



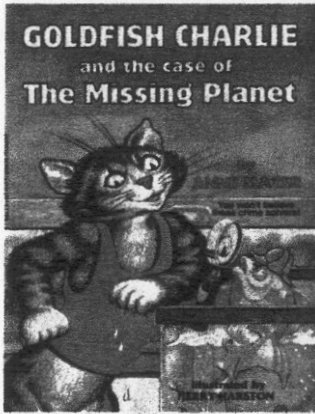
Communication

#192

New Series

Volume 3 Issue 4

May/June 1998



We hope you enjoy this issue. Within these pages we have a futuristic story of Holmes and Watson which was submitted for the Mad March issue but not used due to lack of space. There is also the report of the 24th Annual Spring Gathering which found us at the Pinellas County Sheriff's Office Forensics Department. Those unable to attend missed a good one!

And a reprint of a good review on one of the latest books on the writer's agent, A.C. Doyle.

The Papers on

24TH ANNUAL SPRING GATHERING

On May 8th, a group of 26 PPOfers assembled for the 24th Spring Gathering. Some came for lunch only, and some came for Forensics only, but most were present for both events. We presented ourselves at the Forensics Department of the Pinellas County Sheriff's Office for a tour of the facilities at eleven o'clock and were divided into two groups. Officers Dana and Kelsen did the honors. We toured the photo lab where we were shown state-of the art digital equipment now being implemented in some cases. We even had our picture taken - now they've got us! From the photo room we moved to an area used to call up the computerized images. Remember those TV cop shows where the victim has to look through pages and pages of criminal files to find the guilty party? It's all computerized now. And those police artists who would draw a picture of the criminal from the victim's description? Any officer trained on the computer can supply those sketches now that a program has been developed. From the computer room we went to fingerprints where we received an education on the art of taking a proper print (you have to roll the finger from side to side to insure you get all the identifying lines), how prints are identified, and the storage of prints. Member David McCallister inquired as to the possibility of forging a print a la' Oldacre, but the experts were quite dubious.

From fingerprinting we moved on to the garage where a lot of the forensic work is done. Entire vehicles have been brought in to this area and dismantled in order to obtain prints and clues (hair and fiber). Here we learned about the different types of chemicals used to develop prints and the storage of crime scene evidence. From here we moved to a room which contained a piece of equipment used to adhere and (cont. p. 2)

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DOW-ISM



**The Secret Longing Of
Emilia Lucca.**

(cont. from p. 1) harden prints to ensure their preservation in use as evidence. We also learned about the different types of "powder" used to make prints or bring them out, and a type of luminescent lamp now being used to help find prints on items, bodies and even throughout an entire house.

It was a fantastic tour on an interesting subject, made even more so by the patience of our guides in answering questions, and the enthusiasm they showed for their jobs. They obviously loved their work - Holmes would have been proud.

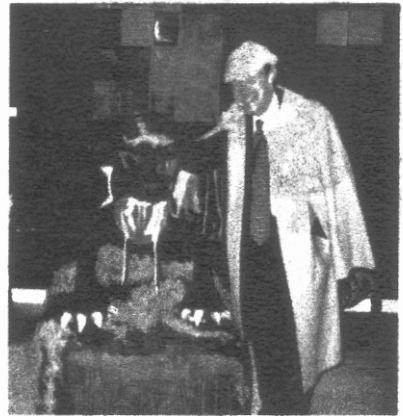
On to Primo's for the luncheon part of our gathering, where David McCallister gave

an intriguing talk on *The Red Thumb Mark* and the Dow Family Players regaled us with ideas of how *The Norwood Builder* would make it as a TV sitcom. Art Walker shared his 39th birthday present with members - a life mask of Basil Rathbone, and George Edwards displayed a Sherlockian pipe purchased on a recent trip to Turkey. Charles Amick shared info on obtaining a Doylean coffee mug, and some recent purchases from the Mystery Book Club. Club jokesters were Wanda Dow, Culver Dow, Charles Amick, Tom Takach and George Edwards, the latter regaling us with jokes present in Communications past. My apologies for omitting anyone. If all of you will send in the jokes you told, we will print them in the next issue. (Yes, George, I have yours.) Winners of the trivia contests were Janet Gunning, Tom Takach and Caroline Everett.

