



Sherlock Holmes

C O L L E C T I O N S



Contents

"Would You Be Interested
In Receiving Some Of
These Efforts Of Mine?"

1

About the Author

2

50 Years Ago

3

From the President

4

Musings

4

Meeting a
Renaissance Man

4

An Update from the
Collections

5

Acquisitions

5

My Mentor

7

The Honourable
Phillip Green

8

Remembrances

8

"Your merits should be publicly recognized" (STUD)

"Would You Be Interested In Receiving Some Of These Efforts Of Mine?"

John Bennett Shaw writes to Nicholas Utechin

By Nicholas Utechin, BSI



Nick Utechin

Photo courtesy of Nick Utechin

1975 was a rather important year for me in Sherlockian terms. I joined the Council of The Sherlock Holmes Society of London, having been a member since 1966 – aged 14. Julian Wolff ennobled (sorry: *invested!*) me as “The Ancient British Barrow” in the Baker Street Irregulars, off the back (and rather generously) of three articles published in *The Baker Street Journal*.

And the great collector John Bennett Shaw wrote to me; yes, he contacted me first.

Ron De Waal – with whom I had been in correspondence for some time – was the catalyst: the previous year he had visited me in Oxford and apparently reported to JBS that I was, in his words, ‘a Real Holmes Collector’ and that he should get in touch. An honour or what? And thus began an intermittent correspondence that

ended in 1993 and which (his letters to me, of course) I am glad now finds a permanent home in Minneapolis.

I had heard of John, of course – what Holmesian hadn’t? – but here he was treating me from the outset as an equal (‘Dear Utechin’) and straightway offering to send me duplicates of some of his pamphlets — if I could send him a copy of the list of my own collection. He ended that first missive by stating, in self-deprecating style: ‘I sort of serve as nerve center for exchanging material with Blau and Schulz and De Waal in USA and with collectors in Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, Japan and, of course, your country. And it is marvellous fun, isn’t it?’

Continued on page 6

About the Author

By Ted Bergman, BSI

When I was eight years old my father and I read and discussed together some old Swedish Sherlock Holmes volumes which he himself had bought as a boy in 1910. I guess my boyhood experience of the fascinating Holmes stories and the fact that my father had kept the books with their dramatic cover illustrations for me explains why I began making bibliographical notes whenever I came by another Swedish Holmes edition. I knew that Mr Holmes had written the monograph *Upon the Distinction Between the Ashes of the Various Tobaccos*. Well, that was the spirit I liked. Add to that my natural weakness for collecting.

My Holmes collection had increased rather slowly until in the nineteen fifties I decided to speed up my collecting of biographical data. At that time you had to do it the hard way. I started by sending hectographed (!) letters with inquires for Holmes books to every secondhand bookshop I could find in local telephone and address directories from all over Sweden. It went rather well.

I then addressed some old publishing houses and got the depressing answer that their archive copies of Holmes books and old catalogues were either stolen or destroyed by fire or otherwise dumped in inaccessible archive bunkers far away in the countryside. It turned out that the publishing employees knew less than I did.

With the ambitious intention of seeing and examining all the nineteenth century Holmes editions that I still lacked, I eventually found myself compelled to descend into the cellar of The National Royal Swedish Library where I used contemporary, hardly legible handwrit-

ten (!) index cards to identify volumes I didn't know existed. I learned that many early Swedish publishers simply had failed to deliver duty copies.

The official attitude of the National Library towards early crime fiction paperbacks showed itself in the fact that many of the old Holmes volumes had been insensibly bound in uniform library bindings. Interesting and unique front cover illustrations had sometimes simply been torn out and thrown away. This snooty attitude still predominated in the nineteen sixties. When collecting some Holmes books I had ordered at the lending desk I was met by the words, "I hope this isn't for pleasure!"

However, in 1961 I was lucky when the National Library succeeded in hunting up an American Trade Journal directory where, among some obscure bakery journals, I found the address of the *Baker Street Journal*. I immediately started a subscription.

