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THE NEWSLETTER OF THE PARALLEL CASE OF ST. LOUIS [PCofSTL]

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UNDER THE ARCH

There is still time to catch the Chicago's Newberry Library exhibit *Sir Arthur Conan Doyle: Beyond Sherlock Holmes*, an exhibit that celebrates the fascinating life and prolific works of one of Victorian England's best-selling authors. It is free and open to the public and is culled from of the finest collections of Doyle family material. The exhibit will feature manuscripts, magazines, first editions, pirated editions, original illustrations, handwritten correspondence, posters, photographs, and select artifacts -- including Dr. Joseph Bell's surgical amputation kit. To view some of the items that will be on display, you can visit the New-berry Library's exhibit Web site at

www.newberry.org/nl/programs/L3pDoyle.html.

Two of our members have seen the exhibit and proclaim it a "must see".

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It may already be too late to sign up for *From Gillette to Brett: Sherlock Holmes on Stage Screen & Radio*, a symposium sponsored by the Wessex Press in Indianapolis, Nov-ember 8 & 9. Included in the line-up of speakers will be special guests Edward Hardwicke and Nicholas Meyer. There are a limited number of spaces available and I understand they are filling up fast. Information was provided to local members at both the film night and the last meeting. The cost is \$99.00 which includes the symposium, morning film fest, afternoon speaker sessions and banquet. Checks payable to "Wessex Press" should be sent to Steven Doyle, 540 W. Sycamore St., Zionsville, IN 46077. If in time, you will then receive a confirmation packet

JJE

APRIL MEETING

by

Nellie Brown

These members were present:

Jane Bauer

Ron Bauer

David Bensley

Janet Bensley
Nellie Brown
Ed Carty
Joe Eckrich
Margie Kindt
Karl Kindt
Ellen Schachtel
Gordon Speck

This time Gordon did show up at Llewellyn's prior to the meeting and we were able to celebrate his retirement earlier in the year. However, he did give us a fright as he was quite a bit later than usual. I guess that the price of being a "man of leisure". Nellie brought a potential new member, Ed Carty, who seemed to enjoy the meeting, with the exception that he, Nellie and Gordon, all eating the same dish, became ill the next day. We do hope he will over-look that and come back. After adjourning to the bookstore, Joe hand-ed out the usual material, including a flyer for the Indiana symposium in November (see "Under the Arch"). Ellen had been to the Newberry Library exhibit and provided an enthusiastic description. Joe also received a telephone call in May from Kathy Sullivan that she had also attended the exhibit and hardily recommended it. Joe and Gordon discussed the Dayton symposium and suggested we all attend next year's event. Karl passed out a short quiz containing several quotes and asking members to pick the one from the evening's story. Joe mentioned that Pat Accardo would be in town the week of the meeting and suggested getting together for dinner. Unfortunately, no one but Joe and Gordon were available. However, they met with Pat at the Cheshire Inn on the following Wednesday and had a grand time. Gordon also discussed his recent trip to China. Happily he did not return with SARS.

Ellen presented a paper on the story for the evening, "The Man with the Twisted Lip", which you will read in a later issue. Much discussion was centered on the art of begging and how much income could be expected. It was also noted that it was surprising that Holmes, being so familiar with disguises, did not re-cognize the beggar's disguise. After all, he did mention he had seen him on numerous occasions. We also wondered at Watson being so willing to run off with Holmes without seeing his patient home or returning to his wife. The scene in the opium den is much like that in Dickens' "Edwin Drood". It was also noted that the wife figured out her husband was a-live before Holmes did. There was much more but the discussion was so interesting that more notes were not taken.

FIVE ORANGE PIPS:

THE HOLLYWOOD VERSION

by Elaine Lintzenich

(concluded)

The story continues as Watson wrote it. Josephine Openshaw's father indeed falls over the ledge of the chalk pit. His horse rears for an unknown reason and the audience is able to follow his body down to the bottom.

