Canadian Holmes

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Cover: Lost World illustration by Joseph Clement Coll for The Associated Sunday Magazines (1912).

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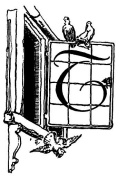


Traces of Bootprints

A wide-ranging issue is within your grasp

Sherlock Holmes provides us with a few lessons on the need to ever be on the lookout for things hidden in plain sight.

This issue features two articles that explore lesser known, but nonetheless fascinating, aspects of Doyle and his world.

Cliff Goldfarb examines the relationship between two of his heroes, Sirs Winston Churchill and Arthur Conan Doyle. The link between the pair does not go deep, but there are interesting similarities and differences in their backgrounds, not to mention occasions where the paths of these prominent figures cross in intriguing ways.

Charles Prepolec provides a new appreciation of the Challenger series and its legacy in the second part of his two-part article. The Challenger canon consists of a mere five stories. But the originals are highly collectible today, both in serialized magazine form and first-book editions. A look at the demand for vintage comic books, movie memorabilia and much more featuring *The Lost World* and its subsequent stories whets the appetite to take another look at the adventuresome scientist.

We also have Barbara Rusch's Bow Window column, this time looking at smoking and tobacco. Kelvin Jones tells us about the links he has found between Dr. Thorndyke and Sherlock Holmes. Karen Campbell's quiz on "The Final Problem" is followed by Sonia Fetherston's memory of a pint-sized Sherlock, and Mike Ranieri's 2017 toast to the Bootmakers is also showcased in this issue.

Eagle-eyed readers will notice that there are no Diary Notes in this issue. For the first time in many decades *Canadian Holmes* is without this regular column with no one to blame but COVID-19.

Thank you to everyone who continues to contribute to *Canadian Holmes* and to read the journal while in the middle of a pandemic. Special thanks go out to Charles Prepolec for his final proof reading, Doug Wrigglesworth, who arranges each issue to be printed, John Gehan, who prepares it for Canada Post and Larry Beam who gets the electronic version online. Without these three behind the scenes you would not be holding the journal in your hands today. It's reassuring to know we can stay connected in many virtual ways, including a printed journal, even when we can't get together in person.

The view from the bow window

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

Pipe smoking is the oldest form of smoking known to mankind, dating back to Native American cultures before the arrival of the Europeans. Tobacco, herbs or leaves were inhaled through long stems or reeds and often served medicinal as well as ceremonial purposes, thus the origins of the "peace pipe." Christopher Columbus discovered the tobacco plant on his first expedition to the Americas in 1492. Shortly after his return to Spain, the manufacture of tobacco pipes, generally made of clay, began. Tobacco was brought to England for the first time in 1586, when Sir Walter Raleigh brought the "brown gold" from Virginia. He even encouraged Queen Elizabeth I to give it a try.

By the 17th century, tobacco smoking had spread throughout Europe, touted as a medicinal cure-all recommended for the relief of toothache, falling fingernails, worms, lockjaw, bad breath, and even cancer. During the Great Plague of 1665, tobacco was widely viewed as a defence against "bad air," while during the Napoleonic Wars a pipe was regarded as a focal point of a soldier's uniform.

By the late 19th century, a wide variety of pipe designs had gained popularity. From the long, thin clay pipe, which was fragile and easily broken, to the curved calabash, from the simple corn cob and the popular briar to the artistic meerschaum, carved from a malleable white substance derived from microscopic sea creatures, pipes came in every conceivable design.

There are over 100 different references to tobacco and pipe smoking in the Canon. Holmes authored a monograph on the ashes of 140 different varieties of pipe, cigar and cigarette tobacco, complete with coloured plates. If he has one instantly identifiable accessory, as integral to his persona as his magnifying glass, deerstalker and Inverness cape, it is his ubiquitous pipe. He is an inveterate pipe smoker, confessing to being a "self-poisoner" by his "lamentable" tobacco, in addition to having a cocaine addiction. One of the first statements he makes to Watson as they negotiate rooming together is a telling one: "You don't mind the smell of strong tobacco, I hope." He has at least two pipes that we're aware of – a

richly grained briar and a black clay, "the oldest and foulest of his pipes," both of which he keeps in a rack. Though there is no evidence that he smokes a calabash, William Gillette, the actor who first brought Holmes to the stage in 1899, depicted him smoking one, allowing the audience to better view his distinguished profile, while more easily articulating his dialogue. In the public imagination, Holmes has been most closely associated with that design ever since. He stores his preferred tobacco, a strong shag, in typically eccentric fashion, in the toe of a Persian slipper. That he is a chain smoker can scarcely be denied, as Watson reports him enjoying a before-breakfast pipe, "composed of all the plugs and dottles left from his smokes of the day before," followed by a breakfast pipe and a post-breakfast pipe.

Smoking his pipe is an aid in his most confounding cases, which may be ranked in difficulty by the number of pipes it takes to solve them. "The Red-Headed League" proves to be "quite a three-pipe problem." Oddly, all that dense smoke and foul air appear to assist him in penetrating the murky fog, both atmospheric and mental, clearing his brain rather than muddling it. Ultimately, his pipe serves a three-fold purpose. At times it acts as a stimulant, allowing him to focus his mind as he unravels some knotty problem. "I have been to Devonshire … My body has remained in this armchair and has ... consumed in my absence two large pots of coffee and an incredible amount of tobacco." At others, smoking acts as a sedative. He reminisces that the old black clay has been the "unsavoury companion of my deepest meditations." Smoking also serves as an appetite suppressant, allowing him to go for long periods without nourishment, since "the faculties become refined when you starve them." On occasion, it is the pipe itself which provides the clue. "Pipes are … of extraordinary interest," observes Holmes. "Nothing has more individuality, save perhaps watches and bootlaces."

A set of meerschaum pipes from the collection of the author, carved in the likeness of Holmes and Watson

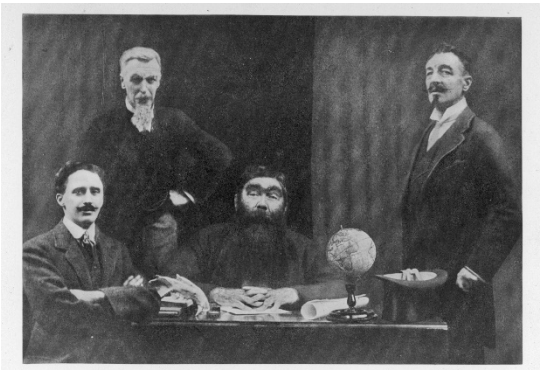
It would be difficult to imagine our consulting detective without his pipe, next to Watson his closest companion, if somewhat less salubrious. As Williamson, the defrocked priest in "The Solitary Cyclist" sneers contemptuously, "Put that in your pipe and smoke it, Mr. Busybody Holmes," advice he would no doubt be delighted to take.

Enter the Lost World of Professor George Edward Challenger – Part 2 of 2

By Charles Prepolec

Charles Prepolec, M.Bt., BSI ("The Man with the Twisted Lip") is a Calgary, AB Sherlockian, former mystery specialty bookshop owner, collector and freelance editor. His most recent fiction anthologies include Gaslight Gothic: Strange Tales of Sherlock Holmes *(2018 EDGE) and* Professor Challenger: New Worlds and Lost Places *(2015 EDGE).*

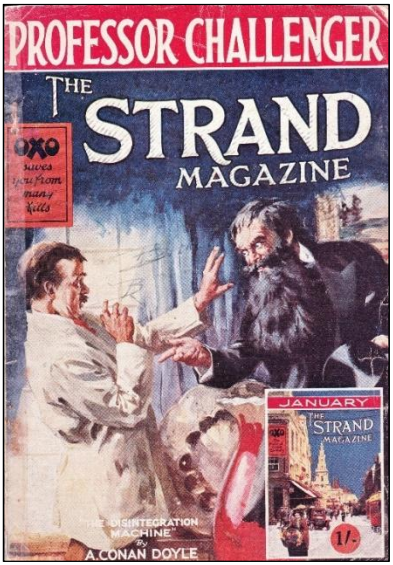
So, you've gone off and read all five Challenger stories and loved them. Now what? Why, what else, but time to start collecting the books, and possibly anything else related to them. You might be forgiven for thinking that as he's not as well known as Sherlock Holmes, and has a considerably smaller canon to draw on, that collecting Challenger would be a comparatively simple matter. But while that may be true for the Canonical tales, there is considerably more to the matter than meets the eye. For Doyle, and his various publishers, there was clearly a sense of excitement and hope around the development of Challenger as a sort of replacement for Holmes, or at least a character equally as popular, and more importantly, lucrative for everyone involved. As such, Doyle was heavily involved in the development, design and marketing to present and promote the stories and books. He had watercolour and line art produced to his specifications by his brother-in-law Patrick Lewis Forbes to feature as the work of 'Maple White' within the story. Doyle went so far as to dress up as Challenger himself and pose for photos, alongside Forbes (as both Summerlee and Roxton) and photographer William Ransford (as Malone) in-character,



Professor Summerlee, F.R.S.
E. D. Malone (*Daily Gazette*.) Professor G. E. Challenger, F.R.S., F.R.G.S. Lord John Roxton.
THE MEMBERS OF THE EXPLORING PARTY

that would be used in various releases. All of which comes together to make the Challenger publications rather special, with some neat items and sidelines as a result. So, let's take a look at some highlights of what's out there.

