

# THE MEDICAL BULLETIN

Roy Hunt

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THE MEDICAL BULLETIN is issued quarterly for Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients, a scion society of the BAKER STREET IRREGULARS.

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## Bulletin Board

Wanted: Information, hunches, insights, etc. concerning G. Le Strade. Last known address: Scotland Yard, London, England. Address replies to Ellis, % The Medical Bulletin.

## From the Chief Surgeon by David Poole

It was my pleasure to attend a meeting of the noted Sherlockian society, The Practical but Limited Geologists (see Stud), in New Orleans (where Samson committed his crimes - Stud). The occasion was the 95th Annual Meeting of The Geological Society of America (GSA). The meeting place: Broussards Restaurant in the French Quarter. The instigator: (Black) Peter Blau.

A few years ago, Peter got the idea of having a Sherlockian dinner twice a year at the times of the GSA and the American Association of Petroleum Geologists' annual meetings. The meetings enabled the visiting Sherlockian geologists to meet members of the local scion of the convention city. So far, members of the local groups have attended the meetings. The New Orleans group is practically defunct, but two very pleasant and friendly survivors made it to the dinner, along with about 25 geologists and guests. There is no formal agenda for these meetings, no scholarly papers are read, but toasts, of course, are offered, and at the end of the dinner Peter explains, to the guests, the history and philosophy of The Practical but Limited Geologists.

A Sherlockian problem --

"Hank Allen wonders why the directory of societies in earth science (Geotimes, August '82) includes the Friends of Sherlock Holmes. Well, I happen to know that several of the friends are present in (I almost said 'infest') the geological ranks, and one of the friendliest to the great detective is none other than the editor of this magazine. That may conceivably have had something to do with it." Quoted from Robert L. Bates, "The Geologic Column", Geotimes, November, 1982. The editor referred to is Wendell Cochran, a charter member of The Practical but Limited Geologists (or the Friends of Sherlock Holmes).

# The Adventure of the BLIND MAN'S

Part II

"He could not have crept out the front door unnoticed?" I asked.

"Doctor, even a poor fellow as blind as I should be able to hear a one-hundred-and-fifty pound dog thumping about through our sitting-room. An animal that size does not travel lightly."

"Think carefully," said Holmes. "When you called for your Nostradamus, did you hear anything out of the ordinary?"

Albermarle pondered. "Nothing, nothing at all. Well, there were the usual noises of children playing in the alley. You aren't suggestion that the children would have cause to make away with him? They play fetch with him most every afternoon."

"Possibly not, but every avenue must be explored," mused my companion.

"We waited for nearly a week to hear his scratch at the door," said Albermarle, "but I fear the worst has befallen him. I was all for notifying the police until Mr. Sherman told me of your acquaintance with him. Nostradamus is one of my few friends; his are my eyes upon the world." Emotion wavered in his voice. "We all miss him terribly."

Sherlock Holmes wiped his nose and reached for his pipe. After smoking in silence for a moment, he turned to me with a smile.

"Well, Watson, are you game for a bit of four-paw investigation? Seeing as my services are not needed by clients more illustrious than our friends," he cast a rueful eye to the papers drifted in the corner, "this little adventure might prove to possess some in-

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by Debbie Laubach

teresting aspects. I shall be delighted, Mr. Albermarle."

"Ah, many thanks, then." The young man coughed and shifted in his chair. "I am much afraid that my companions and I cannot afford much in the way of remuneration for your services. There is, however, the standing reward of twenty pounds."

Holmes raised his hand. "There are times when the thrill of the chase is its own reward. I feel this is one of those occasions. Besides you've unwittingly reprieved me from another few days of imprisonment in this infernal house." He rose and yawned. "And now, gentlemen, I must ask of you to take your leave. I feel Morpheus calling, and if you would be so obliging, Mr. Albermarle, to leave your address, you may expect the good Doctor and me at ten tomorrow morning."

Accordingly, I found myself at Holmes's door at nine o'clock the next morning, my pockets full of farthings as he had instructed, and my heart full of doubt as to why he should demean himself as to take on such a minor worry as a missing canine. Perhaps, I thought, his conscience would bother him in turning away a plea for assistance from Sherman, in weight of the innumerable times either Holmes or I had knocked him up in the dead of night for use of his incomparable mongrel Toby. The detective greeted me over breakfast with red-rimmed sparkling eyes and I accepted his offer of a cup of coffee.

