

# The Medical Bulletin

ISSUED FOR DOCTOR WATSON'S NEGLECTED PATIENTS

Volume 3, Number 4

December, 1977

## THE DOCTOR'S ONE HUNDRED TWENTY-FIFTH

by Robert N. Alvis

The Neglected Patients gathered forty strong on September 18, 1977, to celebrate the 125th anniversary of the birth of Dr. John H. Watson. The gathering was the second, and last, to be held at the Baker Street Pub in Greeley, Colorado. If it is appropriate to stand upon the terrace for a place which is no longer with us, then we must do so for Baker Street. Irony of ironies, it is said that the final blow to this Sherlockian gathering place was a seven-percent solution of cocaine. One wag at the party supposed that it must have been the work of Moriarty. Be that as it may, the loss of a friend, the darkening of a window, cannot but momentarily dampen the spirits of those who follow in the footsteps of Sherlock Holmes. Besides, the Sherlockian fixtures were for sale. At times the soul of the collector is black indeed.

Our Chief Surgeon, Ron De Waal, welcomed the Patients. He had the sad duty to report that Dr. Watson had wired his regrets and would not be attending the evening's festivities. But we are getting somewhat used to being neglected. A chair was left vacant, save for a picture, so that we would not be completely without his presence.

The first toast of the evening was by Bob Alvis, who related the circumstances of the meeting of John Watson and Arthur Conan Doyle in

London on March 5, 1886. Doyle was looking for an idea, Watson had his notes, and thus began a partnership which was to endure for more than forty years.

Ron made several announcements concerning real and fancied events of the future. An attempt is being made to arrange a Sherlock Holmes Film Festival later this year. "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution" will be shown on Sunday, November 6, at the Student Center Theater at CSU in Fort Collins. Other Holmes films have been recommended. The Patients' annual banquet celebrating the Master's birthday will be held in late January, probably the 20th or 21st. Other celebrations of this event will be the BSI dinner in New York, January 6 and 7, and the Denver Council of Four dinner on January 6. Boos and hisses were heard when Ron observed that women are not allowed to attend the BSI dinner. No such restrictions apply to the Council of Four. It was also announced that "Sherlock Holmes and the Affair of the Amorous Regent" will be given as a part of the 1977-1978 season of the Bonfils Theatre. A Theatre party is very much in order.

For the annual dinner Brande Collins has agreed to present a paper on Sherlock Holmes' skill as a swordsman. A volunteer with a masochistic desire to be run through was solicited. Also featured will be a presentation of Doyle's "The Crown Diamond."

One of the projected events of the future is the Chief Surgeon's Reichenbach Outing. Since this requires that the Patient who portrays Moriarty be lost over the falls, it promises to be an event with diminishing returns.

As the evening progressed, we heard an absentee toast delivered for Persh Blake by Ron. Persh himself delivered a toast to the women in Watson's life later in the evening. John Stephenson toasted the Master. Jill Stone toasted all of the biological descendants of Sherlock Holmes, including Nero Wolfe, Lord Peter Wimsey, Jeeves (by Mrs. Hudson??), Stanley Hopkins, Shirley Holmes, Dame Edith Sitwell, Scott-Adler, etc., etc., ad infinitum. As hour stretched into hour it became evident to many of us that a charge of cocaine usage was not the only problem plaguing the Baker Street Pub. Professor Moriarty had mysteriously spirited away all but one or two of the kitchen help and waiters, so the food progressed very slowly. The dinner itself concluded with the return of the plaque which the Patients had presented to Baker Street last year. Sherlockian dinner music accompanied the meal.

The length of time required for dinner made for a very late start of the film of the evening, "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." This film is not one which is over-shown, and it is a delight to see. I can understand Ron De Waal's passion for Ida Lupino. She was simply beautiful. Sherlock was brilliant, Watson his good old self, and the evening was a complete success.

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#### SIXTEEN HOURS AND FOURTEEN MINUTES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

by Ronald B. De Waal

During the weekend of July 22-24 the Patients held their first film festival, featuring the Sherlock Holmes films of Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce. This is also the first time all fourteen of these movies have been shown at a film festival.

Over 300 persons turned out at Colorado State University to watch and applaud the filmed exploits of the Master Detective. Among those present were students in the Chief Surgeon's Sherlock Holmes class and members of the "Sherlock" and "Watson" patrols of Scout Troop 221B.

The festival was made possible through the generosity of Leo A. Gutman, who loaned the films without charge, and the cooperation of CSU's Cultural Programs Director, Shelton Stanfill.