The Challenger Canon (Magazines)



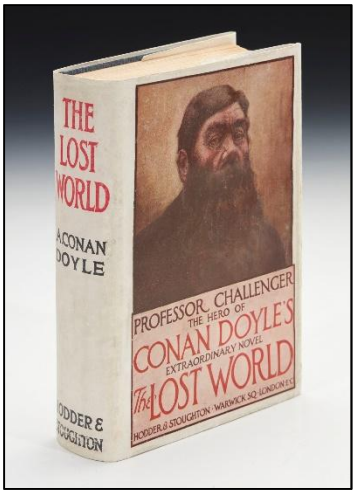
As with most of Doyle's writing, Challenger, and *The Lost World*, made their debut in serial magazine publication. *The Lost World* was serialized, almost simultaneously, in the UK and USA. The American run appeared over 18 weekly issues in The Associated Sunday Magazines (*Baltimore Sun*, *Boston Post*, *Buffalo Courier*, etc…) starting on March 23, 1912, with illustrations by Joseph Clement Coll (the *Buffalo Courier* cover for the first issue was pictured in the last issue of *Canadian Holmes*). The UK serialization, as usual, was in *The Strand Magazine*, running monthly over eight issues from April through November 1912 (bound volumes 43 and 44) with illustrations by Harry Rountree and Maple White. *The Poison Belt* first appeared in both the UK and US editions of *The Strand Magazine* in 1913, with the UK run in the March through July issues (bound volumes 45 and 46) with 23 illustrations by Harry Rountree. The American run was in the April through August issues, which featured striking colour covers for the May, June and July issues by Rountree. Curiously, *The Land of Mist* appeared in *The Strand Magazine* in the UK from July 1925 through March 1926 (bound volumes 70 and 71) with illustrations and a full colour cover on the July issue by F. E. Hiley, and then again in the UK in *The Home Magazine* from November 1925 through July 1926, with illustrations by Howard K. Elcock. The only North American serialization appears to have been in *The Canadian Magazine* from August 1926 through July 1927, again with the Hiley illustrations. "When the World Screamed" appeared in the April and May 1928 issues of *The Strand Magazine* (bound volume 75) in the UK with illustrations by Hiley, and in the February 25 and March 3, 1928 issues of *Liberty* magazine in the USA, with illustrations by Herbert M. Stoops. The final Challenger story, "The Disintegration Machine," appeared in the January 1929 UK issue of *The Strand* (bound

volume 76), with Hiley illustrations and colour cover, and the February 1929 issue of *Hearst's International and Cosmopolitan* magazine under the title "The Man Who Would Wreck the World", with an illustration by J. M. Clement. It's worth noting that prices for magazines, both individual and bound, featuring Challenger stories are only marginally less expensive than those featuring Holmes, with individual magazines or bound volumes ranging from $100 - $300 USD each.

Should you enjoy French language publications, both *The Lost World* (issues 106 – 114) and *The Poison Belt* (issues 148 – 152) were serialized in *Je Sais Tout* (I Know All) with wonderful illustrations by Géo Dupuis, Louis Bailly and Will Foster (who also provided a striking two-colour cover illustration of Challenger for issue 148). They are relatively inexpensive, (under $20) per issue, if you can find them.

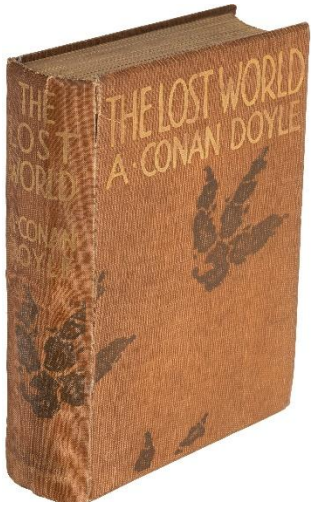
The Challenger Canon (First Book Editions)

Unlike the Holmes Canon, the Challenger canon consists of but five stories, which reduces the number of collectible first editions to technically four titles: the three novels – *The Lost World* (Hodder and Stoughton 1912), *The Poison Belt* (Hodder and Stoughton 1913), and *The Land of Mist* (Hutchinson & Co 1926) – and a collection – *The Maracot Deep* (John Murray 1929) - which contains "When the World Screamed" and "The Disintegration Machine," alongside a couple non-Challenger stories. Of course, it's not quite as simple as acquiring just four books. For starters, there are British firsts and American (or Canadian, which tend to mimic either the UK or American edition so I will not list them separately) firsts to choose from, some of which feature different artists. Then there is the fact that there are technically two different UK firsts for *The Lost World*, so now we're up to nine books, and if you throw in the one-volume omnibus edition, *The Complete Professor Challenger Stories* (John Murray 1952), it all rounds out to a nice even 10 from which to choose. This is not a checklist, so for the sake of brevity, and the fact that a great deal more effort went into their design, at least for *The Lost World* and *The Poison Belt*, I'm going to look at only a couple of the UK first editions.



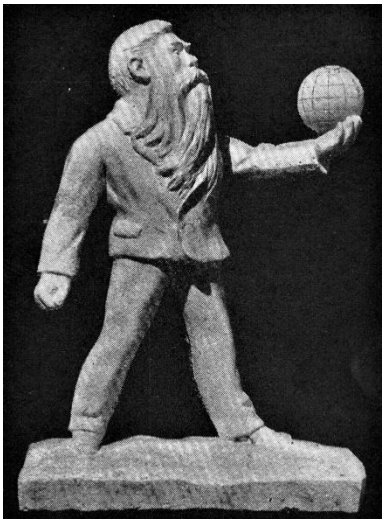
The standard first English edition of *The Lost World* was published in London by Hodder and Stoughton, in an edition of 10,716 copies, on October 15, 1912, essentially at the same time as the final installment of the serial appeared in *The Strand*. Priced at 6/-, it's a squat, thick book of 320 pages, approx. 5" x 7.5", handsomely bound in dark blue cloth, blocked and titled in white and gilt, with the upper cover featuring a pictorial design of ACD as Challenger, and signed in ACD's hand as Challenger, in gilt. The book also includes a photographic frontispiece with ACD, Forbes and Ransford in character and seven other photographic or Maple White illustrations tipped in. Curiously, none of the Harry Rountree illustrations, which appeared in *The Strand*, were used in either the UK or American releases, with the latter featuring Joseph Clement Coll art. The book was encased in a beautifully illustrated dust jacket featuring a colour rendering of ACD as Challenger. Copies without dustjacket can be had from roughly $500 to $2,000 USD. A copy in dustjacket sold at a Sotheby's auction in 2016 for £12,500 GBP.

Simultaneously, and this is a real oddity amongst all of Doyle's books, a presentation, or deluxe, large format edition was also issued. It's a physically large book, coming in at 7" x 9.25" and was bound in pictorial light blue cloth over bevelled boards with dinosaur tracks stamped in blind on front, spine and back. Details include 319 pages, 13 illustrations/photos, some hand coloured, including the frontispiece, tipped in on brown mats, pictorial endpapers of the plateau, and gilt top edge and titles. Retail price was 10/6, which may explain its relative failure to sell. While 1,000 copies of this Presentation edition were prepared, the first issue comprised only 190 copies. The remainder were bound later in light brown cloth and released in 1914 and later. It is hands down the most interesting and unique edition of any of Doyle's books. It is also scarce, with editions in blue cloth ranging from $2,000 -



$8,000 USD, and the later brown cloth editions starting around $1,200 USD.

As mentioned, a great deal of expectation was placed on Challenger and *The Lost World* to perform and a substantial marketing campaign was developed to support the book release. One of the most curious marketing pieces, and one of the most sought-after Challenger collectibles, is a 12-inch plaster figure of Challenger that was, according to an advert in The Strand just before the start of The Poison Belt serialization, issued to bookstores for display. Details are sketchy and it is unknown how many might have been produced, but it is a remarkable piece of marketing history.

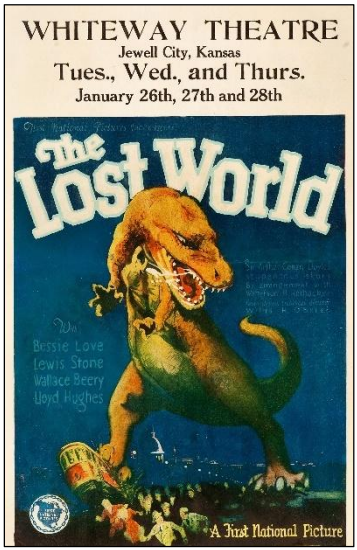


To keep up momentum for Challenger, *The Poison Belt* was released in book form by Hodder & Stoughton in August 1913, some 10 months after *The Lost World*, in an edition of 10,000 copies priced at 3/6, with another 5,000 released before year end. Again, it's a beautifully produced book of 199 pages, featuring 16 illustrations by Harry Rountree, bound in blue cloth, blocked in black with black titling to the cover and gilt titles to the spine. The front boards feature a design in black of Challenger and his wife in a spiral cloud, while the spine has Challenger hurling field glasses through a window. The incredibly rare, and beautiful, dust jacket mirrors the cover designs, but in colour. Without dust jacket, this edition averages around $600 USD. I have not seen one sold with dust jacket.

With the First World War and his Spiritualist interests dominating, it would be 12 years before Doyle returned to writing Challenger, and while the later book editions have some nice dust jacket art, with the shift from publisher Hodder & Stoughton to Hutchinson and John Murray, they simply aren't as remarkable as the first two books. That being said, there are certainly some related collectibles of interest. At some point early on, Doyle made a

little sketch of Challenger on a 6”x 8” scrap of notepaper, it’s dated 1913 in Lady Jean Conan Doyle’s hand, that is on Ebay as I write this for an asking price of nearly $16,000 USD. In July of 2019, Christie’s auctioned a nine-page manuscript of a ‘missing chapter’ from *The Land of Mist* titled ‘XIII / The Darker Side’ for £13,750 GBP, and currently they have the full manuscript available for private sale at a list price of £120,000 GBP, so there are definitely some high-end canonical materials out there for the collector with deep pockets.

Challenger in film, radio, comics, pastiche and criticism



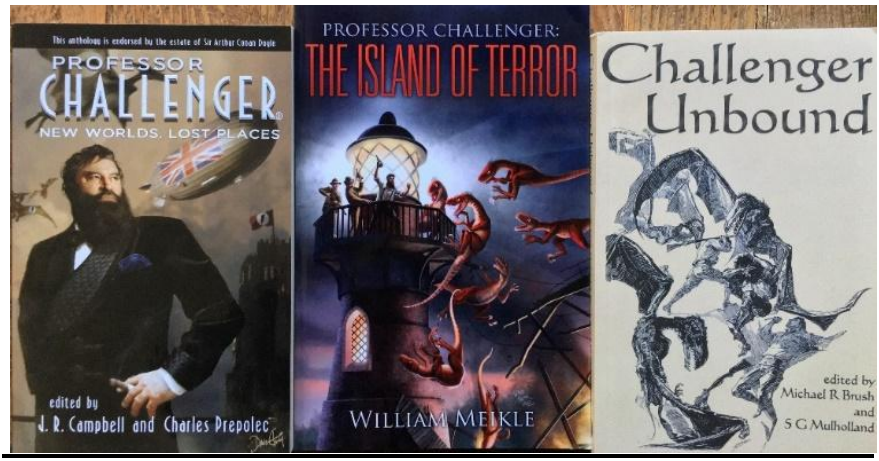
Now, while Challenger may never have achieved the level of popularity as Sherlock Holmes did amongst readers, he made a rather significant impression on filmgoers and the film industry as a whole. By 1919 Doyle had sold film rights to *The Lost World*, which eventually went to Watterson R. Rothacker, who, teaming with First National Pictures, hired a talented special effects artist, Willis H. O’Brien, to make what was essentially the first feature-length film to use stop-motion animation and live actors together (it was also has the distinction of being the first film ever shown to passengers on an airplane). O’Brien would go on to huge success, utilizing the skills he refined on *The Lost World*, with a little film known as *King Kong* (1933). Starring as Challenger was Wallace Beery, alongside popular actors Lewis Stone and Bessie Love. Should your collecting interests include media adaptations and related materials, you’re going to need to reach into those deep pockets again, as you’re now also competing with film and special effects buffs. The 1925 film had an American A.L. Burt “Photoplay” tie-in edition, illustrated with four glossy B&W production stills and a colourful but uninspired dust jacket, while in the UK Hodder & Stoughton released a new