It was striking ten as our cab turned into Hopton Street, only a few blocks from Sherman's own abode in Pinchin Lane. Number 14 was a cramped, yet inviting wooden house, not far different from its neighbors, though it must be confessed, a few coats of paint would have been appreciated. We came upon a one-legged

fellow in shirt sleeves, working about the front yard with a hoe and a crutch; he greeted us warmly and introduced himself as Thomas Wells, a fellow occupant with our client. At Holmes's request, he led us to the back lot, where we were soon joined by Geoffrey Albemarle. My colleague's investigations merely involved a ramble over the grassy plot, an examination of the inner alley door, and scrutiny of the padlock with his pocket lens.

"I fear, Watson," remarked he, once he had sent Albemarle back indoors to finish his breakfast, "there are deeper forces at work here than a simple stolen dog. This is an expensive and well wrought make of lock that hangs upon this latch; more than once have burglars been caught in the attempt of jimmying it. Yet someone invested the time and risk involved to pry it open to get at the dog inside. See the tiny bright groove here where his tool slipped. The creature must have been his objective, for there is nothing upon the premises to warrant such exertion." He paused to scratch his chin. "I know of only three men at liberty in London capable of this little exercise. Come we have a bit of questioning. You brought sufficient change? We must separate and employ the services of the street child, whose keen eyes and sharp ears miss nothing."

I had, within the space of a few minutes, gathered half a dozen begrimed street arabs and insured their attention with a handful of coins distributed round. Before our client's house they looked up at me with eager eyes and impatient feet. I explained to them my desire to retrieve a certain lost dog, while displaying a half-sovereign between thumb and forefinger.

"And the first one to tell me, or find someone who knows anything about this lost doggy can carry this away in his pocket," I concluded.

In less than a heartbeat, they had scattered away down the street in the contest to win the golden coin. I repeated my request to three other bands, just as ragged, then joined Sherlock Holmes on the corner.

"I hold great faith in the power of money, Watson," chuckled he, "If anyone or anything, so much as scantily out of place Wednesday last, moved within five streets from where we stand we shall soon know. But now, I think a bit of Mrs. Hudson's ambrosial cold pheasant pies would be in order."

I had one or two calls after lunch, so I did not return to Baker Street before three o'clock. Upon turning the corner, I beheld two grimy children standing uncertainly before 221B. The older one espied me approaching and tugged at the sleeve of the smaller fellow.

"'Er 'e is!" he burst out. "I told you I weren't lying, Georgy. Now we can get our money." I escorted the pair upstairs where the detective sprawled in his armchair before an empty grate. The two gutter-snipes, like shrewd Semitic peddlers, refused to reveal their business until Holmes had passed over the agreed sum.

"'Twas like 'is, sir," the diminutive Georgy started. "Me and the mates was playing 'ide and seek in the mews hind Mr. Albeemar 'ouse. I's the one tagged to count off, and I's just started when this four-wheeler pulls up to the top of th' alley and a feller hops out."

"What did this chap look like?" asked Holmes.

"Short and sort o' stubby; dressed hisself like a reg'lar toffer. 'E 'ad an ugly pocked face and brown 'air."

Holmes leaned forward, his thin fingers gripping the arms of his chair. "Did he by any chance wear a plaid scarf and yellow-tinted spectacles?"

"Ay, sir, 'e did that. 'Ow'd you know that?"

"Continue please."

"Well, 'e walks down past me like 'e don't see me

and stops at this door in the fence. I'm watching the gove all the time now. "E pulls sumpthin' out 'is coat and quick as you like, he's got the door open. That dog inside comes out barking, but he tosses it a fair piece o' mutton and that shuts it up. Soon as I blinks th' swell has the dog out and to th' carriage. I sneaked down after and watched 'im tuck the dog inside, then talk a bit wi' another feller. They 'ad some sort of tiff, cause the one inside was gettin' 'ot in 'is words. After a bit, the toffs gets in, and they whipped up the 'orse like the very Devil's at their heels."

Holmes's eyes burned like twin miniature suns. "The gentleman inside the carriage; describe him."

