

\* The term "Model T" does not appear in "The Last Bow," which refers only to "a little Ford." But great Sherlockian and automotive minds have declared for the Model T. For example: "From the Editor's Commonplace Book," *Baker Street Journal*, v.33, p.122 (June 1983) (Peter Blau was the editor of the *BSJ*), and William Boddy, "Sherlock Holmes and the Motor-Car," *Sherlock Holmes Journal*, v.12, p.10 (Spring 1975) (Boddy was the editor of *Motor Sport* magazine).



## BAKER STREET ALMANAC

AN ANNUAL CAPSULE OF A  
TIMELESS PAST & FUTURE

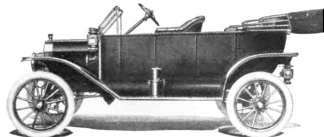


# THE INAUGURAL — AND INVITING — BAKER STREET ALMANAC

If all goes well, next year's *Baker Street Almanac* will not be like the scrap of paper you are holding now. It will be a plump book of Sherlockian data — substantial, elaborate, fact-and-fun-filled. There will be records of — and reflections on — 2018: lists and timelines and tables and directories and maps and so on. And there will be sprinklings of miscellaneous morsels — all Sherlockian, or nearly so. It will be our first big “annual capsule of a timeless past and future.” And it will be available in two formats: electronic (for free online to all) and ink-on-paper (for a pittance to all who pay). For now, though, you will have to make do with this flimsy invitation. Two invitations, really.

First, please tell us what belongs in the *Baker Street Almanac*. We have our own ideas, but we are sure there are more and better to be had. Try this exercise: With the benefit of a century of hindsight, what do you wish a hypothetical 1918 almanac had recorded about happenings in the Sherlockian world in 1917? And what does that suggest to you about future Sherlockians: What do you think a Sherlockian a century or two hence will wish had been recorded (in, say, a handy almanac) about happenings in the Sherlockian world of today? Please tell us, so that next year we can get started on granting that wish from the future, beginning with 2018, beginning, in other words, with right now.

Second, please tell us if you are interested in being a part of this project — in collecting, organizing, or analyzing (or all of them at once) any particular kinds of Sherlockian data that belong in a time capsule. Do not be shy about sharing unorthodox ideas. There should be plenty of room in the *Almanac* for all sorts of acute, original observations. Some subjects may well be more worthy of being placed upon record precisely because of their strange inception or dramatic details. So, please do write to us at [bakerstreetalmanac@gmail.com](mailto:bakerstreetalmanac@gmail.com) or 6600 Barnaby Street NW, Washington, DC 20015. Yes, your ideas are welcome, and so are you.



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Almanac 2018  
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Since we do not yet have the nifty material we are imagining and hoping for, we will fill the rest of this little 2018 Potemkin *Baker Street Almanac* with a salute of a sort to “His Last Bow” (Arthur Conan Doyle’s 1917 story of Sherlock Holmes and John Watson) and *Trenches* (the Baker Street Irregulars’ 2018 story of “His Last Bow”).

## SHERLOCK FOR FORD AND FORD FOR SHERLOCK: ICONIC CROSS-MARKETING IN WARTIME

In 1916, Henry Ford and Arthur Conan Doyle spoke out on opposite sides of the question of American neutrality in World War I, as the editorials reproduced on page 2 of this edition of the *Baker Street Almanac* show. But disagreement did not deter Ford and Doyle from capitalizing on each other’s iconic creations. Ford went first, using Doyle’s icon —

Sherlock Holmes — to appeal to Britons to buy Ford cars. In August 1916, the Sherlockian parody, “The Disappearance of Alice Nosegay” — featuring detective Sheerluck Jones — appeared in the U.K. edition of *Ford Times*, Ford Motor Company’s consumer-oriented magazine. (This was about a century before the brass at Ford got smart and hired Corporal Henry Wood to sharpen the cutting edge of their marketing communications.) In the story, a Ford car is an important prop in Sheerluck Jones’s successful romancing of Alice Nosegay. The unspoken but obvious message: Find a Ford, find true love. The original version of “The Disappearance of Alice Nosegay” is reproduced on page 3 of this edition of the *Baker Street Almanac*.

