



From the Papers on the Sundial

My favorite headline from a tabloid newspaper was years ago: "Ancient Skull Sings and Talks." Perhaps this issue does not quite compare, but we thought it would be fun light reading for the end of summer to take a look at the Holmesian world from the point of view of the *National Enquirer* or the *Star*. Scandal is scandal, and the canon seems to have plenty of it.



The Enquirer



Star Tattler



All the News That's Fit For Ink

Alien Visits Darbyshire

Scotland Yard Refuses Comment

Lestrade Stands By His Story

In what has been labeled the greatest scientific story of the century (if you take away Dalton, Herschel, Davy, von Humboldt, Cuvier, Berzelius, Oersted, Watt, Faraday, Mendel, Daguerre, Maxwell, Carnot, Babbage, Morse, Joule, Darwin, Edison,

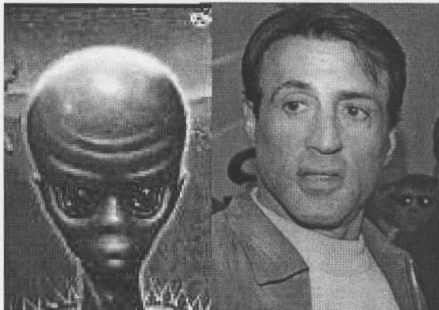
Bell, Huxley, Mendeleyev, Pasteur, and Fleming), a creature from another planet has landed on earth and interacted with human beings—or at least Scotland Yard detectives.

Detective Sholto Lestrade claims that he has verifiable proof that he was accosted by a "bloody alien," as he puts it,

in a field outside of Darbyshire.

"I would stake my reputation on it," the detective stated when contacted by a *Tattler* reporter. He produced an unretouched photograph, which we have reproduced here, showing proof positive that indeed he met this "alien from another world."

Lestrade claims that this creature told him of amazing things, such as flying carriages, sidewalks that moved by themselves, and three-bean salad. He also told him of devices that allowed
(continued of page 7)



Unretouched Photo of Inspector Lestrade with Alien. Scotland Yard refused comment, but the *Enquirer Star Tattler* has the exclusive.



Doctor in Trouble Again

General Practitioner Caught Throwing Smoke Bombs into Houses

Neighborhood Very Agitated

Headline Becomes Snorter and Smaller

A general practitioner was arrested this week and charged with malicious mischief and vandalism in the apparent smoke bomb attack on several houses in the Briony Lodge area.

Dr. John Watson, who boasts of a relatively lucrative practice in Kensington, was taken into custody by Scotland Yard detectives late Tuesday evening. He is charged with one count of malicious mischief and two counts of vandalism.

In his appearance before the magistrate, the good doctor, however, pleaded not guilty, claiming that he was only helping his good friend, famed detective Sherlock Holmes. Mr. Holmes could not be found. The only other person in the vicinity was a wounded nonconformist clergyman.

This is not the good doctor's first brush with the law. Readers will remember last year when the practitioner was hauled downtown for suspected breaking and entering of our very own Charles Augustus Milverton's chambers. The good doctor, though, was released, when the prosecutor deemed that the evidence was not sufficient for a formal charge. And before that, Dr. Watson was questioned about his involvement in the Abbey Grange case, wherein

Captain Jack Croker skipped the country following the mysterious death of Sir Eustace Brackenstall.

Asked for comment when she came to bail her husband out yet again, Mrs. Mary Watson merely rolled her eyes and pushed past reporters.

One wonders if the other stories about Dr. Watson are true. He is rumored to be quite the ladies man, and indeed has been married more than once (although he refuses to discuss just how many times he has been betrothed. Mrs. Watson has also refused comment). He has also been seen often at the racing track. A good friend, who wishes to remain anonymous, has told us that the good doctor said to him once that he "pays for his racing with half his wound pension." The good doctor does our veterans of foreign wars quite the disservice.

And then there is the question of his wound. He has claimed that he was shot in the shoulder, and has then contradicted himself by stating that he took a Jezail bullet in the leg. Was he indeed wounded at all? The forensic physician Dr. Charles Mortimer has stated that if Dr. Watson were on his hands and knees on the battlefield, with his shoulder bent downward at a 27.5 degree angle to the horizontal, the bullet could have passed through his clavicle and embedded itself in the upper thigh, thus confirming both wounds. We are skeptical of these studies as Dr. Watson is quite chummy with Dr. Mortimer. More proof that doctors stick together.

