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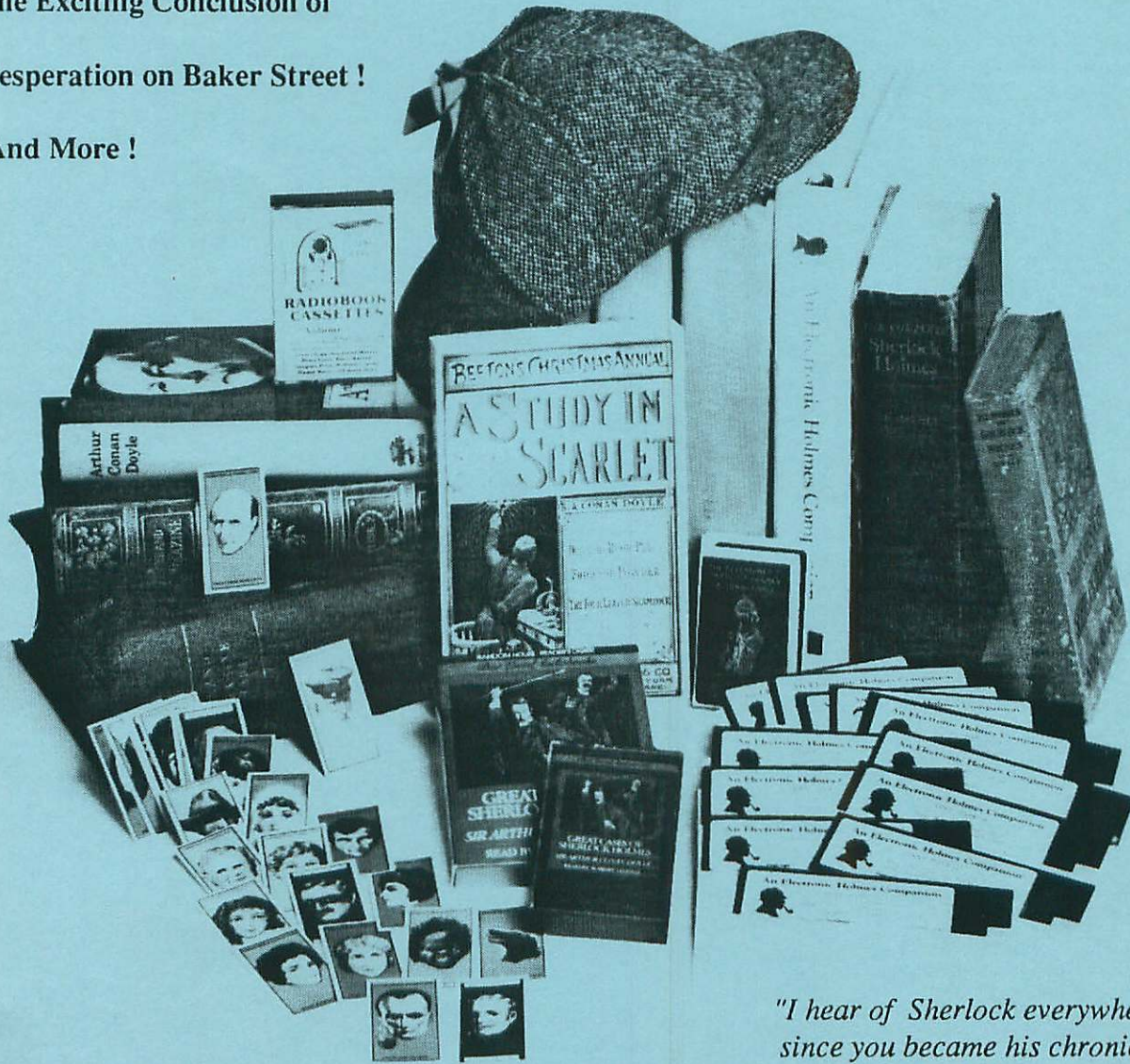
# VERMISSA DAILY HERALD

In This Issue . . .

The Adventure of The Dubious Grand Duchess !

The Exciting Conclusion of  
Desperation on Baker Street !

And More !



*"I hear of Sherlock everywhere  
since you became his chronicler."  
The Greek Interpreter*

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## A C K N O W L E D G E M E N T S

Above all, we thank DOVER PRESS for its superb series of illustrative source books, with particular attention to the following:

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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

\* \* \* \* \*



## STANGER PERPETUATES

The Master's name and influence linger on, oftentimes in the strangest of places. Karen Khatchaturov, deputy chief of the Novosti Press Agency of the Soviet Union, said recently that the Kremlin chiefs might not have decided to intervene in Afganistan had they studied the canon. Khatchaturov pointed out that the British swallowed half of the Afro-Asian world and only choked on Afganistan. Khatchaturov further writes in the weekly Za Rubezholm:

"It was not for nothing that Dr. Watson used to complain to Sherlock Holmes that he had received his leg wound nowhere else but in Herat."

as it happens, when the Soviet invasion of Afganistan began, my first reaction was to pity the invaders. Anyone with the slightest knowledge of the history of the region knows that the Afgans are quite impossible to conquer. Kill yes, enslave never.

On another topic, it is with a considerable amount of pleasure that I announce the arrival of a new Sherlockian, my son, Jerod Daniel Miller. (Or would that be James Stanger II?) He attended his first Sherlockian function, a Disjecta Membra meeting at the advanced age of one month. This makes him a late starter compared to Alexandra Ericson, who was less than two weeks old at her first meeting. It will be interesting to see if either one of the smalls will be able to stand Sherlock Holmes as they grow older, after being inundated by him starting at such a tender age.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE ADVENTURE OF THE DUBIOUS GRAND DUCHESS



### THE ADVENTURE OF THE DUBIOUS GRAND DUCHESS

by  
Wendy Anne Powers

"Yesterday evening at 9 p.m. a girl of about twenty jumped...into the Landwehr Canal with the intention of taking her own life."

(Berlin police bulletin)  
(18 February 1920)

"The water streamed out of her hair and her clothes, but she said she was a real princess...now this is a true story."

(Hans Christian Anderson)  
(The Princess and the Pea)

### The Adventure of the Dubious Grand Duchess

The autumn winds swept over the hills of the Sussex countryside as Sherlock Holmes

awoke. It was 1928, and Holmes had been in good health and peacefully retired for two decades, with occasional lapses into work when the situation was urgent enough or the request came from some one Holmes could not refuse. Unhappily, the good doctor had not the same good health, and Holmes had been friendless for the last few years. Nevertheless, the great detective was immersed in the work on his farm and the creation of his all-encompassing book on the art of detection. Often he meditated on his writing while tending to the bees, and so it was one morning when a messenger marched up the path to Holmes' cottage. The young man, of strong military bearing, had no doubt left his automobile at the end of the navigable path a mile away. Seeing Holmes outside, the messenger respectfully approached.

"Sir Holmes, I wish not to disturb you, but I bring a message of great import." The young man's English was burdened with a thick Russian accent, and Holmes easily knew the visitor to be sent by the exiled Russian Imperial family.

Holmes had been of service to the Tsars often in the past, and it still pained him, as it did all Englishmen, to remember the end of the last Tsar under the cruelty of Lenin. Tsar Nicholas' father, Tsar Alexander III, had made Holmes a Commander of the Order of St. Anne so many years ago (1). The late Alexander and his Empress thought highly of Holmes, and were greatly indebted to him.

The letter was from none other than Alexander's Empress, now the exiled Dowager Empress Maria Feodorovna. This grand lady's life was a tragic one, living to see her son and his wife, her granddaughters murdered and her husband's pride, the Russian land, taken from the Romanov family. Worse still, it was whispered in royal circles that the Dowager Empress had become senile, flatly refusing to believe her son and his family murdered, but rather clinging to the hope that they may be kept secretly alive, somewhere in Russia (2). Her

message to Holmes was brief. The letter begged the retired detective to come see the Dowager Empress in her native Denmark, to discuss a very urgent matter concerning the Imperial family.

A few days later Holmes arrived at Villa Hvidore, the Dowager Empress' estate. He was immediately ushered into a small private sitting room, and did not wait more than five minutes before the Dowager Empress appeared. Holmes bowed deeply.

"It was so good of you to come, Mr. Holmes." The Dowager Empress waved off her companion, and she and Holmes were left alone. The interview was aided by the fact that the English language was nearly more familiar to the Russian Imperial family than Russian.

"I would not ask you to travel this distance, unless the matter was of the greatest weight imaginable to my entire family." The Dowager Empress paused, trying to concentrate her thoughts. It was obvious that this affair caused her much deep pain and sorrow.

"The distance traveled, Ma'am, is nothing when compared to your evident worry, which I hope I may alleviate."

"You are kind-hearted, sir." The Dowager Empress rustled, and took a deep breath.

