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Canadian Holmes

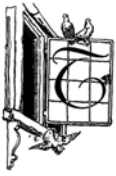
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# RACES OF BOOTPRINTS

## *Lending a helping hand*

In each issue, Peggy Perdue finds an item or theme in the Toronto collection to write about in the Letters from Lomax column. As Bootmakers and Canadians we should be proud of this resource, one of the largest public collections of Sherlockiana/Doyleana in the world. Sherlockians and Conan Doyle scholars from around the world visit it annually and the number of requests, presentations and articles generated by the collection would be impossible to estimate.

Each year the collection grows, adding current items but also important pieces from the past, such as the collection of 10 Doyle letters that Thelma Beam wrote about in the Summer 2017 edition of *Canadian Holmes*. Although the library, and curator Peggy, have an acquisitions budget, the room, collection and future are all helped along by The Friends of the Arthur Conan Doyle Collection, Toronto Public Library. Without this group the collection, and Peggy's columns, would not be as vital and up to date as they are. The Friends are also hosts of The Cameron Hollyer Memorial Lectures, which have been held since 2002 and have featured such shining lights as Lyndsay Faye, Steve Rothman and Michael Dirda. The Friends also send out their Magic Door newsletter three times a year.

Even if you are not a member of The Friends, or not a member yet, we all should appreciate what the group has done for the Sherlockian movement in Canada and for this journal.

This edition of *Canadian Holmes* features the regular roundup of familiar faces such as Mrs. Hudson's Kitchen, reviews, Letters from Lomax and the Diary pages. We have feature articles from Bill Mason, who discusses "The Adventure of the Greek Interpreter;" a toast from the current chair of the Friends of the ACD Collection, Cliff Goldfarb; a reconsideration of "Silver Blaze" by Charles Blanksteen; and a tale of two snakes by Robert Moss.

Enjoy this issue and if you have time, drop over to The Friends of the ACD Collection website ([www.acdfriends.org](http://www.acdfriends.org)) and find out more about them and the collection.

# *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.*



## **Mrs. Hudson's "Three Pipe Problem"**

"You don't mind the smell of strong tobacco I hope."  
Sherlock Holmes in *A Study in Scarlet*

There are times, I admit, that I wished Sir Frances Drake never brought tobacco to England in 1573. My dear lodgers were quite addicted to the substance. Even Dr. Watson, a heavy smoker himself, referred to Mr. Holmes as a "self-poisoner by cocaine and tobacco" in "The Five Orange Pips."

It is a known fact that the Exchequer made considerable revenue from taxing tobacco in the early days. In 1614 it was estimated that there were over 7,000 tobacco shops in London. By 1619 King James I proclaimed that all tobacco must enter the country via London and that pipes be made by a group of pipe-makers in Westminster. This group was re-incorporated by Charles I in 1634 and eventually became known today as The Worshipful Company of Tobacco Pipe Makers and Pipe Blenders.

I previously mentioned the large number of coffee houses that existed in the early part of the 18th century, and these also catered to the tobacco-smoking public as well. Simpsons in the Strand began in 1828 as a chess club and coffee house known as The Grand Cigar Divan. The main restaurant today is still known as The Grand Divan.

Mr. Holmes found that the study of tobacco ashes provided vital knowledge in his work and wrote a monograph on the subject titled "Upon the Distinction between the Ashes of the Various Tobaccos." In "The Boscombe Valley Mystery" he claimed that through this work, he was able to distinguish between any brand of cigarette, tobacco or cigar. Indeed, in

the matter of pipes he believed they expressed “more individuality save for watches and bootlaces.”

The tobacco house frequented by Dr. Watson and Mr. Holmes was Bradley’s. Dr. Watson used a “Ship’s blend” early on and later switched to an Acadia mixture, whilst Mr. Holmes favoured Shag tobacco. Today’s Shag is a very finely shredded tobacco used primarily in rolling cigarettes. Mr. Holmes’s Shag was more coarsely cut and was considered to be a strong tobacco of a less desirable quality. Whilst it is recommended that tobacco be kept in an airtight container, Mr. Holmes preferred a Persian slipper to hold his pipe blend. Cigars were higher-quality Cubans but Mr. Holmes eschewed a humidor for the coal scuttle. He stored his pipes on his bedroom mantle. His favourite pipes were a blackened clay, which he used when in a contemplative mood; an oily briar that I recall having an amber stem; and a cherry wood. His cigarettes were made by his tobacconist and were carried in a metal case. On occasion, he used snuff taken from a beautiful gold case with a large amethyst stone given to him in gratitude by the King of Bohemia. Each day Mr. Holmes saved the leavings of his pipes in a heap on my lovely mantelpiece only to smoke them the next morning. This unusual frugality confounded me.



“HOLMES OPENED IT AND SMELLED THE SINGLE CIGAR WHICH IT CONTAINED.”

Often the sitting room would be enshrouded as a London pea souper with the blue smoke from Mr. Holmes’s pipe as he contemplated a challenging case. He would often call such situations “a three pipe problem.” As Dr. Watson described in “The Adventure of the Red-Headed League”: “He curled himself up in his chair, with his knees drawn up to his hawklike nose, and there he sat with his eyes closed and his black clay pipe thrusting out like the bill of some strange bird.” Indeed, he often smoked as much as an ounce at a time, as documented in “The Adventure of the Man with the Twisted Lip.”

There were also occasions when Mr. Holmes’s dry sense of humour about smoking was evident. In “The Veiled Lodger” he commented to Dr. Watson that “Mrs. Merrilow does not object to tobacco, Watson, if you wish to indulge your filthy habit.”

But their heavy smoking posed many difficulties for me and my maids with the upkeep of their rooms. I frequently had to have the decorators in to paint their rooms whilst they were away on a prolonged case.

Considerable care had to be taken so as not to upset the rather unorthodox manner in which they lived. I had to devise methods of cleaning furniture and soft materials. For wood, the cane chair and other hard surfaces such as brass and glass, soapy, hot water was swished to make a great volume of suds. (Your washing-up liquid available today would do nicely.) Dip a cloth only in the foam and apply vigorously. Rinse with a cloth moistened in clear water. Then wipe dry with a clean cloth and wax or polish as required. For curtains and other washable fabrics such as antimacassars, I made a solution of warm water, soap and vinegar and soaked the item for 15 minutes. They were then rinsed with fresh water. Any remaining stains were sponged with rubbing alcohol. One more good rinse was required. The items were allowed to dry and laundered as soon as possible. One almost had to be quite as good a chemist as Mr. Holmes to keep the rooms clean so that visiting clients were not overcome with the results of tobacco consumption.

## Recipes

### **Smoker's Coffee** – serves 2

Ingredients: ¼ cup green crème de menthe, ¼ cup Tia Maria or Kahlua, 1½ cups hot strong coffee, ¼ cup heavy cream, whipped, 2 After 8 square or long-style chocolates

Mode: Divide the 2 liquors equally between 2 tall glasses (preferably with handles). Fill each glass equally with coffee. Top each glass with whipped cream. Garnish with After 8 squares cut diagonally or 2 long-style chocolates.

### **Tobacco Onions** – (Named as such because they resemble tobacco leaves)

Ingredients: 3 large white onions (2 pounds), halved lengthwise and very thinly sliced crosswise, 2 cups whole milk, 2 cups all-purpose flour, 1/4 cup plus 2 tbsp. smoked paprika, 2½ tsp. celery salt, 2½ quarts canola or vegetable oil, Kosher salt

Mode: In a large bowl, combine the onions with the milk and stir to coat. Cover and refrigerate for 2 hours. In a medium bowl, whisk the flour with the paprika and celery salt. Drain the onions very well in a colander, then set the colander over a large bowl. Sprinkle the flour mixture over the onions and toss with your hands to evenly coat. Shake well to remove any excess flour. In a large saucepan, heat the oil to 350°. In about 5 batches, fry the onions over moderate heat until golden brown, about 2 minutes per batch. Using a slotted spoon, transfer the onions to paper towels to drain; season lightly with salt. Return the oil to 350° between batches. Serve hot.

# *Angel of Death*

## **Intrigue, deception and real romance for Sherlock Holmes**

By Bill Mason, BSI, MBt

*Bill Mason is a not-quite-retired Sherlockian living in Greenbrier, Tennessee, and is a member of the Nashville Scholars of the Three-Pipe Problem and the Fresh Rashers of Nashville.*

*Editors's note: This article was originally a presentation given to the Bootmakers of Toronto on September 12, 2015*



Scandal in Bohemia was the first of the Sherlockian short stories, the tale that really rocketed Sherlock Holmes to fame and Conan Doyle to fortune. And it probably is the favourite of the pastiche writers – those in our little universe who are occasionally loved, most often tolerated, and frequently maligned. The pasticheurs prefer it, of course, because it features *the* woman, Irene Adler. And the temptation implied in that emphasized “the” is irresistible.

Romance for the Great Detective! The master of logic, the man who sneers at emotion, the thinking machine, exposed, his Achilles heel discovered, a man like any other after all. Through this Irene Adler idea – most famously advanced by the great, but unreliable, Sherlockian scholar and annotator William S. Baring-Gould – we are permitted and encouraged to indulge in the curious but widespread reluctance to allow Holmes to pursue his life without the emotional entanglements that are central to most other people.

Therefore, the romance between Holmes and Irene has become something of a given, so widely accepted that it must be true. The only thing lacking about this theory is that it is just absolutely wrong, irresponsible, offensive, contrary to the evidence and thoroughly ridiculous. Other than that, I suppose, it is OK for a thesis. And it has been a recurring theme despite the plain testimony of Dr. Watson:

“It was not that he felt any emotion akin to love for Irene Adler. All emotions, and that one particularly, were abhorrent to his cold, precise, but admirably balanced mind.”



That statement alone ought to kill the idea of a liaison between Holmes and Irene Adler Norton during the Great Hiatus, but there are others as well.

