

SHERLOCK'S SPOTLIGHT

A Quarterly Gazette for Young Sherlockians
Everywhere

Winter 2023

*"The Adventure of
the Noble Bachelor"*

*Christopher and Henry
Tennessee*



Your original artwork could be on the cover of our next issue...

See page 2 for more details!

Welcome to

SHERLOCK'S SPOTLIGHT

Volume 4, Number 1

Winter 2023: "The Adventure of the Noble Bachelor"

Published four times a year by The Beacon Society, a society providing educators with resources to bring the magic of Sherlock Holmes to life.

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Associate Editors: Rob Nunn and Michael McClure

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We would love to use a student's artwork for the cover of each issue.

If you would like to submit a .jpg, .png, or .pdf of an original artwork, please follow the simple rules:

- You must be between the ages of 8-13.
- You must have your parent's or guardian's permission to submit the artwork.
- The artwork must be Sherlock Holmes based.

You may send the artwork by email directly to Steve Mason at mason.steve8080@gmail.com

Either have your parent or guardian email the artwork to us or have them include a statement authorizing the use of your artwork in our Gazette.

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Welcome to **SHERLOCK'S SPOTLIGHT**

Volume 4, Number 1

Winter 2023: "The Adventure of the Noble Bachelor"

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Highlights from the Head-Light

Grab your favorite winter drink and curl up in your comfiest chair—it's time to dive into this new issue of *Sherlock's Spotlight*. Get ready to solve some puzzles, play some games, laugh at our comics, and read about a new Sherlock Holmes adventure. You may get inspired to draw or write something about Sherlock Holmes yourself. If you do, let us know!

Did you ever have plans that didn't work out the way you expected them to? Steve Mason explains that this is what happened to Lord Robert St. Simon when he tried to marry Miss Hatty Doran in "The Adventure of the Noble Bachelor". Who was that mysterious man in the church, who returned Hatty's bouquet when she dropped it? Why did Miss Flora Millar try to get into Lord Robert's house after the wedding and was kicked out? And why did the bride disappear? When Lord Robert asks Sherlock Holmes to discover the truth, he's not happy about the answer. No, he was not happy at all.

Lord Robert may not have a bride, but he had a coat of arms. Rich Krisciunas shows us what Lord Robert's coat of arms looked like and tells us what all the different parts mean. Why not make your own, for fun?

We're happy to include the next exciting installment of "The Adventure of the Missing Kentucky Derby Horse." Elementary school students Jack D., Henry V., Christopher G., and Dean R. all contributed. You won't want to miss it!

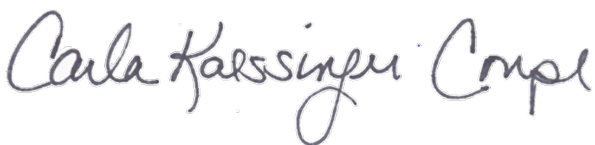
When Arthur Conan Doyle, who wrote the Sherlock Holmes stories, was a schoolboy, he entertained his classmates with many tales to pass the time. Margie Deck tells us about Arthur's story-telling skills. In fact, his stories were so popular that his friends would give him special treats, like an apple, as payment and thanks.

In this issue, Beth Gallego recommends two interactive books. One is a choose-your-own adventure for elementary and middle schoolers, and the other is a graphic novel and role-playing game for middle and high school students. Reading about Sherlock Holmes has never been this much fun!

Do you have a dog? Sherlock Holmes used dogs to help solve some of his cases, and Liese Sherwood-Fabre explains why dogs have such a good sense of smell, as well as the history of the Kennel Club.

Why does The Beacon Society publish *Sherlock's Spotlight*? We want to bring the Sherlock Holmes stories to young people, and hope you enjoy them as much as we do. Do you like to write? Our essay contest gives prizes to students who write about Sherlock Holmes [www.beaconsociety.com/joel-senter-essay-contest.html]. How did Sherlock Holmes solve all those mysteries? The Junior Sherlockian Society [juniorsherlockian.com] shows you how. Are you an artist? Then send us (with your parents' or guardians' permission) your drawing of Sherlock Holmes [www.beaconsociety.com/sherlocks-spotlight-gazette.html]. You might see your creation on the cover of a future issue of *Sherlock's Spotlight*!

Have fun reading our winter issue, and don't forget to share *Sherlock's Spotlight* with your friends!



Head-Light, The Beacon Society

That's-A-Maze-ing

In "The Adventure of the Noble Bachelor," Hatty Doran drops her wedding bouquet as she passes the first pew. Can you help Sherlock find the bouquet to help solve the case?

Find the answer on page 25



Story Profile:

"The Adventure of the Noble Bachelor"

First published in

- *Strand Magazine*, United Kingdom, April 1892
- *Strand Magazine*, United States, May 1892

When the story takes place

- October 1886

Primary Cast of Characters

- **LORD ROBERT ST. SIMON**, the noble bachelor
- **HATTIE DORAN**, who married the noble bachelor
- **FLORA MILLAR**, a danseuse who had an affair with St. Simon before his marriage
- **ALICE**, a long-time maid and confidant of Hattie
- **FRANCIS HAY MOULTON**, husband of Hattie - long presumed dead
- **LESTRADE**, Scotland Yard inspector assigned to the disappearance
- **PAGE BOY**, in Holmes's employ (no name given)

Summary

The story entails the disappearance of Lord Robert St. Simon's bride on their wedding day. The bride participates in the wedding, but disappears from the morning breakfast.

