

The Medical Bulletin

ISSUED FOR

DOCTOR WATSON'S NEGLECTED PATIENTS

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CELEBRATING THE 123rd!

by John Stephenson

The night was not shrouded in mist, nor did the street lamps strain to cast a glow through the heavy fog. Still, undaunted by the lack of atmosphere and determined to create their own, Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients gathered at the Holiday Inn in Littleton, Colorado, on January 21st for their third annual banquet and a celebration of the 123rd birthday of Sherlock Holmes. Among the honored guests whose pictures lined the walls were none other than Sir Arthur, Sherlock Holmes, and Dr. Watson. And, spreading his strands of sticky steel into a web in the back corner, none other than the Professor himself. Around the meeting room were displayed many Sherlockian mementoes from Ron De Waal's not-neglected collection. A social hour began with earnest discussion during which many new ideas for scholarly papers no doubt were born, and a few pushed over the falls never to be heard from again.

The meeting was called to order by William S. Dorn, Chief Surgeon, after many fine toasts to Dr. John H. Watson, Doctor Watson's Wives (?), Irene Adler, Professor Moriarty, Mrs. Martha Hudson, and, of course, The Literary Agent. Dinner followed, with coffee or tea, and an eager group of Patients turned their attention to the Chief Surgeon. The Treasurer's report was given by Dr. W. P. Blake, who proved to be a master of the art of wielding a scalpel when he announced our purse had a balance of \$356.30, minus \$95.99, minus \$6.43, plus \$9.00. (You play the game of the dancing numbers and discover the obvious balance.) Minutes of the 1976 annual business meeting were read and approved. William Dorn announced the election of Officers to serve until the Annual Meeting in January, 1978. Following the elections

(see report to follow), it was moved to add two more Interns to the Medical Board. The motion was seconded and the two new Interns, with much debate as to procedure, were elected. The debate showed how neglectful as well as neglected we are when it comes to proper parliamentary procedure, which William Dorn justified by reminding objectors that we are after all Irregulars and should try to uphold the traditions of such.

Time then came for the awarding of the two-aspirin Pill Boxes. First to receive one of these treasured boxes was the Wielder of the Scalpel, Dr. Blake. Next came Mary Ake, one of the founders of Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients, and surely the one woman Sherlock Holmes would have picked to be Dr. Watson, if indeed the good doctor had been a woman. Next Nancy Wynne, author and co-founder with Mary Ake of the Neglected Patients, received her well-deserved award.

Other business discussed was starting a drama group to put on productions of stories in the Canon, to be chaired by John Stephenson. And announcement of a new group called The Out-Patients whose activities include meeting every other week to watch the Basil Rathbone Sherlock Holmes movies, to play a Sherlock Holmes card game, and to discuss the Canon and peripheral books. This group is chaired by Jill Stone. The Sherlockian material to originate from it, and its expected off-shoots, should boggle the mind of even Mycroft Holmes.

LTC. Morency R. Dame gave a short talk on his trip to the Baker Street Irregulars' Annual Meeting and Dinner, and promised to write a report for the Medical Bulletin, which we shall await with all the eagerness of the Hound on a scent. An excellent paper on

"Sherlock Holmes and the Mormons" was read by Nancy Wynne. We only hope it, too, will be submitted to the Medical Bulletin for future publication. Much comment should come from people reading this informative treatise, and many areas be opened for further debate.

Scott Bullard and Mike Collins then offered a practical demonstration of the martial (?) art of Baritsu--with a warning for spectators not to get too close so as not to repeat the Professor's mistake. From Bullard and Collins' background study, I think that after this presentation Baritsu should be listed under the Grand Oriental Master, Kun-Fu-Sun.

Next it was time to hear from our newly-elected Chief Surgeon, Ron De Waal, and he revealed features of his forthcoming year. The highlight (besides his fashion show!) is to be a dog race at a local track, dedicated as "The Hound of the Baskervilles" race. Ron hopes this can be held on July 4th, the anniversary of the death of Charles Baskerville. With ideas like this, Ron's program promises to be one worth putting away the needle for.

Blair Kittleson moved that we design a lapel pin for the Patients, and was forthwith elected Chairman of a Committee to accomplish this task. Special mention must be made of a very special guest, Janet Willson, who lent her home and gracious hospitality to the very first gathering of neglected patients, some eighty strong, when our founders met to begin the mutual self-help treatment program on January 7, 1974. Perhaps Jan, who immediately after did a disappearing act to Iran for a couple of years, is distantly related to young Stamford?