First, she was a “well-known adventuress.” That is, she was a professional mistress “of dubious and questionable memory.” Why Holmes would want to bind himself to such a woman never has been adequately explained.

Second, she was married. Holmes knew she was married. He had, after all, witnessed the ceremony. Whatever we might think of Holmes, surely, we do not believe he was a partner in adultery.

Third, she was dead. This is a clincher. Remember, Watson referred to her as “the late Irene Adler” and recalled her “memory.” No, the hypothesis romantically linking Irene Adler Norton to Holmes fails.

We’ll come back to this idea of romance for Holmes later, but before doing so, I want to take what might, at first, appear to be a totally different direction.

In many ways, the single most intriguing case – or case of intrigue – in the entire Sherlockian Canon is “The Adventure of the Greek Interpreter.” Be assured that this tale is chock-full of secrets. In this story, nothing can be taken at face value, no one, including the usually gullible and honest Dr. Watson, can be credited with telling the truth, and solutions to some of the enduring mysteries in the life of Sherlock Holmes may well be buried.

Coincidence plays far too prominent a role in this adventure to be believed, and a beautiful woman from the ancient land of Greece – a true “Angel of Death” – could well be the greatest enigma of the entire Sherlockian saga.

Ask any Sherlockian to name the most important aspect of “The Greek Interpreter,” and he or she will instantly tell you that this is the story in which Mycroft Holmes – the eccentric genius and older brother of Sherlock Holmes – makes his debut.

And a good thing, too. When you get right down to it, there is not much else to recommend this story. Sherlock Holmes doesn’t do a whole lot, he allows himself to be hamstrung by Scotland Yard bureaucracy, a young man he is seeking winds up dead, and he never even sets his eyes on the bad guys or the heroine.

Even so, because of the introduction of Mycroft Holmes, this is one of the most important, if not one of the most impressive, of the adventures. We know, of course, that Mycroft was no run-of-the-mill functionary of the British government, a man who just “audits the books in some of the government departments,” as Holmes misled Watson into believing.

No, Mycroft Holmes was much more than that. He was, Sherlock Holmes later said, “the most indispensable man in the country...the central exchange, the clearing house” for matters of national security. Occasionally, in that most famous of comments about Mycroft Holmes, he *was* the British government.

With this in mind, consider these elements in the account of “The Greek Interpreter:”

It just so happens that, after anywhere from seven to a dozen years, depending on the chronology that you follow, Watson is astonished to learn in an off-hand exchange that his friend, fellow lodger, confidant and colleague, Sherlock Holmes, has an older brother.

It just so happens that this older brother is only a five-minute walk distant, so Holmes and Watson decide to take a leisurely stroll over to the Diogenes Club to meet the mysterious Mycroft just minutes after Watson learns of his existence.

It just so happens that, once they get there, Mycroft Holmes has an interesting mystery for Sherlock and Dr. Watson to investigate. This mystery involves a Greek interpreter named Melas, who has endured a hair-raising experience.

It just so happens that this hair-raising experience took place just two evenings ago.

It just so happens that Melas lives in the same building as Mycroft Holmes.

It just so happens that Melas is available at a moment’s notice to come to the Diogenes Club and repeat his story to Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson.

It just so happens that Sherlock Holmes has nothing better to do at the moment, and he decides to pursue the matter, since Mycroft doesn’t possess the energy to do so.

It just so happens that this is all a bunch of baloney, an elaborate set-up, a piece of theatre staged for the benefit of the credulous Dr. Watson. Sherlock Holmes knew perfectly well that the game was afoot before he revealed the secret of Mycroft’s existence to Watson. And Sherlock Holmes lets the cat out of the bag a little later in the story, when he admits, “Some of my most interesting cases have come to me in this way through Mycroft.”

To make the case, take a look at Mycroft’s description of Melas to Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson:

“He lodges on the floor above me, and I have some slight acquaintance with him. Mr. Melas is a Greek by extraction, as I understand, and he is a remarkable linguist. He earns his living as

an interpreter in the law courts and partly by acting as guide to any wealthy Orientals who may visit the Northumberland Avenue hotels.”

Does anyone take this seriously? Mycroft must have had his tongue firmly in cheek when he described Melas in this way. Remember, Mycroft was a misanthropic curmudgeon. He had his routine, and he never varied from it. Home, Whitehall and the Diogenes Club were his usual rounds, as certain as the planets orbiting about the sun. The image of Mycroft interrupting that routine to chat up his neighbors just doesn't quite fit.



But more than this, is it really credible that the supreme agent for British intelligence had only “some slight acquaintance” with the chief Greek interpreter in London? For a man whose powers of observation actually exceeded those of Sherlock Holmes, would it have taken Mycroft more than a few seconds to know – and to know for sure – whether or not Melas was Greek? So the use of that qualifying phrase – “as I understand” – is misleading and disingenuous at best, obviously meant to perpetuate the fiction that Melas was only a “slight acquaintance” of Mycroft’s.

Finally, after this horrific, traumatizing all-night ordeal, why would Melas tell his story to Mycroft Holmes – again, supposedly only a “slight acquaintance” – *before* going to the police, or for that matter, why would he ever tell his story to Mycroft at all?

Because Mycroft Holmes not only knew perfectly well who Melas was, he almost certainly had a professional, although conveniently hidden, relationship with him. Who better to act as an agent for British intelligence than a man who was not only the top Greek interpreter in London, but who was consulted by *any* “wealthy Orientals” who visited London?

This was the age of “the Great Game,” when European alliances were constantly shifting, when the competition of the great powers was deadly serious and seriously deadly. As Mycroft gathered his threads of information from the dozens of departments of government and other sources, Melas undoubtedly must have been a frequent, reliable and important source as well.

That Melas lived one floor above Mycroft Holmes cannot seriously be credited as a coincidence. Melas, a source of important information in his own right, was in a position to pass what he learned from a legion of foreign agents directly to Mycroft Holmes. More than likely, he was a double agent, providing information to the highest bidder, but playing a dangerous game.

As a double agent, he was useful to multiple interests – the British government, foreign governments, criminal interests and wealthy aristocrats. But if he was useful, he was also expendable – in the final analysis, no one had any particular reason to protect him. And this reality almost cost him his life.

We know that a “fashionably-dressed” man named Harold Latimer enticed Mr. Melas into a carriage and, in essence, abducted and threatened him. Melas was eventually taken to a large house where Latimer and his accomplice, Wilson Kemp, forced him to translate the interrogation of a Greek man being held captive and quite plainly being tortured and starved. The questioning went on for quite a while, but it involved only one real inquiry – was the prisoner willing to sign some papers which would transfer to the villains some sort of property? A woman was somehow involved, a woman the prisoner wished to protect – and the man steadfastly refused to sign the documents.

Latimer and Kemp had chosen Melas, not only because of his translating skills, but also because they knew he would take money for a job when the circumstances were outside the bounds of law or ethics. If this had truly been a purely criminal enterprise – a couple of crooks trying to steal a young woman’s inheritance by beating control of it out of her brother – Melas may well have played his part, taken his fee and said nothing else about it to anyone. But that didn’t happen.

Something in that interrogation, the way the questions were being worded, the way the answers were being given, convinced him that this was more than just a case of extortion, that there was some true international intrigue involved. Melas smelled money – he could get his fee from Latimer and Kemp, and he could sell some information to Mycroft Holmes.

So Melas, in his own words, “played a more dangerous game.” He added phrases in Greek to each of the questions. The prisoner caught on right away and answered in kind.

Melas learned that the young man was named Paul Kratides and that he was from Athens.

But before he got the whole story, they were interrupted by the entrance of a beautiful young woman – “tall and graceful, with black hair, and clad

in some sort of loose white gown.” Kratides rushed to embrace her calling out “Sophy! Sophy!” but was hustled from the room.

Here is our first, and really our only, glimpse of Sophy Kratides. It is a picture of exotic beauty and elegance as she floats onto the scene almost like a supernatural vision.

The vivid contrasts and symbolism of the scene are worthy of examination. Sophy Kratides measures well against all four of the men she found by accident in the grim interrogation chamber:

The “tall and graceful” Sophy stood far above the vulgar, giggly and sinister little Kemp, both physically and morally.

The dark woman who stepped into the room was markedly different than her “pale and emaciated” brother.

Her generous rush to give aid to the tortured victim was overcome by the deceit and violence of Latimer.

And her stateliness and her courage, her quickness to act, put the cringing and timid Melas to shame.

So, too, the contrast in her own person foreshadowed things to come. Into that room stepped a surreal figure – a dark woman in white, the perfect type of the “Angel of Death,” a role she would play some months later on the Continent.

After this dramatic scene, what did the two ne’er-do-wells do? Finished now with Melas’ services, the black-hearted villains Latimer and Kemp simply paid him, threatened him about keeping his mouth shut, drove him around for a while, and dumped him out of the carriage to get home as best he could.

Now, why do you suppose they didn’t just kill him then and there? It wasn’t as though anyone knew where he was. Latimer and Kemp clearly had no qualms about kidnapping, torture and extortion. Why would they balk at murder? Because, I think, they believed Melas to be a fellow traveller on the dark side of the law, a man who wished to avoid the notice of the authorities. They had no reason to believe that Melas would betray them. After all, he made his living with this kind of shady activity; and it was conceivable that they might need him again in the future.

But betray them, he did. Melas went straight to Mycroft with his story. He also claimed that he went to the police and that the police refused to believe him. This is not credible, either. Melas commanded an eminently respectable appearance and spoke in the manner “of an educated Englishman.” The police would not have dismissed his story out-of-hand. Instead, I believe that the lie that he went to the police is just more window-dressing for the benefit of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson, cooked up by Mycroft and Melas in advance to help rationalize Mycroft’s interest in the case.

At this point, Mycroft's treatment of Melas borders upon the bizarre.