"Mr. Holmes, you may have heard talk that I have become a doddering fool in my lonely old age. No, you need not protest - I am quite sure you have heard that I refuse to accept the murder of my son, daughter-in-law, the murder of my five grandchildren. Let me tell you now, in the strictest of confidence, as much as it bereaves my heart to say this ... I know they are gone. But, as you may have realized, I now enjoy the position of the head of the Romanov family. If I were to publicly admit the death of the Tsar, my son, it would set off such scheming as to tear my family down forever. Though we may not have our land, we still have our dignity. If I were

to acknowledge the throne vacant ... already the Grand Duke Kyril has ideas of being the Tsar-in-exile, not to mention the Grand Duke Nicholas and every other male member of the Romanov family. And what would this bitter fighting serve? I have no delusions - we are rejected by our country, now ruled by those men. They will not take us back. We have no need of a Tsar now.

"But I digress. I did not ask you here to establish my lucidity. I suppose you know missing royalty always ensures many claimants to the titles, pretenders to the throne. Most of these we dismiss as fortune-seekers or lunatics, rightly so. Yet you may have heard of one woman - hmm, I do not even know what to call her; most of the family refers to her simply as 'that troublesome one' or names less kind - anyway, one woman whose claim has gained continuing attention, and she is not easily proven false. Some members of the family are urging me to release a public statement denouncing her, but I refuse to. I cannot take the chance she may not be a lunatic. I feel there is a possibility, a hope she may very well be my granddaughter, the Grand Duchess Anastasia Nicolaievna.

"Tatiana and Gleb Botkin, even Princess Xenia, seem to be so convinced of this girl's identity that they have invested much time and money, their personal reputations, in a campaign to have her recognized."

The Dowager Empress paused, a lifetime of sorrow reflected in her eyes. "It would be such a joy, a comfort for me to have one of my granddaughters now." She quietly sighed; and then the love on her face was replaced by the stern authority of royalty. "You must understand, though, Mr. Holmes, it would simply not do for me to grant this woman my audience. If she is only a pretender, I would not give her the satisfaction of seeing me.

"But you, Mr. Holmes, you are a clever man. Why, I do believe you can see

## THE ADVENTURE OF THE DUBIOUS GRAND DUCHESS

through people! You were of such help to my late husband. I know now you will help me. I am asking you to visit this girl, interview her. If, then, it is your opinion that I should see her, I will."

"You may rely on me, Ma'am."

"Thank you."

Sherlock Holmes arrived in America within the week. The claimant to Anastasia's title was, at the time, staying in the Garden City Hotel in Long Island, signed into room 205 under the name Mrs. Anderson (3). Her benefactor was Gleb Botkin, the son of the Imperial family's physician, Dr. Eugene Botkin, who was murdered with the Tsar in 1918. Gleb and his sister Tatiana knew the royal children while growing up, and they were certain they had found their childhood friend in this mysterious lady. Holmes sent a telegram, requesting an audience with Mrs. Anderson on behalf of an unnamed Romanov. When Holmes arrived at the hotel, he found that Mrs. Anderson had decided to see him, on the condition that Mr. Botkin be present throughout the meeting. He immediately went to Mrs. Anderson's suite.

"Mr. Holmes? I am Gleb Botkin. We are expecting you. The Grand Duchess will be with us shortly." The men sat down together.

A half an hour passed while the woman kept Holmes waiting, during which time Gleb Botkin seemed ill at ease. Before Holmes had arrived, Gleb warned Anastasia that she should be respectful of this venerable detective. After all, Gleb told Anastasia, Sherlock Holmes may have been sent by the Dowager Empress. Anastasia cared little about some of the Romanov family, but she was desperate to see the Dowager Empress. She was sure that if her grandmother would only receive her, she would be instantly recognized ... she had loved her grandmother very much.

Finally, the bedroom door opened and the lady emerged, dressed all in white. Holmes rose, walked towards her and deeply bowed, addressing her, "Your Imperial Highness, the Grand Duchess Anastasia."

Whether it was Holmes' recognition of her supposed title, or whether she simply was in an unusually pleasant mood, this girl claiming to be Anastasia took charge of the conversation, and regaled Holmes with stories of her homeland, childhood, and her recent travels, for over an hour. Finally she paused, stared at Holmes fixedly, and liltingly said, "Surely, Mr. Holmes, you came here to observe me, and I have given you plenty of opportunity to do so. You may ask me a few questions, if you wish."

"Your Imperial Highness, I shall be succinct. For six years, you have been under scrutiny. No one has proven you are not the Grand Duchess. Your knowledge, personality, and physical features all say you are Anastasia. I myself have stared at your pictures so long that I am nearly convinced you are the Grand Duchess. I see even your expressions are the same as that young girl who grew up in the palace.

"Yet while there is no definitive proof you are not Anastasia, I must have one piece of information, which you alone are capable of supplying, before I can be sure in my judgement. You must tell me what happened the night your family was murdered, and how you alone survived."

There was silence in the room for an interminable time. The woman slowly rose, staring at Sherlock Holmes, and with significance stated, "How dare you even mention such a painful subject to me. Why should I have received you at all today? You are probably sent by my cousin, Grand Duke Kyril, to find some false evidence to deny me, so that Kyril may have a better opportunity to steal my father's title! I order you to leave my presence." She had started slowly,



but her voice rose to a feverish pitch and then ended with deafening solemnity.

Holmes walked towards the door, and then turned. "Ma'am, you leave me no choice but to believe you are nothing but a false claimant or a very ill woman. You remain Mrs. Anderson to me, and so shall you remain to the Dowager Empress. Good-bye, Mrs. Anderson."

"Stop!" Holmes and Botkin waited, while the woman turned her back to them and thought. Finally she said, "Mr. Holmes, I will speak with you alone. Will you please leave us, Gleb?" Mr. Botkin nodded and silently left.

"Now, Your Imperial Highness, you will tell me the truth. No one else need know, not even the Dowager Empress. Just so that I may be sure, before I rendered my opinion to your grandmother."

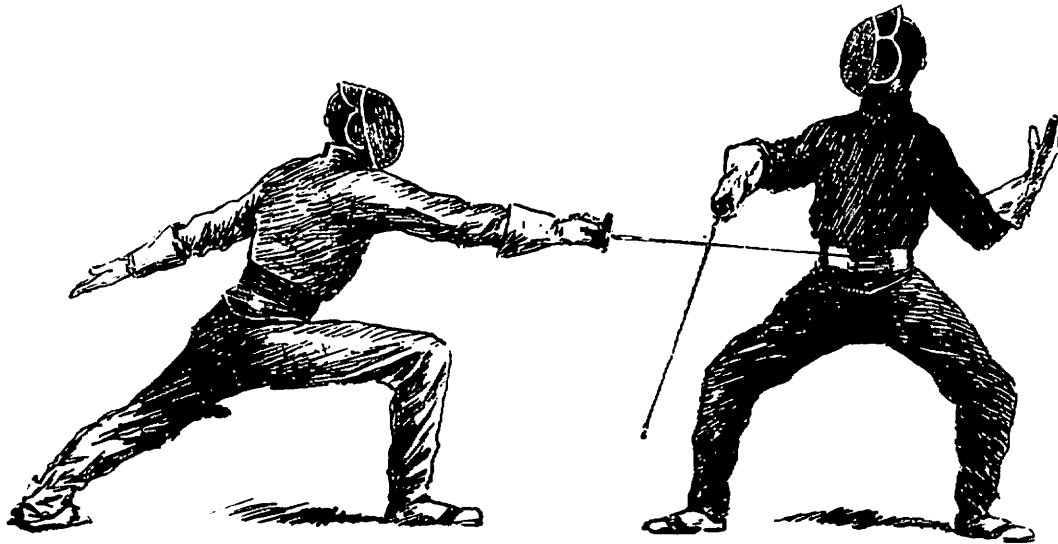
Anastasia looked up at Sherlock Holmes, and started to cry.

Holmes left for Europe the next day, prepared to advise the Dowager Empress to see this girl, her own granddaughter. While on the steamer ship crossing the Atlantic, the news arrived of the Dowager Empress' death. Within twenty-four hours, twelve members of the Romanov family issued the Copenhagen Statement, denying Anna Anderson. For the Grand Duchess Anastasia, it was too late.

\* \* \* \* \*

NOTES

- (1) Michael Harrison, I, Sherlock Holmes (New York: E.P. Dutton, 1977), p. 146.
- (2) Peter Kurth, Anastasia: The Riddle of Anna Anderson (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1983), p. 168.
- (3) Ibid., pp. 227 - 230.



EXCERPTS FROM THE DIARY OF JOHN EDWARD ROBERTSON, PH.D.



**EXCERPTS FROM THE DIARY OF  
JOHN EDWARD ROBERTSON, PH.D.**

Notes compiled by his grand-daughter  
Susan Warner

**PREFACE**

My grandfather, John Edward Robertson, had a well-travelled existence. He was, like many Victorians, in the habit of maintaining a diary of his daily life. I came upon several diaries dating from the years 1890 to 1908, which chronicled the period in his life from being a young graduate of the University of Edinburgh, to his marriage to my grandmother.

In addition, I discovered that he had copied portions of his distant relative and good friend, Mrs. Martha Hudson's diary,

in a separate book of his, during a stay in London in 1891, just prior to his emigrating to America. Mrs. Hudson had suffered a minor heart attack a few months prior to his visit, which caused her to fear for her longevity, and she had collected newspaper clippings and had made quite a few diary entries in regard to her famous lodgers. In this separate diary, my grandfather asked Mrs. Hudson to copy her diary entries regarding her famous lodgers and for her personal recollections of how she felt at the time her diary entries were made. Grandfather wrote his own impressions of Mrs. Hudson, in regard to her recollections of her famous lodgers, as well. This separate diary is quite fragile and the ink is quite faded in places, so I have gleaned only some portions of this unique collaboration between Mrs. Hudson and my grandfather.

