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Cover: Sherlock Holmes, Dr. Watson and the hound by Petr Kopl. Kopl's 2014 graphic novel of *The Hound of the Baskervilles* was published by MX.

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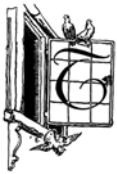


RACES OF BOOTPRINTS

Hurray for The Hound

The Hound of the Baskervilles is, arguably, the most famous novel Conan Doyle wrote. There have been 100s of editions, numerous movie and TV adaptations, graphic novels and even a *Mad Magazine* spoof (The Hound of the Basketballs, October, 1954). In 2003 it was the 128th book on BBC's The Big Read list of the top 200 best-loved novels of all time. It can best be termed a howling success.

The creepy atmosphere, legendary curse and Watson scouting out the neighbours and the moors for Holmes all add up to not only a remarkable story that has staying power but a mystery novel loved by Sherlockians and non-Sherlockians alike.

This issue's theme is that popular novel. With it we add to a mountain of articles, some scholarly, some fun, that examine all aspects of *The Hound.* We kick off the issue with, as usual, the Mrs. Hudson column, which is examining dinner at Baskerville Hall. We have two Hound themed songs from Karen Campbell. Kelvin Jones invites us into The Royal Links Hotel in Cromer where Doyle was staying when the idea for the story first came to him. Next up, Don Roebuck takes a look at the boot in the bog and comes up with a new theory about that famous clue. Hartley Nathan sinks his teeth into a penang lawyer. Tom Brydges looks at the man behind the Baskerville type face, and we round out the Hound articles with Peggy Perdue's Lomax column as she tracks the hound around the shelves of the ACD Collection. And just so you can be assured that the entire journal has not gone to the dogs, or at least one particular hound, Donny Zaldin has a seasonal article which looks at Dickens and his hand in creating our modern idea of Christmas. Although not strictly Sherlockian, Dickens's influence on our ideas of the Victorian era fits in nicely with all of our reading and enjoyment of that era.

From Mrs. Hudson's Kitchen

This column is by Mrs. Hudson herself and dictated to Wendy Heyman-Marsaw, a Sherlockian and Master Bootmaker living in Halifax. Mrs. Hudson provided this photograph of herself at age 24, taken on the occasion of her betrothal to Mr. Hudson.

Dining at Baskerville Hall

"Surely you will stay and have some dinner." Sir Henry Baskerville, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*.

Dr. Watson noted that the dining room at Baskerville Hall was a place of "shadow and gloom" since the death of Sir Charles, but he also referred to the room as a "banqueting hall" and hence more commodious and sumptuous than most formal rooms. After young Sir Henry spent time on the Continent recovering from his ordeal he no doubt would return Baskerville Hall to its rightful place as a well-run baronial home. That would also indicate he was prepared to entertain guests in a style reflecting his position in society. He would need to replace the Barrymores and add a full complement of servants. As Mrs. Beeton states in *Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management*: "To invite a person to your house is to take charge of his happiness so long as he is beneath you roof." Sir Henry indubitably would adopt that philosophy. The following is a description of a dinner party for 12 – the ideal number of guests in my time – that Sir Henry could have at Baskerville Hall.

Until Victorian times, dinner was presented *á la française*, with all the courses set out at the same time. Dining style then changed to *à la russe* service – where the dishes were served individually by footmen on platters and cleared before the next course as directed by the butler. The butler watched over the host's shoulder to determine how the dinner progressed and worked with the cook to time when to remove dishes and when to serve the next course. Accompanying the main meal were often 12 *kickshaws* – appetizers and side dishes designed to fill empty places on the table. Dinner parties provided the opportunity to display wealth since they

required many staff, elaborate table settings and many delicacies. A highly decorative floral centerpiece often graced the table.

Mrs. Beeton provides several dinner party menus for 12 persons – the ideal number of guests. The first course begins with soups: one clear and one thick. Soups were regarded as the keynote of the dinner because they revealed the calibre of the cook. This was followed by fish dishes, which often featured a whole boiled turbot in lobster sauce. Entrees for the first course might include chicken patties, sweetbreads, filet of beef and rissoles, or small sweet or savory pastries. The second course was replete with a joint or saddle of meat, roast fillet of veal with béchamel sauce, roast fowls stuffed with truffles, and vegetables and boiled ham. It was fashionable to next serve a sorbet. The third course included game birds such as ducklings or guinea fowl, meringues, orange jelly, macaroni with Parmesan cheese, tarts and lobster salad to round out the vast dinner. Finally, desserts, ices, fruit and cheeses were presented. Mrs. Beeton noted that "it may be said, that 'if there be any poetry at all in meals…there is poetry in the dessert'…." She also states that "…chocolate in different forms is indispensable to our desserts."

Watson and Sir Henry Baskerville enjoying dinner at Baskerville Hall.

Recipe: Chocolate Soufflé

Ingredients: 4 eggs, 3 tsp. sugar, 1 tsp. flour, 3 oz. of the best chocolate, finely grated.

Mode: Separate the whites from the yolks and place them in different bowls. Add to the yolks the sugar, flour and chocolate. Stir for 5 minutes. Whisk the egg whites until stiff and firm. Fold into yolk mixture until it forms a smooth and light substance. Butter a round cake tin, put in the mixture and bake in a moderate oven for 15-20 minutes. Pin a white napkin round the tin, strew sifted sugar over the top of the soufflé and send it immediately to the table. If allowed to stand after it comes out of the oven, it will fall almost immediately.

Bad Dog Howling

By Karen Campbell

Sung to the tune of Creedence Clearwater Revival's Bad Moon Rising.

I hear a bad dog howling.
I see trouble on the way.
If you value life or reason
Do just exactly what I say.

Chorus:
Don't go out tonight
'cause it's bound to take your life
There's a bad dog on the moor.

I hear a bad dog growling;
I know the end is coming soon
I fear evil in the darkness;
Hell-hounds howling at the moon.

Chorus

Looks like you're bound to go to Devon.
You'll find the price is very high.
If you ignore my friendly warning
Hope you are quite prepared to die.

Chorus

Sherlock Holmes and the Cromer Connection

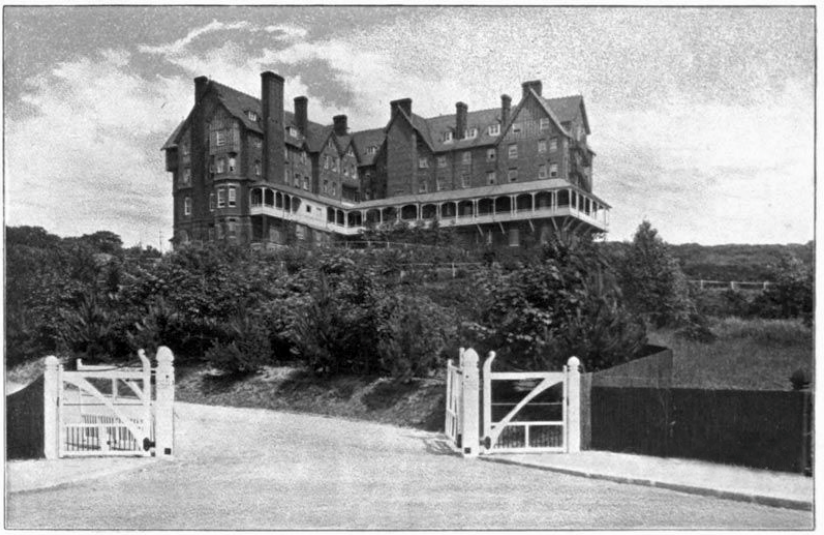
By Kelvin I. Jones

Kelvin I. Jones is a Sherlockian living in England and the author of Sherlock Holmes and the Cromer Hound.

Conan Doyle set no fewer than three of his Sherlock Holmes stories in Norfolk, a southeastern county of which he was immensely fond and which he frequently visited during his busy career as a writer and campaigner. Doyle, who once owned a thoroughbred Norfolk racehorse, had already set one of his earlier Holmes stories, "The Adventure of the Gloria Scott," on the Norfolk Broads.

Strangely, the inception of his later but perhaps most famous Holmes adventure, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, began, not in the west of England, but in the east.

In March of 1901 Conan Doyle, having returned from his adventures in South Africa, decided to go on a golfing holiday in Norfolk. Doyle had



The Royal Links at Cromer

been demoralized by his experiences in the Boer War, had contracted enteric fever and needed to recuperate. What better idea then, than to spend a few days with his old friend, journalist, Bertram Fletcher Robinson, at the Royal Links Hotel in Cromer, a place he had already visited in 1897 when he spent a week's vacation here with his wife Louise and son Kingsley. Doyle, a keen golfer and all-round sportsman, had been here once before with Robinson, enjoying a brief golfing interlude, and this was his second visit with the journalist. The Royal Cromer Golf Club still exists.

This grand hotel on a hill overlooking the town is no longer there. Today the setting is tranquil, a favourite walk of mine, but a dense wood, known as Warren Wood, covers most of the hill over which the hotel once enjoyed its stunning outlook. At the turn of the 20th century, the town of Cromer was an up-and-coming tourist venue, and the railway brought thousands of visitors to its cliffs and fine beaches. It boasted not one but two rail stations, one near the town centre, the other near Mill Road, a cab ride away from Doyle's choice, the impressive Royal Links. A contemporary guide describes it in detail:

> The Royal Links Hotel, Cromer, situated on the heathery hills towards Overstrand, is the largest hotel in the district. It stands in its own picturesque grounds of seven acres and contains one hundred and fifty rooms. The grand coffee room, drawing room, billiard room, smoke room, and extensive lounge, all on the ground floor, are fitted with every modern improvement; while an hydraulic lift gives easy access to the floors above. In the grounds are tennis and croquet lawns, bicycle house, stabling for visitors etc. The Royal links Hotel affords an ideal hostelry for golfers and all lovers of scenery and good air. Adjoining, on the Lighthouse Hills, are the links of the Royal Cromer golf club, which for picturesqueness cannot be surpassed. The course consists of 18 holes. Within 20 minutes of the Broads, private steam launches to carry 10 or 12 persons can be ordered at the hotel office.