Wanda Dow reminded members to read their Communications for future events. In July there will be a Diogenes at Heritage Park in Largo with a tour of a late 1800s doctor's office. In September there will be a Diogenes at Palm Harbor Library with a Sherlock Holmes film festival. In November there will be the Fall Gathering in Sarasota at the Car Museum where we will attempt to find

Van Herling's 100-horse-power Benz, a heavily built, elderly chauffeur with a gray moustache who drives a small car, and a motor expert by the name of Altamont.

Carl Heifetz announced the upcoming Sunshine State Sherlockian Scion Symposium II is underway. Volunteers are needed for sales, gophers, setting up, packing up and various presentatons at the Symposium. Please contact Carl (cont. p. 7)



Above, David McCallister makes friends with the Hound from Hell. Below, the cast members of the St. Petersburg Little Theatre's "Hound of the Baskervilles"





Agony Column



Damn it, man! Make up some more Agony Columns or I'll let my friend here have at you with his stick!

The above picture is actually a reprint from *Eternity Comics* in 1990 of the Sherlock Holmes Newspaper Strips of the 1930's drawn by Leon O'Mealia, sent in by member Tom Takach. As you can easily deduce from the shocked gentleman to the left and the bandaged face of the man on the right, this is from *The Greek Interpreter*.

Holmes Under the Arch 1: Weekend at Baskerville Hall will be taking place on September 10 - 12, 1999. On Friday evening B.S.I. Bill Cochran will begin the activities which are planned to go on into the night and enable you to avoid the moor by giving a warming retrospective of Holmes. Saturday begins with the Coombe Tracey marketplace, the tra-

ditional Fernworth indoor picnic and a gallery of noble presenters including author David Hammer, Ripperologist John Smithkey III, Sherlockian video expert Jennie Paton and mystery writers Francis M. Nevins, Robert Randisi and John Lutz. Dinner will include the reading of Sir Henry Baskerville's will. Sunday will feature an "Open Mike" session. Register before August 1 for \$75.00 (\$100 thereafter). Banquet is \$35 additional. Send to Cathy Kelleher, "Holmes Under the Arch,"

Call

for hotel reservations at the Sheraton Plaza Hotel at Westport, St. Louis, MO. (\$85 per night)

Don't forget to send in your reservation for the July 10th **Diogenes at Heritage Village in Largo!** (see flyer)



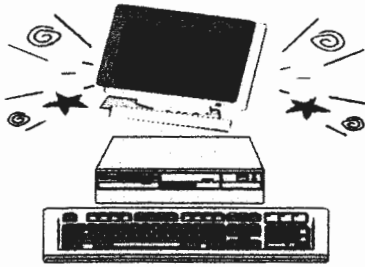
ROSTER UPDATE

New: Richard G. Smith, Systems Engineer, Nom: Victor Hatherley,
Email:

Changes: David McCallister was previously listed as someone whose area code changed to 727. It did not - he is still at area code 813.

Drop:

Please check the address on your mailing label to make sure the correct information is being held by the club.



A NEW DAY

By Wanda Dow

The year is 2210. United Yard is about to plug in the cybernetic section of its newest information research and analyzation computer. For the first time, the field of DNA cloning and cybernetics is merged. Dr. Andrew Ceadoille enters the closet-like room and activates the intercom.

"Okay, I'm in," he states. "Power on."

The hum of the computer drive warms quietly from a low level to a higher pitch until it is barely audible to the human ear.

"All connections look good," he announces, then mumbles to himself, "Let's see if you can figure this one out, old man." He reaches over and flips on the computer screen.

It flickers on and off for a moment, almost as if it is blinking, then finally stays on. The screen is grayish, with flecks of other colors in it.

Ceadoille takes a seat in front of the screen and pulls out the keyboard.

Good morning, old man. How do you feel? he types in.

Hmmmm...bmpb! What? Where am I? I can't seem to open my eyes, yet ... I feel protected. I am not afraid. I ... I can't move! What the devil ... The words come spilling across the screen, almost too fast to read.