edition with no interior photos, but a great colour dust jacket featuring Beery, Stone and Love. The UK edition is usually in the $300 USD range, while the American 'Photoplay' edition ranges wildly from $300 to $1800 USD depending on condition. Original movie posters come in a wide range of sizes and styles, but the 14" x 22" window card seems to be the most common survivor for this film, with prices ranging between $1500 and $17,000 USD. Even 14" x 11" lobby cards and 8" x 10" stills are pricey. A 16-page heavily illustrated souvenir program, including sheet music for a *Lost World* piano accompaniment, that was available for 25 cents in 1925, will now set you back between $300-700 USD. The strangest tie-in for the film, from a 2020 perspective, must be a single page advert for a typewriter with the banner 'Corona in the Lost World.' The most remarkable collectibles tied to the film, however, outside of any surviving original armatures for miniatures, are a series of 8" x 10" photos, mounted on 11" x 14" backers, of key cast and crew, with each individually inscribed by the person pictured to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. While the photo of star Wallace Beery sold for $1,075 USD in 2006, the photo of Willis O'Brien sold for $7,170 USD, giving you a good sense of what the real draw is in the film. It's the stop-motion dinosaurs! If nothing else, you can always pick up the beautifully restored film on a deluxe Blu-ray edition from Flicker Alley.

Of course, 1925 wasn't the only time Challenger was adapted for visual media. Movie posters, press kits and advertising material are collectibles that can be found attached to almost any film, and most of these are available on DVD or BluRay. In 1960 Claude Rains appeared as Challenger in an Irwin Allen production alongside Michael Rennie, Jill St. John, live lizards with glued-on prosthetics and a pink poodle. While it spawned paperback and comicbook tie-ins, and is available on DVD, the less said about it the better. Which also goes for a 1992 pair of films with John Rhys-Davies, a 1998 direct to video release with Patrick Bergin, all three seasons of an Australian-Canadian TV series that ran from 1999-2002 with Peter McCauley as Challenger, a 2002 Canadian animated series, and another DTV effort in 2005

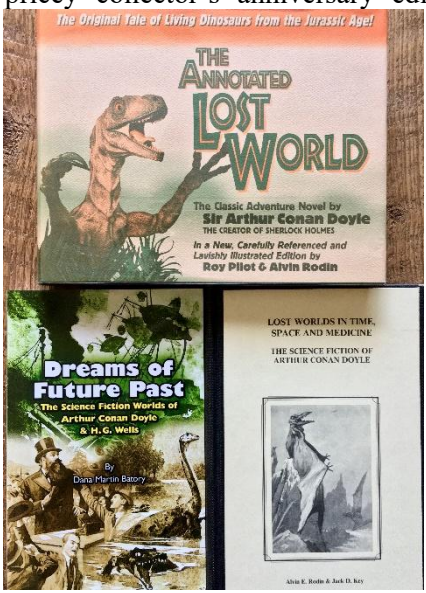
starring Bruce Boxleitner called *King of the Lost World*. There was a glimmer of potential in a 2001 BBC/A&E co-production, starring Bob Hoskins as Challenger, with special effects by the *Walking with Dinosaurs* team, but even it was somewhat leaden and couldn't top the 1925 silent film. Challenger has fared much better on radio, with no less than five radio adaptations of *The Lost World* between 1944 and 2011, with the likes of John Dickson Carr, Abraham Sofaer, Francis de Wolff, Armin Shimmerman, David Robb and Bill Paterson giving voice to Challenger. Some are available on CD or via Audible. Surely, though, the most interesting actor to take on the role, from a Sherlockian perspective, was none other than Basil Rathbone in a 1966 record album release called *Dinosaurs!* from MGM/Leo the Lion Records.

Film and television are not the only visual mediums, and given the love children have for dinosaurs, it's no surprise that Challenger and *The Lost World* have made their way into comic books too. There have been numerous adaptations for readers of varying ages. One of the earliest was the 1960 Dell comics tie-in to the Irwin Allen film, which featured art by the legendary artist Gil Kane. In the UK, educational magazine *Look and Learn* serialized *The Lost World* from September of 1972 through January 1973, later gathered up and reprinted in graphic novel form alongside the *Look and Learn* adaptations of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, *Sign of Four* and *Sir Nigel* in 2013. Of more recent vintage are a series of adaptations and original stories by Don Marquez that first appeared individually in a number of venues but the original adaptations were collected as *Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Professor Challenger: The Collected Adventures* in 2015. Even more recently, MX Publishing released a graphic novel adaptation by talented Czech artist Petr Kopl. The best work, however, is being done in France, where at least three different Professor Challenger series have been released since the 1990s and all have featured gorgeous art.



While Sherlock Holmes pastiches are practically beyond counting these days, and dozens have had Challenger along as a guest, there have been remarkably few that have focused on Challenger alone. The first I can recall was a 63-page chapbook called *Professor Challenger in Secrets of the Dreamlands* by Ralph E. Vaughan, published by Gryphon Books in 1997. More recently, Newfoundland-based Scottish writer William Meikle has written some excellent short stories and novellas including *Professor Challenger: The Island of Terror* (2012 Dark Regions Press) and *Professor Challenger: The Kew Growths and Other Stories* (2014 Dark Renaissance Books). Curiously, 2015 saw the release of two short story anthologies built around the Professor. The first, published in the UK, was *Challenger Unbound* (2015 Knightwatch Press), edited by Michael R. Brush and S G Mulholland. The second, published in Canada, was *Professor Challenger: New Worlds, Lost Places* (2015 Edge SF&F) edited by J. R. Campbell and, yours truly, Charles Prepolec. Given that the Conan Doyle Estate holds a trademark on Challenger and requires a license fee, it's doubtful there will be more anytime soon.

Of course, no collection of Challenger material would be complete without some critical commentary or writings on the writings. Fortunately we have *Lost Worlds in Time, Space and Medicine: The Science Fiction of Arthur Conan Doyle* (1988 KeyRod Literary Enterprises) by Alvin E. Rodin and Jack D. Key, as well as Dana Martin Batory's *Dreams of Future Past: The Science Fiction Worlds of Arthur Conan Doyle & H. G. Wells* (2010 Wessex Press) to help fill the gap. There have also been a couple of pricey collector's anniversary editions of *The Lost World* privately published by J. R. Lavas in Australia, a 90th and a centenary, with some good essay material. However, the best of the bunch, and a keystone item in any Challenger collection, is the even more scarce and highly collectible, *The Annotated Lost World* (1996 Wessex Press) by Roy Pilot and Alvin Rodin.



And there you have it, only five stories, but more than a century's worth of collectibles have sprung from them. While by no means a comprehensive survey, surely there's enough to whet your appetite for the hunt. Enjoy your collecting!

Dr. Thorndyke and Sherlock Holmes

By Kelvin I. Jones

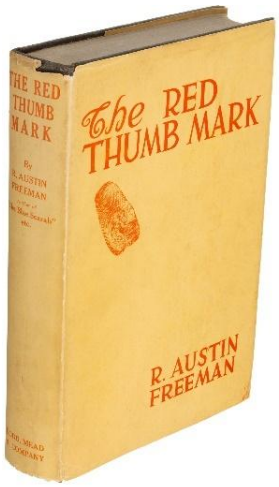
Kelvin I. Jones is the author of numerous books and articles on the Great Detective. His work includes The Sherlock Holmes Murder File, The Annotated Hound of the Baskervilles *and others. He has written a Doyle biography* Conan Doyle & The Spirits *and the recently published* The Uncanny worlds of Conan Doyle*. He lives in the Devil's Foot country of Cornwall, UK.*

In his 1941 essay "The Art of the Detective Story," R. Austin Freeman describes the beginning of what would become his greatest contribution to mystery and detective literature — the inverted tale:

> "Some years ago, I devised, as an experiment, an inverted detective story in two parts. The first part was a minute and detailed description of a crime, setting forth the antecedents, motives, and all attendant circumstances. The reader had seen the crime committed, knew all about the criminal, and was in possession of all the facts. It would have seemed that there was nothing left to tell. But I calculated that the reader would be so occupied with the crime that he would overlook the evidence. And so, it turned out. The second part, which described the investigation of the crime, had to most readers the effect of new matter. All the facts were known; but their evidential quality had not been recognized."

In 1901, 20 years after the appearance of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's immortal detective, Sherlock Holmes, a Gravesend doctor, R. Austin Freeman, published his first detective novel. Titled *The Red Thumb Mark*, it presented one of the most successful scientific detectives in English fiction, Dr. John Thorndyke. The story concerns the theft of a parcel of diamonds from the safe of an old man, John Hornby. In the safe is found a small scrap of paper marked with a bloody thumbprint. When suspicion falls on Hornby's nephews, Walter and Reuben, they refuse to be fingerprinted by the police.

Later, Hornby's wife shows the authorities a "Thumbograph" machine, given to her as a novelty by Walter some time earlier, along with several



thumbprints of her friends and relatives, including one identical to that in the safe. Thorndyke's subsequent involvement in the case and the revelation that the fingerprint has been forged, involving a sophisticated gelatin process, forms part of the scientific interest of this early novel.

Freeman's indebtedness to the already famous sage of Baker Street is apparent from a reading of this now rare classic of detective fiction. The novel opens with a chance meeting between the storyteller, Jervis, and Thorndyke at the upper end of King's Bench Walk. From the very first words uttered by Thorndyke, we are in familiar territory: "My dear Jervis," [Thorndyke] exclaimed, as we clasped hands warmly, "this is a great and delightful surprise. How often have I thought of my old comrade and wondered if I should ever see him again... ." (1) Like Dr. Watson, it transpires that Jervis is in straitened circumstances, and also, like Dr. Watson, on completing his training as a doctor, finds himself facing a cruelly indifferent world:

> "My story is soon told," I answered, somewhat bitterly. "It is not an uncommon one. My funds ran out, as you know, rather unexpectedly. When I had paid my examination and registration fees the coffer was absolutely empty … I have, in fact, been earning a subsistence, sometimes as an assistant, sometimes as a *locum tenens*. Just now I've got no work to do...."

As with Doyle, the character of Jervis bears a strong resemblance to the impecunious author himself. Freeman lived in the south-east of England for most of his literary career, as did Doyle.