And, finally, we were treated to the movie, "The Speckled Band," starring Raymond Massey in a role he will be remembered for only by a devout Sherlockian. The Rock Python slithered away with the best acting award, and also the award for representing the Canon the closest. With the end of the movie, so ended the gathering for this year, and many

Sherlockians returned to their homes with the conviction that Holmes had truly enjoyed his 123rd birthday reunion with his followers.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR SHERLOCK!

by Jill Stone

Sherlock Holmes was the fourteenth guest at a birthday dinner given in his honor on Saturday, January 8th, at the club house of the South Suburban Golf Course in Littleton. He had nothing to say, and he was invisible, but at 123 one is entitled to be eccentric.

The Out-Patients, a newly-formed discussion group, held the dinner, which was organized by Dr. J. Gordon Milliken (who sat opposite Mr. Holmes) and by Jill Stone. Several people got lost on the way to the Golf Course, which, on a snowy night, is about as accessible as Baskerville Hall. But all were present by 7 o'clock to sit down to delicious food, goodly quantities of wine, cheerful conversation, and affectionate toasts to most of the major Canonical characters.

Drew Thurston presented excerpts from his paper on the origins of Sherlock Holmes in Edgar Allen Poe, Dr. Joseph Bell and Arthur Conan Doyle. This heresy was much enjoyed. Other guests included both friends and relatives, all of whom were kindly disposed towards the entire proceedings--and even joined in the singing of "Happy Birthday!"

ELECTION OF THE MEDICAL BOARD

Elected to office at the annual business meeting held January 21, 1977, were Chief Surgeon (President) Ronald B. De Waal; Transcriber (Secretary), John E. Stephenson; Wielder of the Scalpel (Treasurer), Dr. W. P. Blake; Interns, Robert N. Alvis, William S. Dorn, Charles F. Hansen, Dr. J. Gordon Milliken, David M. Poole and Terrance J. Teis; Consultants (appointive offices), Mary Ake and Nancy Wynne. Mary Holmes will continue as Editor of THE MEDICAL BULLETIN, which is also a non-elective position.

THE OUT-PATIENTS

A discussion group, The Out-Patients, has been meeting since October, and an announcement to this effect was made at the January banquet by Jill Stone, who holds the informal title of "Farthest-Out-Patient." "Second-Farthest-Out-Patient" (co-chairperson) is Liz Teis. The group is discussing the Canon and peripheral literature, watching the Rathbone-Bruce films, playing the Curjel Sherlock Holmes card game, and otherwise broadening its knowledge of things Sherlockian. It has reached its limit with fourteen members, but welcomes visitors, especially those who may wish to form another group. Anyone interested in such a group should contact Jill Stone at 233-6296.

THE BUTTER-DISH

by Mary Holmes

The year 1977 has a special significance for Sherlockians. In the afterword of his Sherlock Holmes Calendar, 1881-1977 (Drake Publishers, Inc.), Sean Wright notes that "by usage dictated by the cycle of the Gregorian calendar...the same exact calendar used for the year 1881 is also that used for 1977. It is an interesting footnote that Holmes and Watson met on New Year's Day in 1881, using this same calendar exactly ninety-six years ago."

Besides that momentous Saturday, and Friday, January 6, 1854, when the world's first consulting detective was born at the family home in the north of England, day and date of a crowded calendar of events have been recorded and documented. This is a far better production than Drake's 1976 Sherlock Holmes Calendar, which I found disappointing. Since it is the first of the series which Wright has compiled, I give him credit.

I am sorry, however, to find one most serious omission--Watson's birthday is noted neither on July 7th nor on September 18th. According to Baring-Gould (Vol. 1, Pages 69-70) most chronologists hold to the September date, and so do Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients. Hopefully Sean Wright will correct this

another time round. Meanwhile, I shall try to forgive his slighting Watson, since he designed the logo on Page 12 especially for our Society. Sean is a member of the Non-Canonical Calabashes of Los Angeles.

Notable guests at the January 21st banquet were Sherlock Holmes with "The Lady in Black." Holmes was represented by David Lauer, turned out in deerstalker and well-tailored caped greatcoat, smoking a calabash. "The Lady in Black," Irene Adler, was Brande Collins, wearing ancestral "diamonds" and a most elegant costume which she found in a Victorian family trunk which had traveled from Ireland, to England, to Germany, to Texas. The total effect of the bustled gown and black velvet cape, encrusted with jet and lined in red satin, was so charming that John Stephenson immediately recruited Brande to play Irene Adler in his drama group.



"I'm sorry, no musicians!"

DINING WITH SHERLOCK HOLMES

(If, like us, you were not able to accept the invitation to spend an evening dining with Sherlock Holmes at the Great Hall of the Culinary Institute of America, at Hyde Park, New York, on November 6th last, then reading New Yorker's amusing account of it from "The Talk of the Town" in their issue of November 22nd, is the next best thing to being there. The invitation promised "an epicurean feast of unparalleled Sherlockian elegance. Canonical ice carvings, food sculpture, and exquisite gustatory creations...offered in tribute to the Great Detective," prepared by world renowned chefs, and inspired by recipes from the new book, Dining With Sherlock Holmes, by Julia Rosenblatt & Frederic Sonnenschmidt. Published by Bobbs-Merrill. With permission from the Editors of The New Yorker, we bring you the following description of that memorable evening.)

