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ISSUED FOR

DOCTOR WATSON'S NEGLECTED PATIENTS

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CELEBRATING THE MASTER'S 124th

As we go to press, three Denver-area Sherlockian groups are preparing to celebrate the birth of Sherlock Holmes on Twelfth Night, Friday, January 6, 1854.

The Out-Patients, a department of Doctor Watson's Neglected Patients, will again meet for dinner on the 6th, this time at Professor Plum's, a Littleton restaurant appropriately "Edwardian" in decor. The Professor's menu (based on that fine game of detection called Clue) has sections under such headings as Miss Scarlett's Accusations, Colonel Mustard's Case File, The Butler's Testimony, and individual items with names like Scotland Yard and The Alibi.

The Council of Four (see Hansen article) will meet on the 7th, on their traditional Saturday closest to the Birthday. They will eat their traditional Chinese dinner, at the Lotus Room.

Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients are going to observe the Master Detective's natal month with a Weekend of Celebration, January 20th and 21st. Events include the play Sherlock Holmes and the Affair of the Amorous Regent at Bonfils Theatre on Friday, a coffee at the home of Nancy Wynne on Saturday morning, a buffet lunch and film festival at the Holiday Inn in Aurora that afternoon, and the Society's Fourth Annual Dinner and Meeting in the evening.

Details of these festivities will be reported in the next issue of THE MEDICAL BULLETIN.

THE COUNCIL OF FOUR

by Charles F. Hansen

It has recently been brought to my attention that a mistaken opinion exists to the effect that the Sherlockian Scion, Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients, is an outgrowth of an older Scion, the Council of Four of Denver. The fact that some members of the Council of Four are also Patients seems to have fostered this misunderstanding. Nothing could be farther from the truth. To correct this situation and because I have been asked about the Council and its history, which is not well known outside its members, I have decided to write this short account of the Council's origin.

There is, in fact, no connection between the Council of Four and Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients. The Council was formed about 1956 or '57. There existed a group of four or five very close friends who had been meeting weekly for a good many years. Individual members came and went as they went about their lives but the group had been in existence since around 1940, meeting weekly with very few exceptions. At that time, in the group there were Roy Hunt, Robert Peterson, Norman Metcalf and myself. We are all devoted readers of science fiction and fantasy, poker players, and devoted to the writings of Dr. John H. Watson, M.D., late of the Indian Army. As we were all keen followers of the Master, there was talk of forming a Scion Society, but we were all ignorant of what might be required except for Norm Metcalf, who was a member of the Trained Cormorants. He it was who assured us there were no formal requirements, and he contacted the late Edgar Smith to

have the Council of Four welcomed to the roles of the Scion Societies of the Baker Street Irregulars. So the Council was formed and much Sherlockian discussion was added to the weekly meetings, though we were never a normal Scion since there was no formality to meetings and discussion was fully as apt to revolve around science fiction or old movies as Sherlock Holmes.

A name for our new Scion had been a lively topic for several weeks until we settled on the present title. The choice had nothing at all to do with the fact that there were four originators. We wanted to select a name connected with one of the Canonical tales, and if possible with the USA. The only story having any connection at all with this area is the Study in Scarlet. In this novel, pointed reference is made to the Avenging Angels, the Danite Band, which was the terrorist organization connected with the Mormon Church. Of course, parts of A Study in Scarlet are apocryphal. The Danite Bank never existed in Utah. The early Mormons were hounded from place to place in the eastern United States, hated and driven out of one community after another. The workings of the Avenging Angels may have accounted for part at least of this hatred, but by the time the Mormon pioneers set out on their long trek to Utah, the church had cleansed itself, and the Avenging Angels with their ruling body, the Council of Four, were disbanded and existed no more.

Anyway, the Council of Four had been the governing body of the Avenging Angels and as such was representative of a connection with the Rocky Mountain area, thanks to Sir Arthur--or perhaps more properly, to Dr. Watson. We strongly desired, as a brand new Scion, to contribute something to Sherlockian Literature. We should have loved to contribute a book of our own to the body of that Literature, as many other Scions have done, but alas, none of us are writers. Norm suggested, since we were all interested in science fiction, and many other Sherlockians seemed to be similarly inclined, that we publish a book of science-fictional tales having to do with the Master. It sounded like a great idea. Since he knew of a

number of such stories and their authors, he was appointed to take charge of the project.

