

The Medical Bulletin

ISSUED FOR

DOCTOR WATSON'S NEGLECTED PATIENTS

Volume 4, Number 2

June, 1978

SHERLOCK HOLMES...HAPPY 124th by Robert Alvis

Writing up one of the Neglected Patients' events should be easy. You take a lot of notes and you write down just what happened, right? Wrong. At least for me. I get so caught up in the excitement that I have to wait and let everything simmer awhile. Not being strictly a reporter I have to wait until I get an angle, a hook. What I write has to catch my attention, as well as yours.

Stamina. That is what makes Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients different from other societies. Stamina. Our Chief Surgeon, Ron De Waal, has brought this difference to our society, whether he realizes it or not. Every event with which he has been involved has demanded stamina of the Patients. It started with "Sherlock Lives," the Second International Symposium on Sherlock Holmes. That event lasted four days (and nights, too). Then there was the first Weekend with Sherlock, which really took all weekend. There were the treks into the Great American Desert to dine at Baker Street. One weekend there was a showing of fourteen, count 'em 14, Rathbone films in a row. Last year he took us to the dogs and this year he is determined to throw us over Colorado's answer to Reichenbach Falls.

(cont'd page 2)

PROFESSOR PLUM DID IT... IN THE CONSERVATORY

by Jill Stone

The Out-Patients celebrated January 6th with a birthday dinner at Professor Plum's, in Littleton. This restaurant is an excellent place for either a celebration or a murder; the old-fashioned decor includes shady corners, and plants large enough to conceal a corpse. The menu includes such listings as "Mr. Green's Greens" and "Miss Scarlett's Accusations," and Edie King observed that the seafood section should have been labeled "Red Herrings." Toasts were offered to Holmeses in general, to Sherlock Holmes in particular, to Watson, to Conan Doyle, to Nonsense, and to many other beloved things and people.

Following the delicious repast, the Out-Patients repaired to Mary Holmes, for champagne provided by Charles Hansen, a few games of Clue, and convivial conversation. The last suspects were seen leaving the premises at precisely 2:00 A.M.

THE COUNCIL CELEBRATES

by Charles Hansen

On Saturday evening, January 7th, The Council of Four of Denver met in extraordinary session at the Lotus Room, in the V.F.W. Hall at 9th and Bannock, to celebrate the birthday of Sherlock Holmes. Our annual dinner is traditionally held on the Saturday evening closest to January 6th.

(cont'd page 2)

THE COUNCIL CELEBRATES (cont'd)

For a number of years now the annual dinner has been a deluxe Chinese meal. We cannot claim that Chinese food is Sherlockian, since earnest search fails to reveal any mention of Chinese cuisine in the Canon, but we know that Holmes frequently worked among the Chinese coolies on the docks or in opium dens as revealed in The Dying Detective and The Man with the Twisted Lip. And occasional glimpses of Holmes and Watson dining at 221B or in fine restaurants lead one to the conclusion that the Master had a nice appreciation for the finer things in life.

There were twelve members present this year and the usual gourmet Cantonese feast was enjoyed by all. After a superb dinner, the Council dispersed to reconvene at the home of member Emile Greenleaf for an evening of Sherlockian good fellowship. Here something more stimulating than tea was available for the drinking of traditional toasts to the Master, Watson, The Woman, and others.

HAPPY 124th (cont'd)

Our latest extravaganza was a second weekend with Sherlock, in celebration of his 124th birthday. The event took place January 20-21, 1978. It started on Friday evening at the Bonfils Theatre in Denver. We attended the play, Sherlock Holmes and the Affair of the Amorous Regent. Great theatre it was not, but it was Sherlock. James Mills gave the best performance of the evening as Watson. Cleopatra was miscast as a Russell's viper but made the best of a slim part.

Next morning was an early one for the Patients. Nancy Wynne's home was the scene of a coffee hostessed by Nancy and Mary Ake. The coffee turned out to be a full-fledged breakfast, complete with English jam for the hot rolls. The company was excellent and

the conversation scintillating. Nancy was able to bring out just the appropriate amount of envy in those of us who collect books. She gave us a guided tour of her Agatha Christie collection.

Then at noon it was on to the Holiday Inn in Aurora for the rest of the day's festivities. Ron De Waal had arranged for a buffet luncheon which we lunched on during the films. Ron Dame performed a service well beyond the call of duty with a frequent demonstration of the sound of an authentic "bobby's whistle." He used it to accent every turning on and turning off of the lights, as well as any other event he thought worthy of the attention.