In 1964 I finally realized that my bundle of notes would be sufficient to present a reliable Swedish Holmes bibliography — ranging from 1891 to 1916. Eighty-three items with early Swedish Holmes translations were there identified, including their different editions, printings and bindings.

The period of 1891 – 1916 was significant. Early on Swedish publishers discovered the Sherlock Holmes novels, and when two rival publishers within one month in 1891 presented their own translations of *The Sign of Four*, these editions actually became the very first foreign translations of any Holmes story ever published as a book. Two years later Denmark and Norway followed. In 1916 Sweden was still in the lead regarding the number of foreign translations.

So I drew a front cover illustration in period style, wrote down my collected information by a typewriter on stencil papers and printed the text by help of a manual stencil machine. The bibliography was favourably reviewed in a daily paper and most of the limited edition was rapidly gone. By that time I corresponded with Holmesians like S Tupper Bigelow in Canada, Nathan L Bengis, John Bennett Shaw, Peter E Blau, Bob Schutz and Lisa McGaw in the USA, and with A.D. Henriksen and Henry Lauritzen in Denmark. Great people — now all sadly gone except Peter.

Two years earlier I had visited the press-cutting archives of some Stockholm daily papers looking for "Sherlock Holmes" tabs. And I was lucky enough to find several interesting articles on the Master, written by journalists and essayists. I soon got in touch with the authors, and in January 1964 nine Holmes sympathizers met in Stockholm to found a new society – The Solitary Cyclists of Sweden. Sweden has always been among the top cycling nations in Europe, hence the name. And as a tribute to Miss Violet Smith, the brave and handsome solitary cyclist whom we meet in the Canon, I constructed a crossword puzzle which was presented to each member during that society meeting in 1964. Three issues of my new magazine *The Baker Street Cab Lantern* had by then been published. 🍷

50

YEARS AGO

In 1964, Ted Bergman, BSI (1978, The Honourable Philip Green) published two pamphlets. The title page of the first, *To Miss Violet Smith*, states “This wordpuzzle is dedicated to Miss Violet Smith and presented to the sixteen [sic] members of the The Solitary Cyclists of Sweden at the society’s first official meeting on January 9th, 1964.” It was published in an edition limited to twenty-one copies, and number nineteen was held by John Bennett Shaw. The remainder of the text is in Swedish.

The title page of the second illustrated pamphlet, *Sherlock Holmes 1891-1916*, states it is “A bibliography enumerating and describing some of the original and variant editions of the Swedish translations of Dr. John H. Watson’s Sherlock Holmes stories. The items listed in this volume were all published between 1891 and 1916.” It was published by The Baker Street Cab Lantern, with Ted Bergman listed as editor. The copy held in the Sherlock Holmes Collections was sent with a gift card to John Bennett Shaw wishing him “A Joyful Christmas 1964.” The text of the booklet is in both Swedish and English.

Fifty years later we celebrate not only these two booklets but their author as well. When I contacted Ted about these pamphlets, he happily agreed to write an article for this newsletter. We are extremely fortunate that he has given us some background about his writing and collecting mania. Two friends, Mattias Boström and Jon Lellenberg, were kind enough to contribute articles about their friendship with Ted and his influence upon them. ♡

Julie McKuras, ASH, BSI



Ted Bergman, 1973

From the Collection of John Bennett Shaw



Ted Bergman in the early 1980s

Photo courtesy of Ted Bergman

From the President

Mark your calendar, Friday October 3, 2014 as the date for our Annual Membership Meeting of the Friends of the Sherlock Holmes Collections. We are very fortunate to host Pulitzer Prize-winning book critic and Baker Street Irregular Michael Dirda as our keynote speaker. I hope that you all will be able to attend.

Musings

All of us associated with the Sherlock Holmes Collections would like to extend our gratitude to Nick Utechin not only for his donation but for his memories of corresponding with John Bennett Shaw. Many of us will only ever know Mr. Shaw through his books and letters and Nick has certainly provided us with some special insights.

