



The Journal of the Bootmakers of Toronto  
Volume 41 Number 4  
Fall 2018

**Canadian Holmes** is published by The Bootmakers of Toronto, the Sherlock Holmes Society of Canada.

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Full-time Student - \$25.00 CAD or \$25.00 USD

Past Issues of *Canadian Holmes*, including postage - \$12.00 CAD per copy

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ISSN 0319-4493.

Printed in Canada.

Cover: Victorian London. Date and photographer unknown.

Canadian Holmes

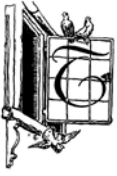
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One-hundred fifty-sixth issue

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# Graces of Bootprints

## *Always something new*

Canada has a new figure skating phenom, one who skates to the soundtrack of “Sherlock Holmes.”

Stephen Gogolev is hardly the first skater to leap and spin to the sound of Holmes-themed music. However, the 13-year-old’s choice of tunes is especially notable, since he used it to recently finish first in his international debut in junior men’s competition. At the same time, the Toronto teen also landed in the record books by becoming the first Canadian to complete a quad Lutz jump in competition, CBC Sports reported.

There’s nothing record-breaking about “Miss Sherlock,” although the Japanese television series also burst onto the scene this year.

Yūko Takeuchi plays Sherlock Holmes in this modern, stylish production. Shihori Kanjiya is Wato Tachibana, the surgeon sidekick, as the female duo solve crime on the streets of Tokyo. With plots featuring exploding stomachs and vandalized paintings, the storylines bear no resemblance to Conan Doyle’s originals.

But “Miss Sherlock,” like Stephen Gogolev’s choice of music, provides a fresh take on the characters, stories and themes we Sherlockians can’t get enough of.

In this issue of *Canadian Holmes*, Barbara Rusch returns with another view from the bow window, this time looking at calling cards, Peter Calamai takes us to Portugal in search of Conan Doyle, Mark Jones and Nick Dunn-Meynell both look at “The Engineer’s Thumb,” Thelma Beam’s article on American heiresses raiding British nobility’s most eligible bachelors reminds us of a certain recent royal wedding, David Harnois tells us about a Sherlockian podcast series, and Richard Kellogg tells us how we could have secured our homes with Holmes and Watson. We hope this lineup gets a thumbs-up along with a toast to Altamont by Carla Coupe and the usual assortment of reviews and Diary Notes.

# The view from the bow window

Barbara Rusch explores various aspects of Victorian and Edwardian life as they relate to the canonical tales. Bow window illustration by Laurie Fraser Manifold



As the 19th century progressed, behaviour became increasingly circumscribed. Cards helped define the complicated new social code, none more so than the visiting or calling card, identifying the bearer and aiding in the regulation of social interaction. In *Our Deportment*, published in 1882, etiquette expert John H. Young writes: “The higher the civilization of a community, the more careful it is to preserve the elegance of its social forms. To the under-bred, the visiting card is but a trifling and insignificant bit of social paper; to the cultured disciple of social law, it conveys a subtle and unmistakable intelligence. Its texture, style of engraving, and even the hour of leaving it combines to place the stranger whose name it bears in a pleasant or disagreeable attitude, even before his manners, conversation and face have been able to explain his social position.”

Like so much else in Victorian life, cards contained their own complicated and hidden secrets. Depending upon which corner was turned down, a totally different meaning was conveyed. These decorative bits of cardboard with their discreet messages were often left on silver salvers, obviating the necessity for the donor and recipient to actually engage in meaningful conversation, like tiny Victorian text messages.

If the calling card was an entrée to polite society, in the Canon it serves as an introduction to criminal detection. In “The Illustrious Client,” no fewer than three calling cards, two authentic, one fake, play an important role in the undoing of Baron Gruner. The first is sent by Holmes to the “aristocrat of crime” himself, as is the second, imprinted with Watson’s alias, “Dr. Hill Barton, 369 Half Moon Street,” while posing as an expert in rare Chinese porcelain. The third is offered to the inspector of police, bearing Watson’s true identity.

A trifling bit of paper the calling card may have been, but as Holmes so astutely observes, “There is nothing so important as trifles.”



# Seeking the Conan Doyle “Estate” in Portugal

By Peter Calamai

Former journalist Peter Calamai C.M. can't resist following up on tantalizing tidbits which he does from his home in Stratford.



The search began with one sentence in the December issue of *The District Messenger*, the newsletter of the Sherlock Holmes Society of London. It ended only after weeks of detective work that involved some prominent names in the Sherlockian community.

That sentence appeared in a letter from Bernard Hornung, whose great-great-uncle was Willie Hornung, the inventor of Raffles and brother-in-law to Arthur Conan Doyle. The present-day Hornung announced the launch of a book of the First World War diaries of Willie Hornung and said he was raising funds to pay for a First World War Memorial to the Portuguese. His letter continued:

“Coincidentally, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle had an estate in Sintra.”

Well, that was news to me, and also to the many ACD biographies on my bookshelf.

So, I queried Jean Upton, editor of the *Messenger*. She passed my query along to Bernard Hornung. As well, I emailed Brian Pugh, curator of The Conan Doyle (Crowborough) Establishment and compiler of the standard chronology of ACD.

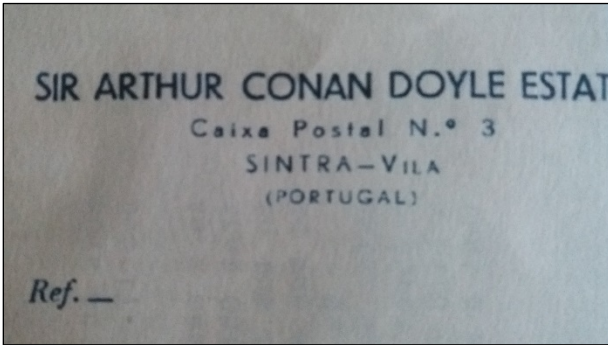
Pugh weighed in first, saying he knew nothing about ACD having an estate in Sintra but that he had found online a signed copy of *The Exploits of Sherlock Holmes* which Adrian Conan Doyle (co-author with John Dickson Carr) dedicated “to my friend Aleko Lilius” and had Sintra written in next to the June 10, 1958 date.

Next up, Bernard Hornung wrote Upton saying he had a photocopy of a “piece of notepaper which suggests that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle had an estate in Sintra.” He attached the scan on page 4.

Hornung continued: “Interestingly in the various accounts of the Portuguese Troops in Flanders during the First World War,



*Sintra coat of arms*



the version written by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle differs quite substantially from other accounts. Sir Arthur clearly interviewed Portuguese soldiers in this process and this is what led me to

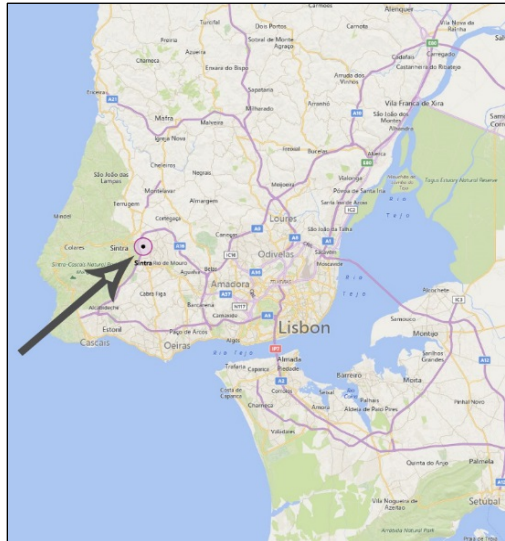
believe that he must have spent time in Portugal after the First World War and why I believe he had a villa in Sintra, evidenced by this piece of notepaper.

Others weren't so sure. ACD biographer Andrew Lycett emailed: "I can say with pretty well 100 per cent confidence that ACD never had an estate in Portugal.

"However, the Hornungs did have some connection with that country since it was where Connie, Arthur's sister, and Willie (E.H.) Hornung's wife, had worked as a governess (as indeed did her sisters Annette and Lottie). I suspect the letterhead is some throwback to/remnant of that."

At that point, Lycett had not yet seen the scan of the letterhead scrap. When he did shortly afterwards, he commented (perceptively): "Ah! I see the hand of ACD's son Adrian."

I had also turned for on-the-ground detective help to Hal Jones, a friend and former CBC radio correspondent who splits his time between Stratford and a place in Portugal. Hal turned up a database of famous expatriates who had lived in the area of Sintra, considered part of the Portuguese Riviera west of Lisbon. The database had a photograph of ACD with his son Adrian accompanied by this text (translated):



*Map of the Lisbon area with an arrow pointing at Sintra.*

Also the family of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the “father” of Sherlock Holmes, lived in Sintra, notably his sister, Annette, in Portugal since 1890, where she was governess, and the youngest son, Adrian (in the photo with his father) who was here in the 1950s. Playboy and reputed hunter, Adrian continued some books of Sherlock Holmes after the death of his father, spending some seasons in Quinta da Bela Vista.

So we had a possible locale — Quinta de Bela Vista — which was an improvement over the postal box (Caixa Postal) on the scrap of letterhead. I turned next for help to Mattias Boström whose book, *From Holmes to Sherlock*, quotes from extensive correspondence between Adrian and Denis, ACD’s sons. He responded immediately: “It’s very easy. It’s not about an estate, as in the meaning ‘home’ or ‘villa.’ ‘Sir Arthur Conan Doyle Estates’ was the name Adrian and Denis used for the business of the literary estate of their father.”