Born in Soho, London, in 1862, Freeman attended several private schools before taking up the study of medicine. Doyle was impressed by the methods of his Edinburgh mentor, Dr. Joseph Bell. Intriguingly, Freeman also was fascinated by the forensic methods of one of his medical instructors, Dr. Alfred Swayne Taylor, though he did not know him personally. Taylor, who was born at Northfleet, Kent, in 1806, became a student of Guy's Hospital at 16 and later studied medicine in France and Switzerland. In 1831 he was appointed to the Chair of Medical Jurisprudence, a post he held at Guy's

Richard Austin Freeman

for 46 years. He earned subsequent fame in appearing at the trial of Palmer, the notorious poisoner. (2) The methods of Dr. Thorndyke show that same zest for logical and inductive synthesis displayed by his illustrious fictional predecessor. He frequently lectures the obedient Jervis but, unlike Holmes, shows considerable patience towards his enthusiastic disciple:

> "It is easy to trace a connection when one knows all the facts," he said at length, "but it seems to me that you have the materials from which to form a conjecture.... I think, when you have had more experience, you will find yourself able to work out a problem of this kind. What is required is constructive imagination and a rigorous exactness in reasoning...." (3)

Physically, Thorndyke exhibits that same aquiline profile as Holmes. He has a "quiet strength" and "magnetism." He is "tall" and possesses a "handsome, symmetrical face... .Yet, though it was as immobile as a mask of stone, it conveyed an impression of intense attention – almost of watchfulness... ." (4) Born in July 1870 (which would make him 16 to 18 years younger than Holmes, according to your chronological predilection), Thorndyke was educated at the medical school of St. Margaret's Hospital, London, where he later rose to the position of Medical Registrar, Pathologist, Curator of the Museum, and Professor of Medical Jurisprudence.

Unlike Holmes and Watson, he and Jervis were fellow students. When Jervis meets up with Thorndyke, his companion tells him: "[I] hung about the chemical and physical laboratories, the museum and postmortem room, and meanwhile took my M.D. and D.Sc." Here we have a ghost of the young Holmes frequenting the chemical laboratory at Barts Hospital and carrying on bizarre experiments in the dissecting rooms there. (5) He goes on to relate, in words reminiscent of Holmes:

> "... when I first took these chambers, I had practically nothing to do. I had invented a new variety of medicolegal practice and had to build it up by slow degrees, and the natural consequence was that, for a long time, it yielded nothing but almost unlimited leisure...." (6)

Here is the young Sherlock, filling in his too-abundant leisure time by studying at the British Museum reading room and gaining expertise in the various forensic fields of which he was eventually to become a master. Like Holmes, Thorndyke specializes in acquiring the most abstruse kinds of knowledge about subjects which may have a bearing on his cases. He is an expert about anatomy. In *The Red Thumb Mark*, for instance, he

undertakes a masterly series of deductions and inferences based on the observed figure of an aged stationmaster. The scene is highly reminiscent of the duel between Mycroft and Sherlock in "The Adventure of the Greek Interpreter:"

> "I seem to have noticed that peculiar, splay-footed gait in station-masters, now that you mention it." "Quite so. The arch of the foot has given way; the planter ligaments have become stretched and the deep calf muscles weakened.... " (7)

Where Freeman differs from Doyle in this respect is in the detail of Thorndyke's analyses; and it is this aspect of the Thorndyke novels which some readers have disliked. In the Holmes saga the expertise of the detective is alluded to rather than elaborated upon, thereby imparting to Holmes a continual mystique. Thorndyke is more pedantic; there is no real mystery about him, and he is always at pains to explain his methods to Jervis in the most minute and sometimes tedious detail.

When Thorndyke is sent a batch of poisoned Trichinopoly cigars (one recalls Holmes's own observations on the subject of Trichinopolies in *A Study in Scarlet* and *The Sign of Four*), he again shows a remarkably close connection with his illustrious predecessor by commenting upon the typed message that accompanies the package. Possibly Thorndyke had read Holmes's own monograph, "The Typewriter and its Relation to Crime:"

> "What is much more striking is the address on the label. It is typewritten and, as you say, typed very badly. Do you know anything about typewriters?" "Very little." "Then you do not recognise the machine? Well, this label was typed with a Blickensderfer – an excellent machine... " (8)

Freeman's own opinions about his creation are intriguing. According to Ellery Queen, he once wrote:

> "[Thorndyke] is an investigator of crime but he is not a detective." Dr. Freeman then went on to explain this distinction in detail, proving that "the technique of Scotland Yard would be neither suitable nor possible to [Thorndyke]. He is a medico-legal expert and his methods are those of medico-legal science." Difficult as it is to disagree with Dr. Freeman on matters pertaining to Medical Jurisprudence, we are certain that we merely voice the sentiments of all critics and readers when we insist that Dr. Thorndyke is not only a detective but one of (to quote E.M. Wrong) "the greatest… now in business." (9)

The distinction is perhaps a fine one, but one that the student of the Holmes saga will surely recognize. Freeman went much further than Doyle in pushing forward the lay reader into the areas of forensic science: Doyle was content to keep these areas in the background where they acted as a foundation stone, providing credibility for his creation. As Douglas G. Browne and Alan Brock observe:

> ".. if Holmes in his heyday is always a little behind the march of progress in this particular field, and Thorndyke usually abreast of it, Austin Freeman's technical interests covered a wider range than Conan Doyle's. Holmes placed little confidence in fingerprinting, either as an aid to detection or as a means of registering convicted criminals. The years during which his famous Adventures and Memoirs appeared include the period that saw the first tentative consideration of the system, its adoption, and its vindication; yet there are only four casual references to fingerprints in the series..." (10)

On the other hand, one should not get the impression that Holmes was, by comparison with Thorndyke, relatively ignorant about forensic matters. As I have demonstrated elsewhere, (11) there are numerous indications as to his expertise and wide reading in the literature of criminology. In "The Adventure of the Naval Treaty" he discusses the Bertillon system of anthropometry, expressing "his enthusiastic admiration of the French savant," while in *The Hound of the Baskervilles* he objects most strongly when Dr. Mortimer compares him to his peer.

The personality of Thorndyke shares other similarities with Holmes. According to Robert Anstey, K.C., one of his more objective colleagues, he was an "inscrutable man; silent, self-contained, and even secretive, in spite of his genial exterior." (12) In *The Red Thumb Mark* the character is a little different: boyish, exuberant and more outward going. Thorndyke's secretiveness, like that of Holmes, is an essential feature of the plots; unlike Holmes, however, he can be far more loquacious when the solution of the mystery needs to be stated. As Dorothy Sayers has pointed out, Thorndyke goes to great pains to keep Jervis informed: Thorndyke can cheerfully show you all the facts. You will be none the wiser, unless you happen to have an intimate acquaintance with the fauna of local ponds; the effect of belladonna on rabbits; the physical and chemical properties of blood; optics; tropical diseases; metallurgy; hieroglyphics; and a few other trifles. (13)

In his *Aspects of the Modern Short Story*, Alfred C. Ward has provided an interesting comparison between Doyle and Freeman which comes down heavily on the side of Dr. Thorndyke. Freeman's story, 'An

Anthropologist At Large,' shows off Thornyke's deductive skills when presented with a battered hat. According to Ward the process of deduction is much sounder and more scientifically constructed than that of Holmes in "The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle." Ward concludes:

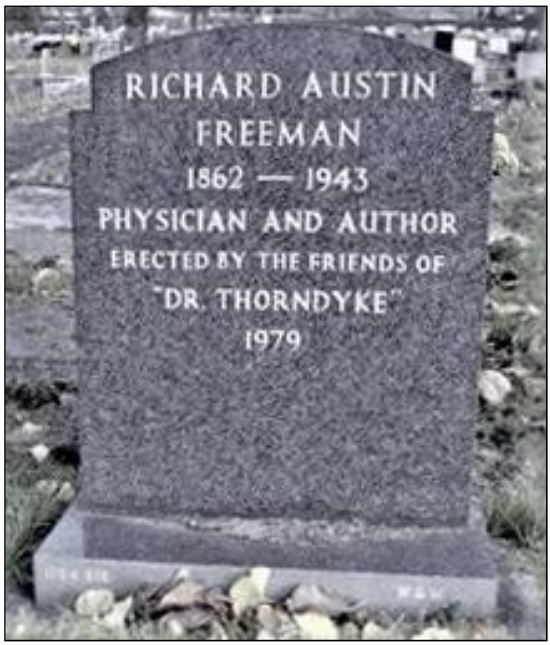
> The fact is, that Holmes was a poseur first and an amateur detective afterwards. His amazing success is rather a put-up job between him and his creator; and his occasional failures are a confidence trick, to suggest that there is really no deception in his triumphs. Thorndyke, on the other hand, is a straightforward scientific investigator, with very little nonsense about him. Perhaps he is a somewhat too well-oiled piece of mechanism to be a satisfactory fictional character; and he has none of those memorable personal mannerisms which have made Sherlock Holmes more real to the multitude than is the whole police force. Story for the sake of story is more generously given by Conan Doyle than by Austin Freeman... (14)

Ward's criticisms are worth considering. There is certainly something of the poseur about Holmes, noticeably in the earlier stories (*A Study in Scarlet* and *The Sign of Four*). The Holmes of *A Study in Scarlet* is, if anything, too remote, too self-contained. By the time of *The Adventures* we see a softening of the profile and a more expansive personality emerging. It is this aspect of Holmes which has alienated some readers, yet fascinated devotees. Though Thorndyke may be straightforward, there is certainly nothing straightforward or predictable about Holmes. The frequent introspection, the occasional dramatic outbursts, the flashes of sensitivity and artistry all serve to provide depth and richness of characterization which we miss in Freeman's work. What is also absent – particularly in the novels – is the variety and eccentricity of character types of which Doyle is clearly a master.

The Holmes stories provide such a broad and vivid canvas of the Victorian social strata that at times they assume an almost photographic clarity. ("The Red-Headed League" is perhaps the best example of this). Freeman's stories are much lighter altogether and lack that Dickensian richness which made the Holmes saga so popular. Where Freeman succeeds is in his perfection of the form as pure detection. The psychological realism of the stories is particularly satisfying, especially in the so-called "inverted stories" where the crime is described in minute detail and we follow the criminal's motivation and actions inch by inch. The research is immaculate and goes far beyond anything that Doyle conceived; and there is a much greater consistency in plot construction. Perhaps the most interesting inference to be drawn from a comparison of

Thorndyke and Holmes is this: that whilst Holmes is clearly the father and Thorndyke the son, they inhabit radically differing worlds.

The Thorndyke stories hark back to the turn of the century. There is a definite nostalgia about their settings which is impossible to ignore. Yet the link between literary precedent and its offspring also conceals an antithesis of aims. The Holmes stories are conceived of as an entertainment. Unwittingly, perhaps, they also strike psychological depths in all of us (consider "The Adventure of the Speckled Band," for instance, with its complex incestuous overtones and phallic imagery) which the Thorndyke stories do not.