First, he places the Greek interpreter quite squarely in harm's way by running an advertisement in the agony columns of all the daily London newspapers asking for information about Paul Kratides and his sister Sophy, in clear defiance of the menacing and quite deadly warnings of Latimer and Kemp.

Second, he sends him away from the Diogenes Club without taking any precautions whatsoever for his safety. Melas was not advised to change lodgings, hire a bodyguard or arm himself. All he got was a parting bit of advice from Sherlock Holmes: to be "on guard...for of course they must know through these advertisements that you have betrayed them."

Well, excuse me if I think that just doesn't really help Melas a whole lot. It reminds us, in fact, of the time when Sherlock Holmes carelessly sent young John Openshaw out of his Baker Street rooms and to his death at the hands of the Ku Klux Klan in "The Adventure of the Five Orange Pips."

And, by the way, while we're talking about that advertisement, does anyone really believe that Sherlock Holmes wasn't already aware of that strange message? We know from "The Adventure of the Noble Bachelor" that Holmes not only read the agony columns "of the various London journals" every single day because he found them "always instructive," but we learn from "the Red Circle" that he also clipped them out daily and filed them in one of his reference volumes. Surely, Sherlock Holmes was not only already aware of the advertisement, I suspect he had something to do with its placement.

In any event, the ad was placed, and Melas was sent on his way. There is no indication that he had objected to the advertisement, nor that he was particularly nervous about it. He must have had solid confidence in the ability and the willingness of Mycroft Holmes – his contact and confidant in the intelligence business – to protect him.

Quite apparently, that confidence was misplaced, but why?

Because Melas had brought Mycroft information of greater significance than even he suspected, and Mycroft was determined to pursue it for reasons that neither Melas nor even his brother Sherlock were privy to. Mycroft wanted to find these people: Paul and Sophy Kratides, Harold Latimer and Wilson Kemp. He wanted to find them so badly that he was willing to hang his informant, Melas, out to dry, as bait for the trap, and even to make a drastic variation in his own routines.

Apparently, Mycroft especially wanted to get his hands on Latimer and Kemp. That he was willing to sacrifice Melas and to take the risk that the two Kratides might be collateral damage reveals how high the stakes must have been. If they died in the process, well, that would be regrettable but

necessary, an ugly reality in what Rudyard Kipling called “the Great Game that never ceases day and night.” Remember what Kipling said in *Kim*: “We of the Game are beyond protection. If we die, we die. Our names are blotted from the book. That is all.”

So Mycroft arranged for his brother Sherlock to be brought into the case, to make the search. And we have an adventure to be sure – the response to the advertisement by Mr. J. Davenport, Mycroft’s visit to Baker Street, the second abduction of Mr. Melas, the infuriating delay at Scotland Yard, the mad rush to The Myrtles, the discovery of Paul Kratides dead and Mr. Melas nearly so as they were being poisoned by a charcoal fire, the disappearance of the villains Latimer and Kemp with their captive, Sophy Kratides.

But we don’t learn a lot about these people until close to the end of the story. Sophy had come to England and somehow fallen under the influence of the oily Latimer, probably romantically. She ran off with Latimer, her friends were scandalized, and they informed her brother in Athens, but then they “washed their hands of the matter.”

Paul Kratides rushes to London, even though he doesn’t speak English, and is immediately captured by Latimer and Kemp, who proceed to torture and starve him in order “to make him sign away his own and his sister’s property.” That’s when they brought in Melas. Sophy walked in on the interrogation, as we have seen, and realized for the first time that she was also a prisoner of Latimer rather than his lover.

“Finding (because of the advertisement) that their secret was out, and that their prisoner was not to be coerced, the two villains with the girl had fled away at a few hours’ notice from the furnished house which they had hired, having first, as they thought, taken vengeance both upon the man who had defied and the one who had betrayed them.”

As we already noted, Holmes arrived to find Paul Kratides dead and Melas overcome by the charcoal fumes, with Latimer and Kemp having escaped with their prisoner Sophy Kratides. All in all, it appeared to be pretty much a failure for both of the Holmes brothers.

The whole account makes you wonder where our usually honest Dr. Watson really got the details about what had happened? Not from J. Davenport, one of Sophy’s friends who washed their hands of the matter after contacting Paul Kratides in Athens. Did Watson simply make up the account or leap to unfounded conclusions? Or did he and Sherlock get the details from the only living person who would have known them – from Sophy Kratides?



Sydney Paget's 1893 *Strand Magazine* illustration of the Kratides reunion and the less-familiar William H. Hyde 1894 illustration from *Harper's Weekly*.

"SOPHY! SOPHY!"





Let's review the facts: Mycroft Holmes was involved in British intelligence, international intrigue and the Great Game of espionage. He took an interest in a case that at first glance seems like commonplace kidnapping and extortion – something up Sherlock Holmes's alley, for sure, but nothing that Mycroft would care in the least about. If Mycroft was interested in Latimer and Kemp (the villains) and Sophy and Paul Kratides (the victims), it was because they were all players in a much bigger game, the game that Mycroft played day in and day out.

Latimer and Kemp were not local yokel criminals. They were sophisticated and accomplished operatives, smooth and calculating. They had an organization: the coachman and his wife at the Myrtles, contacts in Greece to let them know about Sophy Kratides' property, spies to advise them of the movements of Paul Kratides, accomplices to help them find a secluded house and escape from England at a moment's notice. And they operated on an international stage: Greece, England, across Europe to Hungary in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Mycroft Holmes knew who they were; he was on the lookout for them; he wanted them because they were players in the Great Game.

Such characters were not interested in run-of-the-mill fortune hunting. You would expect them to have ample resources for their nefarious activities. And they were ruthless, cunning and daring enough to steal or extort from any number of targets in much less complicated and time-consuming ways.

So, there must be great significance in the "property" they wanted to control. Remember, they were intent on forcing Paul Kratides to "sign away his own and his sister's property." Money apparently wasn't what they wanted – they wanted "property." Perhaps this was an estate in Greece in a location strategically important to international intrigue, a house which had served as a headquarters for their father in his own activities in the Great Game.

Even more likely – and explaining the need for an authentic signature rather than a forgery which might be detected or even expected – this property consisted of papers, records, lists, letters, photographs, blueprints, plans or any manner of sensitive information locked away in a bank's vault or lock box, with severely restricted access. Documents such as those in "The Naval Treaty," plans such as those for the Bruce-Partington submarine, photographs such as the one held by Irene Adler in "A Scandal in Bohemia" – these were the sort of "property" for which villains might engage in kidnapping and murder, the sort of property for which a dedicated young man might be willing to endure torture, the sort of property for which a mysterious young woman might play the role of a helpless girl in the power of an odious villain.

Once again, I must cite Rudyard Kipling in *Kim*: “The Game is so large that one sees but a little at a time.”

“The Greek Interpreter” has so many loose ends that the familiar Sherlockian process of eliminating the impossible to arrive at the truth has been difficult. But it is reasonable to conclude that Sophy and Paul Kratides were a second generation in internationally significant behind-the-scenes activities in Greece. Whether they, like their father, were government agents, spies, revolutionaries or even government officials is unknown. But Paul Kratides had control over the family “property” – and agents hostile to England were after that property.

Just as Mycroft Holmes knew perfectly well who Mr. Melas was, he knew perfectly well who Latimer and Kemp and Sophy and Paul were as well. Perhaps Mycroft and his colleagues had lost track of these people and had been on the lookout for them for some time.

Watson writes:

“Months afterwards a curious newspaper cutting reached us from Buda-Pesth. It told how two Englishmen who had been traveling with a woman had met with a tragic end. They had each been stabbed, it seems, and the Hungarian police were of opinion that they had quarreled and had inflicted mortal injuries upon each other. Holmes, however, is, I fancy, of a different way of thinking, and holds to this day that, if one could find the Grecian girl, one might learn how the wrongs of herself and her brother came to be avenged.”

Sophy Kratides, the woman we last saw as “tall and graceful, with black hair, and clad in some sort of loose white gown,” an ephemeral and mysterious figure, had indeed become the “Angel of Death.” She had taken matters into her own hands, she had avenged her brother, and she had protected that property which was so valuable and so important and so vital to international interests that she and Paul both took great risks for it. Sophy deserves no censure for this. In the southern United States, in my part of the country, it would be judged that they “needed killin’.”

Presumably, she had also been able to discover whatever it was that Latimer and Kemp knew, or whatever they were planning, on the international stage. After all, she had come to England and pretended to be in love with the odious Latimer, and her brother had followed her there and met his death. Once she knew Latimer’s secret, she had no need to continue her charade, and she used her own “license to kill” to end this particular episode once and for all.

So that ends the story of “The Greek Interpreter” as we know it.

But is that the end of Sophy Kratides? And is that the end of her relationship, professional and perhaps personal, with Mycroft and Sherlock Holmes? For a final time, I will turn to Kipling and the story of *Kim* for this comment: “When everyone is dead the Great Game is finished. Not before.”

Sophy, of course, was not dead. Remember, we concluded that the details of this adventure could come from no one but Sophy Kratides herself, and this convenient newspaper clipping came from someone who knew about the case and who knew about the interest that Mycroft and Sherlock Holmes had in it.

If, as I contend, Sophy was acting as a player in the shadowy world of international intrigue, we can presume that after killing Latimer and Kemp, she made her report and got ready for the next assignment. She is loose in Eastern Europe, in the Austro-Hungarian Empire just north of the Balkans, at a time of international tension and intrigue. Of course, you can make the case that pretty much any time in that part of Europe is a time of tension and intrigue. But it would be instructive to learn what was happening in that part of the world when Sophy Kratides arrived.

Chronology in the Sherlock Holmes stories is sometimes contentious, but many, if not most, Sherlockian scholars place “The Greek Interpreter” in the summer of 1888. The killing of Latimer and Kemp may have occurred fairly quickly, although it was reported “months afterward.” At this time, in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, events were occurring that would have a profound impact on the course of history.