The event marked the tenth anniversary of the death of Basil Rathbone, July 21, 1967. At the time Edith Warner eulogized the actor in her poem, "Cul-de-Sac."

A. Conan Doyle in Heaven clasped  
the new arrival's hand.  
Said the former to the latter,  
"Basil Rathbone, you were grand,  
depicting Holmes exactly as  
I thought my man should be.  
(first stanza)



A HUGE BIBLIOGRAPHY ABOUT MASTER DETECTIVE  
assistant librarian Pamela Dempsey, donor Orval Graves

## NEGLECTED PATIENT IN CALIFORNIA

Seen on the preceding page, Neglected Patient Orval Graves presenting a copy of Ron De Waal's "The World Bibliography of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson" to the reference department of the Redwood City (California) Public Library. Graves, who is a member of the Scrowlers of San Francisco and the Sherlock Holmes Society of London as well as Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients, is teaching a course in Sherlock Holmes at Canada College in Redwood City. It will be illustrated by Dr. J. Gordon Milliken's pictures of Sherlockian walks taken during Gordon's sabbatical at the University of Sussex in 1976.

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### DR. MAURICE CAMPBELL

by Orval Graves

Many new facets of the history of Dr. Watson and his literary agent were discovered by more than 200 eager adult students at the University of California in San Francisco in February, 1976. A seminar offered by the University of California Extension Division featured authorities on Dr. Watson and Sherlock Holmes, including the extraordinary Anthony D. Howlett, former chairman of the London Sherlock Holmes Society. I was one of the lucky ones able to attend. We all ate it up. "Gulped it down" would be better. Dr. Watson became clearly defined to us in all of his slow Victorian precision.

Then, I borrowed a copy of the Sherlock Holmes Journal from a most kind person. In it was a small advertisement of back issues of the Journal for sale by one--Mary Campbell. The first day after the seminar closed, I sent a bank draft in pounds for some of these Journals. Forty-five days later

they arrived in a string-tied package. And with them a short, well-written letter listing more Journals for sale. Eagerly I ordered the remainder of these Sherlock Holmes Journals!

In going over the second batch of Journals 45 days later, I saw the name of Dr. Maurice Campbell lightly underscored. This drew my attention to a short obituary of one Maurice Campbell, O.B.E., D.M. (Oxon), F.R.C.P. Five short paragraphs--his death at 81 was a loss, and he, Maurice Campbell, was a founder-member of the Sherlock Holmes Society; a link between the old and the new Society; had a large, devoted family; and was an eminent heart specialist. Later issues of the Journal would contain more details. Among them, the information that Dr. Campbell urged all his medical students to emulate Watson and to explain their diagnoses as clearly as Dr. Watson did.

In 1934, Dr. Campbell had delivered his world-famous lecture, "Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson: A Medical Digression." This major analysis of the medical aspects of the Canon should be on the book shelves of every Holmesian student. It was difficult for me to locate a copy.

In 1934, when Dr. Campbell lectured at Guy's Hospital on his favorite subject of Dr. Watson, every seat was filled. The demand, after a second repeat lecture, led to the publishing of the lecture.

At the Society's 21st annual dinner, Mr. Anthony Howlett, the Society's first honorary secretary and sixth chairman, introduced Dr. Maurice Campbell, paying tribute to Dr. Campbell both as a Holmesian and as a medical man. Dr. Campbell was appointed an officer of the Order of the British Empire as the result of his pioneer medical services during the 1939-45 war. Mr. Howlett's main statement was, "To many of us Dr. Campbell is Dr. Watson."

So England produced a modern counter-

part of Dr. Watson. This "Dr. Watson", who corresponded with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, was the author of "Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson: A Medical Digression", a rare collectors' item.

Dr. Campbell and his wife (she as Miss Mary Morstan) participated in the International Holmesian Outing in 1968. It proved to be the most colorful "game" proposed to date, the historic expedition to Reichenbach Falls.

Dr. Campbell often gave speeches at the Society meetings. Their transactions are scattered with his witty remarks. In the monograph in which he describes Watson's medical knowledge, there are also references to the "troublesome type of patient" and "the familiar faces of out-patients." Mary, the wife of Dr. Maurice Campbell, was a partner with him in the London Society's activities. Corresponding with Mary Campbell, one finds a quiet and deep knowledge of Dr. Campbell. Dr. Maurice Campbell died in 1973 at the age of 81, leaving us the legacy of his deep knowledge of human nature, his devoted love of the Canon, and a profound appreciation of the medical matters on which Dr. Watson wrote so brilliantly.

