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VERMISSA DAILY HERALD

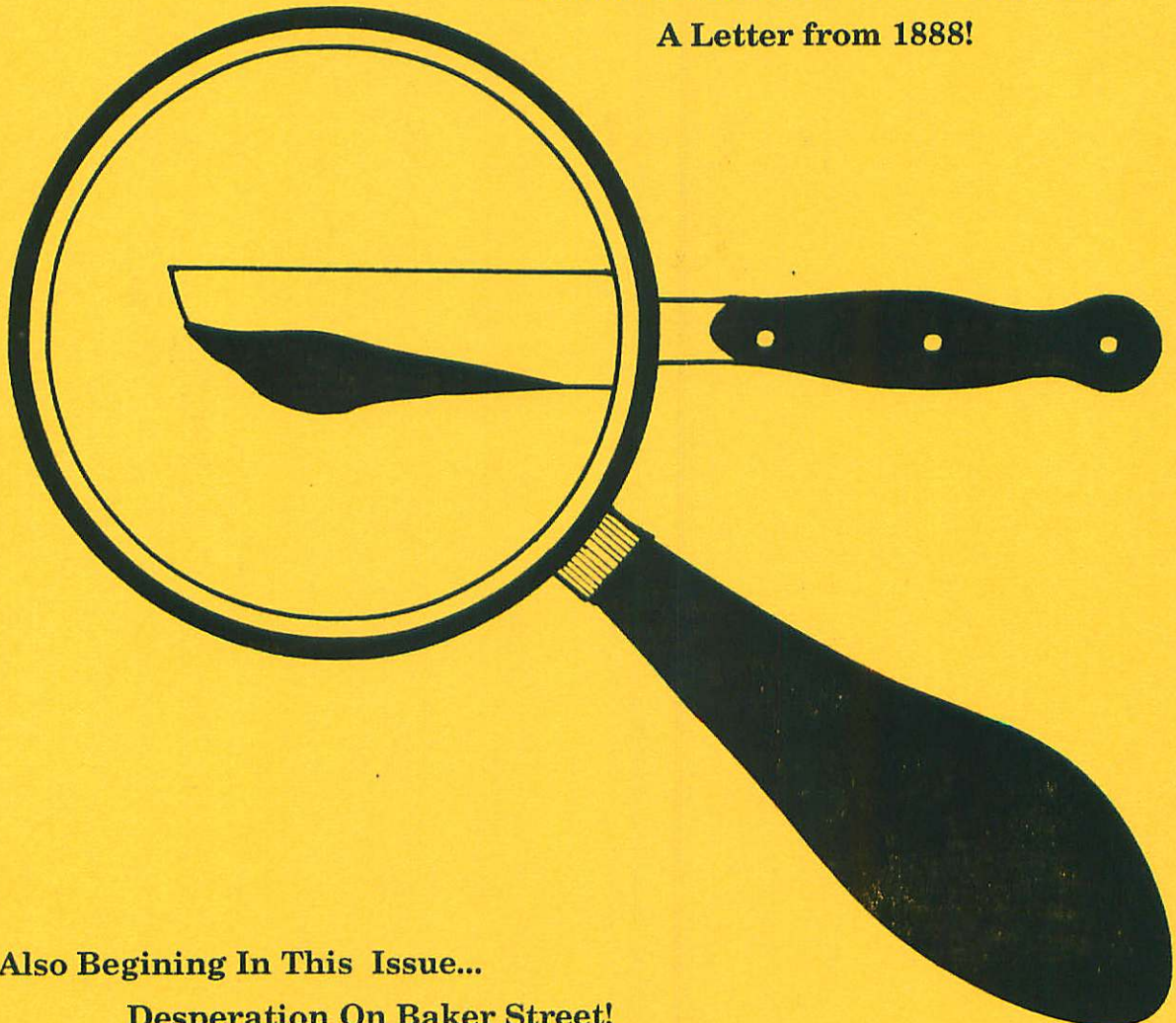
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**The Unhappy Anniversary Of Jack The Ripper!
Farewell And Halloo—**

A Tribute To Anthony Boucher!

Sherlock Holmes And The Fair Sex!

A Letter from 1888!



Also Begining In This Issue...

Desperation On Baker Street!

04/88
1988

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THE STAFF OF THE VERMISSA DAILY HERALD

EDITOR JAMES STANGER _____ Thomas E. Miller

Assistant Editors _____ Ronald S. White
Susan D. Warner

A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

Sherlock Holmes, the greatest detective and perhaps the best and wisest man whom the English-speaking world has ever known, was born in 1854. He practiced as a private enquiry agent in London (chiefly at the immortal address of 221B Baker Street) from 1877 to 1891, when he was believed to have perished in the act of destroying the arch-criminal Professor Moriarty. In the third year he returned from the dead and resumed active practice until his retirement in 1903. Since that time he has devoted himself to beekeeping in the Sussex Downs (emerging from retirement to save the British Empire in 1914), and may, since his obituary has never been published, be still alive at an advanced age.

The world-famous accounts of his cases, from "A Study in Scarlet" (1887) to "The Case-Book of Sherlock Holmes" (1927), were written chiefly by his friend and associate Dr. John Hamish Watson (two accounts are by Holmes himself and two by questionable hands). Watson's skillful literary agent was his fellow physician Arthur Conan Doyle, himself a writer of some reputation, especially as a historical novelist. The assertion by the agent's sons that their father "wrote" the cases and even that he "created" the character of Holmes is patently absurd.

This creed is the firm belief of most rational men, but in particular, it is the devout doctrine of:

THE BAKER STREET IRREGULARS

—Anthony Boucher
1911-1968
Founding Bodymaster
The Scowrsers &
Molly Maguires

* * * * *

WHO ARE THE IRREGULARS?

The original Baker Street Irregulars were a band of street urchins employed by Sherlock Holmes as assistants. Their namesakes today are an informal association of admirers of Holmes, devoted to the enjoyment and study of the Holmesian Canon, to happy conviviality, and to the publication of a quarterly journal of *Holmesiana* and so many other books and pamphlets that it has been remarked, "Never has so much been written by so many for so few."

The present Irregulars came into being in 1934, under the tutelage of the late Christopher Morley, who was the organization's first and only Gasogene (or chairman), ably abetted by bookman Vincent Starrett and news analyst Elmer Davis. The original group of seven members has spread until there are at least a score of scion societies in the United States - with such names as "The Speckled Band" (Boston), "The Hounds of the Baskerville (sic)" (Chicago), "The Brothers Three" (Moriarty, New Mexico) - and many loosely affiliated groups abroad, notably in London, Tokyo and Copenhagen.

Irregulars come from all branches of life and range from librarians to astronauts.

* * * * *



THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA
IRREGULARS

The Bay Area scion (chapter) of the B.S.I., known as "The Scowrs (after a secret society of terrorists in "The Valley of Fear") and Molly Maguires" of San Francisco, was founded in 1944 by bookmen Joseph Henry Jackson and Anthony Boucher. This group meets irregularly (approximately three times a year) for dinner, discussion, the reading of papers and frequent toasts. The membership includes such diverse occupations as journalist, bank vice-president, travel planner, broker, photographer, writer, and numerous doctors, lawyers, teachers, office workers and domestic scientists.

Your interest in Sherlock Holmes is the principal requirement for membership in this group. If you would like to obtain more information regarding membership in The Scowrs & Molly Maguires please send your inquiry, along with a stamped self-addressed envelope, to:

R. de Groat, Harraway
Vermissa Valley Lodge 341
Mount Eden, California 94557

* * * * *

THE VERMISSA DAILY HERALD

The Vermissa Daily Herald is published twice each year and is the official publication of the Scowrs and Molly Maguires of San Francisco. The name derives from the newspaper published by editor James Stanger in the Sherlock Holmes adventure The Valley of Fear.

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C/O Thomas E. Miller
965 Spencer Way
Los Altos, CA 94022

* * * * *



AN ALL TOO BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF
ANTHONY BOUCHER

FAREWELL AND HALLOO

This year marks the twentieth anniversary of the passing of our founding Bodymaster, William A. P. White, better known to many of us under the pseudonym of Anthony Boucher and occasionally H. H. Holmes.

Mr. White graduated from the University of Southern California in 1932, with Phi Beta Kappa honors and took a Master's degree at Berkeley. His plans were to teach languages. However, he soon turned to writing plays and then to mystery novels, a turn for which we are greatly indebted. His first mystery novel, The Case of the Seven of Calvary, was published in 1937. Afterwards, four other novels followed.

In addition to the novels he wrote numerous short stories, novelettes and several hundred radio shows. He was rewarded with four "Edgars" from the Mystery Writers of America. One of my favorite works is The Case of the Baker Street Irregulars, first published in 1940, reprinted in 1967, 1980 and 1986.

A tireless worker, he translated mystery stories from Spanish, French and Portuguese; edited crime anthologies and wrote introductions to more than thirty other books. He was editor and co-founder of the Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction; edited the annual Best Detective Stories of the Year; wrote a monthly column for Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine; wrote a weekly column, "Criminal at Large," for the New York Times Review of Books; and reviewed opera for KQED and The Metropolitan Opera News.

I realize there are many activities that I have failed to mention and in truth a book would be a more appropriate medium for his biography than a mere column. However, the single best tribute to Anthony Boucher is likely to be the following poem by Brother Harraway.

Like Baring-Gould and Rathbone
our Brother Scanlan has stood
upon that terrace point alone
where each of us (for neither good
nor ill) must stand to free
ourselves of human problems finally.

Then long will we recall and pine
for Boucher's toasts to Hatty Doran.
His compositions bettered any wine.
More sparkling even than Irene,
His messages the poets scanned
and found Holmes's Benedictine.

More colorful than any coloratura
though arias exquisite be her's,
Anthony Boucher yet endures
wherever gentle folk meet in fun
and wine-chilled tongues entone:
"Confusion to the Pinkertons!"

Harraway
V.V.341

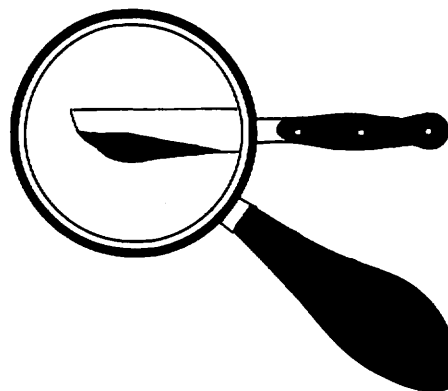
Presented to the Scowrers in April 1968
with the proposal that Anthony Boucher
be "Scanlan" in perpetuity.

* * * * *

STANGER SLASHES OUT

by

Thomas E. Miller



One hundred years ago a series of five grisley murders shook the complacency of the mightiest Empire that had ever existed on the Earth up to that time. In our more caloused age, where serial killers are a positive glut on the market, it is hard to understand how shocking the Victorians found these crimes. The killer's sense of humor, if, indeed, he wrote any of the letters attributed to him, especially shocked them. How different our modern age, when the fictitious exploits of a demonic child murderer, Freddy Krugger, are seen on the big screen, and his humorous asides are one of the aspects of the Elm Street series that the critics praise most strongly. Curious, how things change.

The Ripper murders were really the first of their kind. Prior to them, the bulk of murders had been for gain, for revenge, for the simple basic drives. The ripper murders, for all the elaborate theories, were done for the sheer joy of killing. This sudden intrusion into the mannered society of Victorian London was as if a tiger had been let loose in the streets. This terror loose in what we moderns perceive as the cozy world of Victoria, of Sherlock Holmes, for that matter, is one of the reasons Jack the Ripper retains his fascination. The devil that lurks just beyond the firelight, carried to its ultimate degree.

Then too, the Ripper has never been identified. The ultimate historical mystery, five murders, and virtually the whole population of London as suspects. So, who was Jack the Ripper? I can describe him. about 25 to 30 years of age, 5' 6", or so, in height, rather nondescript looking, shabby gentile in dress, lower middle class in all likelihood; a heterosexual, but not really at ease with women, and he almost certainly lived in the

Whitechape district. His name? I don't believe anyone knows that for sure.