Sherlockian Gathering

Mr. Sherlock Holmes was not the most convivial of men. His idea of a good time was to stay at home in his lodgings at 221-B, Baker Street, alone or with Dr. Watson, and to play the violin. As a special indulgence, the great detective might treat himself to a syringe of cocaine, after which he would sink back with a sigh into his velvet armchair, utterly content. It is beyond dispute that Holmes disliked parties ("loathed every form of society with his whole Bohemian soul"), or affected to. He once remarked, when he came home from an afternoon stroll to find a letter on the table waiting for him, "This looks like one of those unwelcome social summonses which call upon a man either to be bored or to lie." Holmes's contemporary devotees, though, are as gregarious as their master was solitary. Some nights ago, to take the most recent example, about a hundred and sixty of them converged upon the Culinary Institute of America, in the village of Hyde Park, New York, for "An Evening Dining with Sherlock Holmes." The company included many distinguished members of the Baker Street Irregulars, which is the College

of Cardinals of the Sherlockian movement, and also members of its far-flung "scion societies"--the Bootmakers of Toronto, the Speckled Band of Boston, the Creeping Men of Cleveland, the Red Circle of Washington, the Scandalous Bohemians of New Jersey, and others. And looking down benevolently from his seat in Heaven, we have no doubt, was Hyde Park's most famous son. For Franklin D. Roosevelt was not only an honorary member of the Baker Street Irregulars but also the author of two theories of Holmes's parentage: first, that he was a founding, whose "one great failure was his inability after a long search to find his parents," and, second, "on further study," that "he was born an American and was brought up by his father or foster father in the underground world, thus learning all the tricks of the trade in the highly developed American art of crime." And, indeed, there is considerable evidence in the Canon to support both of these propositions--or maybe there is not, but that is the sort of thing that people were saying to each other as they stood drinking glasses of port or sherry or mulled cider-and-brandy before dinner at the Culinary Institute. People talked, as well, of the recent television presentation "Sherlock Holmes in New York," starring Roger Moore, which everyone seemed to have liked, and of the new movie "The Seven Per-Cent Solution," with Nicol Williamson as Holmes and Alan Arkin as Sigmund Freud, which some liked a lot and others liked not at all. Earlier in the day, a mysterious two-hour power failure had menaced the preparation of the dinner. As word of it spread through the room, the obvious explanation began to sink in. Eyes narrowed, voices dwindled to a whisper, and over and over again could be heard the single, chilling word "Moriarty!"

We asked Otto Penzler, who edited (with Chris Steinbrunner) "The Encyclopedia of Mystery and Detection," and who has a famous collection of Sherlockiana, if it was true that the name of Arthur Conan Doyle was never pronounced at meetings of the Baker Street Irregulars.

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"A foul untruth," Penzler replied. Everyone recognizes the significance of Conan Doyle's contribution. After all, he was Dr. Watson's literary agent."

The Culinary Institute, which is the largest cooking school in America, is housed in a former Jesuit seminary (Teilhard de Chardin is buried there), and dinner was served in what used to be chapel. This lent the proceedings a suitably devotional air. On a buffet table in the center of the room were huge ice sculptures of three Holmesian icons--the deerstalker cap, the magnifying glass, and the calabash pipe. The breadbasket at each table contained, along with various kinds of bread, a magnifying glass made of a breadstick with a gelatine lens. The meal was a notable one--twenty-three dishes, each of which was described in the menu with a pertinent reference from the Sacred Writings. For example:

Trout a la Thoreau

Trout poached in milk. "Circumstantial evidence is occasionally very convincing, as when you find a trout in the milk, to quote Thoreau's example." (Sherlock Holmes in "The Adventure of the Noble Bachelor.")

And:

English Trifle

"You know my method. It is founded upon the observation of trifles." (Sherlock Holmes in "The Boscombe Valley Mystery.")