Photo preceding page from the Redwood City (Ca.) Tribune, Saturday, March 12, 1977.

Editor's Note: Dr. Maurice Campbell's three papers--"The Medical Knowledge of Dr. Watson," "Their (Holmes' and Watson's) Chemistry, Anatomy and Pharmacology," and "Watson's Practice; His Service in the South African War; and His Second Marriage," based on a lecture at Guy's Hospital and a paper read to the Abernethian Society of St.

Bartholomew's Hospital, were subsequently printed in the GUY'S HOSPITAL GAZETTE. Sought by Sherlockians through the years as the definitive writings on the medical competence of Dr. Watson, they have become rare collectors' items indeed. With the help of J. M. Farmer, Librarian of the Wills Library at Guy's Hospital Medical School, and the kind permission of Michael Bourne, present-day Editor of GUY'S HOSPITAL GAZETTE, we are beginning the first of the Campbell papers in this issue.

Neglected Patients who attended the "Weekend with Sherlock Holmes" in Denver, May 1976, will remember Maurice Campbell as the gentle, scholarly doctor featured in the Sherlock Holmes Society's film, "Mr. Sherlock Holmes of London."

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#### INTRODUCTION

Queen Victoria of England died in 1901. She had ruled longer than any other monarch of Europe, just over 60 years. The time of Victoria had been one of increased activity in science and industry, and the greatest world trade. Medicine kept pace with this advance by the discovery of chloroform (in Scotland) as an anaesthetic, new drugs, and chemical and medical improvements.

The remarkable files of Sherlock Holmes reveal that at least 20 doctors or medical men participated in his adventures. None revealed more medical knowledge than Dr. Watson, though these medical facts are interwoven so casually as to be unobserved by the average reader. It was left to a "modern Dr. Watson," as he was often called, to systemize the medical lore in Holmes' adventures. He was Dr. Maurice Campbell.

--O. G.

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND DR. WATSON  
by Maurice Campbell

I.--The Medical Knowledge of Dr. Watson

(Based on a Clinical Lecture at Guy's Hospital, and a Paper read to the Abernethian Society, St. Bartholomew's Hospital.)

"One likes to think that there is some fantastic limbo for the children of imagination, some strange impossible place where the beaux of Fielding may still make love to the belles of Richardson, where Scott's heroes may still strut, Dickens' delightful Cockneys still raise a laugh, and Thackeray's worldlings still carry on their reprehensible careers. Perhaps in some humble corner of such a Valhalla Sherlock and his Watson may for a time find a place . . ."  
Conan Doyle: Preface to "The Case Book of Sherlock Holmes."

Among the many well-known characters of Victorian fiction Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson have found a secure place. For the middle-aged, who remember their adventures on old Strand Magazines, most modern detective stories provide a poor substitute, though the prototype on which they have been roughly modelled is only too obvious. During the last few years this interest has led to several investigations in the life history of Holmes and his faithful companion.\* None of these have dealt specifically with the medical problems involved, though these are of great interest, for Watson's views can be taken as representative of the solid practitioner of the late Victorian age, and the more specialised and scientific knowledge as the special

\*"Dr. Watson; Prolegomena to a Biographical Problem," by S. D. Roberts (Faber & Faber); "Sherlock Holmes; Fact or Fiction?" by

T. S. Blakeney (John Murray); "Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson," by H. W. Bell (Constable & Co.). I did not allow myself to read Mr. Bell's scholarly masterpiece until I had completed this paper and, as will be seen, have not always reached the same conclusions about the dates of the stories.

metier of Holmes. Had Watson not been a doctor the stories would have lost a good deal in accuracy.

Naturally, when dealing with crime there must be many medical details, but it is surprising how many incidental references there are in addition, showing that Watson was really interested in his profession and looked at life from a medical angle. For example, instead of reading that Victor Trevor was the sole surviving child, which is all that is essential from the story, we are told that his only sister had died of diphtheria in Birmingham (The Gloria Scott). Similarly we read that Dr. Grimesby Roylott's wife had been killed in a railway accident at Crewe (The Speckled Band), that Ronald Adair's mother had returned from one of the Australian colonies to undergo an operation for cataract (The Empty House), and that old John Turner, whose natural death was needed to save him from the gallows, had suffered from diabetes for some years (The Boscombe Valley Mystery). Possibly his limp, the impressions of which in the end helped Holmes to trace him, may have been due to diabetic neuritis, for he died within seven months.

