

Dr. John Hamish Watson - A Toast or...a hip-hop, sing-song rhyming scheme done in the style of the Broadway Production of Hamilton.

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Dr. John Watson, Dr. John Watson, what do we like about Dr. John Watson.

He's an everyman a simple man a complex man and the only man to mention Lord Hawke's XI Cricket trip to Philly. But who is the man?

Is he a doctor, a soldier, a husband, an author, a detective --- something less or something more? Let's explore....

He has a medical degree from the grand old UofE (or is it Bart's school of dentistry?). He heals the sick when the game is afoot, he looks the other way when his friend is on the snot. He sometimes keeps clinical hours where he longs to use deductive powers.

He also has a gun, and walks with a limp and has PTSD from his days across the sea where he served in the 66th and took a fall in Maiwand resulting in a pension of which he is quite fond.

And then there are the ladies, he seems to like the ladies, especially those that govern the babies. But Mary took him away, but what can you say? Orphans attract. And when she had an heart attack, it was get on back to 221B, 221B, 221B, 221B.....

As for his writing, it seems to be so inviting to the Victorian soul. But what does he know as he fails to observe and misses the point. But he is astute, and sorts it all out. His work we now annoint!!!!

He is no detective of that I'm sure. Out of the hundreds of cases he's only introduced two--one on Warburton's madness and the other of Hatherley's thumb. But he ain't all that dumb even if he's brown as a nut and built like a pug. He is a friend to a fault. Without our dear Watson Holmes likely would have been shot.

So lift up up your glasses and drink to the doctor, the veteran, the author, and friend. Like all of us, he is just a big dumb oaf who likes to loaf in the shadows of Holmes' greatness.