The Links, as it became known by locals, was a favourite holiday hotel among wealthy tourists and celebrities. It had been financed by Lord Suffield and a local MP. Lord Suffield later wrote that the links were "an expensive affair, for there was nothing but a sandhill to build upon."

When Doyle and Robinson arrived at Cromer railway station, they found Norfolk still in the grip of winter. Cold winds beat the high cliffs and the temperatures were lower here than in the south. Robinson, who was a

veritable mine of information about legends and folklore, soon began to regale his golfing companion with gothic tales.

John Dickson Carr's biography of Doyle tells how "one raw Sunday afternoon when a wind rushed off the North Sea and a fire burned in their private sitting-room, Fletcher Robinson began talking of the legends of Dartmoor, the atmosphere of Dartmoor. In particular his companion's imagination was kindled by the story of a spectral hound."

There is, however, a very local connection to the hound legend. Both men would certainly have been aware of the East Anglian legend of Black Shuck, for this was a tale which had its roots in the very place they were staying.

There are several theories about how the Doyle and Robinson got onto the subject of the legends. One local story has it that a waiter at the hotel told the two men about Black Shuck, explaining that it was in weather like this that the phantom hound could often be seen patrolling the headland. The waiter went on to explain that his own father had seen the beast running along the beach and became aware of its fierce red eyes. A second story has it that Doyle or Robinson may have picked up a local guidebook, a slim volume titled *The Norfolk Coast* that had been issued by the newspaper, the *Norfolk News*. In the volume is the following curious entry:

> Old Shuck is the grimmest apparition of the Norfolk coast. He takes the form of a huge black dog with a single flashing eye and a mouth that breathes forth fire, and to encounter him is an omen of dread significance: it means that you will die before the year is out. It is, perhaps, the oldest phantom in England; it has haunted our lonely roads for centuries. Probably it is of Norse origin – the Black Hound of Odin – and came to this coast with the Scandinavian raiders. Its lair is some secret place known only to itself, but some of its favourite haunts are known, and not many years ago there were men and women whom nothing would induce to venture out after nightfall. When the wind howled around their isolated homes, it was the baying of Old Shuck they heard, and they trembled in their beds.

There is a tale told along the coast of a practical joke played upon some fishermen by an auctioneer at Cromer. Knowing that the fishermen would be leaving a house about 10 p.m. – the hour suggests the kind of house – the joker captured a black ram, wreathed round with clanking chain, and kept it concealed behind a bank until the men came along the road. Just as they were passing the hiding place, the ram was pushed down the steep

bank right into the midst of them. The result of this dramatic appearance of "Old Shuck" was a most disgraceful flight and no fishing for days.

The most popular and local version of events describes how Robinson introduced Doyle to the story of Richard Cabell (later to become the demonic Sir Hugo Baskerville). Robinson would have known of the story since he had a home in Newton Abbot, not that far from Dartmoor.

What transpired between the two men we shall never really know. Some commentators claim that the idea for the murder mystery was originally Robinson's and that Doyle wanted to embark on a collaboration but later changed his mind. There is some circumstantial evidence for this theory. There are (curiously) three versions of the dedication of *The Hound*. The earliest states:

"This story owes its inception to my friend, Mr Fletcher Robinson, who has helped me both in the general plot and in the local details – ACD."

However, in his preface as it appears to the *Complete Sherlock Holmes*, Doyle later wrote:

> Then came *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. It arose from a remark by that fine fellow whose premature death was a loss to the world, Fletcher Robinson, that there was a spectral dog near his home on Dartmoor. That remark was the inception of the book, but I should add that the plot and every word of the actual narrative was my own.

Which, then, are we to believe, and why the shift in Doyle's explanation? This inconsistency has provided the foundation for a bizarre theory, recently espoused by a writer who claimed that Doyle had poisoned Robinson with laudanum and did away with him. Sadly, however, the author in question overlooks the fact that Robinson actually died of typhoid. It does seem possible, however, that Doyle may have owed much to Robinson's ghastly tales. We know, for example, that Robinson later showed Doyle the rocky outcrops of the moorland, the prehistoric dwellings and the gloomy walls of Dartmoor Prison in Princetown.

When Doyle arrived in fashionable Cromer he had done with Holmes, having sent him to his watery grave at the bottom of the Reichenbach Falls. Since the tale first appeared in its book edition in 1902, following its serialization in *The Strand Magazine* between August 1901 and April 1902, we can assume that he must have had a very quick change of mind about his detective.

The clincher regarding this debate about authorship and the location of the story's inception lies in a letter to the editor of *The Strand*, written by Doyle whilst staying at the Royal Links and dated March 1901:

> I have the idea for a real creeper for The Strand....There is one stipulation. I must do it with my friend Fletcher Robinson and his name must appear with mine. I can answer for the yarn being all my own in my own style without dilution, for your readers like that. But he gave me the central idea and the local colour and so I feel his name must appear.

Did Robinson and Doyle merge in their combined imaginations, the mysterious landscape of Dartmoor and the phantom hound of Cromer amid rounds of golf and long walks along the coastal path to Sheringham and Mundesley? It is certainly true that in the West Country Cabell legend there was no hound of hell.

However, the huge, jet-black creature with flaming eyes certainly bears a great resemblance to Black Shuck. Several authorities describe the creature as being the size of a calf, and the very origin of the name means demon, from the Anglo Saxon "Scucca" or "Sceocca." Some locals still say that to witness the hound portends death within a year. This fits well with the demise of the unfortunate Sir Charles.

When the two men finally departed the Royal Links Hotel, they went their separate ways: Robinson to take up a lucrative position as editor of *Vanity Fair* and Doyle to work at fever pitch on what he described in a letter to his mother as a "real creeper." However, it is curious to reflect that the Dartmoor hound may have had its origins in the legend of the hell hound Black Shuck. But then truth is often stranger than fiction.

The inspiration of the Baskerville legend has been written about many times and it is possible Robinson may have mentioned the local legend to Doyle and the conversation then turned to the "West Country legend."

One theory that is still particularly popular in Norfolk is that nearby Cromer Hall was the inspiration for Baskerville Hall. Cromer Hall is a country house located a mile south of Cromer on Hall Road. The present house was built in 1829 by the architect William Donithorne and is a Grade II listed building. Built in the Gothic Revival style and described as Tudor Gothic by the architectural historian Nikolaus Pevsner, it is constructed in flint with stone dressings and a slate roof:

> The north gabled wing has a bell tower over the roof with battlements and a short spire. The building has many tall octagonal stone chimneys, some single and some in groups. Adjoining the main house to the north east there are a range of buildings which include stables and a domestic wing. This section is built behind a flint screen wall with three and four centered headed doorways and two stone mullion and transom windows. The entire outside walls

> are of flint construction, but inside the walls facing the courtyard are of brick construction with low-pitched, hipped, slated roofs. The wing also has octagonal chimneys. The rooms have glazing bars and there are large four-centered, arch-headed doors.

Cromer Hall is a strong possibility for Baskerville Hall, thanks to a possible visit to the house by Conan Doyle in 1901. According to local belief, during his visit to the town Conan Doyle and Robinson had dinner with the philanthropic Benjamin Bond Cabell at Cromer Hall. During dinner Cabell told them about his ancestor, Richard Cabell, who was lord of Brook Manor at Buckfastleigh and had been killed by a devilish dog. The description of Baskerville Hall in Doyle's novel could equally apply to Cromer Hall:

> The avenue opened into a broad expanse of turf, and the house lay before us. In the fading light I could see that the centre was a heavy block of building from which a porch projected. The whole front was draped in ivy, with a patch clipped bare here and there where a window or a coat-of-arms broke through the dark veil. From this central block rose the twin towers, ancient, crenellated, and pierced with many loopholes. To right and left of the turrets were more modern wings of black granite. A dull light shone through heavy mullioned windows, and from the high chimneys which rose from the steep, high-angled roof there sprang a single black column of smoke…

Sadly, however, the idea that Conan Doyle gained his information from the lips of Benjamin Bond Cabell is almost certainly inaccurate since Lord Cabell was already dead by the time of Doyle's possible visit, although his widow, Lady Cabell, had survived her husband, as local records demonstrate. (Local legend tells of how one of Cabell's ancestors killed his wife and as a consequence was cursed, like his descendants, by a black hound from Hell.) However, it is entirely possible that Doyle may well have visited the place, judging by the uncanny resemblance to Baskerville Hall, even though there is no direct evidence for it. The Cabells were well loved in Cromer, especially since Benjamin auctioned off large areas of his estate to encourage local building, even paying for the construction of the town hall that is dedicated to his memory. Cabell Hall, a fine Gothic manor house, can still be seen today, for it lies near a short, tree-lined footpath to the south of the town's tourist information office, within easy walking distance from the town centre. It is still occupied by Cabell's

descendants, through the female line, the Cabell Manners, who welcome visitors by appointment.