Since then, with the general use of antidiphtheritic serum (1896), and with the discovery of insulin (1922), two of these tragedies might have been avoided. And if it is still possible to be killed in a train, such a death is now rare compared with death in a motor accident.

Any medical reader must be struck by the careful descriptions of the appearance and build of some characters, and

will notice that the diseases from which they suffered are often found in people of such constitution. For example, there is the excellent account of the mental and physical characteristics of one type of hypochondriac, Thaddeus Sholto: "A high head with a bald, shining scalp, and yet an impression of youth--his features in a perpetual jerk.... He began at once on Watson's arrival--'Have you your stethoscope? I have grave doubts as to my mitral valve, if you would be so good. The aortic I may rely upon, but I should value your opinion on the mitral.' Watson listened and could find nothing amiss. When they left his house to drive to Norwood he finished his attire by putting on a rabbit-skin cap with hanging lappets which covered the ears. 'My health is somewhat fragile,' he remarked in his thin, high voice, 'I am compelled to be a valetudinarian'" (The Sign of Four). A troublesome type of patient whom we all know only too well.

Or we have the picture of the lady who killed the professor's secretary, who was so short-sighted that she was forced to wear concave glasses of unusual strength-- "with remarkably thick nose, with eyes set close on either side, with puckered forehead, a peering expression and rounded shoulders, and yet with a long and obstinate chin." In spite of her somewhat unattractive exterior she showed that she was a woman of high ideals and quick decisions" (The Golden Pince-Nez).

Or again, the picture of Mr. Henry Baker, whose characteristics were so accurately deduced from his battered felt hat--"a large man with a massive head and broad, intelligent face--a touch of red in nose

and cheeks with a slight tremor of his hand," which recalled Holmes' surmise as to his habits. He spoke in a low staccato fashion, choosing his words with care, and gave the impression of a man of learning who had had ill usage at the hands of fortune (The Blue Carbuncle).

All these are familiar faces at Out-Patients, and we see Watson was interested in the constitutional types who are prone to particular diseases, a study brought to a more formal and scientific status by the researches of Draper. As another illustration there is the picture of James Armitage, alias Trevor, who died from cerebral haemorrhage, probably from the posterior inferior cerebellar artery. On receiving a message about flypapers and hen pheasants, which meant so much to him and so little to everybody else, he began running round the room in little circles, and when laid on the sofa by his son his mouth and eyes puckered to one side and his stroke was correctly diagnosed. The paralysis spread, and he barely recovered consciousness and died about twelve hours later (The Gloria Scott). Six months before he had had a short syncopal attack, and explained it away as due to a weak heart, but almost certainly this must have meant high blood pressure with cerebral angiospasm rather than an ordinary faint, and the suddenness of the attack was stressed. His build bears out this diagnosis--he was a thick-set, burly man, with a brown weather-beaten face and blue eyes keen to the verge of fierceness; he must have been about forty-eight, and had had a hard life in the goldfields of Australia.

In all stories of this type, murder and sudden death must figure largely, and the way in which these are handled gives a good indication of medical knowledge. Watson realised clearly that, where death took place almost at once, it was generally from injury to

the heart, e.g., William, the coachman who never spoke again, was shot through the heart (*The Reigate Squires*); Hilton Cubitt died instantaneously, for the bullet had perforated the heart (*The Dancing Men*); and Stangerson, who died so quickly that even in Halliday's Private Hotel no one heard a sound, had received a deep stab in the left side, penetrating the heart (*The Study in Scarlet*).

On the other hand, when Woodley boasted that Carruthers was too late because Violet was now his wife, and received a revolver bullet through his chest with the prompt reply, "No, she's your widow," Watson was at once able to say that he would live, in spite of his dreadful pallor, because the bullet had only passed through his lungs (*The Solitary Cyclist*). In the same way the young secretary had time before he died to murmur, "The Professor--it was she," when he was stabbed by the short-sighted lady and received a small, deep wound which divided the carotid artery (*The Golden Pince-Nez*). Watson himself had been more fortunate when he was wounded in Afghanistan, for the bullet just grazed the subclavian artery (*The Study in Scarlet*), and after his wound had healed left him with nothing worse than occasional rheumatism.