"Gar, 'e was wrapped all up in a cape, but I did see his mug. 'Twas dark, with deep, mean eyes and a thin little moustache."

"When he spoke, did he have a gold-capped upper tooth?"

"To be sure! He did, now you say so. You know 'im?"

"The good gentleman and I have a passing acquaintance. We move among different circles of society. You've done capitally, my young friends, and here's an extra shilling each for your pains. Off you go, and do mind the door; don't slam it too hard."

After the ragamuffins had departed, Sherlock Holmes paced for some time, spewing fumes from his briar pipe like an engine at full throttle. I sat, wishing he would divulge what new twist he had discovered in the boy's narrative. I had the intimation that his theories were beginning to bear fruit, and that the case had taken a more serious turn than at first expected. But for the present, through long experience I should content myself with enigmatic silence from my companion.

Suddenly, Holmes uttered a cry and, snatching up

his tattered Bradshaw, thumbed eagerly through it. Studying it for a moment, he placed his pipe upon the mantle and the opened book on the table. I could see from my seat he had been lingering over the departing trains from Victoria Station.

"We are travelling somewhere, then?" I asked hopefully.

"Not us, friend Watson," replied he, shrugging on his jacket and reaching for his hat. "I hope, though, if we are not too late on the trail of our game, to give someone else a sending-off he will neither expect, nor forget. I have several errands; I shall be back before five."

I attempted to interest myself in a volume on medieval warfare plucked from Holmes's shelves, but I always found my attention wandering elsewhere. This case, so innocuous at the outset, was proving to possess more convolutions than I could follow. Why, for the love of Heaven, should anyone take so many pains to steal a 150-pound dog from a penniless blind campaigner? If he suffered through those tribulations, would he not realize that a mere pittance of ransom could be raised? Why, the cost of meat, alone, to keep the animal satisfied must be tremendous.

I must have fallen asleep over these thoughts, for I came awake to see Mr. Sherman enter the sitting-room. My face must have mirrored his surprise. He removed his cloth cap and peered about through his blue-tinted spectacles.

"Be Mr. Sherlock in? He sent around a telegram to meet him here at five, and its nigh half past."

No sooner had I sat up to make reply when the detective walked in, triumph stamped upon his features.

"Ah, Sherman, good; you received my wire."

(Continued on page 52)



## G. Le Strade: THE FINAL YEARS

BY E\*\*\*\*\* R\*\*\*\*\*, the Veiled Lodger  
(Willa Hatcher)

Part The First: The decision to retire, being an ex-position of the emotions, the logic, and the desires of those involved in the decision, and what was done about it, with an especial discussion of the Main Reasons.

Early in 1903. G. Le Strade resigned his demanding post at Scotland Yard. He was approaching his 60th birthday, and he felt pressing personal and professional reasons were urging him to resign.

Le Strade desired to remove his family (at that time consisting of his wife, Violet, and their one remaining minor son, James) from the metropolis; the more so because he felt the influences of the city were less than desirable for James, at that time an impressionable 17 years of age.

Mrs. Le Strade (the former Violet Fordham of Sussex) concurred whole-heartedly with her husband's retirement plans.

"Gracious me, I never know from one minute to the next what's to expect from Mr. Le Strade's most dangerous and exacting profession," she wrote in a letter (February, 1903) to her sister.

Mrs. Le Strade throughout her long life - - she died in 1928 at 80 - - never referred to her husband as other than "Mr. Le Strade;" whether through an excess of Victorian gentility, or because she, too, never knew what the mysterious initial "G" stood for. As a Gentleman wiser than we said, "It is always a mistake to theorize ahead of the facts."

The Le Strades had lived for nearly a quarter-century in The Borough, London, and so the prospect of breaking up and moving the home was of interest to the entire family. The two older children, John (born in 1879) and Violet (born in 1882) were married and had established households of their own. Nevertheless, the family had always been a close one, and all were concerned.

As a sidelight, John's wife was the former Rose Griggs, a cousin from his mother's family in Sussex, while Violet had married a man named Edward Bucket.