Films, five of them, filled the afternoon. A Study in Scarlet, with Reginald Owen, featured snippets from just about every Holmes story except its namesake. I kept waiting for the snake to come down the rope. Magoo's Sherlock Holmes gave us a comic-relief break after Scarlet. Silver Blaze was an excellent made-for-television effort of the BBC and CBS. I would love to see more of these episodes. Although not canonical, A Study in Terror is my favorite Holmes' film (well, maybe it doesn't quite beat out Rathbone's Hound). The color is bright, the Victorian background authentic and the story is very good. It pits Holmes against Jack the Ripper. The final film was the excellent travelogue of places Sherlockian in London, Mr. Sherlock Holmes of London, produced by the Sherlock Holmes Society of London.

The social hour got started a little late and blended into the Jefferson Hope Dinner. Toasts were interspersed throughout the dinner. Nancy Wynne began them with one to the man who should have gotten away, Jefferson Hope. Ron De Waal gave a toast in verse to Sherlock Holmes. John Stephenson toasted the real author of the Canon, John H. Watson. Persh Blake toasted Ron De Waal. The toast to The Woman, Irene Adler, was given by Charlene Schnelker. Bill Dorn toasted the fourth smartest man in London, and the smartest red-head in London, Jabez Wilson.

The final toast of the evening, to Arthur Wotner, was given by Chuck Hansen. Arthur Wotner was born on January 21, 1875.

The business meeting began on a sad note to which we have become accustomed over the years. A cable was read by the Chief Surgeon from Sherlock Holmes. An urgent matter of the utmost import prevented him from joining us in celebration of his birthday. It had something to do with Mycroft, the British government and bees. After this sad business the oath was taken, the treasurer's report read, and officers elected. With the exception of John Stephenson and Gordon Milliken, who chose not to run for reelection, all of the incumbent officers were returned to the Board. They are: Ron De Waal (Chief Surgeon); Persh Blake (Wielder of the Scalpel); and Robert Alvis, William Dorn, Charles Hansen, David Poole and Terrance Teis (Interns). Charlene Schnelker was elected Transcriber (Secretary) to succeed John Stephenson. The Chief Surgeon suggested that Ron Dame be named to Gordon Milliken's place and this was carried by acclamation. The Chief Surgeon also appointed Jill Stone to the Board. Mary Ake and Nancy Wynne were reappointed consultants.

Ron De Waal urged more members to write articles for The Medical Bulletin. An active membership will make the group stronger. He also announced that membership cards will be distributed in the near future. The membership was reminded of the weekly meetings of the Out-Patients and of the events planned for later in the year. The Reichenbach Falls Outing will take place near May 4th, The Hound of the Baskervilles Race near June 4th, and the celebration of Dr. Watson's birthday on September 18th.

The Annual Pillbox Awards were made. Mary Holmes accepted for David Poole, who could not attend on this evening. Ron Dame accepted for John Bennett

Shaw, and Ron De Waal awarded the third pillbox to Marathon Oil Company for all their help over the years.

The final verbal presentation of the evening, unless you count the singing which came later as such, was a report by Ron Dame of his adventures in the Big City, attending the annual dinner of The Baker Street Irregulars. As usual, his adventures were many. He was honored by being asked to give one of the toasts for the BSI this year. He saw many of our old friends there, took and brought back greetings.

The rest of the evening was devoted to music of varying kinds. We were treated to a performance of The Baker Street Suite for Violin and Piano. A vigorous ovation led to an encore performance of Sarasate's Habanera by violinist Wilfred Schwartz with Robert Nisbett at the piano. A choral happening involving all of the Patients with seven Sherlockian songs proved enough for even the most devoted of us, and the second weekend with Sherlock broke up sometime after ten P.M.



"Extraordinary thing, Watson—the clues indicate the killer to have been a man of your exact build and appearance!"

CREDITS: Banner--Teis. P. 3--De Waal cartoon collection. P. 9--Teis.

V RONALD B DE WAAL CHIEF SURGEON
DR WATSON'S NEGLECTED PATIENTS
CARE HOLIDAY INN
13600 EAST COLFAX
AURORA CO 80010

IT WOULD GIVE ME GREAT PLEASURE TO CELEBRATE MY 124TH BIRTHDAY WITH DR WATSON'S NEGLECTED PATIENTS. I REGRET THAT I WILL NOT BE ABLE TO ATTEND MY BIRTHDAY DINNER. THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT HAS GOTTEN ITSELF INTO A MUDDLE WHICH MY BROTHER MYCROFT IMPLORES ME TO SOLVE. I WAS PRESSED TO AGREE TO ASSIST IN THE CASE SO AS TO CALM MYCROFT BEFORE HE UPSET MY BEES WITH HIS AGITATION AT BEING AWAY FROM HIS BELOVED WHITEHALL AND THE DIOGENES CLUB.