Watson realized, too, that, apart from the heart, the medullary centers in the brain are most likely to produce rapid, but not quite instantaneous, death. McCarthy was killed from a heavy blow which shattered the posterior third of the left parietal bone and the left half of the occipital bone, but his son had time to run back 150 yards and hear his mumbled words about Ballarat (*The Boscombe Valley Mystery*). Heidegger, the German master, when his skull was crushed by a savage blow, fell from his bicycle,

mounted again and rode some yards before he died (*The Priory School*). Selden, the Dartmoor convict, when he fell on the rocks flying from the Hound of the Baskervilles, was heard to be moaning before he died from a fractured skull. We do not know how soon the trainer died after his skull was shattered by a kick from his horse, but he must have fallen unconscious at once, for he cut himself with his tenotomy knife as he was falling (*Silver Blaze*). On the other hand, when Watson found the groom unconscious, but with a terrible cut on the head, a glance told him that it had not penetrated the bone, so that he felt justified in hurrying on to try and rescue the "Solitary Cyclist."

In most of these cases enough facts are given for one to say that the results are such as would be expected medically from the previous events, and that Watson had accurate knowledge on these subjects. Trevor's symptoms before his death are described so fully that one can make a diagnosis of the actual artery which ruptured and produced the fatal cerebral haemorrhage; almost certainly Watson must have witnessed such a case, because the description is more detailed than would be found in most shorter medical text-books.

There are two sudden deaths of special interest, because the circumstances were such as to raise the suspicion of foul play. In one we are told the finding at the inquest, and the facts described lead to the same conclusion; in the other the symptoms are given in sufficient detail to enable one to make the correct diagnosis.

Captain Morstan and Major Sholto were described having a rather heated discussion about the Agra treasure when Morstan, springing from his chair in a paroxysm of anger, with his face a dusky hue, suddenly pressed his hand to his chest and fell backwards and cut his head on a box. Major Sholto found that he was dead, and since they had been quarrelling, even Sholto's own servant

assumed that he had killed Morstan with a blow. Morstan had suffered with his heart for some years, and this, with the pain in the chest and the cyanosis, point to a syncopal attack associated with angina pectoris (The Sign of Four).

Colonel Barclay died under similar circumstances after a quarrel with his wife, and so she was accused of causing his death, but at the inquest the verdict was cerebral haemorrhage, with external injuries resulting from his fall. The converse was illustrated in a well-known murder trial of a few years ago, famous because of the finding of the body in a railway cloakroom, the defence being that the woman had injured her head on the fender by a fall, but the prosecution successfully maintaining that the injury to the head was the result of a blow. In the story the haemorrhage had followed the sudden shock of seeing an old rival, whom Barclay thought he had murdered twenty years before, at a moment when his blood pressure was already raised by quarrelling with his wife (The Crooked Man).

Both these natural deaths occurred as the result of emotional causes during quarrels. It is a popular, but incorrect, view that many illnesses are due to such external factors. Watson, however, has carefully chosen cases where it was likely to be correct for excitement of any sort, especially anger to precipitate an attack of angina or cerebral haemorrhage, whether by raising the blood pressure or otherwise.

It would take too long to review all that is of medical and scientific interest, but I have collected as examples most of the allusions to heart disease and to tropical disease because in these two subjects at any rate Watson seems to have been excellently informed.

(to be continued)

CREDITS: Banner--Teis. P.2--Redwood City Tribune. P.8--De Waal cartoon collection. P.9--De Waal. P.12--De Waal collection.



"Don't 'Elementary, my dear Watson,' me, McCloskey!"

#### VEXAGE

by Donald A. Redmond

Sir Arthur Doyle wrote sixty tales  
About a man named Sherlock  
And ever since great heaps and bales  
Accumulate as there lock  
Their horns in Scholarship, their sails  
Seeking divine afflatus,  
A multitude of critics--wails  
Their gibb'ring apparatus.  
Of parodies come shoals and rows,  
Pastiches fill a Quorum;  
The tide of writing ebbs and flows  
With errors variorum.  
Great theories each windbag blows  
With tiny facts to shore 'em,  
And proving, goodness only knows,  
Their own Pons asinorum.  
O give me strength to counter these!

They rush on me like a disease!  
Say, what sweet influence avails  
To spill the wind from all their sails?  
And let me read, in blessed peace,  
Sir Arthur Conan's sixty tales.

BOOK REVIEW:

The Earthquake Machine

Hellbirds

by Austin Mitchelson & Nicholas Utechin

New York: Tower Publications, Inc.,  
1976 (\$1.50 each)

Amid the wave of freshly "discovered" Watsonian chronicles now being published, the Sherlockian who is not a diehard purist ought to purchase copies of these two paperbacks for his collection. Mitchelson and Utechin are two bright young men who know how to tell a fast-paced, well-conceived tale, and their imaginative contributions to the Saga are every bit as entertaining as the two bestsellers by Nicholas Meyer. Certainly they deserve more recognition than they have been receiving.