We had little idea of what such a publishing venture would cost, but as a few more friends were added to the Council, all contributed what they could to the fund, and Norm came up with a list of stories. All the stories had been previously published, mostly in science fiction magazines and were hard to come by. He contacted authors and agents and made the same proposition to all of them--two copies of the book to each author and his agent, plus a reasonable share of the profits (if there ever were any) after the book was sold. To our vast surprise and joy, most of them went for it, and The Science-Fictional Sherlock Holmes was born. Somehow we paid the publisher and scraped up enough to have about three hundred of the copies bound in a rather sleazy gray binding. The BSI provided a Godsend by purchasing a large number of them for sale to Sherlockians through the "Baker Street Inventory" in the Journal. We donated a pair of copies to the Denver Main Library and were delighted with an immediate order for a dozen more.

Little by little orders trickled in and eventually we had to have some more copies bound. The second binding came out in a much nicer and better quality red binding. The third binding is the finest of all, a tough library binding in yellow buckram with the dust jacket cartoon by Tom Walker repeated on the front cover. It should be understood that these are not actually different editions, only one printing was ever run. The three variant bindings are the result of our not being able to raise the money to bind them all at once. Now, in 1977, the book is out of print, and now when we get many inquiries and could sell more easily, there are no more. The authors and the agents have received their modest checks and the members have divided the remaining profits. It was great fun, and we would love to do it again, but publishing and binding costs are now prohibitive.

The Council of Four has not changed much,

though members come and go. The four of us who started things are still going strong, and meetings are still weekly on Saturday evenings. At present we number about eight active members and some ten or twelve others who are seen only now and then. We have never tried to recruit members. We have extended invitations only when we knew someone well enough to be sure he would fit in well with all. We aren't snooty, we just don't want to risk our mutual joy and friendship. Meetings are still completely informal except for rare occasions. Discussion ranges from science fiction and fantasy to movies to politics or religion, or whatever. Sometimes we discuss the cases of the Master but by no means always. The most recent meeting was given over to a fine poker game.

In 1974, when the notice appeared in Denver newspapers that a new Sherlockian Scion was to be formed, we were greatly surprised, and delighted. This represented an opportunity to take part in the activities of a more traditionally organized Scion. On September 11th Bob Peterson and I went to the Bemis Library in Littleton and discovered, to our amazement, a vast crowd of would-be members. Mary Ake, Nancy Wynne, Mary Holmes and Ron DeWaal had done a fine job of organization, and most of the Council are now also members of Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients. Ron is an old friend. We have long regarded him as a member of the Council, though he has never attended more than a meeting or two. Bob and Phyllis Alvis and Bill and Martha Liehe are also members of the Council, though we see the Liehes now only at the Patients' get-togethers. The Neglected Patients are unquestionably a bit irregular--they admit ladies, as does the English group. But the Patients are pretty straight compared to the Council. We, too, admit ladies who are truly Sherlockians, but that is only a beginning. In view of the constitution and by-laws of the Baker Street Irregulars, which state, "There shall be no regular meetings," what can one say of a Scion which meets regularly every Saturday evening? The Council of Four is, without a doubt, the most "irregular" of all the Irregulars.

NOTICE

From Ron De Waal:

"The Directory of 'Sherlock Holmes' Business Establishments" and the "Directory of Sherlock Holmes Societies", published in the first issue of The World of Sherlock Holmes Mystery Magazine, were published without my knowledge or consent and are not current. The first directory was substantially revised on June 18, 1977. A more recent revision of the second directory appears in the Bramhall House reprint of my World Bibliography."