The events are most perplexing to Lord Robert as it seemed his bride, Hatty Doran of San Francisco was enthusiastic about the marriage. St. Simon tells Holmes he noticed a change in the lady's mood just after the ceremony. She was uncharacteristically sharp with him.

The only thing out of the ordinary during the ceremony occurred when Hatty dropped her wedding bouquet and a gentleman in the front pew picked it up and handed it back to her. After the bridal party entered Hatty's father's house for the wedding breakfast, a former companion of St. Simon, Flora Millar, caused a disturbance at the door and was ejected. Hatty was

seen talking to her maid upon arrival at the house; ten minutes into the wedding breakfast, Hatty claimed that she didn't feel well and retired to her room.

A short time later, it was discovered she had left the house. There are many questions Holmes must sift through. Who was trying to get in to the wedding breakfast? Who was that man in the front pew? Why were Hatty's wedding dress and ring found washed up on the shore of a waterway? What has become of her?

For Holmes it proves to be a rather an elementary case, for he has dealt with similar cases. This one is not so complex to unravel, despite the confusion it causes Dr. Watson and Inspector Lestrade.

Holmes finds Hatty and the strange man from the front pew. He convinces the couple to explain all to Lord Robert. Hatty and the mystery man, Francis H. Moulton, were husband and wife. They parted on their wedding day so he could try to make a fortune by prospecting for gold. A newspaper reported that he had been killed in an Apache raid on a camp where he was working. Hatty had given him up for dead, met Lord Robert, and decided to marry him, even though her heart still belonged to Frank.

Frank had only been taken prisoner by the Apache raiders, and he escaped and tracked Hatty to London. He arrived at the church in time for the ceremony. Rather than have her make a scene at the church, he gestured her to be silent, and wrote a note which he slipped to her as he returned her bouquet. She disappeared without ever telling anybody, but Holmes had tracked them down and convinced them it would be better to tell the truth. Lord Robert is unmoved by Hatty's apologies and feels he has been treated very poorly.

Steve Mason

Sherlockian Jumble

Rearrange each set of letters to form a word and place it in the boxes. Use the letters from the blue squares to fill in the blanks for the proper phrase. All the scrambled words and the phrase are from "The Noble Bachelor."

Answer on page 25

ANRESO							OUMELV						
	4	20	7	25	31	12		16		10		2	24
VEETSN							ISIMDE						
	37	28				30		36	14		9		
SUERAS							SCAUDE						
	1	15	26		23	29			11		38	17	
XECTPE							FGNIRE						
	33	21	6	3	22	34			5	8	13		
GNDRUI													
			18	35						32	27		19

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		9	10	11	12	13		14	15
16	17	18	19		20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29		
30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38								

The Adventure of the Missing Kentucky Derby Horse III



Colored by Jack H. D.
Christopher Illustrations by Henry L.

The Adventure of the Missing Kentucky Derby Horse III or KDH3

Author: Jack D.

Illustrator: Henry V.

Colorist: Christopher G.

Editor: Dean R.

British detective Sherlock Holmes and I, Dr. John Watson, were chasing our third suspect, Guy Kitts, in a horse napping case. But, we were not alone. John Hollenback, the jockey of Bolt, the horse we were looking for, was with us, and Todd Lemming, our second suspect, had joined us in Tennessee.

Just then, Kitts dove into the Mississippi River. Holmes saw it from our carriage and yelled, "Jones! Please stop the carriage! Let's get out right next to the river." Lemming saw a large dark cloud rolling in from the west when we got into the water. Suddenly, lightning flashed from the cloud. Then, there was a large boom of thunder.

"Hang on!" Hollenback said to the group. "I think we're going to have some wild weather!"

"I just felt a raindrop," I said.

"So did I," Holmes said.

Minutes later, rain poured down all around us. It made it so we could barely see Kitts through the monsoon. We were five miles down the river from the carriage stop when the storm finally ended. But we could not see Kitts anymore. He had escaped into his home. Thankfully Holmes knew Kitts's address. We rushed inside. He spoke from upstairs, sounding petrified.

"C-c-come up," he said from his bedroom. The four of us walked up the large staircase to see him.

"I suppose you would like to hear my story?" he asked.

"That would be very nice, thank you," Holmes replied.

"Well, when I was a young boy, my dream was to be a professional horse jockey," Kitts began. "But my mother and father didn't agree. They thought boys like me shouldn't grow up to become racehorse jockeys. As punishment, they would make me clean the house every week. But I still believed in myself. When I was older, I graduated from Yale University with a degree in U.S. history. I went on to sign up to ride a horse in my first big race. I was scheduled to debut in that year's Kentucky Derby, and my horse . . . was Bolt."

