



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 . . .

Fifteen people attended The Hansom Wheels meeting at The Palmetto Club on April 16: **Pat McNeely, John Hudgens, David Todd, George and Sarah Linder, Nadia Mostafa, Ashby and Joann Morton, Julie Smoak, Carl and Elaine Johnson, Carlina de la Cova, Becky Lewis, Mary Dematteis, and Phil Dematteis, aka The Tantalus, aka your Editor.**

Before dinner, somebody said grace; I don't remember who, and I failed to make a note of it, but I know it wasn't me. Most likely **George or Sarah Linder.** After dinner, I announced that the game was afoot; we toasted *the* woman, Irene Adler; and **Nadia Mostafa** led us in the responsive reading of The Musgrave Ritual.

Next we turned to the Happy Hour Posers, where the task is to figure out the titles of Canonical Adventures concealed in a series of puns: 1. When he got home, he discovered that his wife had left him and taken with her everything they owned = “The Empty House.” 2. He didn't have a very good poker face: he bellowed with joy when he was dealt the highest card in the deck = the yell of ace = “The Yellow Face.” 3. The prisoner in isolation walked around and around in his cell = “The Solitary Cyclist.” 4. “I say, Holmes, what are you going to do with all those hardboiled eggs?” “You know my methods, my dear Watson. Apply them. Today is Easter” = the dyeing detective = “The Dying Detective.”

The Featured Presentation of the evening was by, of all people, me. Having no better ideas, I decided to regale the group by reading excerpts from old *Pink 'Uns* that I thought were amusing; I had done this once before, in August 2019, and people seemed to get a kick out of it. Or at least they acted like they did, which was good enough for me. These included reports on previous meetings and previews of future meetings, some of which contained fictionalized or exaggerated elements (i.e., lies).

An example from the August 2007 issue: “SpokesMan **Cap'n Billy Rawl** called the meeting to order by announcing, ‘The game is afoot.’ **Al McNeely**, who was playing cards with his wife, **Pat**, and **Joe** and **Margie Plyler**, objected: ‘The game is *not* Afoot. The game is Texas Hold 'Em.’ **Cap'n Billy** moved on. ‘Let us toast *the* woman. To ear-RAY-nee Adler!’ At which point, passions that had been building up in **your Editor** for many years boiled over. ‘What in the &\$%@*# is the *matter* with you people?’ I screamed. ‘You and **Bob Robinson** and **G. B. Lane** and Jeremy Brett call her “ear-RAY-nee” or “eye-REE-nuh” or “eye-REE-nee” or some such thing. It's “eye-REEN” for God's sake! She wasn't Greek or French! She was from NEW JERSEY! Haven't you ever heard the old song “Good Night, Irene”? My Aunt Minnie used to have her hair cut at Irene's Beauty Shop in Collinsville, Illinois. Irene was Italian, but even SHE called herself “eye-REEN.” It's “Eye-REEN”! “Eye-REEN”! “Eye-REEN”! AAAARGH!’ At that point I must have passed out; when I regained consciousness, I was tied to my chair. The rest of this report is from memory, since I couldn't take notes.”

From July 2011: “The Featured Presentation in October will be the famous trompe-l'oeil painter, Broadway stage designer, and magician **Christian Thee**, who will dazzle us with a magic act in which he will saw off his own head, levitate his beautiful and scantily clad assistant, and transform **Bob Robinson** into a woodchuck. Well, maybe not.”

We ended the meeting, as always, with a group reading of Vincent Starrett's Sacred Sonnet, “221B,” and dispersed to our various domiciles, still chuckling over the witty turns of phrase that we had heard. (In an act of gross self-indulgence, and to fill up space, I've put more excerpts on page 2!)

For August: Basil or Jeremy? You be the judge!

