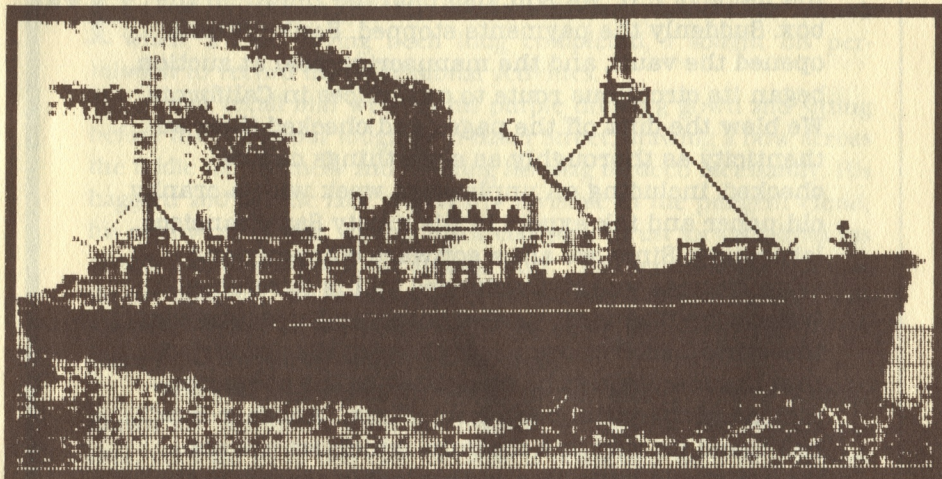


LIVING LITERATURE

SHERLOCK HOLMES

IN "ANOTHER BOW"



*Being an Unabridged Reprint
from the Unpublished Portfolio
of the late*
JOHN H. WATSON, M.D.

INCLUDES:

- The first three chapters of Dr. Watson's lost manuscript
- The annotated Passenger List of the *S.S. DESTINY*
- General information for passengers

The manuscript of "Another Bow" came to us through channels as mysterious as any Holmes ever encountered. The pages, yellowed and dog-eared, were discovered in a safety-deposit box in the vault of the National Newark and Essex Bank of New Jersey, where, presumably, Dr. Watson had stored them for safekeeping. For decades, someone in Newark, under the name of J.H. Watson, had paid the rental on the box. Suddenly the payments stopped. Bank officials opened the vault, and the manuscript, sold at auction, began its circuitous route to our offices in California. We blew the dust off the pages and checked their authenticity as thoroughly as such things can be checked, including an unpleasant week with a cranky old paper and ink expert in his musty San Francisco laboratory. Since we are a software company and since Holmes was characterized by his chronicler, Watson, as "the most perfect reasoning machine that the world has ever seen," we thought it appropriate that the manuscript be translated to the computer, instead of the usual book form. Thus, "Another Bow" has found its way to a medium, which we are convinced, would have been of invaluable service to the Master had he been fortunate enough to practice his craft amidst the golden age of computers.

P.A. Golden, Editor
Los Gatos, California

Special thanks to the National Maritime Museum
for supplying photographs and related materials.

COMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS ON LOADING AND PLAYING "ANOTHER BOW" ARE ENCLOSED WITH THE SHIP MAP.

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CHAPTER 1

A NOTE FROM THE PAST

“IT CAN’T HURT NOW,” Mr. Sherlock Holmes would often remark when, a case having been long completed, I sought his permission to record his professional activities.

I can recall him wearing his purple dressing gown and sitting before the fire in our lodgings in Baker Street, drawing a bow across the fiddle on his knees and smoking his shag tobacco incessantly. His haggard and ascetic face was nearly invisible in the pungent cloud, his eyes were closed, and his black clay pipe thrust forward from his mouth like the bill of some strange bird. “You see, Watson, but you do not observe,” he would correct me on one point or another, and I would marvel at the keenness of his mind, and speculate on his place in history, knowing it was assured.

Which brings me to the heart of this matter. I have seldom drawn my narratives from the brilliant twilight of my friend’s career, yet I do so in this case because it possessed such vital importance. Not only did I require Holmes’ leave to record it, I required that the world once again be at peace. I required the conviction that our planet would still spin safely on its axis. For if my singular friend had not involved himself, had he not applied his prodigious talents to the task, not bent his mighty intellectual shoulders to the wheel, the existence of the world as we know it to-day would have had no more reality than a fever dream.

It began innocently enough, in the latter days of June, that first summer following the Great War. I awoke one morning to discover that the dreary rains had ceased, and the sun was shining. At breakfast, Mrs. Watson suggested we take our holiday with her widowed sister, who had secured for the season a home in Portofino. Having no taste for Italy, and even less for my wife’s sister, I argued with some vehemence against Violet’s plan. However, when she slid the

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ham and eggs from the pan, missing my plate but not my lap, I took it as an indication that my darling was in one of her rather stubborn moods—precisely her sister's permanent state—and I brushed the food to the floor and fled out the door to Queen Anne Street.

I wandered aimlessly. By noon it was quite hot, a breeze having lifted the veil of fog from London, revealing a light blue sky with fleecy white clouds drifting out towards the Channel. I thought enviously of Holmes living peacefully with Nature in his villa on the southern slope of the Downs, with a marvellous view of the Channel, and of how he revelled in the exquisite air whilst walking the pebbled beach. There, if one chose, one could have a refreshing dip in the swimming-pools of curves and hollows that followed the contours of the coast-line and were filled by the tides.