Boström generously dug into his files of Adrian’s correspondence. The Portuguese connection first reared its head in a Jan. 7, 1955 letter to Denis from Adrian, writing from Geneva: “I have left Tangier for good and have purchased a very lovely estate (up in the Sintra mountains about 8 miles from Estoril) where I am erecting a permanent Memorial to Daddy.”

That letter was on the letterhead of the Hotel du Rhone Genève; Adrian and his wife Anna had left their home in the tax haven of Tangiers, Morocco, to take up residence at 3, Quai Turretini in Geneva. For a short time, Adrian used SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE ESTATES letterhead with his former Tangiers address crossed out. He then had the same letterhead printed but without an address, adding a typewritten 3, Quai Turretini Genève. Then on March 9, 1955 Denis died in India, from a heart attack. Nine days later, Adrian wrote to Denis’s widow Nina, who was still in India:

Now, darling, I have bought a very lovely house in Sintra in Portugal. This is only twelve miles from Lisbon and eight miles from Estoril. It is a large 18th century house with a most beautiful garden and a far view over the sea. ... I want you to look upon this house as your own home whenever you wish to use it. I have a special suite for you consisting of a large beautiful bedroom, bathroom and a room for your maid, all on the ground floor and opening by its own door into the garden so that you need not be disturbed by anybody when you don’t want to be. Whenever you need rest and a roof of your own over your head, you will come to me and there we will hold Court to our many mutual friends in Portugal. I want your advice about a dozen things in connection

with the property in order to make it more beautiful and more worth [sic] as the last Conan Doyle house.

By May 1955 Adrian and Anna had moved to the Sintra home and by August 6 his SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE ESTATES letterhead incorporated the printed Sintra address. But he was apparently already hatching his customary grandiose plans, according to an article in the St. Louis *Post Dispatch* on April 10 uncovered by Boström.

This theme was reinforced by an Associated Press report in February 1959: “LISBON (AP) – Adrian Conan Doyle has settled with his Danish-born wife on his Sintra Hills estate to write the life story of his father, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes. The place houses Sir Arthur’s library and all his manuscripts.”

However, by 1960 Adrian appears to have abandoned the Sintra house and returned to Geneva, undoubtedly taking along any of his father’s papers.



**CONAN DOYLE MUSEUM**

Weary Portuguese and British writers will be able to rest from their creative labors in the luxurious resort town of Sintra, thanks to the son of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes.

Adrian Conan Doyle has announced the purchase of an eighteenth century mansion which he plans to convert into a museum for his father’s manuscripts and a holiday home for authors.

But where was this “very lovely house” and does it still exist today? In the 1990s a friend of Mattias Boström had seen a house identified in a tourist brochure as the former Conan Doyle residence but she didn’t remember an exact location. The culture department in Sintra, however, informed Boström that Quinta da Bela Vista is located between Old Town in Sintra and the Monserrate Palace.



A Google 3-D image is more striking, with the suspected Conan Doyle 18th-century mansion in the centre and a more modern dwelling to the right, complete with swimming pool.

And finally, here is what appears to be the modest entranceway to the estate, again from Google.

With these finding aids, Sherlockians — and more to the point, Doyleans — should be able to make a pilgrimage to what was for at least five years the home of Adrian Conan

Doyle and the likely repository of the library, manuscripts and other papers of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.



# Thumbs down for Watson

By Mark Jones

*Dr. Mark Jones is founder of a higher education charity and is a member of the Scandalous Bohemians of Yorkshire. This is his first appearance in Canadian Holmes.*

*This paper was first delivered at a meeting of the Scandalous Bohemians in Yorkshire, UK, on September 2, 2017. The author would like to thank fellow Bohemians for the expansive discussion at the meeting that has informed this article.*



*The Engineer's Thumb* has the distinction of being the only published case that Dr. Watson brought to the attention of his friend and colleague, Mr. Sherlock Holmes. The story opens when Watson is dragged from his bed to tend to Victor Hatherley, a young hydraulic engineer who has narrowly escaped a murderous attack on his life with the loss of his thumb. The story Hatherley recounts immediately puts Watson in mind of Holmes and together the two men make their way to Baker Street to consult the great detective. Writing up the case almost two years later, Watson says that “the circumstances made a deep impression upon [him],” one that had not weakened with the passage of time. That this gory encounter was intended to make just such a “deep impression” on Watson was entirely deliberate and Hatherley, far from being an innocent party, had specific cause for his dramatic entrance, as we shall see.

It is no great surprise that we should begin by casting doubt on Victor Hatherley's account as this has been commonplace in Sherlockian circles for many years.(1) Too many features of his story do not add up. There is the nature of this peculiar press that is apparently built into the fabric of the house, with its strange iron trough that is not found after the fire and its convenient concealed door for escaping engineers. The press is supposedly located on an upper level of the house, yet the floor is of stone and not wooden floorboards as we might expect. And as one commentator noted, if the press was indeed as powerful as the villainous Colonel Lysander Stark boasted, then it would need to rival the house itself for size and weight.(2) Then there is the behaviour of the chief protagonists. Is it plausible that the fiendish Colonel, intent on murdering young Hatherley, would abandon his search while other members of the gang would save

the engineer? Why do Stark and Elise, apparently native German speakers, default to English in a crisis? And then there is the matter of the thumb itself – left or right, depending on your preferred Sherlockian. Could it have been hacked off in a furious attack and still be found on a windowsill for a poor unsuspecting fireman to find? Could Hatherley have lain asleep while the moon set, travelled back to London and waited patiently outside Watson’s door while his business card was ignored, all while bleeding profusely? And if the coining operation was set alight by Hatherley’s lamp, why was so little counterfeiting equipment found in the wreckage? There is too much in Hatherley’s story that does not make sense for it to be taken at face value.

We may, with good reason, heap more suspicion on Victor Hatherley for little of his story can be corroborated. There are in fact only two details that are independently verified in the case. The first is that “a foreigner” is staying in Dr. Becher’s house, which is confirmed by the Eyford station master, though who the individual is and what they were doing there is not explained. The second is the presence of the thumb, of which more anon. But beyond these details we have very little that can be substantiated. One might have hoped that the station master would recognize Hatherley, but it was the station porter and not the station master who Hatherley claimed



*Two illustrators from the same story. On the left is Sidney Paget's from the March 1892 Strand Magazine while on the right is Josef Friedrich's created in 1906.*

to talk to, so no corroboration there. In fact, the station master's statements cast further doubt on Hatherley's account: he says that the fire started during the night but is it possible that Hatherley could wake up near to the house and not realize it was ablaze? Holmes does not seek to corroborate Hatherley's story either. He does not check any of the facts pertaining to the press, ask any questions of Hatherley's background, or seek any further information from Bradstreet on the gang that Scotland Yard has been hunting. Beyond asking about the freshness of the horses, Holmes is silent on the matter.

Jay Finlay Christ, writing in the *Baker Street Journal (BSJ)* in 1954, proposed the ingenious suggestion that Hatherley was actually Jeremiah Hayling, the first engineer to be approached by Colonel Stark. Christ suggested that Hayling was held under duress by the gang and took advantage of the fire to escape. This notion was taken further by Donovan McClain, writing in the June 1987 edition of the *BSJ*, who said that Hayling was a willing engineer-turned-counterfeiter who befell an accident when the gang were dismantling their press. In this version of events, Hayling was abandoned by his confederates lest their scheme be discovered in seeking medical attention for him. Thereafter, Hayling's story mirrors that of Hatherley: he bound his wound, made his way to London, and chanced upon Watson's porter. Both theories are appealing but for them to work we must accept one rather fantastic leap of logic – that Hayling, haemorrhaging from a serious injury, invented a cover story (and possibly a business card) for a fictional alter ego while on the train from Eyford to London. We are also required to accept the other inconsistencies within Hatherley's story – the size and shape of the press, its location in the house, and the convenient final resting place of the thumb. As Holmes might say, “no, no, it will not do.”

To get to the truth of the matter, we have to put ourselves in the place of the counterfeiting gang. We know from Bradstreet that Scotland Yard was aware for “some time that a clever gang was at work”:

“They have been turning out half-crowns by the thousand. We even traced them as far as Reading, but could get no farther, for they had covered their traces in a way that showed that they were very old hands.”

Cunning and experienced, the gang must have known that their time in Eyford was up. But what should they do next? Should they simply pack up and move on? This might only delay the inevitable for, as Holmes says in “The Adventure of the Three Garridebs” “the counterfeiter stands in a class by himself as a public danger,” and Scotland Yard was hardly likely to give up the ghost. Would not a clever gang seek to fake the destruction

of their whole operation, make it appear to have been laid waste, and thereby give the police reason enough not to pursue them further?

If one takes this as the working hypothesis, then the likely actions of the gang are all too apparent and start to make more sense of the inconsistencies in the adventure. We can safely assume that they started by dismantling their operation and the vital coining press and moved it to another location. In this, they probably needed the help of another hydraulic engineer and so hired Victor Hatherley and disposed of him when his task was done. Victor was most likely just as presented in the narrative – a sole-trader and loner, without parents and friends, recruited as someone with the necessary skills who could go missing without anybody noticing. The real Victor Hatherley’s sad end provided the basis for the cover story – the imposter Hatherley merely needed to recount the exact circumstances by which he recruited the real Hatherley, putting himself in the latter’s place. That the gang cleared the house in advance of the fire is evident from its burnt-out remains: apart from nickel and tin and a few cylinders, left as a decoy, nothing else was found to indicate the presence of the operation. The house was probably emptied some days



*Two illustrators from the same story. On the left is Sidney Paget’s from the March 1892 Strand Magazine while on the right is Josef Friedrich’s created in 1906.*

before the fire, and stoked with enough combustible material to make it burn for almost a day.

