

Canadian Holmes

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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 and on Twitter at @CanadianHolmes

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Business correspondence should be addressed to The Bootmakers of Toronto, 2045 Lake Shore Blvd. West, Suite 3303, Etobicoke, ON, M8V 2Z6, Canada.

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Cover: Artist Randy Cole created the robotic Sherlock Holmes that is on the cover. I don't expect the dog's name is Toby, but in the future, maybe it is. Randy can be reached at:

Twitter: [@R_HOTP](https://twitter.com/@R_HOTP)

Tumblr: theheroofthepeople.tumblr.com

Canadian Holmes

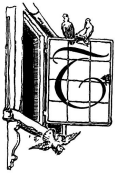
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One-hundred fifty-fourth issue

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RACES OF BOOTPRINTS

Not quite so eagle eyed

When we took on the editorship of *Canadian Holmes* over 30 issues ago we knew it wouldn't be an easy task; we hoped, however, it would be one which we could do with enthusiasm and care.

Being the editors of a journal dedicated to a literary figure means many of your readers are of a literary leaning, obviously read and retain, and enjoy the goings-on of Holmes and company.

In each issue we strive to bring you a bit of this and a bit of that. We try to balance the scholarship with the fun, the serious and the lighthearted. And we always strive to put out the cleanest, most error-free journal we can. However, that is not always possible. John Linsenmeyer, a former editor of *The Baker Street Journal*, has an excellent Letter to the Editor in this issue taking up a point from our previous issue's Mrs. Hudson column.

We also have to point out that another eagle-eyed reader noticed that Nils Clausson's book review stated Conan Doyle "lost his son Kingsley in the War." Kingsley died at St. Thomas's Hospital in London, from pneumonia during the pan-European influenza on 28 October 1918.

Letters like John's and the email about Kingsley Doyle remind us to not only check and double check facts in the journal, but that we are far from perfect and when in doubt, or just in error, our loyal readers will hold us to a high standard that this journal is known for.

This issue kicks off a new column, "The View from the Bow Window," written by longtime Bootmaker and Sherlockian Barbara Rusch; the Sherlockian illustration is by Laurie Fraser Manifold. This column will be a short and snappy thumbnail sketch of some item of Victorian or Edwardian life mentioned in the Canon. We also have Catherine Cooke's article on *The Lost World*, a non-Sherlockian favourite of many readers. Barbara's writing talent is put to work again in this issue for the second half of her article on love in the Canon, once again illustrated by Laurie. Former *Canadian Holmes* editor Chris Redmond takes up the challenge of explaining to us story order, printed order and the tangled skein therein. We wrap up the issue with the previously mentioned Letter to the Editor, Limericks and the Diary Notes. Enjoy the issue.

The view from the bow window

In her new column, Barbara Rusch explores various aspects of Victorian and Edwardian life as they relate to the canonical tales.



here might be no more fascinating view in all of London than the one from the bow window of 221B Baker Street. From this unique vantage point Sherlock Holmes could gaze down upon “all the loungers and idlers of the Empire,” providing an effective framework from which to showcase his exceptional powers of observation and deduction.

Glass windows only came into common use in the 15th century. By the 19th, they had become central features in homes and buildings. The bay – or bow – consisting of three or four identical windows within a single frame, curves outward from the walls, thus forming a bay within the structure while offering an almost panoramic view of the outdoors. Within the edifice, the bow creates a cozy alcove, often furnished with a wooden or upholstered seat, a perfect space to indulge in quiet reflection while watching the world go by. This architectural element became extremely popular toward the end of the 19th century, when the Building Act of 1894 decreed that windows were no longer required to stand flush with the exterior wall.

Of the six references to bow windows in the Canon, three may be found in the sitting room of 221B. It is there that the resolution to the theft of the Mazarin Stone is played out, while the bow window of the Diogenes Club provides the opportunity for Holmes to spar with his brother Mycroft to see which of them can outdo the other in deductive reasoning. And it is the propitious presence of a bow window which may well have saved the lives of both Holmes and Watson when they burgle the safe of Charles Augustus Milverton. Concealing themselves behind the curtain drawn across the bay window, they are witness to the retributive justice meted out to the master blackmailer.

Creating Reality – Conan Doyle’s concern to present fiction as fact in The Lost World

By Catherine Cooke

Catherine Cooke is Joint Honorary Secretary (Meetings) of the SHSL and an invested member of the BSI and ASH. When not managing and developing the IT systems of Westminster Libraries, she manages the Sherlock Holmes Collection at Westminster Reference Library.



Some would say that a major strength of the Sherlock Holmes stories is Conan Doyle’s lack of attention to detail. What matter that Dr. John H. Watson’s wife calls him James at one point, or that his wound migrates from shoulder to leg? In his historical fiction, on the other hand, Conan Doyle pays minute attention to detail and historical accuracy, even down to the terminology he employs. He shows that same care in his science fiction.

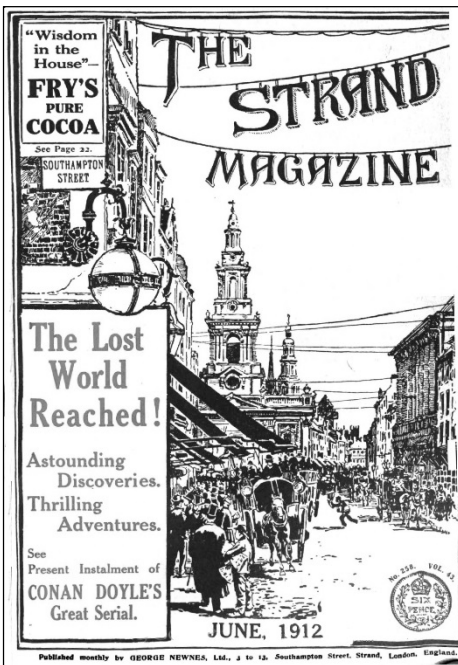
The Lost World was originally published in *The Strand Magazine* from April to November 1912, then in a book edition. This article will look at the elements that inspired the novel, some acknowledged by Conan Doyle himself, and its creation from the original manuscript, through *The Strand Magazine*, to the novel publication. Roy Pilot and Al Rodin said Conan Doyle “convinced his audience that they were hearing the first person accounts of people who had actually seen living dinosaurs.” (1) We will look at how Conan Doyle sought to create that realism and how film makers have attempted to follow his lead.

What are the elements of a novel? Plot, setting, characters and, finally, presentation. How does Conan Doyle use these elements to take an incredible story and persuade the reader that it is scientific fact? How does he achieve what Professor Challenger himself found so difficult?

To start with plot and setting. In 1912 the idea of a lost continent was not new – Jules Verne’s *Journey to the Centre of the Earth* and Rider Haggard’s *She* had taken contemporary man to unknown worlds. One could even go further back and cite *Gulliver’s Travels*. The problem for the author, as Conan Doyle saw it, was that the world was running out of

unknown places such a tale could be set. He expressed this in a speech on literature he gave at a Royal Societies Club event on May 3, 1910 honouring Commander Robert E. Peary:

The writers of romance had always a certain amount of grievance against explorers...that explorers were continually encroaching on the domain of the romance writer. There had been a time when the world was full of blank spaces, and in which a man of imagination might be able to give free scope to his fancy. But owing to the ill-directed energy of their guest and other gentlemen of similar tendencies, these spaces were rapidly being filled up; and the question was where the romance writer was to turn when he wanted to draw any vague and not too clearly defined region. Romance writers were a class of people who very much disliked being hampered by facts...[he] did not know where romance writers would be able to send their characters in order that they might come back chastened and better men. (2)



Conan Doyle had himself made a couple of intrepid journeys, on the whaling ship *Hope* and on the *Mayumba* to Africa. He evidently retained an interest in exploration – he had addressed a similar lunch for Ernest Shackleton in 1909 and had appeared with Captain Robert Scott at a fundraising meeting for the British Antarctic Expedition.

In the late 19th and early 20th centuries, explorers were active in South America. In 1838 German botanist Robert Schomburgk described an isolated plateau in Venezuela, Mount Roraima. Around 1884 British botanist Everard im

Thurn travelled to the remote parts of Venezuela exploring and gathering unknown plants. The area was dotted with isolated, flat-topped mountains, one of the most fascinating being Mount Roraima. Thurn was the first person to ascend to the summit, some 9,000 feet above surrounding forest. Returning to England, he gave a number of lectures about his experiences

and at least one writer, Uwe George, thought Conan Doyle attended one, though offered no evidence for the assertion. (3)

Another part of South America being explored was along the Brazilian border with Bolivia – the Ricardo Franco Hills, this time by P. H. Fawcett. Fawcett himself stated that in London he met Conan Doyle, who “mentioned an idea for a novel on Central South America and asked for information, which I told him I should be glad to supply. The fruit of it was his *Lost World*.” (4) Fawcett disappeared in 1925 in central Brazil – no expedition was ever able to find him or discover what happened to him.

In August 1910 Conan Doyle wrote to Roger Casement in Peru about an idea for “a sort of wild boy’s book – a party of Englishmen exploring an unknown plateau on an Amazon tributary where extinct flora and fauna still existed. He asked Casement to send “anything weird and strange out there... and I’ll sew it into my patchwork quilt.” (5)

In the novel, Roxton shows Malone a map of South America, “Now down here in the Mato Grosso... or up in this corner where three countries meet, nothin’ would surprise me.” (6) The former contains Ricardo Franco Hills, the latter Mount Roraima.

Mount Roraima is nine miles long, three miles wide. It was described in 1879 by Boddam-Whetham:

Then came a deep forest-clad ravine whose farther side sloped steeply up to a distance of about three thousand feet, and springing directly out of this sea of green was a perpendicular wall of red rock, fifteen hundred feet in height. Hardly a shrub broke the sheer descent of the shining cliff; scarcely a line of verdure marked where clinging grasses had gained a footing on its smooth face. The southeastern corner was lightly rounded, and its tower-like appearance increased its general resemblance to a Titanic fortification for a few miles in length, rising from a forest glacia. (7)

The Ricardo Franco Hills were described by Fawcett in a presentation to the Royal Geographical Society: “They arose abruptly from the forest plains to a height of over 3,000 feet, crowned by formidable precipices. Of the interior of these hills, nothing was known.” (8) In a book on his explorations [published in 1953] he wrote: “Time and the foot of man had not touched these summits. They stood like a lost world, forested to their tops, and the imagination could picture the last vestiges there of an age long vanished. Isolated from the battle with changing conditions, monsters from the dawn of man’s existence might still roam those heights unchallenged, imprisoned and protected by unscalable cliffs.” (9)

Whichever location is the inspiration for the plateau of *The Lost World*, it is grounded in real places.