After many discussions, and quite a few declamations by G. Le Strade, it was decided that the senior Le Strades and their minor son would embark early in 1904 for Australia, where Mr. Le Strade had hopes of buying an established public house, and settling down in the booming early 20th century colony. Both the elder Le Strades - - although never mentioning it to their son - - hoped that James' removal for his remaining minority from the temptations of London, and his being required to put in a few years of hard physical labor, would set his feet upon a new, and more desirable path.

"The boy needs a firm, guiding hand, and that I can not give him while I am still working the long hours that Scotland Yard requires, and while remaining in, or even near to, London," Le Strade wrote in a letter to Mr. Sherlock Holmes (late in 1902, immediately following the Lady Frances Carfax case).

"You know, Mr. Holmes, of the myriad opportunities that present themselves to a boy to go upon the wrong foot in this huge city," a later letter states. "And I would save him from that course if I can. We can never see the outcome of our present actions, but his seems to me to be the best course."

"Allow me to express to you my sense of gratitude for all your past favors and help, and be assured that although I may not have appreciated your methods and sense of justice in the past, I have increased my understanding in recent years. I hope and believe that we will meet again.

"Believe me, Mr. Holmes, I am  
Most Sincerely Yours  
G. Lestrade"

This was Lestrades' final letter to the Master before moving to Australia .

The next parts of this story will appear in succeeding issue of the Medical Bulletin; and will consist of Australia" The Embarkation, The Voyage, The Public House Years, A Subject For Speculation", and finally, The Adventure in the North of England, The Great War , His Last Years."

All the dates used in the above appear to be based upon the William S. Baring-Gould "The Annotated Sherlock Homes," 1967, Clarkson N. Potter, New York.



FROM THE  
BOTTOM  
OF THE BAG

by John Stephenson.

Let's take the bag, turn it over and let the various instruments spill out on the bed in an order of their choosing. We are off to the local book stalls to fill the bag with a choice of available and reasonable editions of, and about, the "Author". Our first stop is a well known mystery book shop, Murder By The Book, located on Littleton Boulevard. We first spot a coffee mug with the only address on one side and a portrait of the Master on the other. Now admittedly, this is not a book, but it goes into the bag sure to warm our spirits with spirits on cold winter nights ahead, sorting cataloging and reading our treasures.

Next to the bookcase marked "Sherlock Holmes" in a handwritten sign at the top. Let's see, "A Treasury of Sherlock Holmes," an edition with a yellow binding, differing from our blue, grey and green binding we currently have on our shelves. Oh look! "In the Queen's Parlour", by Elery Queen and "Bookman's Holiday," by Vincent Starrett. All into the bag, and on to the next shop, The Prospector, where we add "My Dear Holmes, a Study in Sherlock" by Gavin Brend the "Ironing Board" by Christopher Morley.

Back to the car now, our hearts pounding at our good fortune. We drive out on east Evans Avenue to the Denver Book Store where we select the three volume edition of "Conan Doyle's Best Books", published by P. F. Collier and Son. Back to the auto and we motor out to east Colfax Avenue where we stop at two delightful book shops, The Book Scouts Den and Book Sellers, and select later editions of "The Lost World", "Micah Clarke", and "A study in Scarlet." at the first shop, then at The Book Seller our trophy for this hunt, "Memories and Adventures," Little Brown and Company.

Well, returning home, we again empty the "bag", this time of its' rare pleasures, and putting the instruments back in, could it be? At the Bottom of the bag, is that, among a pile of bookstall dust, yet another selection? YES, and we will tell you about if next time we go book hunting from

From The      Of The Bag  
Bottom

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A CHRISTMAS LETTER

To: Sherwood Hocks      From: Professor Johathan Hyde\*

Mr Sherwood Hocks, the private detective with whom I share quarters at 13 Fry Street, pulled forth a long Florentine dagger that was stuck in the mantle. From the blade he pulled off a Letter and said, "Read this, Upsom!"

I read the following letter:

Sherwood Hocks, Esq.  
13 Fry Street, London

December 24, 1894

My Dear Mr. Hocks,

For some time you must have been aware that in back of all the criminal activities that ravage London, there has to be a guiding hand -- or should I say, a guiding mind -- a mastermind, if you will. Well Sir, I blush and feel faint from modesty when I must tell you that I am that Mastermind!