"Bolt!" the four of us shouted.

"Yes, Bolt. I arrived at Churchill Downs on race day with high hopes. I thought back to my childhood days. My grandparents believed in me and even told me stories about the other horses in Bolt's family. I enjoyed one particular story in which my grandfather told me, 'Long ago, before our family's horse, Gunshot, was a champion racehorse, he was a horse helping to deliver messages for the Pony Express.' Soon, it was time for the race. People who were betting on it didn't think I could do much. I was determined to prove them wrong. I was leading on the final lap of the race. Many people who had not believed in me were rethinking their decisions. They ended up being right. As we came through the final turn, Bolt started swerving left and right on the track. I tried to hang on but couldn't. I was thrown from the saddle and landed hard on the dirt. I was taken to a local hospital where I got terrible news. I had suffered a severe leg fracture and would never race a horse again. I soon met John, whom you have with you. He agreed to race Bolt in competitions. Bolt was still my horse, but John would race him. Seven years ago, Bolt became John's horse when he won a bet. I decided to move to the countryside where I still live today. And, here I am."

"Would you like to come with us on a walk so you could further explain your life story?" Holmes asked.

"I would love to," Kitts replied.

So we all went outside for a walk around St. Louis. As we walked, Guy told us further about the competitions that John had raced Bolt in while he was still Kitts' horse.

"In the first competition that John rode Bolt in, he finished second. It was the highest finish that any of my family's horses achieved. By the time John had started his third season riding Bolt, he had already won twenty-five races. That year, Bolt scored an exceptional forty-five top-three finishes, including thirty-one wins. Six years later, Bolt and John got their one-hundredth win together. To celebrate, John rode Bolt in a parade through St. Louis. But their rival, Bill Turner, and his horse, Screamer, were angry! In Bolt's next race, Turner purposely tried to knock Bolt out of the race. Fortunately, the judges saw it and Turner was disqualified. His penalty was to miss the next twenty races he was signed up for. And then . . ."

Kitts's words trailed off as a stranger, wearing a black suit and a mask, jumped out in front of us. Behind him was a horse that looked just like Bolt! Kitts and Hollenback ran out to try to get him, but the stranger escaped.

"Was that . . . Bolt?" I managed, still shivering with fear from the surprise. John quickly responded to me.

"Yes. Indeed it was," he told me.

"Well, then," Holmes began, "let's continue on our walk."

As we walked, Kitts continued.

"I was at Hollenback's parade. I was especially happy to see all of the people cheering for him. But then in 1891, John wanted Bolt to be his own horse. I decided that we would have a bet. If John Stevenson and Lightning won the next horse race, Bolt would stay my horse. But if Black Beauty and his jockey, Max Richardson, won, John would be the owner of Bolt. If neither of them won, whoever was rooting for the higher finisher would own Bolt. We went to the race. In the final corner, Lightning was leading. But, Black Beauty snuck by surprisingly and beat Lightning to the finish line. That did it. Bolt was John's."

"I am hungry," I said. "Let's stop at a place and eat, then maybe go to an inn for the night."

So we all went inside Hungry Hugo's Tavern for Travelers. The owner, Hugo Horner, greeted us at the counter. "What would you like?" he asked.

"Five hot coffees, please," Holmes replied.

"Coming right up!" Hugo said excitedly to us. "Five hot coffees for Holmes!" he called to the cooks. "Hang on," he said to us. "Are you drinking in the tavern or is it a 'to go' order?"

"To go, please," Holmes called to him.

We picked up our coffees from the counter and headed into the Weary Travelers Inn. Hollenback and Lemming left us because they had already booked a reservation at a hotel near the Title Guaranty Building, the Title Guaranty St. Louis Inn. As we settled in for the night, I thought about the experience we had had earlier that day. It caused me to have a horrible nightmare! In it, I had come face to face with the person I'd seen earlier. He raised a sword preparing to stab Bolt. Just before he did, I woke up and realized it was all a dream. When I looked out my window, I saw it was still dark. There was an analog clock in my room. I looked at it and gasped. It wasn't even two o'clock in the morning! Just then, I stepped on a board on the floor and it creaked. The noise was so great that it woke up Holmes! (Kitts was staying in another room.)

"What's going on?" Holmes exclaimed.

I told him, "I stepped on a board on the floor and it creaked, waking you up. I would make some tea if you would like."

"I don't think I can go back to sleep tonight, so please, make some tea."

When the tea was ready, we sat in chairs in our room and drank from the mugs. As we gulped down our drinks, Holmes said, "Do you think Kitts is the culprit?"

"I would not count him out yet," I replied.

"Neither would I," said Holmes.

As we all know, time flies, and before we knew it, it was 6:45 in the morning.

"Well, Watson," Holmes began, "we should be going. We promised to meet Kitts in the lobby for breakfast by 7:15."

So we quickly got changed into our clothes for the day and headed down to the hotel dining room. When we got there, Kitts was waiting for us.

"How did we do?" I asked.

"It's 7:10," said Kitts, looking at the clock. "You did well."