Mrs. Martha Hudson had remembered my grandfather as a "wee bairn" in their native town of Dundee, Scotland. She was close to the Robertson family, as well as the fact that they were related, and upon years of reading the accounts of her lodgers, Mr. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson, my grandfather decided to spend time with her, bringing her some of the marvellous Robertson marmalade that our clan is famous for making, and basically collaborating with her on recollections of Dr. Watson and Mr. Holmes. Here are some of the entries (which are still legible):

**August, 1881 — Mrs. Hudson's Diary**

After living with the two gentlemen lodgers in 221B for eight months, I have come to some tentative conclusions. Dr. W. is a courteous man, patient and orderly in his methods. He especially endeared me when he, at no fee, treated my niece Sally MacFarlane, for a painful boil on her shoulder. He is certainly a true Christian. He remembered me on my birthday, and presented me with a bouquet of flowers. He is most charming and courteous.

In regard to Mr. H. on the other hand, I feel rather inclined to ask for his departure from 221B. He plays violin music at all hours of the night, and dabbles with chemical experiments that leave noxious fumes in the hallway. Moreover, I hear his pacing at night. Evidently, he is something of an insomniac. If it weren't for the generous amount of money that he gives me each month, coupled with a gracious courtesy towards me, I would be more inclined to do so. I despair of ever understanding the man. He is at once aloof, and yet so willing to understand another's misfortunes. Dear Diary, will I ever be able to adjust myself to these two disparate personalities? On the whole, I do feel it good for Mr. H. to have the wholesome influence of Dr. W. in his life.

J.E.R.'s Diary entry: Mrs. Hudson was quite frustrated, when recalling these early days. She did not realize that she had more in store to test her patience and resiliency, and that she would come to love both these men, despite her early negative feelings. She did not realize it at the time, but that Mr. H. was fast becoming known for his uncanny ability to deduce puzzle pieces within a setting. He had his first case that was published years later (A Study in Scarlet) that would start to make him an international figure. She once wrote me a letter at preparatory school, telling me of her frustration at understanding Mr. H. She always did confide in me. Evidently, she found solace with confiding in me, in regard to the complex Mr. H. who so perplexed herself. She liked to understand people, and was quite beloved in her neighborhood for simple deeds of charity. Our family was quite fond of her for her loving, kind nature, and noted that Mrs. Hudson found complex personages puzzling.

January, 1882 — Mrs. Hudson's Diary

I have become accustomed to the diverse personalities of Dr. W. and Mr. H. I have, indeed, become in awe of Mr. H.'s uncanny ability to help me find mundane

items in my domicile. He has even helped me in finding an old friend from earlier days. I hold him in deepening regard, and have decided not to interfere with his ways, no matter how odd they seem.

By the way, Mr. H. has remarked that somehow, my Scottish ways aid me in producing an excellent breakfast. While I wished to suggest that he could do no better than obtain a Scottish wife, since the Scots taught the English how to eat in order to withstand the rigors of these isles, I kept my peace. Somehow, he does resemble my father in certain settings, and I do wonder how my son would have looked, if he had lived, whenever I chat with Mr. H.

J.E.R.'s Diary entry: Mrs. Hudson's deepening affection for Mr. H. was akin to that of a mother-son relationship. She lost her oldest son to diphtheria when I was a small child, and she was consoled by my mother, Elizabeth Ann. I think that is why she did not mind his comment on her Scottish ways in relation to cooking a breakfast. On the contrary, she gloried in her Scottish ability to serve all meals of the day, in order to keep Mr. H. and Dr. W. in good health. She was also worried about Mr. Holmes' thin body, and knew of several unattached Scottish ladies who would have made him an excellent wife. She was definitely a match-maker, and felt Mr. H. would benefit from the association of the fair sex. She did not admit to her Diary, at this point in time, but she was quite fond of Mr. H. and his decidedly eccentric ways.

Christmas, 1887 — Mrs. Hudson's Diary

Mr. H. has been entertaining a number of suspicious-looking people, as well as utilizing young boys as a sort of information-gathering device, or "detectives", as he calls them. I cannot figure out what he does, but his business is definitely improving. I have been doing more than a usual share of house-cleaning in his apartment, since he is the most untidy gentleman lodger I have ever had.

EXCERPTS FROM THE DIARY OF JOHN EDWARD ROBERTSON, PH.D.

That nice Dr. W. is the epitome of neatness and order. Mr. H., on the other hand, is his opposite. He even sticks his correspondence with a jackknife in the mantel, which has ruined the wood. Moreover, in a fit of some sort of extremely patriotic fervor, he shot the letters "V R" into the wall. Needless to say, the plasterer will have a tidy problem. The curious thing is, is that he wants those bullet holes left in the wall. I do not know why. O yes, dear Diary, did I tell you that he solved the mystery of my uncle's well suddenly being poisoned? Uncle Angus McAuliffee (also a distant relation to the Robertson family I have written about) felt that the Campbells two miles away had been guilty. Mr. H. literally saved the day when he went all the way to Dundee and deduced that somehow poisonous gasses were leaking into the water due to natural sources. My young friend and cousin, John Edward Robertson is enrolled at the University of Edinburgh and knows of a geologist who can aid Uncle Angus. Despite Mr. H.'s faults, he is also a truly Christian gentleman, albeit an odd one.

Dear Diary, I have read the most astonishing thing in Beeton's Christmas Annual. It seems that Mr. H.'s earlier "case" (as he puts it) has been described by Dr. W. and it has been published in this journal. I am astounded to know that Mr. H. has become suddenly, rather famous. Now I understand the reasons behind his strange disguises, odd personages in his abode at all hours, and odd tasks that he so charmingly asks me to perform. I am starting to understand what a detective is. I can hardly wait to write my good friend, Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Robertson! I do not know how to compose myself, now that I know that Mr. H. is not a mere eccentric. I am quite amazed at how little I valued him, with his gentle ability to find my missing tea-strainer without chiding me for my carelessness. I need to do something for his birthday this coming January.

J.E.R.'s Diary entry: I remembered well Mrs. Hudson's request to aid Angus

McAuliffee (a second cousin of mine), as well as this mysterious Mr. H. I found a suitable geologist, Dr. MacBride, and together, Mr. H. and Dr. MacBride solved the problem of Cousin Angus' poisoned well in two days. Meanwhile, I met Mr. H. briefly, and found him most fascinating. Someday, when time permits, I will give my impressions about this remarkable gentleman. I do believe that the world will hear much more about him in the future.

J.E.R.'s Diary entry, January 1888

I am receipt of a note from Mrs. Hudson. She advised me to read Beeton's Christmas Annual. She seemed quite excited. Mr. H. is not merely a complex person, but is a brilliant detective. So, my analysis to date is correct. The world has heard more about this remarkable man. I can hardly wait to hear more from Mrs. Hudson.

June, 1891 — Mrs. Hudson's Diary

I am in receipt of rental monies from Mr. H. and Dr. W. Dr. W. has returned from the Continent to inform me that Mr. H. is presumed dead, from a remote area in Switzerland. I am quite sad, and am praying for Mr. H.'s safe discovery. I cannot believe it is true. Dr. W. feels that death is a certainty, but I just cannot believe that this vigorous man would be dead. I cannot accept this verdict. Dear Diary, this is a very black day, indeed, for me. Please be patient in the months to come. He is so young, in relation to myself. I have just recovered from a heart attack, yet this young man is presumed dead. I know it is not for us to question God's ways, but I do feel the unjustness of it. I am old, therefore I should die first. Yet I live. Please forgive my sadness at this blow of fate.

J.E.R.'s Diary entry — final notes:

Mrs. Hudson became accustomed to the bullet holes in the walls, and nonchalantly knocked on the door before entering, at all times, not only for proprietary's sake,

but because she wished to avoid being accidentally shot. She became more attached to the two gentlemen of Baker Street, and between Dr. W.'s marriages and departures and returnings to 221B, she did have the constant reminder of Mr. H.'s comings and goings, accompanied by emotionally distraught young ladies, and upset gentlemen, as well as less desirable personages.

