

**Minutes of the meeting of
The Bimetallic Question
April 4, 2013**

Date of next meeting

The next meeting will take place on
Thursday, **June 6th, 2013**
at 6:30 p.m. at:
The Westmount Public Library (Westmount Room)
4574 Sherbrooke Street West
Westmount, Quebec

The Quiz at the next meeting

**“The Adventure of the
Sussex Vampire”**
prepared by Carol Abramson

Minutes of the MEETING of the BIMETALLIC QUESTION held on Thursday, April 4th, 2013 at the Westmount Library (Westmount Room), 4574 Sherbrooke Street West, Westmount, Quebec.

Present: Tash Akkerman, Rachel Alkallay, Paul Billette, Patrick Campbell, Louise Corda, Wilfrid de Freitas, Nitika Dosaj, David Dowse, Susan Fitch, Chris Herten-Greaven, Raf Jans, Elliott Newman, Erica Penner, Kayla Piecaitis, Karl Raudsepp, Rebecca Stacey, Ron Zilman

Guests: Patricia Day, Anne Millar

Regrets: None. Everyone was comfortable in their skin, the aromatherapy was working.

CALL TO ORDER: The meeting was called to order promptly at 6:30 by Sovereign Chris Herten-Greaven.

ITEMS OF BUSINESS AND GENTLE TRANSACTION

(Incorporating Show and Tell, Ice and Snow, False-spring and Elusive dreams)

1. Introduction of Guests

We were pleased to welcome back Ann Millar, a second-time visitor who was with us in December. The announcement of meetings is working for us in a targeted way, since Ann, who is a library member, saw our notice in the display case near the circulation area.

Patricia Day was a first-time visitor to the BmQ. We hope to see more of her too.

2. How Our Meetings Work

By way of welcoming our guests, Chris Herten-Greaven explained how our meetings are structured. The Bimetallic Question, Montreal's oldest, newest, and only Sherlockian society, meets the second Thursday of every second month, beginning in February. Meetings begin at 6:30 p.m. in the Westmount Room of the Westmount Public Library, 4574 Sherbrooke Street West. We assemble comfortably in this long room with leaded bay windows, where we roll solid oak tables on wheels into a long configuration, and slide similarly solid oak chairs around them. The fact that we, at our age, can move heavy tables effortlessly, gives us a delusional sense of senior empowerment which serves to elevate us to a stratosphere of belief in the rectitude of our ideas and a conviction that what we have to share and learn in and around the Canon of Sherlock Holmes is significant, noteworthy, uplifting, entertaining, fulfilling, sometimes life-altering, and always personally enriching. We stalwarts of the BmQ do not function in a vacuum; nay (not *neigh*), were this so, our delusion would be patent and complete. However, we are further empowered by our kinship with a worldwide network of thousands of scion societies comprised of tens of thousands of Sherlockians of many languages and persuasions that have learned to live with this infirmity of affiliation, and share a passion over things Sherlockian that defies understanding. Perfectly normal people gather in the discussion of stories, events, and ephemera relating to a segment of the literary output of a man who believed in fairies, who dreamed up a character named Sherlock and his trusty sidekick Watson (who could have been a talking dog with writing skills) and a modest world of mystery, fascination, high intrigue, and a timelessness transcending many generations of cogitators, ruminators, pipe dreamers, and banquet attenders. And this is just the tip of the iceberg. Our meetings at the BmQ, while centered around the Canon, receive a liquid assist from our ritual toasts to The Master (SH Himself), Dr. Watson, The Woman (Irene Adler), Mrs. Hudson, and The Society (the poor, lost souls who wash and have been washing up to the meetings for the past thirty-four years). The libations are only \$1 each, and are this inexpensive due to the brilliant purchasing practices of our very own and Mr. Hudson (possibly the only such character on this planet, among all scion societies). We have recently instituted a modest cover charge of \$1 per meeting to support the cost of Sherlockian snacks featuring gourmet *pâtés*, above-average crackers (oh, yes we are!), and interesting cheeses. Since this charge is cheap at half the price, we urge all and sundry to show up just for these tidbits. In addition and from Time to Time, as the spirits move, as the oven kindles, as the aromas waft, we are subject to one experiment or another in the unsung (some say nonexistent) beauty of Victorian cuisine; to wit: a plate of scones, something resembling cake, and other tasty items that have no