The Archduke Rudolf, the Crown Prince of Austria, Hungary and Bohemia, was the liberal-minded son of a deeply conservative father, the Emperor Franz Josef I. Rudolf was married to a Belgian princess, but he had fallen out of love with her and was spending his time drinking, hunting and pursuing women.

A year earlier, Rudolf had purchased the manor at Mayerling, a village near Vienna, and converted it into a hunting lodge. And in the autumn of 1888 – just about the time that Sophy Kratides was inserting a knife into the back of Harold Latimer – the 30-year-old crown prince met the 17-year-old Baroness Marie (or Mary) Vetsera. She became his mistress and was passionately in love with him, and he apparently felt some affection for her as well. The Emperor, Franz Josef, demanded that crown prince Rudolf end the relationship. He supposedly refused, and on January 30, 1889, the couple were found dead at Mayerling.

The official report stated that the deaths were the result of a suicide pact – that the prince shot his mistress before shooting himself with his own gun. The incident, of course, was an international sensation, creating as

many headlines and causing as much discussion as the death of Princess Diana more than a century later.

From the first, the question of suicide or murder was raised, and the possibility of a cover-up was suspected. Before she died in 1989, the widow of the last Austrian emperor repeated the claim that Rudolf and his mistress had been murdered as part of a conspiracy to silence the prince after he refused to take part in a French plot to depose his pro-German conservative father and assume control as a liberal, pro-French emperor of Austria-Hungary.

In 1992, an examination of the young mistress' body revealed no bullet hole. And no one has ever explained how or why Prince Rudolf managed to fire six bullets into himself in carrying out his own suicide.

Was it simply a coincidence that Latimer and Kemp escaped from England with Sophy Kratides in tow and went to, of all places, Budapest, to the heart of the Austro-Hungarian Empire? Why there rather than to France, Italy, Spain, Greece or even America? No, it was no coincidence. They intended to play a role in this struggle for dominance in the Empire. And Sophy Kratides intended to stop them – and stop them she did.

Maybe, at first, Sophy was simply interested in revenge or in the more narrow focus of events in Greece that had involved her, her brother and her father. But now she was alone, adept at international intrigue, with at least two deaths at her hands, and available for further activity. Mycroft Holmes and the British Secret Service took advantage of the opportunity. Using their skills to find her in Budapest, they came to an agreement with her. It was at this point that the final details of “The Greek Interpreter” were revealed and the loose ends of the case were tied up for the benefit of Dr. Watson.

We can have no difficulty envisioning the beautiful and refined Sophy Kratides insinuating herself into the manor at Mayerling, a lovely visitor who would be of great interest to a young prince and his friends, who spent their time in much the same way that the evil Sir Hugo Baskerville did at the time of the Great Rebellion. Her new mission may have been simply to foil the remains of any plot that involved Latimer and Kemp. Perhaps she was tasked to help bring about a *coup d'état* or to facilitate an abdication. Perhaps she was going to do nothing more than spy on the goings-on at Mayerling.

She had little time to do her spying, though. The suicide – or murder – of Rudolf and his mistress must have been as much of a surprise to her as it was to the rest of the world. It's too bad that Sophy failed to prevent the death of Rudolf, however it might have occurred. Had he lived to become Emperor – either through abdication, inheritance or *coup* – it is possible that he would have prevented Austria's military alliance with Germany

and Kaiser Wilhelm, and the First World War, and presumably the Second, and perhaps even the Cold War may never have occurred.

Rather than allowing herself to be caught up in the frenzy of investigations, recriminations and publicity, Sophy may well have faded into the countryside, heading further south, to her native Balkans.

So, we lose track once and for all of Sophy Kratides, the beautiful “Angel of Death.” But I am not willing, even now, to put an end to her.

I wish to propose a new theory about the subject that opened this discussion: the object, if one ever existed, of the love and affections of Sherlock Holmes and something else: the most likely mother to the most famous detective ever born in the Balkans.

To be sure, there have been attempts to create other romances with female characters other than Irene Adler. Watson himself hoped that Sherlock Holmes would take an interest in Violet Hunter, the heroine of “The Copper Beeches.” To his remorse, he had to let that idea go:

“Holmes, rather to my disappointment, manifested no further interest in her when once she had ceased to be the center of one of his problems.”

A strong case has been made for Maud Bellamy, based on an expansive description of the young woman penned many years later by a retired Sherlock Holmes himself in “The Lion’s Mane.” Yet, despite her excellent qualities, the very serious difference in age and the description of Maud Bellamy as “helpless” and “confused” make her, at least for me, an unlikely mate for Holmes as well.

Arguments have been made for others over the years – from the sister of Victor Trevor in “The Gloria Scott,” to the newly widowed Beryl Stapleton of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, to Violet Smith of “The Solitary Cyclist.” Then, of course, there’s Mary Russell – but, well, I just don’t really want to go there.

But *if* you accept the idea that either Sherlock Holmes or Mycroft Holmes had a wife (or lover) at all – and I certainly do not encourage you to think so, necessarily – but *if* you do. And *if* you go along with the idea that his romantic liaison took place during the years of the Great Hiatus – 1891 to 1894 – then, really, no candidate other than Sophy Kratides can fill the bill.

And *if* you have always really liked the idea that Nero Wolfe, the spitting image of Mycroft Holmes, was in fact the progeny of either Sherlock Holmes or Mycroft Holmes (and that, by the way, would more likely be Sherlock than Mycroft, since romantic relationships take a lot of energy, at least in the early going, and we know Mycroft had none), and *if* you like the idea of Sherlock Holmes as the father of Nero Wolfe, then who better

than Sophy Kratides, our beautiful and mysterious Greek “Angel of Death” to be his mother? The age is exactly right, and so are the circumstances.

Here is what Nero Wolfe himself had to say about his background in *Fourth of July Picnic*:

“I was born in Montenegro and spent my early boyhood there. At the age of sixteen I decided to move around, and in fourteen years I became acquainted with most of Europe, a little of Africa, and much of Asia, in a variety of roles and activities.”

Prior to World War I, Wolfe was a spy for the Austrian government, but had a change of heart when the war began. He then joined the Serbians and Montenegrins, who had put together a joint army, against the Austrians and Germans. After a time in Europe and North Africa, he came to the United States.

Like Mycroft, Nero Wolfe was corpulent, adhered religiously to his routines, rarely left his regular habitations, and was able to solve the most complex crimes without leaving his chair. He let a younger man with energy – Archie Goodwin – do his legwork, just as Mycroft admitted that “Sherlock has all the energy of the family.”

Which brings us back again to the opening scene of “The Greek Interpreter,” as Holmes and Watson discuss the influence of heredity on his powers of deduction.

Those powers, Holmes claimed, were in his veins, an “art in the blood,” shared by his brother Mycroft and presumably to be shared by any offspring they might produce. Is there any character more likely to have that “art in the blood” than Nero Wolfe? And is there any woman in the Sherlockian Canon – including Irene Adler – more likely to be his mother than Sophy Kratides?

I leave this theory to all of you to consider in our own version of The Great Game.

*(Author’s note: I have been gently taken to task by ever-vigilant Sherlockian scholars who have observed, rightly, that the term “The Great Game” has been reserved most often as a specific reference to the century-long struggle between the British and Russian Empires for dominance in Central Asia and India, especially in the Victorian and Edwardian eras. I was not ignorant of that fact, but chose to utilize the term in its broadest context of international intrigue in that time.)*

# *Toast to Mycroft Holmes*

By Cliff Goldfarb

*This toast was given to the Baker Street Irregulars annual dinner at The Yale Club on Friday, January 6, 2017.*

Mycroft – you get no respect! You are a morbidly obese and sedentary glutton. You have even fewer friends than your brother – and he has only one! You are the 1895 version of Google and Wikipedia, the ultimate backroom boy, and the British Government couldn't function without you – but they pay you a pittance, bupkis, nada!

I typed “Mycroft” into Word, and even my spell checker rejected you – tried to make me change it to “Microsoft.” I’m guessing that if I had an Apple, it would have suggested “Miranker”!\*

We never even heard of you until Greek Interpreter, where you and Sherlock tried to one-up each other. Then you drove a cab in Final Problem and were Sherlock’s confidant in Empty House. You had a bit part in Bruce-Partington Plans, and then you were gone. You should have been in His Last Bow, but by 1912 your lifestyle must already have forced you to retire, or worse, killed you. It’s amazing that so much has been made of such an inconsequential presence.

One thing we do know about you: you were an even more brilliant observer, with an even more computer-like ability to recall and synthesize information than your astonishingly brilliant brother – and that’s worthy of respect.

Ladies and Gentlemen, please join me in a toast to Mycroft Holmes.



\* Glen Miranker, the former Apple chief technology officer and Sherlockian.

# *The real story behind “The Adventure of Silver Blaze” as recorded in the private notes of John H. Watson, MD*

By Charles Blanksteen

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In the Canon we know there are details that Watson could never share, such as in “The Naval Treaty” and “The Second Stain.” In fact, Holmes himself says in “Silver Blaze,” “I follow my own methods, and tell as much or as little as I choose.” For a long time I have wondered what some of those “details” could be that were not reported and I began writing the backstories to various adventures in the Canon.

Now suppose Dr. Watson’s private notes to “The Adventure of Silver Blaze” were discovered and I was honoured to be asked to review the papers.

In reading through the notes, I found that Watson frequently lamented that he spent most of his career praying for cases that would keep Sherlock Holmes away from cocaine. For Watson, Holmes’s inactivity and lack of mental stimulation were the prime enemies in Holmes’s fight against addiction. In all their years together, however, there was only one instance that I am aware of where Watson admitted that Holmes’s addiction and keen personal knowledge of cocaine directly resulted in solving a case, and that was “The Adventure of Silver Blaze.” While every word of “Silver Blaze” as published in *The Strand* is factual, there was an additional underlying story that Holmes did not want published as he wanted to protect the integrity of the Wessex Cup.