Scene 8: Back at Baker Street, Josephine concludes her tale. She then shows Holmes and Watson the envelope addressed to her, also carrying the frightful little sketch and five pips. Holmes gives her all the advice that Watson records, and she leaves Baker Street with a sad smile upon her face and a pat on her arm from Watson.

Holmes stares at the closed door for a few moments as tobacco wreathes his face. Watson asks if he has formed any conception of where her peril lays.

"There can be no question as to its nature," he answered.

"Then what is it? What is the meaning of the malicious sketch, the orange pips, and the curse upon this family?"

"Watson, Watson. Have you never read my monograph on the signs and symbols of criminal organizations? The arrogance of the criminal leads him (or her) to believe his cleverness surpasses that of all others, especially the police. In this, several of these malefactors have found themselves perfectly justified in this belief. Look here at the dagger." Holmes takes out his magnifying glass from a desk drawer and holds it over the sketch for Watson.

"This is certainly a dagger of the type used by a certain sect of pirates, not privateers, mind you, but pirates of the worst sort, on the island of Tortu-ga in the 16th century. Piracy on the high seas has not died out. The most rapacious continue their vile work in Chinese waters. The band that used this symbol, however, has adapted their activities to the circumstances of the time, passing down wealth and secrets to their descendants. Their headquarters are thought to be located on some obscure island in the Caribbean. Elias Openshaw undoubtedly fell in with these thieves and murderers. He somehow incurred the wrath of his fellow villains and fled back to England, taking incriminating papers with him, hoping to protect himself. Unfortunately, they would realize he couldn't turn them over to any authorities without incriminating himself, and waited until the time was right for them to carry out their retribution. The pips themselves no doubt reflect the tropical back-ground of the group and also the idea that when the fruit is devoured, one spits out the pips, as one dis-cards enemies." (Some ominous music would add considerably to this melodramatic moment.)

Holmes continues with his theory of how the letters have come from ships, and that several of the league of pirates must be involved.

"Let us get a good night's sleep, Watson, the better to be hot on their trail in the morning."

Scene 9: The next morning, as bright and cheery as the night had been miserable. Holmes is seated at breakfast as Watson comes in. He is finishing a piece of fruit and spits the pips into a porcelain dish he has in hand.

Watson picks up the paper and cries, "Holmes, we are too late!" He then reads the account, but his voice fades and we are taken via cinematic magic to Waterloo Bridge.

Scene 10: Last night by Waterloo Bridge. A constable is walking his rounds when he hears a most woeful scream, followed by a splash. He blows his whistle over and over, bringing other police and a few street people to the edge of the river. The policemen are able to retrieve a cloaked body. Upon turning over the body, we see that it is Josephine Openshaw with a wicked cut across her forehead.

Scene 11: Fade back to Watson's voice and breakfast on Baker Street. It says she may have been hurrying to catch the last train from Waterloo Station, misstepped and walked over the edge, hitting her head on one of the small landing places for river steamboats.

Holmes rails against the devilish league and vows to track them down.

Scene 12: Late the next evening. Watson enters a darkened apartment, lights the lamps, and settles down to wait for Holmes. The clock ticks past eight and then nine o'clock. Upon the stroke of ten, Holmes enters. He recounts to Watson his search of the records.

"The Lone Star sails at three this morning, but you and I will be there at two. I have alerted Lestrade to meet us."

"But we have no evidence that the men aboard this ship have committed three murders here in England, let alone centuries of evil work across the ocean."

"That is true, Watson. Therefore, we must entice the murderers to reveal themselves. Remember that arrogance of which I earlier spoke. We shall use that against them."

Scene 13: The docks. Holmes stands in the open at the bottom of the ship's gangway. Boxes are stack-ed here and there, presumably waiting to be loaded onto another vessel. Wisps of fog float along the wooden flooring. A man comes down the gangway, looking alertly from side to side. He is dressed as a sailor of up-per rank.

"Captain James Calhoun?" asks Holmes.