Doyle, in turn, used Ford’s icon — the Model T (pictured above) — to appeal to Americans to support the war effort. The Sherlock Holmes story, “His Last Bow,” appeared in the September 22, 1917 issue of *Collier’s Magazine* in the U.S. (and in the September issue of *The Strand* in the U.K.). In the story, a Ford car is an important prop —



Holmes and Watson's getaway car — in their successful mission against the German spymaster, Von Bork. Reasonable minds might wonder: Why put the great British detective, heroically serving his country, in an American car when there were acceptable British cars available? The Morgan, for example, as John Benton suggests in the June 1989 *Baker Street Journal*. Or why not a Vauxhall, or an Aston Martin? But consider Doyle's commitment to encouraging the U.S. to enter the war against Germany and its allies, a mission he had been working on since the early days of the war. And recall that the U.S. had declared war on Germany in April 1917, just a few months before "His Last Bow" appeared, and that U.S. commitment to the fight was still a work in progress. Declaration against Germany's allies, for example, would not come until December. Also, pro-neutrality sentiments remained strong in the U.S., and Henry Ford had been a leading exponent. So, perhaps the unspoken but obvious (at the time) message of the Model T\* in "The Last Bow" was: Thank you very much Mr. Ford, and all Americans, because with you on our side, we can beat the Germans (symbolized by a big Benz limousine that nearly, but not quite, runs over Holmes and Watson's little Ford).

Thanks to Peter Blau (BSI, "Black Peter") for a good lead on the original Nosegay story, and to Mark Vargas (The Revs Institute) for tracking it down and passing it along. — Ross E. Davies



## Every Nation the Best Judge of Her Own Honor

EVERY Briton would like to see the United States upon our side, because we are fighting the battle of liberty against aggressive militarism, and we should wish to have men of our blood at our side in so noble a contest, which will decide the future trend of the world's history.

So far as material things go, I am not clear what military or naval advantage could come to the Allies through the accession of the United States to their cause. We already hold the seas, and there are ample men for the land campaign.

I believe the American soldier to be second to none in the world, but before an adequate expeditionary force could be prepared and sent, the crisis of the war will probably be over.

Financially, the United States would, of course, be a great ally, but we believe that we have enough money to see the matter through.

As to whether the States should come in or not, it seems to me a sheer impertinence for any outsider to pronounce an opinion upon such a subject.

Every man is the best judge of his own honor, and so is every nation.

We appreciate upon this side of the Atlantic how complex and difficult is the American situation, and we rest assured that your country will act in such a way that you can justify your position to succeeding generations of Americans.

*Arthur Conan Doyle.*

SIR  
A. CONAN  
DOYLE

The creator of "Sherlock Holmes" is now giving his expert services to his country as a physician.

Windlesham,  
Crowborough,  
Sussex.

# Ford Times

## EDITORIAL

THE more fierce and horrible the maelstrom of war carries the people of Europe, Asia and Africa through the awful swirl of destruction and death, so the more positive becomes the assurance of peace for these United States, as well as for those nations of Europe who have held fast to neutrality. Looking back over the records written by war during the past two years, the conclusion is very plain that war does not represent either civilization nor Christianity. Viewing the human slaughter and consequent human misery, what man, or woman, is there among our people who is not profoundly grateful that this nation has been kept out of war's destruction?

Let the clamorous and greedily selfish money-lenders and makers of war's munitions review the records of the war in Europe during the past two years. Ask the "Interests,"—those combinations of soulless money,—to look upon the appalling vision which pictures the ruthless destruction of cities, towns, villages, manufacturing industries, railways, steamships, and all else that the labor of millions had builded under peaceful conditions, working out the broader humanity. Let them study the picture further, where it paints in flames and blood the slaughter and maiming of millions of men, the misery and poverty, the degradation of women and children, the annihilation of homes and families, and the unutterable misery of the war-swept nations, and then answer, if all the territory and power and gold in the world can compensate for the agonies and destruction of war?

