The Medical Bulletin

Volume 6, Number 4 December 1980

FROM THE CHIEF SURGEON

by David Poole

Our annual dinner, celebrating Sherlock Holmes' birthday, will be held on Saturday, January 10, 1981. Unfortunately January 6 falls on a Tuesday in 1981, and the Medical Board decided that the 10th would be a more convenient date than January 3 for the dinner. Featured speaker for the evening will be Tom Schantz. Tom and his wife Enid are the proprietors of the newly opened Rue Morgue Bookshop (formerly the Aspen Bookhouse) in Boulder. They are recognized authorities on mystery fiction. Those of you who remember Tom's fascinating talk at the Sherlock Holmes symposium at CSU will especially enjoy hearing him again. There will, of course, be the usual toasts, both traditional and otherwise, during the dinner. For other entertainment, the Buskers may be persuaded to come out of retirement for some of their wonderful renditions. Mark the 10th on your calendar and get your reservation in early. A reservation form is included with this issue of the Bulletin. Jill Stone's telephone committee will be reminding the laggards.

The nominating committee is hard at work on a slate of candidates for the offices of Chief Surgeon, Bursar, and Intern. There are two Intern positions to be filled this year. If you are willing to be nominated for an office please notify Chuck Hansen at 722-8736.

TRANSCRIBER'S TRIFLES

by Charlene Schnelker

Give yourself a gift that lasts. The Medical Bulletin staff meets quarterly to work on the bulletin and informally with the Editor, Dorothy Ellis, to discuss special assignments. What can you do? We need the mailing labels typed for next year, we need general typists and assemblers and always, writers for bookreviews, research articles and fiction. Come and join the ranks or sign on for a one time hitch (such as the labels) at 986-1316.

Two of our members were recently in print. Dr. "Persh" Blake, Wielder of the Scalpel for the "Patients" for several years, has turned his talented fingers to new endeavors. He has expanded the world of Sherlock Holmes for the blind by transcribing 55 short stories and one novel, "The Valley of Fear", into braille. The Denver Post article written about Dr. Blake appeared in the Empire Magazine section on October 19, 1980, and was written by fellow member, Bernard Kelly.

Be sure to make your reservations early for the annual dinner on January 10th. Find out more details about Persh's ongoing projects, Charles Hansen's Caribbean cruise (he's been known to collect strange artifacts and arcane knowledge), and what Charlene was doing in Salt Lake City besides singing with the Tabernacle choir.

PRIORY SCHOOL PUN

Thorneycroft Huxtable
Fell on his face;
Taking up all the available space.

THE INTERNATIONAL SHERLOCK HOLMES by Ronald Burt De Waal, Archon Books, 621 pp. $57.00

In his review in the SPECTATOR (London, 9-27-80) Benny Green refers to De Waal's "terrifying thoroughness." This may be perfectly true, since the present volume takes up where THE World Bibliography of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson leaves off, and contains over 6,000 entries, covering jokes, stories, songs, poems, cartoons, plays, films, recordings, all arranged according to category.

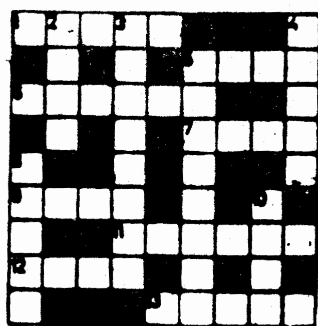
The book fulfills its promise - it details Sherlockiana from the first volume to the present; an impressive work and an important addition to existing canonical work.

Impressive? Yes! Monumental and probably only the second in the series which will eventually fill two feet of bookshelf. As long as Mr. De Waal is inclined to compile, there will surely be much grist for his mill.

Reviewed by D. Ellis

* *

by Roy Sparkes SPARKES PUZZLE



ACROSS:

1. It was heard in Charles Street.
5. It was abhorrent to Holmes's mind.
6. Mrs. Norlett.
7. The left was wrinkled
9. What Thaddeus lacked.
11. Tonga's resting place.
12. The captain's daughter.
13. Pompey's restraint.

DOWN:

2. It was less oppressive in Croydon.
3. His face oscillated slowly.
4. Schemes for seeing the telegram.
5. The sallow, rat-faced, dark-eyed fellow.
8. Its mark was on the wall.
10. They were pocketed by Holmes.