According to the account published in *The Strand*, Colonel Ross of King’s Pyland hired Holmes to investigate the disappearance of his horse, Silver Blaze, and the death of his horse trainer, Mr. John Straker. Upon investigation, Holmes found a receipt from a London milliner who



identified the photo of John Straker as a photo of a “Mr. Derbyshire.” It became clear that John Straker was leading a double life. With further investigation it also became clear to Holmes that Mrs. Straker was not involved in either the betting or the disclosed purchasing of expensive dresses, and that Mr. Straker had a mistress, a “Mrs. Derbyshire.” She and John Straker became the focus of investigation. Holmes found that Straker had died attempting to nick Silver Blaze’s tendons. Silver Blaze defended himself and killed John Straker. Silver Blaze was found and able to run and win the race.

However, in Watson’s private notes, I found a piece of the adventure that had never been published or reported.

We all know that Holmes returned to London after his initial trip to King’s Pyland and started his investigation concerning the disappearance of Silver Blaze. What the private notes showed was that Holmes and Watson spent an afternoon with Mycroft Holmes’s friend, Sir Lionel Rhodes Browning, who owned several race horses and was considered an expert in the horse racing field. Sherlock Holmes was especially fascinated by the complex world of betting and he thought that actual betting lines might lead him to additional paths of inquiry. Browning opined that the two most competitive horses were Desborough, owned by Lord Blackwater, and Silver Blaze owned by Colonel Ross. Browning agreed with reports from both *The Chronicle* and *The Telegraph* that Silver Blaze was the clear favourite, as Desborough was known for being an early contender but fading down the final stretch.

Holmes asked Watson to accompany him to several well-known betting establishments to get a sense of the current activity. Through Browning’s introduction, Holmes was able to befriend a few betting parlour managers. The betting was as expected, with both Colonel Ross and Lord Blackwater betting heavily on their respective horses. What was not expected, was that there were a number of bets placed on Desborough by a certain Mrs. Derbyshire. These were the only bets placed by a woman, which is why the betting parlour managers remembered her.

Holmes and Watson returned to King’s Pyland to meet again with Colonel Ross. Upon their arrival, the Colonel introduced them to Pat McKenna and “Cad” Irish, famous handicappers from America who recorded track times and conditions. Colonel Ross explained that both McKenna and Irish had assured him that Silver Blaze could easily outrun Desborough on any surface and under all conditions.

Holmes and Watson left the Colonel and his team and took a dog cart to tour the stables. Watson even included his conversations with Holmes.

Holmes: “Watson, if your horse tired down the final stretch but could beat Silver Blaze for the majority of the race – wouldn’t you do something about it?”

Watson: “But Holmes, what could he do? Lord Blackwater could hardly bet against Desborough!”

Holmes: “Exactly Watson, exactly, burdened, shall we say, by my specialized knowledge and experience, I can imagine solutions that are not obvious.”

The next day, Holmes disappeared for a few hours and arranged to meet Watson at the stables of Lord Blackwater. Holmes was already at the Mapleton stables when Watson arrived. Holmes had a large box on the floor of the stable and was wiping something off Desborough’s mouth. Holmes asked Watson to get trainer Silas Browne.

Holmes: “Mr. Browne, I hope you don’t mind me taking the liberties to visit Desborough. Lord Blackwater was kind enough to have a stable boy lead me here. Would you mind participating in a short experiment with me?”

Before Browne had time to reply, Holmes removed a live frog from the box, placed it on the floor and proceeded to wipe whatever he had taken from Desborough’s mouth onto the frog’s tongue. The frog jumped higher than Watson had ever seen a frog jump.

Browne: “I do not have time for your tricks Mr. Holmes and I would appreciate you and Dr. Watson leaving Desborough and the stables at once!”

Holmes: “Why, of course, Mr. Browne, sorry to disturb you. Oh, you may keep the frog.”

That night over dinner at the New Inn, Holmes and Watson were having port with their after-dinner cigars. Holmes went off on a tangent describing his initial attraction and fascination for cocaine. As a student, Holmes had read Sigmund Freud’s paper titled “Uber Coca” published in 1879. Holmes found Freud’s description of the properties of cocaine and his first writings on the subject most intriguing. Freud even speculated that cocaine could be used in curing heroin addiction. Holmes said that from his own days on the university fencing team, he found that a “3% solution” enabled him to outclass the other fencers simply because his mind was focused and he did not fatigue. Holmes had begun a correspondence with Freud and together they recorded and traded notes on the effects of various strengths of cocaine and doses over different time periods. They finally agreed that a “7% solution” was optimal for contemplation but not physical exertion. While they did not agree that the solution had the potential to be habit forming, they did agree that it had to be used with care.

Watson interrupted Holmes during this cocaine diatribe – a subject with which Holmes was clearly obsessed – and asked him what this drug soliloquy had to do with Silver Blaze and the afternoon frog demonstration. After reminding Watson how a logician could deduce the existence of the Atlantic and Niagara from a single drop of water he said, “Now Watson, observation then inference and imagination are essential. Did you notice the bottle of J. Collis Browne’s mixture on the shelf next to Silver Blaze’s open stable window?”

Watson: “What of it, Holmes? It is a household remedy for stomach cramps, insomnia and flatulence.”

Holmes: “Yes, Watson, but did you note what is *in* the mixture and consider why anyone would have it in the stable and not in the house?”

Holmes reminded Watson that the mixture contained three ingredients: laudanum (an opium derivative), tincture of cannabis, and chloroform. Watson still did not understand where Holmes was going and expressed his confusion. Holmes asked, “Is it possible that an overdose of J. Collis Browne’s could have been put in the curried mutton?”



Holmes: “Watson, it is rather straight forward. If cocaine helped my stamina while fencing at University, could it not help a fast horse who tired at the end of a race? I believe, old chap, that Desborough was first given an overly large dose of J. Collis Browne’s mixture and with some initial results, was then given various solutions of cocaine!”

Watson: “Of course, Holmes, it is possible, but the dosage ...”

Holmes: “Remember when I confronted Silas Browne with my saliva test demonstration? I did not explain to you at the time that this test would detect the presence of cocaine and it did as the frog surely jumped twice the expected height. When we left the stable, Watson, I returned to confront Silas Browne and charge him with drugging Desborough. I thought it best that I approach

Browne alone. As I expected, Browne was full of bluff and bluster but finally admitted that he had gone to St. Mary’s Hospital to inquire about proper strengths and doses for cocaine. Browne had, as expected, bet heavily on Desborough – the running times were spectacular. Desborough would blast out of the gate and maintain that pace throughout the race. I also learned that Colonel Ross’s handicappers, McKenna and Irish, had

secretly timed Desborough and found his new times staggering. Browne confessed that John Straker had gone to talk to him and asked Browne to bet on Desborough for him. Browne refused as he knew it would raise suspicion. Straker's first thought was to have Mrs. Derbyshire place the bet for him but he needed to be sure there was no chance of Silver Blaze winning. Straker's cravat and cataract knife, the very one he used to try to nick Silver Blaze's tendons, were the belt and braces he used to hedge his wagers. Unfortunately for Mr. Straker, he died in the process. Mind you, Straker was leading a double life and, as we know from the London milliner, our Mrs. Derbyshire had quite expensive tastes. I also warned Browne that all the doping had to stop and the race carried out properly or I would turn all evidence over to Inspector Gregory."

Watson: "But Holmes, the bottle of J. Collis Browne was in Colonel Ross's stable. Did you think Straker gave it to Silver Blaze and what does this have to do with Desborough?"

Holmes: "Well, Watson, we can never ask Straker, but the bottle gave me the inspiration and the key line of inquiry. Brown may have told Straker the 'secret' of drugging Desborough and hence Straker's desire to bet against Silver Blaze."

Watson: "And how did you know to go to St. Mary's?"

Holmes: "I didn't. I actually went to St. Bart's and they directed me to St. Mary's. I was able to find a doctor there that remembered having an unusual conversation with Silas Browne about cocaine and its impact on people of varying weights. He did ask about the impact on a 14-, 18- and 22-stone man."

Watson: "So he was trying to disguise his real purpose?"

Holmes: "Evidently. Now, Watson, being unofficial has its advantages. Since we have cornered Mr. Silas Browne, I think the race will be run fairly. Further given Colonel Ross's rather cavalier treatment of us, I would rather keep the Wessex Cup alive and our full story a secret. *Finis Coronat Opus.*"

This is the full story of "The Adventure of Silver Blaze" found in Dr. Watson's notes. This may be the only time in their relationship that Holmes's profound personal knowledge of cocaine and opiates assisted in solving a case!

# A Tale of Two Snakes

By Robert A. Moss

Robert A. Moss (*The Case of Fairdale Hobbs*) is a long-time member of the BSI and the Louis P. Hammett Professor of Chemistry Emeritus at Rutgers University. He resides in Metuchen, NJ.



round his brow he had a peculiar yellow band, with brownish speckles, which seemed to be bound tightly round his head ... I took a step forward. In an instant his strange head-gear began to move, and there reared itself from among his hair the squat diamond-shaped head and puffed neck of a loathsome serpent.” Compare this passage to the following: “In the light, the dead woman’s face looked even more pale and sinister. Beneath the paleness of her chin, something black and shiny was visible, covered with what looked like scales ... The snake was not very large. It appeared to be about three feet in length, and its tail was loosely coiled around the woman’s neck.”

The Sherlockian will immediately recognize the first excerpt from the conclusion of “The Adventure of the Speckled Band,” where Grimesby Roylott’s nefarious attempt to murder his stepdaughter recoils upon the perpetrator. Identification of the second excerpt will prove more difficult unless you have read “The Dancer’s Curse,” one of 14 tales included in *The Curious Casebook of Inspector Hanshichi*, written by Okamoto Kidō, translated by Ian Macdonald, and published by the University of Hawaii Press in 2007.



