



The Pink 'Un



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

Palmetto Club Liaisons: **George and Sarah Linder**

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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 17 with twenty-two members and guests in attendance: **Sallie Carvalho, Carol Cranford, David Cranford, Robert Cranford, Will Cranford, Mary Dematteis, Becky and Kevin Lewis, George and Sarah Linder, Mark McGill, Allison McNeely, Pat McNeely, Myrtle Robinson, Wayne Scott, Julie Smoak, Monte Steedley, Michele Taylor, Twyla Tuten, Patti Wilkes, Barbara Yongue, and Your Editor, Phil Dematteis aka The Tantalus.** You may have noticed a lot of people named **Cranford** in this list. They are **Myrtle Robinson's** daughter, grandsons, and great-grandson, who came to hear her presentation.

If you did not attend, and if you are flexible enough to do so, you should kick yourself in the behind for missing a whole lot of fun. After dinner, I announced that the game was afoot; we toasted *the* woman, Irene Adler, and did the responsive reading of The Musgrave Ritual. We then moved to the Happy Hour Posers, where the object is to deduce the titles of Canonical adventures from a series of puns: 1. We took an oath while standing on an unkempt plot in the cemetery = the mussed-grave ritual = “The Musgrave Ritual.” 2. I lie on the floor and let my dog lick peanut butter off of my bare belly = the navel treatie = “The Naval Treaty,” the Assigned Story of the evening. 3. My manservant who takes care of my clothes is a really scary guy = the valet of fear = *The Valley of Fear*. 4. He'll probably never get married because he's too blunt and undiplomatic = the no-bull bachelor = “The Noble Bachelor.”

Since we had some folks whom we hadn't seen in years, and others we had never met before, under the heading of Any and All Other Unavoidable Scionic Business I asked everybody to introduce themselves to the group and tell us what they did on their summer vacations. No, not that last part. I also explained the meaning of my title, **The Tantalus**, showed them a picture of the locking decanter holder that the name comes from (it's reproduced

on the bottom of page 2), and told them how **John Wrisley** hung the moniker on me. We also sang “Happy Birthday” to **Sallie Carvalho**, who was celebrating that milestone with us.

The Featured Presentation was **Myrtle Robinson's** “A Rose by Any Other Name,” about how Arthur Conan Doyle and James M. Barrie came up with names for some of their characters. “Sherlock” was a common surname among the Irish Travelers, a clan of vagabond thieves and con artists; Doyle chose it because “it takes a thief to catch a thief.” Barrie went through “Harry Potter,” “Harry Potts,” and “Peter Potts” before landing on “Peter Pan,” and “Minnie Pearl,” “Minnie Bell,” and “Twinkie Bell” before ending up with “Tinker Bell.” All of this was quite believable except the “Sherlock” business, since, as everybody knows, Sherlock Holmes was a real person and Doyle was Watson's literary agent. But it was an entertaining story, and we all enjoyed it.

The rest of the meeting was a group grope—no, wait, that's a sex orgy, and we don't do those anymore. It was a group *effort* in which everybody joined in reciting and/or singing poems and songs provided by **Myrtle** that had been written by her late husband, our former program chairman **Bob Robinson**: “A Toast to Charles Augustus Milverton”; “Lestrade,” based on the song “I Am the Monarch of the Sea” from Gilbert and Sullivan's *H.M.S. Pinafore* (we recited it, because nobody knew the tune); “Toast to Lestrade and Gregson”; and “My Darling Sherlock,” which we *did* sing, since everybody knows the tune to “My Darling Clementine.” Each verse of the song was based on a story from the Canon. Everybody was so in sync and in harmony that you'd think we had rehearsed, but we hadn't.

We brought the proceedings to a conclusion with our usual group recitation of the Sacred Sonnet, “221B,” and went home “pitying the fools” (to paraphrase Mr. T as Clubber Lang in *Rocky III*) who didn't come to the meeting and missed out on all of this jollification.

For October: Sherlock Stuffs His Face!

The Hansom Wheels will meet at **7:00 p.m.** on **Thursday, October 19**, at **The Palmetto Club**, 1231 Sumter Street. The Featured Presentation, via Zoom from Chicago, will be **Linda Crohn** of the Torists International Scion Society of the Baker Street Irregulars, who will answer the question “Is Sherlock a Foodie?” The Assigned Reading is “**The Noble Bachelor.**” The price for dinner is **\$35.00** per person; adult beverages will be available for an extra charge. If you have not already made a reservation, please do so at

hansomwheels@aol.com by 12:00 noon on Monday, October 16. If you have made a reservation and find that you will not be able to attend, **please cancel no later than noon on Monday, October 16;** we will be charged for all 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 cough up \$35.00 (\$70.00 for a couple) or have your legs broken. (Just kidding about the legs.) See you there!

Happy Hour Posers (Name the Adventures):

1. It's a very distinguished, high-class collection of traditional stories.
2. My employer wants to know what his manservant has done with his grooming tool.
3. Donald Trump.
4. They remodeled the Pyncheon home in Salem and took off four of the triangular roof ends, leaving only ...

Photos from the August Meeting

Since our staff photographer, **Richard Blenko**, who usually takes pictures of *everybody*, was not at the meeting because he had a dentist's appointment in West Virginia that day—"the only selfish act which I can recall in our association" (as Holmes says about Watson deserting him for a wife in "The Blanched Soldier"), I am using photos submitted by **Myrtle Robinson** and **Mary Dematteis** and a couple I took. Just about everybody is pictured, some multiple times; some are in the foreground, while others can be glimpsed in the distance, sometimes as the back of a head or part of an arm. Hey, we do the best we can.