Reflections of Ross-on-Wye
(Excerpt from a Ross-on-Wye guide book)

Sherlock Holmes Was Here

Sherlock Holmes, or so Doctor Watson told us, once came to Ross to solve a murder.

The town's magistrate had sent James McCarthy to Hereford assizes to face a charge of murdering his father, before Holmes and Watson alighted from the train at Ross railway station. Lestrade of the Yard was already there and adopting his usual patronizing air, so "The Adventure of Boscombe Valley Mystery" records.

But the Baker street detective unravelled a tangle of blackmail and hatred and young McCarthy was acquitted. No map of Herefordshire will reveal a Boscombe Valley, but the story does show a familiarity with Ross and the neighborhood - brought about by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the creator of Holmes and Watson, having stayed with friends at Bishopswood. Nancy Wynne (Ross-on-Wye, 9-80)

THE MEDICAL BULLETIN issued for Doctor Watson's Neglected Patients, a scion of the Baker Street Irregulars.

Editor : Dorothy Ellis
Canonical Consultants: David Poole
Charlene Schnelker
Special reports: Charles Hansen

Correspondence and manuscripts should be addressed to :The Editor
2851 South Reed Street
Denver, Colorado 80227

ADDRESS CHANGES

Jill Stone
Ph: 797-3227
Res: 4725 W. Quincy #406
Denver, CO 80232

* *

DETECTIVE STORIES WE LOVED

by Ora Dodd

"The detective story is the normal recreation of noble minds," declared English historian Philip Guedalla. How true! On the other hand, critic Edmund Wilson wrote, "Reading of detective stories is simply a kind of vice . . . that ranks somewhere between crossword puzzles and smoking." How misguided!

We whodunit fans know that our "kind of vice" is shared by many brilliant and famous people, and that a good detective story needs no defense. It relaxes our tensions, sharpens our wits, plunges us into another world for a time of mental refreshment.

Some people refer to detective stories as "mysteries," but that term can include Gothics, novels of suspense, espionage, horror, the supernatural. A detective story is basically a puzzle: A crime, usually murder, is committed; a detective, professional or amateur, must discover who did the fell deed.

A detective story appeals to what Hercule Poirot would call our "little grey cells"-we work right along with the sleuth. When we spot the villain first, we can only agree with Robert Louis Stevenson: "It is the difficulty of the police romance that the reader is always a person of such vastly greater ingenuity than the writer."

But we prefer a detective who keeps a step or two ahead of us. If he has an interesting personality, so much the better. In fact, most detective stories we love do have memorable detectives.

Let's look back on a few we remember - on authors and their sleuths who have made an imprint on detective-story history.

That history isn't very long. Just 135 years ago, Edgar Allan Poe wrote the world's first detective story, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" (1841). Poe' detective is an exotic creature: Young C. August Dupin lives "with the unnamed narrator" in a deserted mansion in a desolate part of Paris, turning day into night with heavily draped windows and candlelight. When darkness really falls, the two sally forth to to roam the streets.
Monsieur Dupin is proud of his talent for "analysis" (deduction). When he reads of the gruesome Rue Morgue murders of an elderly mother and daughter, he decides to use his skills, sure the police have arrested an innocent man. Dupin visits the scene of the crime, collects clues, tracks them down, and reveals the truth to the unanalytical police.

Poe not only wrote the first detective story (along with two more, "The Mystery of Marie Roget" and "The Purloined Letter"), he set a pattern for writers who followed. Three of his inventions have been used ever since: the private investigator who always knows more than the police, the admiring friend or coworker who tells the story, the crime committed in a locked room.

A gem rich and rare, **Wilkie Collins's** "The Moonstone" shines out from a multitude of mysteries just as the great yellow diamond called the Moonstone dims other precious stones. In 1868, Charles Dickens published this first full-length detective novel serially in the magazine he edited; it has been winning readers ever since, and Alexander Woollcott and Dorothy Sayers both called it the best detective story ever written.

One can say it tells how the priceless but unlucky gem affected the lives of an English girl, her family, friends and and servants in an ever-widening circle. But that conveys nothing of the book's bounty: its true-to-life characters, humor, pathos, intrigue, romance and suspense.