In 1887, Sherlock Holmes burst upon the scene, in 1888, Jack the Ripper started his series of murders. It is scarcely surprising that a meeting between the two has been one of the most often used subjects for pastiche. In fact, when your Editor was 12 years old and had just finished the Canon for the first time, he saw one of the film versions of *The Lodger*, and came up with his very first Sherlockian pastiche. You guessed it, Sherlock Holmes meets Jack the Ripper. Long since lost, I fear, which is just as well, given that I had no real knowledge concerning the Ripper murders or, for that matter, the nature of the victims.

This issue of the Herald, in a very real sense, completes what was started 23 years ago. Herein is a thorough overview of all the literature concerning Sherlock Holmes and Jack the Ripper. From Anthony Boucher's paraphrase of the very first book in which Holmes met Jack, through my own paper on the various theories, to a curious letter furnished by Jean A. Larson, which I print without further comment, I'll leave you to your own speculations, although I hope that Jean will come up with further material in issues to come. There is, of course, much more as well, and so, until Holmes meets Freddy Kruger (*A Nightmare on Baker Street?*) avoid dark alleys during the dark hours of the night.

* * * * *

A LETTER FROM 1888

Submitted by

Ms. Jean A. Larson

My Dear Stanger,

I see you plan a Ripper Memorial Issue of the Vermissa Daily Herald.... So I send you a transcript and photo-copy of a letter dated October 10 1888, commenting on the events of that time. If you look up Canning Town on a good map, you will find it is not so very far east of Whitechapel....

...I also leave to you the question of how much you want to "clean up" this guy's grammar, spelling, capitalization, etc. Being an Historical purist myself, I send it and would use it only in its 'sic' condition. But please, if you preserve HIS errors, try not to add to them....

Sororally yours,
Jean A. Larson (Ms.)

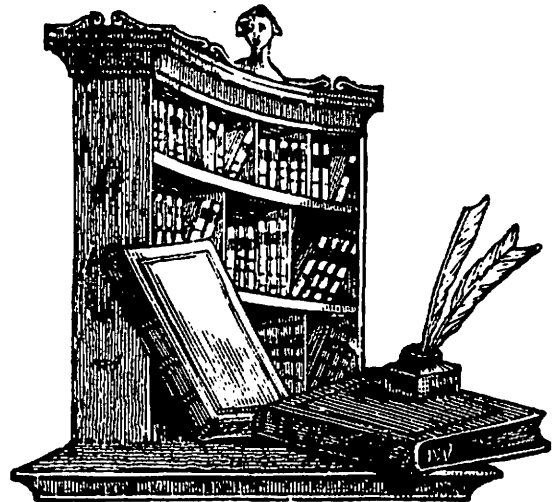
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The above excerpts are from a letter we received from Jean Larson. We include these as an introduction to a most interesting document; a letter from the time of Jack the Ripper.

We feel that this letter stands on its own and needs no further article or story attached. Besides a transcript of the letter, we are also including a photographic reproduction of the copy we received, reduced in size .

Without further comment, here is the transcript of the letter:

* * *



Date October /10/88

Mr. Holmes
No 6 Pitt Street
Canning Town
Essex
England

My Dear

Uncle Aunt and Cousins. And all of you. I just write a few lines to you hoping to find you in as good health as it leaves us at present.

My Dear Uncle. I daresay, you are waiting anxiously, as we are for a letter, but, by the time you get this one, I daresay you will get one from, Uncle Amos in Tunbridge Wells as he said he would write to you soon.

My Dear Uncle I would send you my likeness, but luck is against me, and I am out of work. I have give up the paper business, and George has give up the wood-chopping business and Robert has give up the Shop Business. James is still at the old place Tate and Son sugar refinery, and as for Father is do not seem as though he is going to leave odams works till the Last Moment and Mother poor old Lady is just about the

same only she is getting older every day for her life you must know

Mother wants to know how you are all getting and all about you what sort of weather you are having over there and Mother wants to know how poor old Uncle Stephen Ford is getting on whether he dead or alive and how is all his family and our are your family getting on. Let us know

My dear Uncle this is coming a dangerous place to live in there has been 6 women killed. they had there throat cut and their abdomen ripped up by a man who calls himself, Jack the Ripper. their is 1.800£ reward for him anybody catches him and £200 a year for life given by baron Rothchild. Some papers say it is a mad doctor other say it is an american man but who ever it is the next murder he does the bloodhound are to be set upon his track, so farewell to Jack the ripper.

My dear Uncle we will send you sunday's paper and put a cross over what bit will be seen in it as it nearly all over when the Last was it was a 9 days wonder and then forgotten.

I think I had better close for to night as they will soon be into tea it is about 6 oclock now and dard as if it was twelve

I will go and get the envelope now and post it tomorrow morning and it will go away about one oclock

so good night for once but not always

so no more at Present from your affectionate Cousin

Albert Edward Holmes esq—

Thousands of Kisses from Sister Jane and Brother Roberts children.

When you go to bed do not dream of Jack the Ripper or, he might rip yous if you do

Pity the Unemployed and write to us soon

good bye for the presend

* * *

A copy of the actual letter is on the following page.



Date October 10/88

M^r Holmes

N^o 6 Pitt. Street
Canning Town
Essex.
England

My Dear

Uncle Aunt and Cousins. And all of you. I just write a few lines to you hoping to find you in as good health as it leaves us at present

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No more at Present from
your affectionate Cousin

Albert Edward Holmes Esq

Thousands of Kisses from Sister Jane and
Brother Roberts children

When you go to bed do not dream of Jack
the Ripper he he might rip you if you do

Pity the Unemployed and write to
us soon

good bye for the present

JACK EL DESTRIPIADOR

Comments by
Anthony Boucher

Introduction
by
Thomas E. Miller



It is with a considerable amount of pleasure that I present the following synopsis. Jack El Destripador was the very first pastiche in which Sherlock Holmes met and captured Jack the Ripper. In its original form it is scarce as only a pulp mystery published overseas can be. This synopsis, then, is likely to be the only exposure that we shall ever have to something that is, at least, of interest in an historical vein. It is also the work of our own Anthony Boucher, which makes the Herald the most appropriate place for its reappearance after so many years. So, without any further words on my part, here is the first, and, in many ways, the most curious, confrontation between Holmes and the Ripper.

* * *

The story opens in the office of Mr. Warrn [sic], chief of police of London. Holmes has just returned from handling a delicate affair in Italy, and Warrn brings him up to date on the latest development in London crime: Jack the Ripper. There have been 37(!) victims so far—all women.

Holmes's ancient rival, detective Murphy, enter with news of the 38th—the singer Lillian Bell. After a crude exchange of insults, Holmes and Murphy agree to wager as to who will catch the Ripper. The stakes are £1000, to which Warrn adds 25 bottles of champagne for the Winner.

Next we see the bedroom of the fair Lillian, with her disembowelled corpse tastefully arranged amid flowers on the bed. Her maid, Harriette Blunt, is disconsolate. Her brother, Grover Bell, is wondering about her will. Josias Wakefield, representative of the

Requiescat in Peace Funeral Directors, calls to measure the body. His activities are curious, including the discovery of Lillian's false tooth and the deduction from it that she smoked opium. He drops his magnifying glass under the bed and there finds a disguised individual whom he recognizes as Murphy. Murphy clenches his fist and rages:

"Man, or rather devil, I know you! You are—you are—"

"Sherlock Holmes, detective, at your service," said the other laughing. And vanished.

Holmes next disguises himself as an opium addict, to the admiring amazement of his assistant, Harry Taxon(!), and slips out of his house to keep such a disreputable masquerade from his landlady, Mrs Bonnet(!). He visits an opium den run by a half-caste Mrs Cajana; secures opium from her, and then blackmails her for information on the threat of exposing her racket. He learns that Lillian Bell was a customer, and that Mrs Cajana gets her drugs from a mysterious person known to her only as "The Indian Doctor." Suddenly a scream is heard from the next room. they dash in and find a beautiful damsel with her belly ripped open. Holmes spies the Ripper escaping, pursues him, but the Ripper makes good his flight by daringly jumping aboard a moving train.

Holmes identifies the latest (and 39th) victim by her custom built shoes as

Comtesse de Malmaison. He visits her father, the Marquis, a harsh old gentleman who thinks his daughter's death served her right if she spent her time in opium dens.

Holmes questions the Comtesse's maid. She tells him that the Comtesse used the opium den as a blind—to cover up assignations with her American riding instructor, Carlos Lake.

Holmes grills Lake and learns that the only other person who knew of this arrangement was Dr. Roberto Fitzgerald, a prominent and respectable West End physician of Indian antecedents, who had made an appointment to meet the Comtesse at Mrs. Cajana's. The Doctor was to examine the Comtesse for a contemplated abortion.

Holmes shadows the Doctor's wife—

"When you wish to
learn a man's secrets,
you must follow his
wife,"

and witnesses a lover's tryst in Hyde Park between her and Captain Harry Thomson. He overhears Ruth Fitzgerald, the Doctor's wife, arrange to flee from her brutal, half-mad husband and take refuge with her lover's mother.

Holmes then disguises himself as a retired soap manufacturer named Patrick O'Connor, calls on Dr. Fitzgerald, and

warns him of his wife's elopement. The Doctor has a fit, literally, and denounces all of the tribe of Eve as serpents that must be destroyed. He has a terrible scene with Ruth, after which he quiets himself with a shot of morphine.

Holmes next disguises himself as Ruth Fitzgerald(!)—

"Englishwomen are usually slender rather than full-fleshed, and their stature is at times surprisingly tall."

He manoeuvres Ruth away from her rendezvous and saunters along "with that special gait with which public women stroll the street."

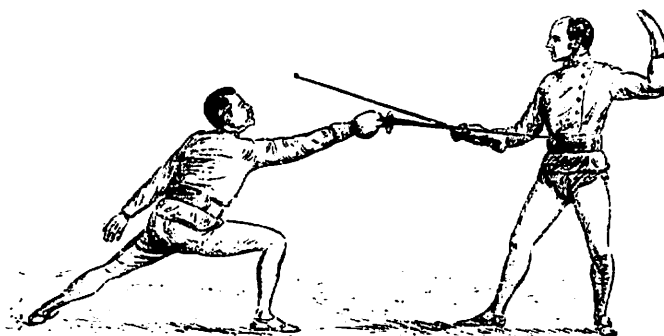
Dr. Fitzgerald comes along and recognizes "him."

"My wife—on the streets!"

And the Ripper emerges full blast. He attacks Holmes but is frustrated; the detective has wisely donned a steel cuirass.

Meanwhile, back in Warrn's office, the chief of police is listening to Murphy's report. Holmes, still looking like a loose woman (even more so) drags in Dr. Fitzgerald, and Murphy acknowledges that he has lost the bet.

* * * * *



UNHAPPY ANNIVERSARY,
JACK THE RIPPER

By

Thomas E. Miller

1987 was, of course, the 100th anniversary of the first publication of *A Study in Scarlet*, which introduced Mr. Sherlock Holmes to the world. 1988 is the 100th anniversary of a quite different "study in scarlet", the 100th anniversary of that series of five murders perpetrated by the individual known as "Jack the Ripper." Now it might be asked what this series of horrible crimes has to do with Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Canonically, nothing. Ah, but in the vast world of pastiche... Two motion pictures, a number of novels and a vast collection of scholarly papers have all pitted the detective genius against the elusive Ripper.

The real reason why the Ripper murders remain of interest has little to do with the crimes themselves. Sordid, bloody things, nothing that could really be called, in de Quincy's phrase, "the fine art of murder", except that the Ripper was never caught, his identity remains a mystery. Enter Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Who better to track the Ripper to his lair? Who better to unmask him at last?

Interestingly enough, most of the leading theories as to Jack's identity have been covered by Sherlock Holmes pastiches. The question is; have any of these accounts actually picked out the Ripper?



Does any one suspect appear more likely than the others? To try and answer this, I tried something that, surprisingly enough, has not really been attempted, to any great extent, before.

I examined those cases, similar to the Ripper murders, in which the perpetrator was apprehended, and tried to work out basic similarities between the killers; a psycho-sexual profile.

To begin with, the Ripper murders were clearly, what the Germans call, "lust-mord", literally "joy-murder". The Ripper killed primarily to obtain sexual gratification, comparison with other cases, notably the Yorkshire Ripper of recent years, makes that quite clear. Other motives, revenge, hatred of prostitutes, maybe even the Masonic conspiracy, were secondary. Therefore, I examined the cases of the 54 joy-murderers to try and find common factors. They proved abundant.

