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Bootprints (editors) are Mark and JoAnn Alberstat, 46 Kingston Crescent, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, B3A 2M2 Canada, to whom letters and editorial submissions should be addressed. E-mail: markalberstat@ns.sympatico.ca

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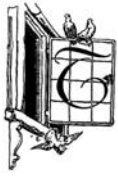
Spring 2011

One hundred and twenty-sixth issue

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RACES OF BOOTPRINTS

Ahh....Spring

Tennyson wrote that in spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love. Tennyson is hard to argue with but for this editor, spring, and almost all seasons, make my mind turn to travel. Spring brings with it the promise of fine weather, clear weekends and blue skies, perfect weather for either a virtual tour, thanks to a variety of authors, or actual travel as you rush for the 2:10 out of Paddington.

As a Sherlockian my travel-inclined mind focuses on London but I would be strongly remiss to stop there. The Canon is full of towns and landscapes that would be perfect to spend some time in, sip a pint and read a book.

In this edition of *Canadian Holmes* we go to Edinburgh with Dr. Richard Brown (page 14). This city is well known by Doyle scholars as the author's home for many years and the city where he studied medicine and met Dr. Joseph Bell, whom we are all indebted to as a model of Sherlock Holmes. A picture of the Holmes statue in this city is found on the front cover. Edinburgh also has a Conan Doyle pub and other points of interest highlighted in Richard's article.

In another submission we visit The Sherlock Holmes pub on Northumberland Street in London (page 23). Most Sherlockians who have visited the metropolis on the Thames will have visited this pub and enjoyed not only a pint or two but a look into Holmes' sitting room. Catherine Cooke takes us back 60 years to the genesis of the display.

London, for the most part, is a relatively flat city and ideal for walking and, conveniently, has countless pubs in which to rest. While walking around, there are numerous books you could have tucked under your arm, a Sherlockian Baedeker of a sort.

One of the most recent ones is *Close to Holmes* by Alistair Duncan. This book looks at historical London, Holmes and Doyle. Although this paperback is fun to read, it has no maps, which hinders it as a hands-on guide to London. The most prolific author in this genre has to be David L. Hammer, who has a series of travel books about the Canon which not only feature a lot of pictures but also plenty of maps to help you navigate the countryside of the Canon.

There are, of course, other books in this field. The lavishly illustrated ones tend to be brought out at meetings more than carried under arm while on vacation. With spring upon us and the Canadian winter behind us, sit down with this issue and take a trip with us around the Sherlockian world.

Duet with An Occasional Chorus

The following song parody celebrates the BBC's 2010 television series Sherlock. This song was written by Karen Campbell and Craig Brtnik and performed for the Bootmakers on January 29, 2011.



The Modern Mash

(sung/spoken to *The Monster Mash* by Bobby Pickett)

I was watching Sherlock Holmes late one night
When my eyes beheld a wondrous sight
There were cars and airplanes, the London Eye
And suddenly, to my surprise
He did the mash
He did the modern mash
The modern mash
It was a cyber smash
He did the mash
It caught on in a flash
He did the mash
He did the modern mash

From the laboratory in dear old St. Barts
Where the partnership in all its glory starts
Sherlock asked John to make a loan
To send a text upon an iPhone

They did the mash
They did the modern mash
The modern mash
It was a cyber smash
They did the mash
It caught on in a flash
They did the mash
They did the modern mash

Moriarty was having fun
Shoop shoop waaooo
his party had just begun
Shoop shoop waaooo
but lost his killer cabbie
To John and his smoking gun.

A nicotine patch helped Sherlock think
As he solved the case of *A Study in Pink*.
Surveillance cameras held the clue
Big Brother Mycroft is watching you!

They did the mash
They did the modern mash
The modern mash
It was a cyber smash
They did the mash
It caught on in a flash
They did the mash
They did the modern mash

Way out in Hollywood, Downey cussed
Seems he was troubled by all this fuss.
Said, "My little film wasn't all that bad!
Whatever happened to my sequel deal with Brad?"

It's now the mash!
It's now the modern mash.
The modern mash
And it's a cyber smash
It's now the mash
It's caught on in a flash
It's now the mash
It's now the modern mash

Now everything's cool; there are millions of fans
And the modern mash is the hit of the land.
For us, the viewers, this mash was meant to
Tell the BBC folks get on Season Two!

Then we can mash
Then we can modern mash
The modern mash
And do the cyber smash
Then we can mash
We'll catch on in a flash
Then we can mash
Then we can modern mash.

Bootmakers and the 2011 BSI Dinner – A Special Report to the Bootmakers’ Diary

By Donny Zaldin, MBt.

Donny Zaldin has been a Bootmaker since 1983, serving as Meyers in 1990. He has made numerous presentations, written several articles for Canadian Holmes, and been the recipient of two Warren Carleton Awards. Together with his wife Barbara Rusch, Donny has acted as society Quizzard for the past six years and he has been providing Bootmaker Diary entries for over a decade.

Wednesday, January 5 to Sunday, January 9, 2011

A strong contingent of Canadian (and American) Bootmakers travel to The Big Apple for the 77th annual BSI Sherlock Homes birthday celebrations weekend, organized by Baker Street Irregulars’ Wiggins **Mike Whelan**. In attendance are **Bruce Aikin, Peter and Mary Calamai, Bob Coghill, Karen Campbell, Noreen Crifo, Susan Dahlinger, Wilfred de Freitas, Cliff and Doris Goldfarb, Garth and Betty Hazlett, Kate Karlson, Dayna Nuhn, Hartley and Marilyn Nathan, Peggy Perdue, Barbara Rusch, Dave Sanders, Mary Shantz** [Manager, Special Collections, Archives and Digital Collections, Toronto Public Library], **Stephanie Thomas, George Vanderburgh, Ed Van der Flaes** and **Donny Zaldin**. The five-day weekend is filled with “formal and informal opportunities for Sherlockians new and old to gather for that common purpose.” This year the birthday boy is 157 years old. The unofficial hotel venues for the weekend are the 22-storey Yale Club (est. 1868, the world’s largest private clubhouse, with a worldwide membership of over 11,000) and the 20-storey, 1,015-room Roosevelt Hotel (est. 1924), the “Grande Dame of Madison Avenue” — both in mid-Manhattan, breaking a 76-year-old tradition at the Algonquin Hotel.

Wednesday:

The Adventuresses of Sherlock Holmes formally kick off the weekend with a dinner (for those who are already in the city) at O’Casey’s.

Thursday:

Several Bootmakers begin the weekend by participating in this year’s Christopher Morley Walk (led by **Jim Cox** and **Dore Nash**), which ends with a refreshing stop at McSorley’s pub (est. 1854) in Lower Manhattan.

At Tiffany's jewelery store, **Dayna Nuhn** accepts the proposal of marriage and a diamond engagement ring from BSI **Ed Christenson** of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and hearty congratulations from Sherlockian well-wishers over three continents.

Michael Sims, noted Sherlockian, mystery writer and editor, speaks at Thursday evening's BSI Distinguished Speaker Lecture at the Midtown Executive Club.

Afterwards, as is now an annual tradition, "Canadian" Bootmakers, meet at Virgil's Barbeque to dine on that quintessential Canadian food — BBQ. **Bruce Aikin, Peter and Mary Calamai, Bob Coghill, Karen Campbell, Noreen Crifo, Cliff Goldfarb, Garth and Betty Hazlett, Peggy Perdue, Barbara Rusch, Stephanie Thomas and Donny Zaldin** (and honorary Canadians such as **Don Hobbs**, Texas, and **Dean Clark**, Oklahoma, who entertained the Bootmakers on September 26, 2009, with their *Great 2005 Whimsical Sherlockian Tour of [Watson] Oklahoma and [Sherlock] Texas*), attend.

Friday:

Sherlockian bibliophiles of every type embark on their annual pilgrimage to Otto Penzler's Mysterious Bookshop (est. 1980), where they meet and compete for bound and unbound Sherlockian treasures.

The William Gillette Memorial Luncheon (organized by **Susan Rice** and **Mickey Fromkin**) is held at Moran's Chelsea Seafood Restaurant.

On Friday evening, the fifth annual Gaslight Gala, formerly the Baskerville Bash (organized by **Carol** and **Ron Fish**), offering dinner and entertainment, is held at the Manhattan Club, with the theme of estates and mansions in the Canon. There are toasts, an auction, a quiz, a sing-along, door prizes, a recitation of the roll-call of scion societies by **Stephanie Thomas**, and a variety of musical and comedic theatrical performances. The world premiere of **Dean Clark's** *Sherlockian Who's on First?* performed by **Elyse Locurto** and **Robert Reeves** tickles everyone's funnybone. A moment of laughter resounds in memory of **Donny Zaldin's** virtuoso 2009 magic lantern show, which left seven Minnesotan septuagenarians "without a dry diaper at [their] table." The Bootmakers' torch is passed to diva **Karen Campbell**, who holds it aloft by her rendition of original parodies of two popular songs: *Gold Pince Nez* (sung to the tune of *Goldfinger* from the 1964 James Bond film of the same name) and *Victor Hatherly Needs Help* (sung to the tune of *Help* by Lennon and McCartney), accompanied by the talented **Audrey Epstein** at the keyboard. **Bruce Aikin** is the ubiquitous unofficial photographer at the Gala and throughout the weekend.

