

A
SHERLOCKIAN

CHRISTMAS CARROLL

Sung by
RUTH BERMAN ~~AND~~ RON WHYTE
— and —

The Case of the Minnesota Authors
by ROBERT PATRICK

~ The Mc Ardle Press ~

A SHERLOCKIAN SCALPTING GARGOLLE

AND

BY

Rein Berlin and Ron Shyte

and

The Case of the Minnesota Authors

by ROBERT FAIRBANK

we sought him with pencils, we sought him with care,
we pursued him with stories and poems.
we threatened his life with a Morris chair:
Thus we've gone after S. Holmes

for Robert M. Fattrick
and Edgar W. Smith

"The Sherlockian Christmas Carol" was first done in fall, 1957,
in an edition of four. "The Adventure of the Minnesota Authors"
was written in revenge in December, 1957. Cover by Dick Martin.

December, 1960 by McArdle Press in an edition of 200
of which this is NO 87.

Introduction

Reader of pure unclouded brow
 And dreaming eyes of wonder,
 Though Earth is wide and I and thou
 Are half a world asunder,
 Thy rocket book will surely hail
 A Sherlock Holmes and Watson tale.

It's true I'll never know thy face
 Nor hear thy cries or laughter,
 And yet my works shall find a place
 In all thy life's hereafter.
 And well I know thy money green;
 Thy money green I oft have seen.

A tale begun in earlier days
 When Holmes' fame first was growing.
 The stories ran through time's strict maze,
 Now now his fame is glowing;
 My stories oft are read today
 While Sergeant Cuff has passed away.

Come listen, then, to a Sherlock tale
 With "good-beats-evil" laden
 With men brave as knights of the grail
 And many a beautiful maiden.
 Come, watch the evil villain leer
 And know that Sherlock Holmes is near.

For Sherlock Holmes the fog and frost,
 The client's moody madness
 Who claims that everything is lost,
 Though Holmes can give him gladness.
 The magic words shall hold you fast
 Whenever Sherlock Holmes sweeps past.

Then just in time Holmes will arrive
 For villains cannot win the story
 In the world of eighteen-ninety-five
 Holmes is ever in his glory.
 Time cannot touch, time cannot stale
 A Sherlock Holmes and Watson tale.

How things might have been said in The Final Problem

the disagreement:

"You are dangerous, Holmes," the professor said,
"Your position has become not light.
And yet you incessantly will cross my path.
Do you think in your place it is right?"

"Danger is part of my trade," Holmes remarked.
"But this is not danger," said he,
"It's Destruction for sure, when you stand in the way
Not just of a mob, but of me!"

the flight from London:

"We must walk a little faster, for our speed is like a snail's.
There's Moriarty close behind us, and he's treading on our trail."

the fight:

Mr. Mori and Mr. Holmes
Agreed to have a battle.
For Mr. Mori said Mr. Holmes
To the Yard would tattle.

Just then there came a Reicherbach
O'er which the old prof fell.
Now Holmes resides on Sussex Downs;
The prof resides in hell.

A Conversation

Watson: "Mr. S. Holmes, you never look
At anything but old scrap-books.
I show you pretty things in poems—
You must be blind, Mr. S. Holmes."

Holmes: "I ask you riddles, tell you tales,
But most our conversations fail.
You never get an answer done—
I fear you're dumb, John H. Watson."

Lestrade: "Mr. S. Holmes, each time I call,
You always seem to know it all.
I strive my mind unto the bone—
But I'm too dumb, Mr. S. Holmes."

Holmes: "Lestrade, Watson, you needn't mind,
For though you're dumb, and I am blind,
There's someone likes us, that is clear—
For all our readers hold us dear."

Watsonwocky

- family
black sheep 'Twas midnight, and the gasy lamps
Did shine and shimmer in the fog.
All tipsy was that Watson scame
(His brotner drowned in prog).
- an unrecorded
warning "Beware the Sherlock, Doc Watson!
The jaw so stern, the blister cloak.
Beware the distressed girl, and shun
Holmes' vile and yellow smoke!"
- personal
history "I took my steely gun in hand,
Long time the Afghan war I fought.
In extremely open field I stood,
Was Jezailed while I thought."
- the C. B.
etc. And as in moneyed thought he stood,
That jour, Stamford a-tapping came.
It seemed he had a frierd that would
Share rooms with someone. "Well, I'm game,"
Said Watson then. And through and through
The London streets went Hanson cab.
It left them at the hospital;
They walked into the lab.

"I have! I have! I've found it!" cried
Holmes, leaping up just like a boy,
"A reagent for hemoglobin,"
He chortled in his joy.
- an ending 'Twas Baker Street, 221B
And Sherlock Holmes and Dame Hudson.
The scene was caught for all to see
By Dr. John (or James) Watson.

The Canine Class

The hound was bounding on the moor,
Shining with all his might.
He did his very best to make
Sir Henry die of fright.
And that was odd, because it was
The dog that died that night.

SHERLOCK SAID TO

A CAPTAIN WHOSE

NAME WAS JACK

CROCKER, "LET

US BOTH GO

TO LAF; I

WILL FROSE-

OUTE YOU.

COME, I'LL

TAKE NO DE-

NIAL. WE

MUST HAVE

THE TRIAL,

FOR REALLY

THIS MORNING

I'VE NOTHING

TO DO."

Said Crocker

to old sher-

lock, "that

A Long Tale

trial, dear
sir, with
no jury
or judge
would
be play-
ing the

dunce."