With the house ready to be set alight, there remained the matter of how to communicate its destruction and that of the counterfeiting operation to the police without getting caught in the process. A direct approach to Scotland Yard would be far too dangerous – after all, the gang knew the Yard was close but had no way of knowing what exactly was known about them. It would be better to deliver the message via an intermediary, someone close to the police but apart from the investigation. Enter Sherlock Holmes, the consulting detective with a healthy disdain for Scotland Yard and who first appeared in print only six months earlier. That the gang was aware of Holmes is even confirmed in Watson’s account when the fake Hatherley states, “Oh, I have heard of that fellow.”

And how better to reach Holmes than through Watson? But the gang would need some pretence to justify their approach and secure the good doctor’s assistance. Hence the gang hit upon the idea of a medical emergency, an urgent appeal for help that would at once bring on Watson’s sympathies. We already know that the “horrid red, spongy surface where the thumb should have been” gave even Watson’s hardened nerves “a shudder to look at it.” The blood loss and disorientation from the amputation would also provide a cover in the event that the fake Hatherley’s testimony contained any inconsistencies. It only required one of the gang to impersonate Hatherley and to pay the price of an amputated thumb.

Which brings us back to that famous thumb – or should we say thumbs, for might we not reason that two amputations make more sense than one? On the one hand (or off it) is the thumb at the house in Eyford, conveniently placed on a windowsill to be found by a fireman and so to corroborate the fake Hatherley’s story. Might that not be the thumb of the real Victor Hatherley, severed from his corpse to play a vital role in the gang’s cover story? The other thumb is that belonging to the fake Victor Hatherley, a self-inflicted wound inflicted near Paddington Station so as to be in ample time to reach Dr. Watson without bleeding to death. Is this not the only rational explanation for why Hatherley is not worse for wear by the time he reaches Watson’s porter? That the gruesome self-inflicted amputation was absolutely necessary for the gang’s plan is even explained by the fake Hatherley in this exchange with Watson:

“I shall have to tell my tale to the police; but, between ourselves, if it were not for the convincing evidence of this wound of mine, I should be surprised if they believed my statement, for it is a very extraordinary one, and I have not much in the way of proof with

which to back it up; and, even if they believe me, the clues which I can give them are so vague that it is a question whether justice will be done.”

Vague clues and lack of proof indeed. If one accepts that Hatherley’s story, the amputation and the fire were all manufactured to make it appear that the counterfeiting operation was over, then the holes in the story disappear. We do not need the coining press to be of a particular size and shape, or to be housed on an upper floor or to have the power stated. We do not need to rationalize away how a thumb can be severed and still find itself on a windowsill, to explain how a man travelled so far while bleeding profusely, or to explain the lack of counterfeiting equipment in a house that caught fire by chance. We do not need a villainous German and a compassionate one, the former to attack the engineer, the latter to drag him to safety. In fact, it is reasonable to assume that many of these elements were added to colour the account and to throw Scotland Yard further off the scent if the official police ever came to doubt that the operation was truly over. Does not Colonel Lysander Stark have all the melodrama of a pantomime villain after all?

So, where does this leave our heroes, for it is never comfortable to think of Holmes and Watson being duped? It is tempting to think that Holmes came to realize what had transpired and remedied the situation. We know that he brought down other counterfeiters: in “The Adventure of Shoscombe Old Place,” Holmes says that he ran down a coiner “by the zinc and copper filings in the seam of his cuff.” And in “The Adventure of the Sussex Vampire” we learn there’s a reference to Victor Lynch the forger in Holmes’s index: perhaps Victor Hatherley became Victor Lynch as it is not uncommon for imposters to re-use first names. One might even go so far as to infer that Holmes realized that Colonel Lysander Stark was an invention for, in “The Three Garridebs,” when testing John Garrideb’s story, Holmes asks the American if he knows a Dr. Lysander Starr, Mayor of Topeka? Did that false name come readily to mind because Holmes had worked out that, like the gang’s half-crowns, Lysander Stark was merely a fabrication?

While we may construe that Holmes redeemed himself, we sadly cannot say the same for Watson. For though he proudly thought he had brought this case to the attention of Holmes, in fact he was led to do so by a clever gang, an outlandish story and a gruesome double amputation. For this reason, the efforts of Dr. Watson in this case deserve two thumbs down.

## Notes

(1) For example: Austin, Bliss, “Thumbing His Way To Fame,” *Baker Street Journal* old series, v1 n4, October 1946; Christ, Jay Finlay, “Thumbs Up: Thumbs Down?” *Sherlock Holmes Journal*, v2 n1, July 1954; Donegall, Lord, “The Engineer’s Thumb Symposium,” *Sherlock Holmes Journal*, v5 n4, Spring 1962.

(2) McClain, Donovan H., “The Curious Affair of the Counterfeit Consultant, or Holmes was no engineer,” *Baker Street Journal*, v37 n2, June 1987.

# *A toast to Altamont*

*Carla Coupe gave this toast at The Baker Street Babes’ Daintiest Scream on the Moor Charity Ball on January 11, 2018*

A scream echoes across the moor, hiding amongst the crags, bouncing off the tors... is that the sound of a bittern on the wind? Or a hound?

Or maybe it’s just the tripping purr of a Ford, puttering up a country lane with two men who carry a secret, yet one of them is a ruse wrapped in a snare inside a trap...

For two years he adopted a false name—not Sigerson this time, but one that harkens to another past, other painful memories. With American accent, horrible goatee, and a copy of *Practical Handbook of Bee Culture, with some Observations on the Segregation of the Queen*, he outwits the smug Von Bork and does his best for England, a triumph that promises a safer future for King and Country. Only then can he rid himself of the dreadful goatee and the defiling accent. Only then can he enjoy a glass of Imperial Tokay with the “blithe boy” he had known for so many years. Only then can he cast aside Mr. Altamont of Chicago and become Sherlock Holmes once again.

This winter we have all endured that east wind, a cold and bitter one indeed, yet so far we haven’t withered before its blast. I, for one, am feeling cleaner, better, and stronger, although I’m still waiting for the storm to clear and a chance to lie in the sunshine and join old friends Sherlock Holmes and John Watson on a last adventure.

So let us raise our glasses to an echo, a reflection, a double image, created of smoke and mirrors: to Altamont, who was used and is gone, and to the man behind the mask: Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

# *Not in Kansas anymore*

*By Nick Dunn-Meynell*

*Nick Dunn-Meynell has nothing in his life he need be personally ashamed of; but you will have to be content with his word for it. His hobbies are demythologizing Sherlock Holmes and crushing cockroaches with a Persian slipper.*



he first thing Holmes saw on arriving at Eyford with the digitally challenged Victor Hatherley, hydraulic engineer, was a column of smoke worthy of a volcanic eruption. It was straight out of a Hollywood film. Let that be our first clue as to its true nature.

Until quite recently, when health considerations made its use unpopular, pyrotechnic explosions in the movies were achieved with the help of what in the world of special effects used to be called “movie dust.” Its more common name is “Fuller’s earth.”

Fuller’s earth spreads more widely and hangs in the air much longer than does ordinary dust. Its most memorable use was as the spectacular twister in the film *The Wizard of Oz*. It has largely been superseded by F.X. dust following fears that it might lead to health problems. Holmes would have taken note of any fire-fighters rubbing their eyes: Fuller’s earth is an irritant.

Of course, not even Fuller’s earth can hang in the air



indefinitely, so that column of seeming smoke must have been released into the atmosphere almost immediately before Holmes's train pulled into Eyford station. A violent explosion could have sent it flying. The house had apparently been burning slowly but surely for hours until, according to the stationmaster, it unexpectedly turned uncontrollably intense. The ignition of a store of explosives could easily have flung any stocks of Fuller's earth sky high.

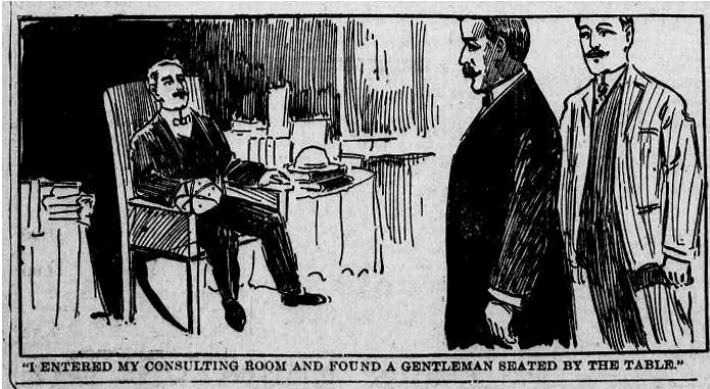
The theory was that a gang of counterfeiters had claimed that they were mining for Fuller's earth. Inevitably, therefore, the police assumed that there never had been any Fuller's earth. Even if they had found traces of it they would have supposed that this was further proof of the forgers' cunning, as was the entire absence of any signs that they had been coining. So, the presence of Fuller's earth proved that they had not been using Fuller's earth and the absence of signs of counterfeiting proved that they had been counterfeiting.