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND DR. WATSON

by Maurice Campbell

1.--THE MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE OF DR. WATSON (continued)

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

Editor's note: Dr. Campbell's 1934 articles on the medical knowledge of Dr. Watson are reprinted here with the kind permission of Michael Bourne, a Guy's medical student and present-day Editor of Guy's Hospital Gazette in which the three Campbell papers originally appeared. The first part of this first piece appeared in the December, 1977 issue of THE MEDICAL BULLETIN. The closing words of that section were: "...I have collected as examples most of the allusions to heart disease and to tropical disease because in these two subjects at any rate Watson seems to have been excellently informed."

DISEASES OF THE HEART

There are two detailed descriptions of heart disease and many shorter allusions, as well as the death from angina just described. Major Sholto died from left ventricular failure, probably secondary to high blood pressure; and orthopnoea is rightly emphasized by Watson as a lead-

ing symptom. "When we entered his room he was propped up with pillows and breathing heavily...grasping our hands he made a remarkable statement in a voice broken as much by emotion as by pain...At this instant a horrible change came over his expression--his eyes staring wildly, his jaw dropped, and he yelled, 'Keep him out.' We rushed to the window, and when we returned his head had dropped and his pulse ceased to beat" (The Sign of Four). No wonder his son, Thaddeus Sholto, became hypochondriacal about his mitral valve.

The other is a good description of an aortic aneurism. When Jefferson Hope was arrested he remarked that he might not live the the trial. "It isn't suicide I am thinking of; put your hand on my chest," he said. Watson did so, and at once became conscious of an extraordinary throbbing and commotion inside. The walls of his chest seemed to quiver as a frail building would when some powerful engine was at work. In the silence of the room he could hear dull humming and buzzing noise which proceeded from the same source. I sometimes wish that you could all use an equally dramatic style in writing your ward reports.

"Why," cried Watson, "you have an aortic aneurism."

"That's what they call it," he said frankly. "I went to the doctor last week, and he told me it was bound to burst before many days passed."

The aetiology was wrongly attributed by Watson to exposure and under-feeding among the Salt Lake Mountains, but the prognosis was better than in a patient seen recently, who had been told eleven years before that his aneurism might burst any day, for on the very night after his capture this happened, and he was found stretched on the floor of his cell with a placid smile on his face as though he had been able to look back on a useful life and on work well done. He was a robust and ruddy-faced man, tall and of great strength, and no doubt his hard-working life was a contributing factor in the production of his aneurism.

The death of Sir Charles Baskerville was attributed to heart disease, and, though the medical details are fairly satisfac-

tory, it is possible to be critical here. The newspaper account of the inquest said that there was no reason to suspect foul play or to imagine that it could be from any but natural causes. The evidence of the housekeeper was that his health had been impaired for some time, and that the breathlessness, changes in colour, and attacks of nervous depression pointed to some affection of the heart. Dr. James Mortimer, his medical attendant, gave evidence to the same effect (and I hope you will not have the same experience of your evidence being dismissed in this cursory fashion after so much attention had been given to that of the housekeeper). No signs of violence were to be discovered upon Sir Charles's person, but the facial distortion was explained as a not unusual symptom in death from cardiac exhaustion. The post-mortem examination showed long-standing organic disease, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence.

But Dr. Mortimer had suppressed the finding of the footprints of a gigantic hound, and we know that it was in running desperately from this that his diseased heart gave out. My criticism here would be that facial distortion is not a usual feature of cardiac deaths; that angina pectoris is the only likely cause of sudden unexpected death, in which case he would probably not have moved from the gate, and that patients do not usually die in their first attack of angina (Dr. Mortimer would certainly have stated at the inquest that he had suffered from angina previously if this had been so) unless they have an infarct, which should have been revealed by the post-mortem. Perhaps this is expecting too high a standard, for though, of course, coronary infarction was well known to pathologists, the clinical picture of coronary thrombosis was not recognized till some years later (1912).

In any case Sir Charles had old-standing heart disease, presumably myocardial degeneration, and died from the effects of his fright and sudden exertion on this diseased heart muscle. As he was about fifty and there was a family history of sudden deaths, it is all a very reasonable series of events from the medical point of view, and these minor criticisms only show what a high standard of accuracy Watson

has led us to expect.