Freeman's tombstone in Kent, England. "Physician and Author. Erected by the friends of "Dr. Thorndyke"

Dr. Thorndyke is pre-eminent as a scientific investigator; he instructs. And because he is first and foremost an instrument of reason, his demonstrations seem mechanical and somehow too correct. Holmes, on the other hand, occupies that twilight world between science and creativity. In this respect he has much more to do with Poe's Dupin and the Romantic consciousness that produced him than the cool reasoner of Freeman's superbly reasoned narratives.

References

(1) Note the remarkable similarity between Doyle and Freeman.
(2) Mentioned in "The Adventure of the Speckled Band" by Holmes.
(3) *The Red Thumb Mark*, chapter 10.
(4) *Helen Vardon's Confession*, p. ix.
(5) *A Study in Scarlet*, Chapter 1.
(6) *The Red Thumb Mark*, p. 159.
(7) Ibid, p. 113.

(8) Ibid, p. 148.
(9) *Queen's Quorum*, Gollancz, 1953, p. 56.
(10) *Fingerprints: 50 Years of Scientific Crime Detection*, Douglas G. Browne & Alan Brock, London, Harrap, 1953, p. 59-61.
(11) *The Making Of Sherlock Holmes*, Magico, 1984.
(12) The Cat's Eye, ix.
(13) *Introduction to Great Short Stories of Detection, Mystery and Horror*, Gollancz, 1928.
(14) *Aspects of The Modern Short Story*, A.C. Ward, p. 211-26, Univ. of London,1924.

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The Adventure of The Final Problem Quiz

This quiz was created by Karen Campbell and presented to the Bootmakers on October 26, 2019.

1) What is Professor Moriarty's brother's first name?
a) William b) James c) Michael d) Robert

2) What was one of the newspapers that carried the news of Holmes's death?
a) Le Journal de Genève b) Le Journal de Paris c) Le Journal de Montpelier d) Le Journal de Berne

3) What injury does Holmes show Watson when Holmes first arrives at Watson's house?
a) A black eye b) Bleeding knuckles c) A gashed forehead
d) A twisted ankle

4) Holmes says that two recent cases abroad have left him independently wealthy. Where did these cases take place?
a) The USA and Canada b) Spain and Italy c) Holland and Austria
d) Scandinavia and France

5) To what animals does Holmes compare Moriarty?
a) A hound and a fox b) A tiger and a lion c) A spider and a reptile
d) A zebra and a hippopotamus

6) What does Holmes say is a part of his trade?
a) Danger b) Deception c) Adventure d) Deduction

7) Where did a cab nearly run over Holmes?
a) Pall Mall b) Grosvenor Square c) Bentinck Street d) Covent Garden

8) What nearly hits Holmes on the head on Vere St.?
a) A brick b) A lead pipe c) A shutter d) A windowpane

9) Where does Holmes tell Watson to send his luggage?
a) Euston b) Victoria c) St. Pancras d) Waterloo

10) Which hansom cab should Watson's messenger choose?
a) 1st b) 2nd c) 3rd d) 4th

11) Where should Watson exit the cab?
a) Lowther Arcade b) The Strand c) Brook St. d) Park Lane

12) What will the driver of the small brougham be wearing?
a) A heavy black hat b) A heavy black scarf c) Heavy black boots
d) A heavy black cloak

13) What is Holmes's disguise when he meets Watson at the train station?
a) A nonconformist clergyman b) An old bookseller c) A common loafer
d) A priest

14) Where will Holmes and Watson disembark from their train?
a) Canterbury b) Dover c) Winchester d) Cambridge

15) How many days do Holmes and Watson spend in Brussels?
a) 0 b) 1 c) 2 d) 3

16) When do Holmes and Watson reach Meiringen?
a) 1st of April b) 3rd of May c) 5th of June d) 6th of July

17) What is the complaint of the supposedly sick Englishwoman in the Englisher Hof?
a) Consumption b) Diphtheria c) Cholera d) Measles

18) What does Holmes leave near the rock at the falls?
a) His deerstalker b) His wallet c) His alpenstock d) His cigar case

19) Stephen Leacock wrote a comic essay on the Sherlock Holmes stories called "The Great Detective." What name does Leacock give Moriarty's counterpart?
a) Black Pete b) Yellow Charlie c) Green Patrick d) Blue Edward

Answers:

1.b, 2.a, 3.b, 4.d, 5.c, 6.a, 7.c, 8.a, 9.b, 10.c, 11.a, 12.d, 13.d, 14.a, 15.c, 16.b, 17.a, 18.c, 19.d.

Sherlock Holmes goes to preschool

By Sonia Fetherston

Sonia Fetherston, BSI is an essayist whose work appears at irregular intervals in Canadian Holmes*, among other publications. She is also the author of two biographies about eminent American Sherlockians,* Prince of the Realm: The Most Irregular James Bliss Austin *(2014), and* Commissionaire: Julian Wolff and His Baker Street Irregulars *(2020). Sonia resides on the west coast of the United States.*

t was one of those telephone calls that a mother dreads: the administrator of my daughter's preschool was on the line.

"I need to let you know that your little girl has….."

Oh, no! Darling Daughter, we'll call her D.D. for short, has something? The usual suspects flashed across my mind. Pink eye? Head lice? A broken wrist?

"……has turned into Sherlock Holmes."

Understand that I was a good Sherlockian mom. D.D. grew up with the comforting certainty that Sherlock Holmes is real. She knew of my own deep interest in the Great Detective. We'd look at photos of him – actors paid to impersonate the *genuine* Holmes, you know – and indulge in girl talk about all of our favourite things: pipes and hansoms…Persian slippers and dogs named Toby…blue diamonds and tin boxes. At bedtime I often told Sherlock Holmes stories, over and over, happy to comply with D.D.'s insistent pleas for more. I prioritized the ones that weren't particularly gory, and cleaned up the ones that were. She loved "The Red-Headed League," and "The Blue Carbuncle." Another favourite was a sanitized version of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, improved by our synchronized mother-daughter howling. But somewhere between *The Sign of the Four* (in honour of which she was allowed to wear my pearl necklace) and "The Lion's Mane" (ocean effects supplied courtesy of a spray bottle of water), D.D. wandered away into that world where It Is Always 1895. And there, seemingly, she stayed. She became the youngest Sherlockian I'd ever known.

You may be thinking how irresponsible it was of me to foist untruths on an innocent young child. I don't agree. I was simply "keeping green the memory," as all good Sherlockians are expected to do, by sharing my admiration of Holmes with an appreciative newcomer.

The preschool administrator interrupted this reverie. "We had an incident at nap time, involving the new boy." Hum! I asked her to tell me about that. It was the little fellow's first day at the preschool and he'd been introduced to all the children. It seemed that D.D. was quite taken with him, in particular with his name, which was Ezra Watson. She didn't care about the Ezra part. His surname fascinated her. D.D. insisted on calling him – just as Sherlock Holmes does with his roommate and biographer – simply Watson. At naptime that particular day, after the lights were dimmed and gentle music was played to help lull them all to sleep, D.D. slowly crept to the spot where Ezra lay on his mat, wrapped in a blanket. She leaned over him and loudly exclaimed, directly into his ear, "Come, Watson, come! The game is afoot!" After his tears dried, Ezra proved himself to be quite adaptable. And adept.

There were no further phone calls but the daily notes sent home in D.D.'s backpack told the story, their tone ranging from exasperation to hilarity. The next morning D.D. asked if she could take my prized deerstalker to school and when I wouldn't let her she improvised with two baseball hats worn one inside the other, "fore and aft." When she got to her classroom she stuck a piece of masking tape on Watson, his new moustache, and they were off and running. They raided the sensory table where on that occasion there was kept a large assortment of plastic bugs, along with two oversized magnifying glasses that the staff had added for the benefit of any would-be entomologists in their midst.

"We need clues!" D.D. announced, and she directed young Watson to collect fingerprints using green paint and paper. I thought this was awfully clever. How many other parents had a four year-old who even knew fingerprints exist? Mine did, because I'd told her how Sherlock Holmes examined a print on the wall in "The Norwood Builder." She'd been intrigued to learn that her fingerprints were uniquely hers and that nobody else's were like them. "Mr. Holmes would say you are 'singular,'" I remember telling her. "That means you're very special." D.D. and her Watson used their magnifying glasses to study the prints they collected from other students. Later, I was told they passed the magnifying glasses around so all their classmates could have a look.

Next day, D.D. asked me if she could have a box of rubber bands to take to school. That seemed mostly harmless so I agreed and it disappeared into her backpack. When I went to fetch her home at the end of the day, I was informed by one of the staff members that many of the children wore

rubber bands on their heads all morning long. "Why on earth would they wear rubber bands?" I inquired, as D.D. put on her coat and mittens. It was Watson who stepped up to explain things to me, since I was obviously a dunce about detective matters. They were not *rubber* bands, he said, they were *speckled* bands, and people are *supposed* to wear speckled bands on their heads. Duh. As Sherlock Holmes himself once observed, "Education never ends."

Names, apparently, are a fluid thing for preschool detectives. This shouldn't have surprised me given that, per tradition, I myself am known by various "noms" in the several Sherlockian societies to which I belong. D.D. was well aware of this and so she and Watson naturally took to calling some of the staff and children by Canonical names. The pleasant, rotund school cook was styled "Mrs. Hudson." She shyly approached me later and asked me if it, perhaps, was the name of a friend or relative? Maybe a neighbor who resembled her? I quietly informed her that no, Mrs. Hudson was landlady to Holmes and Watson, and a much-loved character in her own right. One boy, whose birth certificate said he was Isaac, suddenly found himself dubbed "G." in honor of Scotland Yard inspector G. Lestrade, whom Sherlock Holmes once called "the pick of a bad lot." In the Canon Holmes often despairs of Lestrade's intelligence so it was not surprising that every time "G." opened his mouth D.D.'s eyes would begin a slow, Oscar-worthy roll. Then there was Miriam, a child blessed with a head of magnificent orangey-red hair. When her mother picked her up ("Come *on*, Miriam, or we'll be late!") for a dentist appointment, Miriam suddenly had a meltdown. She insisted that her name was actually Jabez, and it was *only* as Jabez that she was finally persuaded to get in the car and go. Jabez is, as Sherlockians the world over know, a man the Sherlock Holmes Canon tells us had "bright, blazing, fiery" hair in the story called "The Red-Headed League."