relation to any foodstuffs we have ever admitted to seeing before. All this is available for an annual membership of \$25/year which includes an invitation to our annual banquet in January (in celebration of The Master's birthday), and one's very own copy of our meeting minutes which we are considering renaming "meeting hours" or "days" or "months" because of their obvious lack of brevity, and often, purpose. Suffice to say that as in many families, there is always room for more. We are always appreciative of new visitors who become members, friends, and part of the Montreal and global Sherlockian family. Come one, come all. We'll sort it out later.

3. Just a Minute!

Since the printed word is a testament for posterity, accuracy in our meeting minutes should be a given. Karl Raudsepp would like to see the minutes corrected before they go onto the web site. The discussion he prompted on this issue met with general agreement by the attendees. The procedure until now has always been subject to the whims, imperfections, and flakiness of Your Lowly Scribe, who given a computer and a readership, has felt the drug of unlimited power flowing through its veins (and *vaines*) for the past decade or so (who's counting?) since it took over the job from sensitive and talented individuals who were much more capable at *tried* to show Your Scribe the way. The procedure is that the Scribe writes notes during the meeting while listening to as little of the proceedings as possible, because notes are being written on what was said moments ago while new items are being added, the *pâté* is being passed around, someone is offering sagely elaboration in the Scribe's (blocked) ear, and the pen has just run out of ink. This process always has its flaws, since people can be misquoted, and what is interesting to the Scribe might be ho-hum or even irksome to the readership. As soon as the Scribe has re-read and edited the Minutes for the twenty-seventh time, they are sent up the line to someone who will edit them beyond Spellcheck, for obvious spelling errors and glaring statements that could get us into trouble. They are then formatted for printing (usually a simple matter, since we all work in Word), and photocopied for mailing to paid-up members and a few other lucky individuals. Recently we have been having discussions about whether to cut back on the paper/ mailing expense by sending the membership the minutes by e-mail. Certain members still want to receive hard copy, so that question needs to be resolved to everyone's satisfaction. Karl has suggested that while the process of printing and e-mailing may continue, we should not post these minutes on our web site *until* our members have had a chance to look at them and correct errors or anything else that requires a change. The Lowly Scribe mentioned that when it was a reporter in small-town British Columbia, it was standard practice to verify references to local citizens in the news by calling them and double-checking facts, quotations, statements, etc. This kept most people happy, except the mothers of those arrested for various felonies, over the age of eighteen, who would have preferred not to see anything related to their family in the newspaper, regardless of how well it was spelled, or how accurately it was reported. Back to Karl's suggestion. Excellent. The members are urged to look over the notes for things like accuracy, spelling, delicacy, or whatever other concerns they may have, and feed these comments and observations back at the next meeting, days after they will have received the minutes. The necessary corrections will be made, and only then will the minutes be posted on our web site, to be accessed by the

world. Rebecca Stacey will be participating in the “minutes” process by receiving the prepublication Minutes, checking them over, and disseminating them. We have yet to arrange the post-meeting amendment process, prior to posting on the web site. Although relatively new to the Society, Rebecca is a passionate Sherlockian, is more than knowledgeable about the Canon, is articulate, and has excellent writing skills. We are fortunate for her support. Rebecca has authorized us and approves that we give you her E-mail address. It is listed at the end of the Minutes.