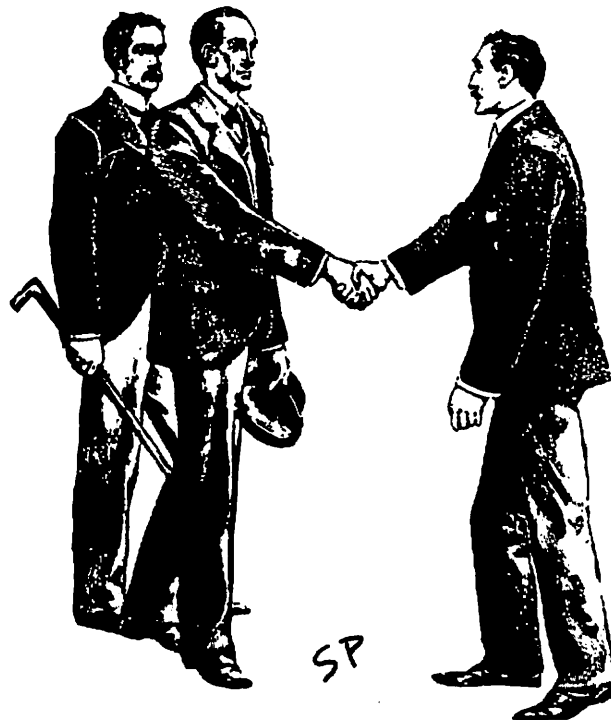
As of this writing, she is in deep mourning for the presumed death of Mr. H. She has recovered from a heart attack, and, through the years of association with Mr. Holmes and Dr. Watson, regards them as sons, especially Mr. Holmes. She is deeply depressed at the thought of Mr. Holmes' death, and is in deep mourning. Meanwhile, Dr. W. is off somewhere, so I do not have the benefit of interviewing him for his recollections of Mr. H. The mood at 221 Baker Street is somber, and I embrace my distant kinswoman with compassion in her sorrow. I have not much time. I have collected portions of her diary, where they are legible, and have added my own impressions, since Mrs. Hudson is worried about her ill health. She would like me to organize her notes on these two men,

and get them published in America, since I am travelling to New York City. I will write frequently from there, wishing her well and telling her of this new land. I will also be kept posted on clues to Mr. H.'s disappearance, as well as organize her notes.

I will miss my good friend and distant cousin, Mrs. Martha Hudson, and have promised to name a future daughter of mine after my mother and her good friend, Elizabeth Ann. Mrs. Hudson is the most maternal of mothers, and feels that a mother's name should be passed down. She admired Mr. H.'s admiration for his late mother. Hence, her kind regard for Mr. H. in his many cases, and in keeping her tongue "from wagging" when she could have profited from doing so.

Susan Warner's note: My mother is named for John Edward Robertson's mother. My grandfather never forgot Mrs. Hudson's request. While Irene Adler is "the woman" to Mr. Sherlock Holmes, Mrs. Hudson is definitely "the mother" to my grandfather, John Edward Robertson and his many descendents.

\* \* \* \* \*



## DESPERATION ON BAKER STREET



### DESPERATION ON BAKER STREET (Part II) By Coral M. Gaggiani

Originally published in Galileo magazine (1979). This story is reproduced with the permission of the author.

#### Editors Note:

In the last issue of the Herald we saw a student from the earth's Academy, in the 21st century, travel back in time to Victorian London with her companion, Helen Yamamoto. The two became separated when Helen refused to believe that they had actually time travelled. The other student, the narrator of this story, had little choice in the matter except to seek aid from the best source at hand, a Mr. Sherlock Holmes of Baker Street.

As we resume the story she has finished telling her tale to Holmes and Watson and all three are just leaving 221B Baker Street.

\* \* \*

When we reached the street, Mr. Holmes searched it up and down. It was a little less wet than before, I was happy to note.

"Lead us to the jewelry shop," he directed.

It was some way from Baker Street, but we walked so quickly that before long, we were standing in front of the closed shop. I confess, I had no idea what Mr. Holmes was about. He stood quite still, his eyes searching the fog.

"Ah, there's one," he said with satisfaction. "Cabby!" he called as he stepped off the curb into the street.

"Where are we going?" I demanded, following him.

"Tell the driver where you live, if you will be so good," Mr. Holmes directed.

"I don't understand," I protested, a little irritated in spite of myself.

"Where you live in San Francisco in 2036 A.D.," he added in a low voice. "Just tell him, if you please."

"Carew Hall", I said to the driver, feeling foolish. He touched his cap as if he understood me. Mr. Holmes was looking at him sharply.

"Carew Hall, Driver," repeated Mr. Holmes. He motioned Dr. Watson and I into the cab and we jolted off down the street.

I sat in dejected silence. Sherlock Holmes had not understood me at all. Perhaps he was cracking under the strain. He did not look as if he were cracking. On the contrary, he seemed highly pleased with himself.

"Do not despair, my dear Miss. Although this is a less well supported deduction than I should like, it seems to be bearing fruit. You see, I put myself in the place of your Miss Yamamoto. She attributed all to your ability to produce illusion. Therefore, when she saw a cab going by, she decided that it was a conveyance familiar to her and it was you who was keeping her from seeing it as it really

way. In a fit of intellectual temper, she decided to deprive you of your victim and simply told the cabby to take her home to her studies."

"Carew Hall?" I exclaimed, "But Carew Hall is a dormitory attached to the Academy!"

"To you and to Miss Yamamoto, so it is, but to a cabby in London, who knows? It was therefore necessary to have you give your address and see how one would regard it. Presumably, you would give it in the same manner as she. Now we are off to this Carew Hall, and we shall see if we cannot trace her further."

"Are you certain this is not a coincidence? Are you certain she took a cab?"

"Fairly certain. You mentioned that you were in the shop little more than five minutes. You have no trouble keeping up with two active men in a hurry, as both Watson and I noted. Apparently, you also have an excellent sense of direction. It is hardly possible for your friend to have eluded your search on foot. Also, cabs are quite numerous in that quarter and even may be obtained at this hour of the morning. It is quite possible that one passed your friend during the short time it took for you to make your purchase."

"By Jove, Holmes, well done!" ejaculated Dr. Watson. Mr. Holmes smiled his curious half smile and relaxed in his seat with his eyes half closed. To my disappointment, he did not say, "Elementary, my dear Watson." Oh well, I could wait.

"I must caution you, Watson," he said, "Our task is far from completed. There is no way of knowing what we may find once we reach Carew Hall. It may even prove to be rather unpleasant."

My face must have showed my alarm, for Dr. Watson reached over and patted my hand. "Don't worry," he said, "Whatever we may find, Holmes and I shall be equal to it."

The cab halted and we climbed out. We were on a very dark street in front of an imposing two story brick building.

"There you are, driver," said Mr. Holmes, paying the cabby. "Do you happen to know who lives here?"

The driver stared. "It ain't my business, but I do indeed...the Carews. Ain't you acquainted with them?"

"I am a detective," said Mr. Holmes in a very impressive voice. "Any help you may be able to give me will be appreciated."

"Well sir," replied the cabby, "if you asked me before you took this 'ere little outing, I could 'a told you that the Carews ain't 'ere. They're in Italy and the place is locked up tight."

"Thank you driver. please wait. We may be awhile." Mr. Holmes led us a little way off. "Do you think it is possible that your friend is obstinate enough to remain here all this time waiting for the illusion to dissolve?" he asked me.

"I do not put any limits on human obstinacy!"

"Well then," Mr. Holmes laughed, "Let us look about."

Mr. Holmes went up to the impressive front door. "I am sorry to request that you remain in the rain, but I must explore these steps. Watson, be so good as to borrow a lantern from the cabby." Mr. Holmes' voice showed that he was disturbed by something. I could see some muddy footprints on those steps that were somewhat sheltered from the rain.

"How tall is your friend, my dear?" he asked.

"She is small for a human," I indicated her height with my hand because I was not sure of her measurements.

"Was it raining when you...arrived?"

## DESPERATION ON BAKER STREET

"It began to rain very hard when I was in the shop."

"Another reason why she would be likely to call a cab," he mused. "Those muddy footprints could possibly be hers."

Dr. Watson returned with the lantern and Mr. Holmes examined the steps and the door very carefully. "This is definitely disturbing!" he said gravely. "The door is unlocked and yet the house still appears deserted. Three different sets of footprints," he pointed out. "Two large men and a small woman. The woman's are somewhat fresher, I think. When I open this door, my dear, listen as cleverly as you are able, but do not make a sound. He opened the door the tiniest crack. I concentrated hard and motioned for him to close the door when I was satisfied.

"Nothing is moving on the bottom floor, I am fairly certain. But I think I may be able to hear something on the second floor. What it is, I cannot make out."

"Remain here," he said. "I think I should get an idea of the construction of this find old town house." He disappeared rapidly into the gloom. It was all I could do to keep from going inside. Mr. Holmes made it sound as if there may be something wrong, but I decided to follow Mr. Holmes' advice. After all, this was his native planet and his century. Also, he was Sherlock Holmes. But, even Dr. Watson seemed almost as impatient as I was.

It really was not long before Mr. Holmes returned. It had only seemed long. "We shall go inside," he said. "It distresses me, my dear, to ask you to accompany us. I have a feeling that there is something amiss, but at the risk of plagiarizing Shakespeare, I am in need of the loan of your matchless ears."

"I certainly would not stay with the cabby," I told him. "Please do not worry about me."

"Very well," sighed Mr. Holmes. "But do stay close to Watson, I beg you. When we go inside, take care to step only where I do. We must not spoil the prints with which nature has so generously provided us."

We followed him in. He had covered the lantern so that it gave out only a dim light, but I could see enough to appreciate the wealth of the Carews. Everything in the house was done on a grand scale. Then I noticed that there was a beam of light coming out of one of the doorways. "I am positive no one is in there," I whispered to Mr. Holmes.