The American people are not blind to the facts; they know what it means, and have set their faces solidly against war. Nor will they be moved from the spirit of absolute impartial neutrality—sympathizing with the sorrows of all belligerent nations and having, ever ready, an eager willingness to move for Peace, on behalf of any nation, at the first invitation.

True, we may have police duties along the borders of Mexico, but let there be no confusion of thought that in the discharge of such responsibilities we are at war with Mexico. The business of the country will move along its accustomed lines in the regular established methods. These United States are not going to engage in war—that fear has passed.



# The Disappearance of Alice Nosegay.

A "Sheerluckian" Drama.

By E. H. Soans.



RAIN was falling steadily as I emerged from the bowels of the earth, and there, outside the Tube station, stood Sheerluck Jones.

Buttoning up my coat I fell into step with the great detective, wondering what surprise he had in store for me.

It was not long before I was enlightened. "My dear What's On, disaster has overtaken us. I will not tax your brain with deductions, but simply state fact. In a few words: Alice Nosegay has disappeared."

This was indeed disaster, because, as all the world knows, Alice was the only woman that Sheerluck had ever betrayed the slightest affection for.

"No clue?" I ventured.

"None whatever;" he vouchsafed, "she has disappeared as completely as if she had never existed."

He walked moodily on, never speaking a word until, turning into Piccadilly, he surprised me by singing at the top of his voice:

"Of all the gir-ir-irls that are so sweet,

There's none so sweet as Al-lus;

She is the dar-ar-ar-ling of my heart,

And lives by the Crystal Pal-lus."

I looked at him, wondering if the shock had turned his brain.

A policeman, attracted by the

singing, came up prepared to remonstrate, but when he saw who the singer was he became subservient in a moment, and remarked with a smile: "Ha, Mr. Jones, working out another ticklish case, I observe."

The astute detective threw him under the wheels of an on-coming motor bus and passed on, while I followed closely in his footsteps.

He was making for Butcher Street, so I did not disturb him by talking. I knew he would think things over when we were there.

He took a seat by the fire that was blazing merrily. Noticing how distraught he was, I said:—

"Why don't you compose yourself, Sheerluck?"

"Ah me, how can I?" he more sobbed than said.

"Yiddle on your fiddle," said I.

"Good idea, What's On, I'll yiddle." Which he did, sucking a nob of resin the while I left him, knowing full well that his brain was intent upon discovering Alice, even though he was weaving such subtle melodies.

About a week after, we were sitting at breakfast when he told me that he had recently called at Alice's home, and found that though she was still missing he had discovered there some correspondence that would help him solve the problem. What that correspondence was he would not for the moment say.

He turned round to me, perspiration oozing from every pore, and said: "Look!"

I did so. There was she whom we sought, gazing fondly at a new Ford car.

We tarried no longer but burst in, Sheerluck crying as he did so:—

"Found at last, dear heart."

With a glad cry of delight, she ran to him. When he put his arms around her, a noise like a back fire broke the silence.

He had kissed her, Alice Nosegay, on the lips.

Little more remains to be told. Sheerluck had found in Alice's rooms a copy of the *Ford Times*, which gave him the lead as it were.

Close by was a receipt for a new car, and also a letter from the village where we found her, complaining to her mother of the petrol shortage.

Sheerluck saw the thing in a moment. He knew a Ford could only be hung up through want of petrol, and realized it was only a question of time before he found her. As he told me later:—

"You see, What's On, really, she never disappeared at all."

"No," I echoed; "not really."



"Following the dear old dad."

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FORD TIMES FOR AUGUST

Realising that I could not render any assistance I went out.

After wandering about for an hour or so, I dropped in a cafe and was enjoying a cup of coffee and a cigarette, when I was surprised to see a figure enter clad in a suit of armour.

After looking round for a few moments the person thus garbed made for the table where I was seated and, taking a chair, said in a sepulchral voice:—

"Do you know me?"

I confessed I did not.

The mysterious one then asked me to guess.

Nothing loth, I ventured: "Oliver Cromwell."

A scornful laugh greeted me, then: "My dear What's On, I am Sheerluck."