4. Closet Sherlockian Throws Dog at Quebec Premier

In a March 29, 2013 Op article entitled “It’s about sovereignty, not language,” Peter Blaikie, Montreal lawyer and former president of the Progressive Conservative Party of Canada likened Pauline Marois and the PQ’s undeclared (for now) sovereignty activities to “the dog that didn’t bark in the night” in our sacred Canon’s “Silver Blaze.” We cannot help but think that Blakie’s foray out of the Sherlockian closet is a subtle way of being invited as a guest speaker to our next annual dinner.

5. Next Annual Banquet

It seems you can never plan too early. Our next annual dinner will be on January 18, 2014 at the Atwater Club. We enjoyed these facilities enormously for our 2012 dinner, and due to a glitch, missed out this year. The situation has been rectified by booking early, so thank you, Paul Billette. Paul informed us that we will not have the exclusive use of the lounge and bar, since this is an open area, and is used by members on an ongoing basis. Your Lowly Scribe voiced concern that since the athletes who might be smelling a bit gamy from their squash matches, would be elbow-to-elbow with us at the bar, might require survival olfaction on our part. Chris Herten-Greaven rejoined that we might want to carry a hollowed-out orange filled with spices, in order to counteract local atmospheric conditions. Since there will be a lapse of seven-or-so months from the time you receive these minutes until the dinner, and since we will now have a vested interest in the Atwater Club, we might want to take turns guarding the facility to ensure that it is still standing next January.

6. Contacting Each Other

Tash Akkerman will be updating our list of members and their contact coordinates. This is essential for some of us to have, since it will enable us to get in touch with each other on a variety of issues, rather than having to wait until the next meeting. A few members do not want their information shared. Their data will be excluded from this list.

7. Yes, But Where Do You Put the Avocado?

Regarding the conundrum of what to put in the minutes, Wilfrid de Freitas said, “Knowledge is knowing a tomato is a fruit; wisdom is knowing not to put it into a fruit salad.” Your Lowly Scribe has often shaken his head sadly over this one. What, indeed? Don’t people know? Wot?

8. Free Association

As is our wont, those of us with a vast and fascinating body of general knowledge tend to associate ideas and share them with each other. Naturally, therefore, Wilfrid's tomato in Item #7 above easily morphed along the jet stream of consciousness into the French Potato Story, which begins in the 18th century, with a man named Antoine-Augustin Parmentier (1737-1813). The story of the potato in France was so fascinating and incredible, that Your Lowly Scribe thought Wilfrid was making it up. So, if we are to believe Wikipedia, Parmentier "is remembered as a vocal promoter of the potato as a food source (for humans) in France and throughout Europe. However, this was not his only contribution to nutrition and health; he was responsible for the first mandatory smallpox vaccination campaign (under Napoleon starting in 1805, when he was Inspector-General of the Health Service), he was a pioneer in the extraction of sugar from sugar beets, he founded a school of bread making, and he studied methods of conserving food, including refrigeration.

"While serving as an army pharmacist for France in the Seven Years' War, he was captured by the Prussians, and in prison in Prussia was faced with eating potatoes, known to the French only as hog feed. The potato had been introduced to Europe as early as 1640, but (outside of Ireland) was usually used for animal feed. King Frederick II of Prussia had required peasants to cultivate the plants under severe penalties and had provided them cuttings. In 1748 the French Parliament had actually forbidden the cultivation of the potato (on the ground that it was thought to cause leprosy among other things), and this law remained on the books in Parmentier's time.

"From his return to Paris in 1763 he pursued his pioneering studies in nutritional chemistry. His prison experience came to mind in 1772 when he proposed (in a contest sponsored by the Academy of Besançon) use of the potato as a source of nourishment for dysenteric patients. He won the prize on behalf of the potato in 1773.

"Thanks largely to Parmentier's efforts, the Paris Faculty of Medicine declared potatoes edible in 1772. Still, resistance continued, and Parmentier was prevented from using his test garden at the Invalides hospital, where he was pharmacist, by the religious community that owned the land, whose complaints resulted in the suppression of Parmentier's post at the Invalides.