Over at the Yale Club, Canadian Bootmakers join other BSI members and guests and gather at the annual (by-invitation-only) Baker Street Irregulars Dinner (organized by **Mike Whelan** and **Mary Ann Bradley**) include: **Peter Calamai, Bob Coghill, Susan Dahlinger, Wilfrid de Freitas, Cliff Goldfarb, Kate Karlson, Hartley Nathan, Dayna Nuhn, Barbara Roden, Peggy Perdue, Barbara Rusch, Mary Shantz** (for her first time), **Edwin Van der**

Flaes and **Donny Zaldin** (for his first time). The evening features greetings, opening remarks, medals, toasts, the group recitation of *The Musgrave Ritual*, various speakers, music by the BSI's musical director, **Henry Boote** (whose BSI investiture is "Meyers, Toronto"), remembrances by **Francine Kitts** of departed members ("Stand with me here upon the terrace"), The Birthday Honours List (i.e.- investitures) awarded by Wiggins, **Mike Whelan**, and the group recitation of Vincent Starrett's *221B*.

Our own **Peggy Perdue** earns and is awarded two honours: the BSI Editor's award for writing the *2009 Baker Street Journal (BSJ) Christmas Annual*: and the BSI investiture, "Violet Westbury" (a strong Cononical woman who defends the honour of her late fiancé, Cadogan West, who was wrongly suspected of stealing the Bruce-Partington submarine plans).

Around midnight, Bootmakers **Dayna Nuhn** and *Donny Zaldin* and friends from both dinners converge at O'Lunney's Irish Pub to celebrate with newly invested Peggy/Violet, in accordance with recent tradition (well past 2:21B a.m.).

Saturday:

Those with any more room and money for Sherlockian collectibles satisfy their collecting "need" at the Merchants' Room ("Covent Garden West") in the Vanderbilt Suite of the Roosevelt Hotel.

The Beacon Society holds its annual meeting and bestows its 2011 Beacon Award to **Peggy Perdue**, curator of the Arthur Conan Doyle Collection at the Toronto Public Library, in recognition of the programs for young people that she initiated and continues in the Toronto library system. Peggy subsequently joins the Awards Task Group and will spearhead the effort to expand the Stauber Grant program into Canada.

The official events conclude on Saturday afternoon with the BSI Annual Reception, a cocktail party featuring hors d'oeuvres, an auction for the Watson Fund, fine musical entertainment (from a Broadway play in development, based on author **Lindsay Faye's** *Dust and Shadow*, about Jack the Ripper) and a chance to personally congratulate the six newly invested Baker Street Irregulars.

Sunday:

An informal brunch of The Adventuresses of Sherlock Holmes is held at the Oldcastle Pub for ASH members and guests.



(From left to right) Newly invested BSIs: David Houle (The British Museum), Peggy Perdue (Violet Westbury), Lindsay Faye (Kitty Winter) and Terence Flaherty (Sir Charles Baskerville)



From Mrs. Hudson's Kitchen

In the editors' ongoing attempt to bring you varied and interesting articles, we are featuring a few pickle recipes from The Girl's Own Paper of 1882-1883. In the editorial text before the recipes, the editors note that: there are a great number of people

who would be made ill if they were to eat anything of the sort. Let these good folks therefore leave them alone.

Red Cabbage is one of the most wholesome, as it is one of the commonest, of pickles. Old housekeepers say that the cabbage should not be taken until the frost has touched it. I do not agree with this. If the cabbage is firm and sound and freshly cut, excellent pickle may be made of it without any consideration of frost. Remove the outer leaves from the vegetable and slice it across as thinly and evenly as possible. Put it into a dish or bowl and sprinkle it plentifully with powdered salt. Let it lie for forty-eight hours, then squeeze the salt as thoroughly as possible from it, and three parts fill jars or glasses with it. Intermix with each pound of cabbage 12 peppercorns and one bay leaf, or if preferred an ounce of black peppercorns and an ounce of whole ginger may be used. Fill up the jars with good vinegar to cover the cabbage entirely, tie down with bladder, and keep in a cool place. The excellence of the colour in this pickle depends upon the thoroughness with which the salt liquor is squeezed out. Some cooks add a few slices of boiled beetroot to it in order to improve the appearance.

Nasturium Seeds — Nasturiums are very often found in English gardens. The seeds if gathered when small and pickled form an excellent substitute for capers, so constantly required in making sauce. Put the seeds as they are gathered into a jar, cover them with vinegar which has been boiled with salt (a handful to a quart), and allowed to go cold. When the jar is full, cork it down, tie the bladder over the cork and store. Unless the seeds are kept well covered they will be spoilt.

Radish Pods may be pickled like nasturtium seeds.



Editors note: There was a typo in the previous edition of Canadian Holmes in this column. In the Yorkshire Tea-cakes, two pounds of flour should be rubbed into the butter, not two pounds of salt.

The Adventure of the Anonymous Heiress

By William Thinnnes

The following is the conclusion to William Thinnnes' pastiche. The first part appeared in the Winter 2010/2011 edition of Canadian Holmes.

My head swam a little at these revelations. The father dead! The caretaker Peters poisoned! Try as I might, I could not fathom the logic skein binding these crimes together, and confessed this to my friend.

“Ah, Watson, still not clear yet? Well, there will be time enough to paint a complete picture later. At this moment we have more urgent business to see to. Our client is in dire need of our intervention now, for unless I’m wrong, which is unlikely, tonight is the night her life is meant to be forfeit. Come along now, and pray bring your firearm . . .”

I followed Holmes down the dimly lit passageway and up a flight of stairs, until we were outside our client’s door. We entered quietly, lit the candle on the bedside-table and waited.

The clock over the fireplace in the room showed that half an hour had elapsed before we heard a light step in the hallway, stopping outside the door. Miss Sectate entered the room, starting visibly as Holmes sprang toward her, finger at his lips urging her not to make a sound. He whispered in her ear for perhaps a minute and by the feeble candle light I watched her expression go from dread to horror upon hearing his words.

Finally, Holmes bade the lady go into a small recess in a far corner of the room and crouch down, out of sight, and motioned me to conceal myself behind a large bureau. As he extinguished the candle and hid himself behind the headboard of the massive bed, he admonished me to keep my weapon at the ready.

“Now, Watson,” he whispered, “we wait.

Two hours went by, marked by the chiming of the clock, but in that stygian darkness it seemed like ten. At last we heard muffled footsteps from the hall and saw two points of ebony in the faint slit of light under the door. Suddenly the door opened far enough to admit a black silhouette, as seen against the gas-light from the corridor, and closed again with nary a sound.

We could barely hear the footsteps approaching the bed, when Holmes struck a match and in the same fluid motion lit the candle at bedside. By its light I saw the dull gleam of the revolver in my friend’s hand, trained upon the figure whose aghast face now showed clearly in the flickering glow of the taper.

The intruder was a tall, gaunt man with bristling black beard, aquiline nose and small, stoat-like eyes. He wore a vest and black waist-coat, and in his right hand he held a hypodermic syringe. His left hand was stealing toward his pocket.

“I think it wise you not move that hand another inch,” intoned Holmes gravely, “for two pistols are trained on you, and I assure you we will fire if you attempt to use either the syringe or the gun you are undoubtedly reaching for.”

Holmes glanced at me. “Watson, let me introduce you to Dr. Hugo Nasser, late of the English Medical Society and preeminent among rogues still at large in the Kingdom. Dr. Nasser—excuse me, you no longer hold that professional title, do you?—Mr. Nasser, if you would humour us by placing your needle on the table to your right, and Watson, if you would relieve the gentleman of his pistol? Thank you.”

Holmes smiled at our captive. “A pretty plan, and so near to fruition, too!

Miss Julia Sectate could not have been more timely in her request for our aid. Another day would have seen her end. Well, the constabulary of Kinson should be arriving soon, thanks to the telegram I sent earlier today from Baker Street. I think we would do well, Watson, to collect our sham physician’s accomplices in this matter, as a courtesy to the police.”

Our unwilling guest snarled at Holmes’ reference to his apparent dismissal from the medical profession, but thereafter said nothing, even when our client came out from her hiding place to stare reproachfully at him.

We surprised “Ivers” and his wife in the kitchen, undoubtedly awaiting word from their co-conspirator that his nefarious task had been completed. When Holmes addressed Ivers as Jack Sarine, the former knew his game was up and spat imprecations at us. His wife merely glared at her exposed partners-in-crime and muttered, “I knew it wouldn’t come off. I felt it!” She assiduously avoided meeting Miss Sectate’s eyes, as if ashamed of her perfidy.

For Miss Julia’s part, she only stared, with a curious mixture of horror and dumb-founded grief, at her former companion and friend; her look-a-like who had betrayed her so, although to what extent our client and I knew not at that time.

Holmes looked down at the three plotters, all sitting together at the kitchen table, and said lightly: “Come, come! Such glum looks. It was an ingenious plan, if a murderous one. No sympathy from me; I believe this young woman,” indicating our client, “is more deserving of that emotion.”

“I believe I hear our friends the law at the front door just now,” Holmes said a moment later. “Watson, would you mind showing them in?” With a brief but sympathetic look at our client, Holmes murmured to her: “All this has, I know, been a great trial for you. But their plan has failed and you will, I am sure, soon gather the pieces of your life together. You are better off without such friends as these.”

We were back in our lodgings in Baker Street the following afternoon, idle and contemplative after the previous night’s exploits. I was feigning interest in one of my medical texts while waiting for Sherlock Holmes, that so frequently

unwilling raconteur, to enlighten me as to all that had transpired. I had been very patient, but my patience was near its end. At last I looked up and found him gazing at me with a sly smile and twinkling eyes.

“How goes the research, Watson?” he asked archly.

“Confound it, Holmes! You’ve been sitting there, puffing away on that damnable pipe of your’s, waiting for me to break down and entreat your indulgence and explanation!” This was not unlike the man at all, I am sorry to say: The tale went untold until he was ready to tell it.

“Well, since you were so good to accompany me on our little excursion and lend your—as always—invaluable assistance, I suppose you are entitled to the full facts in the matter.”