AMIDST THE CLAMOR CAUSED BY MYCROFT'S UNPRECEDENTED VISIT I AM GRATIFIED THAT MY BIRTHDAY IS SO HANDSOMELY CELEBRATED.

FAITHFULLY YOURS

SHERLOCK HOLMES
SUSSEX ENGLAND

12:46 EST

MGMCOMP MGM

DATE-LINE LONDON, JANUARY 4th

A recent letter from Neglected Patient, Harald Curjel, in Suffolk, England, brought an account of a touching story told by the Honorary Secretary of the Sherlock Holmes Society of London, Captain W. R. Michell, RN (ret'd) at the Society's January dinner. Captain Michell, who was a Japanese interpreter in the Royal Navy, has given us permission to print his story here:

I received a call from the BBC telling me that a party from Japan, who were seeking to visit Sherlockian sites in London, were arriving on Sunday. BBC asked for my help in my dual role as Secretary of the SHS(L) and a Japanese interpreter. I agreed and went to the hotel on the Sunday morning. I expected to find a high-powered publicity team and was surprised to find that the party consisted of one photographer, and unhappy looking man and his wife, and their son. This boy, apparently in his early teens, looked desperately ill and from below the waist his limbs were pathetically withered.

The father told me, quite simply, that his son was dying and had requested that, before he died, he might have the opportunity of visiting "Baker Street and Sherlock Holmes." Though only a poorly paid railwayman, he had scraped up the fares and here they were.

We loaded the wheelchair into the boot of the car and set off to Baker Street. This, nowadays, is rather disappointing but, as we pushed the chair up Blandford Mews, the boy, speaking a little English proudly and with difficulty, said, "But this must be where Colonel Moran came with his air-rifle...The Empty House was opposite to 221B."

We then went off to the Sherlock Holmes Inn just off Northumberland Avenue. Not only did Mssrs Whitbread open up a little earlier but

they also opened the sitting room, so that the boy could go in and actually sit in the armchair with his feet on the bearskin rug. I found the whole episode most moving...

With a reminder that Arthur Conan Doyle was an ardent spiritualist in his later years, Surgeon Captain Curjel ended his comments on Captain Michell's story by saying, "...and it is good to think that the boy, with his faith in and preoccupation with wholesome phantasies, was in some way helped along the last few miles of his journey. We may even hope that, when at last he came to stand upon the terrace, the kindly ghosts of Holmes and Watson, and perhaps of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle as well, were there to greet and comfort him."

CRIME AND DETECTION IN ACADEME

by Nancy Wynne

Sally Kirtzman and Nancy Wynne are both teaching courses in detective fiction. Sally's course is "Detective Fiction from 1840 to 1940" and is a credit course, three hours, at Arapahoe Community College. Sally has a textbook; and the subject matter is confined to the detective story in its pure and unadulterated form. Perhaps this is one reason for the definite time limits. The transformation of detective fiction into the crime novel was rapid in the post-1940 period.

Nancy's course is a non-credit one in Denver University's Continuing Education Department. Its title is "Mystery Fiction; Its Writers and Landmarks." There is no text; however, Julian Symon's Mortal Consequences is the basic authority, and a list of landmark titles compiled from Haycraft, Queen, Sandoe, Barzun-Taylor, Symons and Wynne is used as a connecting thread.

Interested, knowledgeable, and enthusiastic students make both courses a pleasure. The only item on the downside is that there is far more material to cover than there is time to cover it.

It would be grand to devote the entire course to Conan Doyle, Sayers, Christie, Carr, Chesterton, and many others, on an individual basis; but these courses are designed as an overview.

Both courses will be offered again in the future. Nancy's course on Agatha Christie will be offered again in the Spring quarter at DU.

BOOK REVIEW:

Sherlock Holmes at Oxford
by Nicholas Utechin

Publisher: Robert Dugdale, Wolfson College, Oxford.
25 pages, paper-bound, illustrated.

Reviewed by Jill Stone

Somebody once observed that all Cambridge alumni placed Sherlock Holmes at Oxford, while all Oxonians insisted upon sending him to Cambridge. The pattern has been broken. Nicholas Utechin, "an Oxonian by birth and education," has claimed the Master for Oxford, in an argument which is both thorough and humorous. All the important clues are included: Victor Trevor, Victor Trevor's obnoxious dog, Reginald Musgrave, the jumping pits, the inn with the irreproachable linen...Following his convincing argument, Utechin gives us a brief, vivid portrait of Oxford as it was when Holmes resided there. I am convinced.
Recommended.