Many people know that the state of Minnesota has a strong Scandinavian background, especially regarding immigration from Sweden. As Tim Johnson noted in his column, during the late 1800s and early 1900s, over half of the Swedes who emigrated to the United States settled in the Midwestern part of

Sherlock Holmes continues to appear on screen. I have enjoyed watching the second season of “Elementary” on CBS and series 3 of “Sherlock” on BBC. I am looking forward to seeing the new movies from novels, both *A Slight Trick of the Mind* by Mitch Cullen and *Arthur & George* by Julian Barnes. It reminds us that the Sherlock Holmes Collections has media items. The collection continues to grow with new acquisitions almost daily.

this country where they found opportunities in agriculture, as well as in the mining and timber industries, predominantly in Minnesota, with its similarity to their homeland, and Illinois. It seemed high time for us to feature a Swedish contributor to Sherlockiana. For our 50 Years Ago section, we’re featuring not one but two different works published by Ted Bergman in 1964. We’ve also added two essays written about Ted and his influences by fellow Swede Mattias Boström and Swedish-American Jon Lellenberg. We’ve skipped the 100 Years Ago column in order to highlight Ted.

I’d like to thank Jerry Margolin for his article about Mo Lebowitz. Jerry the completist collector added a bit of

Thanks to all our friends who contribute to the Sherlock Holmes Collections helping us preserve Sherlock Holmes and his world. ♡

Richard J. Sveum, MD, BSI

background about his old friend and how reading an article in the March issue of this newsletter moved him to reconnect with him.

Tim Johnson has provided our readers with his plans for this summer, and Dick Sveum has set the date for the upcoming Fall Friends meeting. We’re all amazed at how long winter lasted this year, and how short spring was before the days turned warm and sunny. I hope you all enjoy your own special summer days and perhaps find time for some leisurely reading about our old friend Mr. Holmes. ♡

Julie McKuras, ASH, BSI

Meeting a Renaissance Man

In the late 1970s when I was really getting heavy into building my Sherlock Holmes rare book collection, I happened on a privately printed piece of Sherlockiana by a man named Morris “Mo” Lebowitz. Being the completist collector that I am, I tried to find out if there was anything else by this gentleman. To my delight, while still living in New York, I found that he lived not terribly far from me.

I got in touch with him, tracking him down by various Sherlockian methods, since Google was nowhere to be found in those days! It was a great piece of luck to meet Mo, as he is one of the most interesting people I have met in my years as a collector. I went to his

home and found him to be a real definition of a Renaissance man in that he had so many varied interests and was proficient in all of them. Among these talents were stringed instruments, wine and, most importantly, printing - which he did on a small private press in his basement. It was here that he created some of the most beautiful pieces of Sherlockiana and, of course, I had to have it all. As we became good friends, I was always glad to acquire from him at least one of everything he printed that had to do with Holmes in any fashion. They were prizes in my collection.

After I moved, we stayed good friends and I saw him for a time at BSI dinners until he no longer attended. When I

read the March issue of this newsletter, I was reminded of my old friend and decided to contact him. I recently had the good fortune to speak with him again after so many years and he remains the true “Renaissance man.”

Having sold my Holmes collection about eight years ago, I now have only a couple of his pieces left, but I treasure them as pieces from a great time in collecting Sherlockiana and for reminding me that I have the pleasure of knowing and being friends with Mo Lebowitz. ♡

Jerry Margolin, BSI

An Update from the Collections

“...the rich scent of the garden and the balmy summer air...” (NAVA)

Summer is a special season in the northern latitudes. Days are longer and twilight lingers, especially in the far north, where the sun might tickle the horizon but never really set. A special radiance — long golden rays stretching across the countryside — forces any memory of the previous long and brutal winter into hibernation. Midsummer is magical, a celebration of light and warmth, family and good friends. I am reminded of strolls from a summer trip, through the parks and meadows of Oxford, elongated shadows intertwined with the evening's soft glow. Or of a Swedish summer long ago when I sipped coffee near midnight, hints of dusk in the air, wondering why my forebears left the land I found so enchanting.