It remains to be seen if Dr. Watson's troubles will clear up or get worse. His wife's continued—and undeserved—devotion to him can only help, but one wonders how long that will last.

On the Lighter Side

Disreputable Man Recites Shakespeare It has been reported recently that a man selling wax vestas is wowing crowds along Threadneedle Street. This man, known as much for his disfigured face as his quick wit, has for months now been thrilling passersby with his antics. One day he is Falstaff, and the next Hamlet, and the next Othello. His

"performance art" has become quite lucrative, as passersby have seen his takings and have calculated that he is making 700 pounds a year.

Food of the Gods? Our reporters in the far eastern reaches of globe have reported sightings of huge mammals. Citizens in Jakarta, Padang, Balikpapan and Kuching have told local authorities that large

rodents are scurrying about the countryside. "As big as cabs," one frightened woman said. We have no photographs of these creatures, and no reliable sources, so we welcome anyone who can shed light on these obviously hyperbolic stories. Even the *Enquirer Star Tattler* has its skeptics.

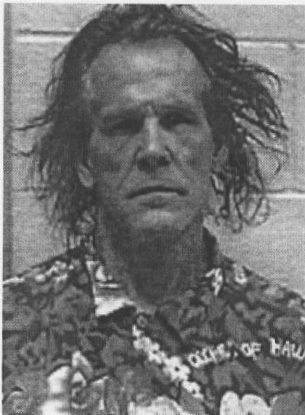


Settling The Whole Question by Charles Augustus Milverton

There are lots of stories circulating in London these days and, as your humble servant, I am here to set the record straight on a number of them. You won't get the truth from those other papers because that is what they want you to think. My sources are impeccable, and I am so convinced of their veracity that I challenge anyone to prove me wrong. But enough of me, let's settle the whole question.

Moral Bankruptcy?

It has been rumored of late that Col. Sebastian Moran has fallen on hard times. It seems that his mounting gambling debts has caused some rather bizarre behavior. Members of the Moran family will neither confirm nor deny these stories, but I have it on the most authoritative of sources that the good colonel



Colonel Sebastian Moran has seen better days—and better shirts.

is indeed broke. In point of fact, I submit to you, dear reader, the recently taken photograph in column one.

Far from a pretty sight, eh, when the great and powerful fall?

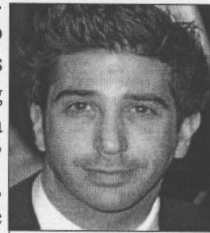
Worth a Thousand Words

I have it on very good authority that the recent debacle involving the Right Honorable Trelawney Hope and his wife Lady Hilda had nothing to do with official government documents. Rather, it was the pilfering of a photograph of Lady Hilda herself. And, as I am the most public-spirited person I know, I felt it in the best interest to ensure that this photograph is published in order to put the matter to rest. Therefore, it is with great pleasure that I settle this question by making this photograph available for the first—but certainly not the last—time.

The Deepest Cut

The *Times* reported that Victor Hatherley's recent appendage loss was due to an accident with an hydraulic press. But I have incontrovertible proof the young engineer was playing mumble-peg at a wild party in Berkshire when he dashed his digit.

And who was throwing this gala event? Why, none other than



Engineer Hatherley: A victim of his own good time?

Lysander "Lascivious Ly" Stark. You'll remember that the constables were called out during his last shindig in Reading, and that several attendees were arrested for disturbing the peace

(including that party animal Grimesby Roylott, and the bad boys of Beckenham, Wilson Kemp and Harold Latimer). It seems that the authorities in Reading prohibited Colonel Stark from throwing any more get-togethers. When this one resulted in the maniacal mayhem (continued on page 4)



"Hubba Hubba" Hilda Trelawney Hope's photograph that she does not want you to see. How many carpets would you move to steal this photo? We bet it is more than one.



(continued from page 3) perpetrated by Mr. Hatherley, the colorful colonel called in a few favors to hush the affair up. But now you know how we settle the whole question.