The balance of that week there were other amusing incidents. A pretty, blue-eyed doll was placed on a tricycle which D.D. wheeled up and down a hallway, while Watson – his masking tape moustache askew – followed with another tricycle on which sat a sad-looking puppet. Later, I found myself explaining to the preschool staff about the story titled "The Solitary Cyclist." On the playground, where there was a wiggly rubber walkway suspended a couple of feet off the ground between two outdoor play structures, a couple of girls had a fierce disagreement. "You're stinky," the first one shrieked. "You're not my friend," the second one hurled back. It might have been your average childhood dispute. It might have been Kabuki theatre. Or, it might have been "Thor Bridge." I'm inclined to believe this last possibility, since I personally observed D.D. and Watson crouching underneath the jiggling bridge, stupid grins on their faces.

Finally, there was the epic moment when Watson proposed marriage to D.D. The note I got about it said that she turned him down flat, causing Watson to burst into tears. "G." then inserted himself between them and offered to marry her instead, whereupon Watson abruptly composed himself and knocked "G." to the ground. The boys rolled around, punching each other, and had to be separated by staff members. Before it was over, "G." tore off Watson's masking tape moustache, eliciting horrified shrieks from both his victim and from D.D. She later gave Watson half of her deerstalker, one of the baseball hats, to console him.

You might wonder what Watson's parents thought of these and other activities. I only ever met the father, and as it turned out, he heartily *approved* of my miniature consulting detective and her sidekick. Actually, it so happened that the senior Watson was a deputy sheriff for the county where we live, complete with uniform, badge and handcuffs that were worn in a neat pouch on his belt. He told me he loved the idea of our kids emulating the greatest crime-fighting duo ever. "It's never too early to come down on the right side of the law," he told me, "and it's always great to know you've got a partner when you need back up." He was right. Holmes and Watson are introduced to us as two lonely men who over the course of 60 wonderful tales learn to trust, to respect and maybe even to love one another. They are dependable, decent people committed to protecting society's vulnerable. It's about doing what's right and conducting oneself with integrity and honour. By Canon's end they are two halves of what's arguably the best friendship in all of literature. The genius of it is those characters are so well-wrought, and so durable, that they've withstood adaptation from their Victorian origins to venues like present day New York City, Japan, outer space, and yes, even a preschool.

Little kids are known for their marvelous imaginations. They play-pretend they're Spiderman, or Elsa, or the Hulk, inventing story lines and acting out the most incredible situations. It's all part of healthy child development, and, more than that, it's loads of fun. But even good things run their course. After about 10 days Watson made other friends and got involved in other activities. D.D. still liked Sherlock Holmes very, very much but thought she'd try being something different, like a ballerina, instead. We continued to talk about Holmes and I went on telling her the stories. But she didn't want to *be* him anymore. She and Watson remained friendly for another year or so. Then, sadly, his parents divorced and our little friend and his mother moved away. We never saw him again. A quarter of a century on, D.D. still remembers Watson with, I think it's safe to say, a lot of fondness. And I wouldn't be surprised if, from time to time, he (along with the other children, and the workers from that preschool) didn't wonder what ever became of the girl with the makeshift deerstalker

who took them all on a brief, but extraordinary, journey so many years ago. Truth be told, D.D. grew up to become a middle school English literature instructor. She keeps a fat volume of Sherlock Holmes stories on the desk in her classroom.

I told you I was a good Sherlockian mom!

Here's to the Bootmakers

This toast was presented at the 2017 Awards. Toast lyrics by Mike Ranieri. This is to be sung to the tune of Frank Sinatra's *Here's to the Losers.*

Here's to those who read and reread stories they all know so well,
Who adore a certain detective inspired by Doctor Joseph Bell,
To those who-shed-a-tear when they remember the Reichenbach fall,
Here's to the Bootmakers, bless them all.

Here's to those who concoct eccentric theories with in-depth analyses,
Here's to dissecting every detail—part of the P.I. groupie biz,
Make sure you pay attention because this'll all be on the quiz,
Here's to the Bootmakers, bless them all.

Hey, John, James or Hamish—whatever's your name,
They credit your service, when they Play the Grand Game.

Who could love an arrogant, misogynistic, junky, sociopath?
Every TO fan since 72 go-ahead and do the math,
Sherlockian, Holmesian or Doylean, it doesn't matter what they're called,
'Cause here's to the Bootmakers, bless them all.

[Musical Interlude]

Hey Sir Henry Baskerville, come in out of the rain,
That boot that you're missing is the claim of their fame.

Rathbone vs Brett—who will win that honoured match?
Younger fans all know it's the good-looking Cumberbatch,
Here's to those who love a mystery, may your deductions all stand tall,
Here's to the Bootmakers, the Toronto Bootmakers, here's to the Bootmakers,
Bless them all!

Winston Churchill and Arthur Conan Doyle – Finest of the Empire

By Clifford Goldfarb

Clifford Goldfarb is Chairman of The Friends of the Arthur Conan Doyle Collection at the Toronto Reference Library. He is the author of The Great Shadow*, a book on Arthur Conan Doyle's Napoleonic War writing, as well as the introduction to* The Complete Brigadier Gerard*. He and Hartley Nathan have co-authored* Investigating Sherlock Holmes*.*

Editor's note: This article was first given as a talk to the members of the International Churchill Society of Canada on January 24, 2005, the 40th anniversary of Churchill's death. An earlier version was published in Finest Hour: The Journal of Winston Churchill*, No. 155, Summer 2012. The author thanks Hartley Nathan and Richard Langworth for their comments and suggestions.*

have been both a Doylean and a Churchillian for many years. When I looked into it, I was quite surprised to find very little had been written about the relationship between Churchill and Conan Doyle, so I set out to repair that glaring omission.

It was a different world and time into which these two gentlemen were born: one in modest rented premises in Scotland in 1859, the grandson of a middle-class Irish immigrant to England; the other, a half generation later, in a magnificent palace in 1874, the son of the third son of a Duke. One was to create perhaps the greatest literary character of all time, the other merely saved civilization, as we know it.

Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill and Arthur Ignatius Conan Doyle were two extraordinary men. Both men were in their time the 'most famous Briton,' both supported themselves and their families handsomely with their pens. Churchill and Conan Doyle were of a piece – both big-hearted, the epitome of decency and principled behaviour, men of incredible vigour, larger than life. One of Conan Doyle's biographers once described him in language that would be equally applicable to Churchill – "the finest of the Empire." (1)

There are, however, both similarities and differences in their backgrounds.

Conan Doyle was born on May 22, 1859 in Edinburgh to a middle-class Catholic, Anglo-Irish family, prominent in British artistic life. His

grandfather was the famous political cartoonist John Doyle, aka "HB," and several uncles were successful artists.

Conan Doyle's father, Charles Altamont Doyle, was an architect. At a fairly young age he became an epileptic, alcoholic, possibly abusive, and eventually had to be institutionalized for the balance of his life. His mother Mary Foley held the family together and imbued her children with romantic stories of family history. Conan Doyle was raised in genteel poverty and sent off to Jesuit schools at Hodder, Stoneyhurst and Feldkirch (sometimes not coming home for vacations because of his family situation). Eventually he enrolled at Edinburgh Medical School, where he came under the influence of Dr. Joseph Bell, the acknowledged model for Sherlock Holmes.

Sometime during his education, he decided to renounce his Catholic faith, leading to a lifelong search for a replacement. He was giving up a lot with the renunciation, including the support of his Doyle aunts and uncles who would have greatly aided him in establishing himself in medical practice. This was typical of Conan Doyle – once he decided to take a stand on a subject, however unpopular, he was virtually immoveable, accepting whatever the consequences might be.

Churchill, by contrast, "always had second and third thoughts," as William Manchester, author of Churchill biography *The Last Lion*, wrote, "and they usually improved as he went along. It was part of his pattern of response to any political issue that while his early reactions were often emotional, and even unworthy of him, they were usually succeeded by reason and generosity." (2)

Churchill was born November 30, 1874, at Blenheim Palace to a celebrated aristocratic family, making him 15 years younger than Conan Doyle. His father, Lord Randolph Churchill, the third son of the 7th Duke of Marlborough, was a politician who was during his career Secretary of State for India, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons. His mother, Lady Randolph Churchill (née Jennie Jerome), was the daughter of an American millionaire. Much has been written about Churchill's sometimes distant and formal relationships with both parents. He was sent to public school at Harrow, then to the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst, being commissioned in December 1894 as a second lieutenant in the 4th Hussars.

It is our great fortune that Randolph was a third son and that Churchill's uncle, the Duke, was survived by male children. If Churchill had inherited the Dukedom, he would have had to leave the House of Commons and would not have become Prime Minister in 1940. The alternate history of the World, as complicated and difficult as it might seem to us today, would not have been a pretty thing.

Lord Randolph died in 1895 when Winston was not yet 20. Like Conan Doyle, Winston had to make his own way in the world, though he was never as poor as the struggling young doctor had been. Churchill's desire to have the best of everything and to live the life of a wealthy man left him often on the edge of insolvency. It was only late in life that he accumulated a substantial estate.

Churchill's political career spanned over 50 years, during which he held virtually every major cabinet post, and included a span of 'wilderness years' in which it was thought that his political influence had ended. But it was his lifelong character of sticking to his principles and fighting on to the end that brought him to the very top of the political world on May 10, 1940, when he became Prime Minister and led Britain through his and its finest hour.

Even before Conan Doyle and Churchill met, there were some early parallels in their lives.

In 1896, Conan Doyle wintered in Cairo, hoping the climate would help his wife's tuberculosis. Learning of the upcoming campaign against the Khalifa at Khartoum, he wangled himself credentials as a special correspondent for the *Westminster Gazette* and travelled up the Nile to join the British forces under General Kitchener. (3) However, it would be several years before the British could advance. Reluctantly, Conan Doyle returned to Cairo, having got 'a whiff of real war … but no sign of advance.' From this Egyptian winter came a story, "The Three Correspondents," about rivals who compete with each other through the hardships of the desert to be the first to return with news, and the *Tragedy of the Korosko*, about a group of tourists captured by Bedouin camel raiders on a Nile cruise.

Two years later Churchill was attached to the 21st Lancers in the Sudan campaign and served at the Battle of Omdurman, Sept. 2, 1898. Like Conan Doyle, he wrote about this campaign, producing *The River War*, 1899.

In 1896 Churchill was in Bangalore, India. On Dec. 2, he wrote to his brother Jack:

> I received two Strand Magazines and am much obliged to you for them. I think Conan Doyle's execution of the story of Rodney Stone is much better than his plot. It is absurd I suppose that any man would practically plead guilty to murder to avoid accusing his dead brother of cheating at cards – in order to save the family honour. Which would be the worse? The former obviously. But his descriptions of the fight (and I expect later on of Trafalgar) are splendid.

This was very perceptive at an early stage of publication of the novel, since it is likely that Conan Doyle at one point intended to do for *Rodney Stone* what he had done for *The Great Shadow*. The latter ended with the climactic battle of Waterloo and *Rodney Stone* was likely intended to end at Trafalgar. However, for some reason not yet discovered by Doyle scholars, it didn't.