Firstly, people who take up this line of work, usually work alone. Serial killers tend to be tigers, hunting alone, not wolves hunting in packs. Of the 54 cases surveyed, only 6 involved more than one killer, and in these 6, one person dominated and controlled the others.

Secondly, equal rights have not made serious inroads into this occupation. Only, 5 cases involved women as killers, and usually the women tend to be under the domination of a male, who is also involved.

Thirdly, serial murderers are young. By averaging together 40 of them, whose age at the time of their first murder was known, I achieved an average age of 25. The youngest starter, incidentally, was Peter Kurten, who drowned a classmate when he was 9. Precocious little tyke, what?

And lastly, there is the question of sexual orientation. Basically, heterosexual mass murderers kill girls and women; homosexual mass murderers kill boys and men. There is some crossover, but this usually involves killing someone who gets in the way of the killers attempt on his main victim.

Of course, there is Peter Kurten, again; he preferred to kill women, but also killed men, sheep, birds, small fuzzy animals, you name it, Peter wasn't too fussy. Rather catholic in his tastes, in fact.

Granted, there is a psychological contention that heterosexual serial killers are latent homosexuals. I've sometimes wondered if that means that homosexual serial killers are latent heterosexuals. For this paper, I am simply going by the perpetrators' professed, inclinations as indicated by their personal statements, marriages, nonlethal affairs, taste in pornography and the like.

From the above, we come to the most statistically likely profile of the Ripper: male, mid-twenties, heterosexual and operating by himself. Further, he would be likely to suffer from low self-esteem; be basically, a failure at life and fit the profile of what Colin Wilson calls the Outsider. Few friends, little social contact. He, very likely, was inept in his relations with women, but with a very strong sex drive. It is possible that he was impotent, and only able to achieve gratification with a knife.

One point that must be emphasized: whoever the Ripper was, he knew the East End of London intimately.

There are a number of witnesses who saw men who might have been the Ripper. Most of these descriptions disagree in many details, but they generally agree on a height between 5'6" and 5'9" and the presence of a moustache. The clothing described is usually of fairly high quality. The top hat of Ripper iconography is referred to at least once. There is another type of hat which features in at least three of the descriptions, but I'll get to that later.

AND NOW, THE SUSPECTS:

Starting at the top, literally, Prince Albert Victor Christian Edward of Wales, H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, third in line to the Throne. You can't get much higher up than that. To date, there has not been a Sherlock Holmes story in which Clarence proved to be the Ripper, though there has been a recent novel featuring him in which Inspector Aberline refers often to A Study in Scarlet. Howsoever, he is the most sensational suspect, and the least likely.

There is something interesting here in the differing world views of the Victorians and the Moderns. When the Victorians speculated on the Ripper's identity, they usually saw him as a creature of the lower classes and, most likely, a foreigner or at the very least, Jewish. According to one account, a suspiciously acting individual was released by the police when he was found to be a doctor and a gentleman. They didn't even look in his black bag!

On the other hand, modern iconography always sees him as a gentleman. A doctor, perhaps, maybe even a nobleman. Always, of course, in top hat and black opera cloaks, a toff, in short. Clarence would certainly be the toffest of the lot.

Clarence as Ripper also fits into the modern mythology of coverup, the flip side of the essentially healthy idea that government is not to be trusted. That governments are, in fact, extremely inept at covering things up is something that is

not taken into account by conspiracy and coverup theorists. Actually the Ripper murders were committed by the Illuminated Brotherhood of Bavaria to show up the present Royal family by framing one of their ancestors in such a way that it would not come out for eighty years.

Clarence, then; age 25, height 5' 11", slight curling moustache. There is a considerable amount of evidence indicating that Clarence was gay. If so, the page boys of Buck House would have been in more danger than the streetwalkers of Whitechapel. There is also the Court Circular to be considered. On the 29th and 30th of September, when Catherine Eddowes was murdered, Clarence was in Scotland. He was at Sandringham from 3 to 12 November, Mary Kelly was murdered on November 9th. On November 12th, Clarence went to Copenhagen to represent the Crown at the coronation of the Danish King. Seeing the whole coverup theory is based on the Royal House being aware of Clarence's hobby, it seems unlikely that they would blithely let him continue with his official duties.

It is also hard to imagine how he could have picked up such an intimate knowledge of the East End without people being aware of his visits. His appearance was known, even in an age before the dubious blessings of television, the illustrated papers made his features conspicuous. His father's escapades with the ladies were well known to the people of the time, as well known as, say, Prince Andrew's affair with Koo Stark. Not much was missed.

Also, almost certainly, he would never have gone anywhere without some sort of escort, an Equerry at the very least. While his servant may have turned a blind eye to any homosexual activity, (indeed, one of the Court Equeries was involved in the homosexual Cleveland Street scandal) it is doubtful that mass murder would have been overlooked. Clarence was not much of a prince, but at least he wasn't a killer.

Suspect: Sir William Gull
Book and Movie: Murder by Decree

Those of you who were at the Scowrer's meeting in 1979 surely must remember the venison dinner and premiere showing of one of the best Sherlock Holmes films ever made. A truly excellent film, lousy theory, excellent film.

The theory, as put forward by Stephen Knight in Jack the Ripper: The Final Solution; is that the murders were the result of a conspiracy by high ranking Freemasons to conceal a marriage contracted by our old friend Clarence with a Catholic girl, Annie Cook, Annie, incidentally, was not murdered. Gull purportedly did the murders in company with a coach driver named John Netley and, either, Sir Robert Anderson, head of the C.I.D. (no, conspiracy buffs, C.I.D. not C.I.A.) or the artist Walter Sickert. In the film Gull was renamed Spivey; Netley, Slade and the third killer was forgotten.

Gull was 72 at the time, an eminently successful physician. Rather old to take up as strenuous a hobby as mass murder and, even granting the need to eliminate women who knew too much, why not just shoot them, run them down, something inconspicuous? Why perform such flagrant acts of violence, something sure to call attention to what they were trying to conceal, and which could well have spooked the other victims out of the country, were they all connected.

Knight's theory is that Netley lured the victims to his coach where Gull butchered them. However, the evidence clearly shows that at least four of the victims were killed where they were found. For example, Annie Chapman was found in the backyard of number 29, Hanbury Street. The only way to get there was through a narrow passageway running through the house. No way to get a coach through, no way to move a body without leaving a trail of blood.

The final blow to the "final solution" occurred in 1978 when Joseph Sickert, son

of Walter Sickert, and the primary source for the whole story, came forward and said that it was all a hoax. He continued to maintain that the story concerning Clarence and Annie Crook was true, but stated that the coverup by means of murder was not. Of course, conceivably the powers-that-be got to him, and he is denying under threat, but then one would think he would deny the lot, rather than just the murders. Of course, his denial came out in a newspaper and will soon be forgotten, the book and the movie will linger on, impressing future generations with the duplicity of Queen Victoria's government.

Suspect: James Stephen
Books: World of Sherlock Holmes;
I, Sherlock Holmes By Michael Harrison

And here again comes Clarence. James Stephen was his tutor at Cambridge, and, quite probably, his lover. (Having been up at Oxford, myself, I've always had my doubts about the other place, unwholesome, very.) Harrisons' theory is an elaborate one, requiring 10 victims, 5 more than the usual count, and the idea that Stephen was motivated by rejection from Clarence. Why this would cause him to go out and butcher streetwalkers is anyone's guess.

And, of course, consider the case of another homosexual, who like Stephen, was a fanatical woman hater, Dean Corll. Corll hated women, hated them with a passion. He ran up a score of 20 victims. All teenage boys. Corll hated women so much that he didn't think them worth killing.

Again, I expect that if Stephen went in for mass murder, the street arabs of London would have been in considerably more danger than the ladies of the evening. (wiggins, oh Wiggins, where are you?)

Suspect: Montague John Druitt
Book: The Return of Moriarty
by John Gardner

Druitt was 31 at the time of the murders, above the average age of 25 but still within allowable parameters. He drowned himself in the Thames shortly after the murder of Mary Jane Kelly, usually considered the last of the Ripper Murders. Sir Melville MacNaughten of Scotland Yard, left notes indicating that the police and Druitt's family strongly suspected him. His height and physical appearance as well as his slight moustache, match up with some of the descriptions. His sexual orientation is uncertain.

To my mind, Druitt is the strongest of the named suspects. The chief objection to Druitt as the Ripper is that Druitt was an enthusiastic Cricketeer, a member of the MCC. Skill at this most subtle and brotherly of team sports hardly matches up with the lone wolf nature of most joy killers.

Now come those pastiches which do not make use of the usual and historically verified suspects.

Jack el Distripador was the first Holmes versus Ripper pastiche. I won't go into it in any detail, because Anthony Boucher's synopsis is reprinted in this very issue of the Herald, with the kind permission of Phyllis White. Suffice it to say, in that the Ripper has no fewer than 38 victims, and Holmes assistant is named Thaxton (??!) it doesn't quite make it as an historical study.

Suspect: Inspector Athelney Jones
Book: Sherlock Holmes of Baker Street
by William S. Baring-Gould

In that The Sign of the Four was published in 1890, referring back to events occurring in 1888, and in that Jones was portrayed as a sympathetic character, we are left with the question of whether a man with Watson's moral fiber and code of ethics could have written a story in which a man he knew was a sadistic killer was portrayed as a good and efficient police officer. Very, very unlikely.

Suspect: Lord Carfax (movie)
or, his father, The Duke of Shires
Book and film: A Study in Terror

A check through Burke's peerage turned up no Ducal household that lost both its holder and scion in the year 1888. Also, the facts of the murders are not quite right. The victims are rather too young and attractive, Mary Kelly has a first floor room, rather than a ground floor room, etc.

Suspect: Henry Watson
(John H. Watson's brother)
Book: The Mycroft Memoranda
by Ray Walsh

The best of all the Holmes/Ripper stories in adherence to the facts of the case and the psychology of the killer. One of the most readable of the pastiches as well, with Lord John Roxton from The Lost World making a cameo appearance. Still, an extremely shocking suspect, more so, to me anyway, than Clarence!

Suspect: Arabella McNaghten
Book: The Supreme adventure of Inspector Lestrade by M. J. Trow

Mean spirited book, Psychologically dubious motivation, and Sir Melville McNaghten didn't have a daughter named Arabella; so there.

Now for the last major suspect. I made reference to a type of headgear mentioned in three descriptions of one who might have been the Ripper, not the top hat of modern Ripper iconography, but the deerstalker, an attribute of none other than Sherlock Holmes!

Suspect: Sherlock Holmes
Book: The Last Sherlock Holmes Story
by M. Dibden

Granted, Holmes was a master of disguise, who could reduce his height by a foot. However, if he were in disguise, why did he wear that hat most commonly considered to be part of his "uniform"?

of course, the deerstalker is not mentioned by name in the Canon, indeed, there are only three references to a cap which might have been one. So it would have been a bad disguise... for anyone!

Dibden's' book maintains that Moriarty was the Ripper, and Holmes was Moriarty; or maybe the Ripper was Moriarty and Moriarty was Holmes; or maybe Moriarty was Holmes and Holmes was the Ripper; or maybe... Oh, never mind!

Anyway, Watson purportedly caught on to him with the murder of Mary Kelly and Holmes/Moriarty/Jack was then precipitated from Richenbach falls... five years later. Question: why did Watson wait so long?

The bulk of the Canon, according to Dibden, (and, Trow for that matter) is fictitious, written by the agent. The problem with this view is that if one part of the Canon is fiction, then you can put forward the unbelievable heresy that all of it is!

Fundamentalists have the same problem with the Bible, I understand.

No, Holmes, a man of honour and intellect; a success in his chosen field is not a viable suspect.

There are other suspects for the Ripper who have not been preserved between the pages of a book. A monster magazine suggested that Renfield, from Bram Stoker's Dracula, was the Ripper, and that Sherlock Holmes, in tracking down the Ripper, put an end to the king of the vampires as well.