Such 'movie dust' would almost certainly have been used to make any explosion seem more powerful than it was. The plan may originally have been to create the appearance rather than the reality of some awful disaster. The affair of the Engineer's Thumb probably dates from September 1889, which is to say the time of the Great Dock Strike. Had some apparent terrorist attack occurred and been blamed on the dockers, it would greatly have reduced their chances of holding out against the employers. The history of trade unions in this country would have been very different.

Today, Fuller's earth is used as a part in absorbents for oil and grease, as well as a carrier for pesticides and fertilizers. The movie industry continues to use it as a powder on clothes to make them look dusty or older than they are. Today's counterfeiters no longer have any use for Fuller's earth or one-thumbed engineers.

# Artist unknown

In late September 1905, *The Boston Post* serialized “The Adventure of the Engineer’s Thumb” over several days. Along with the story appeared three illustrations; the artist’s name was not printed. Although the story is familiar to all Sherlockians, these illustrations probably are not.



# *Ladies, what will you bid for his Lordship?*

## *The invasion of the American heiress into British society as depicted in “The Adventure of the Noble Bachelor”*

By *Thelma Beam*

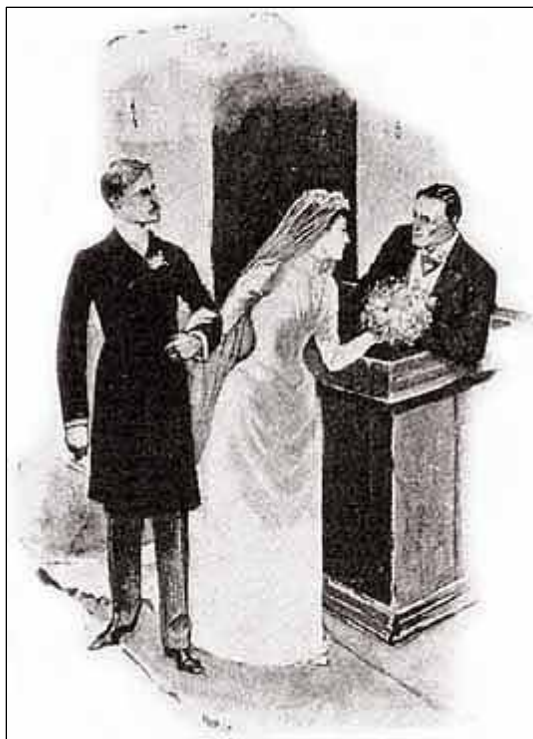
*Thelma Beam is a long-time member of The Bootmakers of Toronto. She is a Master Bootmaker, former Meyers, and has contributed articles to Canadian Holmes and several books on Sherlock Holmes.*

*Editor’s note: This article was first published in Canadian Holmes in the Summer 1997 edition.*



There are a great number of foreigners in the Canon. Conan Doyle used them extensively throughout his Sherlock Holmes stories to create mystery and intrigue. There are Australians (“The Abbey Grange”), South Americans (“The Problem of Thor Bridge”), Russians (“The Golden Pince-Nez”), Indians (*The Sign of the Four*), Greeks (“The Greek Interpreter”) and Italians (“The Red Circle” and “The Six Napoleons”). Doyle had a particular fondness for Americans and used them in a number of stories, including *The Valley of Fear*, *A Study in Scarlet*, “The Yellow Face,” “The Five Orange Pips,” “The Dancing Men,” “A Scandal in Bohemia,” “The Three Garridebs” and “The Noble Bachelor.”

Foreigners in the Canon are sometimes victims, sometimes villains, but they are always trouble. The message is clear: it’s not a good idea to mix too much with foreigners, and certainly not too many them. Several respectable English husbands in the Canon who brought home foreign wives lived to regret it.(1) It was not always the wife’s fault, but nature seemed to be against them. As the story of “The Noble Bachelor” illustrates, foreigners penetrated British society at the highest levels during Doyle’s time, even into the most aristocratic families. In this story, Lord Robert St. Simon, second son of the Duke of Balmoral, woos, wins and weds an obscure American *nouveau riche* heiress, Hatty Doran. Hatty is the only daughter of one Aloysius Doran, Esq. of San Francisco, California. He is a miner who “had nothing a few years ago” but who is



Hatty Doran from “The Noble Bachelor” by Sidney Paget

now “said to be the richest man on the Pacific Slope.” Hatty’s rise from miner’s daughter to Lady St. Simon is typical of a phenomenon which was in its heyday about the time that Doyle wrote “The Noble Bachelor:” the American heiress invasion of Europe.

Between 1870 and the beginning of the First World War in 1914, a total of 454 American women married into the European nobility. Of those, 354 married into families in continental Europe. One hundred got the cream of the crop in Britain. Of these 100, 40 married younger sons and 60 captured the bona fide article, a titled British lord.

Six American women married the best the country had to offer—a Duke. Of these, five were heiresses who brought a big dowry with them to fill the ducal coffers. The sixth was an actress called Mary Yohe, who wed the 8th Duke of Newcastle in 1894, two years after the publication of “The Noble Bachelor.” Despite dancing for him with the Hope Diamond flashing in her navel, he divorced her eight years later. She then married Capt. Putnam Bradlee Strong, whom she “eloped” with while still married to the Duke. That marriage lasted eight years after which she married barrister and then judge, John Adley Smuts.

Indeed, many international marriages were doomed to failure. Nevertheless, the cash outlay required to marry a Duke was considerable. The first marriage was achieved by Consuelo Yznaga, who brought with her a dowry of \$1 million to the future 8th Duke of Manchester in 1876. By 1903, when May Goelet married the 8th Duke of Roxburghe, the price had gone up sharply to \$20 million. America paid a high price for its titles. Altogether, it is estimated that \$220 million floated into Britain’s economy just from marriage settlements alone.



Mary Yohe

The international marriage was initiated by socially ambitious Americans. In colonial days, settlers in America were either middle or lower class, (the aristocracy seldom emigrated). Originally, the colonists sought status through land ownership, which was the system practised in Europe. By the 18th century, however, most of the desirable land had been claimed, and the mercantile class began its rise to dominance. Culture traditionally came from Europe until the American Revolution in 1776, when all political and cultural ties with Britain were severed. Relations with the mother country remained cool and were not helped by the War of 1812. By the time of the American Civil War, an independent

aristocracy had risen in the United States.

The social and commercial centre of America was New York City, where the *nouveau riche* inevitably ended up. At the time, New York society was ruled by “the 400,” a small clique of old-money families known as Knickerbockers, after the knee-length trousers worn by early Dutch settlers from whom many of them were descended. It was almost impossible to break into this clique, the size being carefully limited to the capacity of Carolyn Astor’s ballroom, that is, 400 people. The only family who succeeded in entering this *sanctum sanctorum* were the Vanderbilts, who gave an elaborate masked ball in honour of the visiting Duchess of Manchester, to which it would have been exceedingly rude to refuse. Once inside the Vanderbilt mansion, the 400 could not very well refuse to receive the Vanderbilts in their own.

For other *nouveau riche* families, frustration was the result of efforts to break into New York Society. As aspiring mamas watched their debutante daughters snubbed, and themselves excluded, they began to look for opportunities overseas. After all, to have a Duchess or Countess in the family would move them miles ahead of their *nouveau riche* peers.

While social ambition was the motivation for Americans, the British aristocracy was driven by a need for money, pure and simple. The need for money was not a new concept, the search for heiresses being a long-



*Jennie Jerome (Lady Randolph Churchill) and Consuelo Yznaga (Duchess of Manchester).*

standing tradition. But English heiresses were not in plentiful supply, and there was simply no other respectable way for a peer to find money. English noblemen did not work for a living. This situation was exacerbated in 1873, as England fell into an agricultural depression that drastically cut incomes from agricultural land, the basis of wealth for the noble families. An influx of imported goods drove down prices, causing many tenant farmers to give up their farms and move to the cities to find work. The land was no longer cultivated, rents were low and there were no buyers. By the 1880s, the situation for many noble families had become critical, and they turned their attention to the American heiresses who were beginning their full-scale assault on British society.

By 1865, Americans had begun to visit England on a regular basis. The heiresses, so different from English women, drew the attention of society, and especially that of the Prince of Wales, who set the example by surrounding himself with American beauties like Jennie Jerome (Lady Randolph Churchill) and Consuelo Yznaga (Duchess of Manchester). He liked their outspokenness, their humour and their taste in clothes.

From the first marriages between American heiresses and English peers, it was clear that both partners entered the marriage with quite different backgrounds and expectations. American girls were raised on the model of the New Woman—independent, assertive, ambitious and sexually

chaste. The New Woman demanded the right to a career, to remain unmarried by choice, to vote, to smoke, and ride a bicycle. The epitome of the New Woman was the president's daughter, Alice Roosevelt. She caught the imagination of the press, which reported on her every move. When her father forbade her to smoke in the White House, she moved to the roof to perform that operation. When asked why he didn't discipline his daughter better, Theodore Roosevelt replied: "I can do one of two things. I can be President of the United States, or I can control Alice. I cannot possibly do both."<sup>(2)</sup> The New Woman was immortalized in the drawings and cartoons of Charles Dana Gibson, and Alice served as one of his most popular models of the Gibson Girl.

Jennie Jerome, mother of Sir Winston Churchill, wrote, "The American woman was looked upon as a strange and abnormal creature, with habits and manners something between a Red Indian and a Gaiety Girl. Anything of an outlandish nature might be expected of her." There was no place for this type of woman in British society. Consuelo Yznaga, the future Duchess of Manchester, reported that "England is all right for splendour but dead slow for fun." Yet the New Woman was expected to adapt to this society.

