (Garden City: Doubleday, 1980).

¹⁰Mills, p. 89.

¹¹Jay Finley Christ, "The Height o' Watson," *Baker Street Gasogene* 1 (April 1962) 55-60.

add to this the fact that Thompson was wounded in the arm and Watson in the leg while attempting to rejoin the rest of their regiment, you now have your proof!

Now that we know that Watson was there, we must attempt to explain *why* he was there and why he acted as he did. A brief description of the battle would seem the first step. . .

On the afternoon of 25 June 1876, only ten days before America was to celebrate its Centennial, Lieutenant Colonel (late Major General) George Armstrong Custer and the Seventh Cavalry rode along the Little Big Horn River in the Montana Territory. Custer's command consisted of twelve companies of cavalry, numbering 617 officers and men and about 53 Indian and civilian scouts and packers. One of these companies, C Company, mounted on light sorrels, was commanded by thirty-year-old Thomas Ward Custer, George's younger brother. Captain Custer, known by the Indians as "Scarface," had been commissioned from the ranks during the "War Between the States," where he was awarded no fewer than two Medals of Honor.

The fatal decision that precipitated the disaster that was to cast a pall on the Centennial celebration in Philadelphia was Custer's order to divide his force. Having found the Sioux encampment, he sent one battalion under Captain (late Colonel) Frederick Benteen to scout the hills to the west; another, under Major Marcus Reno, was dispatched to the southern end of the Indian camp, while Custer himself rode with Companies C, E, F, I, and L to attack from the north.

We know that the last white man to see the 207 men in Custer's battalion alive was James Watson who, with Peter Thompson, rejoined the combined forces of Reno and Benteen to fight that day and the next, at which time the Indians broke off their attack.

Did Watson desert his company or was he simply not able to keep up, as Thompson states? Peter Thompson was certainly no coward, for when he joined Reno he hid the fact that he was wounded so as to take up a position in the firing line. Later, still untreated, he volunteered to go into Indian controlled territory to get much-needed water for the wounded under the care of the surgeon, Dr. Porter. One of the wounded was James Watson. For this act of bravery, Thompson was awarded the Medal of Honor. While lying among the wounded that hot, dusty June day, under the care of the overworked and harassed military surgeon, surely Watson got the inspiration for his future occupation.

From this we can assume that the worst that Watson can be accused of is not wanting his companion and himself to die in a foolhardy attack on a force that all but Custer could see outnumbered the battalion by ten to one.

. . . and what was the connection between Watson and Thompson? — could he have been Watson's elder brother whom some have placed in the American Army some years earlier? Or was this tall, young soldier another Englishman in American service for a reason we may someday read, if

Watson's famous dispatch-box is ever found? Don't forget, Christopher Morley¹² suggested 1876 as a year when Sherlock Holmes himself journeyed to America and ventured into the American West.

I leave this for you to decide, but I myself can only wonder if the true tale of Watson's experience in the Seventh Cavalry was not discovered many years later by Percival Christopher Wren and was used as a basis of his book *Beau Geste*.¹³ If this be true, then of Watson it can be said, "There Was Not a Finer Lad in the Regiment"!

¹²Christopher Morley, "Was Sherlock Holmes an American?" in *Saturday Review of Literature* 11 (21 July 1934) 6.

¹³Percival Christopher Wren, *Beau Geste* (Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1925).



A TOAST TO MRS. HUDSON

by THOMAS M. RUSSO

*Delivered at the 1982 annual dinner of The Baker Street Irregulars and
dedicated to Lisa McGaw.*

Let's drink to the lady
Who chose to retain
"The worst tenant in London"
Within her domain.

He smoked shag tobacco,
Played music at night,
And sinister callers
Gave Martha a fright.

He wouldn't allow her
To dust off his files
And left his belongings
In untidy piles.

He pockmarked the walls
From his shooting indoors,
And had clients fainting
All over the floors.

Malodorous chemicals
Filled his retorts;
He had odd companions —
Irregular sorts!

So here's a bouquet
With the blossoms and buds on
In most grateful tribute
To dear *Mrs. Hudson*.

SHERLOCK HOLMES: GRIT IN A SENSITIVE INSTRUMENT

Reviewed by EVELYN A. HERZOG

Grit in a Sensitive Instrument, a one-act play starring its author Paul Singleton, was first performed in Florida in 1980 and recently produced at the Vineyard Theatre in New York City, 11-28 March 1982.

The play is a speculation on the life and character of the young Sherlock Holmes—in the days long before Watson's chronicles had made his name a household word, before his successes had made him the unofficial consultant of England's police forces, all the way back before he possessed much of a clientele at all. What is it like to have it in oneself to make a great name and yet see no opportunities for one's work? How does one invent a new profession and justify it to the world? Singleton shows how it may have been for the world's first consulting detective.

This young Holmes displays traits we have come to recognize in the Master—a flair for deduction from physical minutiae, an interest in the outside world only as filtered through the criminal news and agony columns of London's dailies, a natural affinity with clutter. We see the burden of his early days of inactivity, made more poignant by his detective's ability to spot potential clients on the pavement but his inability always to lure them into the consulting-room.

In other ways, however, this Holmes is not just young, but immature. Central to the play are flashbacks to his recent past, depicting painful scenes with his disapproving father and unsympathetic fiancée, and an account of a domestic tragedy. His self-assurance fallen away, Holmes is revealed as a vulnerable young fellow, rather petulant, something of a mama's boy, unsuccessfully trying to become a maverick without forfeiting the benefits of society. The events in these flashback scenes are designed to explain the personality of the adult Holmes; but instead, they explain him away. His ideal of rationality becomes, not a foundation for clarity of perception, but a dike against the painful emotions of the past; his solitude, a forestalling of loneliness; his energy, a determination to vindicate himself to the ghosts of his early days. We come to admire him less without loving him more; the play does not provide enough insight into Holmes's humanity to justify the sacrifice.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE SPECKLED BAND

adapted for radio by JOHN DICKSON CARR

The ever-increasing number of original contributions to The Writings About the Writings submitted to the JOURNAL prevents our reprinting material from other publications. Having stated that general rule, we immediately announce an exception, justified by the fact that we are now presenting an intriguing item of Sherlockiana whose prior publication consisted entirely of broadcast by radio. We are indebted for this opportunity both to Mrs. Clarice Dickson Carr and to Douglas G. Greene, whose assiduous research in the archives of the BBC led to discovery of the script.

John Dickson Carr, the master of detective stories featuring locked rooms and other impossible crimes, was one of the greatest experts on Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Sherlock Holmes. Disliking the pretense that Holmes and Watson were real people and Doyle merely the Literary Agent, Carr was never directly connected with Holmes fandom, but his works were filled with Sherlockian references.¹ Although the greatest influence on Carr's style, with its emphasis on atmosphere and paradox, was G. K. Chesterton, his ideas about the rôle of the Great Detective were clearly derived from Doyle and Holmes.

Like Dorothy L. Sayers, Ellery Queen, Cornell Woolrich, and Anthony Boucher, Carr became a regular writer of radio dramas from the late 1930s through the 1940s. Most of his work was for two classic mystery series, *Suspense* (CBS) and *Appointment with Fear* (BBC). Not only did he write more than 75 original scripts, most of which remain unpublished, but he also adapted for radio stories by other writers, including G. K. Chesterton, Robert Louis Stevenson, Melville Davisson Post, and Edgar Allan Poe. Moreover, around 1944 he acted as editor for serials based on Doyle's *The Lost World* and *The Poison Belt*. It seems to have been in this connection that Carr first met Doyle's son, Adrian Conan Doyle.

Carr's association with Adrian Conan Doyle eventually led to his masterful biography *The Life of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle*.² In many ways, this is still the best biography of Doyle, carefully based on documents yet with a sense of the excitement of its subject's life. Indeed, the book's tone may have been taken from Carr's radio experiences. Dorothy L. Sayers pointed this out (using more negative language than seems justified) in a *Sunday Times* review: "It suffers somewhat from a determined brightness of style, reminiscent of a radio feature-programme, whereby every episode is remorselessly dramatised." But Sayers also praised Carr for "the accuracy, sympathy, and balanced judgment with which he has handled his subject."³

Carr and Adrian Doyle later collaborated on *The Exploits of Sherlock Holmes*,⁴ a volume which some Sherlockians (perhaps overly influenced by Adrian's control of his father's estate) called "Sherlock Holmes Exploited," but which I find far and away the most convincing series of Holmes pastiches, far truer to Doyle and Holmes than most of the recent spate of imitations.

¹ Larry L. French, "The Baker Street-Carrian Connection," *BSJ* (NS) 29 (March 1979) 6-10; and LeRoy Lad Panek, *Watteau's Shepherds* (Bowling Green: Bowling Green University Popular Press, 1979), pp. 153-55, 161-62.

² John Dickson Carr, *The Life of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle* (New York: Harper, 1949).

³ Dorothy L. Sayers, "Conan Doyle: Crusader," [London] *Sunday Times* (6 February 1949) 3.

⁴ Adrian Conan Doyle and John Dickson Carr, *The Exploits of Sherlock Holmes* (London: John Murray, 1954).

In light of all this, it is surprising that Carr did only one radio adaptation of a Holmes adventure. He did plan in 1953 to write a Holmes series for the BBC, which was to be directed by Val Gielgud, but these plays never appeared. (The radio version of "Silver Blaze," which I attributed to Carr in the bibliography in *The Door to Doom and Other Detections*,⁵ was in fact the work of C. Gordon Glover, though Carr was credited as editor.) "The Adventure of the Speckled Band" indicates brilliantly how a radio dramatist presented Doyle. Unlike many of the Basil Rathbone/Nigel Bruce radio shows, Carr's version of Doyle remains true to the original, often using Doyle's words. But Carr saw clearly that what worked well in prose did not always transfer bodily into a radio script. Doyle's original story has Helen Stoner present much of the background in a long monologue, but Carr breaks it up by allowing Holmes a more active rôle as interrogator. Watson too has more to say than in the original story; indeed Carr puts into Watson's mouth speeches that Doyle assigned to Helen Stoner or to Holmes himself. Mrs. Hudson's slightly augmented part may also be related to Carr's desire to keep variety in the dialogue. In addition, Carr makes expert use of sound to convey scenes and personalities to the listener. Note, for example, how Dr. Roylott is characterized by the sound of his hunting-crop beating upon the sofa.

John Dickson Carr's adaptation of "The Adventure of the Speckled Band" was first broadcast on 17 May 1945, as a half-hour programme on BBC's Home Service. It starred Cedric Hardwicke as Holmes and Finlay Currie as Watson. Currie repeated his rôle as Watson when the play was performed again on 27 December 1948, with Howard Marion-Crawford as Holmes. The surviving script is the version used in September 1956, when the play was recorded "for future transmission" on the BBC's Overseas Service. In this instance Sebastian Shaw played Holmes, and Godfrey Kenton was Watson.

DOUGLAS G. GREENE

⁵ John Dickson Carr, *The Door to Doom and Other Detections* (New York: Harper & Row, 1980), p. 349.



ANNOUNCER: We present "The Adventure of the Speckled Band" by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, adapted for radio by John Dickson Carr. "The Adventure of the Speckled Band."