Centuries before the story begins, the Moonstone was stolen from its Hindu temple. Since then, many men have coveted and seized the diamond and have fallen under a curse against all who keep it from its shrine - including a wicked English colonel stationed in India who murders the guard and steals it from a sultan's palace. He eventually leaves the Moonstone to his

(over please)

lovely young niece, Rachel Verinder - an act of revenge for Rachel's mother disowning him for his crime.

On the day Rachel, unaware of its history, receives and wears the Moonstone at a house party, three mysterious Indian jugglers appear on the Verinder terrace. At least two guests know the jugglers are disguised Brahman priests, sworn to follow the Moonstone all their lives until they can restore it to its temple. The jugglers are prudently placed in the village jail.

But that night, the Moonstone is stolen from Rachel's room. The doors of the big country house are locked, so a guest or servant must be the thief. Could it be the manly young cousin who loves Rachel and knows the jewel's history? Or the suave Londoner whom Rachel thinks she may marry? Or an unhappy servant girl with a dark past?

A detective is called in, the renowned Sergeant Cuff, who has never failed - until now. Though he discovers new clues, new leads, his deductions are wrong. Can we readers solve the crime? As we try, we enjoy hours of entertainment.

In 1887, a lanky, beak-nosed sleuth, pipe in mouth, loomed out of the London fog and became the world's most famous detective. When Sherlock Holmes and his loyal assistant and narrator, Dr. John H. Watson, first appeared in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "A Study in Scarlet," few readers were impressed. The pair might even have vanished into limbo if an American publisher had not asked for more exploits and started them toward fame and adulation.

We think of Holmes and Watson in Victorian London, most often sitting snugly beside the fire at 221-B Baker Street. All the London papers are stacked by their chairs, Holmes's shag tobacco is at hand. As they sip Scotch and soda or enjoy one of Mrs. Hudson's hot suppers, the great detective may be reminiscing about Irene Adler or on the strange case of the Speckled Band..

In "The Hound of the Baskervilles," however, Holmes and Watson leave London for a very different setting. In 1901, a friend told Conan Doyle of a family curse and a huge spectral hound that brought death. Doyle was so taken with the story that he went to the scene. Once he had viewed the sinister moors around Dartmoor Prison, he began his tale. "It's a real creeper," he said. And it is.

Dr. Watson is sent ahead to Baskerville Hall to investigate the owner's strange death and the warning notes being sent to his heir, just arriving from Canada: "Stay away from the moors!"

As Watson's carriage passes the desolate moors, the vast, dangerous bog with its prehistoric huts, and the grim granite walls of the prison; as he enters dark gloomy Baskerville Hall and that night hears a hound baying on the moors - he is ready to return to London.

Not the readers! As Holmes says, this Baskerville case is "an ugly, dangerous business," and we eagerly await developments. "There's foul play somewhere, and there's black villainy brewing," warns the unhappy Baskerville butler. But that spectral hound had better think twice before confronting Sherlock Holmes!

For all his assurance and the hours he spends with test tubes and microscopes, Holmes is a far from scientific detective. "The plain fact, " wrote Howard Haycraft, "is that few of the sleuths of fiction would know which way to turn if they found themselves in a real-life laboratory." Enter, in 1907, one detective who <u>does</u> know his way: Dr. John Evelyn Thorndyke, lecturer in medical jurisprudence at St. Margaret's Hospital in London.

R. Austin Freeman, who created Dr. Thorndyke in "The Red Thumb Mark," was a doctor himself. Forced by ill health to give up his practice, Freeman worked out every one of Dr. Thorndyke's fictional tests. His experiments were so complete and accurate that the police sometimes followed then - probably the only time police have trusted a fictional detective!

(Continued on p. 7)

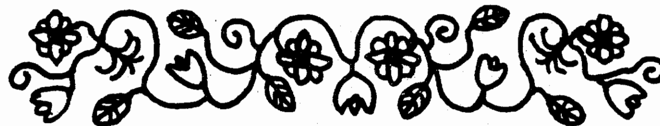
THE EPICUREAN HOLMES

By David E. Wojack

In the time since 1887 when Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "A Study in Scarlet" first appeared in Beeton's Christmas Annual, the life and style of the world's first private consulting detective have come under considerable scrutiny. The sagacious methods of Mr. Sherlock Holmes have prompted this gentleman's avid followers to the extremes of mental gymnastica in an attempt to analyze every facet of his career.