At the same time, the remains of prehistoric men and animals were increasingly coming to light and the discipline of paleontology was becoming popular. Conan Doyle had moved to Crowborough and in 1909 found imprints of fossils in a neighbouring quarry. He wrote to his mother, "I have another expert of the British Museum coming on Monday to advise me about the fossils we get from the quarry opposite... Huge lizard tracks." (10) By 1913 St. John Adcock wrote about a visit to Conan Doyle's house:

on the floor of the billiard room [stood] two huge fossil feet of the prehistoric Iguanodon, and on the table above them is the flint head of an arrow that has survived the Stone Age. ... [It] was the discovery of these relics on the down that stretch for miles before his own door that set Sir Arthur's imagination at work on the period to which they belong and resulted in the creation of the astonishing Professor Challenger, the sending of him and his search party to that almost inaccessible plateau in the wilds of South America which they find still inhabited by men and animals of the prehistoric type and, in a word, in the writing of *The Lost World*. (11)

We should not forget that the notorious Piltdown Man was "discovered" not far from Crowborough, and Conan Doyle visited the site a couple of times in 1912, while writing *The Lost World*. He wasn't to know the remains were faked (and he certainly did not deserve to be accused of having perpetrated the hoax himself, as he was in 1983). (12) It has to be said that much of what Conan Doyle found in the way of fossils seems to have turned out not to be fossil remains at all, but stone or oxide of iron and sand. While we may doubt his scientific discernment, we cannot doubt his interest.

Now, to turn to the characters. Firstly, of course, Professor George Edward Challenger himself – a megalomaniac who will brook no view other than his own. He thrives on battle:

It was his size which took one's breath away – his size and his imposing presence. His head was enormous, the largest I have ever seen upon a human being. I am sure that his top-hat, had I ever ventured to don it, would have slipped over me entirely and rested on my shoulders. He had the face and beard which I associate with an Assyrian bull; the former florid, the latter so black as almost to have a suspicion of blue, spade-shaped and rippling down over his chest. The hair was peculiar, plastered down in front in a long, curving wisp over his massive forehead. The eyes were blue-grey under great black tufts, very clear, very critical, and very masterful.

A huge spread of shoulders and a chest like a barrel were the other parts of him which appeared above the table, save for two enormous hands covered with long black hair. This and a bellowing, roaring, rumbling voice made up my first impression of the notorious Professor Challenger. (13)

Rather over the top and unlikely, one might say. Conan Doyle himself gives us his inspiration in his autobiography:

Most vividly of all, however, there stands out in my memory the squat figure of Professor Rutherford with his Assyrian beard, his prodigious voice, his enormous chest and his singular manner. He fascinated and awed us. I have endeavoured to reproduce some of his peculiarities in the fictitious character of Professor Challenger. He would sometimes start his lecture before he reached the classroom, so that we would hear a booming voice saying: "There are valves in the veins," or some other information, when the desk was still empty. (14)

William Rutherford was Professor of Physiology at Edinburgh University.

It is also not unlikely that elements from another associate of Conan Doyle's early medical days found their way into Challenger. For some six weeks in 1882, the newly qualified Conan Doyle worked with a doctor in Plymouth, George Turnavine Budd, called Cullingworth in Conan Doyle's autobiography:

People flocked into the town from 20 and 30 miles round, and not only his waiting-rooms, but his stairs and his passages, were crammed. His behaviour to them was extraordinary. He roared and shouted, scolded them, joked them, pushed them about, and pursued them sometimes into the street, or addressed them collectively from the landing. A morning with him when the practice was in full blast was as funny as any pantomime and I was exhausted with laughter..... But I liked Cullingworth and even now I can't help liking him – and I admired his strong qualities and enjoyed his company and the extraordinary situations which arose from any association with him. (15)

The saner, scientific side of Challenger was in all probability drawn from biologist Edwin Ray Lankester, Director of the Natural History Museum 1898 to 1907. He wrote popular works on science, especially in *Nature*. In 1905 he published *Extinct Animals*, a book on prehistoric life based on a series of lectures and aimed at young people. Challenger uses

it to show Malone an illustration of a stegosaurus, “This is an excellent monograph by my gifted friend Ray Lankester!” (16) Conan Doyle and Lankester seem to have met around 1909-1910. The latter wrote, “You are perfectly splendid in your story of the ‘lost world’ mountaintop. I feel proud to have had a certain small share in its inception. It is just conceivable to make it ‘go’ smoothly.” (17) Indeed, Challenger may be a much exaggerated portrait of Lankester. His obituary called him “a man of strong feeling, which he did not hesitate to express. Any form of sham, fraud, or injustice roused his anger, and his impetuous temperament sometimes led him into difficulties, even injured his worldly prospects. He hated carelessness or sloth, and at times his anger was terrible... He never fought for the love of battle, though anything which seemed to him to savour incompetence or pretence called forth a vigorous response.” (18)

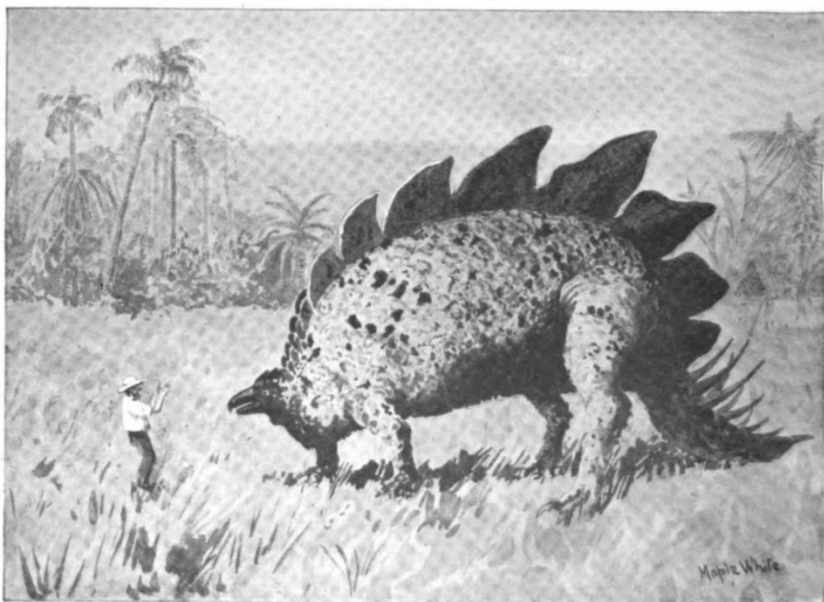
And the name “Challenger”? Conan Doyle’s Natural History teacher at Edinburgh was Charles Wyville Thomson, recently returned from three and a half years researching the scientific properties of the oceans on *HMS Challenger*.

Lord John Roxton may be partly based on Roger Casement, mentioned earlier. Sportsman, big game hunter and explorer, Casement was a British Consular agent who investigated the treatment of the natives in the Belgian Congo and the inhuman conditions of British workers employed by the Anglo-Peruvian Amazon Company. Like Roxton, he was the hero of wretched victims. Mixed in with Casement, perhaps there is some of Fawcett, as the physical descriptions are rather similar.

Edward Malone seems to have been based on Edmund Morel – the founder of *The West African Mail*, who also worked on behalf of the Congo natives. He had met Conan Doyle in 1909, a meeting which led the latter to write *The Crime of the Congo*. Conan Doyle, Casement and Morel dined together on 24 June, 1910 before attending a performance of the play *The Speckled Band*. There is little doubt Conan Doyle was impressed by both men. Maybe there is also something of Conan Doyle himself in Malone – his readiness for adventure, his curiosity and an Irish temperament making him sensitive to the presence of the evil ape-man.

Last of the humans, we have Professor Summerlee – less of an identifiable person and more of a scientific type – continually questioning, continually demanding hardcore evidence. He brings humour and tension into the novel.

Finally, there are the dinosaurs themselves. To modern eyes, it has to be said, they are not realistic. This is the description of the iguanodon: “They had slate-coloured skin, which was scaled like a lizard’s and shimmered where the sun shone upon it. All five were sitting up. Balancing themselves upon their broad, powerful tails and their huge



THE MONSTER.
From Maple White's Sketch-book.

three-toed hind feet, while with their small five-fingered front feet they pulled down the branches upon which they browsed... they looked like monstrous kangaroos..." (19) Modern discoveries and research have completely changed our view. The iguanodon and megalosaurus in all probability did not bound along like monstrous kangaroos, but walked on all fours, or ran, with their tail straight behind them for balance. Their skins were not scaly slate grey, but in some species covered in fur or feathers. What Conan Doyle writes is the prevailing view at the time – it was up-to-date scientific knowledge. This from *Extinct Animals*:

In figure 141 is shown the complete skeleton of the Iguanodon. This great Dinosaur was one of the first to be discovered. As you see, it stood on its hind legs like a kangaroo, and in running occasionally went on those feet only, touching the ground now and then with its front feet. Footprints in slabs of sandstone, once soft wet sand, are found showing this. The animal stood about fourteen feet from the head to the ground in the position shown in the figure.... Fig. 146 shows the skeleton of a Dinosaur of somewhat less size but with the same kangaroolike carriage, which was a beast of prey. It is the Megalosaurus, and had many tiger-like teeth in its

jaws. It hunted down and fed upon the herbivorous Dinosaurs as lions and tigers hunt and eat antelopes and buffalo to-day. (20)

So, we have seen how Conan Doyle researched his setting and characters. He seems to have started writing in October 1911.

As in other serialized novels, you can see the structure of the monthly episodes in the text. In *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, the chapters tend to follow the installments. In *The Lost World*, however, the end of installment cliff-hanger is often not the end of a chapter. You need a cliff-hanger for an installment, but for a chapter you need a neatly rounded off ending. The August installment ends, for example, half-way through Chapter 11 with the words, “Only now did I realize how I had learned to lean upon my companions, upon the serene self-confidence of Challenger, and upon the masterful, humorous coolness of Lord John Roxton. Without them I was like a child in the dark, helpless and powerless. I did not know which way to turn or what I should do first.” (21) The final two pages of Chapter 11 open September’s installment – the investigation of the chaotic camp and the comforting talk with Zambo.

In one instance, this is taken further. October ends with words that do not appear in the novel at all. “Already our hearts yearn and our spirits fly toward the great mother city which holds so much that is dear to us.” This is part way through Chapter 15. *The Strand* text continues, “Yet even there what adventures may await us and what reception is our story likely to receive? My instinct tells me that the last chapter of our experiences may be the strangest and most eventful of all.” (22) He is, in effect, saying – our characters are nearly safe, but buy next month’s episode, for there is more adventure to come!