It would be churlish to give away any plot secrets, but if one relishes the idea of the Master hobnobbing with such worthies as Tsar Nicholas II, Rasputin, King Edward VII, Winston Churchill, and the Kaiser, he will want to begin reading tonight. What is more, the authors have painted graphic pictures of Imperial Russia and of Paris during the First World War. Their research--Sherlockian and otherwise--is tireless and impeccable.

What really happened to those villains Moriarty, Moran, and Von Bork? What career did Wiggins, the original Irregular, grow up to pursue? What did Holmes have to do with the daughter of Irene Adler? How did it come to pass that World War Two

was nearly averted when Holmes confronted a German corporal named Shickelgruber in the trenches of 1914? Why did Watson put out the report that the detective was bee-keeping in Sussex? And what was the real reason for the rule of silence at the Diogenes Club? These are representative of questions which are finally answered in these two stirring accounts.

One may quibble about certain details. After all, the idea of Holmes "driving" an aeroplane--especially after only one verbal lesson--is not to everybody's taste. And the good doctor seeing action as an aerial gunner may not conjure images which all devotees will be able to stomach. Personally, this reviewer finds most annoying certain aspects of the typography, as in the typesetter's habit--especially in Hellbirds--of dividing one-syllable words. And such an error as "handsome" for "hansom" can rankle unless one is willing to see the funny side of it.

However, Mitchelson and Utechin should be awarded a distinct "plus" for providing plenty of good, clean fun, and we hope to see more fruits of their collaborative efforts. Besides, they have given us a brilliant piece of wit concerning the Agent, Doyle, revealed in a very brief scene in The Earthquake Machine. Poor Holmes and Watson, at their wits' end because London is being threatened with nuclear annihilation (in 1906!), are interrupted at Baker Street by the sudden, excited entrance of a "bluff figure...his face wreathed in smiles." The narrative continues:

With a cry of anguish, Holmes disappeared into his room and slammed the door.

"Excellent news, Dr. Watson, the American sales of the 'Hound of the...' but I had no time for this chatter.

"Not now, Doyle; in twenty years I

might have a story for you which will break all previous sales records."

"Or perhaps you might just find out for yourself what it is we are working on," said Holmes, coming from his room, "quite soon." And with that we left, abandoning a somewhat bewildered gentleman who stared about him and asked vague questions of the bookshelves.

That one scene, alone, is worth the price of both books.

Move over, Nicholas Meyer!

-David Pearson

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#### DUES!

1978 dues are payable now and will become delinquent on December 31. Checks in the amount of \$5, made out to Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients, should be mailed to the Wielder of the Scalpel: Dr. W. P. Blake, 3410 Eighth Ave., Greeley, Colorado 80631.

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#### THE WATSONS OF HAMPSHIRE

by Frank A. Hoffman

For those who question Hampshire as Dr. Watson's birthplace, a visit to the county would go far toward dispelling doubts. This past January, I made the pilgrimage to England for the 25th Annual Dinner of the Sherlock Holmes Society of London. On the following day, I got behind the wheel of my rented Vauxhall and headed west, with Winchester, in Hampshire, as my first major stop. I did not expect to get into a proper Sherlockian atmosphere for another couple of days, when I would be visiting Dartmoor, but my half day or so in Winchester provided an unexpected interlude by evoking memories of

the good doctor through his apparently prolific Hampshire family.

I first visited the Tourist Information Bureau, and my attention was immediately caught by a poster on the bulletin board, announcing a public lecture on bats, by Dr. A. Watson. An hour later, while going through beautiful Winchester Cathedral, my eye fell on a memorial plaque carrying the name of Private H. Watson, killed in the South African campaign. My tour of the Cathedral finished, I walked down Winchester's main street, and there, parked at the kerb, was a contractor's van, bearing the names, Watson and Son.

The three encounters within the space of less than three hours certainly gave evidence that Hampshire was, and still is, amply provided with Watsons. True, our Dr. Watson, upon his return from Afghanistan, states that he had neither kith nor kin in England, but I think it would not be amiss to interpret that as relatives in the sense of parents, brothers, sisters, aunts and uncles. How few of us keep track of more distant cousins, especially after years away from home at school, in military service, and in residence abroad. For all practical purposes, Dr. Watson was without relatives in England, but the various branches of the Watson family, with whom he had lost touch many years before, obviously were still flourishing in their native Hampshire.