My family history is a complex tale and not one to be told here, except to note that millions of other people shared a similar story in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. I have sometimes wondered what Holmes thought of all those immigrants, especially as he worked the streets of Chicago — a place that had more Swedes at the turn of the last century than anywhere else on earth, except Stockholm. By 1910, Minnesota became the most Swedish of any of the United States. In some counties north of the Twin Cities nearly three-fourths of the population was of Swedish extraction.

Nearly a decade before any member of my family set foot in the New World, President Lincoln spoke of “the mystic chords of memory,” a phrase that rings true as I think of my Nordic ancestors and Northern acquaintances. Holmes is of a similar mind when he notes: “There are vague memories in our souls of those misty centuries when the world was in its childhood.” (STUD) But as Dr. Watson observed, Holmes would not be distracted, his “clear

and logical mind would not be drawn from its present work to dwell upon memories of the past.” (HOUN) It is an interesting and contemplative tension between past and present that Holmes and Watson give us, one enlivened on these pages as we celebrate the work and gifts of our British and Swedish colleagues (while remembering our roots as “Norwegian Explorers”). Nick Utechin, Ted Bergman, and Mattias Boström are part of that mystic chord and present work. We are delighted in their long-time friendships with Holmesians around the world (including those here in the Upper Midwest), their past contributions, present vitalities, and future hopes. We are pleased that their works, and others from Scandinavia and the United Kingdom, have found a home in this New World called Minnesota.

The transition from spring to summer brought with it a number of presentations and tours, both on campus and beyond. I spent one afternoon in the enjoyable company of two first year students who wandered into our suite, wondering if they might see something from the Holmes Collections. They left a couple hours later giddy with delight and a promise to tell their friends. Likewise, volunteers from the Children's Literature collections and their friends enjoyed a couple of hours viewing items from the Collections and touring the caverns. A new faculty member in the English department, with an interest in things Victorian, was introduced to me by a colleague over lunch. Holmes was part of our conversation; a tour of the library and Collections followed. First year graduate students from the library/information science program at St. Catherine University spent nearly five hours with me on a Saturday morning. Much of our time was spent with items from the Collections and in discussions about their history, acquisition, care, and use. On a drizzly afternoon I traveled to a senior retirement community, my day brightened by their questions and curiosity as I told them about

Mr. Holmes and his presence at the University. May Day brought a television crew from Shanghai, with footage shot of some of our treasures, including the miniature recreation by Dorothy Rowe Shaw of 221B Baker Street. In the middle of May I reprised my presentation on Dr. Hench's adventures in Meiringen for the faculty dining club “Gown in Town.” May concluded with a presentation to library paraprofessionals from around the state about the library at “Downton Abbey.” It was a very good spring representing and sharing the Collections with others.

As you read this, I am on a mini-sabbatical, away from the office until the end of August. I hope to move my book on the closing of the University's library school closer to publication and write an article or two for publication in one of the professional journals. Cheryll Fong, my intern from last summer, is covering in my stead and can be reached at the phone number listed in this issue. For most of the summer I'll be close by, setting up shop at the University's landscape arboretum, where I hope “the rich scent of the garden and the balmy summer air” will inspire productive writing and interesting thoughts. At the end of the summer, sometime in early September, I plan on traveling to the United Kingdom in my unending quest of Mr. Holmes and his world, thanks in part to a travel grant received from the University's Global Programs and Strategy Alliance office. Perhaps I'll have the opportunity to see at least a few of you during my travels.

I hope your summer is filled with long-lighted days, the warmth of good friends, and a continual companionship with Mr. Holmes and the good Doctor. Thank you for your continued support of the Sherlock Holmes Collections at the University of Minnesota as we seek to keep forever green the memory of the Master. ♥

Tim Johnson, Curator

Acquisitions

Ray Riethmeier donated a copy of *The Great Detective on the Roof of the World* by Thomas Kent Miller.