Okamoto Kidō

Okamoto Kidō (1872 – 1939) was the son of a Samurai employed by the British legation in Tokyo. Tutored by members of the legation, Kidō acquired excellent English language skills, admired Sherlock Holmes, and read the *Adventures*, *Memoirs* and *Return*. Although his literary and artistic aspirations focused on the Kabuki theatre, Kidō became a journalist to support himself and later turned to fiction. His creative coup was to fuse his love of Holmes with the vanished Japanese culture of the waning days of the Shogunate, before the Meiji Restoration of 1867, when Tokyo

was old Edo and the Emperor still resided in Kyoto. From this milieu was born Inspector Hanshichi of the Edo police.

The first of Hanshichi's exploits appeared in 1917, with publication continuing through 1937 for a total of 69 stories. Not only are the extents of the Holmes and Hanshichi canons similar, but Kidō's tales were often serialized in the *Literary Club* magazine, much as Doyle's were in *The Strand Magazine*. It is crucial to note that Hanshichi's adventures are not pastiches of Holmes. Hanshichi is his own man, inhabiting his own time and place, with an authenticity equal to that of Holmes in London. Indeed, the powerful nostalgia for Victorian and Edwardian England generated for latter-day readers by the Holmesian Canon is paralleled by an analogous evocation of 1860s Edo for Japanese readers. Now, thanks to Macdonald's translations, we too can explore Hanshichi's world.

That said, there are some persistent structural differences between the Holmes and Hanshichi tales, starting with their framing. With Holmes, 45 of the 60 canonical tales begin at 221B Baker Street, a homey ambiance that Sherlockians treasure, and about half of the tales are told either as Watsonian retrospective or from Watson's notes. In almost all the cases, Watson narrates events that occurred in the recent past, within either the Victorian or Edwardian eras. In Hanshichi's tales, an unnamed young narrator (likely Kidō himself) visits the elderly, retired Inspector Hanshichi, who relates cases that occurred some 30 years previously. Thus, events that took place in pre-restoration Edo are described in post-restoration Meiji Tokyo. Unfortunately, the narrator plays no active role in Hanshichi's adventures, so we lose the wonderful Watson-Holmes camaraderie of the Canon. On the other hand, Hanshichi's stories and their introductions capture the atmosphere of a bygone era, permitting us a virtual visit to that vanished world with its town watchmen, samurai, shopkeepers, courtesans, apprentices, servants, priests and beggars. We learn about Edo's festivals, shrines and haunted pond. We can almost see the vendors on cold winter nights, their lighted lanterns advertising sweet potatoes "as sweet as roasted chestnuts." And we hear the chirping of caged grasshoppers on warm summer evenings in Edo. They are the poor man's pets, costing only a few pennies each; the rich can afford crickets.

To gather information about crime and criminals, Sherlock Holmes occasionally uses street urchins, the Baker Street Irregulars. However, as part of the official Edo police force, Detective Hanshichi has four to five deputies who report to him. They, in turn, nurture a network of informers and snitches. Though Holmes eschews the physical in favor of deductive reasoning, the Edo police, including Hanshichi, do not balk at threats or abuse when interrogating suspects.

Two of Hanshichi's adventures in this collection echo plots or plot devices also featured in Holmesian tales. Consider the examples with which we began this essay: Doyle's "The Adventure of the Speckled Band" and Kidō's "The Dancer's Curse." Both feature murders, and deploy snakes as sensational props, but there the similarities end; the motives for the crimes and the functions of the serpents significantly differ.

The driving force in "The Speckled Band" is the greed of Dr. Roylott for the inheritances of his twin stepdaughters, Julia and Helen Stoner, whose legacies would be lost to him upon their marriages. Julia has died a horrible death and her sister Helen, fearing for her own life, engages Holmes. Holmes's investigation of the bedroom, in which Roylott insists that Helen sleep, reveals a bed bolted to the floor, equipped with a dummy bell pull communicating with a vent that opens into Dr. Roylott's adjacent room. From these observations, Holmes infers the murder weapon, an exceedingly venomous Indian swamp adder, the eponymous "speckled band." Not only do Holmes and Watson foil Roylott's evil scheme, but they drive the serpent back into his bedroom, where its deadly bite requites the villain for his crimes.

In "The Dancer's Curse," the plot's hinge is obsessive love and fatal jealousy, while the black snake is (pardon the expression) a red herring. Rather than the classic love triangle, this story offers a sort of quadrilateral in which Kameju, a middle-aged dance instructor, works her beautiful young assistant to death, then lusts after her boyfriend, Yaseburō. This infuriates an older admirer, who strangles Kameju and plants the snake, stolen from an amulet salesman, as a false clue. The credulous believe the snake was possessed by the ghost of the dead girl to exact retribution on Kameju but Hanshichi, like Holmes, does not believe in ghosts. Carefully, he presses the snake's head, whereupon it withdraws and lies down. The detective realizes that it is a trained snake of the sort used by travelling amulet salesmen. With his deputies, he tracks down this individual, whose snake had been stolen, and ultimately the man who stole it, who is also the murderer.

Doyle ranked "The Speckled Band" first among the dozen best Holmes stories that he selected for *The Strand* in 1927. Indeed, the eerie atmosphere, loathsome serpent, murderous stepfather and brilliant deductive exhibition by Holmes confer real panache upon this tale. We will not quibble over the non-existence of Indian swamp adders, the likelihood of training one with a saucer of milk or attracting a deaf snake with a low whistle.

For the western reader, "The Dancer's Curse" is filled with exotic cultural references: amulet salesmen, trained snakes, the prevalence of

ghosts in the Japanese imagination and burial customs. For example, there is a lovely description of the young dancer's grave, where from the shading branches of a guardian maple tree "sounded the dying fall of the voices of autumn cicadas." Hanshichi's recognition that the snake is a cover-up, and that it is both tame and trained, is clever and surprising. Nevertheless, there are often more chance and coincidence than deduction in Hanshichi's *modus operandi*. He just happens to come upon both the aggrieved amulet salesman and the thief/murderer at the same time.

A second pairing of related tales is Doyle's "The Adventure of the Copper Beeches" and Kidō's "The Daimyo's Maidservant," which both feature young women unwittingly pressed into service as doubles. In "Copper Beeches," as in "Speckled Band," greed for an inheritance sets the plot in motion.

The villainous Jephro Rucastle covets stepdaughter Alice's inheritance. He wishes to prevent her marriage to Mr. Fowler, which would put her inheritance beyond his reach. Rucastle's pressure causes Alice to suffer an attack of "brain fever." Now, her long chestnut hair cut short, Alice is kept a prisoner in an unused wing of the sprawling house known as The Copper Beeches. Rucastle engages Violet Hunter, ostensibly as a governess for his malevolent young son, but actually as a double for Alice, intended to deceive Mr. Fowler. Rucastle specifies that Miss Hunter must cut short her beautiful hair, from time to time wear a specific "electric blue" dress, and sit before a window in the drawing room. She is also instructed to wave away the vigilant Mr. Fowler, who walks outside the house. These ominous proceedings impel Miss Hunter to summon Holmes and Watson, who clear up the mystery. Mr. Fowler spirits Alice away, and evil is punished as Rucastle's vicious guard dog mauls his master, much as Roylott's adder avenges Julia Stoner in "The Speckled Band." We may note several parallel motifs in "The Speckled Band" and "The Copper Beeches:" greedy stepfathers, inheritances to be vested upon marriage, and retribution inflicted on the perpetrators by animals, as if Nature itself abhorred their crimes. "Copper Beeches" also features that staple of Victorian Gothic fiction, a young woman, captive in a locked room.

In contrast, the plot of "The Daimyo's Maidservant" turns on a curious kind of compassion. Ochō, a young woman who works in her mother's tea shop, is kidnapped and brought to the distant castle of a daimyo, a feudal lord. It is 1862, several years before the Meiji restoration, and Japan remains under the Shogun's rule. Ochō is dressed in elegant clothes, served delicious food, and waited upon by other women. She has only to sit with head bowed, pretending to read, or walk, chaperoned, in the garden. At night, her room is visited by a mysterious woman whom Ochō fears is a ghost. Ten days pass in a similar pattern, and then in response to



her pleas, Ochō is given 10 gold coins and returned home. After a short interval, the entire proceedings are repeated, the abduction, Ochō's luxurious detention, the ghostly nocturnal visitations, and finally Ochō's return. When Ochō is taken yet a third time, her mother consults Hanshichi, who agrees to investigate.

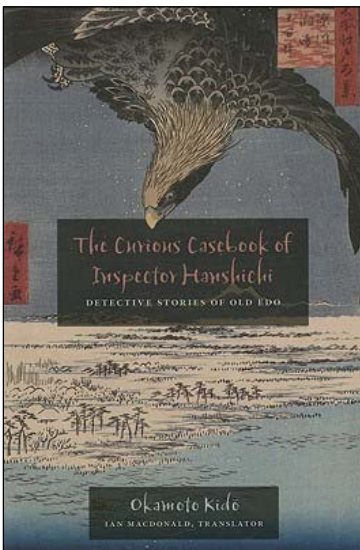
By chance, the detective is at Ochō's home when she returns. An elegant woman and a samurai then appear, demanding that Ochō accompany them for a payment of 200 ryō. These two turn out to be grifters who intend to sell Ochō. Hanshichi unmask them, noting that the woman's finger, calloused from playing a stringed instrument, is inconsistent with her claimed position as the emissary of a daimyo.