Sonya Ellingboe at the Book House (5124 S. Broadway, Englewood, CO 80110, 303-789-1009) has copies of Sherlock Holmes at Oxford priced at \$2.50. The Book House tries to carry the new Sherlockian titles and will be glad to order older, hard-to-find books.

DOWN THE GIANT RAT HOLE

by Roy E. Sparkes

Watson was beginning to get very tired of sitting by his master on the bank, and having nothing to do; once or twice he had fiddled with the shutter of the dark-lantern, but his master said no light and no talking, "and what is the use of sitting here," thought Watson, "with no light and no conversation?"

So he was considering in his own mind (as well he could, for the Beaune had made him feel very sleepy and stupid) whether the pleasure of smashing a forger would be worth the trouble of catching Clay to make bricks, when suddenly a foxhound with a purple dressing gown ran close to him.

There was nothing so very remarkable in that; nor did Watson think it so very much out of the way to hear the foxhound say to itself, "A touch, a distinct touch!" (When he thought it over afterwards, it occurred to him that he ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed absurdly simple); but when the foxhound actually took a magnifying glass out of its dressing gown pocket, and looked through it, and then hurried on, Watson started to his feet. For it flashed across his mind that he had never before seen a foxhound with either a dressing gown pocket, or a magnifying glass to take out of it, and burning with curiosity, he ran across the room after it, and fortunately was just in time to see it pop down a giant rat hole in the corner.

In another moment down went Watson after it, never once considering how his neglected patients would get on without him.

The rat hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly that Watson had only a moment to scribble a note to his neighbor before he found himself falling down a very steep well.

Either the well was very deep, or he fell slowly through the snow, for he had plenty of time as he went down to look about him, and to wonder what was going to happen next. First, he tried to look down and make out what he was coming to, but all there was was a patch of mist; then he looked at the sides of the well, and noticed that they were filled with retort stands and dispatch boxes: here and there he saw bunsen burners and hunting crops hung upon pegs. He took down a jar from one of the shelves as he passed; it was labelled "Radix Pedis Diaboli" but to his great disappointment it was empty; he did not like to drop the jar in case Alicia was still in the mist, so managed to put it into an empty jewel box as he fell past it.

"Well!" thought Watson to himself, "after a fall like this, I shall think nothing of falling down those seventeen steps! How brave Mrs. Hudson will think me! Why, I shouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of Bartholomew Sholto's house!" (Which was very likely true.)

Down, down, down. Would the fall never come to an end! "I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time?" he said aloud. "I must be getting somewhere to Sumatra; that's where those giant rats come from, I think..." (For, you see, Watson had learnt several things of this sort in his lessons in Baker Street, and though this was not a very good opportunity for showing off his knowledge, as there was no one to listen to him, still it was good practice to say it over) "...yes, that's about it—but then I wonder how I will treat Tapanuli Fever and the Black Formosa Corruption?" (Watson had no idea what Tapanuli Fever was, or the Black Formosa Corruption, either; but thought they were nice grand diseases to talk about.)

Presently he began again. "I wonder if these rat holes spread right round the earth! How funny it'll seem to come out among those people who live in their monasteries! The llamas, I think..." (He was rather glad he didn't have to write this down, as it didn't seem quite the right word.) "...but I shall have

to ask somebody the name of the place, you know. Please, Ma'am, is this my Waterloo or my Marengo?" (And he tried to raise his hat as he spoke. Fancy raising your hat when you've got a stethoscope inside it! Do you think you could manage it?) "And what a silly chap she'll think me for asking! No, it'll never do to ask; perhaps Cartwright will be there to find out for me."

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A LATTER-DAY LOOK AT
SIMPSON'S-IN-THE-STRAND

by David Pearson

"When we have finished at the police-station I think that something nutritious at Simpson's would not be out of place."

The Dying Detective (1889)

When in London, dedicated Holmesians should try not to miss Simpson's-in-the-Strand. This elegant old restaurant, begun as a chess divan in 1828, continues a century-long tradition of first-class catering. In June, 1977, I paid two visits to Simpson's, and on the second one was given a grand tour by Mr. Joe Curley, master cook, a highly gregarious fellow and avid reader of Conan Doyle and his contemporaries.