"Parmentier therefore began a series of publicity stunts for which he remains notable today, hosting dinners at which potato dishes featured prominently and guests included luminaries such as Benjamin Franklin and Antoine Lavoisier, giving bouquets of potato blossoms to the King and Queen, and surrounding his potato patch at Sablons with armed guards to suggest valuable goods — then instructed them to accept any and all bribes from civilians and withdrawing them at night so the greedy crowd could "steal" the potatoes. (These 54 *arpents* of impoverished ground near Neuilly, west of Paris, had been allotted him by order of Louis XVI in 1787.)"

9. Gone to the Dogs

Paul Billette's reference to Montrealer Peter Blakie about "the dog that didn't bark in the night," cited in item #4 above, sent Your Lowly Scribe hunting for "peter blakey dog" in Google. This led us to "Peter Blakey – YouTube" which posted two videos commented upon by one Peter Blakey who in all likelihood has nothing whatever to do with the man behind Door #4. The first video showed a few of the 220,000 feral dogs of Santiago, Chile, some of which were obligingly making puppies for the

cameraman. The other video commented upon by Blakey showed a young yellow Labrador Retriever interacting with a young boy apparently severely impaired with Down's Syndrome. It is heartwarming (yes, it does bring tears; in fact both videos do) to see how the patient insistence of the dog breaks through the possibly autistic isolation of the young child who slowly moves out of himself to respond. Must see.

10. Strength in Numbers?

The larger of the New York Sherlockian societies, The Baker Street Irregulars, has 1,500 members. These include some of the world's foremost Sherlockians: academics, critics, writers, pastiche novelists and story tellers, professors, *bons-vivants*. Members are invited to join on the basis to their contribution to the field of Sherlockiana. Do we know any Canadians who are members of the BSI?

11. Lamb Chop, Potato Chop

Paul Billette attended a CHOP meeting in Paris, two years ago: Circle Holmesien de Paris.

12. Call for Assistance

Kayla Piecaitis is researching information on "The Role Played by the City of London in the Stories of Sherlock Holmes." She is requesting our assistance in this matter.

13. You Don't Need to Be Four

Rebecca Stacey showed us a children's picture book on *The Sign of Four* which hooked her on Sherlock Holmes when she was four years old.

14. This Is Serious

Louise Corda showed us a Sherlock Holmes comic strip.

15. Closer ... Closer ... Ah! There It Is!

Ann Millar told us about a miniatures diorama at one of the West Island Holiday Inns. For those of us interested in finding out more, and possibly also about Sherlock in Miniature, contact The Montreal Miniatures Association.

16. Where Does He Get All This?

Prompted by Ann Millar's family name, Chris Herten-Greaven informed us that one J.D. Millar worked in the Ontario Department of Roads in the 1930s. He came up with the idea of painting a white line down the middle of the road. Ann said she did not believe she was related to this Ontario luminary. While we do not know of J.D. Millar's real motivation in creating this earth-shattering invention, we may speculate, may we not?

- a) He was a closet novelist, working on *The Thin White Line*, never completed, and pre-empted years later by James Jones as *The Thin Red Line*.
- b) Recognizing his limitations as a writer, J.D. next took up art, predating the New York School and the likes of Jackson Pollock, Robert Rauschenberg, and others.

First, he specialized in white flecks but grew disturbed over their randomness. The idea of a white line came to him far ahead of the invention of the paint roller by Canadian Norman Breakey in 1940. J.D. first rolled a basketball in white paint, but became disoriented at the foul line, with the interference of countless white lines and spatter marks. He would have to go back to the drawing board, so to speak.

