



The Pink 'Un



Editor, Program Cochair, Webmaster: **Phil Dematteis**, 1817 Belmont Drive, Columbia SC 29206-2813; hansomwheels@aol.com

Program Cochair: **Diane Bodie**; dwbodie@gmail.com

Secretary (for change of address or phone number): **Myrtle Robinson**; mtr@lindau.net

Treasurer and Reservations Taker: **Kathy Newman**; katnewman@aol.com; (803) 776-9499

Spokesman Emeritus: **Cap'n Billy Rawl**; (803) 739-8951

Follow us on **Tom Elmore's** Hansom Wheels Facebook Page

The Hansom Wheels Website (which includes *The Pink 'Un*) is at www.hansomwheels.com

Volume 41, No. 3, August 2017

I Find It Recorded in My Notebook . . .

Attendance at the April 27 Hansom Wheels meeting was HUGE! It broke all records as far back as I can remember, and I've been around a long time! The Palmetto Club had to give us its biggest room, and even then there was an overflow crowd! They set up closed-circuit monitors so that people could watch from the lobby! The city had to put on extra cops to handle the traffic!

Well, actually, those are what Kellyanne Conway would call "alternative facts." In reality, there were so few people there that I can name them all: **Al** and **Pat McNeely**; **Cap'n Billy** and **Alida Rawl**; **Jerred Metz**; **Dr. Ed Salkind**; **Wayne Scott**; my wife, **Mary**; and me. I can only attribute the low turnout to the unpopularity of the speaker I had selected. I won't make *that* mistake again. He'll be like the guy in *The Godfather* about whom Clemenza says, "Paulie? You won't see *him* no more."

At least it was a cozy gathering: we all sat at the same table. After dinner, I blew the Blue Kazoo to get everyone's attention (although it was hardly necessary) and announced that the game was afoot. We toasted *the* woman, Irene Adler, and **Dr. Ed** (not to be confused with *Mr. Ed*, who was a talking horse) led us in the Musgrave Ritual.

We moved on to the Happy Hour Posers, in which the titles of Adventures are concealed within bad puns: 1. Frank Gorshin: "Riddle me this, Batman. If the Dutch artist had thrown his auricle from the top of a mountain, what would you have then?" = the valley of ear = *The Valley of Fear*, the Assigned Story for the evening (the artist was Van Gogh, and *auricle* is the medical term for the outer ear, as Mr. Ed could tell you. I mean **Dr. Ed**). 2. Clark, his dad, and his paternal grandpa = "The Three Gables." 3. I went on Ancestry.com and found out that I have an Italian great-grandfather who had *talipes equinovarus* and was married to a yeti = "Ricoletti of the Club Foot and His

Abominable Wife" (an unpublished case). 4. I took a friend to Best Buy when I had my computer fixed so that he could translate the jargon the techs were saying = the Geek [Squad] interpreter = "The Greek Interpreter."

The Featured Presentation was by me. I discussed the 1950s half-hour TV series *Sherlock Holmes*, which was filmed in Paris(!) and starred Ronald Howard as Holmes and H. Marion Crawford as (in my humble opinion) one of the best Watsons ever. The series was produced by Sheldon Reynolds (not to be confused with Sheldon Leonard, who produced *The Dick Van Dyke Show*, or with Mr. Ed, the talking horse). Reynolds and his wife, Andrea Milos, a phony Hungarian countess, for a while held the American rights to the Holmes stories, which had been purchased for them by Andrea's mother from a bank that had repossessed them from Adrian Conan Doyle's widow, a phony princess from Georgia (the country, not the state); but they got divorced after Andrea became the mistress of Claus von Bülow, who was acquitted of putting his wealthy wife, Sunny, into an insulin-induced coma in which she remained for twenty-eight years, until she died. For years and years Andrea, who married a propertyless relative of Queen Elizabeth II named Plunkett, threatened to sue anybody who tried to produce or publish anything about Sherlock Holmes, and got royalties from many of them, until Leslie Klinger and a federal court finally put a stop to it in 2013. I swear to God I'm not making any of this up. I then showed an episode from the series, "The Case of the Pennsylvania Gun," which was based on *The Valley of Fear*. We watched it on a laptop computer on the table; we didn't need a screen or projector, since there were only nine of us in the room.

Cap'n Billy read the Sacred Sonnet, "221B," and we moseyed on home. All nine of us. Not all to the *same* home, of course. That would be weird.

For August: A Real-Life Police Sketch Artist!

The Hansom Wheels will meet at **7:00 P.M. Thursday, August 17**, at **The Palmetto Club, 1231 Sumter Street**. The price for dinner will be **\$22.00** per person. There will also be a cash bar. (Yeah!)