The real emissary later appears and the mystery is resolved. The daimyo's daughter has died and her mother, beside herself with grief, must be assuaged. Ochō is taken to impersonate the daughter and soothe the mother, who then believes that her daughter's soul has been called back to this world. However, to prevent the daimyo's loss of face, the arrangement cannot be made public, hence the serial abductions. The tale ends happily. Out of pity, Ochō accepts a long-term position with the daimyo's retinue, she and her mother are maintained in their own small house, and, after the death of the daimyo's grieving wife, Ochō is married into a very prominent family.

Upon comparing "The Copper Beeches" and "The Daimyo's Maidservant," we note again the role of chance in Hanshichi's success; he just happens to be at Ochō's home when the fraudulent emissary and samurai appear. There is one key deduction – the calloused finger – but

Hanshichi's role in Ochō's adventures is largely passive. For the Sherlockian, the principal attraction of "The Daimyo's Maidservant" is in its exotic charm and the feudal imperatives of pre-Meiji Japan.

Although the deductive strength of the Hanshichi stories is, in my opinion, inferior to the best of the Sherlockian Canon, the tales themselves are engrossing, well told and open a window into a long-vanished Japan. Even the cover of the University of Hawaii Press edition, featuring Hiroshige's magnificent woodblock print of an eagle aloft over a snowy landscape (from the series *One Hundred Famous Views of Edo*),



finds its resonance in “Hiroshige and the River Otter,” a tale contained in this volume.

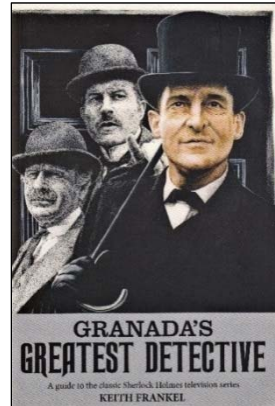
There have been hundreds of Holmes pastiches, satires and derivative detectives but Kidō’s Hanshichi is of a different order. In transporting the spirit of Holmes to late feudal Japan, Kidō both created something new and pioneered Japanese detective fiction. Sherlockian societies are both fellowships of Sherlockians and literary societies. In that latter sense, particularly, I recommend *The Curious Casebook of Inspector Hanshichi* to readers of this journal.

## “Holmes gave me a brief review”

*Granada’s Greatest Detective: A guide to the classic Sherlock Holmes television series* by Keith Frankel (2016 Fantom Films £15.99)

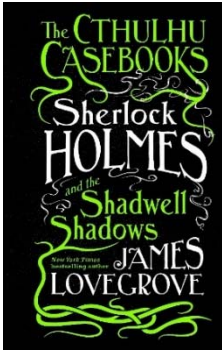
Thirty years after the arrival, and 20 years since the last episode aired, of the Granada series starring Jeremy Brett, we find ourselves with a new companion book that purports the “works have never been subject to rigorous, sequential analysis, until now.” It’s something of a tall claim when one already has Peter Haining’s *The Television Sherlock Holmes*, David Stuart Davies’ *Bending the Willow* and/or *Dancing in the Moonlight*, and producer Michael Cox’s *A Study in Celluloid* staring down from the shelves. As is typical with such survey books you’ll find background notes to the series, listings of the title, broadcast date, writer, director, plot summary and casts. You’ll also find interviews with both cast and crew relevant to each episode, although these have all been culled directly from the books mentioned, as well as various magazine articles and online sources. So, you might well ask, what does author Keith Frankel bring to the table that’s new? Other than his observations and occasionally quite insightful opinions, which are unfortunately delivered with all the pretentious heavy-handedness of a first-year film student, not a single thing. It’s pretty clear, given the complete lack of any photos and total reliance on archival interview material, Frankel didn’t have access to anyone involved with the series.

Bottom Line: While it’s a reasonably solid reference volume for those new to the Brett Granada series, admittedly it’s quite nice to have the



interview material slotted with the specific episode under discussion, those with any or all of the books from which the bulk of this volume is derived, can safely give it a miss.

– Charles Prepolec

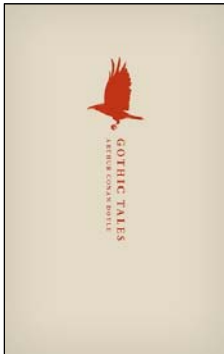


*The Cthulhu Casebooks - Sherlock Holmes and the Shadwell Shadows* by James Lovegrove (2016 Titan Books \$25.99 CND.)

This is the first of Lovegrove's Cthulhu Casebooks. The books merge the ACD and HP Lovecraft stories with some success. To do this, however, Lovegrove plays with the Canon's timeline. Although many Sherlockians will scoff at this, if you put that aside, this blending of themes and genres works.

It helps if you already understand the Lovecraft world, but the author does take the time to explain it and weaves it well into Holmes's deductions and adds a strong Victorian setting. This novel delivers in horror, mystery and adventure. If you are looking for a chilling pastiche to while away the winter hours, you could just find it and Cthulhu between the covers of this book.

– Mark Alberstat



Arthur Conan Doyle, *Gothic Tales*. Edited and introduced by Darryl Jones (Oxford University Press, 2016 Hardback \$35.95 USD.)

One of the unfortunate consequences of the enormous popularity of Sherlock Holmes is that the Holmes stories are read in relation to one another, or occasionally in the context of the detective story as a genre, but almost never from the perspective of the fiction that Conan Doyle wrote before the appearance of *A Study in Scarlet* (1887) and continued to write while the adventures of Sherlock

Holmes were appearing in *The Strand Magazine*. He contributed to a wide range of popular fiction—imperial adventure stories, pirate stories (the Captain Sharkey series), historical romances, science fiction and, perhaps most surprising, Gothic tales. The 34 tales that Jones collects take in, as he writes in his illuminating introduction, “the full panoply of the Victorian Gothic imagination's preoccupation—spiritualism, supernaturalism, and the occult; colonial, Egyptomaniac, and yellow peril horrors; medical and surgical horrors; psychological tales of madness, obsession, and murder; tales of precognition and the uncanny.”

What is striking about many of these stories is the extent to which they include a puzzling mystery that the protagonist (who is often the narrator) investigates. These Gothic tales constitute an illuminating complement to the Holmes stories. Just as the rationalism of Poe’s Dupin stories contrast with such tales of terror as “The Cask of Amontillado” and “The Tell-Tale Heart,” the rationalism of Holmes finds its counterpoint in such Gothic tales as “The Captain of the ‘Polestar’” and “J. Habakuk Jephson’s Statement.” These tales provided Conan Doyle with a literary form that enabled him to explore the very aspects of experience that the rationalist Holmes declined to examine.

– Len Haffenden

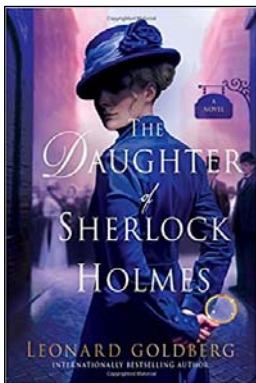


*The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes – A Scandal in Bohemia* – iDoyle, June 2016, Android and Apple, part of the iClassics Collection. Free, other titles available for \$2.99 (USD).

The text of Doyle’s original story is completely intact. Instead of editing the story, the creators add to it with illustrations, animations and interactive items. In this version you get to remove the King of Bohemia’s mask, zoom in on clues, open a door, move a letter over a candle, etc. There is also a short biography of Arthur Conan Doyle.

The story is available in 4 languages (English, French, Spanish, Portuguese), with 40 minutes of sounds, 88 sound effects, 50 illustrations, 70 interactive pages and 65 animations. Although not for everyone, this application could be an entry point into the Canon for a younger audience more accepting and comfortable with apps.

– Mark Alberstat



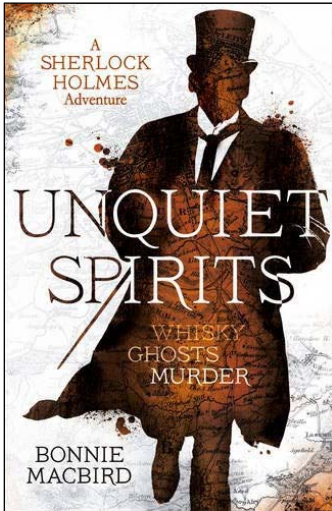
*The Daughter of Sherlock Holmes* by Leonard Goldberg (2017 Minotaur \$36.99 CND.)

It’s 1910 and a retired Watson still lives at 221B although Holmes has been dead for seven years. A veiled woman arrives at the door, seeking Watson’s help in finding answers about her brother’s death. He fell from a window, and the case has been ruled a suicide. The doctor enlists the help of his namesake, pathology professor John Watson Junior MD. They are soon joined by Joanna Blalock, an ex-surgical nurse, who witnessed the fatal plunge while with her 10-year-old son. It turns out that mother and son bear

more than a passing resemblance, physical or otherwise, to the late detective.

This is a light and fast read with a Sherlockian theme, Edwardian-era setting and a sprinkling of medical science. There are plenty of canonical references, all of which are explained to the reader. Of more interest to Holmes fans are a few mentions of happenings during his time that were never made public. As for characters, the cast is a curious one, since most are the offspring of figures who appeared in the original stories. This includes law and order types, villains and even the odd animal.

– JoAnn Alberstat



*Unquiet Spirits* by Bonnie MacBird (2017, Collins Crime Club, \$16.99 CND).

This is the latest novel from the author of *Art in the Blood*, a very well-received novel-length pastiche. This story is set in December 1889, just after the adventure we all know as *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. The new case involves ghosts, kidnapping, and a whisky estate in Scotland. This action-packed story also takes Holmes and Watson well outside of London and finds them in the French Riviera, along with explosions, a rival French detective and a grisly discovery. MacBird skillfully blends three cases into one at the Scottish estate as skillfully as the family blends their whisky.

Holmes delves deep into the family past to uncover their current woes. Along the way, Watson learns more than he bargains for about Holmes's past.

