



The Pink 'Un



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The Hansom Wheels Website (which includes *The Pink 'Un*): <http://www.hansomwheels.com>

“When you see a man with whiskers of that cut and the ‘Pink 'Un’ protruding out of his pocket, you can always draw him by a bet”—
Sherlock Holmes, “The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle”

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I Find It Recorded in My Notebook . . .

The Hansom Wheels met at The Palmetto Club on August 18 with twenty-four in attendance: **Steve and Veronica Adams, Richard Blenko, Sue Brake, Tom and Celeste Burner, Tom and Krys Elmore, Kevin and Becky Lewis, George and Sarah Linder, Maureen Mahon, Pat McNeely, Wayne Scott, Julie Smoak, Monte Steedly and Twyla Tuten, Jim and Ceille Welch, Patti Wilkes, Barbara Yongue, Mary Dematteis, and me, Phil Dematteis aka The Tantalus aka Your Editor.**

After dinner, I announced that the game was afoot, and we toasted *the* woman, Irene Adler. We also toasted, in absentia, our own *the* woman, **Myrtle Robinson**, who has stepped down as secretary; her place as liaison to The Palmetto Club has been assumed by the aforementioned **George and Sarah Linder**. **Tom Elmore** led the group in the responsive reading of the Musgrave Ritual.

Next up were the Happy Hour Posers, in which the object is to decipher the titles of stories from the Canon from puns: 1. I bought a dozen bottles of wine, and they were all exactly the same = a case of identicals = “A Case of Identity.” 2. I bought a copy of Plato’s *Republic* in the original language, but I couldn’t read it, so I hired a guy to translate for me = “The Greek Interpreter.” 3. That was Elvis’s final curtain call; he has left the building = “His Last Bow.” 4. Casey Jones’s train was hijacked, and he had to hitchhike back home = “The Engineer’s Thumb,” the Assigned Story for the meeting.

The Featured Presentation of the Evening was **George Linder’s** “The Dottle Mystery.” It was pretty elaborate and involved the whole group in trying to solve a series of murders. First, he reminded us of Sherlock Holmes’s expertise in recognizing various types of cigarette, cigar, and pipe ash and even held up and passed around an actual copy of Holmes’s monograph on the subject! He also passed around a pipe that he said was worth several hundred dollars (I slipped it into my pocket). He then showed a series of PowerPoint slides of all kinds of tobacco and explained their properties: burley,

Virginia, Kentucky dark fired, and Oriental; ribbon cut, shag, flake, plug, crumble cake, cube cut, rope, rolled or coin, and Latakia (a kind of Oriental). He then had **Sarah** pass out petri dishes with various types of tobacco and also plastic cups with tiny quantities of Scotch whisky, the peaty bouquet of which was similar to the smell of Latakia (I drank mine, as well as **Pat McNeely’s**). Then he set up the murders, describing the four victims (Ambrose Whitman, an apprentice nob thatcher [wigmaker]; Markus Veeter, a tosher [person who sifted through raw sewage looking for valuables]; Joffrey Klack, a knocker-upper [guy who was hired to knock on doors to wake people up—get your mind out of the gutter]; and Clansey James, a jerquer [customs officer]), what happened to them (they were all strangled), and the suspects (The Rupert’s Corner Gang of pickpockets; Simon Thompson, an escaped murderer; and Seamus McKeon, a fishing-boat owner and smuggler). The clue was pipe dottle and two spent matches next to each body. After letting us think about it for a while, he revealed that although Inspector Lestrade thought Thompson was the murderer (he was wrong as usual, of course), Holmes deduced, based on their various smoking habits, that it was Colonel Mustard in the billiard room with the candlestick. No, just kidding. It was Seamus McKeon, who personally killed Whitman for cheating him out of his smuggling profits and ordered his scurvy crew to kill the other three. Elementary.

To top it all off, **George** concluded his presentation by handing out door prizes. **Julie Smoak** and **Maureen Manon** got scones; **Pat McNeely** received a two-volume paperback edition of *the complete Sherlock Holmes*; **Tom Elmore** won a deed to one square foot of property in Scotland; **Richard Blenko** was awarded a Missouri Meerschaum corncob pipe; and I got a bottle of scotch!

Becky Lewis ended the evening with a reading of Vincent Starrett’s Sacred Sonnet, “221B,” and we dispersed into the night like a puff of pipe smoke.

Hannah Timmons

August 12, 1934–September 18, 2022

For October: Liquor and Art!

The Hansom Wheels will meet at **7:00 p.m.** on **October 20** at **The Palmetto Club**, 1231 Sumter Street. The price for dinner will be **\$35.00** per person; adult beverages will be available at an extra charge. The Featured Presentation will be **Tom Elmore’s** “The Case of the Thirsty Detective—A ‘Spiritual Guide’ to the Sherlock Holmes Stories.” In addition, there will be a drawing for an original Sherlockian painting by professional artist **Barbara Yongue!** The Assigned Story

is *The Sign of (the) Four*. Please **make a reservation ASAP** at hansomwheels@aol.com. If you will not be able to attend, **please cancel no later than noon on Monday, October 17**; we will be charged for all of the meals we have ordered by that time, whether they are eaten or not. Therefore, if you cancel after the deadline, or just don’t show up, we will be forced to ask you to send us \$35.00 (\$70.00 for a couple) to cover the cost. Thank you! (**Note:** There will be no Zoom this time.)

Classic (i.e., Old) Happy Hour Posers, Including Three by Bob Robinson! Name the Adventures:

1. Hot Cutlery.
2. Electrify a Few Worn-Out Cops.
3. Quest for the Fountain of Youth.
4. It's a billboard advertising a performance by the Mills Brothers.

Photos from the August Meeting

(Photos by Richard Blenko, Mary Dematteis, and Your Editor)

