

Study Lady Frances Carfax for February Meeting!!

The February 11 Meeting of The Sound of the Baskervilles will begin at 6:00 p.m. at T.S. McHugh's Public House, 21 Mercer Street, Seattle, (206) 282-1910. *Come early to order dinner and catch up with other SOBs!* Many arrive as early as 5:00 p.m.

We may have been on a break for December and January, but Holmes and Watson were not!!! This case came up only 4 days after our last (3GAR) on July 1, 1902. **Says PFL David:**

Lady Frances Carfax is the daughter of the Earl of Rufton, but being a woman is not in line to inherit the Earl's fortunes. But she has disappeared from a spa in Switzerland, along with some "very remarkable old Spanish jewellery of silver and curiously cut diamonds to which she was fondly attached...". Was her lover, the Hon. Philip Green—"a bulky, bearded, sunburned fellow"—involved in her abduction? After all, he was seen near her just before she vanished!

Surely Dr. Shlessinger, a good missionary recovering from a dread disease, could not be involved! Or could he? Take a trip to the Alps to learn all the details, by reading The Disappearance of Lady Frances Carfax!



"The fellow gave a bellow of anger and sprang upon me like a tiger...His hand was on my throat and my senses were nearly gone before an unshaven French ouvrier in a blue blouse darted out from a caberet opposite,

with a cudgel in his hand, and struck my assailant a sharp crack over the forearm, which made him leave go his hold."

The Disappearance of Lady Frances Carfax

Toasts to Rivers, Drivers...

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through the Victorian era of our stories. Although these distinctions are blurring in our modern era, they were particularly strong in the very recent past, in which our men Holmes and Watson lived. I give toast to the great dissector of our beloved City...The River Thames!

The Hansom Cab Driver, by James Romnes

A cold London night, fog as thick as pea soup, street lamps flickering, and there is the clop, clop, clop of hooves on the stones. Watson is complaining about Holmes waking him at an ungodly hour, but what about the man who has been awake since 3:00 a. m.? I'm talking about the noble cab driver. He braved fog and cold for a pittance. Granted, there were a few—like Holmes—who generously tipped, but the more usual situation was what 'Punch' depicted in an 1888 cartoon which had two well-to-do gentlemen departing a hansom. The driver counts his meager tip grumbling, "Saved up a long time for this trip, did ye?" Another 'Punch' cartoon titled "Crossed Communications" had a hansom driver opening the trap door on the roof while the passenger leaned out the window. Both were trying to shout to the other but without success. In the Canon there are also times of crossed and sometimes deliberately confused communications such as in "The Hound of the Baskervilles". There a cab driver believes his passenger is the detective Sherlock Holmes when it is really the murderous Stapleton. So, here's to that brave and noble soul...the hansom cab driver!

The Battered Tin Dispatch-Box, by Margie Deck

Editor's Note: *While Margie and Hank weren't able to attend The Master's Dinner this year (because first grandchild Evan came just before Christmas in Texas), we are printing her toast from last year!*

As we gather to honor Mr. Sherlock Holmes
For the singular adventures of
The oft-read and well-remembered fifty-six
and four, It seems fitting to offer a toast to
Watson's elusive tin box, Holding the secrets
to the hundreds more:

The identity of the most winning woman;
The particulars of that little affair of the Vatican
cameos; What the Arnsworth Castle
business is. The Tin Box could tell
Why Cardinal Tosca suffered a sudden death
And who was poisoned in the case of
Camberwell

It knows where are the lost: Phillimore,
the husband Ethredge, The no less remarkable
cutter sailed into a small patch of mist
And the complete failures with no forthcoming
final explanation

These little problems are still of interest to
us, the students, With no regard as our honorable
Dr. Watson had
For the annoyance of the casual reader, or
exalted quarters consternation

So I ask you, Sherlockians,
to lift your glass and toast

With much hope and without despair
For someday a vault in a bank in Charing
Cross May yet reveal a battered tin dispatch-
box Containing the records of a certain rat,
and, indeed, All the stories for which the
world is not yet prepared.

Interesting Facts from LADY:

☞ Watson may be accused of blundering in this case, but he is quick to notice facial features and it is Holmes who is heard asking himself, "What has become of any brains that God has given me?"

☞ The word "trumpery", applied by Peters to Lady Frances' jewellery is derived from the French verb *tromper*, which means "to trick or fool".

Excerpts from PFL David's Toasts

Doctor John H. Watson: How important is this Doctor? In FIVE, our honoree said he had no friends except for this Doctor. That friendship lasted over numerous cases and many decades. It is through the eyes of this Doctor that we really get to see and understand our honoree.

How important is this Doctor? In SCAN (only the 3rd published Adventure), our honoree states, "I am lost without my Boswell."

Sherlock Holmes: His original first name was to have been Sherringford (Can you imagine us being Called Sherringfordinians?), and he was to have collected rare violins. If Doyle decreased his supply of violins, he increased his ability to observe and deduce from what he saw. These were exceedingly important to him because as he said of himself in BLUE, "It is my business to know what other people don't know."