“One would hope so,” I replied with slightly clenched teeth. “You have my full attention.”

“You will recall, Watson, that, in our initial interview with the unfortunate Miss Sectate, she informed us of her virtual cloistering within Sectate Manor throughout her youth, that she knew practically no one and no one knew her, save the servants and employees. That the father, John Sectate, dismissed these when he became depressed and ill. That fact rang an alarm with me immediately. Then there was the suspicious fact of Miss Sectate gradually being unable to visit with her father, supposedly due to the severe contagion of his sickness. I say ‘supposedly’ due to his illness being the work of our friend Mr. Nasser, who insinuated himself into our little drama very early on, in order to set the stage for his confederates, Sarine and wife, masquerading as the Ivers. It was Nasser who sent the household staff packing, alleging to all it was the wish of John Sectate, he of official quarantine, which disallowed communication except through the good doctor, who no doubt bore occasional spurious messages from father to daughter, as he saw fit.”

“Was he really ill, Holmes?” I queried.

“I expect he was, for awhile. He was being slowly poisoned with the same chemical later administered to the first caretaker, Peters, in a more lethal dosage. There is an extract from the venom of the Indian cobra which can produce the sort of seizures and behavior Miss Sectate attributed to Peters, and which in smaller amounts can produce hallucinations and psychosis. Perhaps the autopsy on the father will bear me out. As you know, I have studied and written extensively on the subject of rare poisons, and will wager a year’s fees Nasser came across this one during his travels in India—oh yes, Watson, the man is well known to me!”

“At any event,” continued the great detective, “Nasser at some point allowed John Sectate to die. Perhaps ‘allowed’ is too weak a word in this instance. I suspected his demise when Miss Sectate told us that finally she was not able to see her father at all. I felt then that he was gone.”

“As we found for certain last night. Without Sarine’s wife’s direction we might never have discovered his remains. That, at least, will go in her favour when her case is tried,” I ventured.

Holmes blew smoke at the ceiling. “Do you remember the dying words of Peters, as related by Miss Sectate? ‘Jim and I.’ At the time I had no inkling of the meaning of it, ‘Jim and I.’ . . . It was not until I gazed upon the face of ‘Mrs. Ivers’ that the true significance burst upon me: Peters was not saying ‘Jim and I’; that was no reference to James Sectate, our client’s unfortunate brother. Peters was saying ‘Gemini’—Castor and Pollux, the Twins! Peters, the Astrology devotee, was as struck with the resemblance of the two ladies as we were, and in his delirium was making an oblique reference to one of his murderers, and I did not make the connection until I saw Sectate Manor’s own ‘twins.’ I have no doubt Peters was held down by the Ivers in order to facilitate his rendez-vous with Nasser’s deadly little needle. With the symptoms similar to a heart attack, who would be the wiser? And with the good doctor’s testament to heart failure on the death certificate—*fait accompli!*”

“Holmes,” I asked, “what of the horse, Scilla? My guess is that Sarine killed the mare to quell any attempt by Miss Sectate to gain a measure of notice or renown by exhibiting her horse—a champion, allegedly—at any horse shows or competitions, as she was indeed intending to do.”

“Excellent, Watson! You continually show promise! You are evidently catching on to the main premise: that any emergence on Miss Sectate’s part from the anonymity of Sectate Manor would jeopardize the plan, which was to eliminate all who knew Miss Julia on sight—servants, Peters, and John Sectate especially, whose estate and money must come to her—in order to eventually eliminate her—witness last night!—and replace her with a ‘doppelganger’ who would claim the considerable inheritance when the father’s death, long-since a reality, was announced to the world. I have no doubt our friend Nasser would have stage-managed that handily, causing neither undue comment or suspicion.”

Holmes went on: “The death of Peters had an added benefit in that ‘the Ivers’ could then enter and take over the vacant situation which was sure to be advertised in the papers. The pleasant addition of the wife as a companion to the lonely Miss Sectate virtually assured them the position. Any suspicions or misgivings of our client, pertaining to her father’s illness or subsequent events, furthermore could be lulled by her new friend’s reassurance and cajoling, and communicated to Sarine and Nasser. Miss Sectate has been rather cruelly used, wouldn’t you say, Watson?”

“To be sure, Holmes.” I paused to think. “Another question, dear fellow. Why was it necessary to exhume the remains of the mare, when you already suspected Ivers, or rather, Sarine, had destroyed her?”

“I needed to be positive. If the horse had indeed been savaged by a pack of wild dogs or some wild animal, her corpus would have been at least partially consumed, or at very least mutilated to some extent. The signs would be there. They were not. The horse had been shot”

“Further,” continued Sherlock Holmes, “there can be little doubt that Nasser and Sarine had planned this sequence of black deeds for some time. Witness the finding of Miss Sectate’s ‘double’; that took some little effort and time, I’m sure. Whether she truly is Sarine’s wife I neither know nor care; that will come

out in the assizes, fear not. It is, however, more than coincidence that she is so very close in appearance to our heiress.”

One question continued to gnaw at me. “How in the name of all that’s holy did you know that the blackguards would make their attempt on the young lady’s life last night? They might have waited weeks or months!”

Holmes stood up and refilled his cherrywood from the slipper he had placed on the table next to his chair. “Three reasons, my dear fellow. First: this plot had been a-boil for some time and they could not have disguised the fact of the father’s murder much longer. Remember, Miss Sectate said her father was not expected to survive the week. As he went so must she, in order to bring in the ringer to lay claim to the inheritance.”

“Second and third: our very selves, Watson! The fact of Miss Sectate leaving the manor for London, and returning with two strangers, landscapers, who were to stay for an undefined length of time must have driven home to our villains that she could not be contained within the house any longer and that, by contacting us, she was calling unwanted attention to herself.”

“I wonder, Holmes, if you and I, in our spurious identities, faced a similar fate. As they were ready to murder Miss Sectate last night, might they not also feel it incumbent upon themselves to rid the manor, not to mention the world, of two bumbling landscape engineers who might note the remarkable resemblance between hostess and servant’s wife, or who possibly would remain in the vicinity long enough to realize the substitution? At any rate, we had seen and dealt with the true mistress of the manor, and that they did not welcome or, moreover—as evidenced by past fatalities—tolerate. I suppose we’ll never know with any certainty . . .”

“Nor does it matter,” rejoined the detective. “Speculation upon such nebulous and ultimately unprovable folderol is not only useless, but unhealthy to the logical facilities. However,” he said with a quick smile, “I doubt I could have slept a night in that house with a clear expectation of awakening and greeting the new day.”

“A singular case, Holmes! My hope is that our young lady will conquer her grief and past circumstances and go forth and greet the world. She has had heartbreak and loneliness enough. Perhaps get hold of another champion Arabian, eh?”

“One would wish so, Watson. Hopefully, she is the wiser and more worldly for her experiences of late. She will certainly be richer! And now, dear fellow, what do you say to an early dinner at Marco’s? But first, perhaps, a little air of Shertzelle’s . . .” And with that, he picked up his violin and began to play.



Edinburgh's Sherlockian Links

By Dr. Richard Brown

Richard Brown is a long-time member of the Spence Munros in Halifax as well as a psychology professor at Dalhousie University in Halifax, N.S., and was a Visiting Fellow at Oxford University.

Although Sherlock Holmes is primarily associated with London, and there are no known cases which took him north of the Scottish border, there are many reasons for Sherlockians to be interested in Edinburgh. This article examines some of the connections between Edinburgh, medicine and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's creation of Sherlock Holmes.



Plaque near Doyle's birthplace.

Doyle was born at 11 Picardy Place in Edinburgh on 22 May, 1859. Although the house was demolished in 1958, there is a plaque nearby and a statue of Sherlock Holmes, erected in 1999, near the location of this house. Across the street stands the Conan Doyle pub (71-73 York Place, Edinburgh), refurbished in 1993, with windows overlooking the statue.

Doyle lived in many houses in Edinburgh, including 3 Sciennes Place, 2 Argyle Park Terrace and 23 George Square, which is marked by a plaque erected in 1987.

Doyle attended medical school at the University of Edinburgh from 1876 to 1881, when he received his Bachelor of Medicine degree. He received his MD from the University of Edinburgh in 1885, after submitting a handwritten thesis titled *The Vasomotor Changes in Tabes Dorsalis*. The scientific approach to medicine taught at the University of Edinburgh, with emphasis on modern scientific advances, later found its expression in Sherlock Holmes and other stories.



The Conan Doyle pub in Edinburgh.

The medical knowledge of Dr. Watson reflected the medical knowledge which Doyle

learned at the University of Edinburgh medical school, one of the leading medical schools of Europe at the time. The subjects of his professors' lectures found its way into many of Doyle's stories. For example, Sir Robert Christison, professor of pharmacology in 1877, was an expert on poisons. From Christison and his successor, Thomas Richard Fraser, Doyle learned about the effects of drugs such as cocaine and curare. Another professor, Sir Henry Littlejohn, was Edinburgh's Medical Officer of Health and an early expert on forensic medicine who was often an expert witness for the police. Sir William Turner, professor of anatomy, was used as the model for Turner, the doctor in the *Narrative of John Smith*, Doyle's first (unpublished) novel. The manuscript of this novel sold at Christies on May 19, 2004, for US\$84,749. Sir Joseph Lister, the founder of antiseptic surgery, was the professor of surgery in Edinburgh from 1869 to 1877, when he was appointed to the Chair of Surgery at King's College Hospital, London. He was the first surgeon to use carbolic acid (phenol) as a disinfectant. In addition to providing Dr. Watson's knowledge of scientific medicine, Doyle's medical experiences also provided him with the background to write a number of medical stories published as *Round the Red Lamp: Stories of medical life as it used to be* (1908). Finally, his physiology professor, William Rutherford, is considered by many to be the model for Professor Challenger.