Hold on types Ceadoille I need to commence the audio word processor.

He reaches over and pushes a few more controls.

A - A - A - A - E - I - O - U - Every - good - boy - does - fine - hey! - The - quick - brown - fox - jumps - over - the - lazy - dog - alphabet - recognition - complete the audio drones out it's programmed message, then halts.

"Audio output recognized," Ceadoille states. "Recognition of audio input queried."

There is a pause, then JUST WHAT THE HELL ...?

"Recognition of audio input queried," Ceadoille repeats calmly.

Yes, yes, I hear you!

Watson? Is that you?

Holmes?

"Now that you've established each other," Ceadoille states, "I need to explain a few things."

I dare say you do! Where are we? Why can't we ...

Andrew? Is that you?

"Yes," Ceadoille smiles, "Yes, it is."

Hold on, Watson. It's Andrew. He's about to explain how he brought us both back from the dead.

What?!

Yes, of course. Don't you remember? That last flu viral strain. You first. I'm afraid I didn't battle it off any better. Still, we fought a good fight, considering our ages.

Wait a moment. Now that you mention it ...

Yes, yes. Do tell us, Andrew. What exactly is going on here? I must say that in addition to being alive again. I seem to have regained my memory in better shape than it's been in years!

"As you recall," Ceadoille begins to explain, "the World Health Organization had a major problem with the cloning of people."

Yes, they were going to vote on the moral issue vs. the medical benefits. I was in hospital at the time. I died a few days before the vote.

What a ridiculous thing! If we have the power to clone a man's own finger in order to replace one that's been shredded in some awful accident, how could we in all conscious vote against it?

"Exactly the vote, Doctor J.," says Ceadoille. "The W.H.O. voted that it was okay to clone various body parts for the beneficial efforts of each individual, but it would be illegal to do so in order to prevent death by natural causes or to create immortality."

You haven't done something illegal, have you m'boy?

"No sir," Ceadoille states. "United Yard was working on a world-wide computer system which could analyze all the facts put into it. You see, the problem with modern day analysis is that there are so many factors that there are experts in each separate field and no one person can possibly comprehend the implications of each in solving a crime. Oh, it happens, but there's always delays, and misplaced clues, and facts known by one source who assumed the other source knows them, but he doesn't ..."

I think we understand what you're saying. But if the Yard was working on this computer, where do we fit in?

Ceadoille suppresses a smile. "Well, very well, actually," he says. "The Yard had all the components, but their computer experts couldn't get everything to work together. They were having trouble assessing the information mechanically, that the human brain does effortlessly every day."

Good God! You don't mean to tell me that I'm ... That we ...

"Another ruling by the W.H.O. was that the only cells that could be used for experimental use in cloning could be from the deceased," Ceadoille says. "Fortunately for you, this decision was made shortly before Doctor J.'s death. Since he was an organ donor, a few of his cells were stored for future experimentation."

So, young Andrew, you are telling us that we are, in effect, an experiment. I knew I never should have bought you that chemistry set when you were eight years old.

Ceadoille cannot suppress his smile. "Mother told you it was a mistake."

Ehh... How exactly are we... That is... What did you...

"The merging of mechanical and anatomical structures is a new field, and one that has had some success with artificial limbs, but an organical merge is still experimental."

Organical?

"Yes. Part organ, part mechanical. Let's say a heart or kidney malfunctions. Examination shows that only a section of the organ is faulty, but it is a necessary section, nonetheless. Why throw out the entire organ? A mechanical section would be designed to replace the malfunctioning section, then inserted for a hopeful merge. Such things used to be done with animal parts or a recently deceased human match, but rejection was still a great risk. And the patient was on massive anti-rejection drugs for life. With the new metal alloys, we've discovered there are no latent rejections. Our problem has been to create the initial merge. If it takes, then the

patient is home free. If not, well, that's where cloning becomes an option."

But aren't you cloning from a body part that is malfunctioning?

"Essentially," explains Ceadoille "but after the initial clone, as the part is regenerating, the doctors can go in and correct the error before it becomes a major problem. Much as they now correct birth defects in the womb."