Perhaps the biggest difference between the new marriage partners was their expectations of love. American women were raised to expect love within marriage, as well as sexual fidelity. What a shock it must have been for them when confronted with the five basic rules of sexual etiquette:

1. Don't make a fuss when you discover a spouse's infidelity, and never, never go public.
2. Only married ladies are eligible for love affairs. Love affairs were a reward for, not a prelude to, getting married.
3. Keep the nursery well stocked. A woman's first duty was to provide her husband with a son and heir.
4. Be an obliging mate. If you help your spouse with his (or her) love affairs, he (or she) may be in a position to help you someday.
5. Never comment on a likeness. Accidents do happen.<sup>(3)</sup>

The British had a very stoic attitude towards love and marriage. Upon his engagement to Consuelo Vanderbilt, the Duke of Marlborough announced to the press that: "A marriage has been arranged between the Duke of Marlborough and Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt. The engagement was arranged by Miss Vanderbilt's friends and those of the Duke of Marlborough."<sup>(4)</sup> Not a word about love.

Conan Doyle himself shared this attitude. On his first American tour, he commented:



*George Charles Spencer-Churchill, 8th Duke of Marlborough*

In the career of the average man his marriage is the most momentous incident, but only one of several. He is swayed by many strong emotions, his business, his ambitions, his friendships, his struggles with recurrent difficulties and dangers which tax a man's wisdom and his courage. Love will often play a subordinate part in his life. Many luckless ones may go through the world and never love at all. It jars upon truth then to have it continuously held up as the predominating, all-important fact in life, and there is a not unnatural tendency to

avoid a source of interest which has been so misused and overdone.  
(5)

Love played a dominant role in Hatty Doran's marriage to Frank Moulton but not in her acceptance of Lord Robert. Her description of her engagement is not dissimilar to the Duke of Marlborough's. She tells Holmes:

...Then Lord St. Simon came to 'Frisco, and we came to London, and a marriage was arranged, and Pa was very pleased, but I felt all the time that no man on this earth would ever take the place in my heart that had been given to my poor Frank.

Lack of love was one of the major reasons why international marriages eventually came to be reviled in America.

A great deal was written on both continents about international marriages. Besides Doyle, such noted British authors as Anthony Trollope, who wrote *The Duke's Children*, were also interested in the phenomenon.

Henry James wrote about it in *The Portrait of a Lady* and *The Golden Bowl*. Edith Wharton, herself from an old money New York family, wrote no fewer than three novels on the subject: *The Age of Innocence*, *The Custom of the Country* and her last novel, *The Buccaneers*. Only one of them included a happy ending for the couple.

When “The Noble Bachelor” was published in 1892, Anglomania was at its peak in the United States. Nevertheless, some signs that international marriages were not working out as well as expected were already evident.

Jennie Jerome married the brilliant, aristocratic Lord Randolph Churchill in 1874. He was widely expected to become prime minister but resigned suddenly from government. He had been diagnosed with syphilis, went mad and died in 1895.

Consuelo Yznaga married the future 8th Duke of Manchester in 1876. He left her at home while he squired a music-hall singer around London, and was declared bankrupt in 1890.

Lily Hammersley, a rich widow, married Jennie Jerome’s profligate brother-in-law, the 8th Duke of Marlborough, in 1888. Divorced from his first wife over a flagrant love affair, ostracized from Society by the Prince of Wales, he spent Lily’s money on improvements to the family residence and on other women, and died in 1892.

With at least three well-publicized examples of how title-for-money marriages didn’t work, Doyle had a good model on which to base his story. Certainly, the characters of “The Noble Bachelor” bear much similarity to actual persons who were prominent during the American heiress invasion.

Hatty Doran reminds us of more than one American heiress. She may have been poor Consuelo Vanderbilt. Forbidden by her gorgon of a mother to marry the American man she loved, she was coerced into a loveless marriage with the 9th Duke of Marlborough. Americans felt sorry for her and her marriage was immortalized by Charles Dana Gibson in a scathing cartoon about loveless international marriages. Years after her divorce, she is reported to have told her publisher: “Of course I can’t put into a book what a beast Marlborough was.” (6)

There is also a similarity to Lily Hammersley. Sweet, uncomplicated and motherless, she was also a widow when she married the 8th Duke of Marlborough. Three different wedding ceremonies were required before he could be sure the knot was tied tightly enough. *The New York Times* reported cynically: “It has been generally understood that Mrs. Hammersley married the Duke for a title, and that the Duke married her for her money.”(7)

Or, one could visualize Hatty as Consuelo Yznaga, Duchess of Manchester, who admitted to growing up wild in the western United States. She carried some of that outrageous behaviour to England with her.

Lord Robert St. Simon bears a resemblance to Lily Hammersley's husband, the 8th Duke of Marlborough. More interested in money than love, he set sail for America to find himself a rich wife in order to finance improvements to the family seat, Blenheim Palace.

Like Lord Robert, many British gentlemen had a taste for lower-class women, among whom actresses and singers predominated. The example was set by the Prince of Wales himself, as he took the celebrated singer Lily Langtry for a mistress. Flora Millar has a number of real-life counterparts of the time. She could have been Bessie Bellwood, an actress who became the chosen companion of Consuelo Yznaga's husband, the 8th Duke of Manchester. This became public knowledge when the Duke was called as a police witness after Bessie punched a cab driver who was trying to collect a debt. All the London papers carried the story.

Helena Zimmerman's husband, the 9th Duke of Manchester, was served with a breach-of-promise suit on behalf of Portia Knight, an American actress looking for publicity. The lawsuit dragged on in the courts and in the newspapers for two years until the Duke settled it with \$5,000 and costs. His Grace did not learn his lesson. Shortly after his divorce from Helena, he married Kathleen Dawes, a London actress. The wedding had to be postponed, as the Duke had neglected to bring a copy of his divorce papers with him. Later, he was charged in Police Court with pawning the family jewels, claiming he took them from the bank vault so that the new Duchess could wear them. Needless to say, Kathleen never saw them.

Finally, Aloysius Doran Esq., Hatty's father, was typical of American fathers of heiresses—uncultured and socially ambitious but very much in the background. He comes closest to William Thaw, whose coal mining and railroad interests allowed his daughter Alice to attract the Earl of Yarmouth in 1903. Interestingly, Alice's marriage, like Hatty's, was also a sham. It was annulled in 1908 on the grounds of non-consummation.

International title-for-money marriages continued until the beginning of the First World War, but by 1892 they were beginning to lose popularity on both sides of the Atlantic. When Gertrude Vanderbilt married boy-next-door Harry Payne Whitney, the *New York Journal* announced "Money will marry money next Tuesday... But it will be an American wedding. There will be no foreign noblemen in this—no purchased titles. The millions all belong in America and they will all remain here." (8)

The announcement of Lord Robert's wedding reflects the same sentiment on the other side of the Atlantic:

There will soon be a call for protection in the marriage market, for the present free-trade principle appears to tell heavily against our home product. One by one, the management of the noble houses

of Great Britain is passing into the hands of our fair cousins from across the Atlantic... (9)

The popularity of international marriages turned in some cases to hostility. By 1900, Helena Zimmerman's father had to meet the newlywed Duke and Duchess of Manchester accompanied by two detectives. It appears that threats had been received from a man who did not agree with American girls being married abroad.

In 1906, President Theodore Roosevelt, a staunch opponent of international marriages (and, incidentally, a fan of Doyle), wrote to his daughter Alice after her honeymoon with American politician Nick Longworth: "...I tell you I felt mighty pleased with my daughter and her husband—especially comparing them with certain other American girls and their spouses, as for example, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, of fragrant presence!" (10)

Frank Work, ironically a forefather of Diana, Princess of Wales, was among those who were most fervently against international marriages. His daughter Frances married the Honourable James Burke-Roche in 1880 and divorced him in 1891. During this time she had twin sons, one of whom became Diana's maternal grandfather. In an ironic twist, Frank Work is cited in an interview as saying:

It's time this international marrying came to a stop for our American girls are ruining our own country by it. As fast as our honourable, hard working men can earn this money their daughters take it and toss it across the ocean. And for what? For the purpose of a title and the privilege of paying the debts of so-called noblemen! If I had anything to say about it, I'd make an international marriage a hanging offense. (11)

Many of these marriages did not work out and ended in divorce after millions of dollars had been given away. Did these heiresses regret giving up the titles? After her divorce from the Duke of Marlborough, Consuelo Vanderbilt was asked if she minded not being the beautiful Duchess of Marlborough anymore. She replied that she did not mind losing the title but if she had been obliged to give up her beauty as well, then that would have been a different matter altogether.

#### Notes

- (1) "The Problem of Thor Bridge," "The Dancing Men," "The Abbey Grange"
- (2) C. Felsenthal, *Princess Alice: The life and Times of Alice Roosevelt*.
- (3) MacColl and Wallace, *To Marry an English Lord*.

- (4) Ibid.
- (5) C. Redmond, *Welcome to America, Mr. Sherlock Holmes*.
- (6) MacColl and Wallace.
- (7) Ibid.
- (8) Ibid.
- (9) W.S. Baring-Gould, *The Annotated Sherlock Holmes*.
- (10) Carol Felsenthal.
- (11) McColl and Wallace.