Conan Doyle seems originally to have been at pains to produce the effect of a magazine publishing installments as they arrived from a correspondent thousands of miles away. The final text makes it clear that the agreement with Challenger is that nothing is published until the party return. This does not seem to have been the original intention. Conan Doyle was aiming at an illusion of reality, a literary hoax, in Rodin and Key’s phrase.

The manuscript of *The Lost World* survives in the Berg Collection in the New York Public Library. It is a working manuscript of some 300 pages, with notes and material that didn’t make it into the finished text. There are also archive boxes of notes, photographs and letters to the artist Patrick Forbes and photographer W. H. Ransford, to which we will return.

The clearest illustration of this is the opening of Chapter 10. In the published text, in both *The Strand* and the novel, the chapter opens with the words, “The most wonderful things have happened and are continually

happening to us. All the paper that I possess consists of five old notebooks and a lot of scraps, and I have only the one stylographic pencil..." (23)

In the manuscript, however, there is a section before that, which is worth quoting in full:

Letter IV

"The most wonderful things have happened"

[The last letter which we have printed arrived in November but nothing more was heard from Mr. Malone and his companions until the following February when there came to hand a considerable bundle of manuscript written with a purple pen pencil and stained in many places with mud and at least once with blood. I need not state that this paper cannot hold itself responsible for all the statements made in the course of this narrative but there is such evidence of bona fides in our possession that we should at least earnestly entreat that unbelievers will suspend their judgement until the arrival of the travellers with photographs or specimens as may consolidate their extraordinary story. We reproduce the Chronicle as received consisting as it does of letters to ourselves, supplemented by a private letter for which we are indebted to the courtesy in Gladys Hungerton of The Chestnuts, Streatham Ed. Daily Courier]

The most wonderful things have happened and are continually happening to us...(24)

This illusion of reality survives in the Foreword from 1912 British Edition –

Mr E. D. Malone desires to state that both the injunction for restraint and the libel action have been withdrawn unreservedly by Professor G. E. Challenger, who, being satisfied that no criticism or comment in this book is meant in an offensive spirit, has guaranteed that he will place no impediment to its publication and circulation. Mr. E. D. Malone would wish also to express his gratitude to Mr. Patrick L. Forbes, of Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead, for the skill and sympathy with which he has worked up the sketches which were brought from South America, and also to Mr. W. Ransford, of Elm Row, Hampstead, for his valuable expert help in dealing with the photographs. (25)

Conan Doyle was extremely concerned that the illustrations matched his descriptions. He wrote to his mother on 3 December, 1911 "My book is done and I am very busy superintending the making of some pictures

which will purport to be photos of this lost world which the discoverers have found.” (26) *The Strand Magazine* publication was illustrated by Harry Rountree. Conan Doyle also took an active part in the preparation of the novel publication. He found a picture of a bog in Dunkery and pencilled on notes to show where he wanted the pterodactyls round the pool, where weird wood and sky was to appear. This and pictures from *Extinct Animals* he sent to Patrick Forbes, writing “I feel that we shall make a great joke out of this.” (27) He left very little room for artist’s imagination.



PROFESSOR CHALLENGER IN HIS STUDY.
From a Photograph by William Ransford, Hampstead.

To add to the verisimilitude, Conan Doyle needed photographs. He sketched the group of explorers to show what he wanted. A photographer friend of Forbes, W. H. Ransford, obliged. Conan Doyle dressed up as Challenger himself. He wrote to Ransford about an early shot, “Your friend errs in the direction of amiability, good looks and all that is nice. If he would consent to act the human gorilla he would lose his identity but get Challenger’s.” (28) The beard needed enlarging, the

ears needed hiding, the hairline should be lower down the forehead, and he should be shorter and with more powerful shoulders. The photograph appears as the frontispiece to the book edition, published by Hodder and Stoughton on 15 October, 1912. (29) Underneath, Conan Doyle wrote, “Yours truly (to use the conventional lie), George Edward Challenger” a comment that reads on several levels.

Ransford’s own copy of the first book edition had pencilled names under the party photograph – Conan Doyle was Challenger, Ransford himself was Malone, and Forbes portrayed both Summerlee and Roxton. Portrait shots of them in character were cut out, reversed as necessary and positioned before being rephotographed. All this survives in the archive at the Berg Collection, even Ransford’s false moustache.

Forbes was Conan Doyle's brother-in-law, married to Jean Leckie's older sister, Mildred, having for a long time been the Leckie's lodger. Later, Mildred left Forbes and went to live with Ransford.

Conan Doyle was something of a practical joker. There is a story that in the character of Challenger he knocked on a friend's door, and was surprised and disappointed when the friend said, "Oh, Hello Arthur." It is supported by a letter he wrote to his mother, "In rather an impish mood I set myself to make the pictures realistic. I and two friends made ourselves up to resemble members of the mythical exploring party, and were photographed at a table spread with globes and instruments... I had an amusing morning touring London in a cab and calling upon one or two friends in the character of their lost uncle from Borneo." (30)

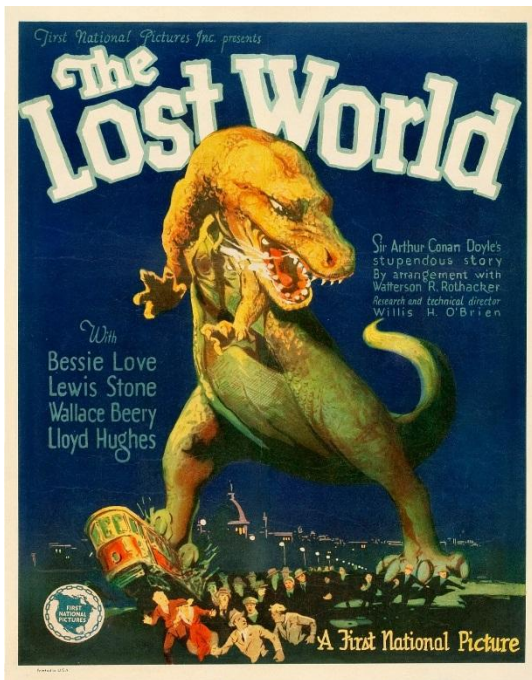
It is that same spirit that led him to go to these unusual lengths, to go beyond plotting and characterization, to create reality. Challenger was one of his favourite creations. He was worth it. As *Strand* editor Greenhough Smith wrote of *The Lost World*, "the very best serial (bar special S. Holmes values) that I have ever done, especially when it has the trimmings of faked photos, maps and plans." (31)

The Lost World on Screen

Scientific exploration in exotic locations, where living dinosaurs rampage across the screen... Well, some of them rampage; some of them merely stomp about a bit rather unconvincingly. Anthony Burgess once wrote of Conan Doyle in *The New York Times Book Review*, "He also wrote some of the best science fiction we have. [Without] *The Lost World* we would have no King Kong." (32)

The Lost World (1925) (33)

Director:	Harry O. Hoyt
Writers:	Arthur Conan Doyle (based upon the novel by), Marion Fairfax (screenplay)
Visual Effects:	Willis O'Brien
Runtime:	64 min (1991 alternate) 93 min (2000 alternate) 64 min (Kodascope Version) 106 min (original) 100 min (1998 George Eastman House Restoration)
Wallace Beery	Prof. Challenger
Lewis Stone	Sir John Roxton
Arthur Hoyt	Prof. Summerlee
Lloyd Hughes	Edward Malone
Bessie Love	Maple White's daughter



The first film version of the novel appeared in 1925, some 13 years after its publication. Living dinosaurs were created by Willis O'Brien using pioneering stop-motion photography, a technique he used again in the iconic 1933 *King Kong*, and which has continued in other hands through *Jason and the Argonauts* to *Wallace and Gromit*. It is difficult to see the startling innovation of this film now with the eyes of the early 1920s. In its time it was state of the art with new, impressive visual effects. The best analogy

for those of us of a certain age would be Christopher Reeve's Superman flying for the first time, or the dinosaurs of the first Jurassic Park film.

We can get an inkling from *The New York Times* report of the 2 June, 1922 dinner of the Society of American Magicians at Hotel McAlpin, New York. After-dinner entertainment started with magic tricks, including Harry Houdini, President of the Society, performing his trunk mystery, assisted by Conan Doyle. The latter had asked if he could address the gathering but had not said upon what. Houdini introduced him. Conan Doyle said he was friendly towards conjurers

because they destroyed the great enemies of true spiritualism, those enemies being fake mediums. On the other hand, when a conjurer does occasionally attack spiritualism as a whole, he deals with a subject which he does not understand... If I brought here in real existence what I show in these pictures, it would be a great catastrophe. These pictures are not occult. In the second place, this is psychic because everything that emanates from human spirit is psychic. It is not supernatural. Nothing is. It is preternatural in the sense that it isn't known to our ordinary sense. It is the effect of joining on the one hand of imagination and on the other hand of some power of materialization. The imagination, I may say, comes

to me. The materializing power comes from elsewhere. There would be great danger if the originals were shown instead of the counterfeit, but what you see is a living presentment... I will answer no questions regarding them either for the press or others present.

He then showed footage of dinosaurs. The reporter stated, “the monsters of the ancient world or of the new world, which he has discovered in the ether, were extraordinarily lifelike. If fakes, they were masterpieces.” (34)

The next day, Conan Doyle owned up – he’d shown it just to fool the magicians – the first clips from the forthcoming movie. A great bit of marketing but not too surprising that he and Houdini later fell out over Spiritualism. It would be three more years before the film was released. A five-year option was sold in 1919 to the London producer J. G. Wainwright and his Cineproductions Ltd. for £500. That was purchased in 1922 by Watterson R. Rothacker of Chicago, a promoter and producer of advertising films. One of the latter’s employees was Willis O’Brien, cartoonist and then sculptor, who had made a short dinosaur and cavemen film in 1914 out of curiosity. Then in 1917 he made the five minute *The Dinosaur and the Missing Link* for Edison Studios. Next, he produced *The Ghost of Slumber Mountain* for Herbert M. Dawley, the first film to feature both stop-frame animated figures and human beings. He left Dawley, as his considerable work was left uncredited and joined Watterson R. Rothacker’s company. Also involved were Ralph Hammeras, a special effects genius who used glass painted with scenes, leaving a small area unpainted, a technique still used until comparatively recently, and Marcel Delgado, a 19-year-old artist, who produced the dinosaur models, basing his designs on paintings by Charles R. Knight in the American Museum of Natural History. Conan Doyle’s clips were the test footage.

Dawley, seeing *The New York Times* report of the dinner, sued, claiming he pioneered stop-motion, not O’Brien. A second suit was brought by Catherine Curtis, the only female producer at the time, claiming she had purchased the rights to the book in 1920. Faced with proof that O’Brien pioneered stop-motion, Dawley settled out of court – he had indeed patented the process, but only two years after *The Ghost of Slumber Mountain*. Both suits are now regarded as “nuisance suits.”

