



22ND ANNIVERSARY DINNER
BAKER STREET IRREGULARS
CAVANAGH'S JANUARY 11, 1957.

STANDARD FLASHLIGHT CO. INC.

CAPTION MEMO TO BILL RABE: Here they are, number coded. I was in Munich at the time. [6] Chaplain Otis Rice. [7] Bliss Austin, one of the earliest. [8] Earl Waldrige, who ate

every dinner in the Sherlockian hemisphere, including the first one. [9] Dick Clarke, founder of the most aloof scion, The Five Orange Pips of Westchester County. [11] Charles

Goodwin, D.D.S., believed to be the sole surviving original member, and he still attends meetings. [12] Nathan Bengis who amassed the Second Most Sherlockian Library in the world. He

loved the *feel* of books and even read them. [Sx] is Tom Stix, Jr., who is now the Most Head Sherlockian of the Baker Street Irregulars. Sorry I can't do any more. I know that Hank Starr

of the Copper Beeches, Jim Brady of the Six Napoleons of Baltimore, Dean Dickensheet of Los Angeles, and Owen Frisbee were there that evening. They told me, but I can no longer

match them with faces. Look at the trouble I had with you. Anyway, I can't believe that is Jack McCabe. Looks more like Lily Langtree. —ROBERT G. HARRIS

These Baker Street Irregulars? Who are these who write and write and write?

FOUNDED by author Christopher Morley the Baker Street Irregulars are Sherlock Holmes buffs who enjoy not only the stories but a good meal with something choice in wines. Their numbers have expanded somewhat since this January 11, 1957 annual January Birthday Dinner in the upper room of Cavanagh's restaurant, New York. The two newest members are closest to the camera: Left, Paul Sanker, a propagandist for Radio Liberty who gave much of his inaugural address in Russian, a style which compounded confusion resulting from the

fact that the man across the table from him with his eyes closed, John McCabe, of THE WOODS-RUNNER, had just given his in doubletalk; the subject being "A Plea for clarity of Sherlockian scholarship." On the other wing of the table, Everett Hoffman (H) and a pre-beard W. T. Rabe (R) both of THE WOODS-RUNNER. At the far end, the speaker's table (The son of Ed Starr (S) observed, several years later, "Dad, you're getting up to the far end of the picture; and then you die."): 1. xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx 2. Russell McLauchlin (his *Encyclical Letter* is in this

issue); 3. Edgar Smith, gasogene of the BSI though his avocation was being vice president for export of General Motors; 4. bearded Rex Stout, cookery expert and head of the BSI; and 5. Wm. Baring-Gould. Later that evening as Rex Stout was making a startling revelation which was to shake the Sherlockian World (such as "Watson was a Woman") Frank Waters (W) was to lean against the doors at the right of the table-head, fall through them and down the stairs to the street. Fortunately, his state of sobriety at that time was such as to render the fall harmless:

and the clatter caused Rex to pause only for a moment. Basil Davenport (D), though born in Louisville, Ky., was a Rhodes Scholar to Oxford and consequently spoke with an appropriate accent when delivering the Musgrave Ritual in English, with great response on the tag lines from the BSI; then in Latin, with lesser response; and finally in Greek, solo! When not thus engaged he was an editor of the Book of the Month Club.