

A Toast to Henry Baker's Hat

By Regina Stinson

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(Toast given at the Illustrious Clients of Indianapolis at a Zoom meeting)

Upon that fated Christmas Eve, my owner and I were parted
Picked up by a Commissionaire, my new adventure started
He took me and my goose companion to see the great detective
The famous sleuth gave back the goose, but with me was more selective
He took his lens and looked me over inspecting with great care
The cracks and stains and bits of dust, the lime-creamed, grizzled hair
Then Dr. Watson came to call to wish Holmes Season's Greeting
(I'd been placed upon a chair before that holiday meeting)
As soon as Watson saw me there, he realized my purpose
The clue to some dark mystery must lie upon my surface
Sherlock Holmes apprised the doctor of my brief disaster
Then handed him the lens to use the methods of the master
The doctor found my red silk lining somewhat old and faded
My surface spotted, round and black was dusty and outdated
Watson saw what Holmes had seen, but couldn't quite infer
My owner's name was Henry Baker, of that much he was sure
With the help of Sherlock Holmes, we soon were reunited
And Henry got a brand-new goose with which he was delighted
I may be just a humble hat, old, seedy, cracked and frayed
But I'll wager I was Sherlock's favorite gift *that* Christmas day.
To Henry Baker's Hat! Hear! Hear!