The Royal Links Hotel, the scene of the Hound's inspiration, burned down in 1949. It had served as accommodation for British troops during the First World War. It had been derelict for years, following the Depression, but a walk in the woods reveals the original revetments of this once sumptuous Edwardian building. Nearby, in what used to be the hotel's ornate grounds, once stood the Royal Pavilion, a ballroom for the hotel's wealthy guests. In the 1960s it served as a pop venue for groups like The Who, UFO and Queen. Sadly, this also suffered an arson attack in 1978. Nothing now remains of it save for the Edwardian gates and iron railings. In the dense wood that occupies part of the hotel's original golf course, there is a stone plinth with a plaque commemorating Elizabeth Fry, the prison reformer, who loved to walk here. How fitting it would be for Holmesians to erect a plaque on the hill above, honouring the fact that this spot marks the birthplace of *The Hound of The Baskervilles*, surely one of the greatest of all crime classics, featuring the immortal detective.

Diary Notes

…Continued from page 40.

the Canon. The 60 writers on the writings come from six countries, mainly the U.S., with a healthy Canadian contingent. Their distinctive and fascinating examinations each make the claim that that particular tale is a valued part of the Sherlock Holmes saga; and, evidence that any given story can be the best, depending on what the reader is looking for, with a story for every taste.

The gathering was organized by Angela Misri, the final product, *About Sixty: Why Every Sherlock Holmes Story is the Best*, was launched at "Famous Last Words," a serious, literary-themed bar in Toronto, whose menu is itself a book with chapters and page numbers with the drinks all named after classic tomes. In attendance were editor Chris Redmond and contributors Cliff Goldfarb, Mark Hanson, Angela Misri, Peggy Perdue, Barbara Rusch and Nancy Stotts Jones, who each made the case why his or her story is the best of the lot, with short readings to Bootmakers and guests and the bar's non-Sherlockian patrons.

The paperback is published by Wildside Press LLC and may be purchased at an upcoming Bootmaker meeting for $19.99 or on Amazon for $14.99 plus shipping. All royalties earned are earmarked for the BSI scion, the Beacon Society, a not-for-profit organization of Sherlockians with the purpose of introducing young people to Sherlock Holmes through classrooms and libraries.

The Boot in the Bog: A New Theory

By Don Roebuck

Don Roebuck, FCNRS, teaches English in Toronto.

Whose boot was it, and how did it come to be in the bog? I shall take as my starting point the answer that was given by Holmes and Watson. Holmes shows Watson the imprint – "Meyers, Toronto" – and says: "It is our friend Sir Henry's missing boot." (The logic here seems to be: the boot was made in Canada; therefore, it was bought in Canada; therefore, it was bought by Sir Henry, the only person in the Baskerville case who has lived in Canada.)

And Watson says: "Thrown there by Stapleton in his flight."

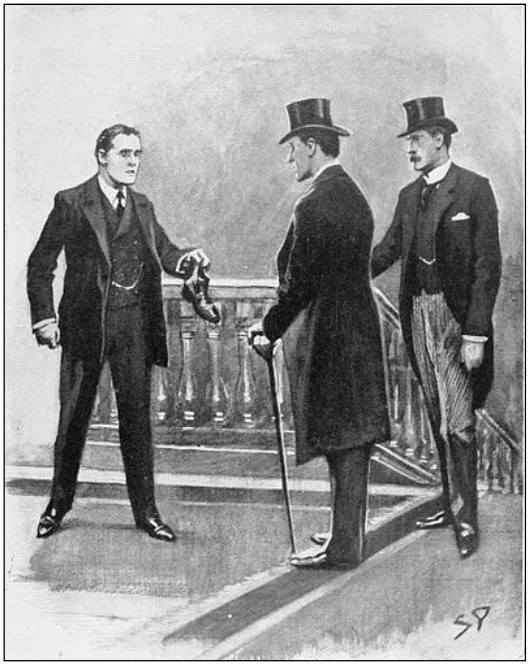
And Holmes says: "Exactly. He retained it in his hand after using it to set the hound upon his track. He fled when he knew the game was up, still clutching it. And he hurled it away at this point of his flight."

Neither man spells out Stapleton's reason for throwing the boot into the bog, but the reason they have in mind is clear enough: he was trying to get rid of the key piece of physical evidence connecting him to the hound's attacks on Selden and Sir Henry. Otherwise, who can say that they weren't just random attacks by a vicious dog?

But Holmes and Watson's answer cannot be the correct one, because of where the boot was found:

> From amid a tuft of cotton-grass which bore it up out of the slime some dark thing was projecting. Holmes sank to his waist as he stepped from the path to seize it, and had we not been there to drag him out he could never have set his foot upon firm land again.

Now, a man who was waist-deep in mud – and we know it was mud, because a few sentences later Holmes says, "It is worth a mud bath" – would not be able to move. So when Holmes was standing there he must have been no more than three feet from the boot, in order to be able to reach it, and he must have been no more than three feet from the path, in order for Watson and Lestrade to be able to haul him out. Therefore, the boot was no more than six feet from the path. But if Stapleton had been



Sir Henry greets Holmes and Watson with only one boot.

trying to get rid of the evidence, he would have thrown the boot as far out as he could, which would have been perhaps ten times that distance.

At this point, I decided that I needed some empirical data, and since the nearest bog was frozen over when I was writing this I tried throwing a boot down my street, and my best result was only 42 ½ feet – but the boot I was using was an insulated, steel-toed, thick-soled work boot, weighing over two pounds, and I'm sure that I could have done significantly better with a dress boot like Sir Henry's. As for Stapleton, Watson did say that Stapleton was "not a very strong man," but that was with reference to whether he could defend himself against the escaped murderer, which is a very different problem, and Stapleton's ability to bound from tuft to tuft through the bog in pursuit of a butterfly shows that he was, at the least, in decent shape. And, in throwing Sir Henry's boot, he would have been further energized by his frustration at having failed to get rid of Sir Henry.

So Holmes and Watson's answer must be ruled out, although we must not be too hard on the two men, considering what they had been through on the two previous evenings. But there is a variant of their answer that would get around my objection. In their version, Stapleton throws the boot all of six feet into the bog, and at some later point he stumbles off the path and drowns. In my variant, before he gets around to throwing the boot into the bog, he stumbles off the path, *drops* the boot six feet from the path, and drowns.

But this cannot be the correct answer either, because there is something else wrong with both the original version and my variant: Stapleton's wife. Stapleton knew that his wife might warn Sir Henry, which is why he bound

and gagged her. But this man, whom Holmes says was "wary and cunning to the last degree," must also have suspected that he could not trust her to not rat him out, after everything he had done to her – and there would have been nothing paranoiac about this, because that is exactly what she did, as soon as the three men rescued her.

Paget's 1902 illustration for The Strand Magazine *of Holmes retrieving the boot.*

So the island in the bog was the *last* place to which Stapleton would have fled, because that is where his wife expected him to go. But this "very wily man" – another compliment from Holmes – would have wanted the police to *think* that he had set out for the island, and had drowned in the bog on the way. So he carefully tossed a boot into a tuft of cotton-grass, six feet from the path, where the police would be sure to notice it, sometime before his dinner with Sir Henry. And he would have been greatly assisted in this ruse by the old wives's tale – as I have seen it called (1) – that once you get into a bog you're a goner, because the bog sucks you down. (There are two references to this mythical phenomenon in the story.)

So the boot that Stapleton left in the bog would not have been the one that had been stolen from Sir Henry, because Stapleton did not want that boot to get into the hands of the police, and because he still had to use that boot to set the hound on Sir Henry's track after their dinner. But it had to be one that the police would assume was Sir Henry's missing boot. And so, before returning to Devonshire, Stapleton most likely went shopping for boots, and eventually found a pair that bore the imprint of a Canadian manufacturer – any Canadian manufacturer – and he scuffed one of them

up to make it look the same age as Sir Henry's. And when Holmes saw the imprint "Meyers, Toronto" he fell for the ruse.

It is tempting to imagine that Stapleton deliberately chose a pair that was a couple of sizes smaller than the one that had been stolen from Sir Henry. Then, if Stapleton were ever arrested and put on trial, and the boot in the bog became Exhibit A, Stapleton's lawyer would ask Sir Henry to put the boot on his foot, and, when this proved to be impossible, he would say to the jury, "If the boot don't fit, you must acquit."

It was possible to buy Canadian-made boots in Great Britain in those days. Then as now, there were Canadian companies that were keen on developing export markets, and among the 517 Canadian exhibitors at the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1878 there were six boot and shoe manufacturers: (2)

Berlin Felt Boot Co.; Berlin (now Kitchener), Ont. – Seamless Felt Calf and Kip Boots

Garrett, John; Hamilton, Ont. – Ladies', Boys', and Men's Boots

Lenoir, C., & Brothers; Montreal, Que. – Boots and Shoes

McCully; Hamilton, Ont. – Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots

Mullarky & Co.; Montreal, Que. – Men's Split, Buff, Enamelled, Patent, Pebbled Grain, Russet and other Leather Boots; Women's Pebble, Prunella, Glace Kid, Goat, and Split Leather Boots

Pinkerton & Whitham; Montreal, Que. – Boots and Shoes

The Canadian exports of boots and shoes to Great Britain in the dozen fiscal years (July 1st to June 30th) preceding the Baskerville case were: (3)

Fiscal Year Ending June 30th	Quantity (Pairs)	Value (Dollars)
1879	54,352	49,917
1880	62,359	54,537
1881	39,002	35,733
1882	55,350	48,356
1883	21,454	19,758
1884	37,833	33,996
1885		9,985
1886		6,552
1887		9,097
1888		3,215
1889		47,671
1890		38,822

(The number of pairs was not reported in the latter half of this period but, as you can see, it is roughly the same as the dollar value.)