Although most of these adjunctive topics have been done to death, the epicurean Holmes has until recently been little touched upon. There is evidence that Sherlock Holmes had quite a discerning palate, yet, as he himself so aptly put it, his admirers often "see but they do not observe." Even our most casual perusal of the Canon (as Sherlock enthusiasts call the complete tome) provides us with clues regarding Holmes's preferences regarding food and drink. There is mention of some thirty-eight meals of which he and/or Watson partook while involved in their famous adventures. Of these a full twenty-three were breakfasts, intimating to the keen observer the value that Holmes placed on this meal, as well as Dr. Watson's love of recording it. In some instances the meal itself was an indication of the duration of the case: The duo sat through two breakfasts before solving the Bruce-Partington problems, as they did also in the puzzles of Black Peter and the Norwood builder. But if the number of breakfasts is any measure of the perplexity of a case, their most difficult assignment must surely have been "The Hound of the Baskervilles", for in that tale Watson faithfully noted no fewer than five morning meals before the Baskerville family was safe again. Imagine the enigmas in a situation that required five breakfasts of a man who rarely needed more than two pipes per case!

Because of the emphasis Mr. Holmes placed on his morning repast it would seem only



logical to question what that meal consisted of, but as free as the good doctor was in chronicling meals, he was scant in providing their details. The actual size of Holmes's breakfasts apparently depended upon his degree of involvement in his cases. Eggs seem to have been a regular part of most breakfasts. They were served once with great rashers of bacon, and in both "The Sign of Four" and "The Naval Treaty" they were accompanied by ham. It is likely that Holmes had his eggs fried, for Watson did not speak of shells and Holmes made a point of commenting on the scrambled eggs in "The Adventure of Black Peter" and the unpleasantly hard boiled ones in "The Problem of Thor Bridge". When hot on a trail, as in "The Valley of Fear", he would have only some toast; but if he was basking in the thrill of discovery he would order Mrs. Hudson to prepare a feast of ham, eggs, and curried chicken as he did after solving the problem of "The Naval Treaty".

From the infrequency with which Dr. Watson recorded lunch, it would appear that Holmes rarely bothered himself with food at midday while in the midst of a difficult case. When he did condescend to dilute his powers of perception he would, in Watson's word, "devour" sandwiches. On the other hand the amusing adventure of "The Red-Headed League", the gruesome events in "The Adventure of the Second Stain", and even the machinations of "The Naval Treaty" allowed him time for a break. Knowing Holmes's penchant for speed, it follows that these lunches were probably slices of cold meat, and a reference in "The Adventure of the Beryl Coronet" confirms that a cold slab of beef was not unusual at 221B Baker Street during the detective's working days.

Even though the faithful doctor wrote of at least a dozen dinners, only a single food, the woodcock, gets star billing on a menu. It is obvious that Holmes relegated it to this place of honor. A woodcock was the focus of his Christmas feast in "The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle"; and when Holmes wished to present a formal meal in "The Adventure of the Noble Bachelor" he laid a table consisting of a couple of braces

of cold woodcock, pheasant, a pâté de foie gras, and some "ancient and cobwebby" bottles. For a man who often claimed that he disdained eating as an irritation detracting from the powers of deduction, Sherlock Holmes did quite nicely.

As a gentleman of breeding, Sherlock Holmes kept his quarters well stocked with alcoholic beverages. The most prevalent drink was brandy, and it was frequently served neat. It proved helpful for reviving faint ladies, distraught gentlemen, and on more than one occasion, a shocked Watson. Holmes also kept a supply of gin, whiskey, port, and claret, and although he did not often imbibe himself, his predilection was toward the grape. His banquet in "The Noble Bachelor" must have barely touched upon his excellent cellar. He and Watson talked for over an hour with a good bottle of claret in "The Adventure of the Cardboard Box", and after his ordeal in "The Dying Detective" story Holmes refreshed himself with biscuits and claret.

Holmes' stock of red wines must have been bountiful indeed, for Watson tended to raid the cellar. It was after the doctor had consumed a bottle of good Burgundy (a Beaune, as he foggily recalled) that he had enough nerve to chastise Holmes on his use of cocaine.

Aside from the French reds, Holmes developed a definite affinity for Hungarian Tokay. Even in such an early case as "The Sign of Four" Dr. Watson noted that Holmes expressed a liking for it; In "His Last Bow", one of the much later wartime spy capers, Tokay was drunk at the culmination of a particularly sweet victory.