Boscombe Valley Mystery

James McCarthy was recently cleared of murder charges in the death of his father, Charles McCarthy of Herefordshire. But what the other papers don't tell you is that McCarthy the younger has been involved with the American Adventuress Irene Adler. Readers will remember that I supplied plenty of information on Miss Adler's divorce from Godfrey Norton, and her dalliance with John Hector McFarlane, the attorney who handled her divorce. It now seems that she likes her men even younger, hence her involvement with James

McCarthy. What is not known is how much money the elder McCarthy had stashed away. I have it on excellent authority that Charles had been involved with Isa Whitney in an attempt to dilute the opium reaching the laudanum dens of London. Cutting the proportion of opium allowed them to make a



Charles McCarthy in happier times: Did his son really do it?

fortune. But when Mr. Whitney was forced to withdraw from his habit, the elder McCarthy broke up the partnership. He

also kept Mr. Whitney's share of the money. Enter Miss Adler, whose prolific spending habits are legendary. She has been in debt since before her divorce, and in desperate need of money. Was Charles cut out by his son after all? There are some questions we cannot settle.

Not so Noble?

Lord Robert St. Simon, whom readers will remember from my musings over his nuptials some time ago, was seen last week with Helen Stoner, recently separated from Percy Armitage. Mr. Armitage has taken umbrage over this, and has publicly derided Lord Robert for his actions. But Mr. Armitage needs to watch his tongue: I have it on good authority that he was one of the wilder attendees at Lysander Stark's all-night bash.

Insanity on the Cornish Coast

Sister and Brother Die Under Strange Circumstances

Neighborhood Very Agitated

When Will These Try Headlines Stop?

Two members of the Tregennis family died under mysterious circumstances this week, and two others have suffered symptoms leading physicians to declare them not only insane but incapable of caring for themselves.

Brenda Tregennis of Tredannick Wartha in Cornwall was found dead, and her two brothers severely impaired. Spread out in front of them were old copies of our rival newspaper *The*

Examiner Globe Snitch with pictures of James Prendergast and Martha Hudson at the beach in Dover. Not only was Mrs. Hudson's ankle showing, but portions of her knee were visible as well. Much of Major Prendergast's upper arms and chest could be seen.

Two days later Mortimer Tregennis was found dead in the same house. He had been reading the same paper but it had photographs of Neville St. Clair in bedclothes and Dr. Thorneycroft Huxtable wearing only an undershirt, rolled up trousers, and rolled down socks.

The police are still investigating.

The *Enquirer Star Tattler* does not imply that reading other newspapers may cause such horrid maladies, but readers can reach their own conclusion based on all the facts presented here.



My Nightmare in a Box

by Lady Frances Carfax

Editor's Note: We have been successful in having the esteemed Lady Carfax contribute a reminiscence of her recent sordid brush with crime. Readers will remember last year that the dear Lady was abducted and treated most disrespectfully by that awful Holy Peters gang. Now, for the first time, here is the entire story.

Bless us, what a perfectly dreadful experience, just dreadful. When I think how I trusted the words that came out of that cruel mouth. My father the Earl always told me to watch a man's mouth, that that would tell me everything I needed to know. Oh, bless us, what a fool I was.

I had gone to Lausanne to escape London. My dearest Marie came with me, dear child. I should never have let her go. I should have brought her and her husband with me. Her husband would have protected me—he would have pummeled the good doctor, and I would have delighted in hearing the sound of his skull being crushed under the force of his huge hands and then—

But I digress.

I had gone to Lausanne to take in the sights and to relax. I had no idea that I would find Philip—dear sweet Philip. He would have protected me. He would not have wasted a moment in snapping Dr. Schlessinger's neck and watching his eyes pop out of his sockets and then—

Oh, bless us, I digress again.

But I was still afraid of Philip, of the things he had done, of the things he had tried to do, of the locks he had picked and the constables he had bribed and the amount of liquor he had imbibed and the shoes he had worn and the vests he had tie-dyed.

But he was a nice man.

So I left Lausanne and fled to Baden. And there I met Dr. Schlessenger and his

mouse of a wife. To think of the time I spent tending to him, the drinks that I got for him and the pillows that I fluffed, the ink pens I got for him so that he could work on his map and his monograph. Midianites, schmidianites. I should have listened to the hotel manager, for he warned me of something suspicious about the good doctor. The manager would have protected me. He would have reached into that man's abdomen and ripped his spleen out, thrown the bloody organ into the loathsome face, kicked him in the chest, and then—

Dear me, bless us, I digress again.

So we left for London, leaving poor Marie behind. I missed her, but I became devoted to the doctor. I should have known something was terribly wrong when we arrived at his apartment. The sofa did not match the curtains. That should have been the first clue and indeed I was about to ask them about the color scheme when they turned on me.