- c) At the same time, J.D. wanted his brother-in-law out of the house. If he could prove he was a chronic alcoholic, he would garner his wife's permission to send him to her cousin in Kapuskasing. To prove his sobriety, brother-in-law Ted would have to walk the white line.
- d) Sadly for J.D., Ted passed the white line walking test along a white line drawn on the sidewalk in front of the Millar residence which was already crowded with three rooms full of empties and a cache of Screech. J.D. claimed this test was not definitive, and said it was only valid if the line were painted down the middle of a busy highway. His wife agreed, although reluctantly. While Ted never made it to Kapuskasing, J.D. was credited with the invention on two fronts: (1) the white line as a traffic divider; and (2) the white line as a sobriety measurement option (it was preferable to having the suspect exhale into the nose of the traffic cop). With a tiny fraction of the royalties, J.D.'s wife was able to place a bouquet of flowers on the final resting place of brother Ted, each year, in the Springtime around the time the robins returned.

17. We Are Born

Patrick Campbell showed us a copy of a newspaper article announcing the creation of our Society in 1979. He also presented announcements of our colloquia of 1990 and 2000 in Montreal, as well as a pass allowing him to visit Scotland Yard, and its museum of seized goods related to criminal cases. He also showed us a printout from Bruce Holmes regarding Sherlock Holmes on postage stamps.

18. In the Best of Families

Wilfrid de Freitas showed us an article from the March 2, 2013 edition of *Le Devoir* describing that the mother of the owner of the Sherlock Holmes museum in London is suing her son over undeclared profits.

19. Sit on This

Chris Herten-Greaven showed us a Shooting-stick-portable-seat. What it is, is – um – ah – you see – er – well, it's – oh – gosh – you sit on the top end of this stick, see? and while you are doing that, you are balancing – in more ways than one – because it is narrow at the top, unless you have the seat part attached (phew!) so all you do then is wobble a bit, and if you have remembered the broader part that sticks to the bottom, you will *not* sink forever into Grimpen Mire because if you are a gentleman and rather tight of beam, you must sit somewhere while awaiting your turn to shoot whilst hunting, so why not bring along your very own Shooting-stick-portable-seat and expand your skill set by trying to look intelligent and balanced while resting (i.e. focusing all your energies on not falling on your side while perched atop this ludicrous pole). Well may you think that this amazing invention came to light in Merrie Auld England in the days of hounds and jumpers and view halloos, but nay. It was invented by one John Goodman probably in 1940 or 1941, a furniture

upholsterer from the Bronx, New York who also invented the telescopic fly swatter, and many other things you could never live without. Goodman, probably a modest man, never patented any of his inventions. Could he have been too embarrassed? Considering that this masterstroke made its appearance during WW II, may we assume that Goodman's strategy was to have the soldiers use these stick-seats while shooting at the enemy, thus convincing the foe that the Allies had gone crazy, lure them in, and then stand up or lie down and shoot, or better yet, run away and leave the seats behind them to confuse the enemy further?

20. First Toast – To the Master

by Raf Jans

(By the happiest of all coincidences, today is also the birthday of Robert Downey, Jr.)

Do you remember these moments, when you read a Sherlock Holmes story for the very first time? Not knowing how the story would evolve, we tried very hard to keep up with the Master. We tried to figure out how the story would end, and in most cases - let's face it – we failed. Unfortunately, there are only 60 stories. We have read them all, probably many times. Even though rereading these stories is always a great pleasure, we cannot relive the excitement of reading a story for the first time. Unless, of course, a new story appears.

In August 1948, Cosmopolitan Magazine announced the publication of a long lost Sherlock Holmes story, which was found among Sir Arthur's papers. The title was "The Case of the Man Who Was Wanted." It soon appeared, however, that the story was not written by Sir Arthur, but by a man named Arthur Whitaker. Mr. Whitaker had sent the story to Sir Arthur in the hope of starting a collaboration, but ACD refused. This means that no new authentic Sherlock Holmes story has seen the daylight since 1927.