To Holmes, an affinity for the fruit of the vine was not merely an enjoyment, for he utilized everything in his deductive processes. It was, in fact, his attention to wines that helped him solve "The Abbey Grange" case. Holmes even partook of beer once at the Alpha Inn in Bloomsbury, but that beverage appears in his cases only rarely. Coffee, a stimulant, was his usual refreshment. He drank it in more than a dozen adventures, even ordering it with Curacao while recovering the Bruce-Partington Plans . Sherlock Holmes was not normally a man of affectations, so it is interesting to note that -on his orders- coffee was served to him in a silver pot in "The Hound of the Baskervilles". Tea was specified on occasion, but one feels that it was offered only as a social amenity to a client.

As much a part of each of the Baker Street meals as the food and drink was the smoke afterward. Watson recorded days when he would enter the detective's chambers only to be greeted by a thick haze. Holmes's pipes, stuffed with the odorous black shag tobacco he kept in a Persian slipper, were remarked upon in thirty-five adventures; and based on the full rack noted in "The Adventure of the Empty House", there must have been a host of them. We are informed in thirteen stories that Holmes had a fondness for cigars too, especially Indian cigars, which he logically kept in the coal scuttle. He was not always averse to cigarettes either, for he used them in six adventures and particularly enjoyed an Egyptian brand made by Ionides of Alexandria. One might think that pipes, cigars, and cigarettes would constitute enough tobacco, but Holmes also twice used snuff.

Whereas we know little of the sleuth's activities outside his cases, we can be sure that Sherlock Holmes did occasionally visit public dining spots. Simpson's is mentioned in "The Adventure of the Dying Detective", Chequers and Goldini's appear elsewhere, and Watson's meeting with young Stamford at the Criterion Bar led the way to his fellowship with Holmes.

Amid all his egocentric megalomania, the master sleuth could never admit the importance that food, drink, and tobacco played in his life. Yet it was all there, chronicled for the astute to observe. Elementary one might say.

Reprinted by permission from the December 1977 issue of GOURMET MAGAZINE. (c) 1977, GOURMET, Inc.

(from page 4)

Most present-day detective fans may find Freeman's scientist a bit dry, but Dr. Thorndyke was a benefactor of all detective story readers: His correct methods forced other writers' sleuths to mend their often sloppy methods of detection.

Some of the best and most popular detective-story writers have been women. Nine years before Sherlock Holmes, in 1878, Anna Katharine Green led the way with "The Leavenworth Case". She went on to write 40 books, and though Green novels now seem stilted and dated, she inspired some better writers - including Mary Roberts Rinehart, who jumped into immediate success with her first mystery, "The Circular Staircase," in 1908.

Mrs. Rinehart has been called "the mother of the Had-I-But-Known school," a device that worked well with readers until too many writers misused it. But Rinehart books are still read because of her gift of storytelling. She is generous with shocks and suspense, her settings are good, and there is always a dash of humor. Even that 1908 thriller is still fun to read.

The police are called in on Rinehart murders, but her real sleuths are amateurs - like "Nurse Pinkerton," or the narrator of "Staircase," rich, middle-aged spinster Rachel Innes. Miss Innes rents a big country house, Sunnyside (22 rooms, five baths, and a circular staircase). The house is remote, the local people think it haunted, and the electricity goes off at midnight.

On page 1, Miss Innes and her timid, complaining companion-servant, Liddy, are looking back at the terrifying events at Sunnyside ("Had I But Known"). By page 14, we are frightened by the dark shadows of an intruder; by page 25, an unknown young man, shot dead, falls down from the circular staircase. Read on!

The late Agatha Christie's name is known round the world. She published her first detective story. "The Mysterious Affair at Styles," in 1920 - then gave us a new thriller almost every year until her recent death. Many Christie characters upon finding a body in the library, call in dapper Belgian detective Hercule Poirot. Others rely on spinster Jane Marple of St. Mary Mead village, whose china blue eyes see a great deal when she happens on a murder scene - as she always does.

Condescending critics have catalogued Agatha Christie as merely the founder and leader of the "Murder-at-the-Vicarage school," implying a softness of treatment. Not so! True, Christie characters are usually well-to-do even titled (though possibly villainous), and her murders may take place in a drawing room or library. [illegible] crime, the murder [illegible] the [illegible] are vivid; her writing and pl[illegible], skilled.