Among the shorter allusions we read of the young science master whose life had been crippled by heart trouble following rheumatic fever (The Lion's Mane), suggesting that Watson realized this was the most likely cause of heart disease in a young man. A later stage of rheumatic heart disease is described in Lady Beatrice Falder, who was known to have had heart disease and had been incapacitated by her dropsy for some years (Shoscombe Old Place); probably from the length of the history she had auricular fibrillation and mitral stenosis. When she died from increasing dropsy her brother tried to dispose of the body and employed someone to act her part, so that he might keep her estate long enough to win a fortune on the Derby. His ingenious scheme was rewarded, and the coroner took a more lenient view of the transaction than seems likely.

When the managing director of the mythical Franco-Midland Hardware Company was cut down as he tried to hang himself, Watson stooped down and examined his pulse. It was feeble and intermittent, but as his breathing grew longer Watson remarked that he would recover, though a moment before he was lying with a slate-coloured face, puffing his purple lips in and out with every breath (The Stockbroker's Clerk).

It is doubtful if the works of any other novelist contain descriptions of extrasystoles, of oedema due to fibrillation, of angina pectoris, of aneurism, of rheumatic valvular disease, and of ventricular failure with orthopnoea with such careful adherence to medical probabilities.

On re-reading these stories one is amazed at the prevalence of fainting, and almost surprised to find a story in which someone does not faint. Fainting was generally regarded as the prerogative of the young lady of the Victorian age, but a quick perusal provided me with twenty-one instances, and in thirteen of these it was a man who fainted.

One of the early examples gives the impression that Watson shared the popular delusion that fainting is likely to indicate heart disease (The Gloria Scott). Recollecting that he was trained at St.

Bartholomew's Hospital and not at Guy's, this seemed only too likely, but subsequent examples did not support this, and generally in Watson's accounts, as in real life, the cause was simply shock or emotion, as when Watson himself fainted for the one and only time in his life on seeing Holmes return, as he thought from the dead (The Empty House).

There is a clear description of the whole condition with accurate details in one case when loss of blood was an additional factor: "Suddenly, however, as I ran a deadly dizziness and sickness came over me. I glanced at my hand, which was throbbing painfully, and saw for the first time that my thumb had been cut off and that blood was pouring from my wound. I tried to tie a handkerchief round it, but there came a sudden buzzing in my ears and next moment I fell in a dead faint among the rose bushes. How long I remained unconscious I cannot say" (The Engineer's Thumb).

Dr. Huxtable's faint is of interest because Watson adds his observations and conclusions about the cause. He staggered against the table and fell prostrate on the hearth-rug. Holmes hurried with a cushion for his head and Watson with brandy for his lip. "What is it, Watson?" asked Holmes. "Absolute exhaustion--possibly mere hunger and fatigue," said Watson, with his finger on the thready pulse, where the stream of life trickled thin and small. The puckered eyelids began to quiver, and soon a pair of vacant grey eyes looked up at them; an instant later the man had scrambled to his feet, his face crimson with shame (The Priory School). Often the cause was purely emotional, and in this Watson has again made a correct observation. The occasion which seems most untrue to life was when a journalist fainted on finding a murdered man on his own doorstep, and was so upset by it that he was unable to make any copy out of the incident (The Six Napoleons).

In The Blue Carbuncle we have an example of considerable psychological interest, which, incidentally, shows the fallacy of the American methods of crime detection according to the emotional response.

Horner, the plumber, who was innocent, gave signs of intense emotion during the proceedings, and fainted away at the end and was carried out of court; but Ryder, the hotel attendant, who was guilty of the theft, did not lose consciousness when he was unexpectedly accused by Holmes, though he almost collapsed and had to be revived by a drop of brandy.

In this question Watson followed the still prevalent lay tradition that brandy is the only treatment for fainting, and that it is more efficacious than other spirits for medical purposes. We frequently read of whiskey being drunk for pleasure, but brandy no longer appears in this way as it did in the pages of Dickens. On the other hand, there are at least ten occasions when a sufferer was revived from a faint by brandy. But perhaps Watson realized that it was not really essential, for on the two occasions when Miss Morstan, his fiancée, fainted he only offered her water; however that may be, these were the only times that water was used instead of brandy.