The other day I was in Limehouse having tea with the insidious Dr. Tu-Hi. We were discussing crime in general and how to improve it. During the course of conversation, it was inevitable that your name should come up. You have, Sir, been a thorn in our sides. It was you who tipped off that comical Inspector Spaul-

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"I'm afraid I need your assistance in a small undertaking tonight. You are not adverse to a little questionable enterprising?"

"Not if it is within bounds of the law."

"Not to worry, Watson. We have the blessings of the authorities. There will be some unpleasantness, but the majority will not be destined for you. I took the liberty of having the housekeeper send up a cold supper so we may expedite matters. And here is her footstep upon the stair."

The meal was dispatched with haste and, as the dishes still lay upon the table, Sherlock Holmes disappeared into his bedroom. The bird-stuffer and I sat in silence, not knowing what was to come.

(To be Continued)

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ding with a squared-off mustache. It was he, along with his coo-coo constables, that raided Yu'an's Opium Den, destroying much of our revenue due to your meddling. You will smart for this, Sir! . . . We run a clean Den: fresh bunks daily, and sterilized bodkins and pipes . . . can anyone ask for more?

I have learned that your heavy brother, Cicero, who lounges at the Caligula Club, is supposed to be smarter than you. There is a lot of room for doubt in my mind as to the verity of this. I know that among the lower criminal strata you have come to be known as "Hoodoo-Hocks". Having observed you in those absurd disguises, you are known to me as plain old "Ham" Hocks.

In closing, I wish you and Dr. James Upsom a MERRY CHRISTMAS. Make it a MERRY one . . . it may be your last.

Professor Johathan Hyde,  
CRIME, Ltd.

\* Excerpt from "A Study in Mauve," a Sherlockian pastiche by Roy Hunt.

## The Consulting Room

Well, it's that time of year when a Sherlockian's fancy turns to thoughts of birthday dinner. And the Medical Board has not been resting on their laurels. The annual DWNP Dinner will be held on Saturday, Jan. 8, 1983, at the Brown Palace Hotel, 321 17th St. The price will, alas, be more than last year's affair but, balancing all the costs of the Phipps Mansion, Grant-Humphries Mansion and the BP, we come out slightly ahead with the latter. As of this writing, the evening's theme is to be Gilbert and Sullivan; we are in the process of absconding with a speaker from the Empire Lyric Players. There will also be, as usual, elections (our Staff Surgeon will be on the phone to round up candidates for Intern, Bursar and Chief Surgeon) a business meeting, and (to ruin your digestion) acting and singing by our Buskers. Since it will be a musical evening, the Buskers are calling on any shower and closet Savoyards to swell their ranks; if interested contact any of the Board members. More info on the dinner to come.

As voted on by the Board at our last meeting, dues for out-of-state members of Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients as of January, 1983 will be lowered to \$8.00. It was decided that, since those members have no opportunity to enjoy getting together with their fellow NPs, this might make it easier on their pockets. PLEASE TAKE NOTE. (And to Guy and Kathy Mordeaux, Kiowa is still considered to be in Colorado...)

CALABASH, the magazine of high-calibre Higher Criticism, is offering a 1983 calender of Holmesian artwork, illustrated by Jeff Huddleston. Price is \$6.00 (plus \$1.50 s/h); send to: CALABASH, c/o G. Skornickel. 1009 1/2 Nesbit Ave., Brackenridge, PA 15014.

Rumors via the S'ian grapevine have it that a group of renegade Disney illustrators (a la The Secret of Nimh) are working on a version of Eve Titus's Basil of Baker Street. It is due for release in '86.

I learned with sadness of the death of John Gardner on September 14 due to a motorcycle accident. Though he was one of America's finest contemporary writers, to Sherlockians he will be remembered for his fascinating "Moriarty" chronicles. He will be sorely missed.

*Debbie Luedke*

### BOOKS & GAMES

221-B Baker Street  
(John Hansen, \$13.95)

Sleuth  
(Avalon Hill, \$6.00)

Sherlock Holmes Consulting Detective Game  
(Sleuth Publications, 2527 24th St. San Francisco, CA 94110. \$20.00)

Learning to Program Your Computer in Elementary Basic with Sherlock Holmes," by Henry Ledgard and Andrew Singer, Random House (hard cover, \$20.) Vintage (paper, \$12.95).