Although it was Holmes who had introduced me to the present Mrs. Watson, owing to Violet's moods and a strong possessiveness whose charm had worn during the seventeen stormy years of our marriage, I had not seen my old comrade in a number of months. After strolling to a tobacconist and purchasing an ounce of 'ship's,' I charged my pipe and resumed my walk, wistfully remembering my decades of association with Holmes. Now that the War was ended and the Allied and associated powers were negotiating the terms of peace at Versailles, Londoners appeared cheerful as they hurried about their business, as cheerful as Londoners are wont to appear. I was lost in my reminiscences when the bells sounded in a church. I opened my pocket-watch, and so as not to be late for my luncheon with my literary agent, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, I rode, reluctantly, in a cab to Simpson's.

Sir Arthur had served as senior physician in a field hospital during the second Boer War. He had written a sterling defense of England's conduct in that campaign, which had been widely read. He had received his knighthood in 1902, and not long after, his first wife had passed away. That was quite some time ago—roundabout the time of my marriage to Violet—and although, along with his re-

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marriage, the intervening years had been kind to him, the past six months had not. That cold and bitter east wind, which Holmes had predicted upon the capture of the German spy Von Bork, had withered before its blast Doyle's beloved son, Kingsley, and Sir Arthur's brother, Innes. Both men had died as a result of that Hun-inspired atrocity.

In addition to his political writings, medical work, and literary agency, Sir Arthur owned an establishment in Westminster, The Psychic Bookstore, where he pursued his passion for mysterious phenomena by authoring, publishing, and selling tomes on the subject. He had been working feverishly, adhering to the maxim that work is the best antidote to sorrow, but his passion was bankrupting the poor fellow. He and Lady Doyle regularly attended séances, claiming to have contacted through them the dear deceased boy, Kingsley. I was skeptical of the subject of Sir Arthur's obsession, and rather agreed with Holmes' verdict in the matter, that the world is big enough for us, and no ghosts need apply. I had written Sir Arthur a note to this effect, and although I could not concur with his logic—indeed, that is the very element which is absent in his argument—the emotional content of his reply is etched in my memory:

My dearest Dr. Watson: In our agonized world, with the flower of our race dying in the promise of their youth, with their wives and mothers having no conception whither their loved ones have gone, I suddenly saw that this subject with which I had dallied was not merely a study of a force outside science, but that it was a breaking down of the walls between two worlds, a message from beyond, an undeniable call of hope and guidance to humanity at the time of its deepest affliction.

Entering Simpson's, I spotted Sir Arthur at a small table in the front window. It was precisely the table where Holmes and I had solved many a knotty problem, particularly during the case of 'The

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Illustrious Client,' a draft of which was piled unceremoniously on my desk, crying for completion. I was to have finished it that very morning, and I cursed my error in arguing with my wife. She had read the draft the previous evening, and had accused me of making sport of her younger years.

Sir Arthur was sipping from a glass of whiskey and gazing sadly out the window. The agony of which he had written in his letter was plainly marked on his face. His gaze seemed hollow and distant, as though he were regarding the fog across a dark, deserted moor, and not the gay, sunlit ribbon of humanity unravelling through the Strand. His great drooping moustaches, grey now as a winter sky, hid a mouth whose corners were turned south in a perpetual frown, a mouth that could speak only of sadness.

"Dear Watson," said he, bravely casting off his gloom, rising, and extending his hand when I approached the table. "It's been too long."

We shook hands vigourously, and he clapped me upon the back. I was curious as to the purpose of our meeting. He had been vague over the telephone, and he continued to keep his intentions to himself. The waiter arrived. I requested a gin and tonic, and we ordered our meal. With the noose of German U-boats finally loosened from England's shores, food rationing was but an unpleasant memory. The roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, and peas were delicious; the claret a dry, quiet complement to our fare.

We made idle chatter, evading all talk of comrades and colleagues. At our advanced ages it was no trivial matter to ask of old friends, as they might very well have moved from their houses to their graves on rather short notice. I avoided asking after Lady Doyle, for I had heard the death of her step-son had horribly stricken her. Sir Arthur, on his part, did not inquire about Mrs. Watson, the gossips of London having spread the storm warnings of my marriage from stern to bow.

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At last the waiter cleared the table. Sir Arthur tossed me his cigar case, a gesture that brought Holmes to mind, and passed me the gold end-cutter from his vest-pocket. As we sipped the wine, and savoured the wonderfully slow-smoking Havanas, Sir Arthur proceeded to disclose his reason for inviting me to luncheon.

"Watson," said he, clearing his throat, "you are familiar with the American actor William Gillette?"

"Of course. I saw him in London. Believe it was in '97 or '98, in his play 'Secret Service.' Marvellous actor. And his Sherlock Holmes was magnificent. The Holmes of my stories is a wan and shadowy creature compared to the vivid, flesh-and-blood character that Gillette has written and brought to the stage."

"You're too modest. But allow me to continue. You recall the party Lady Doyle and I gave last Christmas? When I introduced you to Waldorf Astor, and his wife, the woman born in America, Nancy Witcher Astor?"

"Certainly. Astor is proprietor of *The Observer*. A fine paper. Topping. He served as private secretary to Lloyd George. Was hell's own amount of assistance to the Prime Minister. Then he was something or other in the ministry of foods towards the conclusion of the War. And from what I understand, come the November election, now that Astor's a viscount and required to abandon his seat in the Commons, his wife may very well be the first woman ever to sit in Parliament."

"Excellent, dear boy," replied Sir Arthur, excitedly drawing his cigar from his mouth, causing the long ash to topple on the tablecloth. A few of the grey flakes alighted in his wine glass, floating like volcanic islands on the ruby surface. "Now," he passionately continued, "you are undoubtedly acquainted with your American publisher, Isidore Doubleman?"

"Really," said I, chuckling to mask my annoyance. "You must stop quizzing me like a school boy. Please, come to the point."

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"Yes, very well," he sighed, draining the wine from his glass. I thought it best not to mention the ash. It did not appear to bother him. He said, "Mr. Gillette wishes to revive his Holmes play. First in New York, then London. Your Mr. Doubleman has agreed to finance the productions, if—and this is a rather large if—if he can persuade Holmes to allow Doubleman & Company to publish his early monographs in a collection."

"Ah," said I, "Holmes's writings on tobacco ash, the tracing of footsteps, the influence of a trade upon the hand, tattooing, cyphers, the human ear, and I believe there were several more."

"Mr. Doubleman has heard rumblings that Holmes is completing a master-work on the science of deduction. He wishes to publish this as well. He feels that the play, coming on the eve of these publications, will assist in the selling of the books." He paused and re-filled his wine glass. "I don't need to tell you, Watson, as the agent in this affair, I stand to earn a tidy sum. Of course, you do as well. Not to mention Holmes. My share will keep my Psychic Bookstore afloat."

I puffed on my cigar, feeling my mouth twist in a wry expression.

Sir Arthur responded heatedly, "As a public man of affairs I have never shown myself to be wild or unreasonable! I hope my opinions in psychic matters have some weight when compared to those of my opponents, whose contempt for the subject has not allowed them to give calm consideration to the facts."

"I apologise. No offence intended. What part am I to play?"

"The Astors, now that the War has ended, are planning a cruise. It will originate in New York, sail to London, and return to the States, where they'll visit with the American half of their family. Gillette and Doubleman are scheduled to be aboard, as are the inventors Edison and Bell; some avant-garde sorts from Paris; a Spanish painter named Picasso; Miss Gertrude Stein, a critic or collector; the automobile-maker, Ford; the Baron de Rothschild; and Colonel T.E. Lawrence."

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"Lawrence of Arabia?" I exclaimed, profoundly interested.

Sir Arthur nodded. "He's writing the memoirs of his campaign. General Phillip Ryan and Lieutenant Cullum Jenkins will attend as well."

"The heroes of Belleau Wood," said I, impressed. "Brave chaps."

"Rather," replied he. "It should be quite pleasant. The Astors have engaged a band of jazzmen from New Orleans, and a grand chef. Many more distinguished guests will be aboard. All to celebrate the peace."

"And you wish Holmes to be on hand to discuss your proposition?"

"Precisely. As well as you and Mrs. Watson."

I reflected for a moment. "My dear Violet mentioned something about taking her holiday in Italy with her sister. I could join her later."

"Splendid," answered Sir Arthur. "But what of Holmes?"

I remembered my comrade as I had seen him last. He was gaunt, his hair a white mane, his shoulders stooped with rheumatism. He followed his regimen of exercise, tending his bees, reading, and writing. His years of excessive tobacco use had caused amblyopia, a disease that had dimmed his keen grey eyes and had forced him to employ a magnifying lens whilst poring over his books and papers. He had relinquished cigars and cigarettes, but had held fast to his beloved pipes and shag. He had remained good old Holmes, the most singular man I have ever known, but his powers had been lessened by life's merciless thief: Time.

"Well?" asked Sir Arthur, anxiously. "Would it persuade Holmes to know that the violinist Leopold Auer will be aboard? He has re-located from St. Petersburg to New York. I know Holmes greatly admires him."

"As did Tchaikovsky. I recall Holmes telling me that the composer had dedicated a concerto to Auer. I believe it was after Holmes had lunched with Auer when he was teaching in London." The idea of being re-united with Holmes was tempting, even though it would

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concern money, not crime. "I trust Holmes will agree to sail. He once said to me, 'I fear that I am like one of those popular tenors, who, having outlived his time, is still tempted to make repeated farewell bows to his indulgent audience.' My friend could never resist a stage. I'm certain he'll come!"

"God bless you, Watson! I'm very grateful."

Sir Arthur settled the bill. Although his finances were in disarray, he was a proud man and I did not offer my share, cringing as I remembered how my wife often referred to me as frugal. Sir Arthur wrote some financial figures on a pad and asked that I show them to Holmes. He stated that we were sailing on the *S.S. Destiny*, the day after next, which necessitated that I visit Holmes straight away.

"I've had a letter from my friend Houdini," said Sir Arthur. "He assures me the ship is haunted."

I knew of his budding correspondence with the magician, and I wished Houdini, who always seemed like a clear-thinking fellow, would set Sir Arthur aright in the amount of trickery required to simulate mysticism. Ambling out onto the Strand, we shook hands, and Sir Arthur removed a sheet of thick, pink-tinted note-paper from his jacket pocket, handed it to me, and said, "In my anxiety I nearly forgot this. It arrived at my office from America. I'm skeptical of its importance. Clearly the work of some crack-pot."

The note was dated June 10, 1919, and had a return address on a Lyons Avenue in Newark, New Jersey.

Dear Sir Arthur Conan Doyle,

My mother, Irene Adler, told me a month ago that if I ever needed help I should send a note to you on this paper and you'd see that it got to my father. As I have only read of him in the newspapers and in Dr. Watson's stories, and as he's never contacted us, I'm not counting on him, but mother and I are in real trouble and I beg you to pass this note along. Mother has said that father has a keen yet suspicious mind, that he never fails those in need, and that he will recognize the paper. Please help.

Jeffrey Adler

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"See, Watson," chuckled Sir Arthur, "it's nothing. In 'A Scandal in Bohemia' you referred to the woman as the late Irene Adler. Besides, you were Holmes's constant companion. When would he have had a son?"

"Quite true," replied I, hoping not to alarm him with the facts. "May I keep the note? A souvenir."

"Certainly."

We each hailed a cab, and I promised to contact him as soon as I had Holmes's answer. Riding towards Queen Anne Street, I read and re-read the note. Was this thing possible? What I had not told Sir Arthur was that it had been Holmes himself who had informed me of Irene Adler's death. Perhaps he wanted it that way. To say that he was not fond of the fair sex was to beg the limits of understatement. Particularly Irene, who had beaten him at his own game, and who, to Holmes, was always *the* woman, eclipsing all others in his eyes. At the time, over thirty years ago, I had recently married poor, frail Mary Morstan, dead now of a failed heart. My complete happiness and home-centred interests had drifted Holmes and me apart. I knew little of his comings and goings, only that he alternated between cocaine and ambition, occasionally rising out of his drug-created dreams to take on a case. Reflecting on the matter caused me to sigh wearily, realising that Jeffrey Adler might very well be the son of Sherlock Holmes.

Fortunately, when I arrived at home, Violet was not in the kitchen, so as I packed my bag and leather briefcase, and informed her that I would join her in Portofino three weeks hence, she was armed with neither a cooking utensil nor its contents. Actually, when I mentioned that the matter with Holmes was urgent, she softened, and kissed me, and even assisted in the folding of my shirts. In spite of the fact that we did not socialise, my Violet kept a warm spot for Holmes in her heart, for he had saved her from the clutches of her ruthless ex-fiancé, Baron Gruner. We kissed once more before my departure. I noticed tears glistening on my beloved's ivory cheeks, and despite all the raging waters under the bridge of our marriage, I marvelled at the depth of my love for her.

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I motored out towards the Downs, revelling in how the dusk bathed the rolling green countryside with gold and crimson light. Drawing closer to Holmes's seaside villa, I inhaled the salt air, spied the chalk cliffs, and missed the turn-off for the secluded, tree-shaded lane where he lived. I threw the gears into reverse, and presently found myself parking my automobile beyond the hedges of a stone house, crossing a slate path which wound up a wide, sloped lawn, and knocking on the door of my dear old comrade, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, late of Baker Street.

CHAPTER 2

RETIREMENT DISTURBED

“HOLMES, HOLMES. Open up. It’s Watson.”

Holmes drew back the door. I shouted my greeting, so glad was I to see him. As always, his manner was reserved, and with hardly a word spoken, he rested his hand upon my shoulder and we walked to the sitting-room. It was large and airy, and cheerfully furnished. Beyond the windows, I watched the white-capped waters of the Channel washing against the chalk cliffs, and felt the heat of the sunset pouring past the panes, unfurling over the wood floors like a bolt of scarlet satin.

When we were seated in the comfortably sagging chairs, Holmes said, “Watson, how is Doyle? And why is this matter so pressing?”

I gaped at him in astonishment. “How on earth did you know?”

“Elementary, my dear Watson,” replied he, picking up his Persian slipper, from which he removed fingerfuls of shag and proceeded to fill his calabash, the bowl of the huge curved pipe golden brown from endless hours of smoking. “Your briefcase,” said he, “a fine Spanish leather. You employ it only on literary matters. Ergo, your meeting with Doyle. That the matter is urgent is clear. We are both aware that your Violet keeps you on a rather short rein. For her to allow you out of the stable could only mean that the matter is serious, not social.”

Abashed at Holmes’s description of my marriage, I was nonetheless awed by his powers of deduction. I hurriedly explained Sir Arthur’s situation and proposal, whilst Holmes, ever the close and patient listener, blew great acrid clouds towards the beamed ceiling. Finally, he said, “That’s all well and good. But Violet would not have permitted your journey to the Downs for this alone. Come to the point, my boy.”

I handed him the note. He read it, puffing madly on his calabash, the smoke rising as though from a steam engine. Suddenly he

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dashed from the sitting-room, and I followed at his heels until we traversed a hallway and reached his study. He removed a magnifying lens from the awesome clutter on his desk and examined the pink-tinted paper. Then he switched on a lamp and held the note to the light.

"Look Watson," said he.

I did so and saw a large *E* with a small *g*, a *P*, and a large *G* with a small *t* woven into the texture of the paper.

"My God, Holmes!" exclaimed I. "Now I remember. It is the same paper from 'A Scandal.' The *Eg* is for *Egria*, a German speaking country once in Bohemia. The *P* is for *Papier*. The *G* and *t* stand for *Gesellschaft*, which is the German contraction for 'Company.' It is the identical paper the Bohemian king sent you when Irene Adler was allegedly blackmailing him."

"Precisely," mumbled Holmes, "and this Jeffrey Adler is supposed to be my son."

Although the possibility was a simple question of biology, I had not the heart to ask him if it were true. I remarked, "If Professor Moriarity were alive, one might think he was behind such a letter."

"Yes, yes," answered Holmes impatiently, still studying the note. "Watson, be a good chap and help yourself to some of the cold beef and beer in the kitchen, then sleep in the guest room. I want to consider this to-night. I'll give you your answer about the cruise in the morning."

I glumly went off to eat my supper. Long into the watches of the night, whilst attempting sleep, I heard the mournful wailings of Holmes playing his violin, a signal that his mind was feverishly at work.

Dawn came cold and foggy. When I had dressed I entered the sitting-room, where a poisonous haze of shag smoke and an empty coffee pot informed me that Holmes had not slept.

"Watson," said he. "I've arranged for a neighbour to tend my bees whilst we're away, and I've packed this blasted trunk."

"Splendid," said I, and we hoisted the trunk, and left straight away for the docks.

CHAPTER 3

PASSENGERS OF THE *DESTINY*

AT THE DOCK, we met Sir Arthur and Lady Doyle. They were overjoyed to see Holmes, though he remained as pensive as he had been on the trip from Sussex. Sir Arthur introduced us to Houdini, and I was not much impressed. Yet seeing the Astors, T.E. Lawrence, the Baron de Rothschild, and the world-renowned art critic, Renaldo Berens ascending the gangplank was quite invigourating, and even Holmes brightened when he was introduced to Thomas Alva Edison. As we boarded the *Destiny*, I spied a rather elderly gentleman being wheeled round the bow in a wheelchair. He had a white curved forehead, scant white hair, terribly hunched shoulders, and a scowling, protruding face which slowly oscillated from side to side in a curiously reptilian fashion. He appeared familiar though I could not place him. Perhaps I had seen his picture in the papers, or had read a description of him elsewhere. I asked Holmes if he recognised the man.

My companion squinted towards the bow and replied, "I think not, Watson. But I didn't see him too clearly. My eyes are not what they were."

"Same with my memory," chuckled I, as a porter showed us to our stateroom, and I did not give it another thought.

The dining-room was grand, as was our meal, numerous Creole dishes which I could not pronounce yet managed to consume in extraordinary quantities. A band from New Orleans played a rousing music I had never heard, and which my well-travelled friend Holmes explained was known as Dixieland Jazz. I particularly enjoyed the tail-gate trombonist, Kid Ory, and the cornetist, who the band referred to as Satchelmouth. Holmes and I were seated with the Doyles; my distinguished, silver-haired publisher, Isidore Doubleman, and his rather homely wife, Becky; General Phillip Ryan, a short handsome man of just thirty-five, and his bride, Jenny, a slim, auburn beauty whom I overheard quoting Scripture to her husband as

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he summoned the sommelier for his third bottle of wine; and Lieutenant Cullum Jenkins, whom, I speculated, because of his gangly appearance and hairless cheeks, was no more than nineteen years old. The General became rather nasty to his wife, sneering that he had heard enough of her Bible-quoting dribble to last him a lifetime. I was eager to discuss the War with these heroes of Belleau Wood, but would not do so in the presence of the Doyles, and General Ryan appeared only in the mood to drink himself senseless. Whilst dessert was being served, the General, quite drunk by now, stood, called for silence, raised a glass of Bordeaux and another of brandy, and shouted, "I like the wine of life with a little brandy in it!"

He downed both glasses in rapid succession, announced he needed some air, then stormed drunkenly from the room. I noticed that Mrs. Ryan flashed a winning smile at young Jenkins, and thought I detected her hand, hidden by the linen tablecloth, slide into the Lieutenant's lap. Discreetly, I mentioned this to Holmes.

"Very good, Watson," whispered he. "You are learning to observe."

CHAPTER 4

A HERO ON THE RAIL

BEGIN GAME.

Among the papers that came to us from the National Newark and Essex Bank, we found a printed passenger list of the S.S. Destiny. The list, really a booklet, named each passenger, along with his or her stateroom number, and included a host of facts useful for enjoying the cruise. The cover of the list was decorated with delicate drawings and the booklet was printed on a heavy cream-colored vellum that had become brittle and brown with age. A quick trip to the National Maritime Museum in San Francisco and the assistance of its pleasant and efficient staff proved that this passenger list was standard for early-20th-century ocean cruises.

Interestingly, the wives on the Destiny list were not listed in the standard manner; that is, for example, as Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Edison. Rather, the wives' own first names were used. This, we can surmise, was the handiwork of Lady Astor, one of the premiere supporters of women's rights. Most interesting of all were the handwritten notes—describing the passengers—that were scrawled

across the S.S. Destiny list in ink. These notes existed on our copy, not on the copies that had been preserved at the Maritime Museum. According to Dr. T.F. Richard of the Palo Alto Institute, a world-renowned psychologist who has written the definitive work on graphology, Handwriting: The Key to Human Character, the notes are indeed those of Watson, faithful both to other known documents in his writing and to the particulars of his personality.

As we've learned from other lists from luxury ocean cruises of this period, champagne parties were often held as the ship departed from port, giving the passengers an opportunity to socialize. We can deduce, in the tradition of Holmes himself, that Watson made these notes after the party and before the end of his second night aboard. More importantly, there is no mention of General Ryan's death, which assuredly would have fueled the pen of Watson, a compulsive chronicler. Another curious fact arises: since this list was printed, and quite ornately at that, how is it that Holmes was on it? And Watson? If the initial chapter is to be believed, it would appear as though Holmes and Watson were last minute additions to the cruise, invited not by Lady Astor, but by Conan Doyle. The allotted time for printing would have made it impossible to include the Master and his friend on the list. Was Sir Arthur involved in some hidden plot? Was the letter from Jeffrey Adler naming Holmes as his father and requesting his help a clever ploy?


Such are the questions. The answers remain to be seen.

P.A. Golden, Editor
Los Gatos, California


**ATLANTIC COAST
STEAMSHIP COMPANY**

S.S. DESTINY

TO
NEW YORK



**FIRST CLASS
PASSENGER
LIST**



Sailing Tuesday, July 1, 1919

S.S. DESTINY

CAPTAIN J.P. Jones

A rather handsome man. Tall, broad-shouldered, his hair wavy and a coal-stone black that is turning grey at the temples. Seems incredibly competent, with the slightest hint of arrogance, and a pronounced military air, as if he is certain of his command and will allow no one to challenge it. But very charming besides. Men appear fascinated with his stories of life at sea, and women seem drawn to him, clustering round like moths to a flame. I admit to some envy.

PURSER

Harold Y. Turner

A slovenly man, quite fond of his drink. Runs his office well enough, but reminds me of men I've found in the back alleys of London.

SURGEON

Sean E. Casey

A drinking companion of Turner. I can honestly say that if I owned a dog, and that dog were sick, I'd not trust his cure to Casey's trembling hands.

CHIEF STEWARD

George R. Henderson

Very efficient and pleasant. Always at everyone's beck and call. Seems so busy I have not the heart to speak to him or request his services.



ROOM 201 Lord Waldorf Astor
Lady Nancy Witcher Langhorne Astor

ROOM 202 Mr. Lloyd Langhorne
Miss Meredith Langhorne

ROOM 203 Monsieur Georges Witcher
Madame Deidre Witcher
Mademoiselle Lolita Witcher

ROOM 204 Mr. Thomas Keene
Mrs. Edith Keene

Nannie Astor is lovely and delightful. Lord Astor is not feeling very well. It is his heart, I'm afraid. Interestingly enough, Nannie's cousins are aboard: the Langhornes, Witchers, and Keenes. A sort of belated family re-union, but they refuse to leave their rooms. Nannie says they are horse breeders and didn't I know they are a rather odd lot to begin with? She makes one feel like an old friend within the first minutes of speaking to her. She will do well in the House of Commons. No denying it.

ROOM 101 Mr. Sherlock Holmes
Dr. John H. Watson

ROOM 102 Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
Lady Jean Conan Doyle

The Doyles are preoccupied with the matter of séances, talking to all who will listen. Mrs. Doubleman, among others, seems to be intrigued. I stay clear of that nonsense, though Doyle has tried to entice me into the conversation. Holmes says I should be more patient with my literary agent, but I have no patience for such rubbish.

ROOM 103 Mr. William Gillette

The actor's presence is as marvellous and over-powering in a ballroom as it is on stage. He seems rather excited about the revival of his Holmes play, eager to conclude financial and artistic arrangements.

ROOM 104 Mr. John Garson

Ford's assistant is a strange, stubby man who squints through thick glasses and who is fond of strolling the decks of the ship. He is forever reading from the book The Protocols of the Elders of Zion, a harsh, spirited attack on Jews and their alleged plot to rule the world. He discusses these scandalous lies whilst dining, claiming, among other things, that the Jews will seize control of journalism and literature in their mad drive to dominate humanity. I can barely stomach this poor excuse for a man.

ROOM 105 Mr. Henry Ford

I knew of Ford's pacifism before the War, and of his contribution of materials during it. He is a reticent man, but quite opinionated on world affairs. He often is lost in discussion with Mr. Garson, and I heard them debating a series of articles for Ford's paper, The Dearborn Independent, entitled 'The International Jew.' Why Ford would lend himself to the spread of such filth is beyond me. Even Holmes seems mystified on the question.

ROOM 106 Lieutenant Cullum Jenkins

Commissioned on the battlefield from Sergeant to Lieutenant, this shy, gangly, smooth-faced young man is what the Americans call a 'country boy,' born and raised in Pall Mall, Tennessee. Newspapers, of course, throughout the world, had been filled with the accounts of his bravery in Belleau Wood, where the Allies struck a powerful blow for freedom against the Huns. As reports have it, Jenkins, with less than 10 men, and using only his wits, out-flanked the Germans, cleaned out 40 machine-gun nests and captured 150 of the enemy in a ruse which tricked the Germans into thinking he had far more troops than he actually had. His country awarded him the Congressional Medal of Honor. What a brave, modest lad. I often sadly reflect on how many of his kind did not come home from the War.

ROOM 107 **General Phillip Ryan**
Mrs. Jennifer Ryan

The General, no more than 35 years old, is a strutting peacock of a man. I hear thousands died under his command. But he is still credited with the victory at Belleau Wood. In fact, I am told that he assisted Jenkins, whom he later promoted to lieutenant and named as his adjutant. Ryan is short and squat and built like a bull. He treats his wife rather roughly, although she seems polite in the face of his rudeness. What a lovely woman, with auburn hair and a fetching figure. She spends a good deal of time reading the Scripture and smiling whilst her husband makes pronouncements about his bravery.

ROOM 108 **Mr. Harry Houdini**
Mrs. Bess Houdini

Have not seen much of the magician. Heard he is quite seasick and that his wife is tending to him in their stateroom.

ROOM 109 **Baron Lionel Walter Rothschild**

Save for Holmes, the Baron is the most singular man I have ever known. As a widely respected zoologist, with hundreds of papers and monographs to his credit, a trustee of the British Museum, a fellow of the Royal Society, and a former member of Parliament, he has distinguished himself time and time again. Lord Balfour's letter to him, stating the government's interest in establishing a Jewish national home in Palestine, was as moving a tribute to this man as it was to his remarkable family, a family whose financial contribution to our effort in the War was critical to victory. The Baron is quiet and self-effacing, given to contemplation of birds and plants. He has demonstrated enormous restraint in his dealings with Ford and Garson, who seem to enjoy baiting him with their snide comments upon Jews.

ROOM 110 Mr. Richard Swenson
Mrs. Katherine Swenson

A big, blond, friendly fellow, awash on a world-wide art-buying spree with his family. A former logger from Minnesota, he has made quite a tidy sum in the lumber industry. With the guidance of Renaldo Berens, Swenson has acquired some of the most treasured art in Europe. Miss Stein and Picasso are also assisting him. Mrs. Swenson, tiny and demure, seems rather in awe of her husband, and keeps a constant eye upon their daughters.

ROOM 111 Miss Melissa Swenson

ROOM 112 Miss Melanie Swenson

Identical twins. No more than 18. Blonde with an untamed beauty that seems to come bursting from their skin. Eyes blue and wild and dangerous as the flowers of the tropics. Makes a man feel rather old. Holmes ignores them.

ROOM 114 Sñor Pablo Picasso

A brooding, elfin man who seems more than a little interested in the delightfully coquettish prancing of the Swenson twins. I had heard that his father was a painter, and it reminded me of what Holmes had once said about himself, "Art in the blood is liable to take the strangest forms." No question. Picasso is a strange one.

ROOM 115 Miss Gertrude Stein
Miss Alice B. Toklas

Miss Stein appears rather piqued at Picasso's interest in the young Swensons. This lively, rotund woman, with thick braids, is never far from her companion, Miss Toklas, a quiet, hawklike sort, who seems fond of her knitting. She remains mute, whilst Miss Stein argues with Picasso in French. Often the arguments concern art, but nearly as often, the Swenson girls.

ROOM 116 Mr. Renaldo Berens
Miss Kim Lee

Of course, like most people, I had heard of the brilliant art critic and collector before our voyage, but I was not prepared for the broad expanse of his knowledge or his elegance in expressing it. Fluent in a dozen languages, outfitted in velvets and satins and silks, he is as refined a gentleman as I've ever met. His villa outside of Florence is a gathering place for the wealthy and famous, and Holmes informed me that his art collection and library are revered by scholars throughout the world. Berens has done a fine job for the Swensons, put together an astounding collection. As for Miss Lee, with her streaming black hair and glimmering black eyes, there is little I can say. I have heard that in China a man can divorce his wife if she speaks too much. This is a crime Miss Lee could never be charged with.

ROOM 117 Mr. James Buchanan Tareyton Sr.
Mrs. Charlotte Duke Tareyton

Tareyton Sr., ruler of an American tobacco empire, is a beefy, red-faced man with a blustery voice. He appears rather proud that he can afford to purchase the Smythe Diamond; actually, he appears rather arrogant about the matter. Also speaks proudly of himself as a high-stakes gambler. He possesses the crude habit, for a man in the tobacco business, of puncturing the tip of his cigar with a matchstick. Perhaps this is because he is an American.

Not much to say of his wife. A short, thin woman with a quiet and efficient air about her. She does not chide her husband, which, I might say, is quite an accomplishment, as Holmes and I find him thoroughly obnoxious.

ROOM 118 Mr. Leopold Auer

Very dignified, heavy-browed, with sad, dark eyes and a thick Russian accent. Has spoken very little, except to Holmes and to Miss Marks. I asked Holmes what they had to discuss. My companion chuckled, "How badly Tchaikovsky had disappointed him with his ridiculous concerto." Then Holmes added, "We're fortunate Tchaikovsky is not aboard."

ROOM 119 Colonel T.E. Lawrence

Fascinating chap in an Arab head-dress. We all knew of his bravery in leading the Arab Irregulars against the Turks. In some strange way, the Colonel reminds me of Holmes. He seems in the dumps at times, and rarely speaks. Rumor has it that he's working on the memoirs of his campaign. I'd say he's a stoic sort. Holmes agrees. Says it is the way of the Beduin. I heard Lawrence mention the effortless, empty, eddyleless wind of the desert to Holmes. Lawrence seems to have a soul that arid, and as timeless.

ROOM 120 Mr. Isidore Doubleman
Mrs. Rebecca Burgdorf Doubleman

My American publisher is excited about Holmes's work and the revival of the Gillette play. Isidore is quite the dandy, now, with his silver-knobbed cane and tailored tweed suits. I am pleased to see him re-married, his first wife having run off with one of his gloomier poets before the War. Although his new wife is somewhat dowdy, Isidore seems happy, states that she is of great help at the office, and gleefully refers to her as "his best man." They both appear to enjoy the joke.

ROOM 121 Mr. Horace Marks
Miss Cass Marks

Miss Marks is a charming young woman, lithe as a willow waving in a gentle Spring breeze, her ash-blond hair spilling over her proud, square shoulders in a cascade of silk. She moves with all the grace of the excellent ballerina that I am told she is. Heard her mention that she studied dance in Switzerland. Leopold Auer appears rather fond of her. She is from Cincinnati, Ohio, and is on-board with her grandfather, whom I am told is quite old and sickly and unable to leave their stateroom.

ROOM 122 Mr. Thomas Alva Edison
Mrs. Mina Edison

A crude fellow. Spits tobacco juice everywhere. Spurns conversation. Holmes said of him, "Genius is an infinite capacity to take pains. Edison is such a man, but far more." Perhaps Holmes is right, but I abhor the inventor. His wife, a lovely woman, is forever scolding him like a child, reminding him to mind his manners and not to spit on other passengers' shoes.

ROOM 123 Mr. Alexander Graham Bell
Mrs. Mabel Hubbard Bell

A gem of a man. Very kind to his wife, who is deaf. He is as courteous as Edison is rude. Though Bell managed to spend some time talking to Edison at the reception, I did not overhear their discussion. Holmes enjoyed the Scotsman, and discussed Bell's struggles to teach the deaf to speak, particularly the work done with Miss Helen Keller. I am rather interested in Bell's work with the National Geographic Society, and how one can promote the understanding of distant cultures through photographs.

ROOM 124 Reverend Asher Smythe
Miss Mary Smythe

The Reverend is rather prissy, mean, and pinched. His face is pasty and at the reception he scorned the champagne, though his sister seemed fond of it, much to the disapproval of her brother. For the most part, the Reverend contented himself with discussing the sale of the Smythe Diamond with the elder Tareytons. When I heard the sum of \$250,000 mentioned, I was rather startled. Quite a lot of money for a parson.

ROOM 125 Mr. James Buchanan Tareyton Jr.

A lad of 18. Often follows at his father's heels. Seems terribly eager to please him. Father is terribly abusive to the boy. Shut up, you idiot, is nearly all he says to him.

THE PASSENGERS ABOARD



J.P. Jones
CAPTAIN



Lord Astor
Room 201



Lady Astor
Room 201



Sherlock Holmes
Room 101



John Garson
Room 104



Henry Ford
Room 105



Lt. Jenkins
Room 106



General Ryan
Room 107



Richard Swenson
Room 110



Mrs. Swenson
Room 110



Melissa Swenson
Room 111



Melanie Swenson
Room 112



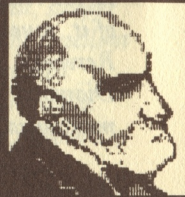
Kim Lee
Room 116



Tareyton Sr.
Room 117



Mrs. Tareyton
Room 117



Leopold Auer
Room 118



Cass Marks
Room 121



Thomas Edison
Room 122



Mrs. Edison
Room 122



Alexander G. Bell
Room 123

THE S.S. DESTINY



Dr. Watson
Room 101



Conan Doyle
Room 102



Lady Doyle
Room 102



William Gillette
Room 103



Jenny Ryan
Room 107



Harry Houdini
Room 108



Mrs. Houdini
Room 108



Baron Rothschild
Room 109



Picasso
Room 114



Gertrude Stein
Room 115



Alice Toklas
Room 115



Renaldo Berens
Room 116



Col. T.E. Lawrence
Room 119



Mr. Doubleman
Room 120



Mrs. Doubleman
Room 120



Horace M. Marks
Room 121



Mrs. Bell
Room 123



Rev. Smythe
Room 124



Miss Smythe
Room 124



Tareyton Jr.
Room 125

GENERAL INFORMATION FOR PASSENGERS

MEALS are served in the main dining room.

BREAKFAST 8 a.m. UNTIL 9 a.m.

LUNCHEON Noon UNTIL 2 p.m.

DINNER 6 p.m. UNTIL 8 p.m.

For your dining convenience tables have been assigned.

The captain will rotate his seat in order to visit with all passengers.

TABLE I

Mr. Holmes, Dr. Watson, Sir and Lady Doyle,
Mr. Gillette, Mr. and Mrs. Doubleman,
General and Mrs. Ryan, Lieutenant Jenkins,
Colonel Lawrence

TABLE II

Lord and Lady Astor, Mr. and Mrs. Bell,
Mr. Garson, Mr. Ford, Baron de Rothschild,
Mr. and Mrs. Edison, Mr. and Mrs. Houdini

TABLE III

Mr. and Mrs. Swenson,
Misses Melanie and Melissa Swenson,
Mr. Berens, Miss Lee, Sr. Picasso, Miss Stein,
Miss Toklas

TABLE IV

Mr. and Mrs. Tareyton, Mr. Tareyton Jr.,
Rev. and Miss Smythe, Mr. and Miss Marks,
Mr. Auer

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UNITED STATES.—The minimum Marconi Rate via Seagate, Sagaponack or South Wellfleet (Cape Cod), or through the medium of a passing steamer and one of these stations is 8s. 4d. for ten words. Each extra word 6d.; text only counted; address and signature free, land charges additional; all charges must be prepaid.

The minimum rate via Siasconsett or Cape Race, or through the medium of a passing steamer and these stations is 12s. 6d. for ten words. Each extra word 9d.; text only counted; address and signature free; land charges additional; all charges must be prepaid.

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UNITED KINGDOM.—The Marconi Rate via Crookhaven or other stations in the United Kingdom, or through the medium of a passing steamer, is 10d. per word, every word in address, text and signature counted; land charges additional; all charges must be prepaid.

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Letters and telegrams may be addressed to the care of any of the Company's Offices, where they will be held until called for, or forwarded, according to instructions. The latest editions of the leading American and English papers are kept on file at the Company's new West End Offices, No. 1, Cockspur Street, London, where passengers' baggage will also be received and stored if required.

For the convenience of Passengers the Purser is prepared to exchange a limited amount of English and American money, at the rate of \$4.80 to the pound when giving American money for English currency, or £1 per \$4.95 when giving English money for American currency.

THE SURGEON is authorised to make customary charges, subject to the approval of the Captain, for treating any passengers at their request for any illness not originating on board the Ship. In the case of sickness developed on board, no charge will be made, and medicine will be provided free in all circumstances.

In case of the Steamers' arrival alongside the Pier at New York after 8 p.m. any passengers who so desire can remain on board until the following morning, but passengers desiring to do so are requested to give notice of their intention.

VALUABLES. The Atlantic Coast Steamship Company has provided a Safe in the office of the Purser in which Passengers may deposit Money, Jewels, or Ornaments for safe keeping. The Company will not be liable to Passengers for the loss of money, jewels, or ornaments, by theft or otherwise, not so deposited.

INSURANCE OF BAGGAGE, &c. Arrangements have been made whereby passengers can have their luggage insured against loss by sea or land, including risk of fire, breakage, theft or pilferage, from the time the baggage is received by the Atlantic Coast Steamship Company until delivery at destination. Other risks can also be insured against.

The Company strongly recommends passengers to ensure their packages whenever practicable, as in the event of loss or damage to baggage the Atlantic Coast Steamship Company cannot under any circumstances accept any liability beyond the amount specified on their steamer contract ticket.

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900, Locust Street, ST. LOUIS

9, East Sixth Street, ST. PAUL
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219, St. Charles Street, NEW ORLEANS
17, St. Sacrament Street, MONTREAL
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HERMANN LINDERMANN, 2 Domkloster,
COLOGNE
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A/M
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