Dorothy Leigh Sayers [illegible] as a copywriter at a London advertising agency. Disliking advertising and wanting more money, she tried her hand at detective stories - and proved herself a skilled purveyor of suspense. Her first, "Whose Body," was published in 1923. Its detective-hero has the glamour and [illegible] so m[illegible] from Miss Sayers's then workaday life: He is charming, very rich, a lord; he is Oxford-educated, a cricket star, wears a monocle, has a deceptively frivolous manner - and diverts himself with amateur sleuthing.

He is, of course, Lord Peter Wimsey. And like him or not, he is one of fiction's memorable detectives.

At first Lord Peter seems rather a "silly ass"; in his middle period, he is casual and engaging. (In 1933's Murder Must Advertise," which some critics consider Miss Sayers's best book, he is in this middle period). As he grows older ("Gaudy Night"), he becames more sensitive and serious.

Mention old detective stories, and one name is sure to come up: "S. S. Van Dine," who describes himself as a lawyer and friend of the erudite, supercilious, all-conquering sleuth, Philo Vance. Van Dine made the best-seller lists in the late 1920s, and Philo brought new life to American detective fiction.

My theory is that detective story writ-

(over, please)

ers often create sleuths like themselves, only more so. "S. S. Van Dine" proved to be the pen name of an art and literary critic and editor, Willard Huntington Wright, whose knowledge and sybaritic tastes were much like Philo's.

Why a rich dilettante like Philo became a national favorite is hard to say, but he did always solve the crimes he worked on, tolerantly lending his expertise to the police. "The Benson Murder Case" (1926), "The 'Canary' Murder Case," "The Greene Murder Case" were great successes.

After six books, however, critics and public began to tire of Philo. Wright may have been proving his own dictum that a mystery writer has only six good plots in his system, though he ignored his theory and went on to write 12.

Still, Philo was an amazin' sleuth. And amazin', too, it is that he should be a contemporary of his exact opposite in the detective world: Dashiell Hammett's Sam Spade - the tough and cynical private eye who looks like a "blond satan." First of the hard-boiled school of detectives, he's ready to threaten, beat up and if necessary, kill to accomplish his purposes. Spade first appeared in "The Maltese Falcon" in 1930.

The falcon is a jewel-studded gold image, and three ruthless gangs are trying to get it. Beautiful Brigid O'Shaughnessy implores Sam to help her gain the Falcon. Sam doesn't object to sleeping with her, but he does frown on being lied to, and on murder. In the final scene, when Brigid begs him to cover for her, he only promises airily to wait the 20 years she'll be in San Quentin - if she isn't hanged.

Hammett's staccato pace, his sinister and sordid characters, his bombardment of violence; all were new to the detective novel, though he stopped after five books, his imitators have never stopped. They range from craftsmen like Raymond Chandler (Philip Marlowe) and Ross MacDonald (Lew Archer) down to the super-violent tales of Mickey Spillane, called by Chandler "a writer of comic books."

Does Charlie Chan belong in a Detectives Hall of Fame? Possibly not - and Sam Spade would eat him. But we may forget more brilliant sleuths and still remember Charlie.

Earl Derr Biggers was already famous as author of "Seven Keys to Baldpate" when he heard about a Chinese detective in Hawaii. Since there had never been such a character in fiction - the plump, genial, patient ("Patience are a lovely virtue") Charlie Chan.

I can imagine the disappointment, reproach, even outrage of some readers as they come to these final paragraphs and find their favorite sleuths missing.

Where is Ellery Queen, whose stories have sold more than 125 million copies since 1929? Where is Perry Mason, lawyer extraordinary and sleuth besides, whose alter ego, Erle Stanley Gardner, reported his first case in 1933?

Where is Ngaio Marsh's Roderick Alleyn? Rex Stout's orchid-growing gourmet, Nero Wolfe? Michael Innes' Sir John Appleby, retired from Scotland Yard but still solving crimes? John Dickson Carr's ("harrumph!") Dr. Gideon Fell? Phoebe Atwood Taylor's Cape Cod Sherlock, Asey Mayo? Where is Inspector Grant of Josephine Tey's marvelous stories?