The dinner was sponsored by the Hudson Valley Scientists, the Dutchess County offspring of the Baker Street Irregulars, in honor of the publication, by Bobbs-Merrill, of "Dining with Sherlock Holmes: A Baker Street Cookbook," by Julia Carlson Rosenblatt and Frederic H. Sonnenschmidt. Dr. Rosenblatt, a slender, very attractive woman who wears her hair in a pageboy cut, apologized for the absence of her co-author, who is a teacher at the Culinary Institute and a chef with a long list of culinary honors. "Fritz is still at Frankfort, at the Culinary Olympics," she said. "He's one of the twelve members of the American team. The good news is that the U.S. finished third, tied with France --a very impressive showing." Switzer-

land won, by the way, and Canada came in second; there were twenty-one teams competing. Dr. Rosenblatt is a woman of no small accomplishment herself. She is a former professor of psychology at Vassar, and she has written monographs on such arcane topics as "The Effect of Instructions and Perspective-Drawing Ability on the Perception of Geometric Illusions." (Holmes wrote one on "The Chaldean Roots in the Ancient Cornish Language.") She would certainly be a member of the Baker Street Irregulars if that society were not an all-male one. She is a member of the Adventuresses of Sherlock Holmes, the only all-female scion society, and her Holmesian inclinations are shared by her husband, Judge Albert M. Rosenblatt, a Baker Street Irregular who is also something of a real-life detective, having served as District Attorney of Dutchess County for six years, until his elevation last year to the State Supreme Court bench.

Dinner ended, as is usual among Sherlockians, with toasts. There were toasts to Mycroft Holmes, to Irene Adler ("The Woman"), to Mrs. Hudson, and to Watson. It fell to Peter Blau, of the Red Circle of Washington, to toast the President and President-elect of the United States, and he found a couple of apt Canonical references. From "The Valley of Fear": "The treasurer, Carter, was a middle-aged man with an impassive, rather sulky expression and a yellow parchment skin. He was a capable organizer, and the actual details of nearly every outrage had sprung from his plotting brain." And, from "His Last Bow": "It nearly passed over a little Ford coming in the opposite direction." The principal toast--to the World's First Consulting Detective himself--was given by Dr. Julian Wolff, the Commissionaire of the Baker Street Irregulars. ("Do you know who he is?" the man next to us whispered in awe-struck tones. "He is the Pope!") Dr. Wolff concluded by paraphrasing Watson paraphrasing Plato: "He is the best and wisest man that we have ever known--ladies and gentlemen, Sherlock Holmes!" The cries of "Hear, hear!" were fervent.



DORN PRESENTS HOLMES

by Jill Stone

Dr. William S. Dorn, former Chief Surgeon (Past President) of the Neglected Patients, continues his contributions to belief in and understanding of the literature of Sherlock Holmes. In two courses at the University of Denver, Dorn (seen above as Holmes) explored Sherlock Holmes, and other lesser Victorian detectives, by examining radio tapes, films, William Gillette's play, and, of course, the Sacred Writings of Dr. John H. Watson.

The first course, given during Interterm, could be taken for credit. It was offered not by the Department of History--as might have been expected--nor by the Department of Mathematics, of which Dr. Dorn is Chairman, but by the English Department. The second course, a slightly abbreviated version of the first, was non-credit, and offered by the Department of Continuing Education.

"Education, my boy, never ends."

Sherlock Holmes

Classes met on five consecutive Thursday evenings from January 6th to February 3rd. The felicitous coincidence of the first lecture with Holmes' birthday was--according to Bill Dorn--ordained by God. (It is well known

that the study of higher mathematics can have a peculiar effect upon the brain.)

Writings discussed included "A Study in Scarlet," "A Scandal in Bohemia," "The Hound of the Baskervilles," "The Final Problem," and "The Empty House."

Events occurring in several of these stories were found to have been virtually impossible. Despite, or because of, such undertones of unorthodoxy, the classes were a great deal of fun.

A Sherlock Holmes Film Festival was presented by the University of Denver in conjunction with Dr. Dorn's Interterm course. Five movies were shown on weekday evenings in the General Classroom Building.

The first, and oldest, film was a 1933 "version" of "A Study in Scarlet." Except for Holmes, Watson, and the title, it had nothing to do with "A Study in Scarlet." The plot, however, was quite familiar, being that of Agatha Christie's "Ten Little Indians." No record of a lawsuit has come to my attention. Reginald Owen was a good detective, within the limitations of the script. He was not, however, Sherlock Holmes. Some visual similarity between actor and character is really necessary in the role, and Owen--who once played Watson in another movie--was nobody's image of Holmes. This film's Watson was Warburton Gamble. Alan Mowbray played Lestrade, and a very young Anna May Wong was a villainess.

Billy Wilder's 1970 production, "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes" was the second film shown. To Sherlockians it is still the controversial movie. Even the scandalous Holmes movies of 1976 have failed to eclipse it. The major source of argument remains as follows: Sherlock Holmes was backed into a corner in which he had to choose between pretending to be a homosexual and insulting a woman. His choice was the gallant one. Many Sherlockians have been terribly upset by it. So was Watson.