It is well-known that Doyle modelled Sherlock Holmes on Dr. Joseph Bell, his professor of surgery at the University of Edinburgh. Doyle acknowledged this in a letter written to Bell on May 4, 1892, in which he said:

It is most certainly to you that I owe Sherlock Holmes, and although in the stories I have the advantage of being able to place him in all sorts of dramatic positions, I do not think his analytical work is in the least an exaggeration of some of the effects which I have seen you produce in the out-patient ward.

Bell was a surgeon at the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh and in 1878, Doyle was his out-patient clerk. Bell was also a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, which operates the Surgeon's Hall Museum. One of the largest medical museums in the United Kingdom, Surgeon's Hall houses one of the most significant surgical collections in the world.

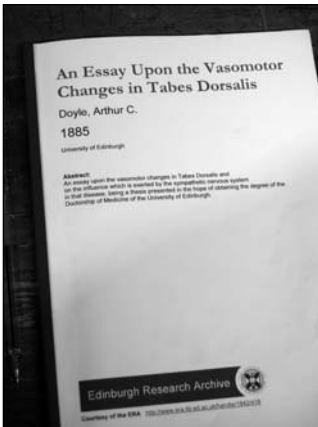
Although Sherlock Holmes did not, as far as we know, solve any cases in Edinburgh, the body of Mr. Enoch J. Drebber of Cleveland, Ohio, was found at 3 Lauriston Gardens, Brixton, in *A Study in Scarlet*, the first published Holmes story. This address does not exist in London, but does exist near the Royal



Statue of Holmes near Doyle's birthplace.

Infirmary in Edinburgh, where Conan Doyle worked as a clerk for Bell, who lived at 20 Melville Street, Edinburgh, very near Lauriston Gardens. This was also only a short walk from Doyle's home at 23 George Square, where he lived from 1877-1881 while he was a medical student. An astute reader might find other Edinburgh references throughout the Canon.

A very short story, *The Field Bazaar* (published in *The Student* on November 20, 1896), written for an Edinburgh University fundraising event, has Watson asked to write a story for the Edinburgh University Bazaar. In this story, Watson has a photograph of himself as a member of the Edinburgh University cricket team. Doyle was a keen cricketer who played for the Edinburgh University second cricket team and the Marylebone Cricket Club in London. Watson, of course, as a student at the University of London medical school, would not likely have been a member of the Edinburgh University cricket team — unless there is something about him that we do not know. Did Watson obtain his Bachelor of Medicine degree at Edinburgh before going to London to complete his MD?



The Field Bazaar is included in a book of short stories titled *The Edinburgh Stories of Arthur Conan Doyle*, which has an introduction by Owen Dudley Edwards. This book also contains three other short stories set in Edinburgh: *His First Operation* (published in *Round the Red Lamp*), *John Barrington Cowles* (published in *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, April 1884) and *The Parasite* (a novelette, published by the Acme Library in 1894). Finally, there is an excerpt from Conan Doyle's MD thesis, *Upon the vasomotor changes in Tabes dorsalis and on the influence which is exerted by the sympathetic nervous system in that disease*,

written at Southsea in longhand, in April 1885.

It is thus fitting that the Surgeons' Hall Museum (Nicolson Street, Edinburgh) contains an exhibit titled *Conan Doyle and Joseph Bell: The real Sherlock Holmes*. The exhibition focuses on Doyle's relationship to Bell, who later became president of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh. This exhibit, which I visited in September 2009 with the Sherlock Holmes Society of London expedition to Edinburgh, contains more than 100 items relevant to Doyle, Bell and the creation of Sherlock Holmes, as well as many rooms full of medical artifacts outlining the history of medical advances in Edinburgh. The Holmes exhibit contains items from Doyle's family, including drawings from *Punch* magazine by his uncle, Richard Doyle, paintings by his father, Charles Altamont Doyle, and a three-volume book on the heraldry of England by another uncle, James Doyle.

As for Doyle himself, the exhibit contains the Hodder School Register for 1868, which suggests that the names of many characters from the Holmes stories

came from Doyle's school mates. Also on exhibit are copies of many of Doyle's published and unpublished stories, page proofs and first editions, as well as a film of an interview with him. Doyle's clinical notebooks and a copy of his MD thesis, his medical fiction and various letters and notes of correspondence between Doyle and his friends and colleagues in Edinburgh, including Bell, are displayed. There are also letters from J. M. Barrie and E.W. Hornung, plus photographs and drawings from the Holmes stories. In addition, as one would expect in a medical museum, there are examples of medical instruments of the times.

There is also an exhibit on Bell, which includes his *Manual of Surgery* (1866), copies of his letters and correspondence, his lecture gown and copies of the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, which he edited in 1878-79. There are photographs of Bell and his colleagues at the New Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh, which opened in 1879 in Lauriston Place. Of course, there are many jars with human tissue specimens used for teaching by Bell and other colleagues at the medical school.

If you plan to visit Edinburgh, and are interested in following in the footsteps of Doyle and Bell, I suggest that you make the Surgeons' Hall Museum your first stop [www.museum.rcsed.ac.uk]. Buy a copy of the book *Conan Doyle and Joseph Bell: The Real Sherlock Holmes* by Alan Mackaill and Dawn Kemp (£8.00) at the museum shop and use it as a guide to the museum's Sherlock Holmes exhibit and to the Edinburgh of Doyle and Bell. The museum also has a pathology museum, a history of surgery, a section on sports medicine and a dental museum.



Author Alan Mackaill signs a copy of his *Doyle and Bell biography*.

While in Edinburgh, you might also be interested in learning about the infamous murderers Burke and Hare, who in 1827-28 sold the bodies of their victims to the medical schools of Edinburgh for dissection by students, and who are immortalized in the Surgeons' Hall museum. Burke's body was dissected in a public lecture theatre in the University of Edinburgh medical school after he was hanged for the murders. For fans of Ian Rankin's detective, John Rebus, Edinburgh also has a Rebus tour, with a stop at the Oxford Bar. There is also an Edinburgh Literary tour, an Edinburgh pub tour, the museums of the Royal Mile and of course, the Scottish whisky experience. Plays featuring Sherlock Holmes are often performed at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival (5-29 August 2011).

Notes

Liebow, E. M. 1982. *Dr. Joe Bell: Model for Sherlock Holmes*. Bowling Green, Ohio: Bowling Green University Popular Press. 269 pages.

Lycett, Andrew. 2007. *Conan Doyle: The man who created Sherlock Holmes*. London: Phoenix Books, 554 pages.

Not Today – A Toast to the Master

This toast was delivered by Mietek Padowicz at the October 7th, 2010, meeting of the Bimetallic Question. Mietek wrote the review of Sherlock in the Winter 2010/2011 edition of Canadian Holmes.



The other day while in the street, I chanced across a beaked nosed man with eyes so keen.

He asked me in a thousand ways, if by chance I knew, If by chance had seen.
The tricky, nasty, scheming scum, that ran through London's very being.

I offered him a cup of tea, a ginger snap, some time to think, before again he disappeared.

Again to hunt, to sniff, to prowl, the seamy underbelly of time and Hell.

A land where more ingenious by the day, evil lives and plots and grows,
Where we but pass from time to time, he lives there every day.

For every criminal dispatched, a dozen more take up the cause
Eternal fear, eternal thrill, eternal vigilance for him.

So should you see his furrowed brow and feel his deep eyes questioning,
If he should stop you in mid flight, in an inquiring greeting,

Please understand, he can't stay long, he's on a case, must soon away
Perhaps another day, he'll stop and play, but not today...

TO THE MASTER



Join us in Toronto
October 13-16, 2011
for a discussion of the
oftentimes controversial
life of **Arthur Conan Doyle**
and the culture of
Victorian scandal

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BAKER STREET IRREGULAR

By Christopher Roden, MBt., BSI

Christopher Roden sits in the centre of his web in British Columbia. His agents are numerous and splendidly organized.

It is the Depression. Jobs are being lost at all levels, and the employees of the law firm of Emery, Bird & Thayer are no more likely to escape unemployment than anyone else. It is little surprise, therefore, that when the firm's partners return from their weekly lunch, the axe begins to fall. Woody Hazelbaker is on the point of receiving his notice when he is summoned to the office of the senior partner, Mr. Bird. Woody is to be kept on to perform some particularly tricky business for a client the firm is not keen to advertise, the mobster Owney Madden, with the promise that success will bring a partnership within six months of the job's completion.

Hazelbaker is a Harvard man, and one evening while in the Harvard Club's library, he comes across a copy of the newly published *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes* by Vincent Starrett. The manner in which Woody enthuses to the librarian, Mr. Wallbridge, leads to a luncheon invitation; but this is no ordinary lunch — this is lunch in the company of the Three Hours for Lunch Club, and a meeting with the likes of Christopher Morley, Bob Leavitt, Peter Grieg and others. Hazelbaker has met the early Baker Street Irregulars.

Jon Lellenberg has been writing the archival history of the Baker Street Irregulars for many years and knows of what he speaks. Not surprisingly, he weaves the Irregulars' characters into their various situations skillfully and believably. One is tempted to think that he might have been there and this is likely an outcome of his personal desire that today's Irregularity could revert to Morley's Irregularity as he sees it. No point is laboured, however, as he moves the novel along to involve the Irregulars in the build-up to, and involvement in the Second World War. As a Brit, it was warming to think that Irregulars back then were fighting isolationism and doing everything they could think of to see that Roosevelt (fighting his third presidential election) would finally take the plunge and join the war in support of Britain. Canada, of course, was already involved, and *Baker Street Irregular* introduces us to the very real and historically important Canadian, William Stephenson, who was to play an important role as MI6 station chief in New York during the period 1940–41. Hazelbaker becomes involved in the war in a big way, parting with his wife along the way, and falling in love with a Russian Jewess, who disappears in mysterious fashion.