WATSON (*Watson is middle-aged, bluff, earnest, sympathetic and sincere*): In glancing over my notes of the seventy odd cases in which for the past eight years I have studied the methods of my friend Sherlock Holmes, I find many tragic, some comic, a large number merely strange; but none commonplace. Working as he did rather for the love of his art than for the acquirement of wealth, he refused to associate himself with any case which did not tend towards the unusual: even the fantastic. But of all these varied cases I can recall none which presented more singular features than that associated with a well-known Surrey family...the Roylotts, of Stoke Moran. (*Slight pause*)

(*Fantastic music comes up and backs the narration throughout.*)

It was early in April, in the year '83, when Holmes and I were still sharing bachelor-lodgings in Baker Street. I awoke one morning to find Sherlock Holmes standing, fully dressed, at the side of my bed...

(*Music comes out into clock striking seven.*)

HOLMES (*Holmes, in his middle forties, has a nervous-edged voice with a range of emotion from the suave to the staccato*): Watson! Watson!

WATSON (*rousing, dazedly*): Holmes! What on earth . . . ?

HOLMES (*amiably*): Very sorry to disturb you, Watson; but it's the common lot this morning. Mrs. Hudson has been disturbed: she retorted upon me, and I on you.

WATSON: What is it, then? A fire?

HOLMES: No, Watson. A client. It seems that a young lady has arrived in a considerable state of excitement, and insists on seeing me.

WATSON: Now? At . . . what is it? . . . seven o'clock in the morning?

HOLMES: Exactly, Watson. And when young ladies wander about the metropolis at this hour, and knock sleepy people out of their beds, I presume it's something pressing. If this *should* prove an interesting case, Watson, and you *should* care to follow it from the outset . . . ?

WATSON: My dear fellow, I wouldn't miss it for anything!

HOLMES: Excellent, Watson. Then shall we say...the sitting-room in ten minutes?

(*Fantastic music, very faint, is heard through next narration.*)

WATSON: Nor shall I forget my first sight of the young lady, dressed in black and heavily veiled, who waited in the bow-window of our sitting-room. A fire had already been kindled there, its light touching the table of chemicals and the old worn sofa with the violin case in one

corner. Yet the firelight could not penetrate that black veil, that opaque veil, turned towards us as . . .

(Door opens.)

HELEN *(has a soft pleasant voice: that of a woman carefully controlling hysteria) (approaching)*: It was good of you to see me, Mr. Holmes! You are Sherlock Holmes?

HOLMES: That is my name, madam. This is my intimate friend and associate, Dr. Watson.

WATSON *(murmuring)*: How do you do?

HOLMES *(cheerfully)*: And I see Mrs. Hudson has had the good sense to light the fire. Pray draw up a chair to it . . . allow me . . . !

HELEN: Thank you.

HOLMES: Do you sit *there*, Watson; and I will make myself comfortable on the sofa. *(Suddenly)* You're shivering.

HELEN: Am I? Yes. I daresay.

HOLMES *(calling)*: Mrs. Hudson!

MRS. HUDSON *(off)*: Yes, Mr. 'Olmes?

HOLMES: Will you bring some hot coffee for our guest, please?

HELEN: Thank you. But it is not cold that makes me shiver.

HOLMES: Indeed? What, then?

HELEN *(with intensity)*: It is fear, Mr. Holmes. It is terror.

HOLMES *(sharply)*: Mrs. Hudson!

MRS. HUDSON: Yes, sir?

HOLMES: That will be all, thank you. Bring the coffee presently. That will be all.

MRS. HUDSON: Very good, sir.

(Door closes.)

HELEN: You doubt what I say, Mr. Holmes? Let me raise my veil. Ah! I saw your eyes change. I am barely thirty. Yet you see the gray in my hair.

HOLMES: Try not to be afraid. We shall do our best to set matters right. *(Suddenly)* You've come in by train this morning, I see.

HELEN *(startled)*: Do you know me, then?

HOLMES: No; but I observe the second half of a return ticket in the palm of your left glove. *(Interested)* Quite a long distance, too! You've had a good drive in a dog-cart, along heavy roads, before you even reached the station.

HELEN: *(Reaction)*

HOLMES *(hastily, half amused)*: There's no mystery, my dear madam! The left arm of your jacket is spattered with mud in no less than seven places. Only a dog-cart throws up mud in that way. Yes. Forgive me.

HELEN: Whatever your reasons may be, you are perfectly correct. I took the first train to Waterloo this morning, because I can't stand this strain any longer! I shall go mad if it continues!

HOLMES: Strain, you say?

HELEN (*controlling herself*): My name is Helen Stoner. I make my home with my step-father. He is the last survivor of one of the oldest Saxon families in England: the Roylotts, of Stoke Moran.

HOLMES: Stoke Moran! Stoke Moran! Yes.

HELEN: On the western border of Surrey. The name is familiar to you?

HOLMES: Perfectly.

HELEN: My step-father's family was at one time among the richest in England. Now—genteel poverty. A few acres of bramble-covered land, and an old stone house in the park. That was why, years ago, my step-father took a medical degree and went out to Calcutta. He established a large practice there; heaven knows he had force of character! But...

HOLMES: But what?

HELEN: He beat his native servant to death, and they put him in prison.

HOLMES: I see, Miss Stoner.

HELEN: While Dr. Roylott was in India, he married my mother. Mrs. Stoner. Widow of...

WATSON: Not Major-General Stoner? Bengal Artillery?

HELEN: Yes, Dr. Watson! Do you . . . ?

HOLMES (*drily*): Watson himself served in India, Miss Stoner. Pray go on with your statement.

HELEN: My sister Julia and I were twins: we were very young when our mother re-married. She brought Dr. Roylott a large sum of money: gave it to him entirely, with only the provision that Julia and I should have an annual sum if *we* married. (*With sudden hysteria*) Married! (*Controlling herself*) No matter. After my step-father's release from prison, we returned to England. My mother died. And then...

HOLMES (*quietly*): Don't clench your hands, Miss Stoner. You want to tell me that Dr. Roylott's fits of violence... have increased?

HELEN (*slight pause*): Yes.

HOLMES: Dangerously so?

HELEN: He's quarrelled with everyone in the neighbourhood of Stoke Moran. He's brawled and fought and laid about him with a hunting-crop until...

HOLMES: Thank you. I had already guessed it.

HELEN: You *guessed*?

HOLMES: That frill of lace at your wrist, Miss Stoner...

HELEN: Please! Don't turn it back!

WATSON (*slowly*): The blue marks of four fingers and a thumb. (*Angrily*) Look here, Holmes . . . !

HELEN (*hastily*): Dr. Roylott probably doesn't realise!

HOLMES (*drily*): Evidently not.

HELEN: He's immense in size, immense in strength. To see him striding along, yellow eyed, in a top-hat and frock coat and high gaiters, with one of his animal pets following him...

HOLMES: This estimable gentleman keeps pets?

HELEN: He has a passion for Indian animals. At present he's got a cheetah and a baboon, roaming loose in the grounds...

WATSON (*sharply*): Did you say cheetah? An Indian leopard?

HELEN: Yes. Some friend of his sends them from India. (*Almost laughing*) I say 'friend,' but I don't suppose Dr. Roylott has any friends except the wandering gipsies. He gives the gipsies leave to camp on our estate; he sits with them in their tents; sometimes he wanders away with them for weeks on end. He's the terror of the village and... (*Breaking off*) ...You can imagine, Mr. Holmes, that my sister and I had no great pleasure in our lives.

HOLMES: I can well imagine it.

HELEN: No servant would stay with us; we did all the work of the house. Poor Julia was only twenty-eight when she died...

HOLMES (*quickly*): Your sister is dead, then?

HELEN: Yes. She died on the eve of her marriage.

HOLMES: On the eve of... I see!

HELEN: Julia and I met so few people, Mr. Holmes! But at our aunt's —my mother's maiden sister, near Harrow—Julia met this young man, and fell in love with him, and...

HOLMES: And your step-father? What did *he* say?

HELEN: Dr. Roylott offered no objection.

HOLMES: Indeed. Very suggestive. And then?

HELEN: Julia died.

HOLMES: Can you remember the details?

HELEN: I wish I could forget them. (*Hesitating*) I told you, I think, that the manor house is very old. Only one wing is now inhabited, and the bedrooms in this wing are on the ground floor... I want you to imagine three bedrooms in a line: the first Dr. Roylott's, the second Julia's, and the third mine. There's no communication between them, but they all open out into the same corridor. Do I make myself clear?

HOLMES: Perfectly, Miss Stoner.

HELEN: The windows of all three rooms open out on the lawn opposite. On *that* night, the night it happened...

HOLMES: Go on.

HELEN: On that night, a wild night of wind and rain, Dr. Roylott had gone to his room early.

(*Music creeps in behind narration.*)

I remember the whitewashed corridor, with the flickering lamp. I

remember going into my own room, and locking the door...we always did that, with a cheetah loose in the grounds...and dropping the bar of the shutters across the windows. Then, as I was just preparing for bed...

(Music comes out into a shrill whistling of wind. This is held for a moment, and dies away into the tap of a door.)

JULIA *(has a voice which suggests a girl more timorous, less strong-minded than HELEN)* *(Off)*: Helen! Helen!

HELEN *(calling)*: Yes, Julia?

JULIA: May I come in, please?

HELEN: Of course, dear! Just a moment while I unlock the door.

(Door is unlocked. It opens and closes.)

JULIA *(fades on)*: You needn't lock it again, Helen. I can only stay for a moment.

HELEN: Julia! Is anything wrong?

JULIA: No, no! Truly! Only...I wanted to speak to you. And he's still awake.

HELEN: How do you know?

JULIA: Those Indian cigars of his! I can smell the cigar-smoke in my room. *(Tentatively)* Helen.

HELEN: Yes, Julia?

JULIA *(earnestly)*: I don't want to leave you, Helen. But I *do* love the man I'm engaged to, and...oh, Helen, anything to get away from *him*!

HELEN *(quietly)*: You mustn't think of it like that, Julia.

JULIA: No. I don't, really. *(Quickly)* You'll marry too, Helen.

HELEN: Perhaps. Does it matter?

(Wind rises.)

JULIA: How the lamp glares in that draught! . . . The cheetah's with him tonight, Helen. I heard it snarl. Have you barred the shutters?

HELEN: Yes, dear.

JULIA: I can imagine him in that room of his. Pacing up and down past the iron safe, with a big black shadow of him following the lamp... Helen!

HELEN: Yes, dear?

JULIA: Have you ever heard anyone whistle in the dead of night?

HELEN *(startled)*: Heard anyone...

JULIA: No, don't stare! I mean it. A low, clear whistle. Have you heard it?

HELEN: No, certainly not!

JULIA: *I* have. Always in the dark. Always about three o'clock in the morning. I can't tell where it comes from; perhaps from the next room,

perhaps from the lawn. I...I thought I'd just ask you whether you'd heard it.

HELEN: Julia! It must be those wretched gipsies in the plantation!

JULIA: Very likely. And yet... *(Laughs forcedly)* ...anyway, it's of no great consequence. I'm happy, Helen. *(Fading off)* I must remember that I'm happy.

(Door closes.)

HELEN: Good night, dear. Sleep well.

(The noise of the gale rises shrilly. Then it is heard faintly behind HELEN'S next speech.)

'Sleep well.' That was what I said. But I couldn't sleep. Julia and I were twins, Mr. Holmes. Perhaps her emotions were my emotions. The wind howling, the rain beating and splashing against the windows. Towards three o'clock, under the hubbub of the gale, I suddenly sat up in bed to hear...

(The wind has risen to crescendo, at which we hear a woman's shrill scream. The wind stops dead.)