Considering the circumstances under which Holmes made his "confession,"

perhaps everyone has protested too much. Other curious features of the film have often been overlooked. These included Queen Victoria, several dwarves, the Loch Ness monster, a disturbingly beautiful client, and cocaine (a five-per-cent solution - Watson had been diluting it behind Holmes' back). The sets were lavish, the direction loving. Robert Stephens played the first human and fallible Sherlock Holmes--disillusioned, melancholy, and curiously self-conscious. He really did it very well. Colin Blakely, as Watson, had some excellent moments. Many of his facial expressions were worth the proverbial thousand words. But, alas, he was forced to be a buffoon on several occasions, and this clowning was the movie's major flaw. Irene Handl was the long-suffering Mrs. Hudson. Christopher Lee played a Mycroft Holmes apparently dying of malnutrition. Mollie Maureen was Queen Victoria (has the phrase "cameo role" ever been more appropriate?), and Genevieve Page was the client whose mysterious plight affected Sherlock Holmes like a shot in the arm. "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes" lacked only one thing: its opening sequence, which was removed for the sake of brevity before the film was ever shown. In this sequence, Holmes, as a university student, fell in love with a woman whom he then discovered to be a prostitute. Hence the curious behavior of Holmes in the night-time. It was a pity the film was incomplete.

A 1937 version of "Silver Blaze" was the third movie shown. Like the famous dog, it was seen but not heard; its sound track had not adequately survived the years. Enough was audible, however, to enable the viewer to follow a rather silly plot, involving Moriarty, Moran, Moran's air-gun, Henry Baskerville, and Henry Baskerville's daughter (by whom?). With Dartmoor as Canonical common ground, the writers had taken the opportunity to drag in Baskerville Hall--which no more looked like Baskerville Hall than does DU's General Classroom Building. Sherlock Holmes was well played. Arthur Wontner gave the great detective a remote but kindly father image appropriate to his age. Dr. Watson, played by Ian Fleming (not the fellow who wrote

the James Bond stuff) was forgettable. Lynn Harding's Professor Moriarty was a grouchy thug who had obviously come down in the world. Imagine the Napoleon of crime having a horse assassinated! Colonel Moran still couldn't shoot straight. And Holmes' marvelous lines about the dog were, once again, misquoted. But the film was fun.

Fourth on the list was "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," released in 1939. This was the second Rathbone-Bruce picture. Like "The Private Life," it had a Victorian setting. (Would that almost all Sherlock Holmes films did!) The plot was reasonably clever and complex. Viewers familiar with "The Ancient Mariner," however, found themselves several steps ahead of Holmes for the duration of the movie--a disconcerting experience. Basil Rathbone was, nevertheless, inimitable. Nigel Bruce was a puppy-dog. Mary Gordon's Mrs. Hudson put up with them both. George Zucco as Moriarty was an excellent foil for Holmes, and Ida Lupino a charming, if not very bright, client. The film's final scene, in which Bruce's put-upon Watson gets his own back, should be enshrined in some Sherlockian Hall of Fame.

The fifth Sherlock Holmes movie was not a Sherlock Holmes movie in the conventional sense, at all. "They Might Be Giants" starred George C. Scott as a dedicated judge who, having gone mad, believed himself to be Sherlock Holmes. Joanne Woodward played his psychiatrist; her name was--you guessed it--Dr. Watson. So Watson finally was a woman, and Holmes finally succeeded in driving Watson mad. For the patient cured the psychiatrist, in a movie which examined some of the insanities of contemporary society. "They Might Be Giants," released in 1972, was based upon a 1961 stage play, and the "staginess" of several scenes was its major weakness. But Scott and Woodward were excellent, funny and touching. And Moriarty, unseen, was vividly real, as the embodiment of Evil-with-dignity, Evil that could be fought, if not conquered.

The film festival ended with a delightful surprise--an invitation to preview

"The Seven-Per-Cent Solution" as the guests of Universal Pictures. The film was excellent. Nicholas Meyer's screenplay altered the plot of his book considerably, but all the essentials remained. There were even a few improvements. And the scenery was spectacular, and the Victorian interiors were incredibly lavish and detailed, and I am running out of adjectives. Nicol Williamson's Holmes was brilliantly done. He was not the definitive Sherlock Holmes. (Can a single film ever give us that?) But his portrayal was an indispensable part of the character, a part we hadn't seen until now. Rubert Duvall was just wonderful as Watson: intelligent, concerned, and underplayed in a way that provided the perfect contrast to Holmes' flamboyant cracking-up. Alan Arkin was a Freud worthy of respect and affection, as well as gentle criticism. Lawrence Olivier cringed nicely; he should play a traditional Moriarty someday. Samantha Eggar managed a touch of irony in a very brief role. Vanessa Redgrave was wiser than the average client, and apparently even succeeded in persuading Holmes to exchange the cocaine for the heroine. The film ran for just over two hours, but it was not too long. Or too short...

SHERLOCK HOLMES ON MATHEMATICS

by William S. Dorn

'It is an old maxim of mine that when you have excluded the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth.'

The Beryl Coronet

'An exception disproves the rule.'