The Baker Street Journal of June 1978, had a special Ripper issue. R. A. Faguet suggested Watson, A. S. Hannah thought, perhaps professor Moriarty's younger brother, the station master. Harold Niver focused on the character of Mr. Sleuth in Mrs. Lownedes' novel, The Lodger. Could Mr. Sleuth have been Holmes? Or maybe Moriarty? J. David Kiser intimates once again that Holmes did it. The Ripper issue

concludes with a recipe for kidneys with cream and tomato, dedicated to Elizabeth Stride, who came up missing one of hers after running into Jack.

So, who was Jack the Ripper? Drutt is the most likely of the usual suspects, of course, and if John Gardner is to be believed, then Moriarty ran him to ground rather than Sherlock Holmes. Of those suspects featured only in Sherlockian pastiches, Henry Watson gets the nod, though it is hard to believe that the good doctor's brother could be so depraved a killer.

I greatly fear that Donald Rumbelow was right when he observed that "...on the Day of Judgment when all things shall be known, when I and other generations of 'Ripperologists' ask for Jack the Ripper to step forward and call out his true name, then we shall turn and look with blank astonishment at one another as he announces his name and say, 'who?'"

Author's Addendum:

The year of the Ripper continues ever onward, to the point where I begin to think that maybe I should have waited until next year to give my paper. New information, even after 100 years, keeps on coming out. There are at least six new books available, I have them on order from Hatchards in London. Interestingly enough, at least one of the new books uses new evidence to prove that my favorite suspect, Montague John Drutt, was the Ripper, and in doing so, proves that he almost certainly wasn't. Don't you simply love paradoxes?

It seems that Drutt was gay, that further, he was involved with the Duke of Clarence, and, the reason for the murders would have been the same as those postulated for Stephen. The very strong arguments against would be the same as well.

This leads to an interesting question, was there anyone in Victorian England who didn't have an affair with Clarence? It is also of interest to notice how

everything seems to revolve around Clarence, Stephen, Gull, now Drutt. Regrettably, I don't believe that this is anything more than an after-the-fact artificial construction.

From a conversation with George Crabb, who recently took a Ripper walk in London, I've learned that one writer, Martin Fido, has come up with new information that points towards an, otherwise, obscure individual who lived in the Whitechapel district. I will keep you posted as I get more information on this theory. It looks like the most plausible yet. The suspects name is David Cohen. In comparison with other serial killers, he appears to fit the profile best.

Otherwise, PBS ran an hour long show supporting Gull's conspiracy, there is an upcoming mini-series on CBS this fall (now, just recently aired. — ed.), the tabloids are coming out with all sorts of material, including the alarming information that Jack's ghost is going around frightening prostitutes to death, apparently as a preventative measure against aids. Jack lives!

My thanks to George Crabb, Emory Lee, Jean Larson, Ted Schulz, Phyllis White, Jean-Teresa Sumner, Ray de Groat, and, of course, my much harried co-editors Ron and Susan, for further information on the Ripper.

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SHERLOCK HOLMES
AND THE FAIR SEX

WOMEN IN THE CANON
AND
IN THE VICTORIAN ERA

by

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When we speak of the Victorian era, we use a rather broad definition. Queen Victoria reigned from 1837 until her death in 1901. Her eldest son sat on the throne as Edward the Seventh, from 1901 until 1910, when he died, and was succeeded by his son, George the Fifth. While there were vast changes at the end of Victoria's life and during the Edwardian days; among others, the rise of the automobile, general mechanization, typewriters, refrigeration and improved communications, the Victorian spirit in England really did not end until the horrible carnage in the trenches of World War I. So, for this paper, we shall consider the years between 1837 and 1916, and although perhaps technically

incorrect, call them the Victorian era. It is also important to remember that Holmes' active professional life coincided with the last half of this period and spanned several reigns.

Now, as to Holmes and women. The author of the tales is very gallant towards the fair sex. His heroines are all beautiful, brave, noble, fearless and virtuous. There is no hint of ugliness or sexuality in his portrayal of women. Thus, they conform to the Victorian idea of what a proper heroine should be. The ideal Victorian woman was expected to be slim, always dressed perfectly for the occasion, with clear-set eyes, a slender waist, a full rounded bottom and a large bosom; both accentuated by standing very straight and slightly tilted forward, and, usually, helped by a corset and bustle. The paintings and sketches of Charles Dana Gibson and John Singer Sargent portray her perfectly: tall, slim and elegant.



Watson and Holmes are fortunate in that most of their female clients are lovely; and the Canon's most overworked adjective is "beautiful". Almost all are tall, willowy and slender with an impeccable sense of dress. Some of the women in the tales may have been just a bit indiscreet, but only those who have really sinned fail to be extremely attractive. To wit:

- Lady Brakenstall, mistress of the Abbey Grange, is "no ordinary person, blond, blue eyed, with a graceful figure and womanly presence."
- Mary Holder, who gave the Beryl Coronet to her rotter of a boyfriend, is "above middle height; slim, with dark hair, and eyes which seemed even darker against the absolute pallor of her skin." She is "a woman of strong character with an immense capacity for self restraint."
- Alice Turner, of the Boscomb Valley Mystery, impresses Holmes "as one of the most lovely women I have ever seen in my life; violet eyes and a pink flush on her cheeks."
- Charles Augustus Milverton is killed by a tall, slim, dark woman, "the most beautiful debutante of last season"; and her photograph shows "a regal and stately lady in court dress; a high diamond tiara upon her noble head, delicately carved nose, marked eyebrows, straight mouth and strong little chin."
- Violet Hamilton, the governess at the Copper Beeches, has a "quick bright face."
- The wife of Colonel Barclay, who was frightened to death by the Crooked Man, is still "a beauty", 30 years after her youth.
- Brenda Tregennis, killed by the Devils Foot, was "a very beautiful girl."
- The lady member of the counterfeiting gang who cut off the Engineer's Thumb, has "an eager and beautiful face"; while Sophie Kratides is "tall and graceful".
- Violet de Merville, the object of the Illustrious Client's interest, is "noble, beautiful, with an ethereal other world beauty."
- Mrs. Godfrey Staunton, wife of the missing three-quarter, is described as "young and beautiful", even in death.
- Anne Harrison, "a very lovely woman," unfortunately has a scoundrel brother who makes off with the Naval Treaty.
- Hattie Doran, beloved of Frank Moulton and of all the Scowlers and Molly Maguires of San Francisco, may be "something of a tom-boy, wild and free," while fearless "impetuous and volcanic"; but she is true-blue, "heroic, honorable, with a graceful figure and a striking face."
- Irene Adler, the woman, is, of course, "the daintiest thing under a bonnet, a lovely woman with a face a man might die for." Still, Watson muses, "there was but one woman to him and that woman was the late Irene Adler of dubious and questionable memory."
- Lady Hilda Trelaeney Hope was "the most lovely woman in London" as befit the daughter of a Duke, but, closer to home, Mary Moristan was "one of the most charming young ladies I have met," says Holmes; and Watson exclaims, "What a very attractive woman", and notes that she is small, dainty, sweet and amiable, with eyes spiritual and sympathetic."
- Violet Smith, guarded by the Solitary Cyclist, was a "young and beautiful woman, tall graceful and queenly." The Queen referred to was, no doubt, Alexandra; certainly it was not Victoria.
- Lucy Ferrier was another "flower of American girlhood", "a pale-faced maiden grown into the flower of

Utah"; to quote Brigham Young; 'tho one might wonder how she could remain pale-faced riding horseback around Salt Lake City in the summer.

- Birdie Edwards had the good fortune to be loved by not one, but two beautiful women. Mrs. John Douglas was "a tall and beautiful woman of 30," and his first love, Ettie Shafter, was "young and singularly beautiful, a Swedish type, blond with beautiful dark eyes and pale face."

Holmes, and Watson too, had decided prejudices about women, and some of their aphorisms would not stand close scrutiny by today's standards:

- Women are naturally secretive. (SCAN)
- The motives of women are so inscrutable. (SECOND)
- Women are never to be entirely trusted, not the best of them. (SIGN)
- I am not a whole-souled admirer of womenkind.
- But Holmes grudgingly admits: "The impression of a woman may be more valuable than the conclusion of an analytical reasoner." (TWISTED LIP)

The pair also had strong prejudices concerning anyone of latin blood, be it European or Latin-American, and they felt that an explosive nature went with Mediterranean ancestry.

- Beryl Stapleton, who beguiled Sir Henry Baskerville, was born Beryl Garcia, "one of the beauties of Costra Rica," "a beauty, slim, tall, dark, elegant", a woman, "with beautiful, dark, eager eyes," and she causes our hero to say; "a

woman of spanish blood does not condone such an injury lightly."

- Madame Henri Fournaye, who plugs her husband in the brisket and so stains the living room rug, is a "creole of extremely excitable nature."

- The Sussex Vampire is likewise of latin blood; "a Peruvian and jealous with all the strength of her tropical love."

- Maria Gibson of Thor Place was born Maria Pinto in Manaus, Brazil; was "tropical by birth and by nature, a child of sun and of passion." "She was crazy with hatred and the heat of the Amazon was always in her blood." Her physical charms had faded and her husband treated her badly. Her rival, the governess Grace Dunbar, stated that "Maria hated me with the fervor of her tropical nature." Grace, incidentally, is a proper Watson, or Doyle, heroine. a "beautiful woman with a noble figure and a nobility of character." Although her employer was smitten with her, she, of course, was blameless. Pinto, by the way, is a Spanish name, and Brazilians are Portuguese in language and by ancestry. This confusing Portuguese and Spanish is also seen in the Three Gables where the celebrated beauty, Isadora Klein, is "pure Spanish, with the real blood of the Conquistadores"; and "her people have been leaders in Pernambuco for generations." Pernambuco, now called Recife, is on the "nose" of Brazil, and not Spanish. Isadora, the richest widow on earth, may be an aging beauty, but still has "those wonderful spanish eyes." They might have been equally wonderful as Portuguese eyes.

Of course, tempestuousness is not confined to the Latins. Rochelle Howells, who did in the Musgrave's butler, is a

"striking looking woman with firey, passionate Welch blood."

Only an occasional woman in the Canon is not tall, slender, beautiful and pure.

- Mary Cushing Brown was unfaithful with Alec Fairburn and paid with her life and an ear.
- Mrs. Amberly, the Colourman's wife, dallied with Doctor Ray Ernest and wound up at the bottom of an old well.
- Mrs. Laura Lyons, who duped Sir Charles Baskerville, was "an extreme beauty," but there was "a certain coarseness about her," no doubt evidence of her hard life.
- Miss Mary Sutherland had a somewhat vacuous face, about what you would expect from someone who was dating her own stepfather without ever discovering who he really was.
- Kitty Winter was "a slim, flame-like young woman with a pale, intense face"; youthful, but "so worn by sin and sorrow that one read the terrible years which had left leprous marks on her." Not only was her face ruined by Baron Gruner's attentions but so was her spirit, and wound up throwing acid in his face.

So, there are no ugly heroines in Watson's telling of the tales, all are beautiful or at least striking. This contrasts somewhat with reality. The average British woman at the turn of the century stood five feet, one inch, in her bare feet and tended to be overweight if not actually dumpy, a far cry from the Canon.

What was the real status of women in Victorian and Edwardian days? It was not a terribly elevated station. Women were in a decidedly inferior position; socially, economically, philosophically, educationally, and especially legally. Proudhon,

the French Socialist theorist of the time, relegated women to domestic drudgery, because of their inferiority. His compatriot, Auguste Comte, believed women had a civilizing mission, but because of their weak brains and bodies belonged at home.

Legally, during most of Victoria's reign, a woman was dead in the eyes of the law once she married. She became incorporated into her husband's person and only he could own their property, manage it, dispose of it or institute lawsuits. There was an adage of this time that told it all: "My wife and I are one, and I am he." Not until 1870 did a woman have the right to her earnings. Not until 1882 did she have the right to keep property acquired before marriage and it was only by Act of Parliament in 1893 that she obtained full rights to her own property.