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#### "THE" WOMAN: IRENE ADLER OR MAUD BELLAMY?

by Ronald De Waal

For many years Sherlockians have toasted the woman, whom you all know to be Miss Irene Adler, or, as much as we may dislike the name, Mrs. Godfrey Norton. Her claim to this title among the ranks has remained steadfast. Recently, however, in an article entitled "The Secret Love of Sherlock Holmes" (Baker Street Miscellanea, March 1976) Julie Rosenblatt, also the co-author of Dining with Sherlock Holmes, has presented a fascinating and

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might have a story for you which will break all previous sales records."

"Or perhaps you might just find out for yourself what it is we are working on," said Holmes, coming from his room, "quite soon." And with that we left, abandoning a somewhat bewildered gentleman who stared about him and asked vague questions of the bookshelves.

That one scene, alone, is worth the price of both books.

Move over, Nicholas Meyer!

-David Pearson

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#### DUES!

1978 dues are payable now and will become delinquent on December 31. Checks in the amount of \$5, made out to Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients, should be mailed to the Wielder of the Scalpel: Dr. W. P. Blake, 3410 Eighth Ave., Greeley, Colorado 80631.

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#### THE WATSONS OF HAMPSHIRE

by Frank A. Hoffman

For those who question Hampshire as Dr. Watson's birthplace, a visit to the county would go far toward dispelling doubts. This past January, I made the pilgrimage to England for the 25th Annual Dinner of the Sherlock Holmes Society of London. On the following day, I got behind the wheel of my rented Vauxhall and headed west, with Winchester, in Hampshire, as my first major stop. I did not expect to get into a proper Sherlockian atmosphere for another couple of days, when I would be visiting Dartmoor, but my half day or so in Winchester provided an unexpected interlude by evoking memories of

the good doctor through his apparently prolific Hampshire family.

I first visited the Tourist Information Bureau, and my attention was immediately caught by a poster on the bulletin board, announcing a public lecture on bats, by Dr. A. Watson. An hour later, while going through beautiful Winchester Cathedral, my eye fell on a memorial plaque carrying the name of Private H. Watson, killed in the South African campaign. My tour of the Cathedral finished, I walked down Winchester's main street, and there, parked at the kerb, was a contractor's van, bearing the names, Watson and Son.

The three encounters within the space of less than three hours certainly gave evidence that Hampshire was, and still is, amply provided with Watsons. True, our Dr. Watson, upon his return from Afghanistan, states that he had neither kith nor kin in England, but I think it would not be amiss to interpret that as relatives in the sense of parents, brothers, sisters, aunts and uncles. How few of us keep track of more distant cousins, especially after years away from home at school, in military service, and in residence abroad. For all practical purposes, Dr. Watson was without relatives in England, but the various branches of the Watson family, with whom he had lost touch many years before, obviously were still flourishing in their native Hampshire.

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#### "THE" WOMAN: IRENE ADLER OR MAUD

BELLAMY? by Ronald De Waal

For many years Sherlockians have toasted the woman, whom you all know to be Miss Irene Adler, or, as much as we may dislike the name, Mrs. Godfrey Norton. Her claim to this title among the ranks has remained steadfast. Recently, however, in an article entitled "The Secret Love of Sherlock Holmes" (Baker Street Miscellanea, March 1976) Julie Rosenblatt, also the co-author of Dining with Sherlock Holmes, has presented a fascinating and

original theory that the woman was not Irene at all but Maud Bellamy. According to Julie, "Holmes wrote The Lion's Mane as a discreet declaration of love for Maud Bellamy." Sherlock, still attractive and virile at 53, married "Maudie" in 1907. With this new discovery, the problem now confronting us is whether to toast Irene or Maudie as the woman. One solution (not the "seven-per-cent solution") would be to toast both women. After all, perhaps the only difference between Holmes' and Watson's love lives is that Holmes was more secretive about his experiences with women. I propose, then, that we raise our glasses not to the woman, but to the women, Irene and Maudie (and who knows how many others), in Sherlock's life!



Ronald De Waal

Book plate designed by Henry Lauritzen.

#### THE OTHER IRREGULARS

by Jill Stone

"Journeys end in lovers' meetings"--but what do lovers' meetings end in? I am here to discuss some

people who are not often mentioned--in this context--outside the pages of scholarly journals: the alleged (alleged, mind you) biological offspring of Sherlock Holmes.