"But why this get up?" I queried.

"I am on the track of her whom I most desire to find."

"Well," said I, "with what result?"

"To-night's the night, What's On," he answered. "Be at our rooms by seven o'clock." With which he glided away.

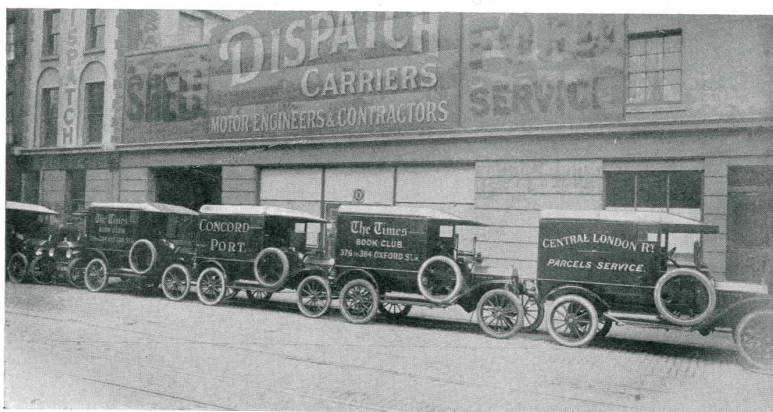
I was there well before the appointed hour and found Sheerluck, minus his suit of armour, idly figuring on a piece of paper.

"You will observe, my dear What's On, that this case has been one of peculiar intricacy, complex enough to baffle the best men of Scotland Yard," he said.

Really it had not struck me like that, but to humour him I answered: "Yes."

"I shall, however," he continued, "take you to-night to the spot where she is whom we seek. See to it that our car is ready for the journey. You may go."

Thus dismissed I went to the garage, filled up with petrol, oil, and water, giving the tyres also the attention they needed.



DELIVERY WITH DISPATCH.

An early morning scene outside the premises of the Dispatch Motor Co. Ltd., of Southwark.

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FORD TIMES FOR AUGUST

The night was perfect, the starlit heavens cast an irradiating light over all, while the new moon, suspended crescent like, added her lustre to the beauty of the night. A slight frost tinged the air, adding a piquancy that made motoring a delight.

Cars a-many have I known; cars a-many do I know, but my present 20 hp., known to you as well as me, is indeed IT.

"Speed up a little," Sheerluck at my side remarked.

I gave her a little more, and the sharp sibilant hiss of the carburettor told us how well the car answered, as did our increased speed.

Through the Surrey lanes we sped, never stopping, but making for our goal with unerring precision.

Presently a large house, silhouetted against the sky, caused Sheerluck to cry:—

"Throttle down; we are there."

I brought the car to a standstill and leaped out beside the great man.

Instead of going to the house, he made for a building a little way off, which proved to be a garage.

A tiny stream of light filtered through a crack in the door, to

which Sheerluck applied his eye.

He turned round to me, perspiration oozing from every pore, and said: "Look!"

I did so. There was she whom we sought, gazing fondly at a new Ford car.

We tarried no longer but burst in, Sheerluck crying as he did so:—

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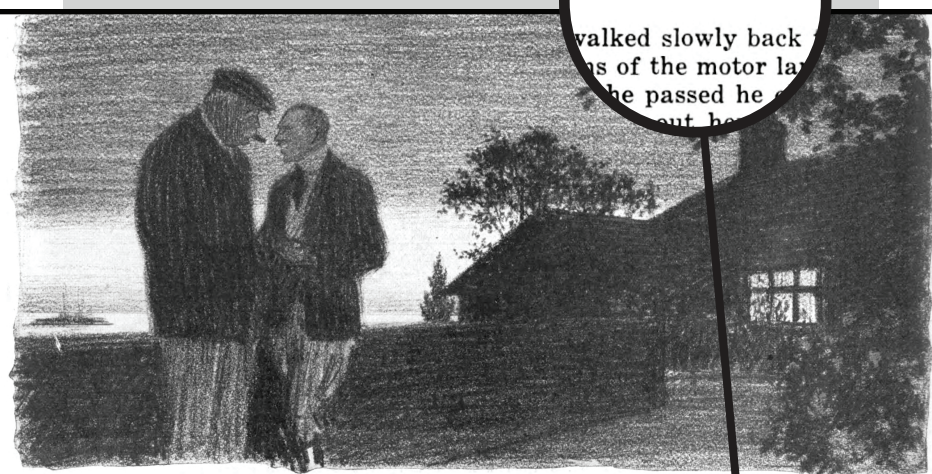
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## The Ford in "His Last Bow":