It's not my job to spoil the plot of the novel for you and I hope I've said enough to convince you that you should read it for yourself. It would be nice to think that this story had a semblance of truth and that members of our organization did play a part in changing the world between 1939 and 1949 and after. (Lellenberg assures me that they did!) You'll enjoy spotting the real-life characters in this novel (even fiction writer Dennis Wheatley puts in an appearance). . . . And I think I can guarantee that you'll enjoy it. I certainly did.



Another Sherlockian Christmas Story ?

By Tom Brydges

Tom Brydges is a former Bootmaker and the founder of The Sherlock Holmes Club of the Upper Valley in Hanover, New Hampshire.

I had thought *The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle* was the only story in the Canon with a Christmas angle.

But there I was, all settled down and reading *The Naval Treaty*, when what to my wondering eyes did appear than this passage from Percy Phelps' narrative:

There was a pause then for about ten minutes, as if the person were waiting to see whether the noise had awakened me. Then I heard a gentle creaking as the window was very slowly opened. I could stand it no longer, for my nerves are not what they used to be. I sprang out of bed and flung open the shutters. A man was crouching at the window. I could see little of him, for he was gone like flash. He was wrapped in some sort of cloak which came across the lower part of his face.

The Night Before Christmas flashed through my mind: *I sprang from my bed; Away to the window I flew like a flash; and Tore open the shutters.* And also a line from *The Raven*: *Open here I flung the shutter.*

I sprang into detective mode and thought, perhaps *The Night Before Christmas* had just been published ... but no, it was published in 1823. Well then, perhaps ACD was writing in the Christmas season, when he might have encountered *TNBC* in some way or other? Unlikely, since *The Adventure of the Naval Treaty* was first published in October 1893, and probably written during the summer. Perhaps he was in his study and his eyes fell on an old and valued gift which reminded him of Christmas? Or maybe ACD just thought up his lines out of the blue.

As to *The Raven*, of course we know ACD was inspired by Poe's detective stories, and there are indications in his biographies that he was also well up on Poe's other works too — no doubt including his poetry, since ACD himself wrote a fair amount of verse. Who knows, maybe Poe was inspired by *TNBC* when he penned *The Raven* in 1845.

January 29, 2011 -- Bootmakers
8th Annual Blue Carbuncle
Dinner and Awards Banquet



**Photos
courtesy of
Bruce Aikin**

Sherlock Holmes and the Festival of Britain – 60-Year Anniversary

By Catherine Cooke, BSI, ASH

Catherine has managed Marylebone's Sherlock Holmes Collection since April 1982. She joined The Sherlock Holmes Society of London in 1980 and has served on Council for many years. She won the Baker Street Irregulars' Morley-Montgomery Award for the best article in the 2005 Baker Street Journal.

Walk into London's Sherlock Holmes Pub on Northumberland Street and you will meet Sherlockians in the pub enjoying a pint or in the restaurant upstairs staring lovingly at the recreated sitting-room. There has been an inn or a pub in this location for a great many years, but it was not always The Sherlock Holmes and the sitting room was, of course, not always there. Both are a result of the Festival of Britain, held 60 years ago.

Time now to take you back to October 26, 1950; the place London. The Council of the Borough of St. Marylebone is in session, discussing what its



A view into The Sherlock Holmes Pubs' sitting-room display.

contribution to the Festival of Britain, to be held in 1951, should be. The Festival has been proposed partly in celebration of the centenary of The Great Exhibition of 1851 and partly as a sort of post-war, almost post-rationing, party. The Labour group of the council put forward an idea: Change and progress in the borough since 1851. Essentially, the exhibition could show how slums had been cleared away and the quality of life in the

borough improved over the preceding century. This, they urged, would be both instructive and inspiring. The idea, however, was turned down. No suitable exhibition space could be made available, it would be very expensive to mount and it was doubted that the public would find it terribly interesting anyway.

An alternative was put forward by Councillor Robert H. Sharp: Sherlock Holmes. Originally the idea was to display copies of *The Strand Magazine* and books about Holmes and his world. Already many visitors to London asked in the Marylebone Library for directions to 221b Baker Street. Labour did not like the idea, Councillor Tom Vernon pointing out that the idea had merit, but that it

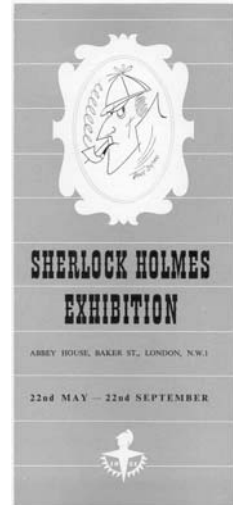
had no particular relevance to 1951 and could be done at any time. Did the borough really want to tell the world that the most important thing to be said about it was that an author named Conan Doyle had chosen to locate the rooms of his fictional detective in Baker Street, at a number, moreover that did not even exist until 1930?

The council seemed set to decide that Holmes was not, perhaps, the best choice for the 1951 exhibition.

Then the fun started. The press misreported the deliberations, stating that the council had rejected the idea of a Holmes exhibition and holding up Councillor Vernon as having spoken against it. Letters of protest flooded in, most famously to *The Times*, where a series of letters were published in October and November 1950. Dr. Watson wrote that Holmes himself was too busy raising bees in Sussex to come to his own defence. “There is much house in the Metropolis, but there is but one Sherlock Holmes. Perhaps this is time for revenge for the exposure by Mr. Sherlock Holmes of the evil machinations of the Norwood Builder...” (28/10/50). Councillor Sharp replied that “the matter was, and still is, as I see it, under consideration” (31/10/50). He added that he possessed Holmes’ violin and asked if anyone else had artifacts they would be willing to lend to such an exhibition. Arthur Wontner, a noted screen Holmes, Inspector Lestrade and many others then wrote in offering advice and the loan of some of Holmes’ effects. Mrs. Hudson, as a ratepayer in the borough, suggested that Madame Tussaud’s would be a suitable venue for the exhibition (1/11/50). Even the *New York Herald Tribune* reported on the furor with an article. On the more realistic note, the identity of some of the real people writing these letters is known: Ian Leslie was Dr. Watson and Colin Prestige was Mrs. Hudson.

The decision was finally taken at the council meeting of October 31, 1950 — the exhibition on Sherlock Holmes would be mounted. Two days later, *The Times* published another letter from Dr. Watson — there had been a fire at Holmes’ Sussex cottage and many of his effects and records had been destroyed. Holmes himself would not be able to help the organizers.

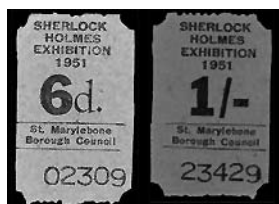
Planning for the exhibition started at once, with the chosen venue being Marylebone Library. Early editions of the stories and other books and journals on the subject were brought together. It was even hoped to borrow the first page of the original notes for *A Study in Scarlet*. On April 7, 1951, the plans were announced. The exhibition would open on May 22, Conan Doyle’s birthday, and be open every day except Sunday from 10:30 a.m. to 7:30 p.m. It would close on September 22, 1951. The venue would not be the Marylebone Library, but the headquarters of the Abbey National Building Society at 217-229 Baker Street. The organisers of the



Cover of a leaflet for the 1951 exhibit.

exhibition were C. Transfield (Jack) Thorne, librarian at Marylebone Library, Freda Pearce also of Marylebone and soon to be Mrs. Freda Howlett, Anthony Howlett, a leading authority on Holmes who specialised in the theatrical and cinematic exhibits, Professor W.T. Williams, as chief scientific adviser, and Winifred Paget, daughter of Sidney Paget. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's family was also most supportive, loaning photographs and manuscripts. It had been hoped to include a *Beeton's Christmas Annual* for 1887, but one was never found.

The centrepiece of the exhibition would be a full-scale reproduction of Sherlock Holmes' sitting-room, as it would have been in 1898, designed by the theatrical designer Michael Weight. A staggering figure of £33,500 was set aside for the project. Every detail of the room mentioned in the Canon was included – unanswered correspondence was pinned by a jackknife to the centre of the mantelpiece, a patriotic VR in bullet pocks adorned one wall, a gasogene and Persian slipper of tobacco were ready at hand. Afternoon tea lay half-eaten on the table. This posed problems. The exhibition was to open in May, but muffins, or crumpets, it had to be.

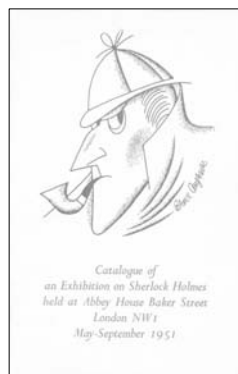


Child and adult tickets from the exhibition.

So a baker was found who would bake a special batch of muffins or crumpets each day: Mrs. Hudson would never have served stale muffins! The baker, incidentally, was nearly 32 kilometers away in St. Albans. Then two members of staff had to take a bit of a muffin each, or some eagle-eyed student of the Master might have noticed that Holmes and Watson were sharing the same teeth!

A season ticket was available, valid for the duration of the exhibition, at 5s (25p). A catalogue was published at 1s (5p). More than 50,000 visitors came to view the four-month exhibition. After closing in London, the exhibition was taken to New York for a two-year visit, opening at the Plaza Art Galleries on 59th Street on July 2, 1952. There were one or two alterations: Holmes' box of memorabilia was a little larger and a specimen of the Giant Rat had been obtained, presumably from Sumatra.