Work began on the film in earnest in 1923. Progress was slow, 35 feet of animations a day, just 30 seconds of screen time. Most were shot on 6 x 4 feet sets raised three feet above ground. The dinosaurs averaged 18 inches in length, with a tempered steel armature, articulated backbones, ball and socket joints, sponge rubber muscles, and skins of latex and rubber sheeting. Football bladders inside, inflated with compressed air,

allowed the dinosaurs to breathe. Varnish allowed them to salivate, and realistic blood flowed in the form of Hershey's dark chocolate syrup. Production took 14 months and cost \$1million.

The film premiered at the Astor Theatre in New York on 15 February, 1925. It was a huge success: the first week's receipts were \$13,416 and it became one of the top-grossing films of 1925. It premiered in London at the New Gallery Cinema on Regent Street on 12 June, 1925. In attendance were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and at least 4 Lords. Audiences were amazed.

The film was also the first ever shown as in-flight entertainment – on 7 April, 1925, a Handley Page plane flew a party of 12 from Croydon aerodrome. *The Times*, 8 April, 1925: “At one end of the body a small screen was put up, and the windows were darkened, while the lantern was fitted in the luggage compartment at the back. The aeroplane flew round in a large circle and returned to Croydon, nearly an hour later. The picture shown was *The Lost World*, a film version of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's book.” (35) It clocked up another first in February 1926, being shown on a flight around Berlin, with music furnished by the Berlin Broadcasting Station.

The film has one other claim to fame – it was the first to use rear projection, another innovation from Willis O'Brien. Live action was filmed in front of a translucent screen on to which background action is projected. It was used in one scene.

The film originally consisted of 10 reels, or 9,209 feet of 35mm film. Shown at 23 frames per second, the running time was 106 minutes. This version has long since disappeared. In 1929, Rothacker's widow Aileen and First National Pictures (who produced and distributed the film) reached an agreement to withdraw it from distribution. This was 1929 – the talkies had arrived and it is thought the way was being cleared for a sound remake. She was paid \$1,225 as final settlement, though retained the remake rights. First National could destroy all positive prints and the foreign negative and store the domestic negative. RKO bought the story rights in 1932. First National was absorbed into Warner Brothers – the negative did not survive. It was given to the Encyclopædia Britannica in 1948 – they produced a 10-minute short. The negative may then have been destroyed, or allowed to decompose – early stock was very unstable and many tins on being opened in later years were found to contain ash.

An abridged 16mm version was made by First National for an agreement with Kodascope in 1929 for non-theatrical audiences, largely school and church groups. The action was noticeably trimmed and some of the bloodier moments removed. The worst cut was of the dinosaur stampede as the volcano erupts. The original five-minute sequence featured 49

dinosaur models; only 90 seconds survived. This version runs for 70 minutes, a loss of 36 minutes.

George Eastman House in Rochester, New York, retained the 16mm version as well as reels one, two and five of the 35mm version. Further scenes were found in a three-minute trailer in the UCLA Film and Television Archive. A jumbled reel 365 feet long in the Library of Congress contained various key scenes and showed how the original had been tinted. Yet more scenes were found in the Narodni Filmovy Archiv in the Czech Republic. In 1991 Eastman put out a version on laserdisc, including the only existing 35mm clips and the 16mm material, adding some stills at the end to give some insight into what might have been in the original. The restoration is 6,807 feet in length. Shown at 19 frames per second, more suited to the modern audience, the running time is 101 minutes.

It has to be said that the direction of Harry O. Hoyt is rather plodding, and the dreadful rolling-eyed portrayal of Zambo is regrettable – it's of its time. The film is a charming fantasy. Wallace Beery is still possibly the best Challenger. The film really comes into its own once we get out of London and up on to the plateau. *The Lost World* is one of the masterpieces of silent cinema.

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Love Betrayed, Love Reclaimed: A Question of Affection in the Canon

By Barbara Rusch

Barbara Rusch has been a Bootmaker since 1983, is a former Meyers and the recipient of several True Davidson and Warren Carleton Awards. Beginning this year, she will be contributing a regular column to Canadian Holmes.

Art by Laurie Fraser Manifold

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Aliances with foreign women nearly always end badly. Americans like Hattie Doran, Elsie Cubitt, Irene Adler and Effie Monroe, with their dark secrets and questionable associations, are almost inevitably a liability, while marriages with Latinas have equally dire consequences. Stereotypes of women from tropical climes are consistent with a disturbing xenophobia, a black thread of bigotry which pervades the Canon with a ferocity that is cringe-inducing to the sensibilities of the modern reader. Nor is it restricted to women of a certain race but is directed with equal and vituperative zeal toward blacks, Jews and even men with weak chins. Whereas no woman can be entirely trusted, according to Sherlock Holmes, Hispanic women pose their own peculiar threat. Though outwardly beautiful, their blood appears to be somehow tainted, making them particularly volatile, ill-tempered and irrational. Motivated almost entirely by their explosive passions and sexual impulses, and unable to control their emotions and unaccountable for their actions, they pose an ever-present danger to their mates, who are unable to resist their charms. It's as if these hapless males are being seduced by the siren songs of Greek mythology, lured to their destruction on the rocks of their own lust. Englishmen – staunch, rational and true – appear to be particularly vulnerable. It is worth noting that in Victorian fiction, and most especially in the Gothic genre, it is generally the man who cannot control his lower passions and sexual appetites. Dr. Jekyll, who is a curious amalgam of the rational and the lascivious, a duality not uncommon in

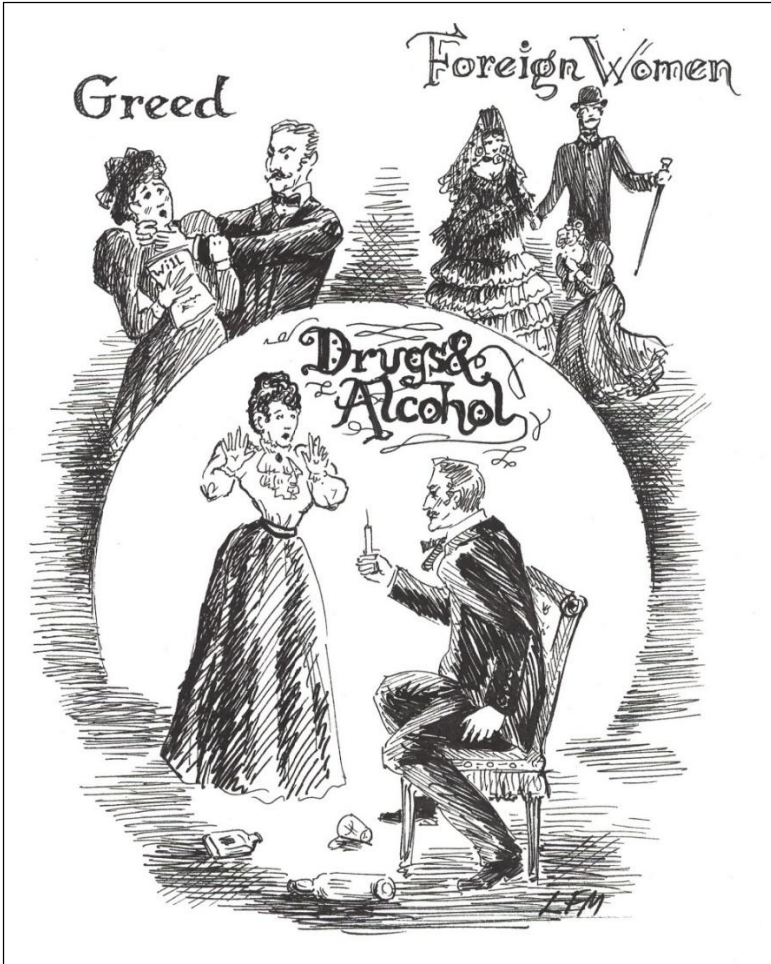
most human beings, though in his case taken to the extreme, and Dorian Gray, spring instantly to mind.

Douglas Maberley is led astray by the charms of Isadora Klein, notorious adventuress, celebrated beauty of pure Spanish descent from a long line of Pernambucan aristocracy, and widow of the German Sugar King. “The richest as well as the most lovely widow upon earth,” pronounces Holmes in an uncharacteristic expression of admiration. “But she is the ‘belle dame sans merci of fiction.’” When she throws him over, young Maberley plans to write a *roman à clef* exploring her dark and treacherous heart. His unrequited love for her is no doubt the cause of his death.

Mrs. Ferguson of “The Sussex Vampire,” second wife of Robert Ferguson and mother of their infant son, is the only daughter of a Peruvian merchant. She is a Roman Catholic, a great beauty – and suspected vampire. “She is overly jealous – jealous with all the strength of her fiery tropical love,” is her husband’s rather dramatic assessment. It is doubtful that such a tale could have been written about an Englishwoman. Innocent as she turns out to be, it is her culture, her race and her supposedly unalterable genetic traits which make her suspect, denied even the benefit of the doubt by her husband who ought to have been her most intrepid defender.

In “The Second Stain” the abandoned wife of Eduardo Lucas, Mme. Fournaye, is described as “of Creole origin ... of an extremely excitable nature, and has suffered in the past from attacks of jealousy which have amounted to frenzy.” As she stabs her husband to death she is overheard to scream in French, “My waiting is not in vain. At last, at last I have found you with her!” The doctors hold out no hope of the re-establishment of her reason.

In yet another tale that combines the themes of revenge of a cast-off wife with the unbridled passions of a hot-blooded Hispanic – as volatile a combination as ever there was one – Maria Gibson of “Thor Bridge” hatches a plot to commit suicide and set up her suspected rival as murderer all at the same time. And yet, this dark tale is about far more than a simple act of vengeance. The former Maria Pinto fits the mould of the jealous and obsessed Hispanic spouse – and then some. The daughter of a Brazilian government official, she is married to the faithless Neil Gibson, gold-mining magnate and former U.S. senator, who describes her as “rare and wonderful in her beauty. It was a deep, rich nature, too passionate, whole-hearted, tropical, ill-balanced.” But when her beauty fades, so too does his love for her, and he turns to his children’s English governess, whose temperament and physical attractions he finds more to his liking. In



an effort to destroy his wife's unrelenting passion for him, he abuses her cruelly. The contrast between the wilted hothouse bloom and the lovely English rose could not be more striking. The new object of his affections, Grace Dunbar (even her name confers upon her a higher moral order, a kind of spiritual perfection), is described as a "brunette, tall, with a noble figure and commanding presence ... wonderfully fine in every way ... strong, clear-cut, and yet sensitive face and ... an innate nobility of character." Maria, on the other hand, is "bitterly jealous. There is a soul-jealousy that can be as frantic as any body-jealousy. She was crazy with hatred, and the heat of the Amazon was always in her blood." Perhaps because of her genetic predispositions, she has devolved into a madwoman, "with the deep power of deception which insane people

have.” Like Mme. Fournaye, she is last seen “shrieking out her curses, her whole wild fury out in burning and horrible words.”