That's the theory: Stapleton did not flee to the island, he did not drown in the bog, the boot in the bog was a ruse (which Holmes fell for), and it was not Sir Henry's boot. And where did Stapleton go, if I am right? I would guess that when he heard the shots he ran back to the house, grabbed his emergency kit – such a cunning man must have had an emergency kit, which would have included a disguise and enough money to live on for a while – and fled across the moor, concealing Sir Henry's boot somewhere along the way. Then, having learned from the newspapers that a) the hound's attack on Sir Henry was being treated as an attempted murder, in which he was the prime suspect, but b) he was presumed to have drowned in the bog, he may have assumed yet another new identity and returned to Costa Rica, where he may have found a position as curator of the biological collections at a museum or, if worst came to worst, as an English teacher at a private school. And he and his wife, who would also have returned to Costa Rica, may have forgiven each other and lived reasonably happily, if frugally, with only a few servants, ever after. But, as Holmes said to Watson, "what a man may do in the future is a hard question to answer."

Notes

1. Paul H. Nesbitt, Alonzo W. Pond, and William H. Allen, *The Survival Book* (New York, Funk & Wagnalls, 1968), p.80.

2. Great Britain, Royal Commission for the Paris Exhibition, 1878, *Catalogue of the British Colonies*, pp.18-19.

3. Canada, Parliament, *Sessional Papers*, vols.13 (1880) to 24 (1891). The figures are for Canadian-made boots and shoes (that is, they exclude re-exports).

Acknowledgement

I first learned of the export of Canadian boots and shoes to Great Britain during this period from the article on Mullarky & Co., one of the exporting companies, in Ronald G. Lafreniere, *Field Guide to the Cinderella Stamps of Canada* (Verdun, Que., Bird Bear Press, 2nd ed. 2015), p. 278. (And it was Ron who told me about the *Catalogue of the British Colonies*.)

Mortimer's Penang Lawyer 1884

By Hartley R. Nathan

Hartley Nathan, whose BSI Investiture is The Penang Lawyer, has twice been Meyers of the Bootmakers. He is the author of Who was Jack the Ripper? *and co-author, with Clifford S. Goldfarb, of* Investigating Sherlock Holmes: Solved & Unsolved Mysteries*.*

Editor's note: This article was first presented at the Bootmaker meeting on April 24, 2010.

ir Arthur Conan Doyle's idea for *The Hound* originated in March of 1901. The story was serialized in *The Strand Magazine* from August 1901 to April 1902. According to Dr. Watson, the adventure takes place in 1889.

Dr. James Mortimer makes a preliminary visit to Sherlock Holmes's chambers and leaves his walking stick behind.

Watson tells us:

> I stood upon the hearth-rug and picked up the stick which our visitor had left behind him the night before. It was a fine, thick piece of wood, bulbous-headed, of the sort of which is known as a "Penang lawyer." Just under the head was a broad silver band nearly an inch across. "To James Mortimer, M.R.C.S., from his friends of the C.C.H.," was engraved upon it, with the date "1884."

Holmes tells us C.C.H. stands for Charing Cross Hospital and 1884 designates the year Dr. Mortimer left to go to the country." His *Medical Directory* entry states that Dr. Mortimer was "House-Surgeon from 1882 to 1884 at Charing Cross Hospital…"

Dr. Mortimer returns the next day to meet with Holmes and Watson to tell them about the legend of the wicked Hugo Baskerville. He reads from an old manuscript:

> "….standing over Hugo, and plucking at his throat, there stood a foul thing, a great, black beast, shaped like a hound, yet larger than any hound that ever mortal eye has rested upon. And even as they looked…it turned its blazing eyes and dripping jaws upon them…."

Dr. Mortimer also came back, of course, to retrieve his Penang lawyer.

In *The Hound*, we are told Sir Henry Baskerville sojourned in Toronto. In the story, Holmes pulls Sir Henry's boot out of the Grimpen Mire and inside are inscribed the words "Meyers, Toronto."

Dr. Mortimer tells us in the story that in 1884:

"I married, and left the hospital, and with it all hopes of a consulting practice. It was *necessary* to make a home of my own."

I emphasize the word necessary.

From this, I make the assumption this was not his choice, but that he had to leave the hospital.

But why did Dr. Mortimer really leave the prestigious Charing Cross Hospital in 1884 for the boondocks and gloom of Grimpen in Dartmoor?

There is no question in my mind, that due to the antipathy generated by Irish terrorists, culminating with the dynamite outrages in 1884, the first to lose their jobs in England were the Irish. I will attempt to prove Mortimer was shown the door at C.C.H.

I believe that Conan Doyle deliberately created the character James Mortimer to be of Irish descent. Here is the evidence:

Holmes's mortal enemy, Moriarty, bears a Celtic-Irish name. There is a clear link between Moriarty and Mortimer. While Mortimer is not the

Bernard Fox (Watson) and Stewart Granger (Holmes) in the 1972 ABC-TV movie of *The Hound of the Baskervilles.*

Professor in disguise, there is a striking similarity in appearance.

In *The Adventure of the Final Problem*, (1891) Moriarty is described this way:

> He is extremely tall and thin…His shoulders are rounded from much study…He peered at me with great curiosity…he snarled, and so turned his rounded back upon me and went peering and blinking out of the room.....He sits motionless, like a spider in the centre of its web…

Compare this to the description of Mortimer in *The Hound:*

> He was a very tall thin man…Though young, his long back was already bowed, and he walked with a forward thrust of his head and a general air of peering benevolence…He had long quivering fingers as agile and restless as the antennae of an insect…

He also shares his name James with the Moriarty brothers.

These Irish names are no coincidence, given Doyle's Irish descent on both sides of the family.

Let us look at the family history of the Mortimers. *Burke's Peerage* entry refers to Edmund de Mortimer, 3rd Earl of March and Ulster 1351-1381. His family was immensely important in Irish medieval history.

The position of the young Earl, powerful on account of his possessions, was enhanced by his marriage to Philippa, the daughter of the Duke of Clarence, second son of Edward III.

Mortimer became Earl Marshal of England in 1369, a hereditary officeholder under the King or Queen, and was employed in various diplomatic missions.

Contemporary census records in Ireland and modern city directories in Dublin and Belfast show numerous entries for the surname Mortimer.

We have already heard that "a great, black beast shaped like a hound" killed Hugo Baskerville. We also learn later in the story that what attacked Sir Henry Baskerville and was killed by Holmes was an "enormous coal-black hound."

This hell-hound of the Baskerville legend was likely to be of Celtic origin. Undoubtedly, that part of Dartmoor is rich in Celtic and pre-Celtic legend and tradition. In ancient Irish mythology, hounds collect the souls of the newly dead and "burry black hounds" haunted the graveyards.

There is no doubt that Doyle was aware of this legend, in describing the hound as "black."

Possibly, Mortimer is a descendent of the Earl, although it would appear that by the 17th century the Mortimer name had lost its glitter. Chief Justice De Vere in the 17th century addressed the law lords on the defunct peerage of De Vere. He said in part:

> Time hath his revolutions; there must be a period and an end to all things temporal – *finis rerum* – and end of names and dignities….why not of De Vere? …. Where is Mowbray? Where is Mortimer?... They are entombed in the urns and sepulchres of mortality.

Irish grievances against the British

As far back as 1729, Jonathan Swift wrote about the British exporting Irish corn while the Irish people starved.

In the 1840s the potato famine caused massive starvation and emigration to America while the British stood idly by and collected taxes on Irish grain sold abroad.

Since 1842, there were numerous attempts to assassinate Queen Victoria.

On March 17, 1858, St. Patrick's Day, the "Irish Republican Brotherhood" was founded in Dublin, a movement dedicated to ending British rule in Ireland. Its members became known widely as the Fenians.

Canada was also the subject of Fenian terror.

Irish-born D'Arcy McGee was an Irish nationalist, Catholic spokesman, journalist and Father of Canadian Confederation.

He moderated his once radical Irish nationalist views and denounced the Fenian Brotherhood in America.

On April 7, 1868, McGee was assassinated by a pistol shot. Patrick J. Whelan, a Fenian sympathizer and a Catholic, was tried, convicted and hanged for the crime.

In May 1882, Fenian activists savagely murdered the new Irish Chief Secretary, Lord Cavendish, and his Under-Secretary in Phoenix Park, Dublin. Eleven were tried for the crime and five were convicted and hanged.

What happened of significance in 1884?

The culmination of Irish grievances against the British led to dynamite outrages by the Fenians which they called "the delusions" at major buildings and monuments in London and the provinces.

Dynamite was discovered at Paddington and Ludgate Hill subway stations in London. Dynamite rocked Victoria and Charing Cross Stations.

The seriously injured were taken to Charing Cross Hospital for medical attention.

These various acts of violence outraged the English and added to the distrust of Irish people. Anti-Irish sentiments, or Hibernophobia, were brought to a boil. "No Irish Need Apply" began to appear in Help Wanted signs all over England. Irish, or those with Irish names, were dismissed in favour of English workers.

I believe the Fenian outrages were the cause of the dismissal of Dr. Mortimer, of Irish descent, from Charing Cross Hospital.

Incidentally, a check of the names of the Council members of the C.C.H. in 1884 discloses not a single member had an Irish name. Being of solid, English stock, one is not surprised they were anti-Irish.