Julia! . . . Was that you who screamed? . . . Julia!

(Pause)

(Muttering) I must get up. I must go to her... Where's the door? It's too dark to find the door! . . . *(Piteously)* Matches! I can't even find any matches... Mustn't be frightened; it was probably only a nightmare... *(With relief)* Door!

(Door is unlocked.)

It's all right. The lamp will be lighted in the corridor!

(Door opens.)

Yes! . . . Julia!

(A long, clear whistle, distantly.)

(Muttering) The whistle. The whistle *she* heard. I didn't imagine it! I...

(A metallic clang, as of metal falling.)

Was that... a window-bar falling? What was it? *(Breaking off)* I'm coming, Julia! Don't be afraid!

(Hammering on door.)

It's Helen, Julia! Open the door! I heard the whistle. I heard something like metal falling. And then...

(Key turns in lock: a heavily creaking door slowly opens.)

Julia! Thank God you're safe! Give me your hand, that's a good girl!
(Suddenly) Julia! What's wrong? Why do you grope as though you were blind? Can't you speak?

JULIA: Helen! It was...

HELEN: Speak out, Julia! What are you saying?

JULIA: *It was the band, Helen! (Shrieking)* The speckled band!

HELEN: Don't writhe, Julia! I'm not strong enough to hold you up!
Don't look at me like that! I...

(A thud as of a falling body.)

(Hysterically) Julia!

JULIA *(clearly)*: The speckled band.

(Music up strongly, and registers for a few seconds before HELEN speaks again.)

HELEN: That's all, Mr. Holmes. She died presently, in convulsions. Dr. Roylott came out of his room...all huge and yellow-faced; I can see him yet...and gave her brandy, and tried to revive her. But it was no use. That was the end of the sister I loved. *(Breaking off)* Are you listening to me, Mr. Holmes?

HOLMES *(rousing)*: I beg your pardon?

HELEN: Sitting back with your eyes closed, and your fingertips together...

HOLMES: Believe me, Miss Stoner, I was never more intent. Now tell me. This whistle, and the metallic sound you heard. Could you swear to it?

HELEN: That was what the coroner asked me. Yes. I could swear to it.

HOLMES: Was your sister dressed?

HELEN: No; she was in her nightdress. In one hand she had a box of matches, and in the other a charred stump of a match.

HOLMES: Showing she had struck a light and looked about her. Yes! That's important. And what conclusions did the coroner come to?

HELEN: The doctors...found no cause of death.

WATSON: *No* cause of death, Miss Stoner?

HELEN: None whatever, Dr. Watson. And that is not all. My sister was alone, quite alone, when this happened.

HOLMES: The room was locked up on the inside?

HELEN: Door locked, windows barred. The walls and floor were solid...

HOLMES *(quickly)*: You're quite sure of that?

HELEN: Absolutely sure.

HOLMES: You spoke of gipsies, Miss Stoner. Were there gipsies in the plantation at the time?

HELEN: Yes. There are nearly always some there.

HOLMES: And what did you gather from the allusion to a band, a speckled band?

WATSON (*excitedly*): But surely, Holmes . . . excuse me! . . . surely that's obvious! The 'band' must refer to gipsies. And the spotted handkerchiefs they wear over their heads; surely that must have suggested the word?

HOLMES (*dissatisfied*): These are deep waters, Watson. We must not theorise without data. Have you anything else to tell me, Miss Stoner?

HELEN: Yes. I am engaged to be married now. To a very old, very dear friend. And . . .

HOLMES: And . . . ?

HELEN: I heard the whistle again last night.

HOLMES: Where did you hear it?

HELEN: Two days ago some repairs were started to the west wing of the building. My room is uninhabitable. I moved into my sister's old room; I slept in her bed. And at three o'clock in the morning, in the silence and darkness of that room . . . I couldn't endure it, Mr. Holmes! I ran away in terror! What is it, Mr. Holmes? What do you think of it all?

HOLMES: I think, Miss Stoner, that we haven't a moment to lose. If we were to come to Stoke Moran today, could we see these rooms without Dr. Roylott's knowledge?

HELEN (*eagerly*): Yes! He spoke of coming to town today on important business. He'll be away all day.

HOLMES: Excellent! Excellent! . . . You'll come along, Watson?

WATSON: By all means, my dear fellow!

HOLMES: Then you may expect us both. In the meantime . . .

HELEN: I must go, Mr. Holmes. I daren't stay any longer. But I shall be at Stoke Moran to meet you. (*Quickly*) No, don't get up! You needn't see me to the door. I may have seemed foolish, sir. (*Fading off*) I may have sounded incoherent. But I am grateful to you both. I am deeply grateful.

(Door opens and closes. Slight pause.)

HOLMES (*thoughtfully*): Watson!

WATSON: Yes, Holmes?

HOLMES: Will you be good enough to hand me down the cherry-wood pipe from the corner of the mantelpiece? . . . Thank you. (*Offhandedly*) What do you make of it, Watson?

WATSON: I don't know what to make of it. It's a dark and sinister business altogether.

HOLMES: Dark enough, yes. Sinister enough, undoubtedly. (*Impatiently*) Data, Watson! I must have data! When you combine the idea of the whistle, the band of gipsies, the doctor's financial interest in preventing

this girl's marriage . . . come, Watson! surely you noticed that! . . . and, finally, a metallic clang that might have been caused by a falling window-bar . . .

WATSON: You think that's the line of solution?

HOLMES: It may well be, Watson. And yet . . . and yet . . .

(Off, a crash suggesting overturned crockery.)

What, in the devil's name, is *that*?

(Door opens hastily.)

MRS. HUDSON: Mr. 'Olmes, sir! Mr. 'Olmes!

HOLMES: Yes, Mrs. Hudson? What is it?

MRS. HUDSON (*much agitated*): There's a gentleman here, sir. So big his top-hat brushes the cross-bar of the front door . . . carrying a hunting-crop . . . overturning my coffee-tray . . . and saying . . .

DR. GRIMESBY ROYLOTT (*fades on; he has a deep, heavy, rather husky voice, carrying a suggestion of something not far from madness*): Which of you two is Holmes?

HOLMES (*quietly*): That is my name, sir. But you have the advantage of me.

ROYLOTT: I am Dr. Grimesby Roylott, of Stoke Moran.

HOLMES (*blandly*): Indeed, Doctor. Pray take a seat.

ROYLOTT: I will do nothing of the kind. (*Fiercely*) My step-daughter has been here. I've traced her. What's she been saying to you?

HOLMES: It is a little cold for the time of year.

ROYLOTT: *What has she been saying to you?*

HOLMES: But I've heard that the crocuses promise well.

ROYLOTT (*controlling himself*): I carry a hunting-crop, you notice. Take care I don't use it on someone as, for instance, I use it on this sofa-cushion.

(Whack of crop on sofa-cushion.)

(*Fiercely*) You are Holmes, the meddler!

(Whack of crop.)

HOLMES: (*Chuckles faintly*)

ROYLOTT: Holmes, the busybody!

(Whack of crop.)

HOLMES: (*Chuckle grows louder*)

ROYLOTT: Holmes, the Scotland Yard jack-in-office!

(Whack of crop.)

HOLMES (*chuckle grows still louder*): Your conversation is most entertaining. Close the door when you go out. There is a decided draught.

ROYLOTT (*softly*): Can I prove to you, Mr. Holmes, that I am the wrong man to meddle with? Yes! I think I can. Let me demonstrate with the poker from your hearth. I pick it up...like this. I grasp it at each end. (*Through his teeth*) I bend...and bend...and bend...until it twists into a curve. (*Breathes heavily. Then flares out*) There's your poker back again!

(*Crash of iron on tile.*)

See that you keep out of my grip. Good day.

(*Door bangs.*)

WATSON (*comfortably*): He seems an amiable sort of person, doesn't he?

HOLMES: YES. (*Irritated*) Fancy his having the insolence to confuse me with the official detective force! You know, Watson, I rather wish he'd stayed longer.

WATSON: Stayed longer? Dr. Roylott? Why?

HOLMES: I might have shown him, perhaps, that my own grip was not much more feeble than his own.

WATSON (*startled*): Holmes! What are you doing?

HOLMES: Merely straightening out the poker again. (*As though with a sudden wrench*) Like...this. (*Deep breath, then urbanely*) Put it back among the fire-irons, Watson. I think we may now order breakfast.

(*Music up.*)

WATSON (*speaks through*): And then, that afternoon, the drive in a trap through deep Surrey lanes. The grey gables of the house, lichen-blotched and half-ruined. Long windows from the lawn leading into the little oak-panelled bedroom...chest of drawers, small wickerwork chairs, narrow white-counterpaned bed...where Julia Stoner had died. As the shadows gathered I remember Helen standing there, white-faced, while Holmes paced up and down, up and down, a magnifying lens in his hand...

HOLMES (*voice is now sharp and staccato*): No, no, Watson! No! It won't do!

WATSON: *What* won't do, my dear fellow?

HOLMES: That first theory of mine: no! You see those window-shutters?

WATSON: Well?

HELEN: Mr. Holmes, you must make haste! Dr. Roylott may be back from London at any moment!

HOLMES (*unheeding*): No one could have entered or left by those windows once the bars were up. We must discard any notion that the metallic noise was caused by a shutter-bar. The door...look at it!...was locked on the inside.

HELEN: I told you, Mr. Holmes! My sister was alone!

HOLMES: And yet she died horribly. Yes. (*Slight pause, then thoughtfully*)

Miss Stoner! That bell-rope hanging beside the bed. Where does the bell communicate with?

HELEN: I think . . . with the housekeeper's room.

HOLMES: So? It looks newer than the other things.

HELEN: It was only put there a couple of years ago.

HOLMES: Your sister asked for it, I suppose?

HELEN: No! Julia never even used it. I told you we couldn't keep any servants.

HOLMES: Indeed! Very interesting! (*Moving off microphone*) One moment while I examine it . . . Hullo! This bell-rope is a dummy.

WATSON: You mean it won't ring?

HOLMES: Admirably put, Watson. It's not even attached to a wire. When I stand back where you are . . . (*Moves on microphone*) . . . I can see the hook on the wall where it's attached. Just above the little opening of the ventilator. Ventilator!

WATSON: I say! Holmes!

HOLMES (*absently*): Yes? Yes? Yes?

WATSON: What a fool a builder must be to open a ventilator into another room . . . Dr. Roylott's room, isn't it? . . . when he could just as easily have made it in an outside wall!

HELEN: That's modern too, Mr. Holmes!

HOLMES: Done about the same time as the bell-rope, I imagine. I must see your step-father's room, Miss Stoner. I must see it at once!

HELEN: That's easy, Mr. Holmes. If you follow me out of the window . . . here . . . and turn to the right . . . that's it! . . . those are the windows of *his* room. But please don't ask *me* to go in!

HOLMES: Why not?

HELEN: I tell you, Dr. Roylott may be back at any moment!

HOLMES: We must risk it, dear lady. Will you precede me?

HELEN: If—you insist.

HOLMES (*strung up*): Come, Watson! We'll give *you* a chance in the art of detection. What do *you* see in this room?

WATSON: A camp bed . . . and arm-chair . . . a wooden chair . . . an iron safe.

HOLMES: A safe, yes! What's in the safe, Miss Stoner?

HELEN: Only Dr. Roylott's business papers, so far as I know.

HOLMES: There isn't a cat in it, for instance?

HELEN: A cat? No. What a strange idea!