"Perhaps. Are you the one who sent me the message? 'Two o'clock AM and you will hear something to your advantage.' "

"I am."

"So what do you have to say?"

"That your secrecy has failed you. That a more excellent brain than yours has ferreted out your identity."

"Of course you know my identity. I'm James Calhoun, master of this ship."

"And also a fiend, a murderer with a lifetime of crime behind you."

"You are mistaken."

"I think not. I hope not because I have need of a man with your talents."

"I am an excellent sailor, sir, but what else you think I..."

"Hold. Let me tell you who I am and why I have sought you out."

Holmes takes a step toward the gangway. Calhoun puts his hand into his pocket.

"I recognized the find hand of your organization through reading news-paper accounts of some improbable accidents, connected over the years by the fact of their happening to members of the same family. Rather unusual. The last one brought the three together, and an informant of mine told me about the envelopes received by the victims. The police, as usual, did not recognize the creative hand behind these deaths."

"And you would be..."

"A man who appreciates brilliance and who suggests a beneficial alliance: Professor James Moriarty."

A slow smile crosses Calhoun's lips. He takes his hand out of his pocket.

"Professor Moriarty. Your reputation has crossed the Atlantic. I have heard you had influenced some e-vents in New York and St. Louis. I didn't realize your interests had expanded to the southern states."

"You confirm my research then, Captain Calhoun. I have the honor of addressing one of the leaders of the Tarantulas of Tortuga."

"The Tarantulas welcome your interest, Professor. We cast off in less than an hour but that gives us enough time to have a glass of whiskey and set a code for further communications."

Calhoun comes forward somewhat and Holmes holds out his hand. As Calhoun takes it, Holmes whips him off balance, throwing him over onto the dock. Meanwhile Lestrade's men have furtively boarded the ship. Shots are heard and the sounds of fighting. Holmes and Calhoun struggle of the dock as Watson appears, gun in hand. Calhoun throws Holmes into Watson, causing him to fire, but Holmes is still quick enough to throw a punch and the two men stand over an unconscious Calhoun as Lestrade enters the scene. His men begin bringing the brigands off the ship.

"Very clever ruse, Holmes," says Lestrade. "I don't know that I attribute as much criminal activity to Moriarty as you seem to, but Calhoun was certainly aware of him."

"Yes, for the Tarantulas to be active in England at all and never to have heard of Moriarty was unlikely."

"We'll be reopening the Openshaw cases, Holmes. Shouldn't you head back for Baker Street and some well-earned rest, you and Dr. Watson?"

"Yes, but before the rest, I believe I will avail myself of Dr. Watson's medical ministrations." He puts a hand under his coat and brings it back out smeared with blood."

"My word, Holmes!" exclaims Watson looking down at the gun still in his hand.

"Yes, a little farther to the left and at least one of the Tarantulas would have scurried away. Better take me home, Watson. Good night, Lestrade, and thank you."

Watson puts an arm around Holmes and Lestrade watches them walk into the fog.

JUNE MEETING

The next meeting of **PCofSTL** will be at 7:30 P.M. on Monday, June 16, 2003, at Big Sleep Books, 239 North Euclid in the Central West End (314) 361-1600. The store is located between Lindell and Maryland Avenue on the west side of Euclid, two doors past the alley. The story for the evening is "The Blue Carbuncle".

Most of us meet for dinner and drinks at **Llewellyn's** (4747 McPherson just off of Euclid) prior to the meeting. Everyone is welcome and reservations are not required. It is also not necessary to have dinner. You can just join us for a drink and conversation. We generally arrive between 6:00 and 6:30 P.M. and can be found in the back room. If, for some reason, Llewellyn's is closed, as it was in November, we will gather around the corner at Dressell's.

THE BLUE CARBUNCLE

"The Blue Carbuncle" appeared in *The Strand Magazine*, 3, No. 13, January 1892 and in the *New York Strand Magazine*, 3, February 1892. It also appeared in the *San Francisco Examiner*, February 14, 1892.