Until half a year ago, when I received from my oldest son a remarkable birthday present: a new but unknown Sherlock Holmes manuscript. There is no doubt in my mind that it is from the hand of Sir ACD. It even has beautiful pictures. Let me now share with you the content of this manuscript, and experience again the excitement of reading a story for the first time.

*** Unfortunately, the manuscript text cannot be reproduced here due to an ongoing legal battle with the Conan Doyle Estate over copyright issues ***

My son refuses to say where he obtained this treasure, but I am already looking forward to my next birthday.

So I propose a toast to the Master.

21. Second Toast – To Dr. Watson

by Rebecca Stacey

We all know that Watson is a pretty awesome companion. He's great not only at connecting Holmes to the world around him -- but also at connecting us, the readers

of his stories -- to Holmes. They're the original dynamic duo, the first of many -- Batman & Robin, Jeeves & Wooster, Laurel & Hardy -- but I'm not going to talk about that. After all, Holmes has got his own toast. He can stay out of this one. Tonight I want to talk about just how amazing Watson is all by himself. Because let's face it. Doctors, Soldiers, Authors -- they're all esteemed, important, noble, intelligent people. And it's really not all that often you get them all rolled into one package who can also boast about being "lithe" as "brown as a nut" and a ladies' man on no less than four continents.

Have you ever wondered why there was some discrepancy about whether Watson was shot in the shoulder or the leg? I'll tell you: it's because he doesn't remember. He was too busy shrugging off his injuries and waxing his stellar moustache with the tears of the enemy to care about the details of his own war wound.

Now as a writer myself who knows the rigidity of deadlines -- (I won't pretend I didn't write this in a fury last night) -- I can't imagine what it must have been like for him to meet the Strand's gruelling schedule whilst also keeping up with a bustling, busy private practice, let alone also finding the "spare time" to help fight crimes and solve mysteries. Can you imagine how early he had to get up in the mornings?

He is also an absolute sweetheart, best illustrated in my opinion in this moment from *The Sign of Four*. When his soon-to-be-wife Mary Morstan is a bit out of sorts, he nervously tries to cheer her up by telling her anecdotes about his time in Afghanistan: "To this day she declares that I told her ... how a musket looked into my tent at the dead of night, and how I fired a double-barreled tiger cub at it." I'm sorry, but how endearing is that? It's no wonder she married him.

Finally, and I think most importantly, is perhaps his most defining characteristic: his humble modesty. Here he is, this incredible master of three very different, very distinct fields who never devotes more than a few sporadic sentences to himself. He is always there to lend a compliment, a kind word, and an exhortation to his most trusted and dear friend. Not to mention his skilled pen and abilities as a chronicler.

So let's raise our glasses to the good Doctor Watson, and I believe I speak for all of us when I say I am hopelessly devoted to this particular devotee.

To Dr. Watson!

22. Third Toast – To the Woman

by Susan Fitch

Susan delivered a delightful toast to The Woman, reminiscing over our most recent annual dinner.

23. The Quiz

“Silver Blaze”
prepared by Raf Jans

Possible total: 70

Winners were:

<u>Rank</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Score</u>	<u>Prizes</u>
1.	Carol Abramson	56	1901 coin
2.	Patrick Campbell	51	1896 coin
3.	Kayla Piecaitis	49	another coin!

24. We Can't Strand It

Raf Jans showed us an old *Strand* hardbound book, with illustrations from the story.

25. Illusory Lucre

Patrick Campbell told us that in the story, the guinea referred to was worth 21 shillings. However, there is no such thing as a guinea coin. It's a theoretical amount. Like the Canadian penny, more than something, less than something else, and entirely invisible.

26. Fourth Toast - To Mrs. Hudson

by Tash Akkerman

(This is the first toast our society is celebrating, from an e-book.)

"Home is where the heart is, as the proverb says, and it is true even for eccentric and irregular consulting detectives. In this case, of course, heart equals mind. I think Baker Street is definitely the place that Sherlock Holmes loved; as it's there he performed his experiments and listened to the most extraordinary stories, which were documented by Dr. Watson, of course.