They kept me in the den—I don't know for how long. I lost count. They wouldn't talk to me, they wouldn't let me outside the room, they made me wear stripes and plaids. Oh, bless us, bless us.

But I heard them. I heard them plotting. I heard them scheming. I heard their vermin-like voices whispering about the table settings they would buy with my money.

Then the morning arrived when they came in. They both looked at me like I was some disreputable cat that was not worth the bowl out of which I fed. I smelled the foul substance before he pulled it out from behind his back. I knew what it was and I shrank away. But she seized my arms, held me fast. And that odious doctor slapped the cloth over my face. I saw his envious eyes and his jagged ear and his cruel mouth one last time. I tried to scream, tried to move my arms. And then all was black.

Then they threw me in a coffin and tried to bury me.



Man Accused of Attempted Bigamy

Daughter to Get Glasses

Neighborhood Very Agitated

Very Small Headlines Once Again

Wormley "Wild Man" Windibank was arrested this week and charged with attempted incest in a bizarre scheme to seduce his step-daughter.

"It may not be bigamy," Detective Gregson said, "but it is something. It is downright awful what he did to her." He refused further comment.

The *Tattler* has learned several facts of the case. Miss Mary Sutherland was betrothed to a Mr. Hosmer Angel, of Leadenhall Street. The two were on their

way to the ceremony in separate vehicles; Miss Sutherland arrived at St. Saviour's near King's Cross but Mr. Angel did not. A search ensued but the groom was not found.

Miss Sutherland implored the police to continue their search but, finding no clues, they closed the case. She had engaged a private consulting detective, but when he was unable to locate the fiance, she took matters into her own hands. Investigating the movements of several neighborhood men, she began to suspect her step-father after two years. When she heard her mother and him discussing Mr. Angel, she was certain of her suspicions.

Police have reopened the case, and are questioning various witnesses. The private consulting detective whom Miss Sutherland hired is apparently out of the country, having gone to Switzerland on another case. He is expected to return soon.

Unfrocked Priest at Center of Marriage Controversy

Near Tragedy at Charlington Heath

Neighborhood Very Agitated

Can they get any smaller?

A marriage ceremony of sorts took place last week in Charlington. Afterwards, the groom was taken to hospital and subsequently arrested.

Jack Woodley was treated for a gunshot wound and released from Our Lady of Perpetual Motion Hospital in Farnham, Surrey. He had apparently forced marriage upon a Miss Violet Smith with the assistance of Walter Wayne Williamson, an unfrocked priest.

"B— s— a— g—" was the only statement that Mr. Williamson would make to the *Tattler*.

A Robert Carruthers, of Chiltern Grange, was held briefly for questioning. He apparently inflicted Mr. Woodley's gunshot wound, but he was not charged based on the statements from Miss Smith.

Also injured was Peter Panache, a groom who worked for Mr. Carruthers.

"I'm a groomsman," he told us, "not a boxer. Mr. Carruthers owes me a lot, or you can bet I'll be round to your offices to tell you some stories."

Miss Smith was unavailable for comment, having returned to her mother's house.

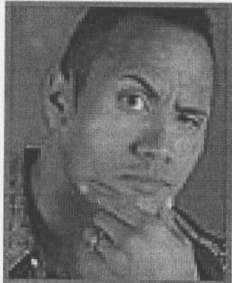
A full investigation is expected, with a report to be issued sometime next week.



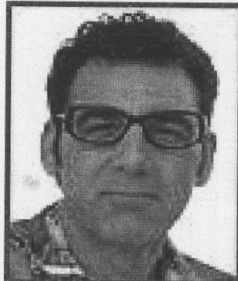
1899 Magazine has just come out with its "Ten Most Masculine Men" issue. Topping the list is Inspector Willoughby Baynes from Esher, Surrey. Citing his "glowing face, terrifically bright eyes, and ability to solve a case faster than Scotland Yard," the inspector is "today's answer to tomorrow's criminal." Other Most Masculine Men honored include Dr. Grimesby Roylott ("the things he can do with a poker," the magazine says), Birdy Edwards ("an undercover hero"), and Professor Presbury ("amazingly energetic for a man his age").