Among the newsletters received were the latest copies of Notes from the *Spermacetti Press* and *The District Messenger*. ♥

"Would You Be Interested In Receiving Some Of These Efforts Of Mine?" *Continued from Page 1*

I replied, probably in awe. A few days later – this time on his ‘Brothers Three of Moriarty’ writing paper – came just the most wonderfully packed missive, effectively telling me his history of being a collector (‘I started in college days in the late 30s...I was fortunate that I met Morley, knew Edgar W. Smith, Vincent Starrett and many of the other pioneer greats...I was enough of a student of The Master that Edgar invited me to a dinner in 1949, but it was 15 years before I could afford the time and money...my one loss in leaving Tulsa was that there I had access to a Xerox and here it costs me 10¢ a page! Terrible and crippling to my cultural activities’).

And then a couple of typical JBS quotes: ‘...I enjoy every minute of it, and I meet many wonderful people, and I leave many others completely bemused...’ and then the heart of the matter (his heart): ‘There is nothing I like better than to help another collector – it is bread on the waters and all that but further it is friendship’. The rapidity of his typing made one miss some of the benefits provided by punctuation, of course: but I was only one of many with whom John was in correspondence.

On the one hand, he would send me ‘a package of curious items’ – and on the other, in the same letter, he would pick up on the title of a book I had mentioned and was immediately agog: ‘...I find I have no reference to this. Is there a chapter on Doyle, or a considerable number of pages? May I have the name of the publisher please so I can order?’

He loved sharing experiences, and although he claimed not to be any sort of writer, could be delightfully droll. Reporting on a recent unHappy Birthday Dinner (dis)Honoring Professor Moriarty, JBS delighted in reporting: ‘To cap the social graces of the evening the editor of the local county newspaper came and she was a babe about 7 ft. tall and drunk as a Lord’s Lady. Fool that I am I bought her a drink and she went

to sleep. She still claims, she called me next day to ask what the hell the group was doing anyway, that she will write a story about it all. If she does it will be the Holmes story of the decade. I will keep you posted on these intellectual developments in the southern Rockies’.

Oh, look: I have to retell this from another letter – and presumably referring to the same newspaper: ‘... it just will not properly review anything that does not have a) a drunk painter who paints sober Indians, b) a drunk Indian that screws a painter c) a black cowboy who wins out over both the painter and the poor lowly Indian. Nuts...’

Sadly, we never met face-to-face, but I felt through his letters that I knew him well. Enthusiasm welled from every pore, information from every fingertip and gossip never far from either. May I, for example, break a confidence 37 years on? ‘...I have been pleased that you were asked to be co-editor of our Journal (*The Sherlock Holmes Journal – NU*). It is still better (not for public quotation, please) as it has always been than the US journal.’ A year later (1978), following that year’s BSI weekend, he vouchsafed to me the following: ‘I understand from those who were allowed to attend that the Adventuresses dinner was fun and most scholarly. Women in the states are doing so much fine unrequited Holmesian research. The three tops at my Workshop were fems’.

I close this short piece with a lengthy paragraph from 1984, proving beyond a peradventure that I was but one of many with whom John kept in regular touch and to whom I am sure he volunteered just as much ‘friendship at a distance’ as he did to me; but it sums up just how hectic life was in Santa Fe aged 70 (excluding his dealings with 23 grandchildren!): ‘...I am terribly busy with Holmesian matters – by choice of course and enjoying every bit of it...I have 76 unanswered letters on my desk and at least 15 of those ask for photocopies...I set out in the summer

of 1937 to collect Holmesiana with the aim of having a fine reference library. Now that I am loaded with about 12 thousand items plus 10,000 clippings (or so some overeager nut estimated) I assume that I do have a reference collection – and it is used, often in person by humans as well as that delightful other-worldly mad bibliographer De Waal. So far this year (July – NU) Sherlockians and spouses etc. numbering 43 have visited my library!’