Yet it is equally likely that her act of vengeance is motivated as much by desperation as hatred, and one cannot help but sympathize with this lost soul, this so-called “vindictive woman,” whose only sin is to love her husband with a devotion of which he was entirely unworthy, and which he unfairly categorizes as a “perverted love.” Maria is more than a little reminiscent of the unfortunate Bertha Mason, wife of Edward Rochester in *Jane Eyre*, another Latina bride whose passions devolve into madness, perhaps through some genetic disorder, condemned to forcible confinement in the upper reaches of the matrimonial home, as her faithless husband forges new bonds with a guileless and unsuspecting governess. Both Maria and Bertha inhabit a world rooted in the physical, unable to access spiritual salvation, and are consequently condemned, first to a life of depravity, and ultimately to death, so that their faithless husbands can form “a more perfect union,” what some would regard as more appropriate attachments with Englishwomen. It is also a peculiarly literary form of misogyny and racism that one might have wished Arthur Conan Doyle, with his abiding sense of justice and fairmindedness, had been able to resist. Nor can one help but wonder whether he was subconsciously revealing his own desire to rid himself of a devalued first wife whose lingering illness had made her a liability, while justifying his questionable attachment to Jean Leckie, whom he married barely a year after Touie’s death.

Hatty Doran, only daughter of Aloysius Doran of San Francisco, is an heiress who marries Lord Robert St. Simon in what turns out to be a bigamous marriage. Though not technically from southern climes, she exhibits similar personality traits. “She is what we call in England a tomboy, with a strong nature,” reveals her duped second husband, “wild and free, unfettered by any sort of traditions.” If there is one thing the English value it is traditions, dooming an alliance with one in whom they are totally absent to failure. It is equally plausible that there is some subtle commentary here with regard to English old-world aristocracy seeking to prop up their failing fortunes by aligning themselves with American new-world money in advantageous but loveless marriages, a practice all too common during the Gilded Age. Perhaps the most infamous of these trans-oceanic mergers was the one between Consuelo Vanderbilt and the 9th Duke of Marlborough, a drunken and abusive lout, which inevitably ended in disaster.

Secrets are often at the heart of much of the love gone wrong in the Canon, as it is in much of Victorian popular literature. They are a kind of lie by omission, the truth in disguise. Typically men’s secrets are driven

by greed or gain, women's by guilt or shame. In either case, they do not bode well for either the keeper of the secret or the one from whom it is kept. We have already seen where the secret at the heart of the "The Musgrave Ritual" leads Brunton. In "The Man with the Twisted Lip," Neville St. Clair keeps a dangerous secret from his wife. Instead of going into the city every day to conduct legitimate business, he has become a remarkably prosperous mendicant. When he mysteriously disappears, his devoted wife believes him to be in mortal danger, if not already dead. It is a sad commentary on the Victorian institution of marriage that wives routinely tended to know very little about their husbands' business affairs. Men conducted their lives outside the home, while women were confined to it, often leading an isolated and circumscribed existence.

In "The Crooked Man," a classic tale of love betrayed, Colonel Barclay harbours a guilty secret from his wife which, when it is revealed, recalls the biblical tale of David and Bathsheba. Years before, the Colonel sent Corporal Henry Wood out on a perilous mission in war-torn India, where he arranges to have him sold into slavery, in an effort to rid himself of his rival for the hand of Nancy Devoy. For Barclay, all's fair, quite literally, in love and war. Years later, the lover returns, gnarled and stooped as a result of the years of torture and hardship he has endured, to strike the Colonel dead with shock and horror. Sometimes retributive justice is the most appropriate and satisfying of all. As in many of the Sherlock Holmes stories, the truth will out, evil deeds come back to haunt their perpetrators, and justice, though delayed, is rarely denied.

Deception and betrayal are also the watchwords of the "The Illustrious Client." Baron Gruner takes a perverse delight in destroying the lives of an assembly line of duped damsels. He is a serial abuser, aided by his charm and good looks, and records the long list of women he has ruined and murdered in his dirty diary. It is this horrific notation of his evil deeds in his own words that provides the definitive proof required for a gullible and stubborn Violet de Merville to return to the protection of her father and be guided by the wise and caring men around her, not the least of whom is the highest man in the land. At last she recognizes her fiancé for the sexual predator that he is. "There are women in whom the love of a lover extinguishes all other loves," observes Holmes. Here is another satisfying tale of a wronged woman taking her revenge, when Kitty Winter (whom Chris Redmond posits in his definitive book on all things romantic and sexual in the Canon, *In Bed With Sherlock Holmes*, Baron Gruner has most likely sold into white slavery) throws vitriol in his face, at once destroying his outwardly handsome features while revealing his hideous inner core. This scene of the ultimate exposure of the true inner self recalls

the conclusion of Oscar Wilde's brilliant *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, in which the monster lurking within is at last unmasked and Gray's public and private faces are ultimately reconciled.

Women's secrets are perhaps less odious than their male canonical counterparts, often revolving around past indiscretions and dubious liaisons. "Women are naturally secretive, and they like to do their own secreting," observes Holmes. Indeed, were it not for so many guilty secrets, Holmes would not have enjoyed such a lucrative practice. Effie Munro's secret is concealed in the upper floor of a house (where so much nasty business in the Canon takes place) compelling her husband to consult with Sherlock Holmes. As with all secrets, the one concealed under a mask in "The Yellow Face" drives a wedge between Effie and her husband, though he cannot guess that the secret is a mulatto child conceived during a previous relationship. Interracial marriage was not a theme typically addressed in 19th-century literature (and was illegal in many parts of the United States). Plaudits to Arthur Conan Doyle for handling the subject with such remarkable candour and evenhandedness.

In "The Dancing Men" Elsie Cubitt's secret is also wrapped up in her past life in America, this time in her questionable associations with an unsavoury member of one of the criminal gangs of Chicago, who mistakenly believes himself betrothed to her and seeks her out in her new life. A secret cipher rounds out the clandestine theme of this mysterious tale. Her husband, who fears for her safety, is the one who loses his life in a futile bid to protect her. As in many of these tales of deception, a bit of trust in a good man would have saved a world of despair, in this case the life of Hilton Cubitt. The moral here is that honesty is a requisite for a happy marriage, in fact, inevitably catastrophic without it, and once again an admonition that unions between Brits and Americans rarely turn out well.

In "The Second Stain," Lady Hilda Trelawney Hope's secret past leads her to betray her husband, who is in a position of power in the British government, by stealing a document that could lead all of Europe into war. But more than her betrayal, it is a cruel fact that women were not allowed a past, secret or otherwise, in the age of Victoria. How incriminating those letters were with which Eduardo Lucas was attempting to blackmail Lady Hilda is anybody's guess but could they have caused more harm than her quite deliberate betrayal, putting not just her husband's career and safety at risk, but that of the entire Empire? To save her marriage and her reputation she is willing to risk everything. Lucas is a reprobate but she demonstrates less than admirable qualities and judgment herself.

Situations and scenarios in the Canon tend to be re-enacted over and over again, like themes in variation, including stolen and incriminating

documents. In perhaps the ultimate story of women with sketchy pasts placed at the mercy of a master blackmailer, Charles Augustus Milverton threatens to expose that of Lady Eva Brackwell. Both Lucas and Milverton come to refreshingly unhappy ends, dealt their death blows by women whose secrets they have attempted to exploit. In this sense, the canonical tales take a surprisingly feminist and forward-thinking approach. Victorian fiction is almost obsessive about a woman's virtue. Once it has been compromised, whether she is driven by honourable motives or deceived by an unscrupulous lover, she finds herself irredeemable and therefore beyond the protection of society. But in "The Second Stain" and "Charles Augustus Milverton," in which the woman has already committed the transgression, and despite the attempts of ruthless blackmailers, Lady Hilda and Lady Eva emerge with their reputations unscathed, thanks to the successful efforts of Sherlock Holmes. The evil is assigned where it belongs – to the villain – and not to the lady whose virtue is being compromised. Holmes, unlike many of his contemporaries, makes no value judgment with regard to the conduct of these women. Ultimately, these evil men, including Baron Gruner, are dealt the retributive justice they deserve, at the hands of the women they have wronged. In the world of Sherlock Holmes, those who would prey on women by besmirching or compromising their virtue are the most contemptible of villains.

It is worth noting, however, that while Holmes refers to Milverton as the "worst man in London," and Eduardo Lucas is described as a possible international spy or secret agent, in addition to a blackguard of equally sinister intent, he displays a considerably higher tolerance for female blackmailers and extortionists, especially attractive ones. When Irene Adler threatens to compromise the reputation of her former lover, the King of Bohemia, with evidence of *his* indiscretions, Holmes, who routinely asserts his authority as judge, jury and the "last court of appeal," quite clearly regards *her* as the aggrieved party, absolving her of any criminal offense, perhaps on account of her charms and intellectual and moral superiority (at least by comparison with those of the hereditary King of Bohemia). Far from being condemned, she assumes the august title of "the woman."

In at least eight stories women play the role of transgressor, either through deception or violence. In "The Veiled Lodger," Eugenia Ronder who, along with her lover, kills her brutal husband, pays a heavy price for her crimes when she is mauled and permanently disfigured by one of their circus lions. Forbidden love, like all secrets, always ends badly.

Drugs and alcohol are a sure prescription for failed relationships. In “The Man with the Twisted Lip,” Isa Whitney’s dependence on opium leads his distraught wife Kate to seek out Dr. Watson’s assistance when her husband goes missing for days at a time in the opium dens of Upper Swandam Lane. No doubt she has been neglected and psychologically abused as well. Lady Eva Brackenstall of “The Abbey Grange” finds herself even more tested. When in his cups, Sir Eustace is a monster of the first order, beating her mercilessly. And here Conan Doyle makes another forward-thinking statement following Lady Brackenstall’s account of the painful year of marriage she has endured at the hands of this abusive drunkard: “It is a sacrilege, a crime, villainy to hold that such a marriage is binding. I say that these monstrous laws of yours will bring a curse upon the land – God will not let such wickedness endure.” Yet another instance of a woman betrayed and abused at the hands of a man entrusted to love and protect her. Regrettably, love in the Canon is often no more than entrapment of one kind or another. Nor does it recognize class distinctions. A lord or a baron is equally likely to be an abuser as a sailor or a collector of fine porcelain, and aristocratic women are as likely to fall prey to villains as a lowly servant or respectable housewife.