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# *Boswell's return*

By David Harnois

*When David isn't working on Boswell, he is the Scenic Studio Supervisor for the University of Northern Iowa Theatre Dept., and a customer service rep for Copyworks.*



Some of the earliest radio dramatizations of Sherlock Holmes were broadcast during the 1930s. Today, there are hundreds of original audio dramatizations of the Holmes stories and new pastiches. One of the newest entries in this crowded field is my own, *I Am Lost Without my Boswell*. We, like many younger Sherlockians, are taking advantage of the internet and social media to make our own mark on in the community. *Boswell* is an entirely volunteer-driven effort to do audio dramatizations of the entire Holmes Canon. An international endeavour, my team and I have worked with great people spanning both coasts of the USA, as well as Canada, and Australia. The team consists of my Watson, Jens Petersen; our producer, Caitlin Hurban; our web designer, Margot Taylor; and our graphic designer, Nicole Linderholm. As of writing this, our most recent release was ‘The Blue Carbuncle’ on December 27th, 2017, and we are currently in production on ‘The Speckled Band.’ Our hope is to complete all 60 of the original stories, an ambitious goal.

Today, I’m a Sherlockian playing Holmes. However, that’s not how it started out. It was the playing of Holmes that led to my getting involved in the Sherlockian world. The usual joke I make is that, “I’m just some jerk who plays Sherlock Holmes on the internet.” And when I joined the community, that wasn’t far from how I felt. I’m not trying to solve the chronology problems, or figure out how many wives Watson had, or whether Holmes was clinically a drug addict. I’m just some guy who likes to play Holmes.

The genesis of this whole project has its roots in 2013. At the time, I was working for the Waterloo Community Playhouse/Black Hawk Children’s Theatre in Waterloo, Iowa, as the Technical Director/Lighting Designer. My coworker Brad Brist, told me in the early part of the year that we were going to do *Sherlock Holmes and the Case of the Jersey Lily* by Katie Forgette. I knew in that moment I wanted to play Holmes – who wouldn’t? I had dipped my toe in the stories after seeing the first Robert Downey Jr. movie, as well as the first season of the BBC *Sherlock*, but I hadn’t read more than a handful of the original stories at that point. I spent

the next several months doing my best to prepare for that audition; reading the stories again, soaking up any info I could from other portrayals of Holmes and hearing scholarly discussions about the Sherlockian world from podcasts such as *I Hear of Sherlock Everywhere* and the *Baker Street Babes*. I wanted to do this right, or at least as close to right as I felt I could make it. My single biggest influence on how I approached playing Holmes was Jeremy Brett, who to me, *was* Holmes more than just about anybody.

I went into the audition guns, or at least Watson's trusty service revolver, blazing and got the part. I took it more seriously than I probably have any other part I've played. We performed in November 2013, and towards the end of December that year, I realized I still had this itch to play Holmes. I thought about what I could possibly do and decided that a podcast was the best route. I put the idea out to my Facebook friends, asking if they thought it would be a good idea, and I was met with a resounding, "YES!" I knew from the start I wanted to make it a volunteer effort, and international one, just as the Sherlockian world is. In January of 2014, *I Am Lost Without My Boswell* was founded, and I set to work on making the idea a reality.

My theatre background has been a huge help for working the stories into scripts. When I approach the scripting, I think we manage a happy medium between a book on tape, and a more dramatized interpretation. While I start breaking down the straight character dialogue into a script format, I won't have actors say things such as "he said" or "she said." However, I would leave in a line like, "said he soothingly, bending forward and patting her forearm," since it helps give some mental action/colour to the scene. It's also a big help to not break up an actor's flow when they're speaking, which helps keep them, and the listener, engaged.

One of the great things about making *Boswell* a volunteer project is that the people who audition, and act for me, are coming to it with a passion for what we're doing. Friends like John Jensen and Brian Scheid, who have played multiple parts across the seven stories we've done so far, either because of their love of Holmes, or because they believe in what I'm doing. The same can be said of the long-time Sherlockians I've also worked with, like Nick Martorelli, who plays Inspector Lestrade; Charles Prepolec, who plays Inspector Bradstreet; and Scott Monty, who has played both Isa Whitney, and will be playing Grimesby



Roylott in our upcoming release of ‘The Speckled Band’.

At this point, my biggest hope as a Sherlockian is to be making something that Sherlockians and the public enjoy. I’m doing my best to portray Holmes as true to the text as I can, because I know how much he means to me and so many other people around the world. I’m eternally grateful that Sherlock led me to being a Sherlockian, because the friends I’ve made along the way have been great. For those of you who do listen, thanks for your support, and for those of you who haven’t heard us yet, you can find us at [www.iamlostwithoutmyboswell.com](http://www.iamlostwithoutmyboswell.com), or search for us on iTunes. I, for one, can’t wait to bring you more stories.

## *Letter to the editor*

Your spring 2018 issue generously referred to me as the “founder” of Canadian Holmes as well as its former editor, but that is not the case. When I got involved with the magazine in the fall of 1979 — as joint editor with Kate Karlson — it had already published four issues, two in 1973-74 and two during the later 1970s. Who actually founded it is not clear, but those issues show strong evidence of having been edited by the great Cameron Hollyer, so he might as well get the credit for being the founder as well.

It would be lovely to know who thought up the magazine’s title in, presumably, 1973. The present generation may not realize that it’s a joke: the Maclean-Hunter housekeeping and decorating magazine *Canadian Homes* (formerly *Canadian Homes and Gardens*) was available on newsstands across Canada at the time. It ceased publication in 1978. And of course it was not well known outside the country; I remember a puzzled and irritated letter from an American reader of *CH*, circa 1980, asking why we thought “Canadian” Holmes was different from any other kind of Holmes. As if the magazine wasn’t flaunting Canadian content and Canadian interpretations in every issue!

Chris Redmond  
Carleton Place, Ontario

# *Foiling Burglars with Holmes and Watson*

By Richard L. Kellogg

*Richard L. Kellogg teaches psychology at the SUNY College of Technology in Alfred, New York, where he enjoys welcoming college students into the magical world of Holmes and Watson. Richard is the author of Vignettes of Sherlock Holmes (New York: Gryphon Books, 2008).*



uring the years that Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson combated villainy in England, household burglary was among the most commonplace of crimes. Few homes had secure locking devices on the doors and windows. It did not require great skill or intellect to achieve success as a burglar. Scotland Yard and other police agencies expended much time and effort dealing with this type of felony.

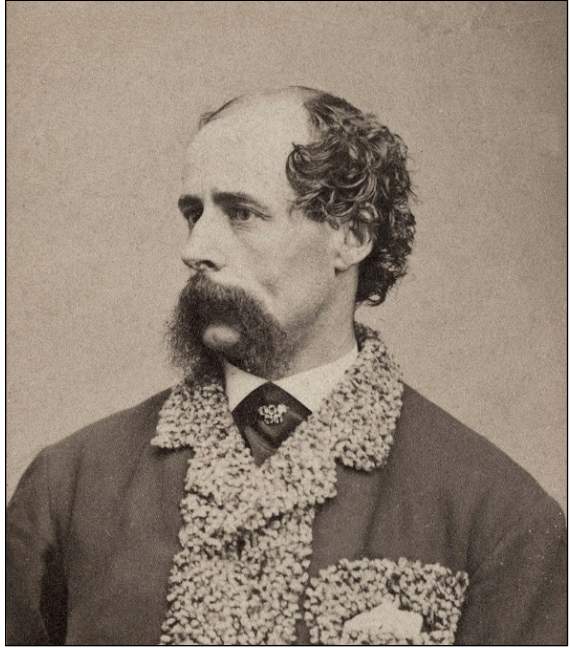
Jack Tracy (1) summarizes a number of investigations in which Holmes and Watson are on the trail of burglars. For the greater good, even Holmes and Watson occasionally engaged in the fine art of burgling and proved to be expert cracksmen. It is certain that Charles Augustus Milverton, Josiah Amberly and Hugo Oberstein were not amused when Holmes deemed it necessary to break into and enter their homes. Never one for false modesty, Holmes once boasted to a young police officer that: “Burglary has always been an alternative profession had I cared to adopt it, and I have little doubt that I should have come to the front” (“The Retired Colourman”).

There is also little doubt but that the courage and integrity of the detective and the doctor made England a more secure and stable land in the late 19th century. However, loyal followers of the Great Detective may not be aware that another Holmes and Watson team were attempting to prevent burglary on the other side of the Atlantic.

That story begins in 1853 when Augustus Pope, a Boston inventor, was granted the first patent for an electronic burglar alarm. Pope, however, did not have the training and necessary skills to manufacture and market his innovative technology. In 1857, Pope sold his patent rights to Edwin Holmes. A manufacturer of hoop skirts, Holmes thought that rights to the burglar alarm would prove to be a solid investment. He improved Pope’s original design by insulating the copper wires with a layer of cotton. This

modification made the alarm mechanism, which rang a bell when a door or window was opened, more reliable for commercial applications in banks and stores.