I shall leave Stanley Hopkins out of this. Some clever soul noticed that his initials were "S.H." and that he was referred to as a "bright young Scotland-Yarder"--and drew the obvious conclusion. However, close examination of the Canon reveals that Hopkins was only eleven years younger than Holmes, and while I'm certain that young Master Sherlock was precocious in a great many ways, this is more than I am willing to credit. Furthermore, casual examination of the Canon reveals that Hopkins wasn't all that bright. So I shall leave Stanley Hopkins out of this.

Instead, I shall make this toast to a number of other people, beginning with Jeeves, the perfect servant. Who his mother was supposed to be, you can guess --if you can't guess, I'll get back to the subject later.

And I make this toast to the perhaps uniquely legitimate Shirley Holmes, from the play, "The Holmeses of Baker Street,"

And to Lord Peter Wimsey, if Rex Stout's insinuations are correct,

And to Nero Wolfe if Rex Stout was very wrong indeed.

And to a fellow with the unlikely name of Sherlock John Hamish Mycroft Vernet Holmes-Adler, a discovery of the fertile mind of Sherlockian commentator Trevor Hall,

And to--would you believe?--the late poet Dame Edith Sitwell (although this theory does not sit well with me),

And to the latest addition to this illustrious company: Scott Adler, whom we met in "Sherlock Holmes in New York," and who won my undying love by kicking Professor

June 29, 1977

**Letter to the Editor  
The Northumberland Dispatch**

How you might feel about the sport of greyhound racing is your own business, but I consider your editorial tirade in the June, 1977, Northumberland Dispatch completely out-of-line.

Your righteous indignation against those participating in a fun evening at Cloverleaf Greyhound Park for the first annual Hound of Baskervilles Race, is just too evident. In the same newsletter, you tell of a visit to the horse races by your group in which you and others engaged in a betting sport which also has "money and greed" as its essential elements. And how about the many horses, who can no longer run, that are destroyed?

Greyhound racing has a clean track record compared to the doping, fixing and other such scandals in horse racing. One can't see too far with his (or her) nose held too high in the air.

I can't argue for the sport of coursing which is illegal in Colorado, but I can tell you that farmers in Kansas in the early 1800s had to import greyhounds from the British Isles to rid an overabundance of jack rabbits that were destroying crops in that state.

Greyhound racing attracts more people than horse racing in all states in which both pari-mutuel sports are legal, a clear demonstration of public acceptance.

Please don't spoil fun for others just because you have a narrow view of what is "inhumane."

Woof!

Bill Saul  
Publicity Director  
Cloverleaf Greyhound Park  
Loveland, Colorado

BS:ab

## IN PRINT ELSEWHERE

Dr. William S. Dorn (who uses the pen name Ian Malcolm Earlson) sent along copies of a pastiche which appeared, as he says, "in a journal that I feel it is unlikely you would ever see--CREATIVE COMPUTING." Part I appeared in the May-June issue, under the title, "Sherlock Holmes and Charles Babbage", with Part II following in July-August. Bill Dorn's theories about Babbage, "the father of the computer," are based on historical fact. In this edited version of some notes found in the battered tin dispatch box at Cox & Co., filed under the heading "Bets, Bails and Babbage," the author's feeling for the period and the Canon make his association of the inventor with Sherlock and Mycroft Holmes uncommonly convincing.

Harald Curjel, in the September 1977 issue of THE BAKER STREET JOURNAL, outlines some theories as to how Sherlock Holmes was able to arrange for a crowd and a minor street riot in the comparatively short time between Mrs. Godfrey Norton's wedding at the Church of St. Monica "A Scandal in Bohemia") and her return to Briony Lodge.

David Pearson's "Give Your Children Sherlock Holmes," which appeared in THE MEDICAL BULLETIN of September 1977, is among the 20 articles presented in CANON FODDER, "an Anthology of the Scholarly Research and Creative Inspirations in Prose, Poetry and Artistic Renditions of The Arkansas Valley Investors, Ltd." of Little Rock, Arkansas.

This 117-page, paper-bound anthology is generously illustrated in black and white, and has an introduction by John Bennett Shaw. Numbered copies, at \$4.50 each, can be had from David Pearson, P. O. Box 571, Hope, Arkansas 71801.

New member David Maxfield had a piece in the December 1976 issue of THE BAKER STREET JOURNAL entitled "Watson's Secular Writings" which presents convincing new evidence that however much Dr. Watson may have neglected his patients prior to 1903, he applied himself to his profession after that date, wrote 14 articles and several books, and continued to handle cases on into his old age. Among sources Maxfield lists is THE MEDICAL BULLETIN.

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