And finally, from this same letter, the first knowledge I had of JBS’s intentions: ‘...[A]fter my demise, not scheduled as yet unless the bomb goes off sooner and it may well as we are ruled by mad persons, friendly and smiling nonetheless, anyway, my library will be ensconced at University of Minnesota...’

So, he wasn’t sure about Reagan, Thatcher or Andropov – but my, did he love the world of Sherlock Homes and do we not remain indebted? It was a privilege, Mr. Shaw. ♡

My Mentor

By Mattias Böstrom, BSI

I was about to turn sixteen. In a Swedish Sherlock Holmes edition at the local library I found the addresses to some Sherlockian magazines and societies, so I wrote letters to them, and received replies. And then I wrote back. Correspondences began, and they continued.

I was a teenager, and for a person of that age it's unproblematic to quickly go really deep into something – and after a while just skip it and find a new interest. I had done so with other things. But it soon turned out that Sherlock Holmes would be totally different from anything in my life. And it depended on one person.

The Sherlockian community is built upon an important fundament: its mentors. These men and women are the ones who inspire, invite and involve the newly arrived in the world of the master detective. When they were younger they had been mentees themselves, mentored by an older generation of Sherlockians. It would be an interesting project to make a family tree of these degrees of mentors, and trace the Sherlockian mentor kinship back to just a few persons in the '30s and '40s.

They are not the business kind of mentors. Primarily they become good friends with the new Sherlockians, whatever the age difference, and there is hardly any mentoring - they are usually the ones who make you feel welcome in the world of Sherlock Holmes. What the mentors once received in generosity from the older generation they now pass on. I have myself slowly taken the step and tried to help newcomers. I think I'm ready to be a Sherlockian mentor and pass on what was given me in the form of generosity, knowledge and kindness. That is my way of saying thank you. And more exactly, saying thank you to Ted Bergman.

Ted has for more than twenty-five years been a dear friend of mine. He was one of the Sherlockians who received my letters when I was sixteen. He replied. Long letters. Full of Sherlockian facts, wisdom and wit.

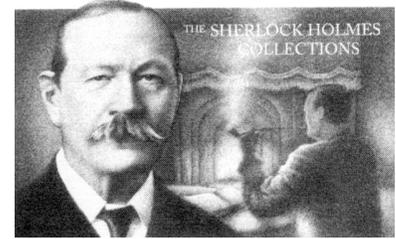
Ted Bergman had been the leading Sherlockian in Sweden since the '60s and had probably received quite a lot of letters from new Sherlock Holmes fans, letters that he replied to in the same way as he did to me. A mentor never knows which mentees will stay. But the more he wrote to me the more exalted I became, which of course just made him even more generous. Because that is the joy of being a mentor.

He wasn't the only one in the Sherlockian world that showed generosity. There are so many kind Sherlockians, and I had the opportunity to correspond with a number of them. However, one thing differentiated Ted from the others: He gave me assignments.

Oh, he really understood that nerdy teenage Mattias. That boy that could go so deep into a project just for the pure fun and friendship of it. (I'm actually the same person now at the age of 43). In the '60s Ted had already begun to collect bibliographical data about Swedish Sherlock Holmes editions, and in 1964 he published his first bibliography on the subject. It was a groundbreaking work. In the late '80s he began collecting and researching for twenty more years and was prepared to put together an even more comprehensive bibliography, not just about the early Swedish editions, but about everything that had been written about Holmes in Sweden.

Not just editions of Conan Doyle's stories – including periodicals – but also pastiches and parodies, and newspaper and magazine articles. It was a huge project. And he involved me.

Or rather, that is how I like to think that it was. When I consult our correspondence from that time, I notice that the situation was slightly different. It was rather like, "if I can help you with anything, please let me know," wrote the young Mattias in one early letter, and somewhat later it was more like, "send me copies of all your bibliographical working material," and "I enclose five pages of comments and suggestions." I compared Ted's data with my own collection of books and my own lists of newspaper articles. I so much wanted to help. And Ted let



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me. That was so great of him – and I'm still so thankful. We had so much fun and I think I received forty or fifty letters a year from him until the bibliography was published a few years later. And we continued to have fun in other discussions and projects, e.g. when I carried on his vast research about Gillette's play on the Swedish stage. After the bibliography was published he also asked me to be his successor as unofficial Swedish Sherlock Holmes bibliographer.