In 1858, Edwin Holmes installed his first alarm system in Boston. Since the burglary rate was low in the Boston area, the business venture was not very successful. Consequently, Holmes relocated his business to New York City in 1859. There was a higher rate of burglary in New York and a

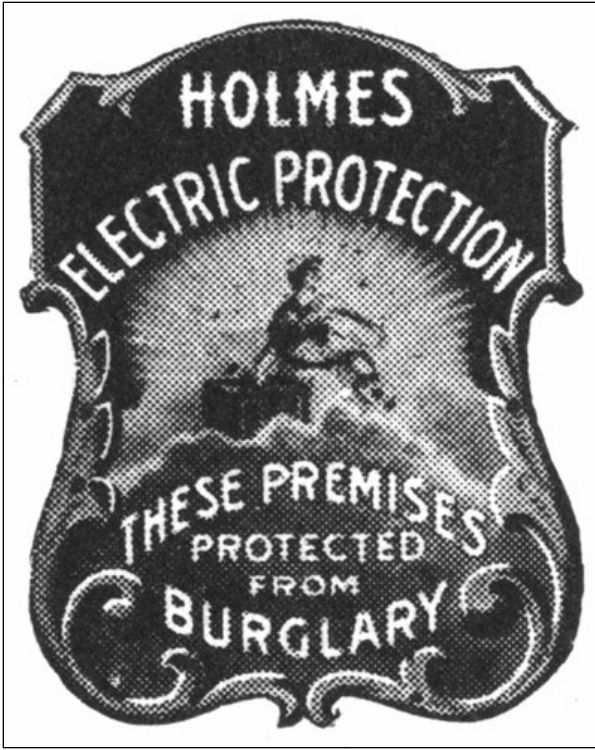


*Edwin Holmes*

greater number of wealthy clients who desired to purchase his services. The Holmes Burglar Alarm Company soon began to prosper and to expand into other cities.

Edwin T. Holmes, the son of the company's founder, worked closely with his father to build the family business. In 1877, Edwin T. Holmes encountered a young and gifted technician by the name of Thomas A. Watson. At the time, Watson was helping Alexander Graham Bell construct early prototypes of the telephone. As a close relationship developed between Holmes and Bell, both men found it expedient to employ the services of the talented Watson. In fact, Thomas Watson would attain some degree of fame in future years and be honoured as the primary assistant to Alexander Graham Bell.

When Edwin Holmes died in 1901, Edwin T. Holmes became president of the company established by his father. The firm was now called the Holmes Electric Protective Company. In 1905, American Telephone and Telegraph (AT&T) purchased the Holmes organization. A few giant corporations controlled the burglar alarm industry in the United States for most of the 20th century. For those who would like to dig deeper into the origins of the burglar alarm, a book written by Edwin T. Holmes, published in 1917, is recommended (2).



We have observed that the detective Sherlock Holmes and the inventor Edwin Holmes both had a loyal colleague named Watson. It is also recognized that medical student Arthur Conan Doyle, who was destined to serve as literary agent for Dr. John Watson, frequently accompanied Dr. Joseph Bell on intriguing forays into the criminal world (3). Back in the United States, Thomas Watson

was helping Dr. Alexander Graham Bell invent and improve the telephone. The mind boggles at all the coincidences and similarities in names.

There remains a central question which may never be fully resolved. Could the great Sherlock Holmes, an expert burglar, successfully break into a household equipped with the intricate alarm system developed by the ingenious Edwin Holmes? We may never know. The outcome of a duel between such titans would be almost impossible to predict.

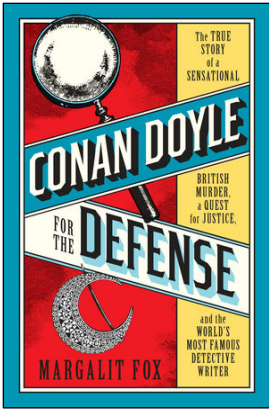
#### Notes

(1) Jack Tracy, *The Encyclopaedia Sherlockiana*, New York: Avon, 1979, pp. 53-54.

(2) Edwin Thomas Holmes, *The First Fifty Years* (1917), Whitefish MT: Kessinger Publishing Company, 2009.

(3) Howard Engel, *Mr. Doyle and Dr. Bell*, New York: Overlook Press, 1997.

## “Holmes gave me a brief review”



The crimes were committed almost a half-century apart – one in London, the other in Glasgow. Both victims were wealthy widows killed in their homes and, in both cases, an innocent man was convicted of the crime. The murders of Mary Emsley in 1860 and Marion Gilchrist in 1908 had something else in common – Arthur Conan Doyle.

As every Holmes fan knows, Conan Doyle championed the cause of Oscar Slater, who was convicted of murdering Gilchrist in Glasgow and served almost 20 years in prison before he was finally freed. The case gets fresh treatment in *Conan Doyle for the Defense: The True Story of a Sensational British Murder, a Quest for Justice, and the World's Most Famous Detective Writer* (Random House).

New York writer Margalit Fox sheds new light on Slater's wrongful conviction and Conan Doyle's fight to clear his name. Conan Doyle put Holmes's methods to the test in the real world, she writes, using the methodical process of observation and deduction – learned from his old medical school instructor, Joseph Bell – “to loosen, link by link, the chain of circumstantial evidence that had been tightened round Slater's neck.”

Fox argues that Slater was the victim of prejudice – a German Jew, he was a convenient scapegoat for Glasgow police eager to solve the murder. Her deft dissection of the flimsy case against him leaves no doubt he was railroaded, and it took a crusader of Conan Doyle's energy and stature to correct the injustice. “As investigator, author, publisher, and backroom broker,” Fox concludes, he did “more than anyone else to win Slater's freedom in a case that many observers deemed hopeless.”

Conan Doyle's interest in the Mary Emsley case is lesser known. In 1901, as he was about to resurrect Holmes in *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, he published several true crime stories in *The Strand Magazine*. One was “The Debatable Case of Mrs. Emsley,” a locked-room mystery that would have puzzled Holmes himself.

James Mullins, a handyman who worked for Emsley, was convicted and hanged but Conan Doyle's review of the evidence turned up loose ends that suggested an innocent man was executed and the real killer escaped.

British writer Sinclair McKay revisits the mystery and Conan Doyle's doubts in *The Mile End Murder: The Case Conan Doyle Couldn't Solve* (Quatro Group/Aurum Press). “Like so many Holmes stories,” he writes,

“this was a shocking murder that also came to unearh old family secrets and scandals.”

There were plenty of suspects, including relatives who hoped for an inheritance and tenants who rented from Emsley and came to despise their miserly landlady. Sinclair claims to have bested Conan Doyle, who was certain of Mullins’s innocence but unsure who killed her. After reviewing the evidence through fresh eyes, McKay believes he has identified Emsley’s killer – and solved a 158-year-old cold case.

Fox and Sinclair have done their homework and bring both cases to life.

And they capture the sense of honour and justice that drove Conan Doyle to try to right these wrongs – as he did in the case of George Edalji, the lawyer of Indian extraction who was falsely accused of maiming horses and cattle. These murders, like the Edalji case, are the closest we will ever get to seeing how Sherlock Holmes would have solved crimes in the real world.

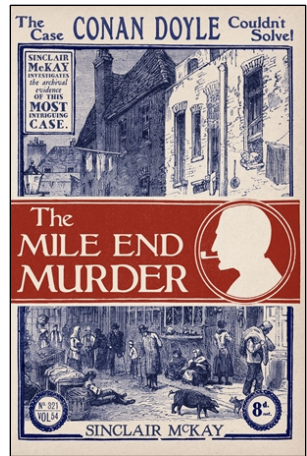
– Dean Jobb

Editor’s Note: Halifax author Dean Jobb, is a new name to *Canadian Holmes*. Jobb is completing a book on Victorian-era serial killer Thomas Neill Cream, a Canadian doctor who murdered at least 10 people in Britain and America – crimes that paralleled the birth of Sherlock Holmes.

*Memoirs from Mrs. Hudson's Kitchen* by Wendy Heyman-Marsaw (2017 MX Publishing, \$11.95 US)

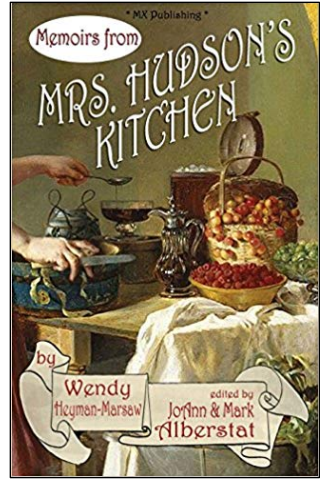
For anyone who has wondered what may have been going through Mrs. Hudson’s mind while her famous tenants welcomed clients and dashed about the country in pursuit of criminals, wonder no more. After years as Sherlock Holmes’s patient and devoted landlady, Mrs. Hudson finally steps into the spotlight with this series of memoirs.

Here, she shares a varied collection of observations, thoughts, memories and of course, household tips and recipes. She includes tidbits of daily life at 221B Baker Street, from Holmes’s and Watson’s preferences in tea and tobacco to her interactions with the Baker Street Irregulars. In recalling her early years, she provides a glimpse into her personal background and shares her opinions on Victorian values and attitudes. Thanks to a liberal upbringing, she demonstrates a breadth of knowledge of the era with



essays on topics as diverse as Turkish baths, travelling attire, and country inns, and proves herself an avid reader of Watson's stories, with references to his recorded cases sprinkled throughout the narrative.

But while these entertaining and informative memoirs are much more than a cookbook, it is the recipes that serve as the unifying thread. Reflecting the content of each chapter and ranging from classics like toad-in-the-hole to the less familiar Prince of Wales soup to the intriguing egg wine, there are dozens of dishes to inspire a reader's own culinary adventures. After all, what could complete this thoroughly enjoyable journey with Mrs. Hudson more than a cup of smoker's coffee and a piece of honey cake? Or perhaps a tobacco cookie?