The Sign of Four

'When a fact appears to be opposed to a long train of deductions, it invariably proves to be capable of bearing some other interpretation.'

A Study in Scarlet

"It appears, Watson, that things have come to a pretty pass," said Sherlock Holmes as he gazed out of our bow window into the thick yellow fog which had enveloped London

as was so often its wont in the autumn of the year.

"Eh?" said I tossing aside the mass of crumpled newspapers which I had read and reread during the listless day. "Is it a new client then on the streets below?" I half rose from my comfortable arm chair only to be stopped by a disconcerted wave of my friend's hand.

"Nothing so exciting I'm afraid," he said turning to face me. His eyes took on a familiar light wavery grey cast, and he heaved a great sigh. "What I refer to is the public's total misconception of the science of deduction as it applied to crime. People read of the crime and the more bizarre it is the better. They read of the criminal's apprehension and conviction and relish in the fact that justice has been done. But the public cares little for what occurs between the crime and the conviction. Worse yet they fail to see the importance of the intermediary steps. It is some flaw in our society, Watson, that permits its members to miss the essence of so vital a process."

There was more than a touch of egotism in his tone of voice, and I bridled at such unabashed egocentricity. Apparently completely oblivious to my distress, he continued. "The situation is much akin to the man-in-the-street's misconceptions about mathematics. Indeed the analogy is striking if one but ponders it for a moment."

Despite his self-centered attitude there was no denying that Holmes could wax eloquent when he wishes to make a point. It was with this in mind that I leaned back and waited in eager anticipation.

His aquiline face was silhouetted against the window, and his long clay pipe was clenched between his teeth, giving him the appearance of some giant bird with an elongated bill. Turning his back to me so that he once more faced the window, he said, "Mathematics is, after all, a deductive science. One might even say the deductive science. From certain facts, or as the mathematician prefers to call them postulates or axioms, one reasons to inexorable and logical con-

clusions. From such arguments have come remarkable results--all of modern science, in fact, from the wheel to the motions of the planets. But what does the public see of mathematics? A series of games! Consider the conundrum which goes by the name of Menelaus theorem. To wit, show that the sum of the squares of two sides of any triangle is equal to twice the sum of the squares of half the other side and the median which bisects the other side.

"What do you make of that, Watson?" he added, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

"I'm afraid I understand it no better than I did in my days as a schoolboy."

"Precisely. Nor I dare say does anyone else save perhaps devotees to mental gymnastics," said Holmes, again taking up his theme. "But ex-schoolboys, having been subjected to such puzzles, have a right to ask, "What do such things have to do with mathematics?"

Holmes methodically removed the pipe from his mouth and exhaled a great billow of blue smoke. "The answer, to put it bluntly, is 'Nothing whatsoever.' We have all been horribly misguided. We were put, as it were, onto a false scent. And who is responsible for setting us onto the wrong track? Is it Euclid who is to blame? Or the aforementioned Menelaus?" Then in answer to his own question, he blurted out, "Not at all. It is the chroniclers of mathematics--the textbook writers!" Whereupon he slipped the now inert pipe into the pocket of his mouse-coloured dressing gown and wandered aimlessly to the far side of our sitting rooms.

"It seems somewhat ironic," I noted with a wry smile, "that you should see fit to defend mathematics, the field of study of the late but unlamented Professor Moriarty."

"My dear Watson," Holmes countered, "as is usually the case, Moriarty is one of the villains of the piece. Did he not at the age of twenty-one write a treatise on the binomial theorem? As I recall, you record-

ed the fact in your somewhat overly dramatic piece 'The Final Problem'. To be sure that theorem had a European vogue at the time, but what normal person could or can see the use of it?

"No, it is not Moriarty I defend. Rather I attack him and his brand of science. For it is because of him and his kind that the public knows so little of mathematics. Moreover, what the public does know of mathematics bears no resemblance to the essence of the subject and in fact to its raison d'etre. They miss what is called, I believe, by practitioners 'applied mathematics'. What do they know of Bernoulli or LaPlace or even Pascal? Yet they feast on their work. And it is much the same in crime. Deduction to the public is a mental exercise not a means to an end." With that he threw himself down onto the divan with an air of resignation which I had come to recognize as a signal that his peroration was at an end.

Dr. Dorn's SHERLOCK HOLMES ON MATHEMATICS is reprinted from the 1975 University of Denver Yearbook called "Kynewisbok."



THE BAGATELLE CARD CLUB, the Milwaukee Scion Society of the Baker Street Irregulars, announces publication of Crime Scene Sketches, reproduced in facsimile from the pen

and ink drawings in the notebook of a Private Enquiry Agent. Edited by Thomas F. Hanratty and Daniel P. King. Introduction by John Bennett Shaw, B.S.I. Crime Scene Sketches is a collection of 17 original pen and ink drawings (with commentary) of scenes of crimes from the Canon. It presents an opportunity to view the crime scene as Holmes would have recorded it in his notebook. Standard Edition (\$4) or Limited Numbered Edition of One Hundred Copies (\$10) may be ordered from Daniel P. King, 5125 North Cumberland Blvd., Whitefish Bay, Wisconsin 53217. Books will be autographed upon request.