We had forgotten Kitts was in a room right under us. He too had been awakened by the board creaking. He gasped when he heard our conversation. As we left the inn, I turned to Holmes, and since nobody was looking, Kitts decided to make an escape. About thirty seconds after he started making a mad dash away from us, Holmes turned and saw him running away.

"I just remembered," Holmes began, "Kitts was in the room directly under us. He must've been awakened by the creaking board and heard our conversation." We started chasing him. About ten minutes after we started our chase, tornado sirens blared!!! Since we were still not very far from the inn, and the voice coming from the megaphone was very loud, we could hear him shout, "Attention, guests. There is a tornado within ten miles of the hotel and we ask that at this time you take cover. We recommend doing this in the tornado-safe dugouts in the center of the building. Once you come down the steam-powered elevators, turn left and walk straight for about six yards and you will see a sign that shows you where the dugouts are. Once again, there is a tornado within ten miles of the hotel so please take cover."

As we ran, I heard a rumble get louder and louder like a freight train. It was the TWISTER! Then, it started pouring. Suddenly, Kitts turned and started heading in the direction of the twister. A few minutes later, the tornado was approximately 1,000 meters away. Since it moved 400 meters in thirty seconds, I figured it had a speed of 800 meters per minute. When it was about 350 meters away from us, it started shrinking. It took exactly one minute to shrink and only made it 250 meters before shrinking away to nothing. Kitts turned and got down on his knee.

"You have chased me and helped me escape. How can I ever repay you?"

"No need," said Holmes. "Now, I say we have a party to celebrate our escape from that tornado."

So we walked back to Kitts' house to have a party. On our way, I whispered to Holmes, "Do you still think Guy stole Bolt?"

"No," said Holmes. "I think we can cross him off our list."

At the party, Kitts presented us with a surprise.

"I got tickets for the St. Louis Browns vs. Washington Senators baseball game at Robison Field!" he exclaimed.

"One question," said Holmes. "How are the teams doing?"

"Horrible," Kitts said. "The Browns are 30-78, and the Senators are 39-66."

"Ouch," said I. "I just hope they can improve."

A few hours later, we were at the game. The announcer was just calling the player line-ups. He boomed, "On the mound, your St. Louis Browns' pitcher, Kid Carsey, out of New York City!"

The crowd erupted in cheers as Carsey took the field. He didn't pitch the whole game, but the Browns' slugging was amazing. They scored 14 runs and won 14 to 5. Although they were still last in the league, I had to compliment them for all those runs.

Sadly, the next day was the last full one we could have in St. Louis with Kitts. We had a horse-drawn carriage departing at 6:15 that night. My wish came true when Kitts told us what he did for a living.

"I am a horse-drawn carriage inspector," said Kitts. "I have inspected millions of carriages, and I make sure the driver does not carry any illegal equipment."

He went on and on for hours about the carriages he had inspected and the story of his career. Later, Holmes checked the time and found it was five 'til six already. Holmes stood up and grabbed his coat.

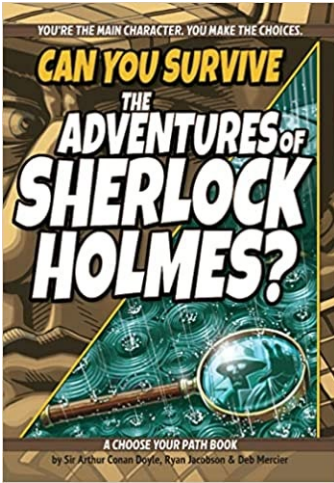
"Well Kitts, sir, it is 5:55, and our carriage leaves in twenty minutes. It is time for us to go."

As we walked out the door, Kitts called, "Be careful. Have a nice ride!"

So we set off to Saratoga Springs, New York, to see our next suspect, David Alvarez.

The End

Entertainment Resources for Younger Sherlockians: Comics & Graphic Novels



Can You Survive the Adventures of Sherlock Holmes?: A Choose Your Path Book (Interactive Classic Literature)

Written by Ryan Jacobson and Deb Mercier, adapted from the work of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Published by Lake 7 Creative

Recommended for: ages 9-13 (grades 3-8)

The “Choose Your Path” series brings classic stories to life, allowing the reader to make decisions with high-stakes consequences. Are you ready to step into the shoes of the Great Detective?

It is the summer of 1890, and you are Sherlock Holmes, Consulting Detective. Dr. Watson has three cases for your consideration, plus a message from Scotland

Yard: One of the cases might be a trap set by Moriarty. Which case will you take first? Can you identify which client, if any, is your archenemy in disguise?

All three cases are based on stories from *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*. In each chapter, you are given choices about how to proceed. Make the right choices, and you will solve the mysteries. Make the wrong choices, and you could lose your reputation or even your life. If you’ve already read the original *Adventures*, you’ll have a head start, but you will still have to choose carefully.

After successfully completing your adventure, try writing your own “Choose Your Path” story scene or designing a “mystery puzzle” with instructions in the book’s back matter. We would love to see your puzzles and read your stories - send them to us (with permission from your parent or guardian), and we might include them in a future issue of *Sherlock’s Spotlight*!