"You are probably correct," he replied softly. "Please stay here." As we watched from the outside, he combed the room rapidly. It was some sort of elegant parlor. Some furniture was covered with sheets. Some was not. Things seemed to be out of place, but I did not study it further. Mr. Holmes could do it much better than I. I applied myself to giving Mr. Holmes the full use of my ears.

It was not easy in this huge house, but I located the sounds I had heard outside on the steps. Then I concentrated on that region and was able to separate two distinct sounds, heavy breathing by two people and a dull thumping noise.

Dr. Watson stood beside me and watched the staircase nervously. "If someone comes down those stairs, I want you to hide behind this large vase behind us," he whispered.

At last Mr. Holmes motioned for us to come inside the parlor. "What do you hear now upstairs?" he whispered.

"Two people are breathing heavily almost overhead. They are also making a thumping sound which is regular for a while, stops, and then begins again. Neither of them are Helen, and I do not believe that she is close to them. I know how Helen breathes and if she were close to them, I think I could hear her."



Mr. Holmes seemed to ponder this. "These two heavy breathers must be the burglars then."

"Burglars!" I exclaimed. "You are certain?"

"Quietly, my dear. I am fairly certain, I am afraid. There are tools all over the floor and several of the cabinets have been broken into. I am temporarily at a loss as to where Miss Yamamoto could be, but at least she is not in the company of two thieves at present. Can you identify these?" He gave me a few pieces of a broken wooden fan.

"Yes! Helen's! I furnished her with a fan just like this! How did it get broken?"

"I hope on one of the fellow's heads," said Mr. Holmes with feeling, "and I hope he is long in recovering from it. The hounds attacked her. I am afraid the signs are unmistakable. The intrepid young lady was able to break away from them and fled from the room."

"This is shocking!" cried Dr. Watson. "We must help the poor girl!"

"This happened hours ago, Watson! We must follow the footprints and see what is to be seen." He looked at me with worry in his eyes.

"I am not staying here," I said. "Whatever is to be seen, I will see also!"

"Very well," he agreed reluctantly. "I should not be easy about leaving you alone and I may need Watson." He forced a smile. "Do not lose hope, my dear; your friend seems to be a resourceful young woman. Follow close behind me," He took the lantern and led us right to the staircase. "We shall have to climb these," he whispered. "Watson, have a care for the young lady."

We climbed the staircase slowly so that Mr. Holmes could study it. The ceiling was so high, that it was maddingly long. I

listened to every creak in the old house, but I could not locate Helen.

"I think I hear the breathing coming from the first room to the right at the top of the stairs," I whispered. He nodded as if he had already figured that out.

When we reached the top, he motioned for Dr. Watson and myself to remain hidden on the stairs. As silently as a cat, he crossed the wide landing, which was the size of a large sitting room and also furnished like one. He bent down and put his ear to the heavy door to the room from which the sounds were coming. Even as close as I was, I could only confirm my earlier report. There were two people inside there, probably Mr. Holmes' large burglars. I wondered what would happen to him if they suddenly opened the door. It would be two against one, even if the one was Sherlock Holmes.

Dr. Watson appeared to be having the same thoughts. He was tensed as if to spring. For the first time I noticed that he carried a metal stick, maybe a poker from the parlor fireplace. He gripped it with both hands. Oh, what had I gotten these gentlemen into?

I could not believe it when Mr. Holmes straightened, smiled slightly, and turned his back on the door in the most nonchalant manner. He seemed to have dismissed the two men from his mind completely!

He adjusted the lantern to give more light and combed the carpet by the door. Then he followed it to a big window across the room. He opened the window and looked out. He pulled something from the corner of one of the panes and examined it carefully. An expression of relief and something like wonder came over his face.

He stared at the floor again and started down one of the dark halls that connected with the parlor-like landing. I started to follow him, but Dr. Watson pulled me back into hiding. After a little

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while, I heard Mr. Holmes open a door so softly I could hardly make it out.

I had almost made up my mind to break away from Dr. Watson's kind protection when Mr. Holmes appeared again. He seemed completely at ease.

"You may come out now," he said in a quiet voice, but quite loud enough to be heard by the man in the room.

"Holmes," whispered Dr. Watson urgently, "have you forgotten the thieves?"

"Indeed I have," Mr. Holmes chuckled. "You two fellows in there. It is no use trying to get out. The police shall be here directly and they shall, no doubt, find a way to extricate you. This is Sherlock Holmes speaking, and you should be very glad that you did no harm to the young lady." I heard two sharp intakes of breath.

"They are locked inside?" gasped Dr. Watson.

"Yes, indeed they are," smiled Mr. Holmes. "Very neatly caught."

"But what about Helen?" I asked.

"She is in the bedroom at the end of the hall, overcome with exhaustion. Aside from that, she seems to be alright.

"You mean she is asleep!" I cried.

"Quietly, my dear. Anyone would be exhausted after the ordeal she has been through, poor girl. Even though they were not able to lay hands on her, it was not through lack of trying." There was real anger in his eyes as he looked at the door. "I have half a mind to open the door myself and see how they relish an even contest, but I fancy they are abominable cowards, however large they are. They are certainly no burglars, either."

"Forgive me," he said, turning to me, "shall I lead you to Miss Yamamoto?"

"How did you find her?"

"Footprints on a dusty rug, my dear. They were rather faint after the washing her shoes must have gotten out on that ledge, but visible to an expert."

"Ledge! Mr. Holmes, what are you talking about?"

"Have you time for a detailed explanation?"

"I shall go crazy if I do not get one!"

"Very well," he smiled. "Let us allow Miss Yamamoto to sleep a few moments more." He relaxed on one of the brocaded chairs. "A fascinating case. I am greatly indebted to you for it. It is quite simple, actually. Miss Yamamoto walked in on two very amateurish thieves. They had gotten the key to the front door, which I found among the tools downstairs. How they obtained it, I shall leave to the master of the house to solve. Perhaps they are servants.

"They entered the house a little past nightfall and actually forgot to lock the door behind them. They broke open a few cabinets in a very inefficient manner and were panicked by the sight of a small young woman inquiring after the whereabouts of the Earth's San Francisco Space Academy and of her room particularly.

"One attacked her and was thwarted by a heavy wooden fan and Miss Yamamoto's admirable reflexes. After such stout resistance, they both renewed the attack. She upset a bureau in front of the doorway. Broken china, probably from on top of the bureau and its position where the men had shoved it over to the side indicated that. Are your rooms at Carew Hall upstairs?"

"Yes. Second floor!"

"Ah. Still hoping that she might find refuge in her own room and not thinking

very clearly, which is understandable, she fled upstairs. She opened that window, perhaps to call for help when the second floor looked no more home like to her than the first." Mr. Holmes indicated the window he, himself, had opened. "You will notice the soggy condition of the rug before it. The wind was blowing directly through it at that time, I believe."

"The two men were not far behind her, so she made a dash for the room in which they presently reside. However, she was not able to secure the door. One of them began to pull it open and she was too weak to hold it. The young lady quickly realized this and made a remarkable decision. Please note the extreme displacement of the rug before the door. I venture to suggest that she deliberately let go of the door and perhaps even pushed it forward to throw the fellows into confusion and gain time. One or perhaps both fell backwards and gave her the precious seconds she needed to escape."

"How did she get out?" I demanded. "Did she jump over them?" Mr. Holmes told a story well, but he did enjoy taking his time about it.

"I really doubt she could accomplish that feat and she had too much sense to try. There was only one other way out." Mr. Holmes paused. "Is Miss Yamamoto something of an acrobat?"

"Well, she is good at physical training class."

"I have no doubt of it. The amazing young woman crawled out one of the small windows at the back of the room. I saw them from the outside. There is a rather wide ledge under them, fortunately, and ornate masonry to hang on to, but it is still a singular thing for a young lady to do."

"The poor girl must have been frightened out of her wits!" commented Dr. Watson.

"Luckily, she had enough wit left to accomplish this feat, Watson. I have no doubt that at that time it appeared safer on the outside than the inside. Perhaps she hoped to find a way to climb down onto the street."

"Helen is good at climbing!" I told them. "She climbed out our window once and down a tree when I accidentally sealed her in our room!"

"She must have found this more than she bargained for. This is a very lofty second floor and there are certainly no trees nearby."

"How did she get back into the house?" asked Dr. Watson. "Why didn't those rogues attempt to follow her?"

"The rogues could not fit through those small windows. They threw open the door when they had regained themselves, probably in quite a temper from being foiled by so small an opponent. No sooner had they gone inside, than the wind from the window obligingly closed the door behind them so violently that it cracked the frame. It is the particular kind of lock that requires a key but may be activated by a very strong jar. The shock of the slam of the door probably gave the young lady the time she needed to get out the window. They are not burglars, as I have said, and were unable to free themselves without tools."

"Miss Yamamoto, hearing their curses, from which I can hardly hope they refrained because of the proximity of a lady, surmised their predicament. However, she had definite problems of her own. There was no place, certainly on that ledge, where she could find shelter from the freezing rain and bitter wind. She was forced to find a way back into the house. The only open window would be the one that she herself opened on the landing. All the rest would be locked."