Aftermath

I believe Conan Doyle's political leanings had a bearing on how he characterized Mortimer.

In 1886, Charles Stewart Parnell, a Protestant landlord's son from County Wicklow, Ireland, was the leader of the 86 elected Irish Home Rule MPs. Gladstone was Prime Minister. His Liberal party was allied with Parnell's Irish Nationalists and defeated Lord Salisbury's government. During this administration Gladstone took time off from helping fallen women, or, as others have put it, "helping himself to fallen women," to introduced his limited Home Rule Bill for Ireland on April 26, 1886. To many, the Bill, if passed, would seriously erode British power in Ireland. Many felt their vast landholdings in Ireland would be threatened.

The issue split the Liberal Party. The Bill was thrown out on the second reading, ending Gladstone's government and inaugurating another, headed once again by Lord Salisbury. A breakaway group of Liberals went on to create the anti-Home Rule Liberal Unionist Party.

Meanwhile, Conan Doyle was prepared to enter the political arena.

An opening came in June 1886 with the defeat of Gladstone's government. Although nominally a Liberal, Conan Doyle was strongly opposed to the Home Rule Bill. The jottings in his notebook at this time indicated the depth of his feeling:

"Ireland is a huge suppuration which will go on suppurating until it bursts."

As Andrew Lycett stated in his biography of Doyle:

> On 6 July, Sir Arthur wrote to the local *Evening News* declaring his support for the new anti-Home Rule Liberal Unionists. Drawing a veil over his complex anti-Irish prejudice, he argued that the British Empire, which he enthusiastically supported, was moving

towards a federation, in which every country would have equal representation: he stated that "any exceptional Irish legislation of the nature proposed would hamper this just and symmetrical design."

Conan Doyle stood unsuccessfully twice as a Liberal Unionist parliamentary candidate, first in 1900, just before he wrote *The Hound*, for Edinburgh Central, where he was born, and in 1906, for Hawick Boroughs.

Conclusion

It is my opinion that Sir Arthur's anti-Irish views were manifested indirectly against Mortimer in his dismissal from Charing Cross Hospital. Dartmoor would be a more hospitable part of the country to a doctor of Irish descent on the run from bigotry.

James Mortimer, of the noble Irish name, got booted out of C.C.H. to his everlasting shame.

I submit that the mystery has been solved at last.

Incidentally, on a recent visit to London I went into an antique shop. I spotted a dusty object in the corner of the shop. It was a Penang lawyer. The proprietor said it could be had for a bargain price since it was old and spoilt by a broad silver band bearing an odd description.

"To James Mortimer M.R.C.S., from his friends of the C.C.H. 1884."

Here it is!

Sir Henry's Boots

By Karen Campbell

Sung to the tune of the 1966 hit song These Boots Are Made for Walkin', *written by Lee Hazlewood and recorded by Nancy Sinatra.*

You keep saying that your boot's been stolen
and you're upset because it was brand new.
Then some joker came and snatched an old one
but it's no joke – I smell a rat or two.

These boots are from Toronto
and they're a pungent clue
and one of these days, these boots
are gonna be the death of you!

You're been wearing boots that have your scent on.
A hound will follow them just like a fox.
You keep walking when you oughta be washing –
Sir Henry, maybe you shoulda changed your socks!

These boots are from Toronto
and they make one say, "Phew!"
and one of these days, these boots
are gonna be the death of you!

You keep walking when you oughta be running –
maybe you shoulda brought a bone or two!
Lucky thing my gun is made for shooting
or that dog mighta picked a bone with you!

These boots are from Toronto
so clean them through and through
or one of these days, these boots
are gonna be the death of you!

Some Observations on the Genealogy of the Baskervilles

By Tom Brydges

Tom Brydges was a member of the Bootmakers when he lived in the Toronto area in the 1990s. After moving to Hanover, New Hampshire, Tom founded The Sherlock Holmes Club of the Upper Valley, now in its 10th year.

Editor's note: For obvious reasons, this article is set in Baskerville font and not our usual Times New Roman.

ohn Baskerville was an important – many would say the most important – type founder and printer in English history. He lived from 1706 to 1775 (1), and is known for his elegant letter forms, as well as for the beautiful editions of the classics that he produced. Happily, both Bill Gates and Steve Jobs have offered us a Baskerville font to admire and use for our Sherlockian correspondence.

As we know, Watson did not mention John Baskerville, the printer in *The Hound of the Baskervilles.* And why might he have? Because it is highly unlikely — no, it is almost inconceivable — that Sherlock Holmes did not bring his name into the conversation sometime during this adventure.

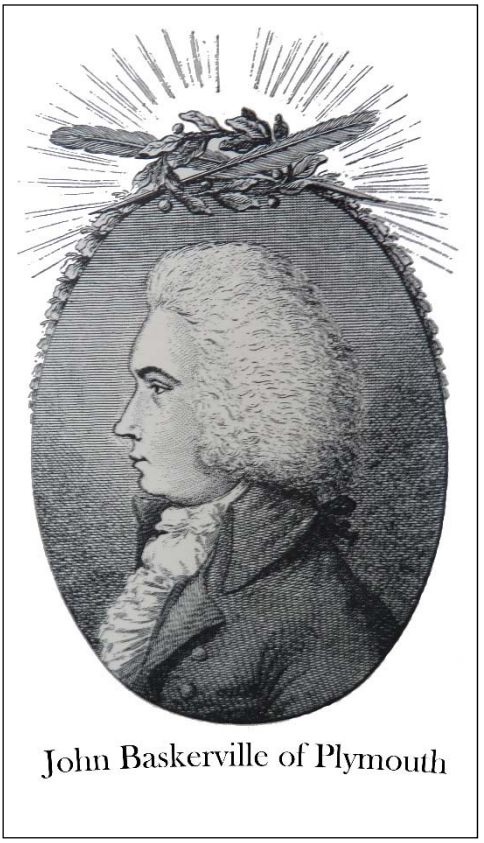
Recall the scene at 221B, when Holmes met Sir Henry Baskerville and analyzed the cryptic note Sir Henry had received. On that occasion, after pointing out that the snipped-out words of the message were in the distinctive typeface of a Times leader, Holmes opined that "the detection of types is one of the most elementary branches of knowledge to the special expert in crime."

So Holmes would certainly have been quite familiar with the work of John Baskerville. And finding himself speaking of printing types in the presence of a man named Baskerville, surely Holmes would have commented on this coincidence. And certainly he would have wanted to make sure Sir Henry was acquainted with the accomplishments and recognition of this earlier Baskerville.

So why might Watson have held back on reporting Holmes's comments on John Baskerville, the printer? Well, we know from the final paragraphs of both "The Illustrious Client" and "Charles Augustus Milverton" that both he and Holmes were highly protective of the reputations of prominent

individuals. So it would be quite reasonable for Watson to feel it would tarnish the respected name of John Baskerville the printer to associate it in any way with the sordid saga of Hugo and the Curse.

And now let's recall how we learned about Hugo and the Curse. It was when Dr. Mortimer called at Baker Street, carrying in his pocket a manuscript, written in 1742, describing the terrible events in the Baskerville family a century earlier. And that manuscript was written by a later Hugo, who directed it to his sons Rodger and John, with the instruction that they say nothing thereof to their sister Elizabeth.



John Baskerville of Plymouth

But when it comes to tarnishing the name of John Baskerville the printer, sharing the Baskerville surname is not the only association about which Watson might have been concerned. For I see the evidence pointing to the startling conclusion that not only did John Baskerville carry the same surname, he was in fact Hugo's son John to whom the Curse manuscript was directed!

Consider:

Certainly the dates admit of this possibility — born in 1706, at the time the manuscript was written in 1742 John Baskerville, the printer would have been 36. So his father would likely have been in his 60s — an age perfectly consistent with Hugo Baskerville's strong desire and efforts to ensure the family history was recorded and passed on to his sons before it was too late.

More support comes from one of several biographies of John Baskerville, the printer (2), in which the frontispiece is an engraving titled "John Baskerville of Plymouth" — and we know Plymouth to be the largest city near Dartmoor.

To top it off, John Baskerville, the printer wrote of himself that he had "been an early admirer of the beauty of letters" (3). And discussing Baskerville's type designs, another of his biographers noted "it is natural that he should turn for inspiration to the formal calligraphy of his own day."(4) Can you imagine any better example and inspiration for him than the Baskerville Curse manuscript penned by his very own father?

Surely even the most skeptical among us would acknowledge this adds up to a rather convincing case that the printer John Baskerville shared the lineage of the Baskervilles of *Hound* reknown.

Of course, there are a few loose ends still to be addressed, such as his biographers suggesting John Baskerville, the printer was born in Wolverley, Worcs, near Birmingham (5), and not making any mention of brothers or sisters.

But I anticipate that a little more Sherlockian investigation will show these are not serious obstacles to confirming that John Baskerville the printer was indeed Hugo's son.

In other words, I'm betting that the same can be said for these biographers as Holmes said of women — they "are never to be entirely trusted — not the best of them."

Notes

1) John Baskerville, in the online Oxford Dictionary of National Biography, oxforddnb.com/article/1624, accessed August 5, 2015

2) *Notes on the Life of John Baskerville*, Edward Hooker Harvey in Rofantia Number Two, Published by The Rowfant Club, Cleveland, Ohio, 1901

3) *John Baskerville, A Memoir*, Ralph Straus and Robert K. Dent, Printed at the University Press, Cambridge, for Chatto and Windus, London, 1907, p. 15

4) *John Baskerville, Typefounder and Printer*, Josiah Henry Benton, New York, Printed for The Typophiles, 1944, p. 2

5) *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*, op. cit.