We've had to leave them out. But happily these sleuths - and hundreds more - are alive and flourishing in paperbacks and on library shelves. In a world of increasing shortages, we whodunit fans can be thankful: There's no shortage of detective stories!

Reprinted by permission from Modern Maturity, October-November, 1976. (c)
Vol. 19 No. 5
The American Association of Retired Persons

PUZZLE ANSWERS

ANSWERS:

ACROSS:	DOWN:
1. Chime	2. Heat
5. Love	3. Moriarity
6. Carrie	4. Seven
7. Shoe	5. Lestrade
9. Hair	8. Thumb
11. Thames	10. Fees
12. Mary	
13. Leash	

THE THEBAN MYSTERIES by Amanda Cross (Knopf, 1971) Avon Books, 1979, 191 pp. paperback, $1.75.

This is the fourth book in the series starring Kate Fansler, Professor of Literature at a large New York university and amateur detective.

Kate, newly married to an assistant district attorney, is on leave of absence to write a book. This project is interrupted, however, by a call from the headmistress of the old, famous, but up-to-date Theban School, of which Kate is an alumna. The teacher of a senior seminar on Antigone has been injured, and Kate is asked to conduct the class.

She accepts the challenge, and points out to her students that **Antigone** is the kind of literature "which still speaks to us and our particular anguishes of today."

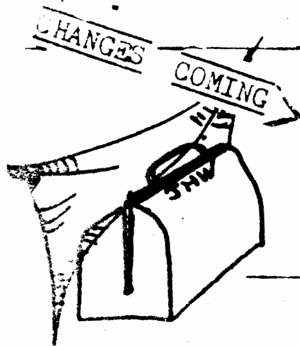
Kate is challenged still further when the mother of a student is found dead, under peculiar circumstances, in the school building.

Her interest in detection, and her concern for her students and the reputation of her Alma Mater persuade Kate to investigate the death. In solving the mystery, she also becomes involved in the "particular anguishes" of the girls and their families.

Those readers who like stories set in an academic background, with short [illegible]s in literature [illegible] good measure (and this is a good example) will enjoy the Kate Fansler books. Some of the characters are rather long-winded; but this, along with the use of the "Queen's English," is part of the book's charm.

R E V I E W E D by

L U C I A   P O O L E



THE MEDICAL BULLETIN, Vol. 7, No. 1 due March 1981 will introduce a new look, with a new masthead drawn especially for the BULLETIN, by Patient Roy Hunt.

A N O B L E   P I E

(With special thanks to David Wojak for permission to reprint "The Epicurean Holmes", and for the recipe which follows.)

Author David Wojack says of himself: "I am the permanent Acting Tantalus in Disrepute" for the Amateur Mendicants, the Detroit scion of the Baker Street Irregulars. The title came about when it was discovered the bylaws didn't allow them to remove me from office, so they just stopped telling me where the meetings are. . . .

. . . In 56 short stories and 4 novels which make up the Holmesian cannon, there are references to more than 38 meals. . . . The biggest feast was served in "The Adventure of the Noble Bachelor" where Holmes served woodcock, red wine and and a pàte de foi gras pie. Some followers of Sherlock have argued that there was no such dish at that time. However, with the help of an ancient copy of Escoffier's tome, I found one that fits the period quite nicely."

PÂTE de FOIE GRAS PIE NOBLE BACHELOR *

- 1 lb. sifted flour
- 4 oz. butter
- 2 eggs
- 1/3 oz. salt
- 1/4 pint water
- 2 lbs. pate (best you can afford)
- 4 slices bacon
- 3 oz. truffles
- 1/2 bay leaf

Sift flour over board. Make a hollow in the center and add salt, water and butter. Mix gradually. Knead twice then roll up dough and set in a cool place to rest. A few hours later make paste/dough into two layers, each slightly larger than the pate. On one layer place pâte wrapped in bacon slices and studded with truffles. Set half a bay leaf on the pate. Moisten edge of dough cover pâté with the rest of dough. Seal it with a thumb and fold over edges of dough to form a border. Brush the top with beaten eggs, make a slit for steam and cook in moderate oven 40-45 minutes.

*

Reprinted by permission from "Meet Eat and Enjoy Detroit", by Mary Conway and Harry Satchwell. 5th edition.

From Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients
2851 S. Reed Street
Denver, Colorado 80227

To:

William C. Liehe
2237 S. Madison St.
Denver, CO 80210