"She had to walk all around the house on the ledge!" I asked.

"There was nothing else she could do to obtain shelter. I am full of admiration for her and could hardly believe the evidence of her footprints." He took out a piece of blue cloth. "There is also this. It is scarcely to be wondered at that she tore her clothes climbing inside. She must have been close to the end of her resources by the time she reached it.

"After she was again inside, she closed the window against the storm, checked to find the door still securely locked and the two thieves still securely confined. She then took herself as far away from them as she could, while still remaining in the house, sat down on a chair, and was soon overcome with exhaustion. She is there now, still clutching a gentleman's cane.

"I think she must still entertain the hope that this is her dormitory. I do not believe that even now she fully accepts her situation as real or she would on no account remain in this house. One thing I may add, the behavior of your friend fully supports your narrative. I have solved your little mystery, my dear, but I myself am more mystified than ever."

"There is no need to bother your head about us anymore, Mr. Holmes! I am so unexpressively grateful to you, but I must wake Helen and go. Besides," I added, "I think perhaps the best way I can repay you both is to leave before I get you into any more trouble."

"Trouble?" inquired Mr. Holmes. "Have we been put to any trouble tonight, Watson?"

"I cannot think what this young lady is referring to," replied Dr. Watson warmly.

"I can even say that you have saved me from death by boredom, so let us have no more nonsense about trouble. We shall try and wake Miss Yamamoto as gently as possible. Are you able to make the journey without waking her?"

"I must touch her and she is a very light sleeper, but maybe she is so worn out that I can manage it."

We went quietly to the bedroom where Helen lay sleeping. We tried to be very quiet, but when Mr. Holmes started to open the door, we heard a creak from a chair, a jump, and a slam. We rushed in to discover that Helen had shut herself in a closet.

"Helen!" I shouted, not as gently as I should have, for I too was tired. "Come out! It's me, your roommate!"

"You're not alone!" It was Helen's voice!

"I have Mr. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson with me."

"Ivan the Terrible and Attila the Hun I might believe! I'm not coming out until you make this illusion go away!" She sounded half hysterical.

"Helen!" I cried, but Mr. Holmes touched my arm lightly.

"Perhaps I might speak with her," he suggested.

"Please do!" He obviously understood humans much better than I.

"Miss Yamamoto," he said in a soothing voice, "this is Sherlock Holmes." There was no answer.

"Do you know what I look like?" Mr. Holmes asked. "Have you seen pictures of me?"

After a brief silence, Helen answered, "Yes".

"You have a key hold. Look through it, my dear." There was a rustle of skirts as she bent down to look.

"Can you see me?" he asked.

"Yes", she replied.

"Does it appear to be me?"

"Yes."

"Use logic, my dear. If I look like Sherlock Holmes, shouldn't I act like him? Even if you do not think that I am real, I hope that you do not believe that any illusion of Sherlock Holmes would harm you in any way."

There was another silence. "No," said Helen finally, "I don't believe that you would."

"Come out of the closet, my dear. You have my word for your safety. I shall deal with anything or anyone that makes a threatening move toward you."

The closet door opened and out came Helen. She was the most pathetic sight I had ever seen. After she had a good look around, she dropped the cane she was clutching. There was no longer a trace of her usual self-possessed expression. She looked very young, very frightened, and very cold. The ruins of her clothes made her look even more like a waif.

"Oh Helen!" I cried and hugged her. She submitted to my embrace and sneezed. Sherlock Holmes put his coat over her shoulders.

"Thank you," she quavered, "Mr. ——"

"Holmes, my dear. Mr. Sherlock Holmes." He shook her hand warmly and introduced Dr. Watson.

Dr. Watson took her hand and patted it. "There, there, my dear, you are safe now. You have been a very brave girl. Do not be too hard on your friend. I do not think that she ever intended for you to have such an awful night."

Helen gaped at them as if she were in shock. She could not even reply.

"You really must get this young lady home to her own bed," said Dr. Watson.

"Give her a hot toddy and make sure she stays in bed for a few days."

"Yes, Dr. Watson," I said, putting my arm around Helen. "We must go. Perhaps you should leave beforehand," I added delicately.

"My dear young woman," protested Mr. Holmes, "you have too little faith in human resiliency. We are far tougher than you suspect. I have no intention of missing an opportunity to see two ladies vanish into the twenty-first century. And, by the way, I am afraid I shall have to demand a fee. I do not enjoy leaving my cases in such a poor state of resolution. I shall expect you to prepare whatever is necessary for another trip expressly so that we may have a very long chat."

"I shall be delighted," I replied. "Well, good-bye." I really felt rather at a loss for the proper way to take leave of them under the circumstances. However, it was past time to go, so I could not afford to worry about etiquette.

I went into a state of deep concentration, and although it was tough and go at several points, I was able to make the transition back to the little wooded park where our adventures started.

I am afraid that the evening was rather unpleasant all around. It was very late, so we had to walk back to the Academy. Helen was so busy coughing and sneezing that she did not even refer to what happened. We had to sneak past the cadet at the door to get up to our rooms. Helen was in no mood to climb the tree by our window.

We both spent the next few days in bed. I had a tremendous headache. The hot toddy I gave Helen did her so much good that I made a much stronger one for myself and slept a full twenty-four hours. It appeared that Helen had been able to boot the whole incident out of her neatly ordered mind. Although I was glad that my disaster of a trip had not seriously damaged her, I could not help being a

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little disappointed that she never even referred to it. I had such high hopes.

"Do not meddle with a human's view of the world," my father had told me, "particularly a disciplined, 'scientific' human. They cannot endure it. They will either be damaged by it or block it out." It remained for me to put up with the next few years at the Academy as best I could, following Father's advice.

However, a few days later, Helen came into my bedroom with a neatly folded and cleaned, nineteenth century man's coat over her arm.

"This didn't disappear with the other things," she said. "Don't you think you had better return it?"

"Yes, I think it is the least that we can do."

Helen looked at me with a peculiar excitement in her eyes. "I think I would like to thank the gentleman in person.

Sherlock Holmes was right after all. I do underestimate humans.

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### THE 1989 DEAN DICKENSHEET AWARD

This year's winner of the Dean Dickensheet Award was Marilyn MacGregor (Brother McMurdo) for her fascinating paper "Doctor Watson's Mistress". We hope to reproduce this paper in a future issue of the Herald.

A Special Dickensheet award was also presented to John Ruyle for his many Sherlockian contributions over the years. Congratulations to both of these fine Sherlockians.

Previous recipients are:

1985 Pamela Clark  
"Some Reflections on Trevor Hall and the Early Life of Sherlock Holmes", published in the Vermissa Daily Herald Vol.5 No.1.

1986 Poul and Karen Anderson  
In recognition of their numerous Sherlockian contributions.

1987 Dr. Paul Scholten  
"Sherlock Holmes, Connoisseur, or Brandy in Victorian Medical Therapeutics", published in the Vermissa Daily Herald Vol.6 No.1.

1988 Eugene Stovall  
"The Woman" Published in the Vermissa Daily Herald Vol.7 No.1.

1988 Ray de Groat  
In recognition of 20 years of very active service as our club's secretary, Brother Harraway.

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STANGER REVIEWS:

ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR DATA.

Review by Thomas E. Miller

The worlds of Star Trek and Sherlock Holmes have often met in the speculations of students of their respective canons and in the fiction of fans. There is even a particularly good fanzine, The Holmesian Federation, dedicated to nothing but. Recently, the latest incarnation of Star Trek, Star Trek: The Next Generation, has made such a connection canonical, at least in terms of the Star Trek universe.

In one episode of the first season, Lieutenant-Commander Data, the android second officer of the Enterprise, studies the canon, and takes to smoking a calabash pipe. This season, he carries his fascination with Holmes to the point of conjuring up Victorian England in the Enterprise' Holodeck recreation area and entering it as Holmes with Chief Engineer Geordi La Forge as Watson. The problem comes in when the computer simulation of Professor Moriarty takes on a life of his own and attempts to take over the starship.

The episode is one of the series finest, on a par with the best of the original series. The character of Moriarty was believable, tragic, and, ultimately, touching. In many ways one of the finest Moriartys ever presented.

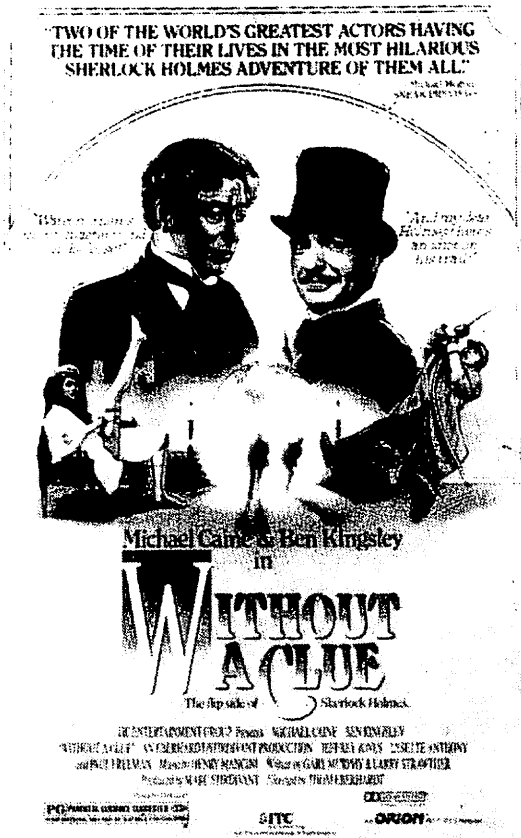
I do have certain problems with the episode, mostly the Holodeck itself. How it works is incomprehensible. it produces more then a mere holograph. Its creations have physical mass. Even more incomprehensible is how any starship captain would allow one on board his craft. Since the concept was developed for the animated series, it has caused nothing but trouble, nearly resulting in the loss of the Enterprise on a number of occasions. Were I Captain Piccard, I would have it dismantled and beamed into deep space, Transporter on wide dispersion.