Charles Dickens: The Father of Victorian Christmas

By Donny Zaldin

Donny Zaldin, MBt, BSI, has participated in the leadership of the Bootmakers of Toronto *over the past quarter-century in multiple capacities, including Meyers. Donny is an investitured member of the Baker Street Irregulars (as "John Hector McFarlane") and a contributor of numerous articles published in* Canadian Holmes*,* The Baker Street Journal*,* The Serpentine Muse*,* Magic Door *and* Explorations*.*

hristmas in the Sherlockian Canon

In Conan Doyle's 56 stories and four novels, Christmas is featured in only one mystery, "The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle," published in *The Strand Magazine* in January 1892. As London prepares for the holiday in 1889, the precious jewel belonging to the Countess of Morcar is stolen from her hotel room and, of course, only Holmes both sees and observes the relevant clues in order to determine the thief and secure the unique gem's recovery and return.

While Christmas was celebrated as a religious holiday in England, Europe and America in the first half of the 19th century, it became a secular one as well after Charles Dickens published his classic *A Christmas Carol* in 1843. The novel's enormous popularity revived the spirit of the season and the holiday celebration expanded to also focus on family, merriment and charity.

Charles Dickens

British journalist and essayist Walter Bagehot considered his contemporary, Charles Huffam Dickens (b. 1812, d. 1870), to be the pre-eminent novelist of 19th-century English urban modernity in general and London life in particular. His novels and articles painted graphic and indelible images of the city that Arthur Conan Doyle would later call "that great cesspool into which all the loungers and idlers of the Empire are irresistibly drained" (*A Study in Scarlet*).

In his pamphlets, articles and novels, Dickens recorded the significant and comprehensive changes wrought by the Industrial Revolution in London's size, make-up and social structure.

As the foremost chronicler of the minutiae of everyday life at the bottom socio-economic strata of Victorian England, Dickens drew upon both his past and present. He recalled his own painful childhood and the harsh formative experience of his family's imprisonment in 1824 in Marshalsea debtors' prison for his father's financial woes and his own forced child labour at the age of 12 in the front window of Warren's Blacking Factory.

Our present-day perceptions of everyday life in "Dickensian" London are based in no small measure upon the prolific literary works of this man of letters and social commentator, critic and advocate, whom Bagehot called "a sentimental radical."

***A Christmas Carol in Prose, Being a Ghost Story of Christmas* (commonly known as *A Christmas Carol*)**

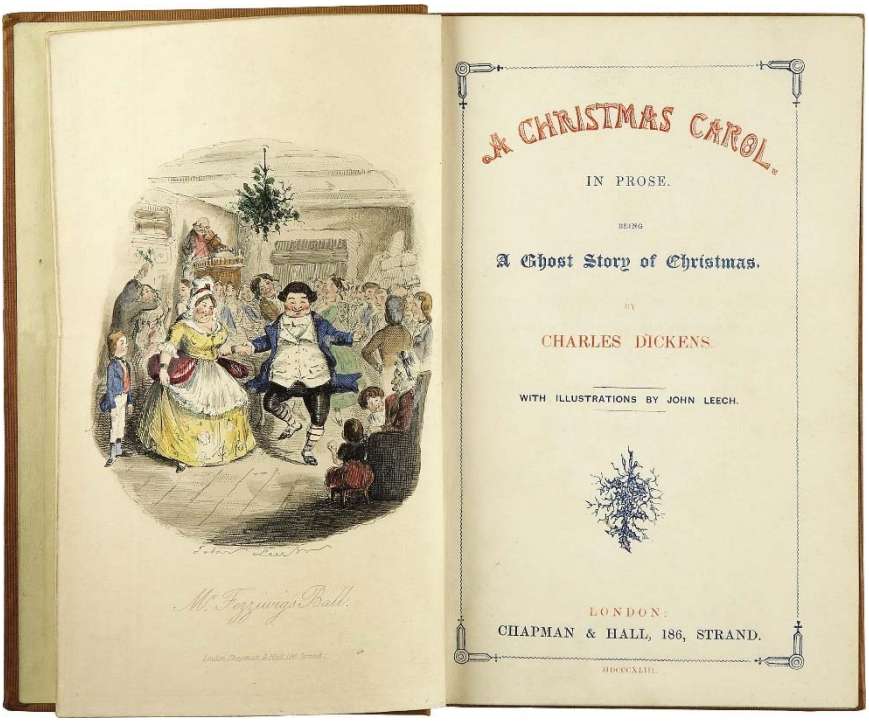
In 1832, the future Queen Victoria delighted in having a Christmas tree, hung with lights, ornaments and presents placed round it. After her marriage to her German cousin Prince Albert in 1840, the custom became more widespread throughout Britain. An image of the British royal family with their Christmas tree at Windsor Castle created a sensation when it was published in the *Illustrated London News* in December 1848, with a modified version re-published in the United States in *Godey's Lady's Book* in December 1850.

The first commercial Christmas card was commissioned on May 1, 1843 by Londoner Sir Henry Cole, and both designed and illustrated by painter John Callcott Horsley of the Royal Academy of Arts. The layout and artwork showcases a central panel depicting three generations of a well-to-do family raising a toast to the season and the card's recipient at a time of the year "when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices," as Dickens would write just seven months later

First commercial Christmas card, 1843, commissioned by Sir Henry Cole, designed and illustrated by painter John Callcott Horsley, RA

in *A Christmas Carol*. Both side panels portray scenes of charity, with food and clothing being given to the poor, those unfortunates who did not figure in the picture, living their hardscrabble lives in the margins of society.

Later that year, Dickens described himself as "perfectly stricken down" by "shocking" personal findings and published reports of the plight of children in the areas of the workplace, schools and jails, which exhibited "the dire neglect of soul and body … in these children." "The prodigious misery and ignorance of the swarming masses of mankind in England" filled him with "dark forebodings of the future of the nation itself," in which "the seeds of its certain ruin [were] sown," leading him to appeal to workers and employers to come together in recognition of their "moral duty and responsibility." To this end, Dickens determined to write a Christmas tale for publication by year's end, with the themes of education, charity and home. He sought to make his readers realize that Ignorance and Want, the names of the two "meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish" children who were to appear to Scrooge from beneath the robe of the Ghost of Christmas Present, were as much the responsibility of the upper and



Frontispiece and title page of the 1843 first edition of A Christmas Carol.

middle classes as their own offspring.

In his preface to *A Christmas Carol*, Dickens wrote that he endeavoured in this ghostly little book not to put his readers "out of humour with themselves, with each other, with the season or with [him]" and that his "chief purpose was in a whimsical" way "to awaken some loving and forbearing thoughts, never out of season in a Christian land." As the penitent ghost of Jacob Marley would explain, "it is required of every man … that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow-men, and travel far and wide."

Charles Dickens started writing *A Christmas Carol* in mid-October 1843, at age 31. In letters, he revealed that he had "plunged headlong" into its composition, because of the larger social issues that deeply concerned him. By November, he was "working from morning until night upon [his] little Christmas book," in part to avert a distressing personal financial crisis created by his expensive lifestyle and his responsibility as the primary provider for a large family. Conan Doyle was to find himself in a similar position a half-century later.

Dickens completed a 68-page manuscript just six weeks later, on December 2, by employing a creative economy with respect to *A Christmas Carol*'s plot (misanthropy) and protagonist (Scrooge, an amalgam of "screw" and "gouge"). This device involved drawing heavily on a minor character from *Pickwick Papers*, the old, misanthropic Gabriel Grub, "an ill-conditioned cross-grained surly fellow … who consorted with nobody but himself."

The original manuscript of Dickens's *A Christmas Carol*, owned by New York's Morgan Library and Museum, contains numerous self-edits, unlike the manuscripts of Arthur Conan Doyle.

After publication of *A Christmas Carol* on December 19, 1843, the exhilarated author wrote in satisfaction and self-congratulation that *A Christmas Carol* was a modern fairy tale that would drive out "the dragon of ignorance from its hearth" and that it was a "Sledge hammer" that would "come down with [great moral] force."

To promote sales, Dickens priced his Christmas story at an affordable five shillings. With the objective of earning a greater share of the profits, he arranged with Chapman & Hall to publish the book on commission, with himself personally responsible to pay all production costs. However, he did not scrimp, instead spending liberally on fine-quality bindings, cover, gilt edgings and multi-coloured title pages, eight illustrations by *Punch* caricaturist John Leech and advertising, thereby reducing his profit margin. As a result, notwithstanding laudatory reviews and a high volume of sales, Dickens's net proceeds were not nearly as remunerative as he had

hoped for and expected, leaving him both disappointed and distressed financially. However, the novel was so universally acclaimed by critics and readers alike, higher profits soon followed.

Dickens's other Christmas writings

Happily for Dickens, the critical and long-term financial success of *A Christmas Carol* initiated a lucrative series of four more Christmas books, which he wrote over the next five years: *The Chimes* in 1844, *The Cricket on the Hearth* in 1845, *The Battle of Life* in 1846 and *The Haunted Man* in 1848. Each volume followed the pattern set down by *A Christmas Carol*, weaving important social issues into the narrative to produce yet another story of conversion. According to John Forster in his seminal biography, *The Life of Dickens*, 1872-74, the author's intentions in writing this Christmas series were to strike "a blow for the poor" by trying to "convert Society, as he had converted Scrooge, by showing that its happiness rested on the same foundations as those of the individual, which are mercy and charity not less than justice."