First Mr. Curley plied me with the history of Simpson's. In the beginning it contained simply a ground-floor cigar shop with chess parlour overhead; but in 1848 one John Simpson bought into the Firm and rebuilt the premises, introducing the custom of wheeling hot joints on a dinner wagon which persists to this day. Success was so rapid that by 1865 the establishment had to be enlarged. In 1904--two years after Holmes and Watson dined there during the case of "The Illustrious Client"--Simpson's was again remodeled to allow for the widening of the Strand. No major alterations have since occurred.

Everywhere I looked in Simpson's I beheld the chess knight, emblem of the place and a constant reminder of its chess divan origins. Within the entrance foyer are displayed a chess-board and chess pieces once in use, and a plaque containing the names of former tournament champions. Many notables appear to have played chess at Simpson's, among them Charles Dickens. I remember Michael Harrison's remark¹ that Sherlock Holmes may well have received a "drubbing" at Simpson's, thereby

occasioning his scathing comment on the game in "The Retired Colourman."

On my visit to the cavernous kitchen regions I came to admire Mr. Curley as a busy executive as well as a chef. He is, in fact, the only black-capped master cook in London save for the caterer at Mansion House, residence of the Lord Mayor. Here are some of the more revealing statistics he exuberantly rattled off: Simpson's can seat 460 customers at a time. There are 204 employees, all specialists, including 60 international chefs. Simpson's averages 900-1,000 "covers" daily, and is closed Sundays, Good Friday, and Christmas. Lunch is served from 12 to 3, and dinner from 6 to 10. There are three diningrooms, one of them open only to local businessmen, who also have their own bar. (I had one of my two lunches in this "Men Only" room, where I was advised that any female intruder is likely to be treated to frigid silence all around until she leaves!)

The 1976 figure for customers served was 304,000, and $\frac{1}{2}$ million pounds per annum is spent on meat--Simpson's specialty--alone. Mr. Curley showed me the meat bills for a typical day, which included thirty loins and thirty saddles. The bill total was 1,267 pounds, while that of the preceding day was 1,520 pounds! I understood that the current consumption now averages 40 sirloins of beef, 30 saddles of mutton, and 36 roast ducks every day. "This operation," he said, "needs a farm big enough to carry 640 beasts at any time, a farm as big as Yorkshire."

Of the 304,000 customers served in 1976 only forty complained, but those forty worried the master cook considerably. "We have seven phones and five intercoms in the kitchen alone," he remarked. "Twelve minutes after an order is received down here it is placed on the customer's table." (Later I was able to verify this claim.) Mr. Curley continued: "There are two fellows selling evening newspapers outside, and I give them free bowls of soup because they report to me any comments made by patrons as they leave."

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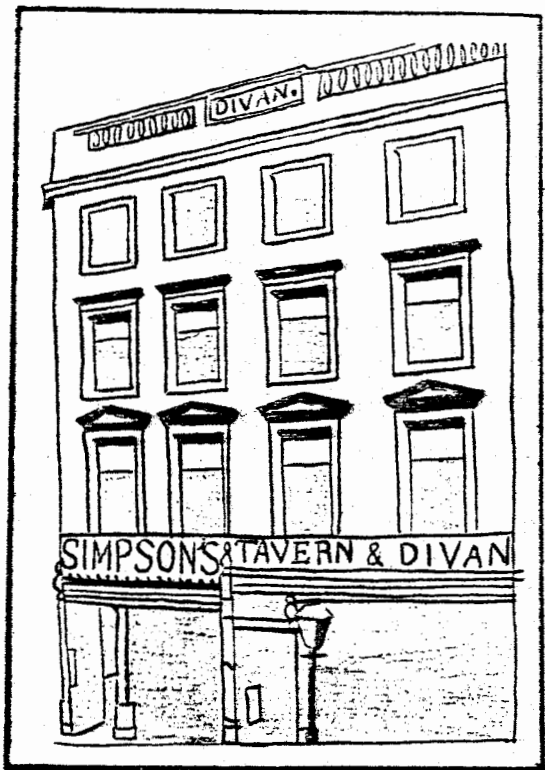
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Sketch based on a photograph
"Simpson's-in-the-Strand 1850"

Joe Curley has catered Royal Banquets and knows his business inside and out. He expressed regret that Simpson's cannot serve the Duke of Edinburgh since they aren't equipped to seat the enormous retinue who would have to accompany him. However, plenty of celebrities are numbered among the clientele, as they were in Sherlock Holmes's day. Simpson's has served the exiled King of Greece as well as the King of Sweden, and the young Dukes of Gloucester and Kent are frequent patrons. "When Charlie Chaplin used to come to England he always dined here," said Mr. Curley. "Although jellied eels aren't part of our regular menus I got some in especially for him because he loved them."