When a man marries a much younger woman – or attempts to – things rarely turn out well. “The Creeping Man” and “The Retired Colourman” are two such cautionary tales. In the latter, the treachery of an adulterer and the jealousy of a cuckold become a toxic and explosive brew, in which, as in “The Cardboard Box,” a jealous man takes the lives of his wife and her lover. Once again, themes and structural models tend to get recycled in the Holmes anthology. However, the introduction of gas into a sealed chamber is certainly a novel method of dispatching a cheating spouse. What is certain is that in the Canon, mixed marriages, whether the differences are those of a disparity in age, religion, class, nationality or culture, are doomed from the outset.

But for bizarre tales of older men and younger women, you just can’t beat “The Creeping Man.” Perhaps it should have been titled “The Creepy Man,” because Professor Presbury is certainly all that. Presumably suffering some form of erectile dysfunction, he believes he can overcome his creeping old age (creeping and creepiness predominate in this tale), as he pursues a woman young enough to be his daughter, once again with catastrophic results. Instead of the virile, potent specimen of hunky manhood he looks to become, he turns into a stalker, a sexual predator and a beast.

The literary allusions here are unmistakable. Like the iconic Mr. Hyde and Frankenstein, Presbury represents the monster within – the potential

for moral depravity – in our struggle between good and evil. Perhaps the lessons to be learned are even clearer in “The Creeping Man” than in *Frankenstein*, in which the monster and its creator are separate entities. Like *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, Professor Presbury represents the monster and its creator as twin components of the same terrifying human being.

Yet protagonists in the Gothic genre are perhaps less evil than misguided. Dr. Jekyll does not start out as a bad man but as a man of science who, like Professor Presbury, in attempting to overthrow the laws of nature, ignores the moral parameters of society. Both are cautionary tales of educated men whose dark sexual fantasies become reality, of “weird science” and irresponsible experimentation with teratogenic, or monster-inducing, cocktails and mind-altering drugs produced in secret, illicit laboratories.

The inevitable result is the pollution of mind and body, the triumph of all that is perverse and depraved, and the destruction of all that is noble and fine. And love certainly has nothing whatever to do with it. “When one tries to rise above Nature, one is liable to fall below it,” Sherlock Holmes observes. “The highest type of man may revert to the animal if he leaves the straight road of destiny.”

The recurring Gothic theme of the civilized gentleman concealing an inner monster is hardly astonishing given the severely circumscribed behaviour demanded of the upper-class Victorian male. Concealed beneath his top hat, high, starched collars and frock coat, his sexual inclinations were constrained by a society that demanded perfect conformity to its stringent rules. It is no wonder, then, that the theme of the inner beast struggling to break free of Victorian convention was, and remains, endlessly fascinating. Nor is it astonishing that Victorian readers feasted upon the sinister sexual overtones of these lurid Gothic tales.

Nevertheless, love springs eternal, though it should be fairly obvious by now that the Canon is hardly a series of romance stories in any conventional sense. To the extent that they contain elements of the grotesque and the macabre, they do possess certain “shades of grey.” If readers are looking for tales of love that end happily ever after, they should pick up a book of fairy tales, though not all of those end well either. And yet, do not abandon hope all ye who enter here, for the Canon is not totally devoid of true love. Watson finds his Mary, and as that relationship turned out so well, he finds two more. “The Missing Three Quarter” is not missing evidence of fidelity which, when it makes a rare appearance, is defined by devotion, self-sacrifice and a duty to protect. Such qualities may be found alongside the treachery, infidelity, greed and murder that distinguish other doomed relationships. Jack Croker in “The Abbey Grange” defends Lady

Eva to the death, is prepared to hang for the murder of her brutal husband, and is content to wait for her hand for a full year, as Holmes suggests, as proof of his constancy.

Dr. Leon Sterndale of “The Devil’s Foot” also takes the life of the man who murders his true love, though he is a little slow off the mark. A married man, long separated from his wife, his is yet another tale of forbidden love, destined to end badly, provoking more angry commentary on the deplorable state of England’s divorce laws. He professes he would have married Brenda Tregennis had he been able. But why is he absent in Africa for years at a time, leaving her in peril to fend for herself? Canonical lovers, even those whose devotion is steadfast, can be terribly selfish.

There is some hope to be gleaned in the loyalty of a number of fiancés strewn throughout the Canon. When Arthur Cadogan West of “The Bruce-Partington Plans” is found murdered, his reputation is restored on his fiancée Violet Westbury’s testimony that he would never have committed a dishonourable act, insisting that he “was the most single-minded, chivalrous, patriotic man upon earth.” Likewise, in another tale of documents gone missing and a young man falsely accused, Annie Harrison of “The Naval Treaty” is convinced that it is not through any fault of her fiancé Percy Phelps, nor neglect on his part, that the plans for the naval treaty have gone missing. She is willing to follow all Holmes’s instructions in order to clear his name, leading to the discovery that her own brother is the true miscreant. When James McCarthy is accused of murdering his own father in “The Boscombe Valley Mystery,” Alice Turner – whose father is the real murderer – proclaims young McCarthy’s innocence, and subsequently marries him.

And what of Sherlock Holmes and true love? He has often maintained that he holds women in no high regard, that they “are never to be entirely trusted, not the best of them.”

But perhaps more significantly, he believes that “love is an emotional thing, and whatever is emotional is opposed to that true, cold reason which [he places] above all things.” “I should never marry,” he determines, “lest I bias my judgment.” Though he does admire Irene Adler, surely this represents no more than respect for her charms and superior intellect, despite her slightly disreputable character. Though he holds a few select women in some esteem, and comes to the aid of his many female clients in a perfunctory kind of way, by and large he treats them with a casual contempt, and like so many of the ruthless villains who have abused them, demonstrates a disturbing misogynist attitude.

“The motives of women are so inscrutable. How can you build on such quicksand?” Holmes asks. “Their most trivial action may mean volumes,

or their most extraordinary conduct may depend upon a hairpin or a curling tongs.” He appears to have little consideration for the long-suffering Mrs. Hudson, even putting her life at risk in “The Empty House,” and thinks nothing of deceiving Charles Augustus Milverton’s maid, Agatha, to the extent that he could with some justification be charged with breach of promise when he becomes engaged to her, then abandons her without the least remorse once he has extracted the information he seeks from her. Whether he regards both of these women as servants, and therefore less worthy of his consideration than the well-born Violet de Merville, Lady Eva Brackwell or Lady Hilda Trelawny Hope, for example, is unclear. What is indisputable is that he is capable of being both callous and manipulative. Ironically, in order to save the life and reputation of one woman, he is willing to wreak havoc in another’s. Indeed, Holmes is a curious hybrid of fair-mindedness and chauvinism.

Undoubtedly the most important relationship in the Canon is the one between Holmes and Watson. “I would be lost without my Boswell,” Holmes proclaims, though he is highly critical of his published versions of his cases. “There is much of which I deplore in your narratives,” he complains, yet cherishes Watson as a trusted comrade, a chronicler and an invaluable companion who knows the gift of silence. “It may be that you are not yourself luminous,” he maintains in a somewhat back-handed compliment, “but you are a conductor of light.” Holmes admires Watson’s pawky humour and his delightful freshness. One may well wonder whether he is secretly envious of Watson’s facility with women, a vast “experience ... which extends over many nations and three separate continents,” but we do know that he has “never looked upon a face which gave a clearer promise of a refined and sensitive nature.” “You are the one fixed point in a changing age,” he observes with sincere admiration, and when he believes Watson to be injured after an encounter with the Devil’s Foot Root, he reveals the true depth of his affection for Watson. “It was an unjustifiable experiment even for one’s self, and doubly so for a friend. I am really very sorry,” he confesses in a rare act of contrition. Watson responds with some emotion – for he had “never seen so much of Holmes’s heart before” – that it is his greatest joy and privilege to serve him.

And yet, like most relationships in the Canon, it is far from perfect. Holmes withholds from his supposedly dearest (and possibly only) friend what is undoubtedly the biggest secret of them all: that he survived the Reichenbach. If Watson is Holmes’s closest friend, the great detective is arguably the most duplicitous.

Despite Holmes’s occasional lapses, it is the relationship between these two men that is at the crux of the Canon, and its most profound and constant example of love, one we would all do well to emulate.

Let me give such orders as I like †

By Chris Redmond

Chris Redmond is the founder and former editor of Canadian Holmes, has held many positions within The Bootmakers, won more awards than can be listed and has written, edited and compiled a shelf full of Sherlockian books.

Editor's Note: This article was first given as a presentation to The Bootmakers of Toronto on 28 February 2015



As we all know, there are 60 original Sherlock Holmes stories — four novels and 56 short stories. That's almost as many books as in the Bible, and incidentally the Sherlock Holmes Canon has almost as many words as in the Bible. Not that I'm comparing.

Sixty is not just a nice round number but a significant one in science, religion and sports. If you are as old as I am, you will probably know that Babe Ruth's legitimate record for the number of home runs hit in a single baseball season was 60. If you are Jewish, you may know that a mixture of foods can be considered kosher if less than one part in 60 is *treif*, or unclean. Of course, you know the number of seconds in a minute (of either time or longitude) and the number of minutes in an hour. Wikipedia informs us that 60 was the basis of the ancient Babylonian number system, probably because it has so many factors (60 is 2 times 2 times 3 times 5). And James Moriarty, who earned his living as a professor of mathematics, doubtless knew that 60 is the smallest number that is the sum of two odd primes in six ways. I could go on but you may be hoping I won't.