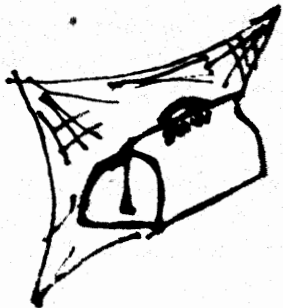
The question of "G"

The Veiled Lodger  
(Willa Hatcher)

Although many have speculated about G. Lestrade's Christian name, none of those speculations have appeared, so far as I am able to ascertain, in this publication. All of the following suggestions are presented, not as fact, but as a basis for other patients, more well-equipped than I, to use as research:

- Guatama - Lestrade's mother was from India
- Galen - his father wanted him to be a doctor.
- Gymel - he was the surviving twin, born in Gemini
- Guy - his father was a doctor at Guy's Hospital in London.
- George - always a popular Christian name in England.
- Camaliel - his father was connected with Oxford University.
- Gregson - a family connection with the Gregson familiar to us in The Canon.
- Gibbons - his father was a choirmaster in The City.
- Garrick - his mother had been on the stage.
- Gervaise - from the French side of the family.

/When Lestrade senior first saw the little rascal, he was heard to remark, "It's a boy, Gee." and the name, in abbreviated form, stuck. ed./



## OCCUPATIONAL DISEASES

Occupation	Symptoms	Treatment
writers, telegraphers, Violinists, Clarionetist, Pianists, needle workers, Smiths, Drivers, Milkers, Watchmakers, Photographers, money-counters, Billiard players, Weavers Turners, Dentists, Stampers, Pedestrians.	Muscular cramp at first; then local spasms of muscles involved; neuralgia; Palsy, paralysis.  May Lead To Professional Neurosis; Occupation Neurosis.	Rest. When occupational occupation is resumed some other set of muscles must be trained to do the work. Massage and gymnastics of the muscles and nerves; electricity, Liniments; hot and cold douches.  Drugs not of much use.

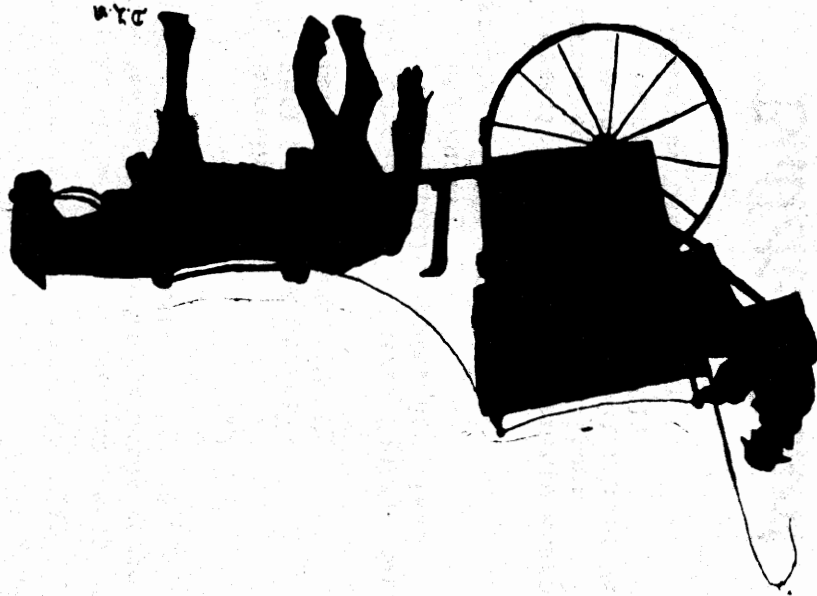
The Household Physician, a Twentieth Century Medica.  
WOODRUFF PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC. New Edition, 1923  
Boston.

### Shopping Guide

#### A: Calendar

Last Bow Press, 734 Richmond Ave. Buffalo NY  
14222 ((\$8.20 pp)

Jack Tracy, Gaslight Publications, 112 E. Second, Bloomington, Indiana 47401, will be pleased to include Neglected Patients' names on his mailing list, if they will notify him at the above address.



Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients  
2851 So. Reed Street  
Denver CO 80227

To: