

To Mrs. Hudson  
The Sons of the Copper Beeches  
The Racquet Club of Philadelphia  
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I find it unfortunate that most Sherlock Holmes adaptations portray Mrs. Hudson as an older, matronly, woman. When in reality, as some Sherlockian scholars have pointed out, she was only a few years older than Holmes and Dr. Watson. Yes, she was a landlady who ran her residence with great efficiency and made sure her boarders were well fed and taken care of. But she was also a young widow, who, in all likelihood, enjoyed all of the excitement her tenants brought to her.

Watson may have described Mrs. Hudson, as “a long-suffering woman.” But let’s be honest, he was probably just projecting his annoyances of Holmes onto the landlady. It makes more sense for the woman who runs the home to be “long-suffering,” than the man who CHOSE to share rooms with a roommate with ODD habits.

Take a step back and think about how much Mrs. Hudson adored Holmes and gladly risked her life to help capture the assassin Colonel Sebastian Moran.

Instead of picturing an old, arthritic woman, shuffling along the floors, let’s imagine a more spry, middle-aged woman, and the delight she must have taken army crawling across the sitting room floor to adjust a wax dummy in a window for her favorite tenant. Picture it! Slowly working her way along the floor, taking moments to pause behind furniture, heart thumping, ears perked, waiting for the sound of a whizzing bullet that you hoped never comes. The thrill of the adventure! The excitement! Without leaving your own home! You can almost hear the soundtrack of the Mission: Impossible theme playing!

Was Mrs. Hudson “long-suffering?” Maybe. Watson definitely made it out like HE was. But in reality, she loved it all!

So let’s raise our glasses to one of the original Adventuresses, who doesn’t get enough credit, Mrs. Hudson!