The Following chronologists date BLUE as follows:

Canon	DEC 27	[after TWIS]
Ashley	DEC	1889

Baring-	DEC 27,	1889
Gould	DEC 27,	1889
Bell	DEC 27,	1889
Blakeney	DEC 25,	1889
Brend	DEC	1889
Christ	DEC 27,	1889
Dakin	DEC 27,	1889
Folsom	DEC 27,	1890
Folsom	DEC 27,	1889
Hall	DEC 27,	1889
Layng	DEC 27,	1889
Thomson	DEC 27,	1889
Zeisler	DEC 27,	1889

DeWaal listings:

various editions: C43 – C80 (40 appearances)
 writings: C6185 – C6237 (53 items)

Higher Criticism:

As you can see, the chronologists are in almost total agreement on the date, so we can move to other is-sues. Poul Arenfalk, in “The Second Morning After Christmas” (IR, 2, No.6, December 1962), offers an explanation for why Watson delayed wishing his old friend ‘the compliments of the season’ until after Christmas. Ted Bergman, in “A Most Valuable Institution” (BSCL, No.6, 1968), tried to identify which paper Henry Baker read. In “The Blue Enigma” (BSJ, 11, No.4, December 1961), Tupper Bigelow provided a detailed examination of the errors committed by Watson and Holms in “one of the best stories in the Sherlockian Saga”. Dean and Shirley Dickensheet, in “The Profession of Henry Baker: A Minor Exercise in Application of Method” (PD Annual, 1, No.1, 1970), determines that a meticulous analysis of Henry Baker and his attire reveals that he was a uniformed guard or attendant at the British Museum and that Holmes did not bother to speculate on Baker’s occupation because he had already seen him in the Libraries or Reading Room of the Museum. In “The Other Geese” (BSJ, 4, No.3, July 1954), James C. Iraldi points an accusing finger at Holmes for his failure to share the thousand-pound reward, offered for the return of the Blue Carbuncle, with Henry Baker and Peter-son, who contributed to its recovery. Edgar W. Smith, in “The Story of the Blue Carbuncle” (“The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle, NY: The BSJ, 1948), provides a chronology of the seventh short story, in light of secular and canonical history. Obviously there are a number of articles dealing with a goose’s crop, or lack thereof, as well as whether there really is a blue carbuncle. However, we must mention Christopher Morley’s “A Christmas Story without Slush” (The Ironing Board, Garden City, NY: Doubleday & Co., 1949) or “UnChristmaslike Thoughts on ‘The Blue Carbuncle’” by Thomas L. Stix (BSJ, 11, No.4, December 1961) in which he takes issue with Christopher Morley and Edgar W. Smith for maintaining that this is the best of all Christmas stories.

THE DATE BEING...

- 6 JUN The Occupants of the
Empty House meet in
Du Quoin at Alongi's Restaurant.
- 16 JUN **PCofSTL** meet at 7:30 P.M. at The Big Sleep Bookstore to discuss
"The Blue Carbuncle"
- 11 JUL The Occupants of the Empty House meet in Du Quoin at Alongi's
Restaurant
- 8 AUG The Occupants of the Empty House meet in Du Quoin at Alongi's
Restaurant
- 18 AUG **PCofSTL** meet at 7:30 P.M. at The Big Sleep Bookstore to discuss
"The Speckled Band"
- 20 OCT **PCofSTL** meet at 7:30 P.M. at The Big Sleep Bookstore to discuss
"The Engineer's Thumb"
- 15 DEC **PCofSTL** meet at 7:30 P.M. at The Big Sleep Bookstore to discus
"The Noble Bachelor"

POETRY COULD BE *VERSH*

Kate Whitney and Mrs. St. Clair
In a TWIS fate did share:
Both lost a spouse
Who played the louse
In the Lascar scoundrel's lair.

Wednesday or Friday? What day of the week
In Swandam Lane did Watson seek
From two wives' plea
For Isa Whitney
Who of brown opium smoke did reek.?

PJA

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