MacBird knows how to tell a tale and keep the reader guessing. Although I guessed correctly a few of the twists and turns, there are enough laced through the book to keep most readers turning the page. The atmosphere of the rugged but beautiful Scottish Highlands is an appropriate backdrop for the book and although MacBird doesn't capture the Gothic atmosphere as well as Doyle does in *Hound*, she does take you to the location and puts a chill in your bones.

– Mark Alberstat

# *Toast to Silver Blaze*

*This toast by Dayna Nuhn was delivered to the Bootmakers of Toronto at the July 13, 2013 Silver Blaze event.*

There was one topic of conversation  
Through the whole British nation

A remarkable horse, of Isonomy's stock  
Was now the subject of everyone's talk.

The favourite for the Wessex Cup was lost  
His trainer was dead, what would be the cost?

Silver Blaze was missing from King's Pyland  
Could he be horse napped by a gypsy band?

Silver Blaze was lost, and then found  
Discovered on his rival's ground.

Holmes found the horse with deduction rare  
Silas Brown was warned to take good care.

In clever disguise Silver Blaze ran the race  
Beating all others, our horse won first place.

But wait. The horse a murderer? It could not be!  
He needs a good lawyer and a self-defence plea.

Silver Blaze won the race  
Sherlock Holmes solved the case.

Colonel Ross got the glory  
And so ends the story.

So here's a good tip, for those in the know  
Bet Silver Blaze to win, place and show.



Mark Alberstat, your faithful co-editor, came across this 1910 *Punch* cartoon by Lewis Baumer while researching another Sherlockian topic. The phrase “I hear of Sherlock everywhere” can easily be adopted to “I find Sherlock everywhere.”

WHY READ AT ALL ?

FOR BUSY MEN - THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS TAKEN IN AT A GLANCE - V - SIR A. CONAN DOYLE



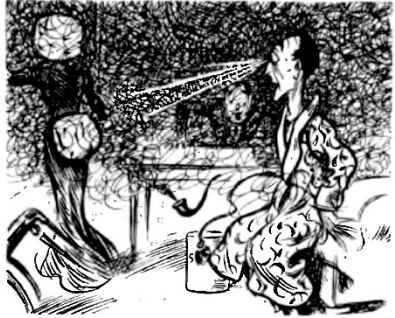
The Old Room in Baker Street. Arrival of Client



Listening to the Problem of the Lost Ermine Muff.



The Introspective Brain at Work.



Light in the Darkness.



Pooh! A Very Simple Matter.



Collapse!

# Letters From Lomax

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



As every Bootmaker knows, by the time they have cut their first Sherlockian baby tooth, Sherlock Holmes fought Professor Moriarty at Reichenbach Falls in Meiringen, Switzerland, and contrary to all initial appearances, managed to survive the conflict. When, after a three-year hiatus, Holmes presented himself to Watson and had to account for his ongoing existence; he explained that he had survived by overpowering Moriarty with his skill in baritsu and then hiding from Moriarty's minions. He finished his story with the words "...I took to my heels, did ten miles over the mountains in the darkness, and a week later I found myself in Florence..."

This summer the Reichenbach Irregulars of Switzerland and Uno Studio in Holmes of Italy worked together to bring this canonical excerpt to life with a linked pair of conferences. The Reichenbach Irregulars held "Reichenbach and Beyond" in Meiringen from August 31 to September 3, 2017 and Uno Studio in Holmes (the Sherlock Holmes Society of Italy) held "Another week later" quite literally a week later in Florence, September 8-10. Such a wonderful, whimsical concept deserves enthusiastic support, so as soon as I heard rumors about the intended conferences I decided that I would go to both, if at all possible. Thanks to a bit of savings and wonderful coworkers who let me absent myself during the busyness of the *Pop Sherlock* exhibition, I was fortunate enough to follow through with this intention. Fellow Torontonians and Bootmakers Cliff and Doris Goldfarb and Hartley and Marilyn Nathan were there as well, along with representatives from the U.S., Japan, U.K., France, and, of course, Switzerland and Italy.

The Swiss conference convened at the Hotel Panorama, which eventually revealed its spectacular view of Reichenbach Falls and the Alps after a couple of days of cloud and mist. ("The Land of Mist" was a Doylean joke very much at play during those first days.) We dined on Swiss specialties such as raclette cheese and meringues (which were invented in Meiringen!) Excellent papers were presented, many of which offered a wide range of solutions to the problem of how Holmes would have made his way through unknown alpine passes in the dark. We also took alpine journeys of our own to Rosenlauri and a very Victorian mansion called Schloss Hünegg, but unlike Holmes, we enjoyed our trip in the comfort of buses and postal coaches. On the last day of the conference,



Cliff Goldfarb represented the home team with an entertaining paper on Brigadier Gerard and Conan Doyle's other post-Sherlock work.

Eventually, it was time to leave and make our way to Italy, and although we were a group of dedicated Sherlockians, I must admit that no one chose to scramble through the Alps in the dark without supplies. For my part, I took the train, passing through Domodossola, Bologna and Ravenna before getting to Florence. The conference started with a series of presentations held in a government building located right down the street from the city's famous Cathedral of Saint Mary of the Flower, which you may know as the Duomo. Those who have visited Florence know the opulence of the city's art treasures. They are indeed so omnipresent that even our conference room was all frescos and gilt. Visiting attendees spent some time taking photos and marvelling at the surroundings before settling down to the business at hand.

The conference marked the 30th anniversary of Uno Studio in Holmes, and as we celebrated Holmes and Holmesian activities in Italy, conference organizers showed their guests some highlights of Florence as well. There was a Sherlockian walk and a visit to the Opera Duomo Museum to see the great treasures that Holmes himself might have seen. Another highlight of the weekend was a banquet in a restaurant overlooking the city. Victorian dress was optional, and since (for better or worse) "optional" is

not a word in my vocabulary, I managed to cram a blouse, skirt and bustle in my suitcase. It was worth it, too. On the streets of Florence, Victorian garb not only feels right, it even feels a little too modern.

After tracking Sherlock Holmes through Switzerland and Italy, I returned to Toronto to find him at home as usual in the Arthur Conan Doyle Room, and also in the TD Gallery, where our *Pop Sherlock* exhibition runs until October 22. I hope you can join us.



*Peggy Perdue with a well-known friend in Meiringen, Switzerland*

# B OOTMAKERS' DIARY

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

*— The Five Orange Pips*

Monday, May 22, 2017 – Victoria Day Tea

Forty-two holiday celebrants attended the annual Victoria Day Tea of the Canadian Royal Heritage Trust, including nine Bootmakers (Karen Campbell, Noreen Crifo, Philip Elliott, Stanley and Arlene Gelman, Michael Lozinski, Dayna Nuhn, Peggy Perdue and David Sanders). The event featured two other Bootmakers as guest speakers, Barbara Rusch and Donny Zaldin. Barbara recited her recently penned “Ode to Queen Victoria,” which contained the following mention of a loyal subject of that certain gracious lady: “In her name Sherlock Holmes pledged the villains to foil, / The holes in the wall were proof that he was loyal. / Her initials in bullet pocks one still can see, / Adorning the wall of 221B. / For him the other woman she always would be / Of his services she was known to avail, / Certain that good would always prevail. / He rejected a knighthood, thought it almost a sin, / But he did accept an emerald tie-pin. / For this faithful subject who had passed every test, / She pinned his reward right onto his chest.” Donny’s illustrated presentation, titled “The Dionne Quintuplets: Canada’s Princesses and the Royal Connection” detailed the four-week Royal Tour of Canada and the United States during the summer of 1939 by King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, which included a “private visit” on May 22 at Toronto with Canada’s five identical sisters, the Dionne Quintuplets, Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie and Marie, whom Their Royal Majesties “particularly” wanted to meet. So, during an extraordinarily important goodwill and politically motivated pre-World War tour, the King and Queen took time out from their crucial mission, during which they met with the Canadian Prime Minister, Mayors, armed forces, their subjects, the American President, the Ambassador to Britain, and public admirers, to meet with the almost five-year-old Canadian icons and international darlings. Following a Victorian tea, the holiday crowd enjoyed a display of Donny’s Quints collection of souvenirs and ephemera.

– Donny Zaldin

Saturday June 10, 2017

Between 20 and 25 Bootmakers and guests gathered at the Duke of Kent pub on Yonge Street for the annual Bootmaker Pub Nite.

Mike Ranieri toasted Sherlock Holmes; Dave Drennan, Watson; Philip Elliott, Queen Victoria and David Sanders, The Duke of Kent. David Sanders (host for the evening) reminded those assembled that it was also the 96th birthday of Prince Philip and glasses were raised in His Royal Highness's honour.

– David Sanders MBt

July 15, 2017

On what turned out to be a beautiful day, 42 Bootmakers and guests, contended with a subway closure and striking casino workers, to arrive at Woodbine Toronto for the 30th annual Silver Blaze event.

Festivities were held in Favourites Restaurant, where the assembled lost no time digging into the sumptuous buffet.

This year Silver Blaze was the fourth race. The winner was Drink in My Hand, a long shot that paid off handsomely for those who had bet on her to win. A draw was held for those who would attend the Winner's Circle to present the trophy to the owner. Donny Zaldin (Col. Ross), Barbara Rusch, Betsy Rosenblatt, Sylvia Anstey, Laurie Manifold and Danielle Cunningham were the lucky winners.

There were also several contests in connection to the race. Robin MacKenzie won for predicting the first-, second-, and third-place winners. Dayna Nuhn and Michael Lozinski won for the best Sherlockian connection to one of the horses in the race and Jacquie Todd for the best Silver Blaze attire.

Thanks to Col. Ross, Donny Zaldin, for another great Silver Blaze.

– David Sanders M.Bt.



*Winner's Circle presenters: from left to right: Betsy Rosenblatt, Danielle Cunningham, Barbara Rusch, Jacqueline Todd, Laurie Manifold and Sylvia Anstey. Photo by Bruce Aikin*



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