– Suzanne MacNeil



*Gaslight Gothic: Strange Tales of Sherlock Holmes*, edited by J. R. Campbell and Charles Prepolec (2018, Edge \$14.95 US)

In this edition, the fourth in the series, the two editors picked up where they left off, with a strong lineup of writers and tales featuring Holmes and Watson but with a dark and gothic twist. Contributors such as David Stuart Davies, Lyndsay Faye and James Lovegrove take the reader down dark alleys Conan Doyle never would have imagined.

The book opens with a fine introduction by Prepolec that could stand on its own as an independent article on the topic of ACD and Gothic literature.

The collection starts off strong with a story by Mark A. Latham that could have flowed out of Doyle's own pen in a darker parallel universe. Other stories remind us of classics such as Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, while still others bring in old friends like Poe as a character.

These stories aren't for everyone, but if you like your Holmes dark, with plenty of horror and blood, you will not go wrong by finding this book on your Sherlockian bookshelf. Just don't turn your back on it.

– Mark Alberstat

# B OOTMAKERS' DIARY

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

— *The Five Orange Pips*

Saturday June 9, 2018

At 6pm 19 Bootmakers and friends gathered upstairs at the Duke of Kent Pub just north of Yonge and Eglinton for the annual Bootmaker Pub Nite.

After welcoming the attendees, host David Sanders invited them to order dinner from the variety of delicious collations to be found on the menu and eat and drink as much or as little as they wished.

As they dined a number of toasts were proposed. As by tradition, Meyers Mike Ranieri, toasted Sherlock Holmes, which was followed by one to Dr. John H. Watson by Philip Elliott. Karen Campbell asked us to raise our glasses to Queens Victoria and Elizabeth, and David Sanders rounded off with a toast to the Pubs of the Canon.

At 7:30 David thanked the guests and toast proposers and declared the evening over, assuring them that they were free to go or linger as long they liked.

– David Sanders, MBt.

June 8-9, 2018: Scintillation of Scions Symposium, in Baltimore MD

Over 80  
Sherlockian scion-  
tists from far and  
wide converged at  
Linthicum  
Heights, MD for  
the 11th annual



Washington-Baltimore “Scintillation of Scions” Symposium, a weekend of Sherlockian erudition and camaraderie for members of diverse scion societies and corners of fandom from the U.S. and Canada.

The conference, sponsored by Watson’s Tin Box of Ellicott City, MD, draws its name from Watson’s exclamation in “The Illustrious Client,” “Excellent, Watson! You scintillate today.” Founded and chaired by Jacquelynn Bost Morris (ASH, BSI) for its first 10 years, the baton was passed to Karen Wilson, ASH, a gracious and worthy successor of the

Scintillation legacy. The program was varied and conferees were educated and entertained by its excellent speakers and interesting presentations.

Representing Canada, Toronto and the Bootmakers at the conference were speakers Donny Zaldin (“Investigating Investigating Women: Female Predecessors and Successors to Sherlock Holmes”) and Barbara Rusch (“Live Long and Prosper: Leonard Nimoy and His Sherlockian Connections”). Other presentations included studies of: Sherlock Holmes as an archetype; an update on Chris Redmond’s website, *Sherlockian.net* (under its new caretaker, Michigan State University); the evolving structure of ACD’s four novels; whether Watson had a gambling problem; present day “Sherlock,” Benedict Cumberbatch’s genealogical connection to the dissecting room at Barts where Holmes met young Stamford in 1887 in *A Study in Scarlet*; food in the Canon; a London walking route in “The Resident Patient;” and the non-canonical iconography of the Calabash pipe and phrenology bust.

The event commenced Friday, June 8 with a cocktail reception and informal dinner, followed on Saturday by the above presentations, lunch, dinner and film night, featuring “The Seven-Per-Cent Solution” and “Star-Trek: The Next Generation – Elementary, Dear Data.”

The Saturday presentations were interspersed with draws for door prizes, a fundraising raffle of wonderful, donated Sherlockian items, and a clever program of greetings, a list of the presentations and presenters’ biographies, a Sherlockian crossword puzzle, acknowledgements and advertisements.

– Donny Zaldin

Saturday, July 14, 2018: Bootmakers of Toronto 31st Annual Silver Blaze Race, Woodbine Racetrack, Toronto

Fifty-seven Bootmakers and guests heeded “the call to the post” and attended this year’s 31st consecutive BOT race, organized by Colonels Ross, Donny Zaldin and Barbara Rusch, at Toronto’s historic Woodbine race course. Bootmakers Laurie Fraser Manifold and Michael Pollak travelled the farthest this year, from Phoenix, Arizona, to attend their third straight race. Those assembled donned Silver Blaze’s 1888 Wessex Cup racing colours of red and black, enjoyed a fine afternoon of watching and wagering on the “sport of kings,” feasted on a sumptuous buffet, and participated in Sherlockian contests and camaraderie. Colonels Ross extended thanks for the record turnout to Canadian Holmes editors Mark and JoAnn Alberstat, Meyers Mike Ranieri, PayPal, and web-masters Thelma and Larry Beam for their support and promotion, and to Bootmakers Arlene and Stanley Gelman, who conscripted nine friends to join us for our annual day “at the rail.”



*Photos by Bruce Aikin*

The field in the fifth race of the 10 race program, the \$20,000 purse, BOT-sponsored, 1-1/16 mile SILVER BLAZE RACE, for three-year olds and upward, was as follows:

<u>No.</u>	<u>Horse</u>	<u>Jockey</u>	<u>Trainer</u>	<u>Owner</u>
1	Incredible Dee	R.M. Hernandez	D. McClachrie	Denyse McClachrie
2	Rare Appeal	J. Crawford	J. Marrocco	Ferreira Stables
3	Dynamite Kid	D. Moran	P. Parente	Parente + Barnes
4	Therealquaff	L. Contreras	H. Ladouceur	H. Charles Boyd
5	Hythe	C. Husbands	L. Robinson	Paul E. Pilliner
6	Fiery Bear	K. Kimura	N. Squires	Nathan Squires
7	Kitten's Dilemma	K. Johnson	M.W. Wright	Michael Wright Racing

Win, place and show honours went to Therealquaff, Hythe and Kitten's Dilemma (paying: \$8.90, \$3.90 and \$3.50; \$6.80 and \$4.90; and \$5.90, respectively) and the winning owner/ trainer / jockey team of horse no. 4, Therealquaff was presented with a handsome, engraved trophy of a graceful thoroughbred by Donny Zaldin, John Linsenmeyer, Hartley Nathan, Arlene Gelman, Jan Raymond and Karen Campbell, in the winner's circle. Elizabeth Kari won the Notional Betting Contest Trophy (picking the win and place horses); and James Trepanier and Laurie Fraser Manifold were co-winners of the Sherlockian Link Contest, choosing the no. 7 horse, Kitten's Dilemma, as most canonically suggestive (of blackmailing victim Kitty Winter, who rectified her dilemma by throwing vitriol in the face of Baron Gruner in "The Adventure of the Illustrious Client"). Polina Snugovsky was awarded the winner's trophy for the Colonel Ross racing attire contest for her alternating red and black ensemble, with honourable mention going to Donny Zaldin for his one red and one black sneaker. Official Bootmaker photographer Bruce D. Aikin

captured the race faithfully in vivid, colourful images for the BOT “Silver Blaze” archives.

Next year’s Silver Blaze Event on (Sat) July 13, 2019 will be the Third Triennial Can-Am, BOT-BSI Silver Blaze Race (12-4 at Woodbine) and Seminar (7-10) at the Toronto Public Library, branch to be arranged – so SAVE THE DATE.  
– Donny Zaldin

Saturday-Sunday, August 11-12, 2018: BSI Silver Blaze Weekend at Saratoga, NY

The Baker Street Irregulars’ Triennial Silver Blaze Race and Seminar at Saratoga Race Course took place August 11-12 at the historic racetrack at Saratoga Springs, NY. The track opened and held its first thoroughbred meet on August 3, 1863, the month following the seminal Civil War Battle of Gettysburg. The picturesque Victorian grandstand and grounds have a current capacity of 50,000+ on a site of 350 acres and was listed in *Sports Illustrated*’s top ten sporting venues of the 20th century.

Nine Bootmakers, Cliff and Doris Goldfarb, Hartley and Marilyn Nathan, Laurie Fraser Manifold and Michael Pollak, Barbara Rusch and Donny Zaldin, and George Vanderburgh joined 48 Americans in attendance at the Sherlockian weekend of racing, gambling, camaraderie and scholarship. The weekend’s two events, arrangements and accommodations were organized by BSIs Candace and Lou Lewis (of the Hudson Valley Scientists) and Irregulars Mike Whelan (Wiggins) and Mary Ann Bradley.

The official weekend functions kicked off on Saturday, August 11th with the sponsored race and buffet luncheon. The event was highlighted by the presentation of an engraved trophy of a horse’s head mounted on a marble pedestal to organizers Candy and Lou Lewis. On Sunday, August 12th, the weekend concluded with breakfast and the seminar, featuring the following presentations by: Professor Marino Alvarez, titled “Saratoga Track: The Graveyard of Champions;” Barbara Rusch, titled “Sherlockian Bloodlines: of Silver Blaze, Sherlock Holmes, and Dr. Watson;” Donny Zaldin, titled “The Crooked Men” in ‘Silver Blaze’ and ‘The Crooked Man;’ Candy Lewis, on the art and artists of ‘The Crooked Man;’ and, Charlie Blanksteen, titled “What do you have in your pocket: a rupee or a florin?”

– Donny Zaldin



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