If a woman found that she had made an unwise marriage; what could she do? Not much! In early Victorian times, divorce was essentially impossible. The Divorce Act of 1857 first made it possible to divorce, but only for genuine, provable adultery. Lord Francis Russell, elder brother of the philosopher, Bertrand Russell, introduced numerous Divorce Bills into Parliament, all of which died in committee. In 1903 he formed the Divorce Law Reform Association which, in time, became the Divorce Law Reform Union, whose president in 1906 was one Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. They pressured Parliament for decades but all their efforts were in vain, despite their plea that; "The present law offers divorce as a reward for immoral conduct." When Lord Francis himself wanted a divorce, he moved to Lake Tahoe, in Nevada, for the required six month residence, just as Lillie Langtree had moved in the 1800's to California's Lake County, a hundred miles north of San Francisco, where a sympathetic judge granted her a divorce from Mr. Langtree after the obligatory year's residence. It was not until 1935 that A.P. Herbert, member for Oxford, carried an amended bill through Parliament that made cruelty, desertion

and insanity grounds for divorce, and women who wanted divorce were no longer forced to commit adultery, whether they wanted to or not.

We hear much of "Society" in the Canon. What was Society? Essentially, it was composed of four groups.

- The Court and the hereditary nobility.
- Those in political power including the Cabinet, ex-cabinet ministers, prospective ones and members of Parliament.
- The Racing Set. Those who could afford ponies; or to follow them.
- Those with money. In early Victorian times, this meant old money; inherited wealth and great estates. Money was felt to be land and rents, not gambling in the stock market on pieces of paper. Early on, the nouveau riche were out of society, and no matter how much newly acquired wealth they had, would not be accepted into it. But, in late Victorian times, money became the "open sesame" and the new rich were welcome as long as they purchased a country estate and converted the Australian, Indian or American cash into landed gentility and were willing to spend lots of gold on elegant parties and fashionable charities.

In truth, the big estates, given to agriculture, were not very profitable, and when the great wheat fields and cattle lands of the United States, Canada, Australia and Argentina came into full production, many of the great landlords found that times were hard. Their death blow was the introduction of inheritance taxes, in Britain; Death Duties. These were introduced in 1894, with the assurance that they wouldn't be too bad, since they would only come once in a generation. Unfortunately, the Boer War and two World Wars followed shortly and

most of the young lords were officers in fashionable regiments, they suffered a very high casualty rate and huge taxes came much more frequently than anticipated. Even before the Great Wars, many landed families were strapped for cash and started to sell their valuables. It was said that Society was divided into three classes: Those who sell their family pictures, those who buy their family pictures and those lucky few who keep their heads above water and their fortunes stable. It became popular to hunt for the daughter of an American millionaire with ready money, dirty or otherwise, to shore up the ducal fortunes. Dozens of titled men married American heiresses, not only in England, but also in France and Italy. One family well illustrates the trend. This was the Churchills, Hereditary Dukes of Marlborough. Winston's father, Lord Randolph, wed Jennie Jerome, daughter of the rich New Yorker, Leonard Jerome. Randolph's elder brother, later Duke of Marlborough, was divorced by his first wife, daughter of the Duke of Aberdorn, and wed an exceedingly rich American widow. His son, the ninth duke, married Consuelo Vanderbilt of the rich New York family. Their marriage proved unhappy and they were divorced, whereupon the Duke married a second wealthy American. Some other examples: Miss Adele Simpson married Duc Charles de Tallyrand Perigord and brought a dowry of seven million dollars. Isabel Singer, of the sewing machine family, had a two million dollar dowry and Anna Gould, the homely daughter of Jay Gould, of Erie Railroad notoriety, had a dowry of 15 million when she wed in 1894. Most important to Sherlockians, all will remember Lord St. Simon's interest in Hattie Doran and her father, "the richest man on the Pacific Slope."

Not all English were impoverished; some were very rich, especially those families whose ancestors had purchased suburban estates around London and held them long enough to find the farms had become downtown real estate. How many wealthy families were there? The United Kingdom

had 30 million inhabitants in 1901. About a hundred thousand of these could be termed rich. In 1901, the well-off were calculated to be those who had a family income of over 700 pounds a year. The comfortable middle classes were those with 160 to 700 pounds a year, especially those with an income over 400 pounds, of whom there were about a million families. Another million earned 160 to 400 pounds and the remaining 28 million lived on under 160 pounds a year; the average for the whole country being just 40 pounds total income per family per year. The pound, of 20 shillings, was officially worth \$4.85 in 1901, but its buying power was 10 to 20 or even 40 times that, in 1987. dollars. At the time, a skilled worker was paid a pound to a pound and a half a week. An unskilled sweat shop worker earned 10 shillings a week while household servants got 10 to 20 shillings a week, but room and board were included. At the time, skilled American workmen received \$2 to \$4 a day and a decent cottage could be had for \$1500, all inclusive.

Mrs. Beeton, the famous cookbook author and household advisor, gives tables showing how many servants a household should have, and could afford, depending on the yearly family income. On 150-200 pounds a year, one general servant. On 300 pounds, a cook and a housemaid. On 500 pounds, a cook, housemaid and footboy. On 750, cook, houseboy and man servant. With a thousand pounds a year income, cook, maid, undermaid and a man servant and, if there were children, a nursemaid, too. For the very rich, 10 and 20 servants was not unusual and the great country houses might have up to 200 retainers, most of them women, for domestic service was one of the major occupations for women, and one out of ten of all the women in England and Wales was a servant in 1900.

At the turn of the century, most women were in the home, only about 25% being regularly employed. As noted, two in five employed women were domestics; one in five was in the clothing trades, doing

sewing of some sort; and another fifth were working in textile mills. So, three-quarters of working women were in the mills, sewing or in domestic service. Many occupations were closed to British women. The church, the army and the navy were all out. The first female doctor in England only graduated and was licensed in 1870; some 20 years after Elizabeth Blackwell of New York, who had been the very first woman in the whole world to graduate from a medical school, in 1849. There were no lady lawyers until after World War I, though a brave woman did apply for licensure in 1901, only to be turned down. There were a few female dentists in Victorian times and the first lady electrician qualified in 1899. For gentle women, teaching or nursing were really the only available occupations.

Four inventions markedly improved women's opportunities: the sewing machine (1846), the telegraph (1854), the typewriter (1873) and the telephone (1876). These added a great number of respectable jobs where women were not in direct competition with men. Two more inventions were almost as important. The first was the vacuum cleaner, first seen in 1901. It was originally a vehicle that pulled up in front of a house and extended hoses into the dwelling; but rapidly became a smaller in-house model. The second was the bicycle, which was a great liberator of women, for it gave them mobility and led to the first cafes and teashops which created still more employment opportunities for women and liberated them from cold sandwich lunches, for respectable women couldn't, or wouldn't, go into pubs.

The traditional English occupation, agriculture, employed large numbers of seasonal female workers at harvest time, but, by 1901, only 23% of the English were rural and only 10% gained their living from the land. Incidentally, today only two percent of the British are employed in agriculture.

A study done in 1898 found some 400 occupations open to women. In addition to

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE FAIR SEX

the usual ones, there were a number of unique ones listed. Card leavers, who saved socialites the trouble of visiting all their friends when they moved. Fire goyas; gentile women who did the cooking and lit fires in orthodox Jewish homes on the Sabbath. Caddies at golf courses, dog walkers, fishing fly tiers, lady courtiers, lady guides and lighthouse keepers, to name a few.

One limiting factor on job opportunity was lack of educational opportunity. Girls High Schools only began to appear about 1850. Universities first opened to women about 1875; London University, for example, in 1878, and women's colleges only began to spring up about the same time. We must remember that compulsory education in England first began after an 1876 act of Parliament and was not made free to all until 1891.

One feminine occupation that is never mentioned in the Canon at all is prostitution, euphemistically called "the Social Evil" in Victorian times. The best estimates showed 60,000 women plying the trade in London alone in 1901, out of a metropolitan population of six and a half

million; the product of depressed conditions, sweat shops, slave wages and poverty; and we know that Jack the Ripper selected his victims from this class. Votes for women was a constant and provocative issue all through the years that Holmes flourished, but no suffragettes appear on Watson's pages, and women did not get full voting rights in England until July 2, 1928.

So: these are the Victorian women, in fiction and in fact. In the Canon, almost all women are virtuous; they may have sent a few indiscreet letters, but no one ever seems to have gone to bed illicitly. If there are mistresses, they always bear the scars of their shame on their faces. It is considered normal to lie, cheat or even murder in order to acquire a fortune, to prevent a stepdaughter from leaving with her income, or to right a wrong; but it is never permissible to go beyond the bounds of decency. Would that the world still held to such Victorian and Sherlockian standards. — If it ever really did.

* * * * *

YOU PICK THE CAPTION



- 1.) "Yes Watson, I was a precocious child. Why do you ask?"
- 2.) "Any child can see that this is the murder weapon."
- 3.) "This piece is a forgery. Just look at the engraver's mark."
- 4.) "Lestrade, you always overlook the obvious. This may look like an ordinary spoon, but in truth it is the key to our little mystery."

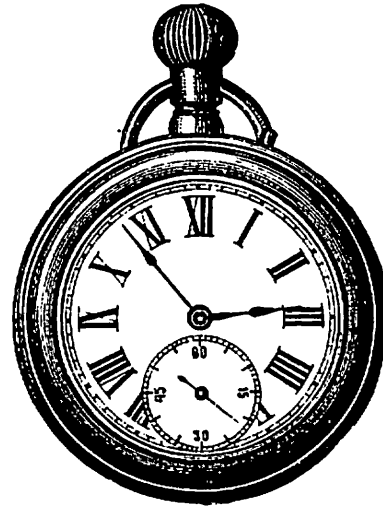
5.) _____

DESPERATION ON BAKER STREET

(Part I)

by

Coral M. Gaggiani



Editors Note:

"Desperation on Baker Street" was originally published in Galileo magazine in 1979. It is reproduced here from the original manuscript with the kind permission of the author.

* * *

"Dear Father,

"I thought it best to write you this letter explaining what happened. You say you enjoy my letters. Let me venture to hope you will enjoy this one.

"I assure you I meant no harm. It is just that humans are so exasperating. They are so sure that their neat little borders of reality are absolute. I know that you cautioned me about that before I left home and I realize what an honor was done me to be chosen as the first from our planet to become a student at the Earth San Francisco Space Academy, but you would have to live with them before you realize the depths of human stubbornness and the lengths it can drive one to. Well, I suppose I had better tell you what has happened..."

Composing the letter in my head had gone quite well until I had reached that point. The trouble was, I did not quite know how to end it yet. This was a letter which I fervently hoped would never have to be sent.

Sitting on the steps of some dark, stone house, I considered the situation in all its hopelessness. The rain drizzled all over my nineteenth century clothes. The feather in my hat drooped forlornly in my face. I took it off and set it aside. Grey fog drifted all around me.

Where was Helen? Where was that exasperating human? Was she in a jail or mad house? Had she slipped and fallen under the wheels of a carriage that she refused to believe was real? It would be just like her to do it! I must have been up and down half the streets of London, but by myself and on foot, there was no way I could search them all. If I used any more mental energy, I would only exhaust myself, and I could not afford to take time to rest. It had to be faced. I was not doing very well. If only she had stayed where I told her!

I looked at the beautiful gold metal watch in my pocket. It was exquisite, and Father certainly would like it, but somehow this did not raise my spirits. The little arrows said one o'clock so it was one o'clock in the morning. The longer we stayed, the more opportunity she had to get into trouble. I had planned only two Earth hours. It had already been five. Somewhere, Helen, my roommate, was alone, wet, cold and probably still convinced she was in the American city of San Francisco and the twenty-first century. How in the name of the Seven Sacred Symbols was I to find her?

An ancient Earth saying occurred to me: "When in Rome, do as the Romans do." Humph! Earth was teeming with wise sayings that few humans take the trouble to follow! Helen would die rather than

adhere to that one! Fortunately, I came from a far more mature people. "When in Rome, do as the Romans do." I was in London, England, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century and I wanted to find someone under unusual circumstances. So, it followed that I would consult one of the main causes of my dilemma, Sherlock Holmes.

I did not like the idea. It certainly may cause more trouble than it solved, but I kept seeing Helen's self-possessed face in my mind's eye. She was as flexible as a rod of Earth iron. Poor thing! Could our little trip cause her highly disciplined mind to lose its balance? One never knew. Humans are very delicate. There was nothing else to be done. Sherlock Holmes it had to be.