"This quiet house is the center of half the mischief in England; the sporting squire the most astute secret-service man in Europe!"

left yesterday for Flushing they took the less important with them. I must, of course, claim the protection of the embassy for the others.

"Everything has been most carefully arranged. Your name has already been filed as one of the personal suite. There will be no difficulties for you or your baggage. Of course it is just possible that we may not have to go. England may leave France to her fate. We are sure that there is no binding treaty between them."

"And Belgium?" He stood listening intently for the answer.

"Yes, and Belgium too."

Von Bork shook his head. "I don't see how that could be. There is a definite treaty there. It would be the end of her—what an end! She could never recover from such a humiliation."

"She would at least have peace for the moment."

"But her honor?"

"Tut, my dear sir, we live in a utilitarian age. Honor is a medieval conception. Besides, England is not ready. It is an inconvertible thing, but even our special war tax of fifty millions, which one would think made our purpose as clear as if we had advertised it on the front page of the *Times*, has not roused these people from their slumbers. Here and there one hears a question. It is my business to find an answer. Here and there also there is irritation. It is my business to soothe it. But I can assure you that so far as the essentials go, the storage of munitions, the preparation for submarine attack, the arrangements for making high explosives, nothing is prepared. How, then, can England come in, especially when we have stirred her up such a devil's brew of Irish civil war, window-breaking Furies, and God knows what to keep her thoughts at home?"

"She must think of her future."

"Ah, that is another matter. I fancy that in the future we have our own very definite plans about England and that your information will be very vital to us. It is to-day or to-morrow with Mr. John Bull. If he prefers to-day, we are perfectly ready and the readier, my dear Von Bork, for your labors. If it is to-morrow, I should think they would be wiser to fight with allies than without them, but that is their own affair. This week is their week of destiny. But let us get away from speculation and back to *Realpolitik*. You were speaking of your papers."

He sat in the armchair with the light shining upon his broad forehead, while he puffed sedately at his cigar and watched the movements of his companion.

The large oak-paneled, book-lined room had a curtain hung in the farther corner. When this was drawn it disclosed a large brass-bound safe. Von Bork detached a small key from his watch chain, and after some considerable manipulation of the lock he swung open the heavy door.

"Look!" said he, standing clear, with a wave of his hand.

The light shone vividly into the opened safe, and the secretary of the embassy gazed with an absorbed interest at the rows of stuffed pigeonholes with which it was furnished. Each pigeonhole had its label, and his eyes as he glanced along them read

a long series of such titles as "Fords," "Harbor Defenses," "Airplanes," "Ireland," "Egypt," "Portsmouth Forts," "The Channel," "Rosyth," and a score of others. Each compartment was bristling with papers and plans.

"Colonel!" said the secretary. Putting down his cigar, he softly clapped his fat hands.

"And all in four years, baron. Not such a bad show for the hard-drinking, hard-riding country squire. But the gem of my collection is coming, and there is the setting all ready for it." He pointed to a space over which "Naval Signals" was printed.

"But you have a good dossier there already."

"Out of date and waste paper. The Admiralty in some way got the alarm, and every code has been changed. It was a blow, baron—the worst setback in my whole campaign. But, thanks to my check book and the good Altamont, all will be well to-night."

The baron looked at his watch and gave a guttural exclamation of disappointment.

"Well, I really can wait no longer. You can imagine that things are moving at present in Carlton Terrace and that we have all to be at our posts. I had hoped to be able to bring news of your great coup. Did Altamont name no hour?"

Von Bork pushed over a telegram.

Will come without fail to-night and bring new sparkling plugs. ALTAMONT.