In all this he trusted me and my enthusiasm. That was the best thing he could do. He laid the foundations of a future Mattias the Sherlockian. He let me get so deeply involved that after our bibliographical collaboration there was not a chance I would ever quit my Sherlockian activities. When your interest turns into friendship it's very hard to quit. And for me there has been no better way to be a Sherlockian than by doing things together. Then you get pure Sherlockian magic. ♡

The Honourable Phillip Green

By Jon Lellenberg, BSI

During the 1980s, I had the opportunity to visit Scandinavia many times, and I made one early trip in 1980 an exploration of Scandinavian Sherlockiana, which is one of the best versions of it in the world. Ted Bergman was one of the principal reasons behind that. We had already corresponded for some time, for he and Denmark's Henry Lauritzen were the twin pillars of Baker Street Irregularity in Scandinavia at the time — Ted invested in 1978 by Julian Wolff as "The Honourable Philip Green." A banking executive, Ted had been one of twenty founding members of The Solitary Cyclists of Sweden in 1964, perhaps its last surviving founder today, fifty years later. Visiting his home on Stockholm's island of Lidingö, on Midsummer Eve in June 1980, I was startled and delighted to see a Speckled Band descending ominously from a hole in the ceiling directly over the chair at Ted's desk, in a study full of Sherlock Holmes and P.G. Wodehouse. It was a lovely evening with Ted and his family, the first of many more times

in Stockholm while my travels took me there, through 1989.

But in January 1981, along with Sweden's Åke Runnquist and Norway's Nils Nordberg, Ted came to America for the first time. It was his first chance to meet many of his other American correspondents, especially the loquacious John Bennett Shaw. I had let Ted and the other Irregular Vikings know that this was a busier several days than they might realize or be used to, but even so it was a non-stop adventure. Ted arrived in New York from Stockholm on the Thursday, and on Friday he took in Bill Rabe's Martha Hudson Breakfast at the Algonquin Hotel, Lisa McGaw's William Gillette Memorial Luncheon at the Old Homestead, the Mysterious Bookshop open house, and that night's BSI annual dinner at the Regency Hotel, itself a whirlwind of new faces, sights, and sounds. He may have felt more or less exhausted by then but was still game for the after-party that the Adventuresses of Sherlock Holmes in those days held "under the clock" at the Biltmore Hotel. Saturday included

the late Chris Steinbrunner's Baker Street Cinematograph, at a hole-in-the-wall screening room in the West 30s, where most of us saw for the first time the 1957 CBS Odyssey program about the BSI, with a mock-BSI dinner of those halycon days presided over by Edgar W. Smith himself. Julian's cocktail party at the Grolier Club followed in the afternoon. And on Sunday morning, we and others boarded a bus for a trip out to Hadlyme, Connecticut, on a winter's day looking like a Currier-and-Ives picture, to visit Gillette Castle, organized by Tyke & Teddie Niver, and open that day for our party alone. It was sublime.

Ted stayed on in New York another five days, exploring the metropolis's more secular sights, but I imagine he remembers the BSI weekend best of that cold but glorious week. 1981's BSI weekend was one of the best ever, I believe, and Ted's presence in New York helped make the '81 BSI weekend one of the best ever for me. It helped me see it afresh through his eyes, and I look back at our association fondly. ♥

Remembrances

In supporting the Sherlock Holmes Collections, many donors have made contributions either in honor or in memory of special persons.

In Memory Of

Charles Adams, BSI
Vinnie Brosnan
Walter Pond
Dr. Alvin Rodin

From

John Bergquist, BSI
Randall Stock
Nancy H. Pond
Virgie and Jack Key

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Timothy J. Johnson, Curator