Amazing. Cybernetics has come to be.

Yes, a fascinating conversation between two doctors I am sure, but let's get a little more selfish, shall we? So you are telling us, Andrew, that you've cloned our brains and merged them into this computer somehow?

"Well, you both *did* donate your bodies to science," Ceadoille defends himself. "I had kept reading about the troubles the Yard was having with the processing of all the information it had obtained over the years and I couldn't help but think of you. So I contacted some merge doctors I know and then we contacted the Yard and ... well, here we all are."

Hmmm ...

Well, not that I want to eliminate myself, but why did you clone us both? If you needed two brains, why not two Holmes? I must confess to not having the abilities he has to process the facts.

My dear Watson, you do yourself a disservice!

"Actually, you're right," Ceadoille interrupts. "Mr. Holmes' brain was more than adequate for the processing section of the computer. But with his brain processing all the information fed into it, we decided it would be best to slide off the communication skills to another section. That's where you come in, Dr. J."

Speaking of the best brain for the job, why did you not use Mycroft? He would seem best suited to sit and process. I must confess to already having a feeling of restlessness of which I now know I must learn to cope.

Ceadoille explains, "Actually, since this was all my idea and determining the brains to resurrect, as it were. The United Nations branch is in the process of setting up its own system and I recommended your brother for that."

As always, he is the government.

Yes, Holmes, but now he'll be the governing body without a body.

A touch, Watson. I distinct touch.

"There is one other item I must bring up," Ceadoille speaks up, hesitantly.

Yes?

Speak up, young Andrew. What is it?

"Since you are definite distinct personalities," Ceadoille states, "I am obligated to ask you if arrangements are satisfactory. That is, if you agree to this existence."

I hadn't really thought about having a choice.

"Oh yes. You must have a choice. The W.H.O. is quite adamant about that. Oh, and I should mention that you have unlimited access to the World Library as well as any other place we can connect by internet."

A choice. Existence as a word processor or oblivion. Hmmm...

Here is what you must tell that W.H.O. of yours, Andrew. Tell them that at present we are in agreement, but that this is something on which we must be surveyed on a continuous basis. Also, I would like to request a camera installment with feedback which can be taken to the scene of a crime and used per my instructions to the operator.

"Of course, Mr. Holmes," Dr. A. Ceadoille agrees. "Whatever you say."

THE BEGINNING

HIS GREATNESS, IT'S ELEMENTARY

By Richard Lamb
THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
04/12/1999

(sent in by member William Serow)

It is one of Sherlock Holmes's pleasing oddities - reported to us by his creator, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle - that he is descended from an actual family of French academic painters. Named Vernet, they were celebrated for their landscapes and military scenes for a hundred years, beginning in the mid-18th century. "Art in the blood," as Holmes remarks, "is liable to take the strangest forms."

Unlike most the great detective's endowments, this is one that can also be ascribed to Doyle himself. Three generations of the Doyle family had made a name as artists, chiefly as illustrators and caricaturists for British magazines like *Punch*. Arthur Conan Doyle, however, had the misfortune to be born in 1859 to the family's black sheep, who had moved to Edinburgh and spent most of his life institutionalized for dipsomania.

Penury accelerated Doyle's medical studies at Edinburgh University. His greatest lesson there may have been the one in observing rather than merely seeing - the distinction is Holmes's - that was provided by one Dr. Joseph Bell. Bell often astonished his classes with deductions made from such Holmesian staples as accent, demeanor, the consistency of boot mud and the placement of calluses.

Doyle published his first stories as a student. He then practiced medicine with adequate success in the seaside town of Portsmouth between 1884 and 1890. The following year he tried to set himself up as an ophthalmologist near Harley Street,

London's district of fashionable medicos. He admitted later that in his months of practice there, not a single patient came to see him. This may have been for the best. His chief qualification to specialize was a brief course of lectures at a Vienna hospital, which he cut short, having overestimated his rudimentary German.

Luckily, 1891 saw the establishment of *The Strand*, a magazine chiefly devoted to popular fiction and celebrity interviews. Doyle exchanged Harley Street for Grub Street, as the lower reaches of the writer's trade were known, and soon acquired a vast readership. Before long he was commanding up to £100 for 1,000 words, a sum worth about \$8,000 today.