HOLMES: Well, look at the top of the safe! A saucer of milk. And beside it . . . you notice? . . . a dog-lash tied in a loop at the end. And that wooden chair against the wall . . . (*Feverishly*) My lens, Watson! Where's my lens?

WATSON: In your hand, my dear fellow!

HOLMES: Ah yes. So it is. Forgive me if I bend down and examine the seat of the chair. (*Slowly*) Thank you. That is quite settled.

HELEN (*crying out*): Settled?

HOLMES (*gravely*): It's essential, Miss Stoner, that you should follow my advice in every respect. Your life may depend on it. You understand that?

HELEN: I understand.

HOLMES: Dr. Watson and I must spend the night in your sister's room. (*Overriding objections*) You *could* stay for one night in your old room?

HELEN: Yes, of course. But...

HOLMES: Good! When you hear Dr. Roylott retire for the night, open the shutters and put a lamp in the window of your sister's room. Then go to your old room and stay there. We shall be watching from another part of the grounds. Then...

HELEN: Mr. Holmes! Listen! I think I hear a carriage in the drive!

HOLMES: Will you be good enough to go and see? Hurry!

HELEN (*fading off*): If it is Dr. Roylott returning . . . !

WATSON (*low voice*): As she says, Holmes, if it is Dr. Roylott returning.

HOLMES: There was no carriage, Watson, or *I* should have heard it. I wanted a word with you in private. There's a distinct element of danger about this business tonight.

WATSON: If it's danger, Holmes, you can count me in every time. But . . . what have you seen? What *is* it?

HOLMES: You know my methods, Watson. Look up there! At the ventilator between these two rooms!

WATSON: Yes; but it's not such an unusual thing. In any case, the ventilator's too small. A rat couldn't get through there.

HOLMES: I knew we should find a ventilator before we even came to Stoke Moran.

WATSON (*expostulating*): My dear Holmes!

HOLMES: Oh, yes I did. You recall Miss Stoner's testimony?

WATSON: Well?

HOLMES: Her sister, on that fatal night, could smell the smoke of Dr. Roylott's cigar. Surely that meant some communication between the two rooms? It could only be a small one, or it would have been noticed. I deduced a ventilator.

WATSON: But what harm can there be in that?

HOLMES: A ventilator is made. A cord is hung. And a lady who sleeps in the bed dies. Did you notice anything peculiar about that bed?

WATSON: No.

HOLMES: It was clamped to the floor. It could not be moved away from the rope. (*Significantly*) And that means . . . ?

WATSON: I don't understand everything it means, Holmes! But I do seem to see dimly what you're hinting at. We're just in time—if we are in time! . . . to prevent some subtle, horrible...

HOLMES: Subtle enough! Horrible enough. When a doctor goes wrong, he is the first of criminals. Not a word more, Watson! —until tonight.

(Music up.)

(Music here continues entirely throughout narration.)

WATSON *(narrating, speaks through music)*: Shall I ever forget our vigil in Julia Stoner's room? It was bad enough that night, creeping up through the dark grounds; with a wind blowing in our faces, and the yellow lamp shining ahead. Once, out of the laurel bushes, darted what seemed to be a hideous and distorted child, who threw itself on the grass with writhing limbs, and then ran swiftly across the lawn into darkness...

(Baboon-cry, rising shrilly.)

WATSON: My God! Did you see it?

(Slight pause.)

HOLMES: A pretty household, Watson! That was the pet baboon.

WATSON: I had forgotten Dr. Roylott's fancies. And the cheetah?

HOLMES: We may find it on our shoulders at any moment.

WATSON *(narrating)*: But worse, much worse, was the vigil in that bedroom. We walked on tiptoe; we closed the shutters; we turned out the lamp. I could not hear a sound, not even the drawing of a breath, yet I knew that Holmes sat open-eyed, within a few feet of me. I carried a revolver; Holmes gripped a long thin cane. Once, outside the windows...

(Snarl of cheetah, twice repeated.)

The cheetah was indeed at liberty. But no other sound came to us, through those cramped and dreary hours, except the distant note of a church clock. Hours! Days! Weeks! Then...

(Faintly, a church clock strikes three as music fades.)

(Whispering) Holmes!

HOLMES *(whispering)*: Didn't I tell you not to speak?

WATSON: There was a gleam of light up by the ventilator. It's gone now.

HOLMES: He's lighted a dark lantern. Can't you smell heated metal? Listen!

(A steady hiss, like steam escaping from a kettle, but harsher: continued under.)

(Very faintly) Can you hear me, Watson?

WATSON: Yes?

HOLMES: I'm going to strike a match, and then lash out at the bell-rope with this cane. Have your revolver at hand... Ready?

WATSON: Yes!

HOLMES: *Now!*

(Scratch of match. The hissing breaks off in a harshly malevolent sound like a snarl.)

Do you see it, Watson? *Do you see it?*

WATSON: I can't see anything! Even the match blinds me! It's...

ROYLOTT: *(Off, shout of mortal terror and agony. It dies away)*

WATSON: That came from the next room! What was it?

HOLMES: It was pain. It was fear. It was rage. It was...the end, Watson. Come with me.

(Strain of faint, eerie music.)

WATSON: In the next room, where the beam of a dark lantern fell on the open safe, sat Dr. Grimesby Roylott. He sat very quietly, in a grey dressing-gown and red Turkish slippers. Across his lap lay the dog-lash with the looped end. His chin was cocked upwards, and his eyes were fixed in a rigid stare on a corner of the ceiling. Round his forehead he had a peculiar yellow band, with brownish speckles, which seemed to be bound tightly round his head...

HOLMES *(softly)*: The band. The speckled band.

WATSON: That band moved. I swear I saw it move!

HOLMES: Oh, yes. See the little diamond-shaped head coil up out of Dr. Roylott's hair!

WATSON: What is it?

HOLMES: A swamp adder. The deadliest snake in India.

WATSON: Has he been...?

HOLMES: Bitten? Yes; but stay where you are! He's past medical aid.

WATSON: What are you going to do?

HOLMES: The dog-lash with the loop, Watson! That's how he carried it to and from the safe. That's how I shall carry it back to the safe.

WATSON: For God's sake take care! If that snake strikes again...

HOLMES *(moving off microphone)*: I shall take care, Watson. I throw the loop over its neck...so, I drag it away from the doctor's head, I bring it back to its hiding place, and... *(Moving on microphone)* ...Close the door of the safe, Watson! Close it!

(Metallic clang.)

Now do you understand?

WATSON: Yes. I think I do.

HOLMES: A snake, Watson! It occurred to me as soon as I saw the dummy bell-rope, and remembered Dr. Roylott's supply of creatures from India. You see the purpose of the bell-rope?

WATSON: It was nothing more than a bridge! Each night he put that snake through the ventilator...

HOLMES: With the certainty it would crawl down the rope and land on the bed. It might or might not bite the victim *that* night. But sooner or later...it was inevitable.

WATSON: And Julia Stoner died in convulsions! The coroner might have guessed . . . !

HOLMES (*drily*): Perhaps, Watson. But it seemed unlikely that a country coroner, even in this year of grace 1883, would have noticed the two tiny marks of the poison fangs. You remember the whistle?

WATSON: It was a signal of some kind?

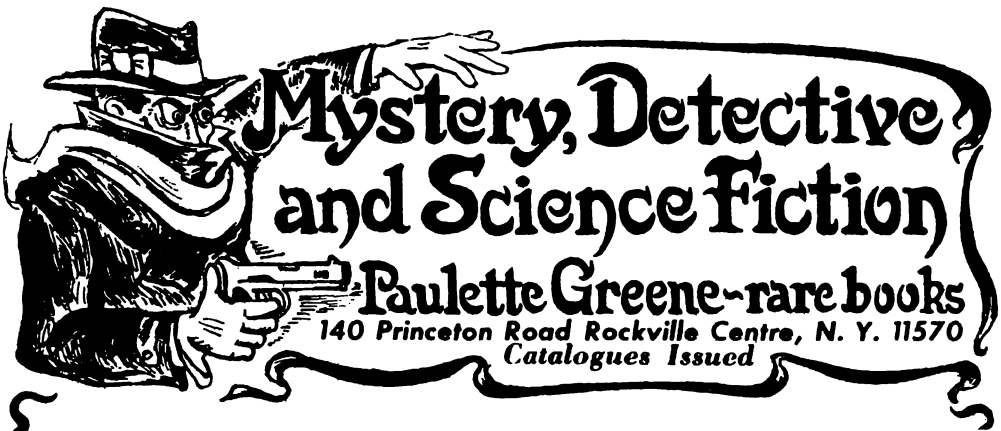
HOLMES: Dr. Roylott had trained the snake, probably by the use of the milk over there, to return to him when summoned. That metallic clang...you heard it yourself...came from closing the safe door too hastily. When I examined the doctor's chair, and found he had been repeatedly standing on it to get at the ventilator...

WATSON: He's an ugly sight, now, Holmes. And I think I see how *that* happened. When you lashed out with the cane.

HOLMES: It turned on him, Watson. It flew at the first person it saw. I am indirectly responsible, you understand, for the death of Dr. Grimesby Roylott. And I can't say it is likely to weigh very heavily on my conscience.

(Music up to curtain.)

ANNOUNCER: That was "The Adventure of the Speckled Band" by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, adapted for broadcasting by John Dickson Carr: Sherlock Holmes was played by Sebastian Shaw. Dr. Watson by Godfrey Kenton. Helen Stoner...Elizabeth London. Julia Stoner...Margaret Butt. Dr. Roylott...Eric Anderson. And Mrs. Hudson...Molly Rankin. The play was produced by David H. Godfrey.



“Stand with me here upon the terrace...”

FELIX MORLEY
("The Second Stain")

Felix Morley, the last of the three brothers, died on 13 March at the age of 88. Regarded by many as the most scholarly of the Morleys, he had distinguished careers as a newspaperman (winner of a Pulitzer Prize), an educator (president of Haverford College), and a long-time Baker Street Irregular. Many of us will remember his attendance at our dinners and his talks. We have once more sustained the loss of one of the very few remaining links to our past, and it is a severe loss indeed. Certainly, Felix will not be replaced.

JULIAN WOLFF

HOWARD B. (PETE) WILLIAMS
("Old Abrahams")

Pete Williams, who died in Indianapolis on 23 February, became a member of the Baker Street Irregulars in 1955, and his Investiture was a continual mark of pride to him. He was a retired bookseller and newspaperman and his interest in Sherlock Holmes, in reading, and in enjoying life never slackened. Many profited from his research into various Holmesian matters. He had a quality of always getting to the bare facts of a question or of a cause. His loss is a great one, both for the local scion, The Illustrious Clients, and for all of us in the Sherlockian world.

JOHN BENNETT SHAW

JANICE STUART

Janice Stuart, along with her husband, Robert, died in the crash of a private airplane on 13 February. Janice was one of the founders and the acknowledged "sparking plug" of The Knights of the Gnomon of Redwood City, and an active member of The Scowlers and Molly Maguires as well as The Tide-Waiters of San Francisco. As intelligent as she was attractive and vivacious, she was an accomplished student of the Writings. She had many Sherlockian friends throughout California, and her presence will be sorely missed.