Dickens followed up these five Christmas books by writing 20 Christmas stories over the next 18 years, starting with "A Christmas Story" in 1850 and ending with "No Thoroughfare" in 1867, three years before his death.

In 1851, Dickens published an essay, "What Christmas Is, As We Grow Older," which reads, in part:

> "Time was, with most of us, when Christmas Day encircling all our limited world like a magic ring …; bound together all our home enjoyments, affections, and hopes; grouped everything and every one around the Christmas fire; … Nearer and closer to our hearts be the Christmas spirit, which is the spirit of active usefulness, perseverance, cheerful discharge of duty, kindness and forbearance … Therefore, as we grow older, let us be more thankful that the circle of our Christmas associations and of the lessons that they bring, expands! … Welcome, and … thanks to Heaven!"

It is impossible to overstate the extent of the central place that Christmas occupied in Dickens's career and how it helped shape his literary legacy. For years, Christmas exerted its gravitational pull and Dickens returned to its imaginative centre, at the same time providing him with a holiday from the relentless grind of producing monthly installments of his latest novels. Daughter Mamie recalled that "Christmas was always a time which in our home was looked forward to with eagerness and delight;" and, son Henry agreed that Christmas in the Dickens household "was a great time, a really

jovial time …[with] my father jolly as a boy and throwing his heart and soul into everything [Christmas-like] that was going on."

Experts now question whether Dickens's fascination with Christmas was founded in his religious beliefs as a Christian. In 1849, he completed a simple, handwritten, untitled version of the life and teachings of Jesus. Dickens wrote the essay exclusively for his children, and to be read aloud, and he strictly forbade it from being published during his lifetime. The family continued to read it every Christmas and respectfully delayed publication until the last of Dickens's 10 children had died in 1933. The following year, 64 years after his death, the family heirs titled the treatise "The Life of our Lord" and serialized it in the *Daily Mail*.

Coinciding with a period of wider and more intense social activism, *A Christmas Carol* marked the beginning of a new phase in Dickens's writing, earning him the status of a prominent social reformer.

In 1853, Dickens discovered a solution to his ambition and quandary how best to reach his target audience. To better assure himself that he had created a mutually responsive relationship between storyteller and audience, he commenced to do so not just in print, but in person. Over the next 17 years, he gave no fewer than 127 performances of *A Christmas Carol* in Britain, Canada and the United States. Although profoundly dramatic and well-received, these enactments left him exhausted and frail, hastening his early death in 1870 at age 58, before he could finish his 15th and last novel, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*.

Dickens's Christmas legacy

Dickens's sentimental concluding words of *A Christmas Carol*, "God Bless Us, Every One!" express his belief and hope that nobody is beyond the reach of this blessing and of being converted in heart and mind into a better person, to one's family, friends and strangers less fortunate than oneself.

Poised next year to celebrate the 175th anniversary of its 1843 publication, *A Christmas Carol*, a tract turned cautionary tale of conversion from greed to generosity, has never been out of print. Over the years, it has become something of a secular ritual, in which the three wise men have been replaced by three enlightening spirits and the pilgrimage to a child in a manger has become a visit to the home of Tiny Tim. Many people who have never read the novel know the story of Scrooge and his transformation from a selfish misanthrope to a charitable humanitarian, and "Scrooge" and "Humbug" have entered the lexicon as cultural shorthand for a mean-spirited miser and nonsense, respectively.

Dickens's *A Christmas Carol* and his other Christmas writings resonated so strongly with mid-Victorian readers, it revived the holiday and its traditions, and expanded the celebration to include a focus on family and charity, as well as the nativity of the Christ child. "Dickensian" Christmas now extends into a third century, as Dickens's visionary and missionary tale of redemption takes other artistic forms, in books, plays, film, television, cartoons, operas, ballets and musicals.

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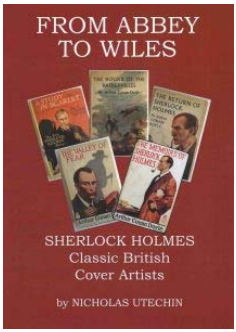
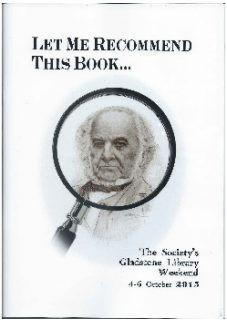
"Holmes gave me a brief review"



From Abbey to Wiles – Sherlock Holmes Classic British Cover Artists by Nicholas Utechin ($20.00 US postage included)

Books published by John Murray and Ward Lock adorn the shelves of most Sherlockians. For some of us, it may be from these books that we first discovered Holmes as we raced after the *Aurora* on the Thames. This slim publication, only 28 pages, is full of colourful reproductions of the dust jacket art from these two publishers. Utechin has done a remarkable job researching the cover artists, seven in total. Talented but unsung, these artists gave us an ideal of what Holmes looked like and a small glimpse into the stories behind the covers. Where possible Utechin gives a brief biography of the artist and discusses some of the different approaches to Holmes that each one had as well as some minute variation between editions. This publication, which could easily be read in one sitting, is for the collector or the nostalgic.



Let Me Recommend This Book…The Society's Gladstone Library Weekend – 4-6 October 2013 ($20.00 US postage included)

In 2013 the Sherlock Holmes Society of London had their Gladstone Weekend in Flintshire, Wales. This publication examines and celebrates that trip with articles on Wales, Gladstone, Sherlockian connections and politics.

This is the latest installment of a larger series of handbooks published by the society.

Among the articles is one by Ashley Mayo which must be of interest to every Sherlockian collector, an examination of the Canon to tease out what books would be in Sherlock Holmes's library.

Canadians may be interested in obtaining a copy for the inventive and entertaining pastiche, "Sherlock Holmes and the Tichborne Claimant," which was writen by Richard Brown, a member of the London society but also Halifax's Spence Munros.

Letters From Lomax

Musings and comments from Peggy Perdue, Curator of the Arthur Conan Doyle Collection of the Toronto Reference Library

or this special *Hound of the Baskervilles* issue, I'd like to give you some tips for tracking the *Hound* in the Toronto Public Library's Arthur Conan Doyle Collection.

Walking into the Conan Doyle Room, you can get the scent of the beast from manuscripts even before the story went into print. Look among the library's collection of letters from Conan Doyle to his *Strand* editor Herbert Greenhough Smith and you'll find two letters in which Conan Doyle discusses aspects of writing the story. Then, just before the *Hound* was released to the world, pick up the trail by investigating a rare newsstand broadsheet announcing the story's upcoming publication (see this advertisement on page 36). From there, proceed to the Collection's set of bound issues of *The Strand Magazine*. As you follow the *Hound* month by month, you can take in other content in the magazine such as stories by H.G. Wells and Max Pemberton.

The footprints of the *Hound* grow clearer and clearer as you progress. Follow them to the first English edition, the first American edition, or the first Colonial edition. The trail eventually leads all around the world, but no passport is required to see early Russian, Spanish, and Polish editions or any of the vast number of translations that now reside at the Collection.

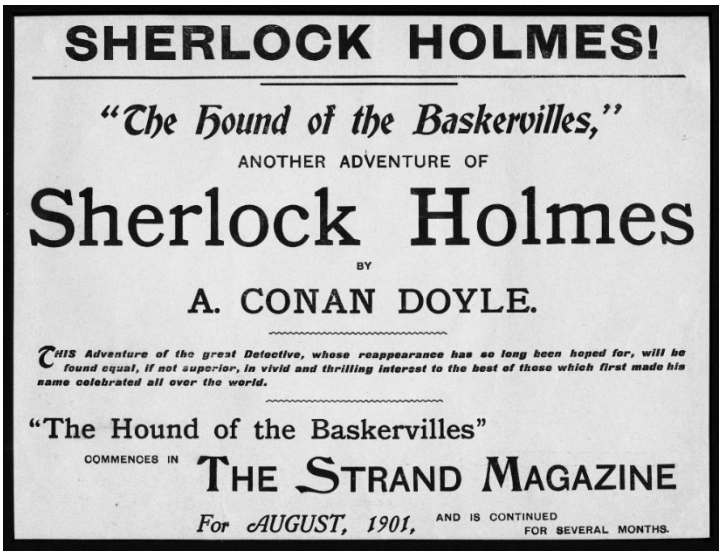
At this point, there are more than one set of tracks to follow, and you must choose your own adventure. Will it be movie versions of the *Hound*? Perhaps the play's the thing? There are plenty of stage adaptations of the story in the theatre section, and you might enjoy reading through and comparing various versions. In addition to the Tim Kelly or Michael and Mollie Hardwick versions, there are new adaptations by Ken Ludwig (Samuel French, 2015) and Claire Malcomson (MX Publishing, 2014.) Perhaps the smell of greasepaint does nothing for you but you revel in the double status of being both a Sherlock Holmes AND comic book nerd. You'll need to have some spring in your step to keep up with the many graphic adaptations of the Hound, from the classic *Classics Illustrated* comic from 1947, to *Mad Magazine*'s "Hound of the Basketballs" parody to Petr Kopl's recent stylish adaptation (MX publishing, 2014.)