Daniel Stashower's "*Teller of Tales*" (Henry Holt, 472 pages, \$32.50) is an appealing and much-needed biography of the man who created one of literature's renowned eccentrics while for most of his life displaying every outward sign of beefy, walrus-mustachioed respectability. Doyle was an ardent cricketer and a family man. Something of a "compassionate conservative" in today's terms, he stood twice for Parliament, served as a volunteer medic in the Boer War and regularly agitated on behalf of the wrongly accused. In between he found the time to write numerous works, including dozens of stories and four novels featuring Sherlock Holmes.

While the master sleuth's

amazing deductions provide the *raison d'être* of the stories, their abiding interest derives, too, from Doyle's vision of the great Victorian middle classes in flux. As the son of a hard-luck father and as a man whose talent brought him international acclaim, Doyle knew intimately the mechanics of advancement and slippage. He was expert on the complexities that might confront a clerk, a governess, a young doctor or an army officer come up through the ranks - to described only a few of his characters.

Late in Doyle's life what had been a fashionable interest in the paranormal became a passion. He proselytized tirelessly and was dubbed "the St. Paul of spiritualism." Yet his very unworldliness was worldly - he believed that cigars and whiskey were available in the after-life.

Mr. Stashower wrings his hands a good deal over the problem of how we are to view Holmes and his creator in light of Doyle's beliefs. But Doyle did not create Holmes in his own image. Doyle was a man with an incapacitated father who molded, as if from an absence within, an Apollo of problem-solving.

What is more, the theme of empathy runs through Doyle's life - his medical career, his causes, his wartime volunteering. Even his stories, with their intense, anxiety-dissipating narrative catharses, are oddly soothing, almost pharmaceutical. (He is, after all, one of the small band of writers who can be said to have "addicts.") That such a person, almost

haunted by the perils faced by his fellows, might be interested in spiritualism is not so surprising. And although Mr. Stashower discounts this, Doyle's preoccupation was surely understandable in a era when few did not know a young man, or many, who had died a violent and untimely death. Doyle himself lost a son, a brother, a brother-in-law and a nephew to World War I.

But in the end whether or not Doyle's cast of mind resembles that of his most famous character is beside the point. There is still no literary experience that quite matches the intense pleasure of discovering Sherlock Holmes.

ANAGRAMMATICALLY YOURS

Did you know that the name "Sherlock Holmes" can be rearranged into:

Hero mocks hells.
 More shell shock.
 He's mock or shell.
 Hers he'll mock so.
 Crooks he'll mesh.
 Oh! He smells cork.
 So mock her shell.
 Mr. Hell chokes so!
 Hello! Shocker Ms.

Anyone out there want to send in some anagrams of other Sherlockian folk? By the way, if you're into anagrams and can get on the internet, visit <http://www.anagramgenius.com> for a treat.

PUBLISHED PPoFers

Tom Takach was recently published in the *Shoshoin Press*.

David McCallister can be found in the latest *Holmes & Watson Report* and **Wanda**

Dow had a cartoon appear in *T.U.C.O.P.S.*

(cont. from p. 2) (see Carl's address on back page) if you can help. Mike Bryan (11959 84th Ave N. Seminole, FL 33772) will be organizing a radio play to be presented at the banquet and will need volunteers to assist with that, also. As was the case with the first Symposium, the banquet which takes place will be considered our Spring Gathering. This time around it will be the 25th Anniversary of the First Spring Gathering.

All members who are interested in giving a presentaion of some kind, either for the Symposioim or the Banquet, please contact David McCallister (address on back page).


And that about wraps up the 24th Annual Spring Gathering. A good time was had by all.

Ad in *Daily News*, 2/15/99, sent in by Milt Halpert

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IF YOU WILL BE JOINING US, PLEASE FILL OUT THE FORM BELOW AND RETURN TO WANDA DOW,

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Name(s): _____

Address: _____

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Enclosed is \$ _____ to cover the cost of \$3.00 per person.

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