However, 221B Baker Street wouldn't be quite so welcoming, if not for the landlady, Mrs. Hudson.

In "The Adventure of the Dying Detective," Watson muses about the relationship between Mrs. Hudson and Sherlock Holmes, and gives the following description of it: "Mrs. Hudson, the landlady of Sherlock Holmes, was a long-suffering woman. Not only was her first-floor flat invaded at all hours by throngs of singular and often undesirable characters but her remarkable lodger showed an eccentricity and irregularity in his life which must have sorely tried her patience. His incredible untidiness, his addiction to music at strange hours, his occasional revolver practice within doors, his weird and often malodorous scientific experiments, and the atmosphere of violence and danger which hung around him made him the very worst tenant in London. On the other hand, his payments were princely. I have no doubt that the house might have been purchased at the price which Holmes paid for his rooms during the years that I was with him. The landlady stood in the deepest awe of him and never dared to interfere with him, however outrageous his proceedings

might seem. She was fond of him, too, for he had a remarkable gentleness and courtesy in his dealings with women.”

Not much is known about Mrs. Hudson’s past, except for mere speculations and theories, but her patience, and, possibly her interest in Holmes’ business, as well as her admiration for his intellect are plainly obvious. Thanks to the lovely landlady, Sherlock Holmes wasn’t left all alone in the street, hungry and cold, and lonely.

And in Sherlock BBC, Holmes is very fond of Mrs. Hudson, and points out her importance in one sentence: “Mrs. Hudson leave Baker Street? England would fall.”

So, after all, home is where the mind is.

To Mrs. Hudson.”

27. Next Meeting’s Toast Presenters

To the Master	-	Ron Zilman
To Dr. Watson-	-	David Dowse
To the Woman	-	Ann Millar
To Mrs. Hudson	-	Rebecca Stacey
To the Society	-	Karl Raudsepp

28. Fifth Toast – To the Society

By David Dowse

As I sit and think how to compose this toast to our Society, my mind floats over all the good people who have graced our comfortable armchairs, attended our Master’s birthdays, and participated in our outings and activities over the years. Wilfrid and I have shared with them all that special bond of love for everything Sherlockian. For that reason I would like now to read out the names of just some of the memorable characters of the Bimetallic Question. They are in no specific order:

Mietek Padowicz	Charles Purdon	Colin Semel
Nicolette de Smit	Grace Richardson	Dr. William Lingard
Richard and Linda Bush	Linda Park	Geoff Dowd
Beverley Preston	Stanley Baker	Wendy Zubis
Evelyne Bernard	Francis Lalumiere	Patrick Campbell
Ferus Horsburgh	Kevin Chappell	Phyllis Mass-Carter
Bruce Holmes	Chuck Brobyn	Cameron Hollyer
Philip Ehrensaft	Arnie Jones	Hugh Williamson
David Kellett	Tom Holmes	Martin Overland
Martin Bigras	Constantine Kaoukakis	Bob Haselwood
Adam Frank	Steven Beauregard	James Trepanier
Sarah Hood	Tex Orr	Claude Aubrey
Mary Finnegan	Nancy Walkling	Bob North
Mark Csabrajetz	Linda Huntoon	Tim Curtis
Lucille Cuevas	Doug Grove	Darwin Lyew

Please raise your glasses to salute these members. Thirty years from now I hope your names will be included in this memorable and honored list.

To all members past, present, and future of the Bimetallic Question!

Our dear friends, you would confer a great favor upon us by joining us at the next meeting of "THE BIMETALLIC QUESTION" which is being held on Thursday, June 6th, 2013, at 6:30 p.m. Bring a friend. Bring two. Airport shuttle available. For the latest society news or updates on our history, please go to www.bimetallicquestion.org

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