On the exhibition's return to London, items loaned by individuals were returned to them; the books went to Marylebone Library as the nucleus of its Sherlock Holmes Collection; and the remainder was leased and subsequently willed to Whitbread's, which installed it in reduced form at the Sherlock Holmes Public House in Northumberland Street, which opened on December 1957, where it is to this day. The pub lies but a step from Neville's Turkish Bath, much frequented by Holmes and Watson.



Cover of the exhibition's catalogue.

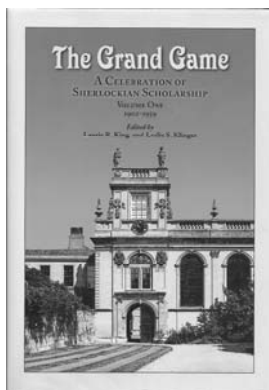
The Foundations of Sherlockian Scholarship Part VI

The Grand Game in black and white

By Doug Wrigglesworth, MBt, BSI

Doug, a retired educator, is a former Meyers of the Bootmakers of Toronto. He is a member of Sherlockian societies across Canada and around the world.

It was in March of 1911 that Ronald Knox, then a 23-year-old probationary fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, presented a paper to friends and fellow students that has been considered generally as the inauguration of the “writings on the writings” and the Grand Sherlockian Game we all enjoy to this day. *Studies in the Literature of Sherlock Holmes* began as a gentle spoof of high-minded literary analyses, such as A. C. Bradley’s interpretations of Shakespeare, as presented to a number of undergraduate societies. Knox soon realized that it would apply well to biblical criticism and he included theological societies in his programme.



In a series of articles such as this that purport to survey the Foundations of Sherlockian Scholarship, it would be remiss indeed not to recognize such an important centennial. Although it was the 1928 publishing of a collection of his essays in *Essays in Satire* that first alerted the nascent Sherlockian world to this seminal work, its origin in the historic rooms of Oxford is an occasion to celebrate indeed.

Happily, this centennial year has seen the publication of a wonderful collection of essays that not only celebrates this cornerstone of *The Grand Sherlockian Game* but collects in one volume the cream of Sherlockian scholarship written between 1902 and 1959.¹ Edited by Laurie King, author of the *Beekeeper’s Apprentice* series, and the indefatigable Sherlockian scholar Les Klinger, *The Grand Game* consists of more than 60 of the most delightful and witty of all the “writings on the writings.”

Those readers who have followed this series, and wondered where they might possibly access those long out-of-print treasures I described, can now find many of the best examples collected in one volume.

The following offers only a very few examples from the delicious collection of prime examples of the foundations of Sherlockian scholarship.

The Cornerstone

Ronald Knox – 1912 *Studies in the Literature of Sherlock Holmes*

Textual Criticism

HW Bell – 1934 *The Date of The Sign of Four* – One of the early studies that were a part of the efforts to try and arrange the stories in chronological order.

Higher Criticism

Oxford or Cambridge? Dorothy Sayers – 1934 *Holmes' College Career On Dr. Watson:*

Gavin Brand – 1951 *Marriage and its Problems* – just how many wives?

J.W. Sovine – 1959 *The Singular Bullet* – Where was that wound?

221b Baker Street

Bernard Davies – 1950 *The Backyards of Baker Street* – just one small sample of the depth of the research carried out by this wonderful Sherlockian scholar.²

On Sherlock Holmes

R. K. Leavitt – 1940 *Nummi in Arca, or the Fiscal Holmes*

Madeline B. Stern – 1953 *Sherlock Holmes – Rare Book Collector* – from someone who herself was a renowned book dealer.

Special Considerations

Edgar W. Smith – 1944 *A Scandal in Identity*

D. Martin Dakin – 1953 *The Problem of the Case Book*

Radical Criticism

Rex Stout – 1944 *Watson was a Woman*

Julian Wolff – 1944 *That was no Lady*

Midrash³

A. A. Milne – 1929 *Dr. Watson Speaks Out*

Vincent Starrett – 1934 *The Singular Adventures of Martha Hudson*

S. Tupper Bigelow – 1959 *Two Canonical Problems Solved*

Once again, these are only a small sampling from the contents of this fine collection of Sherlockian treasures. As one who has enjoyed so many of these pieces from the publications in which they first appeared, it was a joy to find them together in one volume. The book is heavy and more expensive than it need be for orders outside the US, however, very much worth the cost.

This would seem to be an appropriate time to give these columns a rest for a while. Perhaps they may appear rather more irregularly (so to speak) in future issues. In the meanwhile, I leave you in the capable and friendly hands of book sellers around the world as you hunt for more treasures from the early days of Sherlockian scholarship.

Notes

[1] King, Laurie R., and Klinger, Leslie S. (eds) *The Grand Game: A Celebration of Sherlockian Scholarship. Volume One 1902-1959*. The Baker Street Irregulars. 2011.

[2] A collection of Davies' writings, *Holmes and Watson Country: Travels in Search of Solutions*, was published by The Sherlock Holmes Society of London. 2008. (2 Volumes)

[3] Midrash, (Hebrew) lit. "to investigate" or "study" is a homiletic method of biblical exegesis. The term also refers to the whole compilation of homiletic teachings on the Bible. Midrash is a way of interpreting biblical stories that goes beyond simple distillation of religious, legal or moral teachings.

More from the School of Knox

By Morley Wills

Morley Wills is a long-time member of the Bootmakers and The Spence Munros. He lives with his wife and his books in Kentville, Nova Scotia.

The definitive father of Sherlockian studies is Ronald A. Knox, a scholar of Eton School and Balliol College in Oxford. On March 13th, 1911, a 23-year-old Knox presented a ground-breaking paper, *Studies in Sherlock Holmes*, in his rooms in Trinity College to 21 guests. The guests that evening were 16 members of a literary club, the Gryphons, two honorary members and three guest invitees.

Ronald Knox and Sherlock Holmes by Mark Crowe examines not only Knox's original article, but also his four other original articles in the Holmesian/mystery field. Knox's introduction to *The Best Detective Stories of 1928* includes his 10 Commandments on Detective Fiction. *The Mathematics of Mrs. Watson*, (1932) is a review of two books, published in 1932; H.W. Bell's *Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson* and Thomas Blakeney's *Sherlock Holmes, Fact or Fiction? The Mystery of Mycroft*, (1934) delves into Mycroft and his career, offering an unexpected outlook on his relationship to his brother. As well, Knox wrote a well-received Holmes pastiche, *The Apocryphal Sherlock Holmes: The Adventure of the First-Class Carriage*. This is the only Holmes tale published in *The Strand* by anyone other than Doyle.

Crowe's book is published by Gasogene Press and gives us all of Knox's efforts, preceded by an introduction of more than 30 pages discussing Knox, his career, his conversion to Catholicism and the reaction to his Sherlockian ideas. The five articles read smoothly and still resonant with today's scholars.



Letters From Lomax

Musing and comments from Peggy Perdue at the Arthur Conan Doyle Collection of the Toronto Reference Library

*What opiate can best abate
Anxiety and toil?
Not aspirins, nor treble gins,
Nor love, nor mineral oil --
My only drug is a good long slug
Of tincture of Conan Doyle.*

--Christopher Morley

April is Poetry Month, dear readers, and it's time to drop into a bit of Sherlockian poetry. In preparing a display on this subject for the library, I found an abundance of material in the Arthur Conan Doyle Collection. These range from lyrical works by gifted writers to the kind of odious odes that Sherlock Holmes must have been thinking of when he said, "Cut out the poetry, Watson" (RETI). There are far more than could possibly be mentioned in this short article, but I can at least share a few of the highlights with you.

Most subscribers to *Canadian Holmes* will be familiar with *221B*, a poem written by Vincent Starrett during the Second World War. If there are some newcomers who don't know this work, I would certainly suggest that you put this heartfelt testament to the consolation of literature in a "world gone awry" at the top of your reading list. Starrett was also appreciative of the works of fellow writers and did his part to preserve other examples of early Sherlockian poetry. One of the rarer items I found in the Collection was an offprint of *Monody on the Death of Sherlock Holmes* by E.E. Kellett (printed by E.B. Hill, 1934). The item is signed by Starrett and features a preface by him in which he explains that Kellett was a Cambridge student who had apparently written the poem shortly after reading *The Final Problem* in 1893.

A monody is a poem lamenting a death, but as we all know, there is a happier ending to Holmes' story than young Mr. Kellett could have imagined at that time. I don't suppose there's a form of poetry that can be called the opposite of a monody, but perhaps there's little need for one anyway since hardly anyone ever comes back to life. However, Sherlock Holmes did just that and we have at least one example of a work composed in honour of his rebirth. When *The Empty House* was published in the *The Strand*, P.G. Wodehouse wrote *Back to His Native Strand* for publication in *Punch* in 1903. The piece was to be sung to the tune of a popular song of the time, but works just as well without the music. I'll reproduce a bit of it here so you can sense the celebratory tone:

*For Sherlock, Sherlock, he's in town again,
That prince of perspicacity, that monument of brain,
The world of crime has got the blues,
For Sherlock's out and after clues,
And everything's a clue to Sherlock*

Since these early days, much more ink has been spilled writing poetic tributes to the Great Detective, from T.S. Eliot's famous Macavity (aka Moriarty in feline form), to the limericks of Isaac Asimov, to Japanese and even Swedish haiku. I would recommend a look at the *Baker Street Journal* and the *Sherlock Holmes Journal* for more examples of poems written during the early stages of the Sherlockian movement, as well as for more current ones. You have but to consult previous issues of *Canadian Holmes* to see that Bootmakers have done their part in Canada as well. From the U.S. we have such gems as *And to think that I saw it on Mulbaker Street* (by Warren Randall with pictures by Laurie Manifold), *The Sherlock Holmes Mother Goose* by Paula Salo, and the amusingly titled *Doggerel in the Night-time* by Deborah W. Sage, as well as the many products of John Ruyle's prolific printing press.