This realization must have lain silently beneath my consciousness for some time, for it was on Baker Street that I found myself. I got to my feet and started in the direction of Mr. Holmes' rooming house.

"Dear Father," I composed as I walked. "You will be pleased to know that tragedy was averted by the fact that the particular place that I chose to visit with my roommate was the home and time of one of our favorite human personalities, Sherlock Holmes. Do not be alarmed. I fully understand the fragility of the human mind. So, by careful and clever management, Helen was found, the balance was not upset, and all is again tranquil on Earth..."

The rain began to fall harder. My hopeful composition came to an end. Careful and clever management! Helen was probably catching what the humans of this era described as her death of cold and I would have to seek help to find her from one of the greatest detectives of all times without letting him discover who and what we were! With brute mental force I could possibly make him forget the whole affair, but the human mind — admirable and powerful as it is — is so delicate. In any case, I needed all my

remaining mental strength. There was nothing else to do but to remain at acceptable human levels. With those exclusive planes, I was perhaps more familiar than any of my people, but whether I was a match for Sherlock Holmes in the nineteenth century was extremely doubtful.

As I approached Mr. Holmes' establishment, I saw a man climbing the front stairs. He was wearing a heavy coat, a hat, and a scarf, so I could not see him well. I caught only a glimpse of a moustached face as he turned toward me briefly. He must not have noticed me, for when I tapped him on the shoulder, he jumped.

"Don't be upset," I assured him. "I have no intention of harming you."

"My dear young woman," he blurted out, "what are you doing out at this hour of the morning unescorted?"

"Oh," I replied, trying to keep from smiling, "I am really quite self-sufficient. Don't worry about that. Are you, by any chance, Dr. Watson?"

"Indeed I am, but I am afraid that you have the advantage of me."

How proper and correct he was, even talking to a stranger at one o'clock in the morning in the pouring rain. He was delightful!

"Don't worry about that either", I told him. "If you wish, just call me Miss for convenience."

He was staring at me. There was a dim street lamp behind me that must have been giving him enough light to see me by. He was staring so hard that I had the distinct impression he did not want to believe what he saw.

"Forgive the impertinence," he said, "but does your hair... I believe I must be greatly fatigued. My dear young woman, I

must ask you. Does your hair happen to be green?"

"Whatever do you mean?" I replied innocently. I had forgotten that I had taken off the hat. Humans rarely believe the evidence of their senses when it conflicts with what they conceive to be normal, so I turned my hair brown right before his eyes.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered, very embarrassed.

"Oh, don't mention it," I replied. "I was wondering, is it possible that Mr. Holmes may still be up?"

"It is definitely possible," he assured me, "but shall we discuss it inside? You are positively soaked."

He led me into a charming Victorian hallway with frilly curtains and flowered wallpaper and carpets and pictures... what I would not give to have the Academy furnished like that! It was so wonderfully cluttered with fanciful things! He lit a gas light and indicated the stairs. He must have interpreted my reaction to be relief to find shelter.

"There," he said, "we shall have you warm and before a fire in no time.? He ushered me up the stairs as if I were one of those Earth puppy dogs who had followed him home. When we reached the landing, he asked me to wait a moment while he checked to see if Mr. Holmes was awake. I put my ear to the door the second he closed it.

"Quickly, Watson," I heard someone whisper, "tell me all that happened outside and keep your voice down!" I had no doubt that the eager voice belonged to Sherlock Holmes. Dr. Watson did as he was told. He described our meeting in detail, not even leaving out my green hair. I listened to Mr. Holmes' comments with a sinking heart. I wanted him interested, but not this interested. It was hopeless. I would never be able to fool him. I considered walking away while

I still could, but it occurred to me what the letter to Father would be like in that event. "Dear Father", I saw myself writing. "Do you remember the roommate who was so carefully chosen for me? I seem to have misplaced her."

While I was still contemplating this unhappy epistle, the door sprang open.

"Oh, Miss... sorry to keep you waiting, but Holmes needed time to make himself presentable." Dr. Watson led me inside.

My first sight of Sherlock Holmes was anything but disappointing. He was a tall, slender, strikingly intense man. He tried to mask this intensity with a show of inscrutability, but there was no masking the alert gleam in his eye and the energy that radiated from him. I could also feel great physical strength in the handshake he gave me, even though he took care not to squeeze my small hand too hard. In the bright, warm room I also had the opportunity to look at Dr. Watson closely. He was what would be called a handsome man, with regular features and a fine athletic physique. He appeared as solid and conventional as he was in his chronicles, but I noticed that he had very kind eyes.

I should have been enjoying this meeting, but I was too much aware of Mr. Holmes' undivided attention. Dr. Watson tried to lead me to a chair by the fire, but I firmly took the seat farthest away from it. "You are much wetter than I am, Dr. Watson," I tried to explain.

"Oh, come now," he protested, "I am the one who is supposed to be chivalrous. You are quite drenched, young lady. Let me take that coat of yours. I have half a mind to order you into my night shirt until your clothes dry. I am a doctor, you know."

"I haven't time," I replied, giving him the coat. "Thank you very much." As he took the coat, the watch fell out of the pocket.

"I say," Dr. Watson remarked, picking it up, "this is a very fine watch. Your father's?"

"Yes it is," I replied.

"Strange he would allow you to take it out in your coat pocket on such a moist night," commented Mr. Holmes, taking it from Dr. Watson.

"I never let it out of my sight," I stammered. "It is the only remembrance I have of him," I added, trying to give some reason for my attachment to it.

"Has he passed away?" inquired Mr. Holmes.

I hung my head and sighed, hoping this would make him drop the subject.

"A very recent loss it must be," said Mr. Holmes, "since you still refer to him in the present tense. You did say this is your father's watch, did you not?"

For an instant I retained the look of bereavement I had assumed. Then it dawned on me that Mr. Holmes was right. In attempting to cover up a slightly suspicious slip, I had made a very suspicious slip. I have the expressive face of my people and a difficult time controlling it. I must have been showing my confusion and embarrassment very comically indeed, for Mr. Holmes laughed out loud. Dr. Watson looked at him reproachfully and he stopped, but the merriment was still in his eyes.

"Shall we get down to business?" I inquired.

"Indeed yes!" agreed Mr. Holmes heartily. "I would be most delighted to be of service to such an extraordinary young lady... er... Miss," He laid a curious emphasis on the Miss, as if my refusal to give my name highly amused him.

"I need your help very badly," I said. "I need to find a friend of mine."

"Is that all?" he pressed.

"That is enough."

"Well, if you will furnish me with the particulars, we can proceed."

"What particulars do you need?"

"The name and sex of the person in question may be of use."

"It is a young lady by the name of Helen Yamamoto."

"Indeed!" he exclaimed. "Well, it seems to me that to find a young lady of Japanese origin would not be so difficult in London! How did she acquire such a first name?"

"Her mother gave it to her," I replied in some confusion.

"And was her mother Caucasian?" inquired Mr. Holmes.

I realized that I must be making some sort of historical mistake, but I could not figure out what it could be. "Her mother was an Episcopalian," I ventured. Mr. Holmes' eyes twinkled.

"The term Caucasian refers to her race," put in Dr. Watson kindly. I had the comfortable feeling that he had adopted me.

"What does it matter?" I asked.

"Because it would do us some good to know if the young lady appeared Caucasian, Asian or Eurasian," Mr. Holmes explained.

"Oh, she appears... ah, she has large blue eyes and red hair," I told them. "Her great-grandfather was Japanese. Now I remember."

"My dear young lady," observed Mr. Holmes, "Japan only opened its doors a few decades ago. How, exactly, did great-grandfather reach England?"

I made one last valiant effort. "By pack train. He stowed away in one of the packs." At the looks on their faces I added, "Not pack train, packet... packet ship!" By this time I was so confused I could not keep anything straight.

"Oh, Mr. Holmes!" I cried, getting up, "I suppose you will not be able to help me, after all. I am truly sorry to have bothered you."

"Please do not go," he insisted. "I am sorry if I have offended you, but you must admit that some of the things you say are quite... unusual."

Dr. Watson laid a gentle hand on my shoulder to guide me back into my chair. "I do not see how two gentlemen can possibly allow you to wander around unescorted at such an hour. At least wait until your clothes dry off, and then we shall find some way to escort you home."

"That is not necessary," I assured him. It seemed that it would not be easy to get rid of Dr. Watson's well meaning assistance.

"My dear, it is rather difficult to do what you obviously expect of me," said Mr. Holmes. "You are quite desperate to achieve two mutually exclusive objectives. You need my assistance in finding your friend, and yet you are equally determined that I shall render it without knowing anything about her or yourself. Contrary to the impression some people have of me, I am not a magician."

Dr. Watson had obviously been restraining himself. "My dear Holmes," he burst out, "shouldn't we be assuring this young lady of our discretion and dependability? It must be a great trouble indeed that would force her to take to the streets at this hour without even stopping to take her hat."

"You are a fine fellow, Watson," replied Mr. Holmes, "and I would not change you for the world; but your gentlemanly

instincts have caused you to overlook a few things."

Mr. Holmes fixed me with such a knowing stare, I finally gave up. "Mr. Holmes," I asked, "what is it you have been able to observe about me?"

"A great many things," he answered. "You are a positive gold mine of contradictions. First of all, the rigors of weather hold little or no terror for you, personally. You did not forget your hat. You took it off and left it somewhere. It was a rather decorative one with green ostrich feathers, and must not have afforded much protection. But it is still rather singular that you would deliberately uncover your head in a rain storm. The fact of the matter is, you are quite warm despite the chill and your soggy appearance."

"That is impossible, Holmes!" objected Dr. Watson. "You must not realize how cold it is out there. I do. I have just come in from it."

"Whether or not it is impossible, it is still a fact. When I had the pleasure of shaking the young lady's hand, I found it to be quite warm. I also noticed a few particles of wet ostrich feathers of the variety commonly used in hats on her shoulder. They would only have been in this condition had the young lady worn a fashionable hat in the rain. Her hair is quite wet; so it follows that she must have deliberately exposed her head to the elements long after there was any chance of saving the hat."

Dr. Watson cleared his throat and said, "I say, do you mind?" I put my warm hand into his icy one. He started a bit and felt my forehead, also. "Are you wearing some sort of insulated suit?" he inquired weakly.

"That would hardly protect the young lady's face and hands," chuckled Mr. Holmes, "and such a slender young lady would be a wraith, indeed, if she were wearing some sort of insulated suit. Your

clothes are quite fashionable and the hat also was of the finest quality. Your treatment of them also suggests a positive indifference to the effects of weather, as does your treatment of this valuable watch you have just purchased."

"How did you know that?" I asked.

"Because there is a small piece of string tied to it which still retains a scrap of paper on which, in the manner of shopkeepers, the price was written. I can still make out the symbol used to denote pounds sterling."

"Is there anything else?" I asked in a small voice.

"My dear young lady!" Mr. Holmes exclaimed, "I have barely begun! As long as you do not think, it, rude, I shall continue. Your hair, or at least part of it, is quite green."

"Holmes!" objected the blushing Dr. Watson.

"Forgive me, but on your hand there are a few small hairs... all quite green."

"But the hair on her head is brown!"

"So it is... now," answered Mr. Holmes. "You really ought to have more faith in your powers of observation, Watson. As you, my dear lady, have most probably already surmised, since you were listening at the door — you neglected to step back from it before Watson let you in — I was watching from the window. Your hair was a brilliant green.

"You consider yourself to be a formidable person. Nocturnal London does not frighten you in the least. This could plainly be seen by your bearing when you approached Watson. Even though you are considerably less than half his size and appear to be exceptionally fragile, your first words to him were an assurance that you would do him no harm. Shall I go on?"

I nodded resignedly.

"When you confronted me, your manner changed from complete assurance to marked nervousness. You listen through a stout door and apparently hear what is being said, which shows phenomenal hearing. You make up a preposterously dramatic story about a dead father when any small lie would do to explain carelessness with a watch. You refuse to give your own name, and yet give the highly unlikely name of Helen Yamamoto as that of your friend. You show every evidence of intellect, not the least of which is considerable cranial size in relation to body size, and yet you do not know the difference between a pack train and a packet ship, and think the word 'Caucasian' describes the Church of England. By your manner of speech, you are certainly not a native of the British Isles, but where you may originate, I have no idea and I am an expert in this field, I can assure you.