We must feel that Watson observed an unusual amount of fainting, but that, with this exception, he has given a very accurate picture of it, and fully realized that it was due to emotional and general causes and not to heart disease.

DISEASES OF THE CHEST

Consumption is mentioned in several of the stories, and accurately, as a likely cause of death in a younger person. Thus the young wife of the Cambridge rigger captain died of consumption of the most virulent kind (*The Missing Three-Quarter*), and it was the death of the consumptive tutor which led to the collapse of Stapleton's school (*The Hound of the Baskervilles*). When Moriarty wished to find Holmes alone he recalled Watson to the Swiss Hotel with a faked message about the English lady in the last stages of consumption who had just suffered from haemoptysis (*The Final Problem*). In this Watson appeared to share the Victorian view that Switzerland was the correct treatment for consumption, or perhaps he merely knew that it was likely a patient would be sent there by other doctors. He did not share the novelist's convention that the heroine, disappointed in love, went into a decline

and died of galloping consumption, though when Miss Hatty Doran heard of the supposed death of her husband, whom she had married secretly, her father had suspected that she had a decline and had taken her to the doctors in San Francisco (*The Noble Bachelor*).

Except for these cases of tuberculosis there is not much mention of diseases of the lungs. Detective Athelney Jones, red-faced, burly, and plethoric, with a pair of small twinkling eyes, which looked out keenly from swollen and puffy pouches, probably had chronic bronchitis, for his breathlessness and wheezing are mentioned (*The Sign of Four*), and Mr. McFarlane had asthma (*The Norwood Builder*).

NERVOUS DISEASES

These appear in many of the stories, and Watson was evidently interested but less accurate in his knowledge than on other subjects, though we must remember that since then great strides have been made in psychology and in the distinction between diseases which are primarily of the brain and others which are of the mind.

Taking first those with a physical basis in the brain, two cases of cerebral haemorrhage have already been discussed, and here Watson's knowledge was first-class. St. Vitus' dance is a rather wide term in medicine, because it was originally applied in the Middle Ages to a hysterical dancing gait (*chorea major*), which was often cured by a pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Vitus, at Zebern, and was unfortunately adopted by Sydenham, the great English physician, to a totally distinct disease with jerky movements caused by the effect of acute rheumatism in the brain (*Sydenham's* or *rheumatic chorea*). But Watson uses the term in neither of these senses, for Mr. Latimer, "whose lips and eyelids were constantly twitching like a man with St. Vitus' dance" (*The Greek Interpreter*), presumably had a nervous tic or habit spasm which some of the older books call *habit chorea*.

And Dr. Farquhar, who sold his Paddington practice to Watson because he suffered from an affection of the nature of St. Vitus' dance (*The Stockbroker's Clerk*), more likely had *paralysis agitans*; he might have had *Huntingdon's chorea*,

a hereditary disease ending in madness, but this is a very rare condition. Watson remarks shrewdly that the practice had declined greatly because the public look askance at the curative powers of the man whose case is beyond the reach of his own drugs.

Nor can we think very highly of Watson's knowledge of epilepsy, for he was deceived when Holmes pretended to have a fit (The Reigate Squires). But even Dr. Percy Trevelyan, of King's College Hospital, who was specially interested in catalepsy after winning the Bruce Pinkerton prize for his monograph on Obscure Nervous Lesions, was deceived by the simulated catalepsy of one of the Worthington bank gang when they came to wreak their revenge on Blessington (The Resident Patient).

Turning to the opposite group of purely mental diseases, these are not often referred to, but in the "Six Napoleons" Watson suggested that the destruction of the plaster casts was due to a monomaniac with *idée fixe*, as the modern French psychologists called it--as we can imagine a modern anti-Fascist destroying all effigies of Mussolini. Hysteria is mentioned twice on occasions when it might be expected quite naturally. The first, when Rachel Howells, the Welsh maid, became acutely ill, sometimes delirious, sometimes hysterical, after the mysterious death of the butler who had been her lover (The Musgrave Ritual); her subsequent disappearance may well have been an hysterical fugue with genuine loss of memory. The second was when Mr. Hatherley burst into peals of hysterical laughter after Watson had dressed the stump of his thumb (The Engineer's Thumb).