Mr. Curley told me that he receives many catering ideas from perusing Conan Doyle, Dickens, and Frank Harris, all of whom were Simpson's customers in their day. A considerable Sherlockian himself, my host displayed surprising knowledge of the Holmes stories. He made it clear that I was seeing Simpson's virtually as Conan Doyle knew it, although I

didn't ask him about the changing economics of dining there. Sixty years ago any joint of meat could be purchased for as little as a half-crown, or approximately fifty American cents. My roast sirloin with Yorkshire pudding came to three pounds twenty. Not exorbitant for our day, but one wonders if the impecunious young detective of 1878 would ever have made Simpson's a habit at such a price!

According to Michael Harrison, writing of Simpson's, "...there are no front windows at Simpson's now, through which the customers can look."² However, the second-storey dinningroom (English "first") decorated in eye-pleasing green and white with slender Corinthian pilasters, contains one window which definitely overlooks the traffic of the lower Strand. And at that very table--fondly recalling that I must be quite near the spot where Holmes and Watson made a tryst to discuss progress in the affair of Baron Gruner--I enjoyed a superb meal, admirably catered by a veritable army of attendants guaranteed to make any patron feel like a peer of the realm. To top off the succulent mutton and vegetables, I consumed Simpson's famed treacle roll, served piping hot and strongly recommended to dessert-loving Americans. The total cost of that particular meal was seven pounds thirty-five.

Although I had rather expected to be intimidated by the atmosphere of Simpson's I must say that everyone there proved most friendly and eager to please. From the charming Mr. Mumford (manager since 1964) to the waiters, carvers, wine stewards, and uniformed commissionaire outside, all of them couldn't have been nicer. On my way out I stopped long enough to purchase from Mr. Skegg, the affable chap who sells cigars and souvenirs in the foyer kiosk, a small, silver-plated spoon with a chess knight on its handle. I shall treasure it as a reminder not only of Simpson's-in-the-Strand but also of one of my most delightful London (and Sherlockian) experiences.

1 & 2, Michael Harrison, *In the Footsteps of Sherlock Holmes*, pps. 25 and 22.

TRANSFIXED BY A JACK-KNIFE

Harald Curjel (about Ron De Waal's WORLD BIBLIOGRAPHY): "I had imagined it as being a bit gimmicky in parts, but it is nearly all solid Sherlockian scholarship which represents untold hours of skilled work. I was especially taken by the references to all the different languages into which the stories and articles have been translated. As Inspector Baynes of the Surrey Constabulary said in WIST, 'I thought I had squeezed all the juice out of it but...' But it does make one feel that everything that could have been said, has been said, so how can one put pen further to paper?"

David L. Beck, Assistant Editor, Salt Lake TRIBUNE (in a letter to Ron DeWaal about the UPI publicity on our January "weekend"):

"...I must protest something in your letter to Mary Holmes--her real name?--and that is your statement that Holmes was never interviewed by a reporter. While it is true he often manipulates the press to his own ends, and seldom speaks of it save with a sneer, we do not in fact know that he was never interviewed. He might have consented to an interview in order to plant information and thereby lure a miscreant into the open; he might have consented to it for the sake of publicity, perhaps during one of Watson's marriages; and he almost certainly was interviewed at some point during the Hejira or Hiatus, because he is confident that Watson has seen news of Sigerson...Well, perhaps I am unduly sensitive on the point, just as I am particularly fond of 'The Twisted Lip,' about a newspaper reporter who finds beggary more profitable."

John Bennett Shaw:

"Dear Fellow Sherlockians: Thank you the Board, the Officers and the Members of the great Denver area Scion, Doctor Watson's Neglected Patients, for the very attractive

and, in my case, damned practical gift of The Watsonian Pill Box. I would have been there in person but for the flu and the failure of my pills to stop it. I appreciate the award and now feel that I must repay this in some way. Perhaps sometime we can have a joint Scion meeting mid-way between Santa Fe and Denver. At any rate I am so pleased that you remembered me in this way. I do count myself a member even from afar. Just as I hope all of you count yourself members of The Brothers Three of Moriarty--a better collection of pills cannot be found in the Rockies. I thank you all for the honor and the box and I especially thank that great Sherlockian Ron Dame for accepting it on my behalf."