Sherlock Holmes: The Challenge of Irene Adler

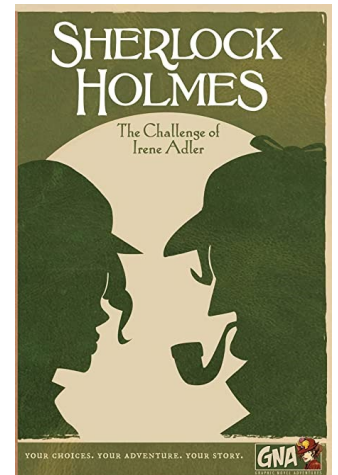
Written and illustrated by CED as *Sherlock Holmes le défi de Irène Adler*; translated by Adam Marostica

Published by Van Ryder Games

Recommended for ages 14 and up (grades 8-12)

It’s a graphic novel! It’s a role-playing game! It’s both!

This graphic novel series for teens from Van Ryder Games takes the interactive book format to the next level. One reader can play alone, or two players can share the adventure.



In this installment, Irene Adler has opened her own detective agency, and she has challenged Sherlock Holmes to prove who is really the best detective. Choose your character - Holmes or Adler - and follow the rules outlined in the beginning of the book to conduct two investigations. Follow the clues from panel to panel, interviewing suspects and studying evidence.

Who will come out the champion? It all depends on the choices you make as you pursue each case. Spare investigation note sheets are available on the Van Ryder Games website, so you can play the game again and again without permanently marking up the book.

Looking for more adventures? Other books in the series include *Sherlock Holmes: Four Investigations*, *Sherlock Holmes & Moriarty Associates*, *Sherlock Holmes: The Beginning*, and *Sherlock Holmes International*.

Beth Gallego



BRAIN-TEASER

One day, Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson were sitting at a table at one of their favorite restaurants, enjoying a breakfast of ham, eggs, and bread. Watson glanced over to see another patron putting away a large piece of chocolate cake covered with a strawberry icing.

“I just cannot fathom someone eating such a sugary treat for breakfast,” Watson exclaimed. “I guess it just proves that people will eat just about anything.”

Holmes responded, “Yes, it does have an unappetizing appeal about it. But as you are aware, Watson, there are two things no one can ever eat for breakfast, no matter how strong their stomach or taste buds are!”

What are the two things Holmes is speaking of?

The answer is on page 25



About Arthur, the Author

Glimpses into the life of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes

The Beginnings of a Storyteller

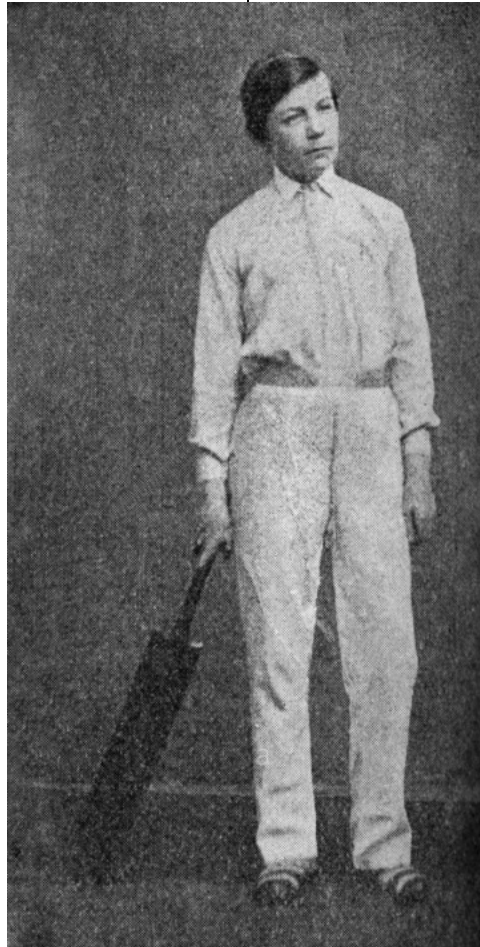
Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson, first wrote a mystery about them in 1886. He was twenty-seven years old. He authored many stories and created many characters before Holmes and Watson. His storytelling actually began when he was a young boy living in a boarding school.

At the age of nine, he left his family in Scotland, traveling by train alone, to live in England at a school called Hodder. He lived at Hodder for two years, and then moved to a nearby school for older boys called Stonyhurst for another five years. During those seven years, he only saw his family during summer break. The school did not have other breaks during the year. Except for the six-week vacation in the summer, the boys never went home.

He was sometimes lonely, but he discovered that he had what he called "some literary streak" that was not common to the other boys in his school. He created stories about heroes and their adventures, which he shared. The other students were thrilled by Arthur's storytelling.

An audience of young boys would sit on the floor, their chins on their hands, and listen as Arthur, standing on a desk before them, would tell stories until his voice grew husky. Remember: the school had

no televisions, no computers, no internet, and no telephones. For them, the story time with Arthur was like going to a movie.



CONAN DOYLE AT 14.