The Featured Presentation will be an illustrated talk on forensic art by professional portrait and landscape artist **Roy Paschal**, who retired from the South Carolina Law Enforcement Division with the rank of lieutenant. While serving with SLED, he drew sketches of suspects from eyewitnesses' descriptions and "aged" pictures of children who had been missing for years to show what they would look like in the present. People who have heard him

speaking, including **Pat McNeely** and **Diane Bodie**, say his presentations are dy-no-MITE (as J.J. used to say on the TV show *Good Times*)!

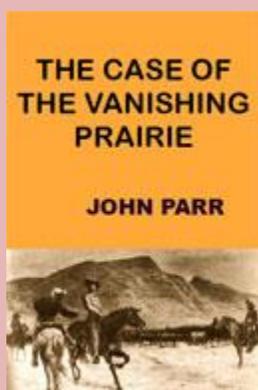
There is no Sherlock Holmes story that involves forensic art; but Holmes makes his statement that "Art in the blood is liable to take the strangest forms" in "The Greek Interpreter," so let's read that. The last time we did was in February 2002, when we were meeting at the Grecian Gardens restaurant.

There is a change in how you make **reservations**: Please make them with **me** at **(803) 787-2219** or **hansomwheels@aol.com** by **August 15**. See you there!

Happy Hour Posers (Name the Adventures, Published or Unpublished)

1. Long John Silver could have had it if he had lived after 1825.
2. Davy Crockett couldn't communicate with the Native Americans he was fighting. He needed. . . .
3. Meghan Markle's boyfriend.
4. My financial adviser is a rooster. The sound he makes is. . . .

Stuff in Which You Might Be Interested:



THE CASE OF THE VANISHING PRAIRIE: Author: John Parr (pseudonym of David R. Beasley—*not* David M. Beasley, the former governor of South Carolina). ISBN: 978-0-915317-47-3 PRICE: \$12.00 Cdn & US Western, Mystery, Comedy The Case of the Vanishing Prairie is a comic addition to the classic Sherlock Holmes detective tales. Dr. Watson, long-time companion of Sherlock Holmes, leaves the renowned super sleuth to strike out on his own. Seeking a quiet life in the Old West, he finds himself engulfed in a series of comic disasters. After a bank robbery wipes out his retirement nest egg, Watson has to seek employment—as a personal veterinarian to the area's leading rancher (also its leading rustler, as it turns out). Watson's new career starts rather badly when he inadvertently drives a prize bull off the ranch. But Watson manages to overcome his embarrassment because he is smitten by the rancher's gorgeous niece. And to woo her away from straight shooter Wyatt Wayne, he decides to impress her by becoming a master sleuth himself. Who robbed the bank, who is causing cowboys to disappear, and who or what is causing sizeable neck bites among the locals? Can Watson, without Holmes's expert guidance, solve all this just by himself? And who is this Old Timer who turns up mysteriously? Author John Parr, literary critic, lives in Winnipeg with his cat Daisy. He wrote *Jim Tweed*, a novel about a boy coming of age in the Winnipeg of the 1940s. Available from www.davuspublishing.com.

Dear Hansom Wheels,

My name is Irfan Shah and I am a researcher and writer from Leeds, England.

I was the researcher and co-writer of *The First Film*, a feature-length documentary released in cinemas in 2015 about the inventor Louis Le Prince, who shot the world's first films in 1888 before disappearing mysteriously on September 16th 1890.

And it's Le Prince that I am writing to you about today. I am currently writing a biography of him entitled *The Shadow Traps*, which I am attempting to crowd-fund.

I have a link to this project which I hoped you might be persuaded to share with fellow Sherlockians. I was hoping that this story of Le Prince would resonate with you. It takes place over the same period of time in which the Sherlock Holmes stories were first published and contains at his heart, an unsolved mystery: he was last seen boarding the Dijon to Paris train—just before he was due to travel to New York and demonstrate his films in public for the first time—and was never seen or heard from again.

I was also hoping that my project might afford people with an opportunity to investigate the case themselves, for their own amusement but also in the belief that new discoveries regarding Le Prince might be uncovered as a result.

I believe I can demonstrate for the first time ever why Le Prince never returned to New York and in doing so have uncovered a conspiracy theory within a conspiracy theory, however the question of what exactly happened to Le Prince on his final day remains a mystery.

On my webpage I have a section where people can ask questions. I am going to use these spaces to start a dialogue with people whereby the "case" of Le Prince's mysterious disappearance can be investigated and where people who wish to explore the story can ask me any question they like about it.

My work on Le Prince has been a passion project for many years now. It would mean a lot if it made a connection with others who recognise a fellow enthusiast and so if you did feel it would be appropriate to share my link, I would be most grateful: <https://unbound.com/books/the-shadow-traps>.

Any feedback would be gratefully received, and please feel free to ask any questions you might have about my project.

Many thanks for your time

Best regards, Irfan