A personal favourite among the poems I came across was a film review in poetry form written by E.V. Knox, brother to Ronald Knox. Knox published *Thoughts on seeing the Hound of the Baskervilles at the Cinema*, in *Punch* in 1939. Many people have taken issue with Nigel Bruce's dim-witted take on Watson, but it takes a deeply committed person to compose an entire poem on the subject. The work is still in copyright, so I can't reproduce it in its entirety here, but we must have a least a bit of it:

*What imbecile production, what madness of the moon
Has screened my glorious Watson as well nigh a buffoon?
Is this the face that went with Holmes on half a hundred trips
Through nights of rain, by gig, by train, are these the eyes, the lips?
These goggling eyes, these stammering lips, can these reveal the mind
How strong to tread where duty led, his practice cast behind?*

Have you ever read a film review written in verse before? This is no common critique and serves as a good example of how creative and diverse a genre this strange offspring of the poetic muse can be. Sherlockian poetry can tell a new tale or revisit an old one; it can be funny or sombre, delightfully good or delightfully bad. In short, it can do all that poetry is meant to do. So why not celebrate Poetry Month with a visit to the Arthur Conan Doyle Collection? Maybe you'll even be inspired to compose something of your own.



News Notes from across the country

Halifax — Thirteen proved to be a lucky number for the Spence Munros at the January 23, 2011, birthday meeting. That's how many members, veteran and new, met at the Victory Arms Pub in Halifax's Lord Nelson Hotel.

The toast to the Queen was given by Grant Bradbury, who talked about recently discovering a statue of Her Majesty in Quebec City. Elizabeth Pass saluted Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Doug Pass did the same for Sherlock.

There were show-and-tell items galore after the holiday season, including books, wine stoppers and earrings.

On March 27, 2011, the club met again, this time at Laura De Boer's new home to discuss *The Red-Headed League*. All of the assembled Sherlockians had a good time, including new member Wendy Heyman-Marsaw.

Montreal — Fifty-five of the faithful dined at the St. Sulpice Hotel in Old Montreal on January 22, 2011. David Dowse toasted the Master, Patrick Campbell gave the toast to Dr. Watson, Heather Wileman-Brown toasted The Woman, Marie Burrows toasted Mrs. Hudson and David Kellett gave the toast to the society.

February 3, 2011, saw 17 members of the Bimetallic Question meet at the Westmount Library to discuss *The Adventure of the Copper Beeches*. The quiz, which was won by Roger Burrows, was prepared by Marie Burrows. Toasts were given by Ron Zilman, the club's new Sovereign, Susan Ruth Fitch, David Kellett (for Rachel Alkallay), Maureen Anderson (for Jack Anderson) and David Dowse.

Regina — Readers of *Canadian Holmes* will be saddened to hear that Brian Brodie, a founding member of Regina's Irregulars, suddenly passed away in Ottawa on November 14, 2010, after attending a conference there. Brian was born in Enfield, England, in 1943, graduated from the London School of Chiropody in 1968, and in the same year married Gillian Taylor. After practising for 15 years in England, he moved with Gillian to Canada in 1983, first living in Toronto and then in 1985 moving to Regina. Dr. Brodie worked for Regina Health as a podiatrist until his retirement in 2007, continuing to work part-time in La Ronge, Saskatchewan. His special interest within his profession was the alleviation of the effects of diabetes on the foot. He served on professional committees and spoke as a lecturer on many occasions.

Outside his profession, Brian had many interests. In addition to his keen and

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BOOTMAKERS' DIARY

... it is a page from some private diary.

- *The Five Orange Pips*

Editor's Note: Thanks goes out to Donny Zaldin for compiling this edition of *Bootmakers' Diary*.

Saturday, 15th January, 2011

Two Ontario Bootmakers are dining this evening at one of the most historic eateries on the Thames: the Members Dining Room at the Palace of Westminster. The occasion is the annual dinner of the Sherlock Holmes Society of London, and among the celebrants are **Peter Calamai**, from Ottawa, and **Doug Wrigglesworth**, from Holland Landing. Doug has the honour of escorting **Georgina Doyle** to the event and they are invited to sit at the 'top' table. Joining them are **Catherine Doyle Beggs** and her husband, **Michael**. Catherine is the daughter of the late **Brigadier John Doyle**, nephew of **Arthur Conan Doyle**, and stepdaughter to Georgina. After the fine dinner, the usual toasts and the camaraderie one enjoys at Sherlockian banquets, the gathering is entertained and informed by this year's guest speaker, **Anthony Horowitz**, novelist and writer of such television programs as *Foyle's War* and several episodes of *Midsomer Murders*. It is first announced on this occasion that "The estate of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has commissioned Mr. Horowitz to write the first new Sherlock Holmes novel in 96 years, to be published by Orion later this year." During an entertaining address, Mr. Horowitz lists some dozen promises he made to himself as he began this daunting task. Many who listen are heartened by the evidence of Horowitz's understanding and appreciation of the original stories. There are those who might peer over their stack of pastiches and query the words, "first new Sherlock Holes novel," but we all anticipate with pleasure this new work.

Saturday, 29th January, 2011: *The Blue Carbuncle Dinner and Awards Banquet*

Forty-eight Bootmakers and guests, many dressed in Victorian finery, attend the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club for the Bootmakers 8th Annual Blue Carbuncle

Dinner and Awards Banquet. The colour blue and rhyme (not prose) are prominent themes of the evening.

Event organizer **Dayna Nuhn**, who is Meyers for 2011, has designed beautifully printed Sherlockian ephemera – all coloured blue – including individual place cards, a menu/programme of the evening's events (with Canonical quotes describing the evening's fare, such as "Mini Tonga Roast Potatoes" and "Jonathan's Small Seasonal Vegetables"). A large card is at each table for everyone to sign, for the Society archives.

Doug Wrigglesworth says Grace, reprising the blessing invoked by the late **Rev. Brant Loper** at the BOT 1984 Annual Banquet and Awards Dinner, concluding with "the game of life is afoot."

Five toasts follow, interspersed throughout the meal.

Our own "gracious lady" **Barbara Rusch** toasts – in rhyme – Queen Victoria. "Of her selfish ways there were serious rumours but, in truth, her heart was as big as her bloomers" (which Barbara displays to the awe and amusement of our company).

Bob Coghill toasts – in a Shakespearean sonnet – the world's greatest consulting detective, whom Starrett says "can never die because his bees' nectar keeps him spry."

Third Blues Brother, **Cliff Goldfarb**, peers out from under his hat and from behind dark sunglasses to pay his musical respects to Dr. Watson, accompanied by **Craig Brtnik** at the keyboard. The refrain: *I've got the Doc Watson traveling wound blues / The shoulder throbbing, leg twitching blues / I've got two, or is it three wives, can't remember now / I've got the Doc Watson traveling wound blues.*

Chris Redmond toasts the literary agent, the imaginative, demiurgic and immortal Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in a distinctly different way – in prose – thanking him for creating the quintessential detective (who never lived and so can never die) and naming him Sherlock Holmes, and not, say, Egbert Snope.

After parading three invisible show dogs, **Peter Calamai** (who was the singular Sherlockian to attend the 2011 Holmes birthday celebrations in London, New York and Toronto) toasts Canonical canines. Dogs, unlike women, were held in high regard by Holmes although, at times, neither fared all that well in the Canon. The 17 individual dogs mentioned in the Canon often exemplified courage, fidelity, selflessness and even love.

Barbara Rusch reports on the January 6-9 BSI Weekend in N.Y., with the strains of *New York, New York* played by **Craig Brtnik**, as background. For a complete report on the weekend, see page 4.

Donny Zaldin recalls **Trevor Raymond's** brilliant, award-winning Christmas 2000 presentation on Henry Baker's hat in *The Blue Carbuncle* and displays a chalk drawing of that famous head covering. Afterward, **Ed Christenson** sports a facsimile chapeau, from which Donny deduces that he is highly intellectual and that his fiancée loves him very much.

Members are then entertained by The Bootmakers' Duet with Occasional Chorus. Songwriter/keyboardist **Craig Brtnik** performs his own musical version

of *The Second Stain*, sung to the tunes of three different songs: *Piano Man* by Billy Joel, *Your Song* by Elton John and *If I Could Read Your Mind* by Gordon Lightfoot. Songwriter/diva **Karen Campbell** performs *The Modern Mash*, about BBC's modern-day Sherlock, Benedict Cumberbatch, to the tune of Bobby Pickett's 1964 hit, sung by Borris Karloff, *The Monster Mash* (see page 2).

Donny Zaldin entertains us with a magic lantern show titled, *Name That Sherlockian Adventure*, a 10-question, audience-participation quiz. The show features images of either **Donny Zaldin** or his identical twin brother in Inverness cape, deerstalker, Meerschaum pipe and magnifying glass, in places or with things suggestive of one (or more) of the stories in the Canon.

Doug Wrigglesworth introduces the Awards ceremony. The winners of the True Davidson Award (**Cliff Goldfarb**, for his published paper on Churchill), the Derrick Murdoch Award (**Jan Hooke**, for her presentation on contralto Irene Adler), and the Warren Carleton Award (**Philip Elliott**, for his annual Pub night) are announced and each winner is presented with a certificate or a plaque in the shape of a boot. No Master Bootmaker Awards are conferred this year.

Outgoing Meyers (2010) **Doug Wrigglesworth** is presented with a Sherlockian parting gift, with a whistle of the London Constabulary to follow. Everyone misses **Dave Dunn** (who usually commissions and presents the whistles) and wishes him a full and speedy recovery.