He learned to tell a story in an entertaining way from his mother. Mary Doyle loved to read, and she had a natural gift for telling Arthur and his brother and sisters thrilling tales about the characters in the books she read. "In my early childhood, as far back as I can remember anything at all," he wrote many years later, "the vivid stories which she would tell me stand out so clearly that they obscure the real facts of my life."

During the summer holidays, he would read many books he borrowed from the small library near his home. He read so many so quickly that the librarians had to tell his mother that Arthur was limited to exchanging books only twice a day! When he went back to school, he had many more adventure stories he could share. The

reading inspired him to create his own stories for his school friends.

Arthur's storytelling gave him an added bonus: treats! His schoolmates enjoyed his stories so much they would at times bribe Arthur to keep talking by giving him pastries or apples. The students ate very plain meals. For breakfast, they had a bit of dry bread and hot watered milk. For lunch (they called it dinner), there was a little beef and fish on Fridays. For a snack in the afternoon, they had dry bread

again with an odd brown drink that was called "beer" because of its color, but it was not really beer. For supper, they had hot milk again, bread, butter, and sometimes potatoes. A treat such as a pastry or an apple was rare and special. The boys found his stories to be worth the price.

Arthur Conan Doyle was on his way to becoming the storyteller who would later entertain millions of people.

Margie Deck





The Noble Bachelor Coat of Arms

In the Adventure of the Noble Bachelor, before the meeting with Lord St. Simon at 221 B, Baker Street, Sherlock Holmes took out a reference book and described St. Simon's shield, or Coat of Arms: "Arms: *Azure, three caltrops in chief over a fess sable.*" What does that mean?

In medieval wartime, it was difficult to distinguish one knight dressed in armor from another. Therefore, followers of one army would color their shields with unique colors, shapes, and designs to help distinguish combatants. Flags, banners, and standards bearing symbols have been in use for thousands of years from the time of the Norman conquest in 1066. Symbols include animals and beasts, birds, fish, mythical monsters, insects, reptiles, trees, leaves, and flowers. In time, symbols used on the shields and coats of arms became unique to a particular family and were used by noble families who had been rewarded with property for their loyalty to the king or queen. These coats of arms were passed on through generations.

Heraldry is the system by which coats of arms are devised, described, and regulated.

The shield of the St. Simon family was described as having the color "azure," which is the blue color of the clear sky; therefore, the shield was sky blue.



The next element on the shield was "three caltrops in chief." In heraldic language, "in chief"

takes the form of a band running horizontally across the top edge of the shield. Therefore, the three caltrops would appear at the top quarter or third of the shield.

Three caltrops look like this:



A caltrop was made of steel or iron with four projecting sharp spikes, arranged so that three of the spikes were always on the ground and the fourth pointed upward. Historically, caltrops were part of military defenses that served to slow the advance of troops, especially horses, chariots and war elephants. To step on a spike ball was to risk a gash or puncture wound which could result in serious infection or a slow death. The caltrop might have originated as a hunting trap and, therefore, bears a close resemblance to snares, stakes, trenches, and pits used to entangle or injure the feet of men and animals.

The caltrop was a symbol of the Simon family's military history and appears and reappears throughout Europe, Asia, North Africa, and eventually in the New World. The caltrop has also been adopted by American military units and today is the symbol of the US Army's III Armored Corps. The Armored Corps is a descendant of horse cavalry which used the caltrop as a defensive weapon. The caltrop is also the symbol of the United States Marine Corps' 3rd Division.

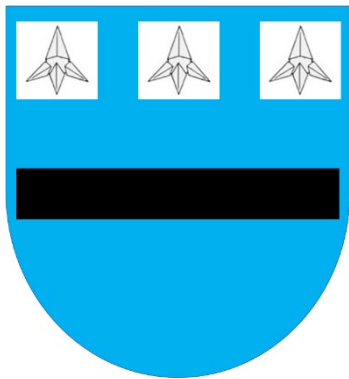
Three caltrops look like this:



A fess, in heraldry, is a horizontal band across the middle of the shield, and a "fess sable" means the horizontal band is sable, which is black. The name is derived from the black fur of the sable fox. This is what a "fess sable" would look like:



Therefore, when you put everything together, the St. Simon family Coat of Arms would look like this:



Want to learn more about coats of arms and heraldry? Check out this Internet site, "A Complete Guide to Heraldry."

https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/A_Complete_Guide_to_Heraldry

For examples of the variety of symbols that appear in coats of arms, see chapters 9-19.

https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/A_Complete_Guide_to_Heraldry/Chapter_9

Want to make your own shield? You can get instructions at this website:

<https://www.english-heritage.org.uk/easter/preparing-for-easter-adventure-quests/how-to-make-a-cardboard-shield/>

You can find an activity pack that has drawings of animals and beasts, like lions and dragons, to put on your shield here:

<https://www.english-heritage.org.uk/siteassets/home/easter/preparing-for-easter-adventure-quests/how-to-make-a-cardboard-shield/herladry-activity-pack.pdf>

Rich Krisciunas

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Word Search Challenge

You and a friend can now test your clue-finding skills in the fog-shrouded streets of London.