The greatest and most famous villain in the entire Canon, bar none, is the legendary Professor Moriarty.

We hear Sherlock Holmes describing the Professor as the Napoleon of Crime, as the greatest malignant brain, etc. In fact, the Master himself seems to recognize and put the Professor on the same intelligence level as himself--which, in itself, is a monumental accomplishment!

Doctor Watson mentions Moriarty as being the most famous scientific criminal who is as famous among crooks as he is unknown to the public.

To me, unknown is the key word in the good Doctor's description. One would wonder how a criminal genius of this magnitude, supposedly with an underworld empire second to none in all of London and Europe, for that matter, could be unknown.

Here we have a man whose underworld web supposedly entangles every major crime committed in England. However, no one in the British Empire except Sherlock Holmes seems to know of him in this capacity.

Inspector Alec MacDonald in "The Valley of Fear" implies that Holmes exaggerates in his dark opinion of the Professor. The Inspector states that he made some inquiries about Moriarty and found him to be a very respectable, learned, and talented sort of man.

Think about the above statement for a moment if you will. You have an Inspector of the C.I.D. telling Sherlock Holmes that the controlling brain of the underworld is a respectable, learned sort of man. Inspector MacDonald's statement is very curious considering his knowledge of Holmes' investigative powers. So it would seem that Scotland Yard did not see eye-to-eye with Holmes on the character of Moriarty.

We read of Watson speaking of Professor Moriarty with Holmes in several adventures. He also mentions a brother of the

Professor, a Colonel James Moriarty, in "The Final Problem."

But unless I am mistaken, nowhere in the Canon does Watson ever meet the Professor or ever see him face to face. Watson even learns the facts of the fight to the death at Reichenbach Falls between Holmes and Moriarty in a note left by Holmes. It is the same with Colonel Moriarty, the brother, who is mentioned by Watson but is never seen by him.

Doctor Watson also mentions Moriarty's second-in-command, the notorious Colonel Sebastian Moran, called by Holmes the second most dangerous man in London. But unlike his mysterious chief, Colonel Moran is a very active and visible menace with one goal in mind, the destruction of Sherlock Holmes. We know from Watson's account of the "Adventure of the Empty House" that the Doctor aided in the capture of Colonel Moran and therefore comes face-to-face with Moriarty's top aide.

One might wonder if Professor Moriarty is just an imaginary super-criminal that Doctor Watson planted in the adventures so that the Master Detective would have an equally master adversary. Or...for reasons known only to himself, could it be he changed the name of this evil genius to hide his true identity?

Or could it be that Professor Moriarty existed only in the mind of Sherlock Holmes?? Because it is the word and testimony of Holmes alone as to the criminal career of Professor Moriarty.

If he were not so personally involved-- what a case this would be for THE BRAIN OF BAKER STREET HIMSELF!!

Wilbert Doran, of the Six Napoleons of Baltimore, explains: as a requirement for membership there is a short "scholarly" paper. The above "humble offering" is his for the Neglected Patients. I asked if the Napoleons limit membership to six. When Doran was accepted in August, 1976, he became "Napoleon #158."

MY DEAR HOLMES...

From Donald A. Redmond, Chief Librarian at Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, Canada, the following suggestions, criticism, and a compliment, all of which are welcome:

My dear Holmes,

(Quite a suitable salutation; use it for your correspondence column.)

Just a small grumble, as I work my way down through the unindexed material:

The Medical Bulletin, the issue that begins with Nancy Wynne's "The Missing Three-Quarter is Missing", bears no jot or ittle (sic) of date or number. Please, may I suggest that you be careful to identify each one somehow? One would not want to get the medical bulletins in the wrong order; even the Neglected Patients might suffer. (I would in addition suggest that pages be numbered successively beginning with 1 each year and volume, not each issue, but I realize that's a bit much... I edit a small monthly myself.)

The typographical quality of your bulletin is excellent. You and Marathon do a meticulous job. (I like the Prestige IBM typeface; use it on my own stuff. Sorry, this is the other machine I'm using tonight.)

Best Sherlogical regards,

/S/ Good Old Index, B.S.I.
D. A. Redmond

Since I have turned over Dr. Watson's mail to the new Secretary, John Stephenson, Chief Surgeon, Ron De Waal, and I decided to take Redmond's suggestion and retittle this column, MY DEAR HOLMES...