"Sparkling plugs, eh?"

"You see, he poses as a motor expert, and I keep a full garage. In our code everything likely to come up is named after some spare part. If he talks of a radiator, it is a battleship, of an oil pump a cruiser, and so on. Sparkling plugs are naval signals."

"From Portsmouth at midnight," said the secretary, examining the superscription. "By the way, what do you give him?"

"Five hundred pounds for this particular job. Of course he has a salary as well."

"The greedy rogue. They are useful, these traitors, but I grudge them their blood money."

"I grudge Altamont nothing. He is a wonderful worker. If I pay him well, at least he delivers the goods, to use his own phrase. Besides, he is not a traitor. I assure you that our most Pan-Germanic Junker is a peaceful sucking dove in his feelings toward England as compared with a real bitter Irish American."

"Oh, an Irish American?"

"If you heard him talk, you would not doubt it. Sometimes, I assure you, I can hardly understand him. He seems to have declared war on the King's English as well as on the English King. Must you really go?" He may be here any moment."

"I'm sorry, but I have already overstayed my time. We shall expect you early to-morrow, and when you get that signal book through the little door on the Duke of York's steps you can put a triumphant Finis to your record in England. What! Today!"

He indicated a heavily sealed dust-covered bottle which stood with two high glasses upon a salver.

"May I offer you a glass before your journey?"

"No, thanks. But it looks like revelry."

"Altamont has a nice taste in wines, and he took a fancy to my Tokay. He is a touchy fellow and needs humoring in small things. He is absolutely

vital to my plans, and I have to study him, I assure you." They had strolled out on to the terrace again, and along it to the farther end where, at a touch from the baron's chauffeur, the great car shivered and chuckled. "These are the lights of Harwich, I suppose," said the secretary, pulling on his dust coat. "How still and peaceful it all seems! There may be other lights within the week, and the English coast a less tranquil place! The heavens, too, may not be quite so peaceful if all that the good Zeppelin promises comes true. By the way, who is that?"

Only one window showed a light behind them. In it there stood a lamp, and beside it, seated at a table, was a dear old ruddy-faced woman in a country cap. She was bending over her knitting and stopping occasionally to stroke a large black cat upon a stool beside her. "That is Mary, the only servant I have left."

The secretary chuckled.

"She might almost identify Britannia," said he, "with her complete absorption and general air of comfortable contentment. Well, au revoir, Von Bork!" With a final wave of his hand he sprang into the car, and a moment later the two golden cones from the headlights shot forward through the darkness. The secretary lay back in the cushions of the luxurious limousine with his thoughts full of the impending European tragedy and hardly observing that as his car swung round the village street it nearly passed over a little Ford coming in the opposite direction.

VON BORK walked slowly back to the study when the last gleams of the motor lamps had faded into the distance. As he passed he observed that his old housekeeper had put out her lamp and retired. It was a new experience to him, the silence and darkness of his widespread house, for his family and household had been a large one. It was a relief to him, however, to think that they were all in safety and that but for that one old woman who lingered in the kitchen he had the whole place to himself. There was a good deal of tidying up to do inside his study, and he set himself to do it until his keen, handsome face was flushed with the heat of the burning papers. A leather valise stood beside his table, and into this he began to pack very neatly and systematically the precious contents of his safe. He had hardly got started with the work, however, when his quick ears caught the sound of a distant car. Instantly he gave an exclamation of satisfaction, strapped up the valise, shut the safe, locked it, and hurried out on to the terrace. He was just in time to see the lights of a small car come to a halt at the gate. A passenger sprang out of it and advanced swiftly toward him, while the chauffeur, a heavily built, elderly man with a gray mustache, settled down like one who resigns himself to a long vigil. "Well?" asked Von Bork eagerly, running forward to meet his visitor.

For answer the man waved a small brown-paper parcel triumphantly above his head.

"You can give me the glad hand to-night, mister," he cried. "I'm bringin' home the bacon at last."

"The signals?"

"Same as I said in my cable. Every last one of them, semaphore, lamp code, Marconi—a copy, mind