A large number of references are to acute mental illnesses following shock. Thus Mrs. Barclay became temporarily insane from shock when she was suspected of killing her husband (The Crooked Man), and considering all that had been revealed to her that night it was no wonder; perhaps Sarah Cushing might also be included here (see below). Even Holmes suffered from an attack of "nervous prostration" from overwork (The Reigate Squires), and later had to go away to Cornwall to avoid a breakdown (The Devil's Foot).

But it is on the question of "brain fever"

that Watson was most at fault and failed to realize the "mental" effects of severe and sudden shock. Thus Phelps had a fit at the station followed by nine weeks' brain fever when a valuable document was stolen (The Naval Treaty); Sarah Cushing had brain symptoms of great severity and was not allowed to see anyone, when she alone realized how her sister had been murdered (The Cardboard Box); and even Sir Henry Baskerville was delirious and in a high fever from nervous shock (The Hound of the Baskervilles). These physical effects are not what we should expect from such mental causes in normal people. When Rucastle's daughter got brain fever from being worried to sign away her inheritance she was at death's door for six weeks, and we hear that all her hair was cut off--a treatment which would hardly be adopted now in a patient with a mental breakdown.

TROPICAL DISEASES

Tropical diseases, with their devastating onset, their dramatic treatment, and their fascinating natural history, in which rats or mosquitoes or liver flukes may play a part, have always been of great interest to the doctor traveling in the East; and as Watson had "an experience of women extending over many nations and three separate continents" (The Sign of Four), he must have traveled widely, and they could hardly fail to make a strong appeal. All the more so as he himself while recovering from his wound in India was stricken with typhoid, which, no doubt, gave him a special interest in that disease.

Apart from Watson's own attack, when his life was despaired of and he became so weak and emaciated that he was invalided home from Peshawar, we are told that the first Mrs. Douglas had died of typhoid in California. And the house in London in which Enoch J. Drebber, of Cleveland, was murdered (Study in Scarlet) was empty because the last tenant had died of typhoid and the landlord was unwilling to have the drains seen to. It is not quite clear from this last remark if Watson shared the Victorian lay view that bad smells were responsible for diseases such as typhoid, or if he knew that bad drains were only significant because they might contaminate the water supply. Anyhow such an occurrence is now unlikely in London, and

the virtual disappearance of typhoid in England with improved sanitation (the death rate was 174 per million in 1891-1900 and only 35 per million in 1911-20), and its prevention, even during the Great War, by typhoid inoculation (Wright, 1904) must have given Watson immense pleasure, for he had described it as that curse of our Eastern possessions.

Malaria is one of the commonest diseases, and there are many references to it in the Sign of Four. Jonathan Small described his life in the Andaman Islands: "Twenty long years in that fever-ridden swamp, all day at work under the mangrove tree, all night chained up in the filthy convict huts, bitten by mosquitoes, racked with ague... that is how I earned the Agra treasure"--as that was in 1888, he was quick to adopt Manson's six-year-old hypothesis that malaria was caused by the bite of a mosquito before its formal proof by Ross in 1898. Watson also realized that attacks rarely continued for more than a year or two after returning to England, unless there was a reservoir for re-infection, such as a large spleen, for we read that Major Sholto, of the Indian Army, had suffered for years from an enlarged spleen which was obviously malarial and accompanied by recurrences calling for treatment, because he describes the chaplet of pearls as on his dressing table by the quinine bottle (The Sign of Four).

One of the prisoners on the ill-fated voyage of the *Gloria Scott* was in bed with jaundice, and, considering the rats and the conditions likely to have prevailed on a convict ship during the Crimean War (1854-56), it is tempting to guess that this was a case of spirochaetosis ictero-haemorrhagica, though the cause was not discovered till many years later (1915). Though this is a most infectious form of jaundice, there would have hardly been time for other cases to develop for the ship was blown up shortly afterwards.