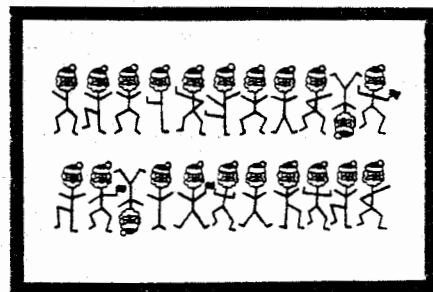
We agreed to keep the established system of numbering rather than changing the pagination now in the third volume of the BULLETIN. To me this seems somehow more suitable for a modest newsletter like ours. I do not have room for or feel the need of an index in each issue, but Ron tells me that he has

been making an author-title index, and Redmond a very detailed subject index for the BULLETIN. We plan to print the index as a separate item, further down the road.

As for missing volume number and date on the September, 1976, issue, I had hoped this would be forgiven and forgotten by now. But, since it keeps coming up, let me say this--both were on the dummy when I completed it, somehow they got lost along the way. The interesting thing is that not one but two dedicated Sherlockians later went over the copy with tape measure and magnifying glass, hunting the minutest flaws. Kind of a Purloined Letter situation! We now have David Poole as Canonical Consultant and Jill Stone proof-reading, so this should not happen again. I suggest you hang onto copies having a mistake which makes them in a small way collectors' items. The second printing of this issue does carry volume and date.

We also had a delightful Christmas card from Donald Redmond, printed on 8x11 red stock, a small Sherlockian publication in itself. The cover reads: "What does Santa say on Dec. 25th?" The answer, of course, is--"Ho-ho-HOLMES!"

And a wonderful surprise, a card from John H. Watson, M.D., himself, with the return address 221B Baker St., London W1. In jolly red Santa Claus hieroglyphs, it carries this message:



I answered "for Doctor Watson's Neglected Patients," saying--"Dear Doctor Watson, Thank you so much for your clever Christmas card bringing us the compliments of the season...It was good to know that, though we do not have the benefit of your medical advice, we are not forgotten." I addressed my letter simply to 221B but, if any of you are

doubtful about trying to reach him thusly, you might add c/o The Abbey National Building Society.

I have been asked to give addresses of our correspondents for those of you who want to answer directly. To save space, I shall do so only when the address is not on our membership roster. Donald Redmond's is.

Peter Blau took up the challenge when in the September, 1976, MEDICAL BULLETIN I said I would be willing to bet a shilling that William Gillette adopted the calabash for the London opening of Sherlock Holmes in 1901. Neither Peter nor any other member of the Red Circle, when the question was asked at their September dinner in place of the usual "Adventure of the Evening," could document the first portrayal, by actor or artist, of Holmes with a calabash. Peter wrote to me on January 17th:

Compliments on the latest Medical Bulletin--and I hasten to add that the contest about the calabash pipe still lacks any answer that is both definitive and decently antique--I have posed the same query to the readers of Tom Dunn's Pipe Smoker's Ephemeris (and any pipe-smoking Patients might wish to write to him for a copy of his fine newsletter: 20-37 120th Street, College Point, NY 11356).

Meanwhile, Peter Blau has started a contest of his own with the following items in the December, 1976, BAKER STREET JOURNAL:

From Peter Blau ("Black Peter"), of 4107 W Street NW, Washington, DC 20007

What is the earliest known portrayal of Sherlock Holmes smoking a calabash pipe?

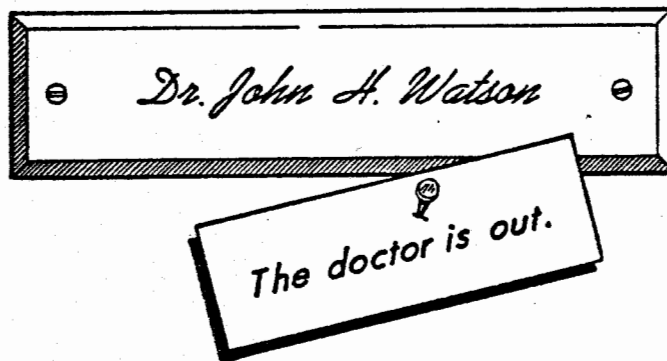
I suspect that this is not as easy a question as it might appear, keeping in mind that a curved wooden pipe is not a calabash. I don't know the answer. It was William Gillette who first appeared as Holmes with a curved pipe, but it was a curved wooden pipe in the early photographs; whence came the calabash? And when? A modest

Sherlockian prize is offered by Black Peter.

Now why didn't I think of doing that! At least we have the satisfaction of having presented a problem in the MEDICAL BULLETIN which so far stumps the experts.

PICTURE CREDITS: Banner--T. Teis. 3--Punch (May 9, 1973), De Waal collection . 6--T. Teis . 9--Bagatelle Card Club . 11--Abbey National Building Society . 12--Sean Wright.

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