Jackie Geyer, Editor of THE NORTHUMBERLAND DISPATCH (in answer to Bill Saul's letter published in the December, 1977, MEDICAL BULLETIN):

"Dear Mr. Saul: You are correct. I should not have used a Sherlockian publication as a vehicle for my own personal crusade, and I have apologized to Ron De Waal for the manner in which the editorial was presented. I am sorry as to how I presented it, but not for why I do so.

The dog racing editorial derived from genuine concern over the issue; that of the training methods employing live rabbits. No animal should be subjected to such suffering. The editorial was not intended to spoil the fun of fellow Sherlockians. Most, I'm sure, are unaware of the behind-the-scenes events in dog racing, and I had hoped the editorial would serve to bring it to their attention.

I was not doing a comparative study of horse and dog racing. If you remember, the area which was discussed was not the race itself, but the "preliminaries." It was unnecessary for you to resort to mud slinging or character analysis. Your response was expected. I would hardly expect one who is an employee of a greyhound track to take kindly to criticism of the "sport"; and I realize, because of your interests, you could not respond objectively.

In the few states that it is allowed, perhaps greyhound racing does attract

more people than does horse racing, but it is hardly an impressive argument or adequate defense. The only thing it clearly demonstrates to me is the general public's ignorance on the matter.

You say that coursing is illegal in Colorado. Just because something is illegal, it doesn't mean people don't participate in it anyway. If the dogs used at your track have not been through the coursing track, what then? How were they prepared? Can you honestly expect me to believe you have a clean track record?

What transpired in the 1800's is not of interest to me. I am concerned about what happens today; the never-ending cruelties that man perpetrates on our animalkind. What man did for survival in the 1800's (their method was certainly not humane) is a far cry from what man subjects animals to for fun.

No, Mr. Saul, I don't believe I have a narrow view of what is 'inhumane.' Even a moderately compassionate individual could realize that there really isn't much pleasure to be derived from a sport in which rabbits are tortured and sacrificed for the sake of a "good runner." Too, it is rather difficult to rationalize with someone who barks at the end of one's letter."

James Edward Holroyd (in "The Egg-spoon," THE SHERLOCK HOLMES JOURNAL, Summer, 1977):

In the Royal Silver Jubilee year, we can be permitted our own minor commemoration. The first issue of the Journal, published 25 years ago in May 1952, also marked the first appearance of the Egg-spoon, or "Eggers" as Lord Donegall subsequently named it. I suppose it is something of a record to have maintained an unbroken run of a quarter of a century. Philip Dalton and I jointly edited the Journal for the first two volumes and I started the feature as a casual personal commentary on points in, or relevant to, the saga. At a modest distance, the Egg-spoon followed the late Christopher

Morley's "Clinical Notes of a Resident Patient" in the Baker Street Journal. I was flattered to learn last year that it had been taken as a model for "The Butter-Dish", a similar column by Mary Holmes who edits "Medical Bulletin", the official news-sheet of Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients, one of the delightfully named scion societies of the B.S.I. Again, flatteringly, Miss Holmes recently reprinted in her bulletin the piece, "A Singular set of people, Watson", I wrote about the Congress of International Crime Writers (SHJ Vol 12 No 2).

SHERLOCKIAN EXHIBIT

"Come into the world of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson through the magic of the writings of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle."

From the second week of January until the second week of February, Bemis Library in Littleton featured an exhibit of Sherlockiana from the collection of Neglected Patient John Stephenson. Stephenson's assembled Holmes' books, old and new, ranged from early editions to a lurid paperback "Hound." The display also included one of Quincy Burton's Sherlockian mice, and a small Holmesian Snoopy. It is certain to tempt new enthusiasts into the world of Holmes and Watson.

THE MEDICAL BULLETIN

is issued for
Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients
A Scion Society of
The Baker Street Irregulars

Editor: Mary Holmes
Canonical Consultant: David Poole

Manuscripts, news items, correspondence should be addressed to:

6730 South Clarkson Street
Littleton, Colorado 80122

THE MEDICAL BULLETIN is printed by the Marathon Oil Company, Denver Research Center

Sherlock Holmes turns 124 Friday; at least a few Utahns will celebrate

By David L. Beck

Assistant Sunday Editor

On Friday, Jan. 6, Sherlock Holmes will be 124 years old. The date is not without interest to a few residents of the "arid and repulsive desert, which for many a long year served as a barrier against the advance of civilization" — i.e., Utah, as Watson described it.

It has been determined that Holmes was born on Jan. 6 because he twice quotes Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" and because when "The Valley of Fear" begins, on Jan. 7, 1888, Holmes appears to have a hangover.