BRUCE R. PARKER

Baskerville Hall
The Grimpen Mire



MENU

Diner du 3 décembre 1981

POTAGE

Velouté Phillimore

ENTRÉES

Pigeonneaux Montpensier

au

Riz Ricoletti

LEGUMES

Asperges Abernethy

DESSERT

Dundas

VIN

Chateau Pedesclaux 1973

CAFÉ ~ LIQUEURS

The Scion Societies

Conducted by ALBERT M. ROSENBLATT

THE BAKER STREET IRREGULARS

Correspondence: Julian Wolff, M.D., Commissionaire
33 Riverside Drive, Apt. 14c
New York, NY 10023

The annual dinner at The Regency Hotel on 8 January 1982 was well attended and was greatly enjoyed by all. There were many desirable keepsakes, and the only flaw was that the taped music was more than usually Irregular. However, the food was sumptuous, and our rites and ceremonies were carried out meticulously. Many newcomers were introduced, and honours were awarded to

deserving Sherlockians. All that has to be said of the after-dinner programme is that the speakers were John Bennett Shaw and Isaac Asimov, and it will be evident that we were favoured with an intellectual treat. Asimov was in unusually (perhaps usually) fine fettle and literally brought down the house.

* * *

THE FIVE ORANGE PIPS of Westchester County

Benjamin S. Clark — Leader

The annual dinner-meeting of The Five Orange Pips took place at Baskerville Hall, the residence of Benjamin Clark in Pound Ridge, N.Y., on 3 December 1981. Present were Benjamin S. Clark, Edward F. Clark, Donald Marshall, Alastair Martin, Evan Wilson, and Julian Wolff. (Three of our members were unavoidably absent, having found it more than merely inconvenient to attend.)

The outstanding hospitality of our host,

the sumptuous meal, and the brilliance of the papers, all combined to make this a truly memorable occasion. It is evident that the Pips are surviving the tragic loss of our founder and will continue as an active and most scholarly Scion.

The handsomely decorated menu for the dinner, reproduced at the left, was prepared for the occasion by Benjamin Clark's daughter Charlotte, the Vicomtesse de Bresson.

THE GIANT RATS OF SUMATRA of Memphis, Tennessee

Correspondence: Robert A. Lanier, Corresponding Carbuncle
635 West Drive
Memphis, TN 38112

Their numbers swollen by ever more recruits, the Rats converged "like an army terrible with banners" upon the Dr. Watson Pub for the annual birthday party. Fellow Sherlockians from exotic capitals like Nashville joined the throng viewing a Rathbone

film on a large television screen as they munched incongruous but tasty Greek delicacies. Paul Schwartz reluctantly yielded the Calabash of office to Junius Davidson, who pledged another year of watchful waiting.

* * *

COX & CO. OF NEW ENGLAND

Correspondence: James O. Duval, Manager of Accounts Receivable
145 Garden Drive, Apt. 1
Manchester, NH 03102

Faithful 'accounts' of Cox & Co. of New England gathered on 28 November 1981 to celebrate the third anniversary of their Scion. The dinner was held once again in the Loan Room at The Vault restaurant in Manchester; the establishment has come to be looked upon as our own private firm.

While enjoying Coxtails, members browsed through the sampling of Sherlockian paraphernalia gathered for the occasion: books, journals, newsletters, and of course the ever-present deerstalker, violin, and lens. The evening officially commenced with a group reading of J. F. Christ's *The Old Tin Box*, after which welcoming remarks were made

by Jim Duval and Canonical Toasts proposed. Discussion through dinner centred upon the Holmes and Watson adventures that were being aired by a local radio station.

After the meal, a fiscal report of the Scion was given, and Annie Lavoie distributed Sherlockian bookmarks of her own design. Through the efforts of Al Mosier, copies of S. C. Roberts' play *Christmas Eve* were available and the production read by four members present, thus giving the gathering the proper festive air. The evening closed with a reading in unison of Jim Duval's *At Charing Cross*. After mutual signing of Bank Statements, withdrawals were made.

* * *

THE NOBLE BACHELORS of St. Louis

Correspondence: Joseph Eckrich
3710 N. Pine Grove Avenue
Chicago, IL 60613

Once it got rolling for the Noble Bachelors, 1981 was a busy year indeed. On 27 June, the Society met informally at the home of

President Joseph Eckrich for an evening of Canonical conversation and collectible-trading. On 5 September, the Bachelors gathered

in the Lindell Room of Charles Lavazzi's apartment building to view the Rathbone *Adventures* and the Plummer *Silver Blaze*.

The year's highlight was a meeting on 10 October at the Sheridan West Port Hotel, with a programme by and about Sherlockian women orchestrated by Karen Johnson. Dedicated to Marie Simms, *the woman of the Society*, the meeting featured presentations on Canonical cooking by Susie Hapner (whose small gingerbread men were thought to have spelled out "Elsie, prepare to meet

thy food"), and on Mary Morstan Watson by Mary Schroeder. Sherlockian stitchery and pen-and-ink works by Sandy Raterman and Bonnye Perry were also displayed. And finally there was a Holmesian fashion show, mounted by Karen Johnson, with ten period costumes modelled by Mary Schroeder, Diane Maginn, and Philip Shreffler. Appropriately, Karen's recent invitation to join the *Adventuresses of Sherlock Holmes* was also announced at this meeting.

* * *

THE ILLUSTRIOUS CLIENTS of Indianapolis

Correspondence: William A. Barton, Lomax
13 Fairfield Drive
Brownsburg, IN 46112

The third year of our reorganized Scion began in March 1980, with a dinner at the Columbia Club in Indianapolis, and climaxed with the election of new officers for the year: Brian MacDonald, president (The Illustrious Client); Allen Deck, vice-president (De Merville of Khyber Fame); Margaret Scott, secretary (Lomax); Tom Cook, treasurer (South African Gold King); and Mary Jane Teeters, sergeant-at-arms (Shinwell Johnson). Other 1980 meetings saw Clients at the Hilton U. Brown Library in May, picnicking in Southeastway Park in Fairland, Indiana, in July; returning to the Columbia Club in September; and enjoying the annual Victorian pitch-in dinner, held this time in the historic Morris-Butler Home.

The programmes for 1980's meetings were varied and entertaining. Client Mark Reasoner entertained us with his parody, "The Adventuressomeness of Firelock Cholmes"; Paul Herbert presented a paper on the pastiches, drawn from his upcoming book from Gaslight Publications; Jack Tracy, Gaslight publisher and author of *The Encyclopedia Sherlockiana*, discussed present and future publications with some remarks on the copyright situation; and various original Holmesian papers, stories, poems, and comments were presented by Louise Haskett,

Tom Cook, Ed Lauterbach, Cornelius Clem, and Pete Williams. The July and September meetings were enlivened by a two-part performance of Bill Barton's Sherlockian parody/play, "The Adventure of the Polky-Dot Strand," performed by Bill, Bruce Coleman, Charles McNary, and Tom Cook. Allen Deck presented a series of videotapes of Sherlockian movies and short subjects, and a showing of the 1931 Raymond Massey film *The Speckled Band* highlighted the year's visual presentations.

1981 began with a dinner at Mac's Family Restaurant in Indianapolis. Newly elected officers were: Allen Deck, The Illustrious Client; Tom Cook, De Merville of Khyber Fame; Bill Barton, Lomax; Mary Ann Whelan, South African Gold Queen; and Craig Pinkus, Shinwell Johnson. The programme included a slide show by Mike Whelan of his and Mary Ann's trip to England, featuring shots in and around Dartmoor identifying some of the major locations in *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. Paul Herbert read a paper on *Strand* readers' speculations concerning the footprints of the gigantic hound (such as a dog-footed descendant of Sir Hugo).

Programmes included more papers and reports from Tom Cook and Cornelius

Clem, another Firelock Holmes parody from Mark Reasoner, a pair of "pun"-ishing parodies by Joel Monka, a survey of Sherlockian games by Bruce Coleman, and video presentations from Allen Deck, including several of the half-hour BBC Holmes dramas

at the December meeting.

Future projects in the works include a collection of Clients' writings and a group attendance at the upcoming Indiana Repertory Theatre's spring production of *Operetta, My Dear Watson*.

* * *

MRS. HUDSON'S CLIFFDWELLERS

Correspondence: Irving Kamil
32 Overlook Avenue
Cliffside Park, NJ 07010

Mrs. Hudson's Cliffdwellers of Cliffside Park, New Jersey held their winter meeting at the home of Bob and Peggy Krist on 20 December 1981. Along with toasts to Mrs. Watson, Sherlock Holmes, and Jabez Wilson, scholarly papers were presented by Bruce Kennedy ("Problems with the Final Problem") and by Dan Daniels ("The Years Between"). Harlan Umansky reported on the mathematical problem known as Moriarty's Revenge.

The Wilson World Series, a baseball game quiz based on *The Red-Headed League*, was conducted by the Quizmasters, Jeffrey Schwartz and Harlan Umansky. The mem-

bers of the winning team, Clay's Clouters, were awarded life membership cards in the Red-Headed League, while the losing team, the Jabez Jolters, received associate membership only. As always, the game quiz was characterized by cheating and prompting, all of which was highly irregular.

Peggy Krist prepared a delicious Mrs. Hudson's Repast which was followed by the reading of the Second Irregular Homework Assignment, the indiscriminate investiture of two new members, and the ritual of awarding the Sacred Débris. A fine afternoon of Sherlockian fun.

* * *

THE KNIGHTS OF THE GNOMON of San Mateo County, California

Correspondence: Genevieve Pepper
953 Edgewood Road
Redwood City, CA 94062

The Knights gathered on 10 January 1982 at the home of Genevieve Pepper to celebrate the birthday of Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Served was the roast beef of Olde England, British ale, and homemade muffins.

This past year has been the best of times for the loyal group. Our founder, mentor, and senior sage, Orval Graves, went to New York to attend the dinner of the Baker Street Irregulars. He went as the unsuspecting guest of John Shaw, and to his total amaze-

ment, at the age of 74, was inducted as a member of the B.S.I. Another of our group, Dr. Bruce Parker, was also inducted that same evening, so that out of a total of 17 members, we have two Irregulars.

In October 1981, Martin Fletcher, our English member, returned to visit London. He took with him a redwood plaque commemorating the engagement of Hattie Doran and Francis Hay Moulton under the redwood trees of Redwood City. This plaque

was presented to the Sherlock Holmes Society of London at a dinner at the Law Society Hall in Chancery Lane. In the days of the noble bachelor and his friends, it was a long horse and buggy ride to Redwood City,

which is 27 miles south of San Francisco. However, our kindly British cousins did not question the research of their own countryman, and he was duly thanked for his gift.

* * *

CONDUCTORS OF ALDERSGATE STREET STATION

Correspondence: Fred Zensen
2722 Rosewood St.
Medford, OR 97501

The Scion's organisational meeting 15 November 1981 was held in conjunction with HBO's showing of *Sherlock Holmes*, with Frank Langella as the Master.

As part of our media campaign, Fred Zensen appeared and was interviewed on the KTVL (Channel 10) *Meridian* show in a discussion of the Master and Sherlockiana. Zensen also spent one hour discussing the same subject matter on KMED Newsradio on 22 December.

Our inaugural meeting was held on Saturday, 16 January 1982, with nine Conductors

present. We discussed *The Red-Headed League* and members were introduced to Canonical toasts, Sherlockian quizzes, and 221B. A highlight of the evening was a congratulatory telegram from the Noble and Most Singular Order of the Blue Carbuncle of Portland. This was most appreciated! Our first meeting also included listening to a tape of *The Dying Detective* as performed on radio. All agreed that we had best make sure that the Conductors continue to keep on schedule and meet again in the spring.