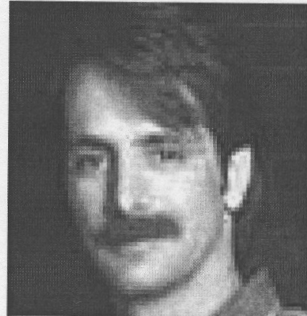
OUR FAVORITE PEOPLE



Nicola Melas, tired of being pushed around by ruffians and common criminals, began lifting weights six months ago. The results are amazing, and Mr.—and he now indeed insists on being call “Mister”—Melas has entered the Mr. London competition.



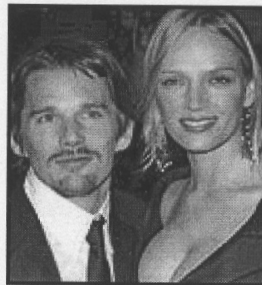
Dr. James Mortimer, of the Charles Baskerville Memorial Hospital and Animal Rescue Center, continues to deny rumors that he is linked romantically with Violet Hunter, headmistress of the Walsall Academy for Long Haired Students. “I love learning new things,” Dr. Jim commented on his many forays to Walsall.



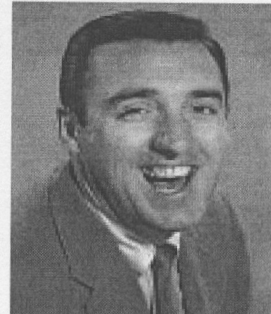
Robert “Big Bob” Ferguson is riding high on his recently published first book, *You Might Just Be A Sussex Vampire*. It has been on the *Sussex Shopper’s* bestseller list for three months, and there is talk of turning the joke book into a play. As Big Bob might say, “You just might be a Sussex Vampire if you feed off the same material for years.”



As far as Queen Victoria’s recent makeover, all we can say is “Wow!”



Newlyweds Sir George Burnwell and Mary Holder celebrate the beginning of their third month together, defying critics stating that their marriage would not last. “So what if he is shorter than I am,” Mary said recently, “He’s cute and funny and doesn’t remind me at all of my uncle.”

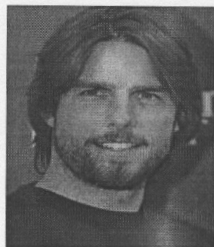


Culverton Smith, above, has launched his weight loss program with the controversial advertisement, below. Critics have derided his campaign as far too salacious and prurient. “I’m telling you,” Mr. Smith told a group of business owners, “I’m on to something here.”

(continued from page 1) him to speak to similar creatures without using wires. He claimed the alien kept saying, “Can you hear me now?”

Scotland Yard has refused to comment but is investigating vigorously. They have dispatched several of their best men, including Detectives Gregson, Hopkins and Bradstreet. The three could not be reached for statements.

But Mr. Lestrade was clearly enjoying the limelight this week, and was overheard to say to a friend, “This’ll show that busybody Holmes.” When asked to where the alien disappeared, Lestrade only pointed upward.



Hunky Scotland Yard detective Mordecai Bradstreet has become a favorite of charity auctions, wherein celebrities are auctioned off to the highest bidder, and the receipts go to help the organization. “He’s just so dreamy,” Eugenia Ronder, recent winner purred. “A face to die for,” said Kitty Winter, another happy bidder.



How much weight can you lose?

The Pleasant Places of Florida

*founded in 1972
by Leslie Marshall, B.S.I. (dec.)*

Recorder Emeritus: Dr. Benton Wood, B.S.I.

For the Record:

THE LAST COURT OF APPEALS

David McCallister, Master of the House,

(Master of Ceremonies at most gatherings, host of the annual Wessex Cup)

Carl Heifetz, Representative (both with the Servants and with the Tradespeople),

(Correspondent & Communication)

Wanda & Jeff Dow, The Papers on the Sundial,

(Communications, Bookkeeping)

Please make note of the date after your name on the mailing label. This is the expiration date of your club membership. You will not receive further Communications after this date unless you renew. Renewals should be sent, with any updates, to Wanda Dow. Make all checks payable to Wanda Dow. US\$12.00 (US/CAN) or US\$13.00 (INTL)

PLEASE NOTE ABOVE INFORMATION! ALL CHECKS FOR RENEWAL SHOULD NOW BE MADE OUT TO WANDA DOW. CHECKS MADE OUT TO THE PLEASANT PLACES OF FLORIDA WILL BE RETURNED. WE NO LONGER HAVE A CLUB ACCOUNT AT THE BANK AND WILL NOT BE ABLE TO CASH SUCH CHECKS. THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION.