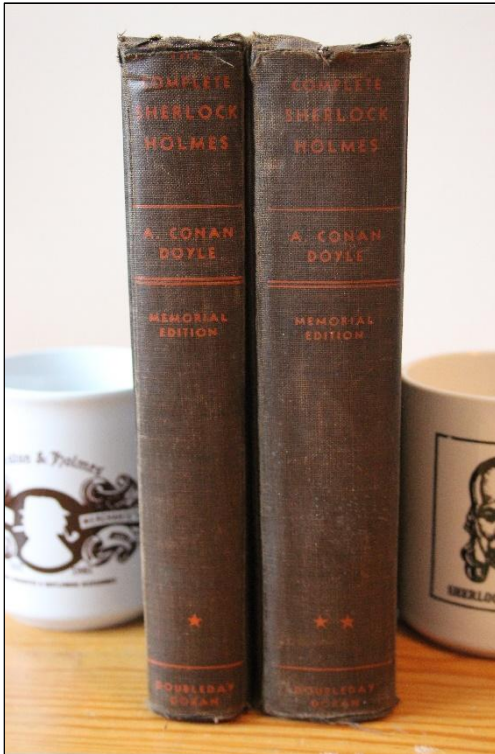
We sometimes hear about high-performance cars going "from zero to 60" very rapidly — the 2015 Porsche 918 Spyder can supposedly do it in 2.2 seconds. It took Arthur Conan Doyle 40 years to go from zero to 60, since the first Sherlock Holmes story was published in 1887, and the last one not until 1927. Again, most of us know the general outline of that 40-year journey. First came *A Study in Scarlet*, published as a cheap paperback for Christmas 1887, and then *The Sign of the Four*, commissioned for *Lippincott's Magazine*, February 1890. After that, ACD

† Title from "The Priory School"

went into partnership with the newly launched *Strand* magazine, and over the years all the remaining stories appeared there, with many of the later stories also being published in one of several popular American magazines. The *Strand* appearances included two more novels, *The Hound of the Baskervilles* and *The Valley of Fear*, as well as the short stories that were

subsequently collected in five volumes. I expect you can name those too: the *Adventures*, the *Memoirs*, the *Return*, *His Last Bow* and the *Case-Book*.

Shortly after the author's death in 1930, the American publishing firm of Doubleday ventured to bring out a two-volume edition of the whole works, which it called *The Complete Sherlock Holmes*. This so-called "Memorial Edition," bound in black cloth, is a classic for Sherlockians. My own copy, much repaired, is one of my greatest treasures. The Memorial Edition had erratic and repetitive page numbers because it was printed from the plates previously used for separate volumes of the



The editor's well-thumbed, well-used and well-loved 1930 Doubleday edition

various tales. Page 99, for example, appears in six different places.

A one-volume edition of the *Complete* followed in 1936. Early Sherlockian writings frequently refer to page numbers in its 1,323-page layout, now with no repetitions. One-volume and two-volume editions in a new format of 1,122 pages were introduced in 1960 and remain standard today, in part because over several decades the Book-of-the-Month Club distributed many thousands of copies. The one-volume Doubleday edition has also appeared as a Penguin paperback. These editions, widely and inexpensively available, have been the standard to which reference works have usually been keyed. In recent years, however, the Doubleday has had rivals, including two-volume paperback editions from Bantam Classics

and Barnes & Noble, and from the now-defunct Canadian bookseller Coles. The title “The Complete Sherlock Holmes” is used on many of them, and you can also get a Complete Sherlock Holmes for your Kindle.

And in nearly all these collections, the stories are in the same order. You might reasonably assume that the order in the book reflects the order in which the stories were published, between 1887 and 1927, and for the most part you would be right. But here and there, it gets more complicated. I’m going to go quickly through the sequence but first let me comment that I don’t think somebody who is new to the stories should start at page 1, with *A Study in Scarlet*, and plod through to the end. When somebody asks me where to begin, I usually recommend *The Hound of the Baskervilles* and the 12 short stories of *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, which are possibly the best of the whole Canon. Of course, your opinion may differ.

As I was saying, the *Complete Sherlock Holmes* starts with *A Study in Scarlet*, and then *The Sign of the Four* and then the 12 stories of *The Adventures*, appearing in exactly the order in which they were published in the *Strand* in 1891 and 1892. So far so good. Then come *The Memoirs*. Not surprisingly, there were 12 of these as well, published in the *Strand* from late 1892 through late 1893. But what do you know: the *Complete Sherlock Holmes*, and for that matter most one-volume editions of the *Memoirs*, include only 11 stories. One story has been wrenched out of the sequence: “The Cardboard Box”, which first appeared in January 1893, was dropped from *The Memoirs*, apparently on the instructions of the author himself, who thought on sober reflection that it was not suitable reading for boys, apparently his preferred audience. He did not address the question of whether girls should be allowed to read this story of adultery and brutal violence at all. He did, however, let himself be persuaded 25 years later to revive the story and include it in the collection that we know as *His Last Bow*. And that’s where we find it in the *Complete Sherlock Holmes* to this day.

After the *Memoirs* there was a long break in the publication of the Sherlock Holmes tales. This break, from 1893 to 1901, is represented by the transition from volume 1 to volume 2 of the various two-volume editions of the *Complete Sherlock Holmes*. Turn to the beginning of volume 2, however, and what you will find is not something that was published in 1901, but rather the collection of stories that became *The Return of Sherlock Holmes*, published in 1903 and 1904. Perhaps for aesthetic reasons, Holmes’s death at the Reichenbach Falls is followed immediately (if there’s no delay in getting volume 2 from the library) by his return to London. And the immortal tale that was published in 1901 and 1902, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, is pushed down from its rightful place in the order.

The fun is just beginning, because what the *Complete Sherlock Holmes* offers after *The Hound* is not what ought to come next, but rather the fourth of the four novels, *The Valley of Fear*, which first saw print in 1914 and 1915. Just as *The Hound* was dropped below its proper place, *The Valley* has been lifted above its proper place.

What remains after that is the two final collections of short stories, *His Last Bow* and *The Case-Book*. And here some very odd things can be found. *His Last Bow* includes “The Cardboard Box” from 1893, as I have already noted, but otherwise the stories in this collection, a rather meagre eight of them altogether, were published in 1908 through 1917. Surprisingly, they don’t appear in the book in anything like their original order; if you look at the eight stories and their publication dates, the sequence is 1908, 1893, 1911, 1908 again, 1913, 1911, 1910 and 1917. I do not know, and as far as I am aware nobody else knows, why this rearrangement was made.

In any case, the eight stories were graced with a one-paragraph “Preface,” signed by John H. Watson M.D., which is our only authority for some information about Sherlock Holmes’s retirement: “The friends of Sherlock Holmes will be glad to learn that he is still alive and well, though somewhat crippled by occasional attacks of rheumatism. He has for many years, lived in a small farm upon The Downs five miles from Eastbourne, where his time is divided between philosophy and agriculture.” None of the 60 stories tells us about Eastbourne or about the rheumatism.

Finally, we come to *The Case-Book of Sherlock Holmes*, with 12 stories dating from the last decade of Arthur Conan Doyle’s life, but jumbled together: 1924, 1926, 1921, 1926 again, two more from 1924, 1922, 1923, 1926 a third time, two from 1927, and finally 1926 for the fourth time. One effect of this confusion is to make us think that “The Retired Colourman” is the last of the 60 stories, because we are used to seeing it that way in print and also because the story is thick with the gloomy atmosphere of old age. In fact, it was published 58th in the sequence, and the 60th story should really have been “Shoscombe Old Place,” which includes enough about bones and burials to justify its place at the gloomy end of the saga. The *Case-Book* has an introduction rather than a preface, and it is signed not by John H. Watson but by Arthur Conan Doyle. It ought to be read more often than I think we generally read it, especially for its memorable phrases about Holmes’s place in what the author actually calls “the fairy kingdom of romance.”

It now seems very natural to us that a collection of detective stories should be called *The Case-Book*, but in fact it appears that it was Arthur Conan Doyle, assembling this volume in this haphazard way, who

invented this use of the word “case-book.” The *Oxford English Dictionary* attests, as early as 1838, the use of “case” to mean “an incident or set of circumstances requiring investigation by the police or other detective agency.” It dates “case-book” in the sense of “a book containing an account of legal or medical cases” at least to 1762. Up to the 1930s, most works that identified themselves as “case-books” were collections of legal readings, though there are exceptions. In 1833 a medical gentleman produced *Sketches from the case book, to illustrate the influence of the mind on the body, with the treatment of some of the more important brain & nervous disturbances which arise from this influence*. A large enough library’s catalogue will also reveal a “case book in the principles and problems of journalism” in 1925 and even a “hypnotist’s case book” in 1930.

But what about detective case-books? Only in 1927 did we get *The Case-Book of Sherlock Holmes*, with 12 cases of the great man, and the title caught mystery authors’ imaginations. The original was followed by the case-book of Ronald Camberwell in 1931, the case-book of Albert Campion in 1947, and then many more. No detective can now be without such a compendium, and “The Case-Book of Sherlock Holmes” is arguably a title that carries more meaning to the general reader than even “The Adventures” of that same familiar figure. Note, however, that it was not used by the producers of the Granada Television interpretation of Holmes’s adventures until their fifth series. They had that much respect for the original sequence of titles.

All these observations about the order of the Sherlock Holmes stories are important because of the long tradition that The Bootmakers have, like many other Sherlockian societies, of reading through the stories in a systematic order, so that we can know what’s going to be discussed at each meeting as it comes along. Since the society was founded in 1972 we have gone through the entire Canon three times, and we are about to start on the fourth time round.

We could, of course, do the stories in any order. You will see that there are a good many possible arrangements of any 60 items — mathematicians use the expression “60 factorial,” and in case you are trying to do the arithmetic in your head, I’ll quickly advise you that the result is an 82-digit number, starting with eight, that is so large it doesn’t even have a mathematical name. This number is approximately the same as the number of atoms in the observable Universe, and so far we have only gotten to three.

But with some minor variations, we have used the same order three times, and it’s not any order that I have mentioned here, so far. The explanation for this is the Sherlockian tradition of looking at the stories

not as works of literature but as fragments of the biography of Sherlock Holmes as a real historical figure. A great deal of Sherlockian writing follows that convention, and it was at the heart of one of the great monuments of scholarship in our field, *The Annotated Sherlock Holmes* by William S. Baring-Gould, published in 1967. He arranged the stories in the order in which he imagined they had happened. So the two stories that show Holmes as a university student, “The Musgrave Ritual” and “The Gloria Scott,” come first, followed by the novel in which Holmes meets Watson, *A Study in Scarlet*, and then the cases that seem to come before Watson gets married and leaves Baker Street, and so on through the detective’s colourful career, winding up with the retirement story, “The Lion’s Mane,” and the post-retirement story, “His Last Bow.” From a biographical point of view this makes sense but it can get pretty confusing, especially to those who don’t have *The Annotated Sherlock Holmes* on a handy bookshelf.

The Annotated was new and exciting in the early days of our society, a window into everything that had been written about Sherlock Holmes and everything that was being done in the rapidly expanding Sherlockian world. So The Bootmakers decided to take up the 60 stories, one by one, in the order Baring-Gould had assigned to them. And that’s what we have been doing ever since.