There is also the problem of where Data picked up his idea of Sherlock Holmes. It can be assumed that the books are the main source, perhaps some of the films remain extent but Data does not seem to have accessed them. Why then does Data dress in the Sherlockian uniform of Deerstalker and Inverness? There is little warrant for this in the books. Why, most particularly, the calabash pipe, a late model calabash at that? The calabash doesn't even appear in that many films. Perhaps there is the possibility of a paper here. I feel sure that Holmes will be known in the 24th century, should the human species still exist, but in what form? What version of Holmes will last the centuries? The canon, itself, one would think, but, who knows?



Mentioning the calabash brings me to another topic, and another collectable. Last year Peterson's came out with a Sherlock Holmes commemorative pipe. Now Peterson's has decided that this will be the start of a series of seven. The next pipe in the series, the "Baskerville", is now out. Appropriately, it is a bent bulldog shape. At \$125.00 this pipe is strictly for the fanatical collector of Sherlockiana or for the fanatical pipe collector. If mine arrives by the next meeting, I'll show it to everyone.

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**WITHOUT A CLUE**  
Review by Ron White

Without A Clue is now available on videotape at \$79.95. If you are one of the few who have not seen this film I recommend that you view a copy from your local video rental establishment than I believe that you will add this to your library.

This film is great fun with Dr. Watson (Ben Kingsley) as the true brains of the pair. After his stories have become accepted by the public he finds that he must hire an actor (Michael Caine) to portray the "mythical" Holmes. When he grows weary of the charade he fires Sherlock Holmes only to find that the character has taken a life of its own (I think I remember someone else trying—unsuccessfully—to get rid of Holmes). Neither the official police nor private clients are willing to deal with Watson unless Holmes is present.

Perhaps the purists will say that this is not canonical (even though I believe Doyle would identify greatly with this Dr. Watson). Personally, I find this particular movie a number of steps (about 17) above certain other parodies, specifically The Hound of the Baskervilles starring Dudley Moore and Peter Cook.

We are very fortunate that ITC produced such a high caliber movie considering what might have been. I received a copy of an article written last October in the S. F. Chronicle (thank you Ted). The article listed some of the early choices for the roles of Holmes and Watson.

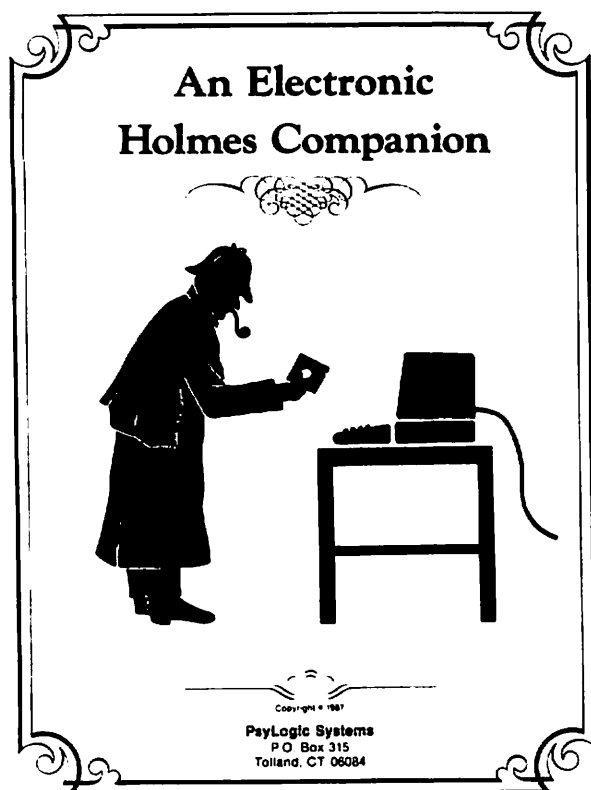
Among the early considerations for Holmes were Chevy Chase and John Candy. The producers justification was that if they were going to do a comedy they should have comedians in the starring roles. Their early choices for the role of Watson were even more startling, Danny DeVito and Joan Rivers. Joan Rivers???

Now, I have nothing against a female Watson. Joanne Woodward was quite good in They Might be Giants, with George C. Scott as Holmes. And, there have even been certain members that believe there is evidence in the canon to indicate that Watson was a woman (others have stoutly contested this). But, Joan Rivers? To me, this was potentially the biggest piece of miscasting since Rod Steiger was cast as Nepolean or John Wayne as Ghengis Kahn.

Ben Kingsley makes an excellent Dr. Watson and Michael Caine could portray a comical Holmes or a very straight-up Holmes. This combination allows the movie to stand on its basic premise rather than depend upon slapstick comedy. My rating is three pipes out of a possible four.

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**AN ELECTRONIC HOLMES COMPANION**  
Review by Ron White

I may have mentioned the availability of this product in a previous issue of the Herald. Now, I am finally able to report on my personal results using this computerized version of the canon.

The Electronic Holmes Companion is available in an IBM compatible version from PsyLogic or a Macintosh version from our own George Crabb of Baker Street Software. Either version is currently priced at \$59.95, which is more than a bargain. There are differences between the two versions, although, of course, not in the text of the canon. The differences mainly come in the additional features each version provides.

The IBM version comes with a number of shareware and public domain programs for doing word counts, text string searches, stripping out the page numbers, or any of a number of other manipulations you may wish. The text is in an archived format

so it must be 'un-archived' to a hard disk before it can be read. Be warned, when all the text is loaded on the hard disk it will use about three megabytes. The un-archived text is in a standard ASCII format and can be read and manipulated by most word processors, such as PC-Write, WordPerfect, etc. I used a product called 'Word For Word,' by DS Design, to convert the ASCII text to Microsoft Word's document format. Once the text was converted I could use the features of Microsoft Word for text searches, word counts, etc.

When I installed a hard disk on my computer I was fortunate enough to purchase one with 65 megabytes of capacity. This allows me to keep three versions of the canon on the hard disk, the original ASCII text, the converted document version of individual stories, and one more converted version containing all the stories in a single document. This final version allows me to search for names and quotes even if I can't recall in which story they appear. Altogether the three versions take up 9 megabytes of disk space. Once I compiled the two working versions of the canon I was very pleased to see how quickly I could locate any reference desired. I.E. where did Watson say that Holmes might have been a 'terrible criminal' if he had turned his energies thus? After a quick text search for 'terrible criminal' the answer comes up... "The Sign of the Four" (The Annotated Sherlock Holmes Volume I, page 639). With Microsoft Word and the converted version of the text I can even be working on an article, such this one, and call up the canon in a separate window to check a reference without leaving the work I am doing.

The computerized version of the canon is not intended to replace The Annotated Sherlock Holmes, nor The Complete Sherlock Holmes. Indeed it is a suitable adjunct to both of these Sherlockian standards. The text of the Electronic Holmes Companion is embedded with page numbers corresponding to each.

## S T A N G E R   R E V I E W S

The Macintosh version makes use of the Macintosh graphics and includes such illustrations as the dancing men and a calendar generator for the years 1850 through 1914. The text on the Macintosh version is not archived and may be read directly from the 3 1/2" disks.

Either version should become a standard for any Sherlockian with a home computer.

Those interested in the purchase of either version or further information should write to the following addresses:

IBM version: \$59.95  
Psylogic  
P.O. Box 315  
Tolland, CT 06084

Macintosh version: \$59.95  
George Crabb  
Baker Street Software  
2871 Stevenson Street  
Santa Clara, CA 95051

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### S H E R L O C K I A N A

#### SIGNALS CATALOG

I recently received a copy of the Signals catalog (subtitled; "A Catalog For Fans & Friends of Public Television"). Within its covers are many items of interest, not all of them Sherlockian. But, of special interest are videotapes of the Jeremy Brett Sherlock Holmes series. These are available at \$29.95 each in either VHS or Beta format. The list of available titles includes; The Speckled Band, A Scandal in Bohemia, The Solitary Cyclist, The Blue Carbuncle, The Naval Treaty, and The Dancing Men.

Other Sherlockian items include:

Sherlock Holmes: A Centenary Celebration (softcover, 9" X 13", 40 pages, \$13.95). Please note this is not the Allen Eyles book of the same name.

The Sherlock Holmes Soundtrack  
Selections from the PBS series, The Adventures, The Return, and The Sign of the Four. Available in cassette or LP for \$12.95 or Compact disc for \$18.95.