The Hansom Wheels will meet at **6:30 p.m. on Thursday, August 20**, at The Palmetto Club, 1231 Sumter Street. The Featured Presentation will be a video comparing the performances of Basil Rathbone and Jeremy Brett as Sherlock Holmes and those of their various Watsons. The Assigned Story is “The Mazarin Stone.” The price for dinner will be \$45.00 per person; adult beverages will be available for purchase. If you have not already made reservation(s), please do so by replying to the email to which this issue is attached, or by writing to hansomwheels@aol.com, by 12:00 noon on **Monday, August 17**. If you want to add anyone to your

party after you reserve, please email that same address. If, after reserving, you find that you can't attend, **the deadline to cancel is also noon on the 17th**. We will be charged for all the meals we have ordered by that time, whether they are consumed or not; so if you cancel after the deadline or just don't show up, we will expect you to send us the moolah, because otherwise we will have to pay for your meal(s), and we know that would make you feel very, very bad. And we would not want that for you, because we are kindhearted people, even if we don't look like it. See you there!

Happy Hour Posers:

1. When Donny asked why there was no raw umber in his new box of Crayolas, the Dude replied, “It’s a _____, _____.”
2. He died when his horse was bitten by the blue-tail fly and threw him off. But years before that, he smoked a lot of marijuana and went on to win a marathon.
3. When Basil Rathbone’s costar quit the Sherlock Holmes radio series, he had to sign what seemed like 2,000 pounds of documents.
4. On a trip out west, I hiked down into a gorge that was shaped just like a human auricle or pinna. It was called _____.

The Tantalus reading excerpts from old *Pink ’Uns*



December 2004: **Program Director Bob Robinson** announced that there would be no quiz on the assigned story of the evening, “The Beryl Coronet,” because Quizmistress **Marcia Rowen** was halfway through the composition of it when she came down with the flu. Instead, we were treated to a recording of a couple of episodes of a program that used to run on the local public radio station: “Lloyd Squared,” which featured two of our members telling jokes: **Lloyd W. Brown**, whom we know as **Bill**, and the late **Lloyd Newman**, who went by **Larry** (apparently people named Lloyd always want to be called something else). Here’s an example: “Three blondes are stranded on an island. A fairy appears and offers to grant each of them one wish. The first blonde asks to be intelligent. Instantly, she is turned into a brunette and swims off the island. The second blonde asks to be more intelligent than the first. She is turned into a redhead, builds a boat, and sails off the island. The third blonde asks to be even more intelligent than the other two. The fairy turns her into a man, and he walks across the bridge.” (Rim shot!)

June 2006: **Bob Robinson** related an anecdote, “Watson’s Bad Day,” in which Watson tells Holmes about riding on the bus next to a woman who, whenever the conductor sold her a ticket or wanted to see the ticket, took off her gloves, put them in her lap, picked up her handbag, took out her purse, took out the money or the ticket, put the purse back in the handbag, put the handbag under the seat, picked up her gloves, and put them back on. This happened over and over and over again. Finally, Holmes screams, “Watson, if you mention her gloves and her handbag one more time, I’m going to strangle you!” “That’s what *I* did to *her*,” Watson replies, dragging his ball and chain back to the other side of his cell.

September 2009: Because too many people (including **your Editor**) were out of town, the Hansom Wheels did not meet at the New Orleans Riverfront Restaurant on June 18. Zero people attended. Spokesman **Cap’n Billy Rawl** did not announce that the game was afoot, we did not toast *the* woman, and **nobody** led us in the Musgrave Ritual.

Bob Robinson did not reveal the answers to his Happy Hour Posers, in which we have to decipher clues to the titles of Sherlockian adventures, or the acrostic that accompanied them. Quizmistress **Marcia Rowen** did not administer a quiz on “The Adventure of Wisteria Lodge,” but she probably wouldn’t have even if there had been a meeting, since she usually is not present, so **Your Editor** usually has to administer it, but this time I didn’t.

We avoided any and all Unavoidable Scionic Business. Nobody introduced any guests. No new members showed up. Neither **Twyla Tuten**, **Myrtle Robinson**, nor **Kathy Newman** made any comments about the North Augusta middle schools *Hound of the Baskervilles* Reading Project. **Your Editor** did not get into an altercation with someone sitting at his table and stab him or her with a dinner fork.

The Featured Presentation of the Evening would have been a talk by **Bob Robinson** on Professor Moriarty as the true inventor of the telephone, but it wasn’t, because there was no Featured Presentation of the Evening, and nobody there to hear it if there had been. It’s too bad, because it really would have been good.

Nobody recited the Sacred Sonnet, “221B,” and we did not all leave the premises, because we weren’t there to begin with.