* * *

HUGO'S COMPANIONS of Chicago, Illinois

Correspondence: Barton A. Eberman, Most Idle Companion
405 South First Street
Geneva, IL 60134

The Companions will once again celebrate the Birthdate of the Master in the Spring of the Year—7 May, to be exact. This date simulates the date of 17 May etched on the immortal sitting room wall by our favourite marksman during the introduction to *The Musgrave Ritual*. Others have felt these insignia to be V.R. in diffidence to another famous Victorian character but member C. Arnie Johnson's recent essay delivered to our august and seditious group clearly annotated the true meaning of the wall adornment. The "V" stood for the fifth month of the year and the "R" was, in reality, the number 17, carelessly glanced at by the chronicler. The

total represented the birthday of the shootist clearly spelled out for the world and Mrs. Hudson to see.

Last year's assemblage totaled 119 enthusiasts, all happy to avail themselves of a gracious evening out at the Como Inn, near North of the Loop in Chicago, where they feasted on filet, witnessed an authentic and professional rendition of *The Beryl Coronet*, and took home numerous doorprizes in addition to a souvenir quality programme. Not a hint of snow or cold was in the air and a true Baker Street fog rolled in to cap the evening's merriment.

All Hugonians join in inviting other

Sherlockians to sit and feast, roust and rabble, squabble and squeak, and otherwise behave in true Baskerville Hall manner.

Further information available from the Most Idle Companion.

* * *

THE GREAT ALKALI PLAINSMEN

Correspondence: John Lehman
8710 E. 92nd Place
Kansas City, MO 64138

The chief event in 1981 for the Great Alkali Plainsmen was the discovery by Plainsman Frank Mitchell of a hitherto unknown letter written by Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor of Mount Rushmore. In the letter, which was addressed to Sherlock Holmes, Borglum implored the Master for the life-preserving secret Holmes had extracted from royal jelly. Mitchell, who moonlights from Plainsman duties as a park ranger at the National Memorial, used the letter to explore the connection between Holmes and Borglum in *The Six Napoleons*. The letter, however, seems never to have been sent for Borglum died shortly afterwards—before his great work was complete.

The Plainsmen were dismayed during the Feast of the Blue Carbuncle at Jon (sic)

Lellenberg's announced intention to step down from his rôle as Avenging Angel after ten years of philanthropic self-sacrifice (to use Lellenberg's own terminology). Noting that the traditional method of transition on the Plains has been the *coup d'état*, Lellenberg handed the wand of power to your correspondent with the hope that he soon receive his just reward. Spirits were revived from what one malcontent described as a disheartening future prospect by the announcement that Rockhurst College, in Kansas City, will host in July a John Bennett Shaw Sherlock Holmes Workshop—the only one anywhere in 1982. The evening concluded with a discussion of some of the recent correspondence that has appeared in the BSJ. On this occasion, however, no bones were broken.

* * *

THE MISSING THREE QUARTERS

Correspondence: David Greeney
21 Richdale Drive
Wilton, CT 06897

In this tenth anniversary year since the founding of the Missing Three Quarters it is fitting that we should mark the event with a change of address.

The scion was formed in 1971 when two New Zealand Sherlockians and myself met in the Criterion Bar in Auckland and formally toasted the Master. In 1973 the Official Lodgings moved to Liverpool, England

where Jim Parkingson and Ian Fryer continue to add to the Society Library.

Now, from Connecticut, the Missing Three Quarters hope to pursue the "quartering of the Union Jack with the Stars and Stripes" and with the help of agents like John Bennett Shaw and Roger Johnson we are hopeful of success.

A new corresponding society has been formed, called THE BAKER STREET CHRONICLERS. Those wishing to affiliate contact Pattie Redenbaugh-Brunner, 1555 St. Denis Street, Florissant, MO 63033.

Irregular Robert W. Hahn is forming a Scion composed of editors of Sherlockian newsletters: THE CENTRAL PRESS SYNDICATE, P.O. Box 442, Sheboygan, WI 53081.

LETTERS TO BAKER STREET

BRIDESHEAD REVISITED

Sherlockians among the vast audience mesmerized by the 11-part production of *Brideshead Revisited* shown on PBS late this winter may not realize the Sherlockian connections of the series. Evelyn Waugh, the author of the book on which the series was based, also wrote a fine biography of Ronald Knox, the first of the great Sherlockian scholars. It is understandable that Waugh would have considered Holmes when writing *Brideshead*; Sherlockians might be interested in an episode that was not included in the final version of the book.

The novel chronicles the movements and intrapsychic struggles of the Marchmain family through the 1920s and 1930s—at the magnificent ancestral home of Brideshead, at Oxford, in London, in Venice, in North Africa, and elsewhere. The story is told by Charles Ryder, the participant-observer whose life is so closely bound with the Marchmains.

About halfway through *Brideshead*, in 1926, Lady Marchmain is dying. Her son Sebastian, tormented by a failed spirituality, strained family relations, and incipient alcoholism, has again disappeared. Lady Marchmain wishes to see him before she dies.

But we must back up a few months, to events not included in Waugh's published account. Sebastian's whereabouts are unknown. Lady Marchmain's health is beginning to worsen, and she desperately wants to find her son. Rex Mottram, Julia Marchmain's fiancé, who always knows just the right man, says that the right man to find Sebastian is Sherlock Holmes, even in retirement. (Even though the last case Watson recorded took place in 1914, Holmes of course didn't really retire. There's been the continuing espionage work, as well as a few private cases.)

Rex makes a hasty visit to Sussex. He finds Holmes remarkably fit for a man in his early seventies, with his mind as keen as ever. Holmes agrees to go to North Africa,

Sebastian's last known location, on behalf of the Marchmains, though the main inducement is that the trip provides a cover for him to check on activities within the German and British intelligence networks there.

Watson, somewhat enfeebled by arthritic complications of his old injury, can't be persuaded to leave his fireside, so Holmes travels alone to Casablanca. He makes inquiries, and reaches Tangier; Sebastian is living there, in a somewhat debilitated condition, and has taken in a starving, indolent young German named Kurt, who has an injured foot; the story is that Kurt shot himself to get out of the Foreign Legion.

Sebastian is engaged exactly as Holmes suspected: as an agent for British intelligence, maintaining cover as a well-liked but deteriorating alcoholic. Holmes learns that the parasitic Kurt is a member of the same German intelligence section as his old adversary Von Bork, whose operations Holmes sabotaged in 1914. Sebastian is in fact allowing Kurt to think that he, Sebastian, can be persuaded to switch his allegiance to the German cause. He is certainly not ready to drop his work at this crucial stage to return to England. Holmes telegraphs to the Marchmains that Sebastian does not wish to resume family ties. The family isn't surprised; after all, Sebastian's relations with his mother are rather poisonous.

Holmes's adventures in Tangier, too extensive to record here, include activities in the British intelligence network in the native quarter and two attempts on his life by Kurt, who tries to avenge the Von Bork affair. Holmes is next heard of back in Sussex, working on a new strain of bees.

Waugh's chronicle resumes when Lady Marchmain is dying. Charles Ryder has returned to London for the General Strike in the spring of 1926, goes to Fez to find Sebastian, and so on. Obviously the Marchmains are never aware of Sebastian's work for the Crown. The tragic development is

not to complicate the work of British intelligence and Holmes's continuing espionage activities.

BETTY COCHRAN
3519 Raymond Street
Chevy Chase, MD 20815

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Conducted by THOMAS L. STIX, JR.

DOYLE, SIR ARTHUR CONAN

Brigadier Gerard

The Return of Gerard

New York: Jove Publications, 1982; \$2.25 each.

These two paperbacks, edited by Jack Tracy, contain all but one of the Gerard stories by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and should be of interest to almost everyone. Your reviewer remembers reading some of these forty years ago, and was completely enthralled then and now by the braggadocio of the old soldier and his recollections of his exploits during the Napoleonic Wars. These stories have been out of print in the U.S. for many years and their new appearance should provide many hours of joy to those who are interested in the writings of the Literary Agent. Tracy's Afterwords and his chronological rearrangement of the stories are of great help to the reader.

GRAZEBROOK, O. F.

Studies in Sherlock Holmes

New York: Magico Magazine, 1981; \$15.00.

This series of seven studies, published some thirty-odd years ago, is a masterful piece of work. The contents include: "Oxford or Cambridge," "Politics and Premiers," "Royalty," "The Author of the Case Book," "Dr. Watson and Rudyard Kipling," and two pastiches attributed to R-----d K-----g and H-l---e B-ll-c. The basic part of this volume consists of solid background material which, because of its minute initial printing, has not been available to most Sherlockians. This book has to be one of the more valuable reference works for those who are interested in studying the Master more than superficially.

Other titles published by Magico Magazine include: *1895 in Retrospect* by W. E. Dudley (\$5.00); *The Return of Picklock Holes* by R. C. Lehmann (\$6.95); *The Adventures of Kerlock Shomes and Dr. Warsaw* by Tudor Gross (\$5.00); *Shamrock Cohen and the Amorous Doppelgänger* by Bud Buonocore (\$5.00); *The Adventures of Sheerluck Ohms* (reprints of 15 stories that appeared in *The Anaconda Wire*) (\$5.00); *The Adventure of the Black Ruby* by W. E. Dudley (\$5.00); *The Mystery of the "Sealed Room"* by V. Andrews and H. Penn (\$5.00); and *Sherlock Holmes and the Arthritic Clergyman* by V. Andrews and H. Penn (\$5.00).

Those seen are paper-covered pamphlets which would be of interest to the collector of everything Sherlockian.

DOYLE, SIR ARTHUR CONAN

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes (4 volumes)

New York: Avon Books, 1981; \$1.95 each.

These four paperback volumes are "adapted for young readers" by Catherine and Edward Sadleir. The title is not quite accurate as the volumes consist of abridgements of 14 stories, all of which are not contained in the *Adventures*. The illustrations are new and, in your Editor's opinion, somewhat distorted. A personal opinion is that the Master should be read, even by young readers, in the original.

DOYLE, SIR ARTHUR CONAN

A Study in Scarlet

New York: Charter, 1981, \$2.25.

"Now in a new, fully illustrated edition in the Sidney Paget tradition!" The text of the original meeting between Holmes and Watson in a new paperback. Contrary to the above quote from the back of the book, the illustrations bear little, if any, resemblance to Paget. 'Nuff said.

D'AGNEAU, MARCEL

The Curse of the Nibelung

London: Arlington Books, 1981; £6.95.

Billed as "the last case of Lord Holmes of Baker Street and Sir John Watson," this tale takes place in 1939. If you can picture Holmes and Watson crossing the English Channel in motorized bath chairs, you might enjoy it.

LAURITZEN, HENRY

The Philatelic Holmes

Aalborg: Privately printed, 1981.

We feel that it would be a grave error not to say something about this charming and beautifully prepared volume. Profusely illustrated with photographs of postage stamps, this piece of research is done with great Sherlockian humour. The book is not commercially available and was prepared by Henry Lauritzen for his friends.

DOYLE, SIR ARTHUR CONAN

The Doings of Raffles Haw

Bloomington: Gaslight Publications, 1981; \$11.95.

Gaslight has again published another volume by the Literary Agent. This short volume of science fiction is an interesting work but not one of the better ones. The embellishments by James B. Campbell are charming and well in keeping with the text. The illustrations by Paul M. McCall leave a good deal to be desired.