1. One player will take Holmes's team, the other player will take Watson's team.
2. Each player shall search his letter grid for the 6 names from "The Adventure of the Noble Bachelor" listed next to the grid.
3. Circle each letter of the name. The letters not circled will fill out a Sherlock Holmes quote from the story.
Place each letter in the spaces below the word search.
4. The first player to find all 6 names and complete the quote wins.

Holmes's Team

J E A L O U S Y I S
A S T R A N G E S T
R N A R O D E A N S
F O R N O M I S M E
W R O F L C H A R A
A C T O M I L L A R
T E H R S Y F E D V
S N O T L U O M K L
O U F A T W G I G X
N X J P O L K A R B

DORAN

HOLMES

MILLAR

MOULTON

SIMON

WATSON

[illegible]

Going to the Dogs

From the giant hound of the Baskervilles to Toby's exceptional nose in *The Sign of Four*, dogs have played an important role in several of the Sherlock Holmes stories. For the most part, the canines appearing in these tales either directly or indirectly provided a clue. Perhaps the most famous of these, Toby and Pompey, both assisted Sherlock in tracking down his suspect because of their superior sense of smell.

Sherlock borrowed Toby in *The Sign of the Four*, who led them to a boat landing and pointed them in the right direction to catch Jonathan Small, a murderer and thief. Similarly, Sherlock used Pompey in "The Adventure of the Missing Three-Quarter" to track a carriage after he coated its wheels with aniseed oil.

Scientists estimate dogs can smell 10,000 to 100,000 times better than humans. Their noses have separate passageways for breathing in and out, while humans have only one for both directions. About twelve percent of the air a dog breathes in goes through a special passage just for smelling. This air passes through a bony structure called "turbinates" where special cells pick out specific smells. Dogs have a special organ (Jacobson's organ) just for picking out particular animal smells.

During the Victorian period, dog owners changed their preferences from their animal's talent to his appearance, requiring them to be purebreds. A dog is a purebred if both the parents were the same



breed of dog (both sheepdogs, for example), and their parents were also the same breed, and so on (the further back, the better).

Only purebreds could compete in dog shows. The first dog show in the world occurred in 1859 in England for five types of dogs: sheepdogs, mastiffs, terriers, scent hounds, and companion hounds. Thus, despite Toby and Pompey's superior tracking skills, they would not have been allowed in a show because they were not purebreds. Toby was half-spaniel-half lurcher, and Pompey a beagle and foxhound mix.

In 1873, the Kennel Club was formed to provide rules for judging dogs and running dog shows. It also maintained a book containing all the dogs competing in shows with their family history (or pedigree). Finally, the Club provided descriptions of what a winning dog should look like and behave to make judging more fair across shows.

Another product of the dog shows was the Canine Defense League—later the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. This group's activities led to the creation of homes for dogs, a concern for strays, and the banning of certain "sports" involving dogs and other animals.

Unlike many Victorians, Sherlock's interest in a dog was not about its parents, but its ability to track a criminal. He knew that a dog's breeding didn't matter without results.



Liese Sherwood-Fabre, PhD

Sherlock Holmes Mini-Mystery

Can you help Sherlock Holmes solve the mystery from the clues provided?

Sherlock Holmes walked with Lestrade around the house and to the front door.

“Mrs. Olson said she forgot to lock the back door last night, but she thought her dog would be enough protection. When she awoke, she found two antique vases, one on either end of her mantel above the fireplace, missing. There are no signs of forced entry, and nothing else was stolen.”

Holmes and Watson entered the kitchen, where Mrs. Hudson, the caring neighbor, was consoling Mrs. Olson. “I am sure they will find the vases intact. No one would smash something so valuable.”

At that moment, another neighbor, Miss Wolfe, stuck her head through the back door.

“I saw the hansom cab and the men circling your home. What happened?”

Mrs. Olson introduced the neighbor to the three men.

Looking down the long narrow hallway to the sitting room, Miss Wolfe spotted the empty spot on the far left end of the mantel. “Your lovely vases! They’re gone. Who took them?”

Lestrade responded, “That is exactly what we are here to discover.”

“I am sure the police, with Mr. Holmes’s assistance, will soon find the culprit or culprits.”

Holmes nodded briefly, adding, “Sometimes the thief gives themselves away in the simplest manner. So I must ask, was it envy which caused you to take the vases, or simple greed, needing money from their sale?”

Who was Holmes talking to, and how did he determine the thief so quickly?

The answer is on page 27

Steve Mason

The Junior Sherlockian Society

UNLOCKING A YOUNG PERSON'S UNDERSTANDING
AND APPRECIATION OF SHERLOCK HOLMES



The game is afoot!

The Beacon Society invites youth to complete Junior Sherlockian Training – an in-depth study of Sherlock Holmes’s character traits, observational skills, capacity for critical thought, and inductive and deductive reasoning.

During the online training, Junior Sherlockians-in-Training complete tasks to **explore**, **experience**, and **extend** their understanding and appreciation of the great detective.

Upon completion of the tasks and submission of “training evidence”, a certificate of completion is granted.

2

Explore

Complete **TWO TASKS** to be introduced to the great detective.