To conclude the programme, **Ed Christenson** recites, from memory, Vincent Starrett's *221B* (possibly the first time that that immortal poem was not simply read at the Bootmaker Banquet).

Finally, Meyers urges everyone to register to attend the Friends/Bootmaker/Library Conference titled *Arthur Conan Doyle: A Study in Scandal* (SinS), chaired by **Barbara Rusch**, scheduled for October 13-16, 2011. We are advised that the BOT Silver Blaze Event, organized by Colonel Ross, **Karen Campbell**, has now been set for Saturday, July 16, 2011. We are reminded that *Sherlock Holmes: The Final Adventure*, based on William Gillette's original 1899 play, is being performed at The Grand Theatre, London, Ontario. Finally, thanks are extended to **Bruce Aikin**, official photographer of the Dinner, and to **Cliff and Doris Goldfarb** for hosting the night's Dinner at their tennis club.

Sunday, 30th January, 2011: The 15th Annual Marlene Aig Memorial Brunch

Seventeen enthusiastic, early-rising Bootmakers (**Bruce Aikin, Susan Armstrong, Kathy Burns, Karen Campbell, Bob Coghill, Noreen Crifo, Ed Christenson, Phillip Elliott, Damon Hartlin, Dayna Nuhn, Edith Reese, James Reese, Bill Rondeau, Barbara Rusch, Dave Sanders, Edwin Van der Flaes and Donny Zaldin**) gather at the Bishop and the Belcher Pub at 11:00 a.m. for brunch to remember **Marlene Aig**. **Ed Van der Flaes** and others remember fondly the award-winning journalist and stalwart of the New York Sherlockian scene, who died too young, in 1996 at age 43. Marlene was an ASH (Mrs. Turner) who embodied the Adventuress spirit with a zest for life

(exemplified by a trip to the North Pole) and love of family and friends. Despite the distance, she was a loyal Bootmaker and made the trek north of the 49th parallel to Toronto for some meetings and at least each January to attend the BOT Annual Banquet and Awards Dinner. Bootmakers always looked forward to seeing her and welcomed her as one of their own and continue to miss her to this day. The Sunday Brunch, which was routinely attended by Marlene and other out-of-towners, is named in her memory.

Saturday, 26th February, 2011: First Story Meeting, The Missing Three-Quarter

The year's first story meeting is *The Adventure of the Missing Three-Quarter* (MISS), presided over by Meyers 2011, **Dayna Nuhn**, who is celebrating her 30th year as a Bootmaker by reprising her successful role as Meyers 2000.

Forty-five Bootmakers and guest are greeted by **Marilyn Penner** and **Stephanie Thomas**, **Philip Elliott** presents Meyers 2010 **Doug Wrigglesworth** with his whistle of the London Constabulary and a mini-Agra treasure chest.

Doug Wrigglesworth introduces the story, citing his usual diverse sources, Daikin, Oxford, and Klinger, and expounding on ACD's interest and participation in cricket, football (i.e.- soccer in North America), swimming, skiing, and (of greatest interest to the Bootmakers) hockey, and giving us a short history and how-to of rugby. We divide into three groups and fill out three thought-provoking answer sheets to the following three questions (devised with input from teacher **Karen Campbell**): *If this Canonical story were ever filmed, imagine which: (1) past or present movie or TV star; (2) historical or present-day fictional figure; and (3) Canadian political figure might be cast as Holmes, Watson, Dr. Armstrong, Cyril Overton, Lord Mount-James, and Godfrey Staunton.*

A Duet with an Occasional Chorus entertains us with Sherlockian music. Divo/accompanist **Craig Brtnik** plays and sings his own musical version of *The Dying Detective* to the tune of Harry Chapin's 1972 hit song, *Taxi*. Diva **Karen Campbell** (with Craig at the keyboard) parodies the missing three-quarter, Godfrey Staunton, to the tune of *The Old Ball Game*, with a refrain which includes: *Bring him back to the ball game, / Bring him back to the crowd. / Out on the field, he's just cracker jack, / What'll we do if he never comes back?*

In part inspired because it's February and we just celebrated Valentine's Day and because of Godfrey Staunton's love for his late wife, **Barbara Rusch** makes the only formal presentation of the evening, entitled: *Love Betrayed, Love Reclaimed: A Question of Affection in the Canon.*

Love is everywhere in evidence in the Sherlock Holmes stories, driving the plots, defining the characters and determining the outcome of many of the sixty stories. However, that ineffable emotion is not necessarily represented as fairy tale romance but rather in dark tales of love gone wrong – of lies and deception, revenge and greed, sexual perversion, jealousy, secrets and abuse, both physical and psychological. Much of this injury originates from lovers, husbands, fathers,

brothers and others who have a moral obligation to protect and cherish those women entrusted to their care.

The Canon, however, is not totally devoid of true love. Watson found his Mary, and as that relationship turned out so well, he found two more.

But what of Sherlock Holmes and true love? “Love is an emotional thing and whatever is emotional is opposed to that true, cold reason which I place above all things. I should never marry lest I bias my judgment.”

Holmes’s most important relationship is with Watson, his trusted roommate and chronicler, “the one fixed point in a changing age.” It is this friendship between these two men which is the most profound and constant example of love in the Canon.

Quizzards **Barbara Rusch** and **Donny Zaldin** present another challenging quiz seeking answers to *Persons and things that go missing in the Canon*. Examples: What two items go missing in the Canon’s only Christmas story? (The Blue Carbuncle and Henry Baker’s hat) What did Jabez Wilson lose? (his position with the Red-Headed League, copying out the *Encyclopedia Britannica*). The Quiz Answer Sheet inadvertently goes missing during the break but is located (a la Holmes) and turned in by **Bob Coghill**, who later earns the only perfect score of the evening. **Karen Campbell**, **Doug Wrigglesworth** and **Dave Sanders** earn book prizes for the three next highest scores.

Dayna Nuhn and **Ed Christenson** serve up a clever, thematic mid-meeting repast, in the style of Mrs. Hudson (eg. the finger sandwiches are cut into quarters but one quarter from each sandwich is missing), which more than satisfies the hunger and thirst of those assembled and adds to the conviviality of the evening.

ACD Collection curator **Peggy Perdue** speaks knowledgably and lovingly about more selected treasures from the Collection, including Edwardian and more modern Sherlockian sheet music.

Saturday, 5th March, 2011: Sherlock Holmes: The Final Adventure, at the Grand Theatre, London, ON

Meyers 2011, **Dayna Nuhn**, organizes an out-of-town, unofficial Bootmaker event of lunch and a Sherlockian play, which is attended by a BOT contingent of sixteen, **Suzanne Adams**, **Kathy Burns**, **Karen Campbell**, **Philip Elliott**, **Mary Anne Husband**, **Dave Sanders**, **Renee Mactaggart**, **Garry Marnoch**, **Marilyn Penner**, **Edith Reese**, **James Reese**, **Barbara Rusch**, **Jacqueline Todd**, **Gerry Wormald**, **Pat Wormald**, and **Donny Zaldin**. Regrettably, Dayna is unable to attend by reason of eleventh hour family commitments.

After enjoying an agreeable two (not three) hour lunch at Gigs Grillhouse, the game is afoot at the magnificent Grand Theatre, 471 Richmond Street, London, Ontario, which opened as the New Grand Opera House in 1901. The now century-old building was built and operated by Toronto entrepreneur and impresario, Ambrose Small, who mysteriously disappeared 18 years later on December 2, 1919, although it is said that his ghost still keeps a benevolent eye

on his beloved theatre. The once-distinguished building, which became a movie house and home for amateur theatre, underwent extensive, costly renovations in 1977 and reopened the following year to reclaim its status as one of the most beautiful theatres in Canada, upon whose stage many great and famous actors perform under its magnificent Proscenium Arch.

We Bootmakers are thoroughly entertained and delighted by *Sherlock Holmes: The Final Adventure*, written by Steven Dietz, starring Steven Sutcliffe as Holmes, Clive Walton as Dr. Watson, Peter Krantz as the King of Bohemia, Thom Marriott as Professor Moriarty, and Ieva Lucs as Irene Adler. The playwright deftly combines *A Scandal in Bohemia* with *The Final Problem*. The world's greatest consulting detective is hired by the King of Bohemia to retrieve a photograph of the King and his former lover, the cunning contralto Irene Adler; Holmes confronts his arch-enemy, Professor Moriarty, the "Napoleon of Crime;" and "The Woman" tests Holmes's true, cold reason which he places above all things lest he bias his judgment, in an adventure filled with intrigue, suspense and wit, all in two hours, including one 20-minute intermission.



... *News Notes continued from page 30*

knowledgeable passion for Arthur Conan Doyle and all things Sherlockian, he was also interested in genealogy (family history research), military history, stamp collecting, reading on all subjects, running and swimming, and travel to many countries. Brian is survived by his loving wife Gillian (who shares his passion for Conan Doyle and the Holmes stories), two aunts in England, and cousins in Massachusetts and England. Readers of *Canadian Holmes* who knew Brian can acknowledge his contribution to the celebration of Conan Doyle and Sherlock Holmes by donating in his memory to the Canadian Heart and Stroke Foundation.

Vancouver — The Stormy Petrels celebrated Sherlock Holmes' birthday with a luncheon on January 8, 2011. The White Spot restaurant was the location and President Fran Martin recited a poem that she wrote for the meeting. The group met less than one month later, on February 1, at Peter and Audrey Wood's apartment. *Shoscombe Old Place* was on the agenda, with Romney Copping supplying the study notes. The assembled group of 15 agreed the story was not one of ACD's best efforts.



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