Roger Baskerville died from yellow fever in 1876 in Central America, and Mrs. Hebron's first husband from the same disease in Atlanta; most likely the Atlanta referred to was in Georgia, for, though it is rather high up and not on the sea coast, it would bring both sites into the yellow fever belt, and Mr. Hebron may have acquired the disease on a visit to the sea coast and

traveled home during the incubation period; his death must have been about 1880. It was about 1900-1902 that Lazear and Reed proved its conveyance by an infected brindled mosquito, and that Gorgas made Havana safe by his systematic measure for the destruction of this mosquito, the high death rate which had been present for 150 years disappearing almost completely. Lazear died of the disease, and as we at Guy's know only too well from the death of Adrian Stokes, it has always been a dangerous one for doctors. The terrible mortality of yellow fever had long made it of interest even to non-medical authors, for in "Vanity Fair", dealing with the period after the Napoleonic War, Thackeray sent the notorious Rawdon Crawley to be Governor of the Coventry Islands, whence he was not expected to return. Surely this must be the origin of "sending to Coventry", an expression which has always seemed puzzling. A more recent episode would have brought it again before the notice of the public, for in January, 1885, the *Iolanthe* had arrived in the Tyne from West Africa; six of the crew had died at sea from yellow fever and the mate and a boy were the only ones left on the ship, the captain and the other survivors of the crew of seventeen having deserted at Havana.

Finally, there is the description of the leper hospital in South Africa. Corporal Emsworth had been wounded in the shoulder and managed to ride some way till he fainted and fell from his horse. He managed to crawl to a house and put himself in an empty bed, but, to his horror next morning, found he was in a leper colony which had been in disorder because it had been partly evacuated during the fighting. The description of the lepers with their deformed limbs is characteristic of the late stages of leprosy. But the rest of the story, though possible, is unlikely; we cannot in any way blame Watson for this, for he was not present and even the account of the story was written by Holmes. But one does feel inclined to blame Dr. Kent for being willing to diagnose such a serious condition as leprosy without better evidence, especially as Emsworth had only slept one night in the leper colony; like most people who are too ready to make a diagnosis on insufficient grounds, he was not at all willing to have his diagnosis questioned. The specialist whom Holmes brought realized

at once that it was ichthyosis; possibly ichthyosis histrix might have some very superficial resemblance to leprosy, but scleroderma would have been more likely to be mistaken for leprosy and would have been more likely to follow the shock of sleeping in the leper colony and the fear that he might have developed leprosy. Probably Holmes got muddled about what the specialist really said, as laymen often do; and here is another example of the many inaccuracies which would have been found had Dr. Watson not edited the stories.

THE BUTTER-DISH

by Mary Holmes

There were rags of grey fog caught in the spires of Grace Cathedral. Pigeons rose with a sound like silk ripping as we crossed the Cathedral close. Chimes rang from the steeple. It might have been London instead of San Francisco.

Then Grosvenor Towers loomed tall among the high-rise apartment buildings. It was Nob Hill, but only until we went inside. In the Victorian ambiance of S. Holmes, Esq.* we were in London again.

The syllabus of Orval Graves' course on Sherlock Holmes and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle Today, presented at Canada College in Redwood City, states: "Grosvenor Square is the typical fashion place of London. It was named after the family Grosvenor (of enormous wealth), 1676. The square was started in 1725. The Grosvenor Hotel was built near the Square and adjoining Victoria Station in 1861...a very proper, moral and upright hotel. It even turned away customers on occasion. The Grosvenor Hotel and Square are mentioned in the Canon in The Three Gables, Noble Bachelor and The Final Problem...The San Francisco Hotel, or Towers, directly across from Grace Episcopal Cathedral on California Street on Nob Hill, is Victorian."

The last meeting of his course was a visit to S. Holmes, Esq. to see the Sherlock Holmes collection there, and Graves told me, "Some who have been to England said the Sherlock Holmes rooms were better than those in London!" I do not agree. The parlor at the Grosvenor is intriguingly different from that at the Sherlock Holmes Pub--but the obvious contrast in

the appointments of the two rooms does not necessarily, or properly, call for a judgement of comparative merit. Both are done with loving care, and fidelity to the Canon and the period.