Things have changed now. We’re more willing to talk about Sherlock Holmes as literature and Arthur Conan Doyle as its author. Fewer of us have the old *Annotated Sherlock Holmes* on our shelves. And there is a *New Annotated Sherlock Holmes*, a masterly work edited by Los Angeles Sherlockian Les Klinger, published in 2005. This three-volume work has some peculiarities of its own, notably that the four novels are in a separate volume rather than mixed in with the short stories. But at least the short stories are in a conventional order, the *Adventures* and then the *Memoirs* and so on, except that “The Cardboard Box” has been taken out of *His Last Bow* and moved back into the *Memoirs*, where it belongs. Apart from “The Cardboard Box” and the novels, the order in Klinger’s *New Annotated* is exactly the same as the order in the many editions of *The Complete Sherlock Holmes* with which we’re all familiar.

So it’s simple and straightforward. The Bootmaker executive decided, as Meyers announced at our December 2015 meeting, that on the society’s fourth cycle through the stories, we’ll be following the conventional order of *The Complete Sherlock Holmes*. *A Study in Scarlet*, the first of the blessed 60 original stories, kicks off this cycle, and I look forward to attending the meeting for “The Retired Colourman” in the fall of the year 2029.

A Letter to the Editor

Dear Editors,

I enjoyed my *Canadian Holmes* which arrived yesterday. I am, however, prompted to comment in on one small matter.

In her column “From Mrs. Hudson’s Kitchen,” Mrs Hudson and her amanuensis Ms. Heyman-Marsaw referred to Dr. Watson’s well-known wound at the Battle of Maiwand (07/27/1880) “by a Jezail bullet.” So far, so good.

However, she goes on to say, less accurately, that “The Afghan snipers [sic] were notoriously accurate and the .50-.70 caliber bullets were filled with everything from iron nails to pebbles...”

To begin with, a Jezail musket was invariably a homemade weapon, highly personal in decoration and style, and often made by what amounted



to the village blacksmith. Most were smoothbore flintlocks. Crafting new flintlocks was often beyond the capacity of the village blacksmith, though some indigenous gunsmiths in the Khyber Pass region [the St-Etienne or Birmingham/Enfield of Afghanistan] could knock off credible copies and even rifle the barrels for use with solid projectiles. Because of this, many of the flintlock mechanisms on the Jezails of Maiwand sported venerable flintlocks from old “Brown Bess” Army muskets of the late 18th or very early 19th centuries. A few had the ultra-primitive matchlock ignition system, obsolete in Europe by the early 1600s. Regardless of the method of ignition, no smoothbore is “notoriously accurate” – not now, not at Maiwand, not ever.

What Mesdames Hudson and Heyman-Marsaw failed to grasp, and this is simple physics, is that projectiles composed of scrap iron and pebbles are even less accurate than homemade bullets from a smoothbore. Such scatter-loads are not remotely accurate. One who doubts this but is frightened of actual firearms can demonstrate the principle quite simply by comparing the accuracy with which an athlete can throw a hardball, versus the accuracy of the same athlete tossing a handful of gravel and old nails.

So, the formidable Afghan soldiers were not by any stretch ‘snipers.’



The effectiveness of their relatively primitive weapons at Maiwand [where 9,000 Afghan infantry were present, some of whom had better breech-loading rifles which had been smuggled, bought on the never-never from Russia or stolen, and others had the traditional Jezails] was based on the same massed or volley fire that made British infantry with their flintlock Brown Bess smoothbore muskets, from Blenheim to Waterloo, so deadly in combat.

When not in massed formation, the deadly effectiveness of the Pathan and other Afghan hillbilly tribesmen was the result of their exceptional courage, stealth, local knowledge and ruthlessness. Incidentally, it was the goal of every Jezail-toting tribesman to obtain a more modern infantry rifle, ideally by killing a British soldier or Indian Army sepoy, or failing that, by guile, theft and very occasionally smuggling.

–John Linsenmeyer

Limericks

In the Fall of 2017 The Bootmaker's ran a limerick contest. The following are the first- and second-place winners (third-place on page 40):

Don Roebuck's limerick – Toronto

A certain consulting detective
Liked keeping his brain intellective:
Took a pipeful of shag
When he started to flag,
And when bored he took something injective.

Ode to Professor Presbury by Robert Stek – Magnolia, DE US

He wanted Alice's fancy to tickle,
But feared she just might turn fickle,
So as not to be bested,
He was nearly arrested,
For ingesting a langur's testicle.

Continued on page 40

BOOTMAKERS' DIARY



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

— The Five Orange Pips

January 12-15, 2018

A contingent of 14 Bootmakers: Cliff and Doris Goldfarb, Hartley and Marilyn Nathan, Dayna Nuhn and Michael Lozinski, Angela Misri, Charles and Kris Prepolec, George Vanderburgh, Edwin Van der Flaes, Chris Redmond, and Barbara Rusch and Donny Zaldin, joined Sherlockians from over half a dozen countries spread over four continents for the 84th annual Sherlock Homes birthday celebrations of the Baker Street Irregulars. On Wednesday, the Adventuresses of Sherlock Holmes (ASH) kicked off the weekend with an informal dinner at which eight new ASH Investitures were awarded, including our own Barbara Rusch and Donny Zaldin. On Thursday, The Baker Street Babes held the Daintiest Scream on the Moor Charity Ball to benefit disabled American war veterans. The evening's BSI Distinguished Speaker was Martin Edwards: solicitor, crime novel author, critic and anthologist, and current President of the U.K. Detection Club and Chair of the Crime Writers' of Association. Edwards read his fictional correspondence of the U.K. society, describing the search for its own guest speaker, including candidates Arthur Conan Doyle, Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson. On Friday, bibliophiles searched out printed and other Sherlockian treasures at Otto Penzler's Mysterious Bookshop, followed by The William Gillette Memorial Luncheon. That evening, Sherlockians attended either the annual (open-to-all) Gaslight Gala or (by-invitation-only) Baker Street Irregulars Dinner, at which Hartley Nathan reads the original (circa 1934) BSI Buy-Laws (which adjourn "other business" from the annual meeting to non-existent "monthly meetings"). Donny Zaldin delivered an illustrated toast to Dr. Watson's second wife. As usual, attendees of both dinners celebrate the year's 10 investitures at 2:21 a.m. at O'Lunney's Irish Pub near Times Square. On Saturday morning, Sherlockian books and collectibles are snapped up at the Merchants Room. In the afternoon, Irregulars attended the BSI cocktail reception and luncheon. The official events concluded with the BSI Cocktail Reception/Luncheon and The Very Irregular Lost

in New York with a Bunch of Sherlockians Dinner. On Sunday, the weekend concludes with the informal ASH Brunch.

— Donny Zaldin

Saturday, January 27, 2018

After cocktails at 6:00 p.m. 52 Bootmakers and guests sat down to the Annual Blue Carbuncle Awards Banquet at the Masonic Temple.

After a welcome by Mike Ranieri, Meyers 2018, the attendees enjoyed the delicious dishes placed before them.

During dinner a number of toasts were proposed: Frank Quinlan to Sherlock Holmes; Philip Elliott to Conan Doyle; James Reese to A Certain Gracious Lady. Dayna Nuhn toasted Canadian Canonical Connections; Don Roebuck, the Grimpen Mire; Donny Zaldin, the Second Mrs. Watson; and Mike Ranieri finished up toasting An East Wind Coming.

The after-dinner speaker was Shane Peacock of Cobourg, Ontario, who spoke about his career as an author, beginning with *The Great Farini*, a biography of the Canadian tightrope walker and rival to France's Blondin, along with his series on young Sherlock Holmes.

A number of awards were then bestowed. Invested as Master Bootmakers were Jean Paton, Doug Paton and Mike Ranieri.

Donny Zaldin took home the True Davidson Award; Karen Gold, the Warren Carlton Award; and Kelvin Jones, the Derek Murdoch.

The Emerald Tie Pin, presented to those who have been Bootmakers for at least 20 years, hold the rank of Master Bootmaker and have made a significant contribution to the society, went to Dr. George Vanderburgh.

Doug Wrigglesworth concluded the evening with the traditional reading of '221B.'

— David Sanders

Sunday, January 28, 2018

At 11a.m. Bruce Aikin, Jim and Edith Reese, John Archer, Constantine Kaoukakis, Frank Quinlan, Pam Parker and David Sanders joined hosts and organizers Kathy Burns and Philip Elliott at the California Restaurant on Church Street for the annual Marlene Aig Brunch.

As the attendees dug in, Philip did the traditional comments on the late Marlene, in whose honour we had gathered.

— David Sanders

Saturday, February 24, 2018

The Bootmakers of Toronto met for the first story meeting of the year in the Elizabeth Beeton Auditorium of the Toronto Reference Library. There were 44 members and guests in attendance.

The meeting was called to order at 1:05 p.m.

The first speaker was James Reese. The title of his presentation was *Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in Africa*.

Conan Doyle's first published short story, *The Mystery of Sasassa Valley*, was set in Africa. It was published, anonymously, in the *Chambers's Journal*, September 6, 1879, when Doyle was 20.

The first time Doyle visited Africa was as a ship's doctor on the Mayumba. During the Boer War in South Africa he served as a volunteer doctor in the Langman Field Hospital at Bloemfontein in 1900.

Doyle wrote *The War in South Africa: Its Cause and Conduct* to counter criticism of British conduct during the war. He was knighted for this on October 24, 1902.

James ended his presentation with, "I hope you were not Boered."

Thelma Beam then gave a short presentation on how to make a Sherlockian bracelet.

For our break, Edith Reese has found what would have been served in a restaurant near 126B Commercial Road in Birmingham. There were also several kinds of scones and other treats provided by Mrs. Hudson.

After the break, Karen Campbell took up the quiz. The winners were John Gehan, Wilda Thumm and Don Roebuck.

Mike Ranieri and Geordie Telfer led a discussion of *The Stockbroker's Clerk* for their podcast *I Grok Sherlock*. Geordie is a former Bootmaker who once had the role of Sherlock Holmes for The Bootmakers' Players. The recording will be broadcast later in March.

Karen Gold distributed the lyrics sheets for *Six Days a Week (The Stockbroker's Clerk)*, sung to the tune of the Beatles' *Eight Days a Week*.

Mike read an excerpt from a previously unknown story by Arthur Conan Doyle. It was written on a trip to Chicago after he wrote *A Study in Scarlet*. It was later adapted into part of *A Scandal in Bohemia*. It obviously influenced later writers like Dashiell Hammett and the script writer of the movie *Casablanca*. (Actually, since Mike had his tongue planted firmly in his cheek, we must suspect he was the true author of this piece.)

— Bruce D. Aikin

Limericks continued from page 37

Cardboard Box by Cliff Goldfarb – Toronto (3rd place)

Jim Browner was quick with his knife.

He was enraged by his unfaithful wife.

It was puzzling to hear,

That he sliced off her ear,

Right after he cut off her life.



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