MERRILL, EDWARD A.

"For the Sake of the Trust": Sherlock Holmes and the Musgrave Ritual

Bloomington: Gaslight Publications; \$10.95.

(Reviewed from uncorrected page proofs.) This volume includes a reprint of *The Musgrave Ritual* and a detailed analysis of the ritual itself. Some of the material appeared in THE BAKER STREET JOURNAL in 1970, 1971, and 1974. It has been coordinated with additional information and is a most interesting study of a finite aspect of Sherlockiana.

Recently we have come across a most attractive hand-made pillow. The knitted covering has a reproduction of a dog similar to Snoopy with cape, pipe, and deerstalker and is available in a background colour of your choice. Approximate size of the pillow is 12" x 12" and can be ordered from Zena Herskovics, 11 Richard Court, Bldg. #1, Pomona, NY 10970, at \$42.00 each, postpaid.

We also received a ceramic creamer and sugar bowl representing Holmes and Watson respectively. Watson's derby is the cover for the sugar bowl. This lovely set is being produced in a limited edition of 21, and can be ordered from Selma Kamil, 32 Overlook Avenue, Cliffside Park, NJ 07010, at \$75 the set.

For those who are stamp collectors, what would normally be a souvenir sheet has just been brought to our attention, celebrating the Centenary of the Battle of Maiwand. Four pseudo-stamps, obviously with no denomination, can be purchased from Richard D. Lesh, 505 E. 10th Street, Wayne, NE 68787, for \$1.50. He also has issued a die-struck medal in a limited edition celebrating the Centenary. These bronze medals with a 3" ribbon are available at \$21 each.

SHERLOCKIAN PERIODICALS RECEIVED

This portion of the Inventory, which has been missing for some time, has now been revived. Periodicals submitted for listing should be sent to: Thomas L. Stix, Jr., 34 Pierson Avenue, Norwood, NJ 07648.

THE SHERLOCK HOLMES JOURNAL, Vol. 15, No. 3, Winter 1981. Published by The Sherlock Holmes Society of London, c/o Capt. W. R. Michell, 5 Manor Close, Warlingham, Surrey CR3 9SF, England.

BAKER STREET MISCELLANEA, No. 27, Autumn 1981. Published by The Sciolist Press, Box 2579, Chicago, IL 60690.

CANADIAN HOLMES, Vol. 5, No. 2, Christmas 1981. Published by The Bootmakers of Toronto and edited by Chris and Kate Redmond, 125 Lincoln Road #1101, Waterloo, Ont. N2J 2N9, Canada.

THE SERPENTINE MUSE, Vol. 6, No. 1, Summer 1981. Published by The Adventuresses of Sherlock Holmes and edited by Susan Dahlinger, 51-79 Codwise Place, Elmhurst, NY 11373.

PRESCOTT'S PRESS, Vol. 3, No. 4, 1981. Published by The Three Garridebs and edited by Bob Thomalen, 69 Glen Road, Eastchester, NY 10709.

WHEELWRIGHTINGS, Vol. 4, No. 3, January 1982. Published by The Hansoms of John Clayton, c/o Robert C. Burr, 4010 Devon Lane, Peoria, IL 61614.

THE SHERLOCKIAN MEDDLER, Vol. 9, No. 4, December 1981. Published by The Sherlock Holmes Society of Los Angeles and edited by Sean Wright, 5532 Romaine Street, Los Angeles, CA 90038.

MOULTON'S SLUICE-BOX, Vol. 5, No. 4, April 1982. Published by Moulton's Prospectors and edited by Charles Roe, 16013 110th Avenue, Sun City, AZ 85351.

THE BAKER STREET CHRONICLE, Vol. 2, No. 2, March–April 1982. Published by The Baker Street Chroniclers and edited by Pattie R. Brunner, 1555 St. Denis Street, Florissant, MO 63033.

THE PINK 'UN, Vol. 6, No. 4, April 1982. Published by The Hansom Wheels and edited by Philip B. Dematteis, 133 Tree Top Lane, Columbia, SC 29210.

NAVAL SIGNALS, No. 10, 16 March 1982. Published by Altamont's Agents and edited by Thomas Dandrew, 832 Thompson Street, Schenectady, NY 12306.

KANSAS CITY DAILY JOURNAL, No. 29, 22 January 1982. Published by The Great Alkali Plainsmen, c/o John Lehman, 8710 East 92nd Place, Kansas City, MO 64138.

THE QUARTERLY STATEMENT, Vol. 3, No. 1, February 1982. Published by Cox & Co. and edited by James O. Duval, 145 Garden Drive #1, Manchester, NH 03102.

THE MONTANA TIMES, Vol. 2, Nos. 3–4, October 1981. Published by Holmes of the Big Sky, c/o Steve Franklin, Southside Road, Box 148, Alberton, MT 59820.

SHADOWS OF THE GNOMON, Vol. 1, No. 1, July 1981. Published by The Knights of the Gnomon and edited by Elizabeth Southwood, 722 Palomar Drive, Redwood City, CA 94062.

THE TONGA TIMES, No. 5, October 1981. Published by The Mini-Tonga Scion Society, c/o Dee Snyder, The Stable, 8440 Nashua Drive, Lake Park, FL 33410.

THE AFGHANISTAN PERCEIVERS DISPATCH, March 1982. Published by The Afghanistan Perceivers and edited by Stafford G. Davis, 2144 North Elwood, Tulsa, OK 74106.

THE BAKER STREET REGULAR, Vol. 6, Nos. 1–3, December 1981–February 1982. Published by Floyd Sherrod, 5208 Greenway Drive, North Little Rock, AR 72116.

THE MEDICAL BULLETIN, Vol. 7, No. 3, September 1981. Published by Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients and edited by Dorothy Ellis, 2851 South Reed Street, Denver, CO 80227.

THE NORTHUMBERLAND DISPATCH, April 1982. Published by The Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers, c/o Abby Mendelson, 5851 Northumberland Street, Pittsburgh, PA 15217.

HOLMESWORK, Vol. 9, No. 1, January 1982. Published by The Master's Class, c/o Sherry Rose-Bond, 519 East Allens Lane, Philadelphia, PA 19119.

COMMUNICATION, No. 59, 5 April 1982. Published by The Pleasant Places of Florida, c/o The Rev. Benton Wood, 4408 Gulf Drive, Holmes Beach, FL 33510.

THE VERMISSA DAILY HERALD, Vol. 3, No. 2, October 1981. Published by The Scowriers and Mollie Maguires and edited by Laura Parker, 3150 Franklin Street #11, San Francisco, CA 94123.

THE COMMONPLACE BOOK, Vol. 5, No. 1, March 1982. Published by Andrew Jay Peck, 201 East 87th Street, Apt. 22N, New York, NY 10028.

CALABASH, No. 1, March 1982. Published by George R. Skornickel, Jr., 1009½ Nesbit Avenue, Brackenridge, PA 15014.

AFGHANISTANZAS, Vol. 6, No. 3, March 1982. Published by The Double-Barrelled Tiger Cubs, 284 Illini Union, 1401 West Green Street, University of Illinois, Urbana, IL 61801.

THE SCANDAL SHEET, Vol. 1, No. 18, March–April 1982. Published by The Scandalous Bohemians of New Jersey and edited by James Suszynski, Box 404, Hainesport, NJ 08036.

THE DEVON COUNTY CHRONICLE, Vol. 17, No. 5, November 1981. Published by Robert W. Hahn, 2707 South 7th Street, Sheboygan, WI 53081.

THE RED HERRING, No. 23, March–April 1982. Published by The Red-Headed League, c/o Ann Byerly, Westtown School, Westtown, PA 19395.

COVERT NOTES, Vol. 4, No. 1, September 1981, and EAST WIND BROADSHEET, No. 35,

5 April 1982. Published by An Irish Secret Society at Buffalo, c/o Frank A. Hoffman, 734 Richmond Avenue, Buffalo, NY 14222.

THE CAMDEN HOUSE JOURNAL, Vol. 4, No. 5, May 1982. Published by The Occupants of the Empty House, c/o Newton M. Williams, Box 128, Frankfort Heights, IL 62840.

GRIMPEN MIRE GAZETTE, Vol. 1, No. 3, January 1982. Published by Hugo's Companions and edited by John Nieminski, Box 561, Geneva, IL 60134.

MYCROFT'S MESSENGER, Nos. 27-28, October-December 1981. Published by Mycroft's Isolated CoMpanions and edited by Dwight J. McDonald, 1711 Cypress Avenue, Cleveland, OH 44109.

THE SUBJOINED PAPER, Vol. 4, No. 1, October 1981. Published by The Reigate Squires and edited by George R. Skornickel, Jr., 1009½ Nesbit Avenue, Brackenridge, PA 15014.

SHERLOCKIANA, Vol. 26, No. 4, 1981. Published (in Danish) by The Sherlock Holmes Klubben i Danmark and edited by Henry Lauritzen, Vesterbro 60, 9000 Aalborg, Denmark.

SPOKES FROM THE CYCLE, Vol. 4, No. 2, November 1981. Published by The Solitary Cyclists and edited by Michael J. Crowe, 53155 Oakmont West Drive, South Bend, IN 46637.

THE MYSTERY FANCIER, Vol. 5, No. 6, November-December 1981. Published by Guy M. Townsend, 1711 Clifty Drive, Madison, IN 47250.

THE ARMCHAIR DETECTIVE, Vol. 14, No. 4, 1981. Published by The Mysterious Press, 129 West 56th Street, New York, NY 10019.



SCOTLAND YARD FANS—THIS IS IT! Everything very limited quantity. All items from the Scotland Yard gift shop open only to officers of the Yard: Pewter figure of English Bobby (1 Only)—\$40.00. Tie bar and cufflink set with emblem of Metro. Police (London)—\$25.00. Genuine English calf wallet with Metro. Police emblem—\$20.00. Ballpoint pens—each \$2.50. 5-card postcard sets—\$2.50. Metropolitan Police Medallion—each \$15.00. 150th Anniversary letter opener—each \$12.00. Special folio telling the story of Scotland Yard—\$10.00 each. ALL ITEMS LIMITED! Send Bank Check or Money Order to: Cal Witt, 1156 West Ave. J-7, Lancaster, CA 93534.

HARPER'S WEEKLY. With original American publication of Sherlock Holmes story. \$40.00 each. July 8—front cover detached but present, *Crooked Man*. March 11—front cover partly detached, *Stockbroker's Clerk*. April 15—front cover partly detached, *Gloria Scott*. All of the above are in very nice condition. I would keep them myself, but already have them. Send Bank Check or Money Order to: Cal Witt, 1156 West Ave. J-7, Lancaster, CA 93534.

NEW! NEW! YOUR OWN SHERLOCK-
IAN COFFEE OR TEA MUG—\$15 EACH
Each mug has a profile of "The Great Detective," "Good Old Watson," and "The Long-Suffering Mrs. Hudson." Send Bank Check or Money Order to: Cal Witt, 1156 West Ave. J-7, Lancaster, CA 93534.

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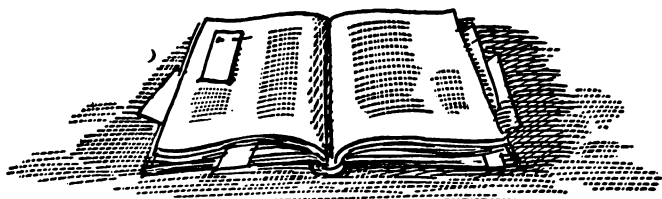
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From the Editor's Commonplace Book

The November 1981 broadcast by Home Box Office of their splendid production of William Gillette's *Sherlock Holmes* was well received, and HBO is reported to be considering using Frank Langella as Holmes in another play. In the meantime, the Master has been much in evidence on television.