Their first genuine opportunity to cross paths was in South Africa in 1900. Though he had given up the practice of medicine in 1891, Conan Doyle went out as a doctor with Langman's Field Hospital and was in Bloemfontein when Churchill staged his famous escape from a Boer prison camp. If they met, then neither documented it. They returned to the UK on different ships.

Conan Doyle wrote *The Great Boer War & The War in South Africa: Its Causes and Conduct*, strongly defending the propriety of the conduct of the war and the British treatment of Boer prisoners – for which he was ultimately knighted. He briefly describes the train wreck, Churchill's gallant actions in staying with his colleagues and his subsequent capture. Churchill's own writings on the War were *London to Ladysmith via Pretoria* and *Ian Hamilton's March*. (4)

Their first known meeting was Oct. 25, 1900. Churchill, seeking to capitalize financially on his instant notoriety, went on a speaking tour. He sought out prominent figures to introduce him at each venue – Conan Doyle and Churchill both spoke at the Pall Mall Club, St. James Place, London, on the Boer War.

The Westminster Gazette for October 26, 1900 reported on the talk. Churchill's speech was:

> Excellent, that is, in matter, though it must be observed that in respect of his oratorical form and manner the son of Lord Randolph has still a good deal to learn. His methods are jerky, boyish, and impulsive, and though no one has ever accused this young man in a hurry of excessive diffidence it cannot be said that his outward manner is free from indications pointing to a very nervous temperament.

According to the reporter:

> Dr. Doyle's speech, if less controversial in tone, was assuredly not less interesting, impressive, or amusing....Bravely also Dr. Doyle spoke up for our friends the enemy, who had been the victims no less than our own men of a slanderous and imaginative Press. (5)

In 1901 Conan Doyle began to write *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, which he intended to be published in serial form. He wrote to his editor at *The Strand*, Greenough Smith, offering two options – £50 per 1,000 words, or £100 per 1,000 words if Sherlock Holmes appeared. Smith jumped at the second option. (6) In the original proposal to *The Strand*, Conan Doyle stated that the work would have to be jointly attributed to himself and Fletcher Robinson. Smith rejected this because of the deleterious effect it might have on sales.

Here's where Churchill comes in. In late April 1901, Conan Doyle was staying at the Royal Links Hotel, Cromer, on the edge of Dartmoor. He wrote to his mother, sometime between April 24 and April 28, 1901:

> All goes well in every way. On Tuesday I give a dinner at the Athenaeum Club. My guests are The Langmans, Major Griffiths, Sir Francis Jeune, Winston Churchill, [J.M.] Barrie, Anthony Hope, Norman Hapgood, Cranston (of Edinburgh), Gosse the Critic, & Buckle (Editor of the Times) - rather a good team, I think. … Fletcher Robinson came here with me and we are going to do a small book together "The Hound of the Baskervilles"- a real Creeper.
>
> Your own
>
> A.

From Churchill's appointments diary, we know that this dinner took place on April 30, 1901. Churchill reciprocated with an invitation on May 9th, to dine at the House of Commons: "Every Thursday we – that is to say Percy, Hugh Cecil myself and a few others – have dinner in a private room at the House of Commons at 8 pm." That dinner took place on May 16th.

Thanks to Conan Doyle's reporting to his mother who he would be entertaining the following Tuesday, we learn that by the end of April 1901 Conan Doyle was already busy writing *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, with some admitted help from Fletcher Robinson.

This exchange of dinners was almost certainly not the last physical meeting between the two, though I haven't been able to find any direct evidence of the dates and places of those meetings. In 1941, Churchill wrote to Conan Doyle's son, Adrian, to thank him for the gift of "my father's greatest book 'The White Company' as I have attached his signature to the fly-leaf". Churchill's response, dated August 29, 1941, "I read this book with enthusiasm many years ago, and I had the pleasure of meeting your father on many occasions." (7)

In another letter, written in 1948, Adrian told Churchill "I did meet you when I was a little boy in 1912, upon an occasion when you and your Wife

spent the day with my dear parents at our house on Ashdown Forest." Adrian must have had a remarkable memory, since he was two years old in 1912! No independent record of this visit has turned up. In Churchill's response, written by his secretary, he told Adrian "Mr. Churchill asks me to say that he has, during his life, derived great pleasure from your father's writings and has met him on several occasions."

Politically Conan Doyle was aligned with Churchill's Conservatives as a Liberal Unionist. Conan Doyle stood as a candidate for Parliament twice in his career. In 1900, he ran (and lost a close election to a Radical candidate) in Central Edinburgh. Churchill at this time had just been elected to his first seat in Oldham. Conan Doyle, in his autobiography, explains that he chose to run for the Liberal Unionist party because it supported the Boer War.

Conan Doyle ran for Parliament a second time in 1906 in Hawick, Galashiels and Selkirk, as a Liberal Unionist candidate. He lost again. Though he had, and expressed, strong opinions on many political issues he was not what we would today call a "political animal." In the end, he thanked the voters "for returning me to the bosom of my family."

Conan Doyle was disappointed when Churchill returned to the Conservative party in 1924, disagreeing with Churchill's views on Irish Home Rule and possibly his strong role in the 1926 General Strike. Not much has been published of Conan Doyle's views on these issues, but we know that in his early years he was a Unionist, strongly in favour of maintaining Ireland under British government, while later in his life he came to be a supporter of Home Rule for Ireland, which would remain within the United Kingdom. (8) Churchill never gave up his support for Home Rule.

We do know of at least one visit between their respective spouses. On Oct. 28, 1909 Clementine wrote to Churchill from the Crest Hotel, Crowborough, where she was staying at the time:

> We went, Hodgy Podgy, P.K. & all to have tea with Lady Conan Doyle. The PK. had exquisite company manners & looked too lovely making the little Conan Doyle child look such a fat lump
> Your loving
> Clemmie Kat (9)

There was for many years a plaque in the study of Conan Doyle's home, Windlesham, at Crowborough in Sussex, showing Churchill had been a visitor. (10)

In September 1914, with Jean Conan Doyle's brother Malcolm Leckie missing in action, she enlisted Clementine's help. Malcolm's death was confirmed. (11)

Over the remaining years of Conan Doyle's life to 1930, there was an infrequent correspondence between the two, covering many subjects, and showing an easy familiarity and mutual respect.

In 1909, Conan Doyle published *The Crime of the Congo*, a powerful and influential denunciation of Belgian King Leopold's actions. Churchill, as President of the Board of Trade, wrote [undated, but shortly before Oct. 25/09], "I am very glad that you have turned your attention to the Congo. I will certainly do what I can to help you."

Rejected for service in the Great War because he was then 55, Conan Doyle formed a civilian volunteer regiment. He took a great interest in the War, writing letters to the press and to various members of the government, urging preparation against submarine warfare and supporting the use of body armour and life jackets. At one point in April 1917, he had a private audience with the Prime Minister, Lloyd George.

There was an exchange of correspondence between Conan Doyle and Churchill in late September-early October 1916. Conan Doyle wrote to Churchill suggesting the attachment of armour plating to military vehicles. While some government officials thought of him as meddlesome, Churchill was a supporter and wrote to him in October 1916: "I am much obliged to you for your kindness in writing to me about the caterpillars [an early name for tanks]....There are plenty of good ideas if only they can be backed with power and brought into relief." Churchill goes on to say that the caterpillar was "the beginning of the bullet proof army," prompting a further letter from Conan Doyle on Oct. 4, 1916, urging Churchill to do what he could to hasten the dissemination of body armour into the field.

Conan Doyle wrote his own history of the Great War, the six-volume *The British Campaigns in Europe 1914 - 1918*, not a particularly distinguished example of his work. Conan Doyle was also among a group of British writers who were assembled by the government to write war propaganda. (12) There are about a dozen references to Churchill in *The British Campaigns*, mostly approving and mostly referring to Churchill's foresighted actions as First Lord of the Admiralty. Even by that relatively early date, Conan Doyle well understood Churchill's seeming need to be at the heart of the action, regardless of the danger:

> On the night of the 5th the two other brigades of the [Marine Brigade of the Naval Division under General Paris], numbering some 5000 amateur sailors, arrived in Antwerp, and the whole force assembled on the new lines of defence. Mr. Winston Churchill showed his gallantry as a man, and his indiscretion as a high official, whose life was of great value to his country, by accompanying the force from England.

On December 14, 1923 Conan Doyle wrote to Churchill, to congratulate him on his success in a criminal libel case against Lord Alfred Douglas, Oscar Wilde's 'Bosie,' for having said that Churchill's reassuring statement about the Battle of Jutland in June 1916 had been corruptly done in order to manipulate the stock exchange in the interests of a Jewish syndicate, headed by Sir Ernest Cassel, who had given him a reward of £40,000. It was nonsense, Churchill was wholly vindicated, and Lord Alfred was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

> My dear Churchill
>
> May I say how much I sympathise with the monstrous persecution you have endured. The sentence was far too light – a rest cure in a quiet retreat without a bill to pay.
>
> This fellow Douglas wrote me an abusive letter once over my psychic work. I answered "It is only your approval which would shock me". (13) I have heard no more.
>
> I wish you would yourself look into this psychic question. It is far the most important thing upon earth & we want leaders of energy.

In February 1927, "The Veiled Lodger" was published in *The Strand*. Watson opens with a discussion of his notes of the cases of Sherlock Holmes and refers to "the whole story concerning the politician, the lighthouse, and the trained cormorant," which will be given to the public. Churchill was Chancellor of the Exchequer when the story was published. The late Michael Harrison makes a fascinating and very humorous case for the "politician" being a covert reference to Churchill. (14)

The last-known correspondence between Conan Doyle and Churchill is a letter from Churchill dated July 1, likely 1929, expressing his pleasure in accepting a copy of Conan Doyle's *British Campaign in Europe, 1914-1918* and meekly accepting criticisms of his own pronouncements about the Battles of Mons and Le Cateau, admitting "my phrase about Haig was too sweeping."

Conan Doyle was an almost daily writer of letters to the press, covering an incredible range of topics. Although his correspondence was heavily skewed towards the spiritualist cause after 1915, there were several letters in which he praised or criticized Churchill.

In a letter to *The Times*, October 25, 1923, he describes "Mr. Churchill's wonderfully lucid and powerful statement about the Dardanelles expedition which should be noted," and "In all Mr. Churchill's closely-reasoned argument which led up to the expedition, the one flaw seems to me to have been that in grasping at an immediate advantage there was not sufficient appreciation of the dangers prepared for our posterity."