"You are clearly in a state of anxiety, but not for your physical safety. You are afraid of me and what I might find out about you, which is why you have been taking such pains to be as conventional as possible. This indicates that you have been telling the truth about trying to find your friend. You certainly never would have come here if your anxiety about myself were not less than your anxiety about her."

"It all fits," said Dr. Watson, "but it makes no sense."

"No," agreed Mr. Holmes, "it does not. May I tell you that you are the most fascinating young woman I have ever had the pleasure to meet?"

"Thank you," I replied gloomily.

"Please be assured that what Watson said about dependability and discretion is quite true."

"I haven't the least doubt of it!" I answered warmly. "I don't suppose that I

could ask you to be content with only what I chose to tell you?"

"I am not by habit what would be called a busy body, except from the criminal point of view perhaps, but what you ask is impossible. In order to find this young woman, I must know as much about her as possible. How else am I to predict her actions?"

I sat poised on the edge of a decision. The clock on the wall said two o'clock. What else could I do but trust Mr. Holmes? Here was a surprisingly adaptable human intellect. Perhaps he may actually be able to help me and not break under the strain.

"My friend Helen," I began, "is from San Francisco, California. This is where she thinks she is right now and nothing will make her believe otherwise. She does not believe that anything around her exists. She is wandering around the city now under this delusion. She believes that her being here is some elaborate hoax."

"How could she possibly... is she mentally impaired?" inquired Dr. Watson.

I laughed. "Helen is the very soul of human rationality!"

"Human rationality?" repeated Mr. Holmes, raising his eyebrows so high they almost merged with his hairline.

"Yes, Mr. Holmes. You see, I am not exactly human."

"Then what are you, exactly?"

"It is more correct to say humanoid."

"That term would seem to indicate that there are other races of peoples that are not human. Tell me, how would you define human?"

"Human is commonly meant to indicate natives of the planet Earth."

Dr. Watson sat up in his chair, but Mr. Holmes only smiled slightly. His eyes, however, danced with excitement.

"Holmes", quavered Dr. Watson, "shouldn't we offer this young lady some brandy? Show me where you have put it, won't you?"

Mr. Holmes shrugged, winked at me and followed Dr. Watson into another room. As soon as they had disappeared inside, the door shut behind them.

"Holmes, I have never yet interfered with one of your cases," I heard Dr. Watson whisper, "but I am afraid that this poor creature needs a doctor's services, not yours."

"My dear Watson," Mr. Holmes replied in a normal voice, "have you truly lost all faith in me?"

"Not in the least!" replied Dr. Watson in an injured tone, "but you must admit that you rather sound as if you believe her, and your deductions are really quite bizarre."

Mr. Holmes chuckled. "After a dull day and many more before that, she is by far the most extraordinary person I have ever met. I doubt that she is crazy, but whether or not she is, I intend to follow this investigation to the end. Are you interested in accompanying me, my dear Watson? I assure you I will not allow us to lose our way on the twisted paths of lunacy. If you prefer to go to bed, I shall quite understand."

"Not for the world!" replied Dr. Watson. "It is just that there is something about this situation that is not quite right, Holmes!"

"I heartily agree with you. Do get the brandy from the cabinet. I should like a glass myself."

"Quite right! I almost forgot our excuse for leaving the room."

"If she can hear through the front door, Watson, she can certainly hear through this one."

"You could have said..." The door opened on a smiling Sherlock Holmes and a very annoyed Dr. Watson. Mr. Holmes poured us all a glass of brandy and then returned to his seat. When he reached into his pocket, I requested that he not smoke.

"It irritates my nose dreadfully," I explained.

"Of course," he said. "All of your senses seem to be extraordinarily acute. How did you know there was a pipe in that pocket? By the smell of the tobacco?"

"Yes," I replied, "I can smell very strong tobacco there."

"From all the way across the room," he remarked. "Well, please go on with your story. I am all attention."

"This is very difficult," I began. "Dr. Watson, I did hear what you said in the other room, but please don't think that I am offended in any way. Of course, you would react the way you did." Dr. Watson blushed and nodded.

"My main care has been to avoid upsetting anyone, not to deceive, I assure you, but it seems that I will be unable to hide anything from you in any case. My only hope is to put the absolute truth before you. You see, I am from another planet. The name is unimportant. For most of our history we have refused to have direct contact with Earth, but recently it has become unavoidable, as your people have moved farther and farther out into the galaxy."

"I beg your pardon?" interrupted Dr. Watson.

"I am speaking of the year 2036 A.D. by Earth's measurement of time. That is where Helen and I come from."

Dr. Watson dropped his glass. Mr. Holmes and I politely ignored him.

"That would explain the curious fact that the young lady had a great-grandfather who was Japanese," Mr. Holmes remarked.

"Yes, in Helen's time, the entire Earth is under one government. Each region maintains its own individuality, but intermarriage is quite common."

"Which explains your confusion about races," put in Mr. Holmes, seemingly pleased that all the puzzle pieces were being fitted together — however strangely.

"My knowledge of Earth is limited in many ways," I admitted. "To return to my story, there is now one of those treaties humans are so fond of between our two planets. Earth is very anxious to establish good relations with us. My father, who is very much alive, has been making an unofficial study of Earth for many years. I shared his interest, and so when Earth requested an exchange of students, I was naturally chosen to study in their San Francisco Space Academy. A great deal of trust was shown in me to be chosen for such a position. You see, the reason we have never sought contact with Earth is that we have many mental talents that humans find upsetting."

"It distresses me to say that I have not proven worthy of the trust. I had been warned about how delicate the human mind is, but I simply would not be guided! It is just that humans can drive one to distraction!"

"Humans can be very trying, indeed," agreed Mr. Holmes, with a twinkle in his eye. "I shall be the first to admit it, but tell me, how did you manage to lose your unfortunate human companion in our soggy London more than a century before she was born? This is certainly no small blunder."

"No," I agreed, "it certainly is not. How I brought her here is not important."

Besides, it is rather complicated to explain. I have certain mental talents that allow me to accomplish these things... Talents I was warned not to use with humans. Oh, of course humans suspect that we have such talents, but they are not aware of their power and sophistication. I am afraid that Helen found this trip rather a shock."

"I dare say," remarked Mr. Holmes.

"Please do not think that this was a prank on my part, Mr. Holmes. I had a very good reason for what I did. I truly believed that this trip would do her good."

"I have heard some ladies remark on the benefits of the London climate to the complexion, but I find it difficult to understand why a trip to London, especially at this time of year, would benefit a lady from the twenty-first century sufficiently to be worth the effort."

"I know you make light of this because it is difficult for your mind to comprehend, Mr. Holmes, but it is a very serious subject to me."

"I am justly rebuked. I do beg your pardon. However, I must protest that I am giving you as much attention as my frail human mind can manage."

"Do you believe me, Mr. Holmes?" I looked into his eyes. There was still a good deal of humor there.

"I can certainly offer no better explanation for you, my dear young lady. I have said that I will attempt to help you as best I can, and this is what I intend to do."

"There is no human I know of who could be of more help than you, Mr. Holmes. I cannot tell you how grateful I am."

"Pray do not mention it. I am most grateful for your dilemma. It gave me the

chance to make your fascinating acquaintance."

"I must confess that I am also delighted to meet you. I have read so much about you."

"May I ask where?" inquired Mr. Holmes, raising his eyebrows again.

"Why, in Dr. Watson's chronicles."

"In the year 2036!" exclaimed Dr. Watson.

"My dear Watson," laughed Mr. Holmes. "Your deathless prose indeed!"

"Oh yes, Dr. Watson," I said. "Your chronicles are quite popular. Why, I studied my English from a copy my father had on my home planet."

Dr. Watson's face lit up. "Really?"

"I see you are finally getting into the spirit of things, Watson," remarked Mr. Holmes. He turned to me again. "So you decided to call upon me when you had the misfortune to lose track of Miss Yamamoto on a trip to our London. The reason for your trip still escapes me, but I must say that you showed a good deal of common sense in calling on me. I suspect that you would not have gotten satisfaction had you gone to the police."

"My thoughts entirely," I said. "Do you think that you can find her?"

"We shall see. One thing still troubles me. Why on Earth, if you will excuse the expression, did you do such a thing to the poor girl? I would certainly like to comprehend this if you will have the patience to attempt to explain it to me."

I squirmed a little in my chair. "The burden of understanding should rest with me, Mr. Holmes. It is not their fault if humans are a young, stubborn people, and it is not my business to try and change them."

"I am afraid I do not follow you."

"Mr Holmes, do you know what a soil analyzer is, a D-36 model 1256?"

"That is a mechanism I have not had the pleasure of examining, which is hardly surprising since I presume that it is current to the twenty-first century."

"It is not pleasure, Mr. Holmes, I assure you, to study such a thing for three solid Earth months. I simply could not stand it any longer! I wanted to see the Earth that I had read about on my home planet in books such as Dr. Watson's chronicles. The only thing I could find at the Academy was a world of technician's science, a science that they had managed to strip of all its wonder."

"In their eagerness to turn out well-trained space cadets who will be able to pilot their ships from planet to planet, they are turning out little robots that do not know or appreciate their own culture and history. I am sure I cannot see why they do not simply build robots and save themselves the trouble."

"Helen, my roommate, is their idea of the best possible student, which means she has committed the manual to memory. I believe she could take one of their ships apart and put it back together again in her sleep. But you take her to a concert or a play and she stops her ears and studies. I thought it would do us both good if we got away to a simpler, more colorful time. I thought your time might be a good choice. You are a scientific person, but you are certainly no robot. I thought this little experience might start her imagination working. She must have one somewhere."

"I had been warned that showing the full extent of my mental abilities would affect the balance of the human view of the world and upset them. My father was right. Helen certainly did get upset."

"I dare say," remarked Mr. Holmes.

"Can you understand what I did just a little?"

Mr. Holmes looked at me with a smile. "The astonishing fact is that I can... just a little. In any event, you, my tiny elfen maid, are an enchantress of the first order. Your tale has done much to lighten the dreariest day of my existence." He laughed outright. "However, do not think that I have not been attending to the logic of the situation, if logic it may be called." He put his hands together and peered at me over the tips of his fingers. "Please be good enough to describe in detail the last time you saw Miss Yamamoto."

"I told her that we were going on a shopping trip to the London of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson. I suppose I should have prepared her a little more, but I really do not think she would have believed me. I thought that the best way was not to argue. How that girl loves to argue about the scientific possibilities or impossibility of things! I decided that I was simply going to do it."

"So, I said that we were going to pick up a watch for father in nineteenth century London because I did not like any of the ones in the local shops. Of course, she acted very tolerant after I made it clear that we were not going to discuss the matter. She had to come with me because she had been instructed not to let me go out by myself."

"I took her to this deserted park outside the city, and it seemed to her that suddenly she was standing before a jewelry store in London, dressed in nineteenth century clothes. I was so hoping she would get into the spirit of things. She admitted to me that she had read all the chronicles when she was younger, which is quite singular for her." I glanced at Dr. Watson and was gratified to see how he looked. "'What would please her more than to be able to see the actual city that inspired them,' I thought. 'She won't stop her ears and study now!'"

"How wrong I was. She is unbelievably stubborn! She demanded that I stop what

she called mental mirage! Nothing I could say would convince her that she was actually here.

"At least come with me into the jewelry shop and help me pick out father's watch,' I told her, when it was clear that our trip was going to be a failure. 'Then I will take you back.'

"No,' she said, 'I've had enough of your tricks for one day. Stop this mirage now! You know I have an examination tomorrow!'

"An examination indeed! I had gone to considerable trouble to give her an experience that many humans would give anything for! It is no easy task, you may be sure! I am not excusing myself. I never should have left her for a moment. But, can you not see why I became a little irritated? I certainly was not going to allow her to force me to leave without father's watch.

"Stay here on the street if you must,' I said and went into the shop. It had not taken more than five minutes to complete my purchase. I found what I wanted immediately, but when I came out again, she was gone. Since then, I have been searching the streets without success. Anything could have happened to her. She would walk right into danger, too stubborn to believe it was real! This is why I must find her quickly. I am mentally talented, not omnipotent. It may take days for me to find her among all the humans in London. I came to you because I realized that I needed help. I am already so tired, and I must get her back where she belongs without delay. I do not know half enough about Earth to have attempted such a thing. Whatever shall I do if anything has happened to her?"