The ABC-TV series *Fantasy Island* broadcast "Save Sherlock Holmes" in February 1982, featuring Ron Ely as a department-store detective fulfilling a fantasy by rescuing Sherlock Holmes (Peter Lawford) and Dr. Watson (Donald O'Connor) from the clutches of Professor Moriarty (Mel Ferrer), with the assistance of Nurse Heavenly, an undercover Scotland Yard agent played by Rita Jenrette, the former wife of former Rep. John Jenrette. Nurse Heavenly was displayed to better advantage in a recent issue of *Playboy*, and the rest of the cast failed to rescue a ridiculous script.

Daytime viewers report that the CBS-TV soap opera *As the World Turns* spent some time at Gillette Castle in an episode aired in January and February. According to Paul C. Merz, the bizarre story line featured torture chambers, a malevolent dwarf, and a Sumo wrestler. The episode apparently ended with an explosion that destroyed the castle, and one hopes that The Cornish Horrors will be able to find a new site for their meetings.

Not to be out-castled, the NBC-TV soap opera *Days of Our Lives* spent some time in February in a similar setting involving filming of a play that featured two of the characters as Holmes and Watson playing Scotland Yard inspectors. Jackie Geyer reports that other characters included the Evil Baron von Knockwurst, an upstairs maid, and a pirate with parrot on shoulder. Whatever happened to Stella Dallas and Mary Noble?

Last, and possibly least, a March episode of the ABC-TV series *Benson* had Robert Guillaume in the title rôle, using Sherlockian costume and mannerisms while impersonating a retired Scotland Yard inspector during an elaborate practical joke on a cad who had behaved in a most ungentle fashion with the governor's secretary. Inga Swenson, who plays the governor's housekeeper Kraus in a continuing rôle in the series, is still as handsome as she was as Irene Adler in the 1965 Broadway musical *Baker Street*.

Looking ahead, CBS-TV is planning a network movie of Paul Giovanni's *The Crucifer of Blood*, starring Charlton Heston as Holmes. Heston played the rôle in a stage production of the play in Los Angeles in December 1980, receiving mixed reviews as a "four-square" Holmes.

And, looking farther ahead as well as abroad, Dame Jean Conan Doyle has authorized production of a Sherlock Holmes television series to be produced in England by Seymour Weintraub and Otto Plaschkes for Lorindy Pictures. Other activity in England, unauthorized by Dame Jean and therefore unlikely to be available for viewing in the United States, include 13 adaptations of Canonical stories and a nine-part children's serial, *Young Sherlock*, both planned by Granada Television, and a BBC-TV serial of *The Hound of the Baskervilles* starring Tom Baker ("Dr. Who") as Sherlock Holmes.

It should also be noted that the Canon is not absent from radio programming. NPR broadcasts of the fine BBC series starring Carlton Hobbs and Norman Shelley are available in some cities. And CBS occasionally turns to Holmes and Watson in its *Radio Mystery Theater* and is reported to be planning “a new Sherlock Holmes story, in which the old master comes out of retirement to help someone unjustly accused of murder.”

Postage stamps honouring members of the Baker Street Irregulars are far from common, and it is a pleasure to report the commemorative issued on 30 January 1982, the centennial of the birth of President Franklin D. Roosevelt. His interest in matters Sherlockian was one of long standing; in 1914, when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Roosevelt told Vincent Starrett: “I think I have read all the Holmes adventures ever written. I hope there’ll be some more some day. They don’t come any better.” The President was awarded membership in the B.S.I. in 1942, and his illuminated membership certificate has been preserved in the Roosevelt archives at Hyde Park, N.Y. Clarence Holbert’s design for the stamp, printed in blue, was based on a famous United Press International photograph of Roosevelt seated in his touring car while showing reporters his tree plantings at Hyde Park on 4 July 1937.



It is unlikely that many Sherlockians will actually be able to use the new 10.9-cent coil stamp, issued on 26 March 1982 and intended for bulk mailings at the third-class rate, but it will be a handsome addition to the collection of any Sherlockian philatelist. Designer David K. Stone of Port Washington, N.Y., based his drawing on a picture of a hansom cab which originally appeared in the August 1892 issue of the magazine *The Hub*. The cab was built by Brewster and Company of New York City, with wheels 56 inches in diameter. Printed in purple, the stamp does not do full justice to the cab’s original colours: blue body with black mouldings bearing light blue stripes.



Mr. Stone’s name should be familiar, as he has applied his artistic talents to the Canon in the past. He illustrated the text and the dust jacket of *Great Mystery Stories* (New York: Hart, 1960), and his portraits of Sherlock Holmes appear on the dust jackets of the 1960 Doubleday edition of *The Complete Sherlock Holmes*, Nicholas Meyer’s *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution* and *The West End Horror*, and Robert Newman’s *The Case of the Baker Street Irregular*.

Reports in the Press this spring of events on and around the Falkland Islands provided a reminder of a suggestion that Dr. Watson spent part of the Great Hiatus aboard one of the ships participating in the famous Dundee Whaling Expedition to the Antarctic, and visited

the Falklands in December 1892. Further details may be found in a monograph on *The Singular Exploits of John H. Watson, M.D., in the Antarctic Regions, 1892-1893*, published by Herbert P. Tinning ("Dr. Leon Sterndale") in 1970.

Chris Redmond (125 Lincoln Road #1101, Waterloo, Ont. N2J 2N9, Canada) is in search of slides and other photographs of Sherlockians and their doings; most wanted are slides showing people in costume, well-known Sherlockians taking part in scion activities, etc. Contributions are welcome, but Chris will also make duplicates and return the originals, or pay to have duplicates made for those who don't wish to trust their originals to the mails. Purpose: a slide show to be screened at Sherlockian gatherings. Slogan: have slides, will travel.

Paul D. Herbert reports that the outstanding high school basketball player in Memphis, Tenn., this year is 6'7" Baskerville Holmes, who has already decided to attend Memphis State University for his college career. According to *Sports Illustrated* (22 February 1982), his mother happened to have a weakness for Basil Rathbone's film *The Hound of the Baskervilles* and by sheer coincidence saw the film again while pregnant with her third child.

Another 6'7" basketball player is Sherlock Holmes, star of the offense of Mitchell High School in Boulder, Colo. Richard G. Smith quotes Longmont High School coach Bob Betz as lamenting, "We did a good job on him in the first half; then Sherlock got untracked, and he destroyed us."

"It goes without saying that scientists make good travellers," suggests Alan L. Mackay in an article on "Science and Travel" in the March 1981 issue of *The Sciences* (published by the New York Academy of Sciences). And he wonders, "was Moriarty one of the academic travellers weighing and measuring their way round Switzerland?"

Thomas Dandrew reports that Colonel Moran, winner of over \$300,000 during his fine career on the turf, has been retired to stud. The horse is owned by the brother of Alastair Martin, B.S.I., owner of the Investiture "Colonel Sebastian Moran."

John Bennett Shaw, the Sage of Santa Fe, is well known for his nation-wide travels promoting the Master, but it should be noted that he does not neglect his home town. The grand prize, and a number of others, at Santa Fe's second annual Gourmet Gala went to John and fellow-chef Saul Cohen for their "Devil's Foot Lentil Soup," described as a "dangerous concoction" borrowed from *Dining with Sherlock Holmes*.

The 7 March 1982 issue of the *Washington Post* (*Book World*) included E. F. Bleiler's review of Michael Baigent's *Holy Blood, Holy Grail*, a new book whose thesis is that Jesus faked the crucifixion, wound up with his wife and children on the Riviera, and produced a line of heirs that included the Merovingian dynasty and a secret society that is still trying to place the current heir on the throne as King of the World. Discussing this society, the Prieure de Sion, Bleiler suggests that "although the author offers no proof, it is entirely possible that in the rank byfields of French crankdom there is a small group of men who correspond to the British Anglo-Israelites (who believe that the British are the descendants of the Lost Tribes). Or perhaps to the Baker Street Irregulars? Such men are unlikely to shake the world, but they may shake with laughter at the gullibility of Baigent and associates."

Albert M. Rosenblatt reports that the city of Poughkeepsie's arterial east-bound highway has been named Baker Street, and carefully disavows having exerted any improper influence. Proper influence, surely, similar to that required to achieve ownership of a Pleasant Valley post office box numbered 221b. Recently elected to the New York Supreme Court, Justice Rosenblatt suggests that "I would like to believe that the heartwarming results were the results of judicial merit, but it came back to me that a great many people noted, on my leaflets and

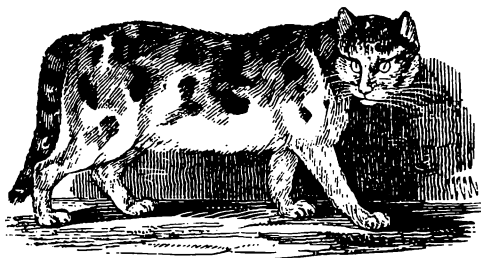
materials, that I am a member of the B.S.I., and only that distinguished me from the faceless array of choices which comprise the judicial slate."

Those who depend upon the absence of Sherlock Holmes's obituary from *The Times* as evidence for his survival will welcome the news that its publisher, Rupert Murdoch, has announced that "the *Times* has been saved" by a last-minute agreement with its union workers. The *Washington Post* described *The Times* as "a relatively low-circulation national newspaper appealing to affluent, establishment readers." And Sherlockians, of course.

Jon L. Lellenberg has discovered an interesting book from England: *Are You There, Moriarty?* Subtitled "Debrett's House Party Games and Amusements" and published by Debrett's Peerage Ltd. at £4.95, the book is a 111-page collection by Andrew Melsom of suggestions for enlivening a house party, including one section under the heading "Smutty Games." "Are You There, Moriarty?" is termed merely an "Irresponsible Game" that involves people lying down on the floor and attempting to hit each other with rolled-up newspaper.

The American Chemical Society's annual meeting in New York in August 1981 included a symposium on "Chemistry in Crime: Fiction and Reality." Samuel M. Gerber contributed a paper on "A Study in Scarlet: Blood Identification in 1875" and Robert A. Moss provided "Several Observations Upon the Chemical Career of Mr. Sherlock Holmes." The latter paper attracted the attention of Associated Press science writer Paul Raeburn, whose dispatch on Holmes's discovery of the carcinogen 3.4 benzpyrene during his research into the coal-tar derivatives was published in many papers in the United States and as far abroad as Japan.

Admirers of T. S. Eliot's magnificent poetical pastiche "Macavity: The Mystery Cat" will welcome the news of an American production of *Cats*, the British musical-and-dance adaptation of Eliot's *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*. The show is scheduled to open at the Winter Garden in New York on 7 October 1982, and, one hopes, will still be running during the birthday festivities next January.



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DANA B. DRAKE, whose first contribution to the JOURNAL draws on a joint enthusiasm for the Canon and for Cervantes, is an Associate Professor of Spanish and has published four annotated bibliographies on Cervantes' works.

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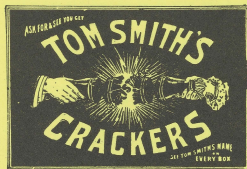
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