There are many other items that are found only in these pages (or during pledge breaks on your local PBS station). Mugs and tote bags are listed featuring the Mystery! series logo and Doctor Who fans will even find the disappearing Tardis mug making its appearance for \$12.00.

To send for this catalog write to:

SIGNALS CATALOG  
274 Fillmore Ave E.  
St. Paul, MN 55107

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#### THE RIPPER'S WIFE TELLS ALL By Ron White

Can it be? After 100 years the Ripper murders may be solved.

The June 20, 1989 issue of the Weekly World News displayed a banner headline proclaiming an interview with the wife of Jack-The-Ripper. Mrs. Betty Simm, the 100 year old widow of Clarence Simm, claims her husband died of natural causes in 1951 after confessing to the Ripper murders.

We took this startling revelation to a well-known amateur detective (retired) for an exclusive interview on the matter.

After reading the article his first response was, "Interesting, but, hardly conclusive."

He went on to add the following; "Let us look at the few facts that are presented here. The Ripper's name, as given here is; Clarence Simm. This name does not seem to appear on any of the numerous lists of suspects. The closest we come is a George Sims, a pamphleteer and author of "How The Poor Live". He

described the poor and homeless, of the time, as morally, physically and politically dangerous.

"Now, the mere fact that he is not named on any list does not exclude our Mr. Simm. So, let us continue. Mrs. Simm states that she met Clarence in 1905, when he was a widower and 36 years of age. A quick calculation places him at about 19 years when the murders took place. This places him among the younger of serial murderers. Again, it is possible, even though witnesses place the Ripper's age as between 25 and 40. That is a substantial range and a boy of 19, dressed in the "shabby genteel" style described, might be taken for a bit older.

"No, our main problem with this story is the number of victims this "Ripper" claims. His wife places his claim at 14 prostitutes, far more than the 5 victims generally accorded to the Ripper. Now, murders in the Whitechapel district were distressingly common in that time. And, it is possible, even likely, that the Ripper committed one, two, or even three murders before he developed his distinctive style. But nine undetected Ripper murders is hardly likely."

"But, " I objected, "she passed the polygraph test."

"The American courts have, quite correctly, refused to allow such results to be used in evidence. The results of such a test depend greatly upon the individual interpreting the data and establishing a history of known responses with the subject. Even if we were to take this statement at face value, all we know is she believes he was the Ripper.

"I am sorry gentlemen, but, based on the facts as presented in this article, I doubt the Yard could obtain a warrant, much less a conviction. All we have done is to add one more possible suspect to the list."

## SILVER BLAZE II by Ron White

Last October we enjoyed the running of the second annual Silver Blaze Derby. It was, of course, great fun, as was the previous year's running.

The seventh race of the day was listed as the Silver Blaze. A glance at the program revealed a wealth of opportunity for hunch plays. Position number one was held by 'Hot Metal', which some translated to 'blazing silver'. Number 3 was 'Flying Lieutenant', whose parentage was 'Flying Paster' and 'Queenly Command'. I am not sure of Watson's rank, but he was certainly under the Queen's command. Number 5 was 'Another Code' (a hunch bet if I ever saw one), and number 10 was 'Long Gone Mate' (the great hiatus?). It seemed the only problem, this year, was the abundance of possible Sherlockian designations.

My choices were 'Flying Lieutenant', 'Another Code', 'Hot Metal', and 'Long Gone Mate', all to show. Of course, at most, only three of the four could pay off, and what are the odds of picking three winners out of a field of ten?

Finally came the race and three of the hunch bets paid off. 'Flying Lieutenant' was first, followed by 'Hot Metal' and 'Another Code', making a number of us winners.

This year's running is scheduled for Saturday, October 14. Tickets are \$25, if purchased before October 1st and \$30.00 thereafter. The Ticket price includes a program, luncheon buffet and reserved seats in the clubhouse. For tickets and information contact:

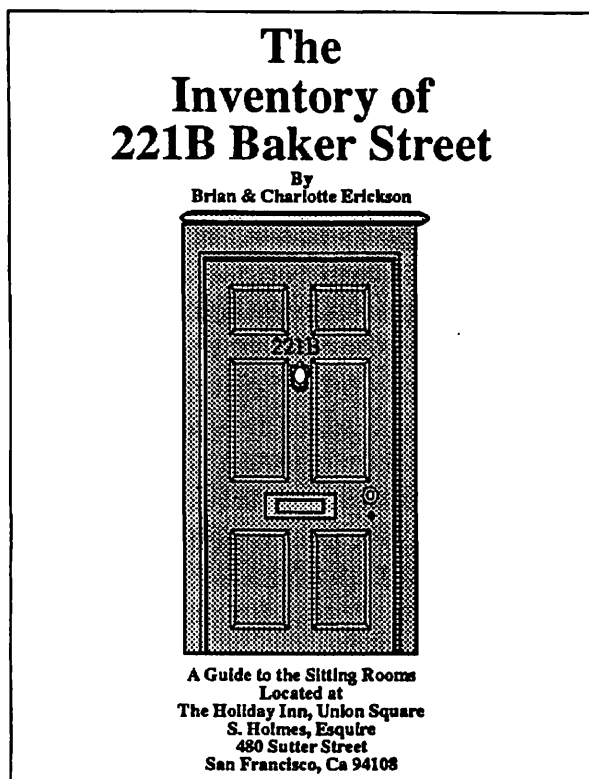
Bruce R. Parker, B.S.I.  
Medical Center, S-058  
Stanford, CA 94301-5105

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# The Inventory of 221B Baker Street

By  
Brian & Charlotte Erickson



*The Inventory of 221B Baker Street* is a comprehensive listing of the items found in those most famous sitting rooms of the World's Greatest Consulting Detective as recreated at the S. Holmes Esq. in the Holiday Inn Union Square, San Francisco.

Included are descriptions of the items, along with quotes from *The Canon* where they are mentioned. There are detailed photographs of the room, by section, showing the location of these items. Also, in some cases, special individual photos were placed within the text. Lastly, there is a floor plan giving a general layout of the room.

This monograph is generously authorized by **Dame Jean Conan Doyle** for publication and is available from Brian and Charlotte Erickson for \$8.00 plus \$2.00 for shipping and handling (Canada add \$4.00, other foreign countries add \$8.00).

Send your cheque or money order payable to:  
**Brian or Charlotte Erickson**

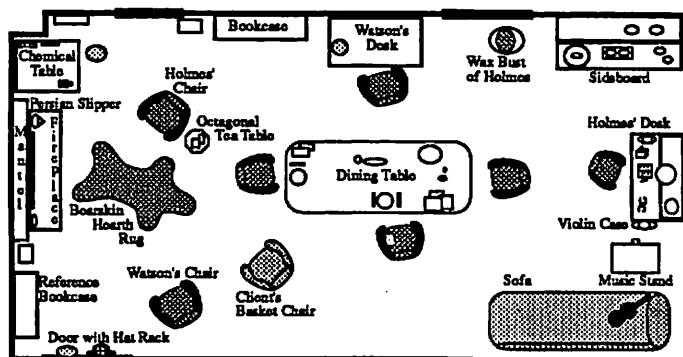
**726 Sutter Ave  
Palo Alto, CA 94303**

Proceeds from the sale of this monograph go to help *The Scowrers and Molly Maguires* and *The Persian Slipper Club of San Francisco*.

## EXAMPLE:

**Gasogene:** A device for producing aerated water, often referred to as 'soda water', by the chemical reaction of an acid upon an alkali carbonate, typically used when mixing alcoholic drinks.

Ref: "With hardly a word spoken, but with a kindly eye, he [Holmes] waved me [Watson] to an arm-chair, threw across his case of cigars, and indicated a spirit case and a gasogene in the corner." SCAN  
"The gasogene and cigars are in the old place." (Holmes) MAZA



Floor Plan of 221B Baker Street at the S. Holmes, Esq.

# Sherlock Holmes in the Comic Books

by Charlotte Erickson

Sherlock Holmes

in the

Comic Books



By Charlotte Erickson

The updated and revised (August 1989) edition of *Sherlock Holmes in the Comic Books* is a 40 page monograph divided into two sections. The first section has Sherlockian comic books listed alphabetically by the name of the comics book. Also included is information on the comic book number, the publisher, the date published and in most cases either a title of the story with Sherlockian interest and/or a brief description of the story. The second section lists the comics by year published. This monograph is available from Charlotte Erickson for \$10.00 plus \$2 for shipping and handling (Canada add \$4.00, Other foreign countries add \$8.00). Send your check or money order payable to: **Charlotte Erickson**  
726 Sutter Avenue  
Palo Alto, CA 94303.

**EXAMPLE:**

***Sherlock Holmes***  
(Eternity Comics)

Reprints of the 1950's newspaper comic strips.

- #1 (1988)  
"The Problem of Thor Bridge"  
part 1
- #2 (1988)  
"The Problem of Thor Bridge"

The conclusion to THOR runs pages 1-3. There is an error in the printing though, page 3 (according to the flow of the story and the artists date on the strip) should come before page 1.

Beginning on page 4 is part 1 of a new story where Sherlock Holmes is called in to investigate the murder of Sir Aubrey Poppin.