Mr. Holmes poured me a little more brandy. I drank it gratefully. He also

poured some for himself and Dr. Watson and then resumed his chair. He spent the next few minutes in deep concentration as I waited breathlessly for what would happen next.

"Your narrative has cleared up many points. Now your story hangs together with a strange kind of coherency. I'll be dashed if it does not!" he said. "I am still far from understanding it all, and there are a thousand questions to which I should like to know the answers, but time is at a premium. There is one thing of which I am absolutely certain — your distress is quite real. I shall see what I can do."

"Thank you," I cried. "I can ask for no more."

"Your friend believes that she is at the San Francisco Academy and she is uncommonly stubborn?"

"Yes," I said.

"Let us be off," he said, grabbing his coat and hat. "We may be in time. Watson, perhaps you had better stay at home. You have had enough inclement weather for one night and you have not been well."

"You could not pay me to stay here, Holmes! I am quite alright," protested Dr. Watson, throwing on his coat with as much enthusiasm as Mr. Holmes.

"I see that you have definitely gotten into the spirit of things, my dear fellow," smiled Mr. Holmes. "Well then, come along."

* * * * *

(To be concluded in the next issue of the Vermissa Daily Herald.)



JOHN CARRADINE INVESTED IN P.S.C.

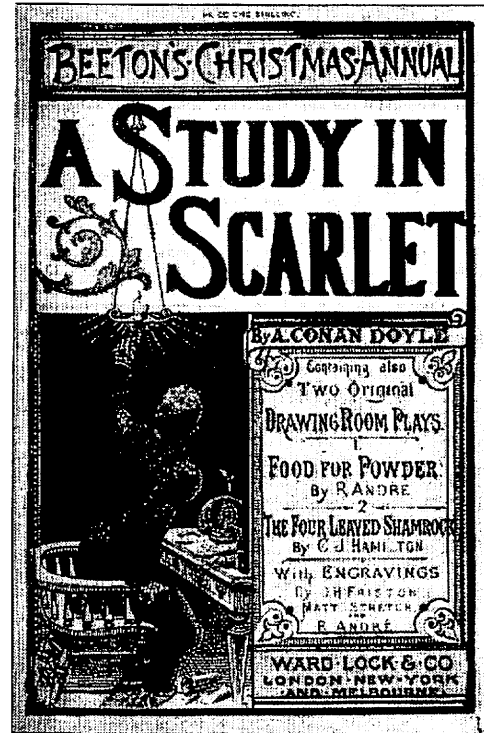
During the April meeting of the Scowrers and Molly Maguires we had a very special guest. John Carradine was in town and received his investature into the Persian Slipper Club as "John Barrymore, The Butler." You should recall that Mr. Carradine portrayed the butler Barrymore in the 1939 version of The Hound of the Baskervilles, the film that introduced Basil Rathbone in the role of Sherlock Holmes.

During his long and illustrious film career John Carradine has appeared in over 500 films, many more then any other single actor. His most recent appearance has been in "Peggy Sue Got Married" where he portrayed the Lodge Master who read the invocation to send Peggy Sue back to her own time.

A Regretful Addendum:

During the final preparation of this issue word came that John Carradine passed away in Milan, Italy, on November 27, 1988. It is with sadness that we note the loss of his fine talent and magnificent voice. Those of us that were privileged to meet Mr. Carradine during the Scowrer's dinner found a gracious gentleman with many stories to tell. We just wish there had been more time to hear them.

* * *



BEETON'S ANNUAL FINALLY ARRIVES

Just a few weeks ago I received a small box from England. Looking at the label I hoped I knew what was inside. Wrapped with a few pages of the Daily Mail and a plastic wrapper was a small red slipcover. Inside the slipcover was a volume that I had been anxiously awaiting. Those of you that have received your copies already know what I am referring to. Someone (not me) has already called it a "ghost of Christmas past." I am talking about Conan Doyle Books' facsimile edition of the 1887 Beeton's Christmas Annual.

This long delayed volume has finally arrived. My personal "unbiased" opinion is that it has been well worth the wait. The total printing of this issue is limited to 600 copies, 50 are signed by Dame Jean Conan Doyle (Sir Arthur's surviving daughter). All of the copies are numbered on the slipcovers. The printing and craftsmanship that has gone into this release has produced a work so exquisite that you feel they should include a pair of white cotton gloves with every copy.

For those collectors that were not fortunate enough to place advance orders there are a few copies available through

Rupert books, 59 Stonefield, Bar Hill, Cambridge CB3 8TE. Signed editions are currently priced at £140 (US\$280.00), unsigned copies are £27.50 (US\$55.00).

* * *

MEMORIES AND ADVENTURES

Speaking of Rupert Books; I highly recommend you send for their current catalogue. Within this catalogue you will find numerous Sherlockian tidbits, both new and used. Among the selections listed is an advance notice of the reprinting of Memories and Adventures, the autobiography of one Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (a literary agent I believe).

* * *

PEQUOD PRESS

Of special interest is a section in the Rupert Books catalogue pertaining to John Ruyle's "Pequod Press." If you missed Turlock Loams in A Scandal in Bulimia it is available here, along with A is for Adler, Baker Street Portraits and several other of the Pequod Press' unique offerings.

* * *

STRAND SLIPCASES

One more offering from Rupert Books needs to be mentioned; slipcases. Now why would I want to talk about slipcases in this column? No special reason, except that these are Strand slipcases.

What do you do with those single copies of Strand magazines? Do you wrap them in plastic and put them in boxes or drawers? Now there is a better way. Rupert Books is offering two styles of slipcases for individual Strand copies. The first is a plain slipcase just the right size for the Strand priced at £2.25 (US\$4.50) plus postage, each. The second slipcase is imprinted with a full size copy of the Strand cover (English version). The spine of the slipcover is printed with the date

of publication for each issue; price: £2.50 (US\$5.00) plus postage.

Just a little reminder when ordering overseas, the actual retail prices will depend upon the exchange rate at the time the order is placed.

* * *

ARE STEREOSCOPES COMING BACK?

The time was when no self respecting Victorian parlor would be without a stereoscope and a stack of the latest stereo-view post cards. Now, even finding reproductions of the original "Holmes Steroscope" can run well over \$100.00.

Enter Paul Whitney of Whitney Enterprises. He is producing a current version of the stereoscope for about \$20.00. No, it is not a miniature version. It is a full sized plastic version that will work with the original stereo-view post cards.

If you don't have a collection of Victorian post cards, don't fret, it also comes with a dual-camera adapter that will allow you to mount two cameras on your tripod and shoot your own stereo pictures. Of course, you will need to assemble your pictures on stereo view cards.

For more information contact Whitney Enterprises, P.O.Box 748, El Segundo, CA 90245; phone (213) 322-3177.

* * *

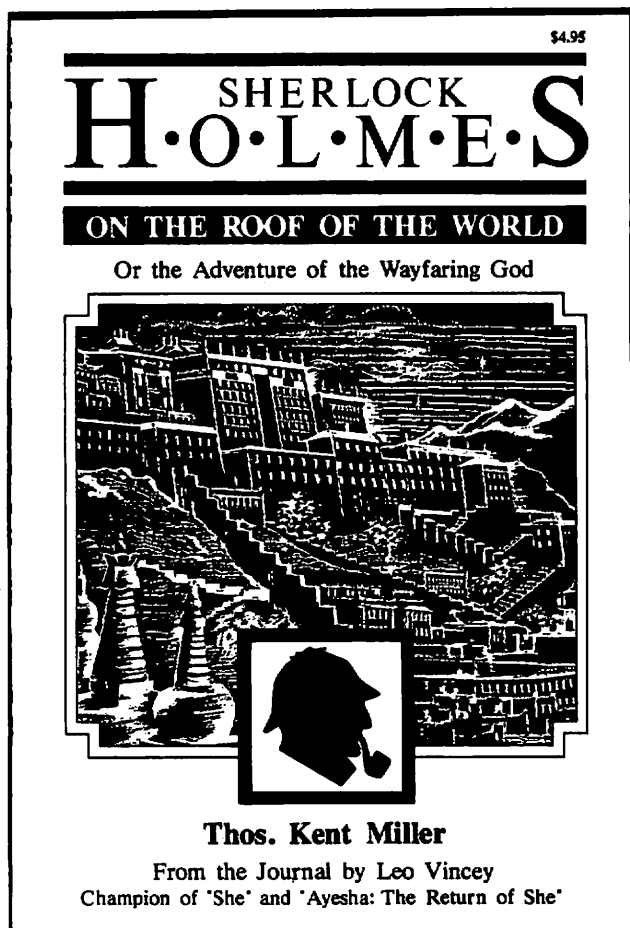


STANGER REVIEWS

SHERLOCK HOLMES
ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

by

Thomas Kent Miller



That is Thomas KENT miller, not Thomas EDWARD Miller, and he is no relation to your Stanger, at least none that I know of. Splendid name however, and a splendid book, if, perhaps, a bit too short. It is really strange that there have not been more pastiches set in Tibet during the Great Hiatus. Those that have been written also tend to be conglomerations of mystical nonsense. Of course, a little bit of mysticism goes with the territory, but it should be held in check. My namesake's book includes just the right amount, mixed in with as neat little mystery and some speculations on the early life of Jesus of Nazerath.

The book is, essentially, a lost chapter of H. Rider Haggard's Ayesha, though narrated by Leo Vincey rather than Horace Holly. Vincey and Holly, in search of the reincarnation of Ayesha, first introduced in Haggard's She, encounter an explorer named Sigerson in Tibet. It helps to have some knowledge of H. Rider Haggard's She books, She, Ayesha, She and Allan, and Wisdom's Daughter, but this isn't really necessary. The story stands up quite well on its own.

Anyone wishing to order a copy can acquire one by sending \$6.65 (\$4.95, plus .30 tax and \$1.40 postage) to Rosemill House, 920 Cajon Street, Redlands CA 92373.

* * * * *

A*G*O*N*I*E*S

TO: SINGLE LADIES out late at night. Do you need protection in these dangerous times? I provide personal attention to deserving women. Contact Jack's Escort Service at IMR-IPPER.

FOR SALE: One Slightly Used Carriage. Only driven during evening hours. Red interior may need some cleaning. Contact Netley or Spivey and ask for the Doctor.

LOST: One Leather Apron. Misplaced in the Whitechape district. If found contact David Cohen. I'm MAD about leather.

I AM LOOKING FOR: The Coming of the Fairies by A.C.D. If you know where a copy of this book may be found (reprint or otherwise) please contact Ron White C/O The Herald, or at the meetings.

AT A PAST MEETING: Someone had reproductions of the original Molly Maguire wanted posters for sale. I am very interested in purchasing a set, if they are still available. Please contact Ron White C/O the Herald, or at the meetings.

* * 30 * *



**A TRULY GRAPHIC
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Canadian artist Dan Day brings you an exciting look at England and Holmes. Taking the original Doyle stories (not an adoption), Day marries art and story for an original look at Holmes without losing the traditional look so loved in these stories. These are 24-page stories, lithographically reproduced on 70 lb. premium white paper.

This is the longest-running Holmes series ever produced in the comic-book format and is the only on-going version authorized by Dame Jean Doyle.

We still have some early issues (#1,2, and 5) from last year, but order these now because our supplies are limited and we will not be going back to press!

Our second year has already begun and issue #10 will be out in time for Christmas. Be sure not to miss a single issue, and order your subscription now.

OF ALL THE PROBLEMS WHICH HAVE BEEN SUBMITTED TO MY FRIEND MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES FOR SOLUTION DURING THE

YEARS OF OUR INTIMACY, THERE WERE ONLY TWO WHICH I WAS THE MEANS OF INTRODUCING TO HIS NOTICE, THAT OF MR. HATHERLEY'S THUMB AND THAT OF COL-

ONEL WARBURTON'S MADNESS. OF THESE THE LATTER MAY HAVE AFFORDED A FINER FIELD FOR AN ACUTE AND ORIGINAL OBSERVER, BUT THE OTHER



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- #8 A Scandal in Bohemia
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