2

Experience

Read or listen to **TWO** stories written by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

1

Extend

Complete **ONE TASK** to extend your understanding and appreciation.

B

‘B’

RECOGNIZED

Submit your 2-2-1-b training evidence.

***Begin your Sherlockian training
at www.juniorsherlockian.com***



**STAMFORD DID YOU TAKE THE
NOTE HOME TO YOUR PARENTS ?**

**I BELIEVE IT
WAS UNFAIR... I
WAS NOT
GOOFING OFF !**



THE FIRST ADVENTURES OF HOLMES AND WATSON

**YOU WERE STICKING PENCILS UP
YOUR NOSE !**

**IT WAS SELF-EXPRESSION OF
HUMOUR... I CAN'T HELP IT IF
YOU DID NOT SEE IT AS FUNNY.**

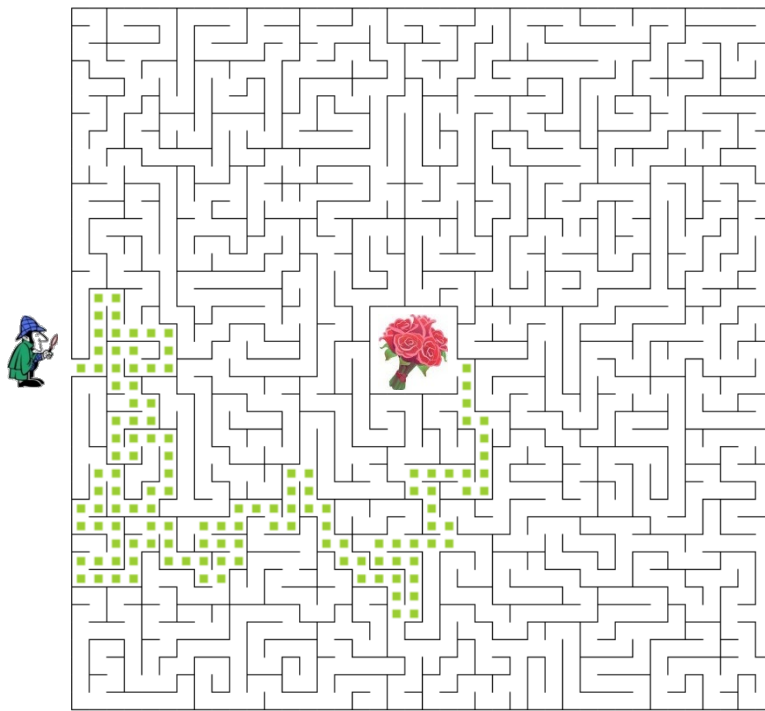


**I'M BETTING THE
HEADMASTER WILL NOT
APPECIATE MY HUMOUR
EITHER.**



Puzzle Answers

THAT'S-A-MAZE-ING



Brain-Teaser

At breakfast, you cannot eat lunch or dinner.

Sherlockian Jumble

REASON	VOLUME
EVENTS	MISSED
ASSURE	CAUSED
EXCEPT	FINGER
DURING	FAMILY

AMERICAN SLANG IS VERY EXPRESSIVE SOMETIMES

WORD SEARCH:

Holmes's Team

J	E	A	L	O	U	S	Y	I	S	DORAN HOLMES MILLAR MOULTON SIMON WATSON
A	S	T	R	A	N	G	S	E	T	
R	N	A	R	O	D	E	A	N	S	
F	O	R	N	O	M	I	S	M	E	
W	R	O	F	L	C	H	A	R	A	
A	C	T	O	M	I	L	L	A	R	
T	E	H	R	S	Y	F	E	D	V	
S	N	O	T	L	U	O	M	K	L	
O	U	F	A	T	W	G	I	G	X	
N	X	J	P	O	L	K	A	R	B	

J	E	A	L	O	U	S	Y		I	S		A		S	T	R	A	N	G	E				
T	R	A	N	S	F	O	R	M	E	R		O	F		C	H	A	R	A	C	T	E	R	S

Watson's Team

S	E	M	L	O	H	J	E	A	L	DORAN HOLMES MILLAR MOULTON SIMON WATSON
O	U	S	Y	I	S	A	S	T	R	
A	N	G	E	T	R	N	A	N	S	
N	F	O	R	M	O	E	D	R	O	
N	O	M	I	S	R	O	F	C	H	
A	R	T	T	A	R	A	C	T	E	
R	S	A	L	A	Z	L	W	O	I	
X	W	L	N	U	I	P	B	M	F	
I	I	U	U	H	O	H	G	X	I	
M	T	Z	W	S	G	M	D	O	X	

J	E	A	L	O	U	S	Y		I	S		A		S	T	R	A	N	G	E				
T	R	A	N	S	F	O	R	M	E	R		O	F		C	H	A	R	A	C	T	E	R	S

MINI-MYSTERY

From the kitchen, looking down the hallway to the sitting room, all that was visible was the left end of the mantel, where one of the vases was located. But Miss Wolfe gave herself away when she stated, “the vases are gone.” She would not have known the vase at the right end of the mantel was gone unless she was the thief.