Annual Dinner

Thus it is on Jan. 6 (or the nearest Friday to it) that the Baker Street Irregulars, the first and most famous of the Holmes societies in America, have their Annual Dinner, which this year will be at the Regency Hotel in New York.

The Irregulars were spawned by the late Christopher Morley, and boast a Constitution and Buy-Laws by Elmer Davis. The Constitution establishes the offices of Gasogene, Tantalus and Commissionaire (the latter's duty being to deal with the waiters and lay in supplies); the Buy-Laws establish rules for Canonical challenges, that is, questions on the Holmes tales and penalties for failure to answer them.

"All other business shall be left for the monthly meeting," note the Buy-Laws. "There shall be no monthly meeting."

In Utah, where the events that became "A Study in Scarlet" (the first-published Holmes tale) had their genesis, two Sherlockian societies exist, neither particularly active. One, "The Avenging Angels," is the creation of Ronald Burt De Waal, humanities librarian at Colorado State University and author of *The World Bibliography of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson*, published at \$60 by the New York Graphic Society and now available in a less expensive reprint.

Small Numbers

The other, "The Country of the Saints," was founded on Halloween, 1976 by Kevin John and consists of Mr. John and his wife, Norine; Alan and Carla Wheatley,

and a few others. The Avenging Angels consist largely of Mr. DeWaal's family and friends. Neither society, according to its president, numbers more than seven or eight members so far.

Mr. De Waal explained that, being absent from Salt Lake City most of the year, he has been unable to devote much time to the Angels, though he is active in "Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients," a Holmes society in Denver. (The Neglected Patients plan a Sherlock Holmes Weekend Jan. 20 and 21, including a film festival and play as well as the Annual Dinner.)

The Avenging Angels do not celebrate Holmes' birthday but do hold an annual Jefferson Hope Dinner early in March. (It was in

Utah boasts two Holmes clubs, neither very active

March of 1881 that Hope at last took his revenge on Enoch Drebber and Joseph Stangerson, his old enemies from Salt Lake City.) They also celebrate July 24, which of course is the date John Ferrier and his daughter Lucy entered the Valley of the Great Salt Lake.

The members of The Country of the Saints do plan a birthday celebration this Friday. They do not, however, stick to the ritual toasts proposed by Morley for the Irregulars (toasts to The Women, for example, and to the Second Mrs. Watson).

Rather, said Mr. John, the Saints toast (non-alcoholically) both Holmes and Watson and "The Flower of Utah" — i.e., Lucy Ferrier — played for the occasion by the Johns' daughter, Tori.

Since their founding, the Saints have held "a couple of meetings" and attended two plays. Mr. John is also preparing an article for the Sherlock Holmes Journal of London on the historical background of "A Study in Scarlet."

Since his interest in things Sher-

lockian was piqued in 1971, Mr. John estimates that he has collected a library of "two or three hundred" Holmes publications, including various editions of *The Sacred Writings* and "a lot of the Writings on the Writings," he said. Work on his psychology degree at Utah State and employment at the Intermountain School in Brigham City have hampered serious efforts on behalf of the Saints, he said.

Updated List

Mr. De Waal included The Avenging Angels in his list of Holmes societies in *The World Bibliography*, and added the Country of the Saints to the updated list in the reprint of that book. But he admits his won society is more of an idea than a working reality at present. Still employed in Colorado, he is the Commissionaire of Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients, who among other activities sponsor a Hounds of the Baskervilles dog race in June, a Reichenbach Picnic in the mountains in May, and a celebration of Watson's birthday in September.

Both men, however, expressed hopes for more active Sherlockian activity here on The Great Alkalai Plain. ("There are no inhabitants of this land of despair," wrote Watson of the territory "from the Sierra Nevada to Nebraska, and from the Yellowstone River... to the Colorado.")

Holmes Interest

The Constitution of the Baker Street Irregulars calls for "an examination in the Sacred Writings" as a prerequisite to admission, but that rule has been observed only irregularly. The same seems to be true of The Avenging Angels and The Country of the Saints.

Let us compromise: Anyone with an interest in Sherlock Holmes and some familiarity with the Sacred Writings may write to Mr. John at 637 N. 2nd West, Brigham City, Utah; to Mr. De Waal care of The Avenging Angels at 615-4th Ave., Salt Lake City, 84103; or to me here at The Salt Lake Tribune. You might mention, when you write or call, just who gave Holmes the gold sovereign he meant to wear on his watch-chain, and in memory of what occasion Holmes intended to wear it.