"I'll be

judge,

Watson

jury,"

said

cun-

ning

did

Fury,

"we'll

try

the

whole

cause

and

acquit

you

at

once."

once."

A Most Momentous Date

I'll tell thee everything I can,
There is much to relate
I met a tall and skinny man,
'Twas a most momentous date.
"Who are you, Sherlock Holmes," I asked,
And how is it you live?"
"I'll tell you when some time has passed,"
Was the only answer he'd give.

One day he said, "I listen to
All tales of crime and woe.
And if need be, I hasten to
The scene of crime, you know.
My clients pay me then," he said,
"I'm sometimes thanked on bended knees,
And that's the way I get my bread.
A trifle, if you please."

But I was thinking of a way
To find that awful fibber
Who'd killed a man out Brixton way,
Killed poor Enoch J. Drebbler.
When he saw I'd nothing to say
He bade me get my hat,
And we went out that foggy day
To catch the murdering rat.

"I sometimes write small books," he said,
"On the science of detection.
And that is how I get my bread—
By other folk's deceptions.
I send out bills," he said, "as high
As I think they can pay.
The money comes in by and by,
And so I make my way."

I heard him then, for I had just
Conceived a wondrous plan:
To keep my wallet filled to bust
Through tales of this strange man.
I thanked him much for telling me
The way he got his wealth,
And then he took something choice in white wines
To drink our noble health.

And now, if e'er I chance to put
 My fingers into glue,
 Or madly squeeze a right-hand foot
 Into a left-hand shoe,
 Or if I drop upon my toe
 A very heavy weight,
 I weep, for it reminds me so
 Of that man whom I so well know,
 Whose face was very like a crow,
 With eyes like cinders all aglow,
 Who rocked his violin to and fro,
 Distracted by its wailing woe,
 Whose stories kept me high in dough,
 Whom I met many years ago....
 I think that it was fate.

I passed by old London in foggy sunshine,
 While the Yard and the Sherlock were biding their time.
 The Sherlock took cocaine and crime (quite a feat),
 While the Yard had the answer, its share of the treat.
 When the case was all finished, the Yard, on its hook,
 Was kindly permitted to garrot the crook,
 While the Sherlock, beginning to sigh and to mope,
 Concluded the business by taking some....

An Ending

"You are wise, Sherlock Holmes," Lestrade finally said,
 "And your brains are much better than mine,
 But you don't need to tell me so, ten times a day.
 Why must you show off all the time?"

"I could be much more humble, that's true," Sherlock said,
 "And I should avoid hurting your feelings.
 But, really, I do get so awfully bored
 When you start those incredible spielings."

"You pay well, Sherlock Holmes," Mrs. Hudson said,
 "And your fees are quite princely, it's true,
 But unless you will clean up that horrible mess,
 I just do not know what I shall do."

"I could pick up my chemicals when I am through,
 And I know you detest gunsmoke's scent,
 But I do hate to pick up the messes I make.
 I suggest that you just raise the rent."

"I detest you, Holmes," Conan Doyle then said,
 "Though you give me a good deal of glory.
 I wish you'd say how I could get rid of you,
 So I could write some really good stories."

"I have answered two questions, and that is enough.
 Dr. Doyle, don't give yourself airs.
 Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
 Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs."

The Adventure of the
Minnesota Authors
by John Watson Patrick

I had called upon my friend, Sherlock Holmes, upon the first morning after Christmas, not with the intention of wishing him the compliments of the season, but to consult him about an item I had received in the mail. He was lounging upon the sofa in a T-shirt and slacks, a box of Matzos and a jar of Camembert within his reach at the right, and a copy of Positively Pogo, evidently newly studied, near at hand.

"Good morning, Watson," said he, "I perceive that you have heard from Ruth Berman."

"Amazing, Holmes!" I cried, "That is exactly why I came to see you. How did you know?"

"Elementary," he replied, "Only Miss Berman and Dean Dickensheet, among your many correspondents, use that particular shade of green ink. And since Dickensheet never writes when he can telephone, it can only be Berman. I am thinking, by the way, of preparing a little monograph of the various types of ink, with some observations on the segregation of ball-point pens."

"See here, Holmes," I said, "This is serious. Berman and her partner-in-crime, Ron Whyte, have now taken to doing your adventures in Lewis Carroll verse."

He reached out a languid hand for the missive, and I handed it over. For several minutes he scanned it in silence, wincing now and then. At length he returned it and said, "You are right, Watson. This time they have gone too far."

"What shall we do?" I asked.

"There is only one thing TO do," Holmes replied, and his expression was grim.

I grasped dimly what he was suggesting. "No, Holmes," I exclaimed. "That is too drastic."

"It can't be helped," he replied remorselessly. "They have committed the crime, and now they must pay the penalty. Since they seem to derive such joy out of preying upon the helpless victims of their fancy, they must suffer the inevitable fate: they must become a SCION SOCIETY!"

My brain reeled at the hideous suggestion. "Holmes," I whispered, have mercy."

"It is too late for mercy," he declared. "Henceforth, the team of Berman and Whyte shall be referred to as:

"THE SUSSEX VAMPIRES!!

"And," he added, "may someone—or something—have pity on the miserable wretches."

Shaken to the core, I stumbled out of the room, fell headlong down the 16½ stairs, and dashed out the door. Hailing a hansom, I said, "Drive me to Praed Street, at once!" thus irrevocably sealing the fate of the two Minnesota authors.

— THE END —