You might expect the trail to get cold when it came to children's books in the collection, since the murder and mayhem of the original hardly seems to be children's fare. However, with adjustments here and there,

there are also some junior *Hounds* on offer, including the *Paragon Children's Library* edition of 1994, a chunky little treat that features a Jeremy Brettesque illustration of Holmes on the cover. For the very, very, young there's even a baby book called *Sherlock Holmes in the Hound of the Baskervilles: a sounds primer* by Jennifer Adams and Alison Oliver (Gibbs Smith, 2013).

Tread carefully when you get to the section on Sherlockian scholarship because the number of theories involving this beloved piece of the Canon may get you fully bogged down in the mire. There are reams of commentary in the *Baker Street Journal*, the *Sherlock Holmes Journal*, and of course, back issues of *Canadian Holmes*. Don't forget the Bootmaker Monograph series where you'll find gems like Maureen Green's "The Legend of the Hound of the Baskervilles" (1977) and Mary Campbell's "Bootmakers in History, or, Who WAS 'Meyers, Toronto' anyway?" (1986). Books on the subject also abound, including Brad Keefhauer's agreeably odd *The Armchair Baskerville Tour*. As always, Les Klinger's work helps to bring different theories together in one source. Try the *Hound* volume from his *Sherlock Holmes Reference Library* (Gasogene, 2002) or the relevant pages of his *New Annotated Sherlock Holmes* (Norton, 2005).

As you've seen by now, tracking the Hound in the Arthur Conan Doyle Collection is an adventure well worth pursuing. It's a long trail with many twists and diversions along the way. You'll need a good sturdy set of footwear, but then, what are Bootmakers for?


SHERLOCK HOLMES!

"The Hound of the Baskervilles,"

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THIS Adventure of the great Detective, whose reappearance has so long been hoped for, will be found equal, if not superior, in vivid and thrilling interest to the best of those which first made his name celebrated all over the world.

"The Hound of the Baskervilles"

COMMENCES IN THE STRAND MAGAZINE

For AUGUST, 1901, AND IS CONTINUED FOR SEVERAL MONTHS.

Canadian Roundup

London – The London (Ontario) Cesspudlians held their monthly meeting on November 12 at the Church Key restaurant. This meeting commemorates approximately the first anniversary since the formation of the association. Chris Redmond's new book, *About Sixty*, was discussed. Three Cesspudlian members (Mark Hanson, Margot Northcott and Liz Bardawill) contributed chapters to this book and autographed copies for other club members. The book evolves around why every Sherlock Holmes story is the best. Also discussed was Peter Calamai & Mark Alberstat's new book *Canada and Sherlock Holmes* published by the Baker Street Irregulars Press in January.

Halifax – Seventeen of the faithful gathered at a Greek restaurant in Dartmouth to celebrate Sherlock Holmes's birthday. Toast were given to Queen Victoria, Holmes and The Society. Chris Redmond supplied a special quiz for the group this time and Doug Pass won the prize Sherlockian coffee mug with 12 out of 25. Laura DeBoer gave a talk about Mrs. Moriarty and her Halifax connection, an article which will later appear in *Canadian Holmes.*

Edmonton – On December 11, The Wisteria Lodgers met to discuss *A Study in Scarlet*. The group welcomed new member, Mimi, a doctoral student from the University of Alberta. She is going to be teaching a course called "Sherlock Holmes and the Transcultural Imagination" next semester at the University of Alberta. The group rated the first novel from a low of 6.5 out of ten, to a perfect 10 out of 10. Toasts were given to Sherlock, Dr. Watson, The Woman and Mrs. Hudson.

OOTMAKERS' DIARY

... it is a page from some private diary.
— The Five Orange Pips

Saturday September 10, 2016

Forty-two Bootmakers and guests assemble at the Orchard View Library to look into "The Adventure of the Man With the Twisted Lip."

Meyers (James Reese) welcomes the attendees and introduces Dennis Ryan, editor and founder of *Eccentric* magazine. He was in attendance to check us out for a possible future article (though we know Bootmakers are certainly not eccentric). Also joining us is Ashley Morford, a recent arrival in Toronto who after obtaining a master's degree on *Frankenstein* is basing her pursuit of a Ph.D. on Sherlock Holmes.

James then introduces Nancy MacLeod. Nancy, a retired nurse who belongs to a group of Civil War re-enactors. Nancy, using Christine Newhouse as her patient, tells us about the conditions under which Union doctors worked and what instruments would have been available.

With a promise not to give away any answers to the upcoming quiz, Dave Drennan gives an excellent overview of the story.

James shows a clip from *Sherlock* of the meeting between Holmes and Watson, and follows with a PowerPoint talk about the British in Afganistan concentrating on the Battle of Maiwand. James points out that the Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers was a real regiment and stationed in India at the time of the battle. There was also a Colonel Moran, present along with one Murray and two Holmes. The *Orontes* on which Watson was invalided home was also a real ship.

At break, participants enjoy a repast of sandwiches and fruit, overseen by Mrs. Hudson, Edith Reese.

The group reassembles and begins a test on the story from quizmistress Karen Campbell. The winners are Bruce Aiken, Christine Newhouse, Garth Hazlett, John Gehan, Jacquie Todd and Frank Quinlan.

Doug Wrigglesworth shows a segment from a Bootmaker meeting in 2005 that the CBC had filmed for broadcast, along with a compendium of scenes from various Holmes movies and TV shows.

During announcements James reminds those in attendance of the next meeting will be on October 29, 2016 at the Masonic Temple, and that a Holmes play will be performed at the Scarborough Theatre on December 4, with details to follow.

David Sanders announces that Mary Lee Berdit, a former and long-time Bootmaker, had passed away the week before.

Our Lassus Karen Gold led us in a rendition of *Takin' Off the Ritz*, based on Irving Berlin's *Puttin' on the Ritz*.

The door prize was won by Dayna Nuhn, after which Meyers thanked us for coming and we wended our way home through a rainy Toronto evening.

Saturday, October 29, 2016

Thirty-nine attendees gather at the York Masonic Temple for the fifth story meeting of 2016.

Thelma Beam calls the meeting to order as the Acting Meyers for James Reese, who is on a mission in Africa for the United Nations. She notes that Michael Ranieri, Meyers 2017, will host the December 3 meeting. Meyers 2016 will be back with us for the Blue Carbuncle Dinner in January.

Some guests are welcomed to our meeting: Michèle Louis Duggan, a past member who is the guest of Kathy Burns; Lorey Morrison, the guest of Harry Oades; Ashley Morford; Wilda Thumm, a new member; and Dennis Ryan, from *Eccentric Magazine*, who was also at the September meeting and has brought his wife with him.

Thelma announces that we will eat first and the formal meeting will begin at 1:00 p.m. The brunch is provided by the chefs at the Masonic Temple and lives up to its excellent reputation.

Promptly at 1:00 p.m., the formal meeting begins.

Dave Sanders gives an introduction to the story. He distributes lyric sheets, and leads us in a musical introduction to the story called *Not So Very Loverly*, sung to the tune of *Wouldn't It Be Loverly*.

In 1911, Canadian humorist Stephen Leacock wrote a Sherlockian parody called *Maddened by Mystery, or The Defective Detective.* Chris Redmond has arranged for a reading of this story. Joining Chris on stage are Peter Calamai, Karen Campbell, Dave Drennan, John Gehan and Garry Marnoch.

Next, Philip Elliott tells us about Watson's Tin Dispatch Box. In "The Problem of Thor Bridge," Dr. Watson tells that "in the vaults of the bank of Cox and Co., at Charing Cross, there is a travel-worn and battered tin dispatch-box." The box is filled with notes of Holmes's cases. Since there were several kinds of dispatch boxes, he describes what Watson's would

have been. Since the Cox and Co. bank was destroyed in the bombing of World War II, it is presumed that the box was destroyed and its contents lost. However, the bank had several branches so it is possible that the box still exists and may one day be found.

Cliff Goldfarb then considers the question, Who Wrote the Canon? This paper was previously published in *Canadian Holmes.* But this is the first time he has presented it to the Bootmakers. Cliff applies the concepts of Biblical source criticism to determine the authors of the Sherlock Holmes stories.

Karen Gold distributes sheets of her original lyrics for *Dr. Roylott's Deadly Speckled Band*, sung to the tune of The Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.*

The quiz on "The Speckled Band" is then taken up by our Quiz Master, Karen Campbell. The winners are Bruce Aikin, Frank Quinlan and John Gehan. The publisher of *Mrs. Hudson in New York* by Barry S. Brown has donated a copy to the Bootmakers and this is the door prize. It is the fourth book in the Mrs. Hudson series. Thelma asks Noreen Crifo to draw a name and the winner is Cliff Goldfarb.

There are a number of announcements:

John Gehan has become the new Stamper. Dayna Nuhn was thanked for doing the job of mailing out *Canadian Holmes* for many years.

Mr. Meyers has negotiated with the Toronto Reference Library to hold four meetings there next year. They will be afternoon meetings. A straw poll was taken and the majority liked the idea of meeting in the afternoon.

The 2017 Pub Night will be on June 10. The next Silver Blaze Race will be on July 15.

Barbara Rusch, who is helping Peter Calamai with an article about the filth on the streets of Victorian London, demonstrates a ladies' *skirt-lifter*, which helped to keep the hems of long dresses out of the mud and other things on the streets.

The meeting is then adjourned.

Wednesday, November 23, 2016: Book Launch

Decades ago, Christopher Redmond, Bootmaker and now renowned Sherlockian author and webmaster, conceived of an anthology of essays on all of the 60 canonical works, not just the best or favourite ones. Over time, his project morphed from one of 60 articles presenting the merits of each story to one of arguments that each subject story is "the best" tale in

…continued on page 11

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