In another letter to *The Times*, February 15, 1927, in an article about "Kitchener's Army," he says: "Personally, I have long recognized that Winston Churchill had the finest prose style of any contemporary, and it is indeed a splendid thing that he should use it to do that which seemed impossible – namely, to give an adequate appreciation of that glorious Army of patriotic volunteers who gave themselves so ungrudgingly to their country's service."

In a letter published in *The Daily Telegraph* on July 7, 1930, the date of Conan Doyle's death, again writing about the Dardanelles, "Mr. Churchill writes with such power – he is, in my opinion, the greatest living master of English prose – that he may produce a greater effect than the facts warrant. For consider the situation if we had then taken Constantinople and driven Turkey out of the war."

Conan Doyle scholar John Michael Gibson has suggested that Churchill borrowed one of his most powerful quotations from Conan Doyle: "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few," in which Churchill paid tribute to the handful of fighter pilots who in the summer of 1940 fought off massive German air raids. Gibson speculates that Churchill was familiar with Conan Doyle's 1893 novel, *The Refugees*, about Huguenots fleeing from French persecution, only to find themselves in danger from the Iroquois Confederacy, who with only a few thousand warriors controlled a large area at the heart of North America. Conan Doyle wrote: "Never, perhaps, in the world's history has so small a body of men dominated so large a district and for so long a time." (15)

Conan Doyle's death didn't end the relationship between the Conan Doyle family and Churchill. In the spring of 1946, Adrian sent Churchill a gift of "The True Conan Doyle," a hagiographic pamphlet written by Adrian to refute the point of view taken in Hesketh Pearson's biography – which until Adrian decided he didn't like it had actually been an authorized biography of Conan Doyle.

On Feb. 4, 1948, Adrian wrote a lengthy, flattering letter to Churchill, describing the new biography which John Dickson Carr had just completed, enclosing a set of galleys and ending with this request:

> You knew my father. You are, and he was, a man of giant mental calibre and for such a book as this might I venture to ask that you would agree to write the Introduction? Be it long, be it short, I would ask the Introduction from you and from no other. If you will do this for the memory of my father, I will always be your debtor.

The response, coming from Churchill's secretary, Jo Sturdee, was:

> … Mr. Churchill is complimented that you should wish him to write a Foreword for this book but, much to his regret, owing to the pressure of his commitments at the present time, he feels that he could not give his attention to this subject which he feels it deserves. In this Mr. Churchill hopes that you will understand him. (16)

Adrian wasn't too happy with this response and his own petulant reply probably says as much about the character of the man as anything else he ever wrote:

> I am surprised and pained at the contents of your letter.
> Had the position been reversed, my father would have considered it not only an honour but his devoir to have contributed some word to the memory of one whom he had known and liked and entertained in the past.

This reply led to a letter from Clementine to Adrian (May 27, 1948), explaining that Churchill's own writing work and duties as Leader of the Opposition simply did not allow him time to write the introduction. Adrian must have been satisfied with this response – more likely he wanted to remain on Churchill's good side. The book was published with Dickson Carr's own foreword.

Adrian eventually sent a copy of the book to Churchill, who responded on Mar. 9, 1949 with a letter:

> I well remember his taking the Chair for me at my lecture in the Exeter Hall in 1900. I was already one of his fascinated readers. Of course I have read every Sherlock Holmes story, and I think 'The Speckled Band' thrilled me most. But the works I like even more than the detective stories are the great historical novels which, like Sherlock Holmes, have certainly found a permanent place in English literature.

Adrian sent Churchill further gift books – *Heaven Has Claws* and the 1951 British exhibition *Centenary Book*. (17)

Gibson also records:

> After Doyle's death, Churchill reciprocated their mutual admiration by allowing Doyle's publisher (John Murray) to use a statement of his as a blurb on the 1950s dust jackets of his historical fiction. It reads: "Of course I read every Sherlock Holmes story, but the works I like even more than the detective stories are the great historical novels which, like Sherlock Holmes, have certainly found a permanent place in English literature." (18)

Finest Hour, the quarterly journal from the International Churchill Society, for Spring 2003 reported that Churchill couldn't remember the name of Marian Holmes, a member of the team of secretaries who worked for him during the Second World War, and ended up calling her 'Miss Sherlock!' for the duration.

Responding to a request from an author for permission to use her father as a character in a novel, Conan Doyle's daughter, Dame Jean Conan Doyle, responded:

> … it's with sadness that I have to tell you that I am utterly opposed to your latest venture — writing a fictional story about my father. I've always had the deepest distaste for this modern innovation — the use of famous people, living or dead, at the centre of works of fiction. The plays about Churchill, for instance, disgusted me and one was bound to question the author's motives. (19)

Late in Conan Doyle's life, he took up painting, at which, as you might expect with his bloodlines, he was not bad. Churchill of course was a painter of some skill, having taken it up at 40 to ease the pain of his exile from political power. His works fetch quite respectable prices today, although one wonders whether the fame of artist is more responsible for this than the quality of the work. No correspondence between Conan Doyle and Churchill is known to exist on this subject.

There's not much of a Conan Doyle-Winston Churchill legacy in popular culture – there was a South African commemorative stamp. But there is some small Churchill-Sherlock Holmes connection. The International Churchill Society sponsored publication of *The Boer War Conspiracy*, by John Wood, in 1992. Brian Freemantle published *The Holmes Inheritance*, 2004. The story involves Holmes, his brother Mycroft (as Cabinet Secretary) and Winston Churchill (as First Lord of the Admiralty and instigator of the mission). (20)

There was also for a time a chain of Canadian tobacco shops, Winston and Holmes. One location has survived under a different, but equally evocative name, Sleuth & Statesman.

It's fair to ask what all of this means. The relationship between Churchill and Conan Doyle was only on a superficial level. They knew each other socially and politically and had met on infrequent occasions. They had great respect and admiration for each other. But neither was a member of each other's close circle of friends, perhaps inevitably in view of the difference in their ages, and social stations. Each shared a somewhat acerbic acquaintance with George Bernard Shaw. Each in his time was the

most famous Briton, Churchill succeeding Conan Doyle. Each ranks among the best-loved British writers of his day, and perhaps of all time.

Each had a great interest in Napoleon. Conan Doyle wrote about him extensively (21) and Churchill admired him immensely. Conan Doyle's opinion of Napoleon was: "[A]fter studying all the evidence which was available I was still unable to determine whether I was dealing with a great hero or with a great scoundrel. Of the adjective only could I be sure." Conan Doyle did not live to see how Churchill conducted himself during the Second World War. Of Churchill, the greatest man of the 20th century, I am certain he would know which noun to use.

Neither Conan Doyle nor Churchill was perfect. That human being has never existed and never will. It is in the completeness of their character, their contributions to this world, that we must assess them.

Notes

(1) Michael Coren, speech to The Bootmakers of Toronto.

(2) Manchester, William, *The Last Lion: Visions of Glory* (Boston: Little Brown, 1983), p.843-44.

(3) Kitchener was promoted from Brigadier-General to Major-General in 1896 and was not ennobled until 1898.

(4) Both London: Longmans, Green, 1900.

(5) See *The Times* article for fuller coverage of speeches Oct. 26, 1900, p.4, col G.

(6) At approximately 59,000 words, that worked out to close to £6,000 pounds for the British serialization alone, an enormous sum in those days.

(7) This was written days after Churchill had just returned from his historic meeting with President Roosevelt at Argentia Bay, Newfoundland, with the Atlantic Charter in hand.

(8) Wynne, Catherine, *The Colonial Conan Doyle: British imperialism, Irish nationalism, and the gothic*. Greenwood Publishing Group, 2002. Lycett, Andrew, *Conan Doyle: The Man Who Created Sherlock Holmes*. London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 2007.

(9) PK, the Churchill's child, was Diana. Hodgy Podgy was Diana's nanny. The Conan Doyle child was Denis, Adrian's older brother.

(10) Lough, David, *No More Champagne: Churchill and His Money, Head of Zeus*: London, 2015, p.92. The Crest Hotel was very near to Conan Doyle's home. Apparently Winston visited there most weekends, which may have been when he also visited Conan Doyle.

(11) Lycett, op. cit. n.9, p.380.

(12) http://educationforum.ipbhost.com/index.php?showtopic=8670. ACD wrote "To Arms" for the War Propaganda Bureau. See my article "Propaganda: The Secret War Service of Arthur Conan Doyle", in

Trenches: The War Service of Sherlock Holmes, New York, The Baker Street Irregulars Press, 2017, p.205.
(13) These letters were acquired by the Arthur Conan Doyle Collection at the Toronto Reference Library in 2010 and were published in *Magic Door*, v.13, No. 2, Spring 2011. Conan Doyle's actual response to Douglas was "Sir: I was relieved to get your letter. It is only your approval which could in any way annoy me."
(14) *Immortal Sleuth*, Dubuque: Gasogene Press, 1983.
(15) https://batteredbox.wordpress.com/category/authors/churchill-winston/
(16) Churchill was working on volume 2 of his WWII history, *Their Finest Hour*. He was racing against time to secure his family's financial future, hurrying to finish as much of the work as possible before the next election. Under different circumstances he might have accepted the request. David Reynolds, *In Command of History: Churchill Fighting and Writing the Second World War*. New York: Random House, 2004.
(17) I requested information as to the present whereabouts of the books which Adrian sent to Churchill from Neil Walters, House Manager, at Chartwell, Sir Winston's former home, and was advised (email dated April 1/04) that *Heaven Has Claws* is still at Chartwell. *The White Company*, *The True Conan Doyle* and the John Dickson Carr life were all at the property when Churchill died in 1965 and were inherited by Randolph Churchill. He has no knowledge of their current whereabouts. He could not trace the *Sir Arthur Conan Doyle Centenary* edition given by Adrian as ever having been at Chartwell.
(18) Op. cit. n.16.
(19) Letter from Jean Conan Doyle to Jack Tracy, July 2, 1981, reprinted in Jon Lellenberg, "An Extraordinary Nasty Reply," "Sherlock Holmes Collection Newsletter" (University of Minnesota Libraries), Vol. 6, No. 2, June 2002: http://www.scribd.com/doc/24531058/Sherlock-Holmes-Collection-Newsletter-Vol-6-No-2#scribd. I haven't identified the plays she was referring to.
(20) "The District Messenger" for October 2010 reported a novel by Dr. Vithal Rajan, *The Year of High Treason* (Rupa & Co., New Delhi). The setting is Delhi in 1911, the year of King George V's Coronation Durbar, and the dramatis personae include Holmes and Watson, Churchill, Arsène Lupin, AJ Raffles, Tarzan, Dr Fu-Manchu and Mikhail Strogoff.
(21) Clifford S. Goldfarb: *The Great Shadow: Arthur Conan Doyle, Brigadier Gerard and Napoleon*, Ashcroft, B.C.: Calabash Press, 1997.

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