My rationale is that the London 221B presents this room in the early days when neither Holmes nor Watson alone could afford the rent. When they must have furnished the extras Mrs. Hudson did not provide with ingenuity and a minimum of expenditure. The days when Michael Harrison says of Holmes that cash was "something that he dare not spend, except on necessities--and even so, cautiously, prudently, even frugally."

To me, Grosvenor Towers gives us 221B in the later years when Holmes' payments to Mrs. Hudson had been "princely". Its appointments are suitable to the man who "accepted" the Duke of Holderness's cheque for six thousand pounds. Neither the homely comfort of the London 221B nor the elegant clutter of the parlor at the Grosvenor should take a second place. We need them both.

Comparisons I did enjoy making were in the details of the two collections. At the Sherlock Holmes Pub, the table is set for a simple tea, and someone has just stepped out of the room for a moment, leaving a half empty cup and a crumpet with a bite out of it. At the Grosvenor, it is supper, or high tea, with the table set for two. But they have left without finishing the steak-and-kidney pie, the claret, the Stilton...

There are so many fascinating contrasts, you must evaluate them for yourself. Both rooms are presented with a showmanship which makes the illusion of reality total.

At the Grosvenor I heard chimes, I thought from the Cathedral. They sounded again. Followed by the clop-clop of a horse's hooves. A woman's scream! I knew why Holmes and Watson had gone. The game was afoot.

* See De Waal Directory of Sherlockian Business Establishments, January, 1978.

THE REORGANIZED AVENGING ANGELS OF SALT LAKE CITY

Founded: July 24, 1977 by Ronald Burt De Waal, 615 Fourth Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah 84103; and 5020 Hogan Dr., Ft. Collins, Colorado 80521.

The Sacred Council: Ronald B. De Waal, "Jefferson Hope, the avenger"; Linda L. De Waal, "Lucy Ferrier, the flower of Utah"; Robert J. De Waal, "brother Bob"; John D. De Waal, "John Ferrier"; Marjorie H. De Waal, "mother of Lucy and Bob".

Membership requirements: To be a devout Sherlockian, to believe that Sherlock Holmes lives, that Dr. John H. Watson is the true author of the Sacred Writings, and that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is our spiritual leader; to be a jack-Mormon, an ex-Mormon, or, failing these, a non-member who is well-versed in the teachings of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints; to have read the Literary Agent's writings on spiritualism, to believe in divine revelation for everyone and that those who have passed beyond the veil can be contacted again.

Tithe (dues): One-tenth of your Sherlockian income (Nicholas Meyer, please note!).

Newsletter: The Sherlockian Era.

Annual Award: The Jefferson Hope Knife for dedication to the Cause.

Activities: Monthly meetings of The Release Society (women only) and the Ironic Priesthood (men only--white and black); The First Supper on March 4 to commemorate the beginning of A Study in Scarlet: The John Ferrier Outing in Emigration Canyon on Pioneer Day, July 24, in observance of the arrival of John and Lucy Ferrier on the present site of Salt Lake City in 1847.

Project: To erect a monument in the Chosen Valley to John Ferrier, who was murdered by the Mormons, August 4, 1860, and Lucy, his adopted daughter, who died of a broken heart after being forced to become the eighth wife of Enoch J. Drebber.

MY DEAR HOLMES...

Dear Ms. Holmes,

It is an honor to be a Neglected Patient and I am always delighted when the Medical Bulletin comes my way. You and your associates are doing Good Work--and you are "a benefactor of the race"--

I've met both Rons, and would be pleased to meet other patients, should they come West--to the far West--

The enclosed bookmarks not only express my philosophy and predicament, they are intended to express the compliments of the Fall season.

Faithfully
Ted
(Theodore G. Schulz, B.S.I.)

From Orval Graves, a photocopy of his note to David Pearson, as follows:

David Pearson:

A note of appreciation for your recent article in "The Medical Bulletin". Wish I had been able to read this several years ago to my youth groups. I was always slyly smiled at when I pointed out this value in Holmes stories.

Your chapter in "Beyond Baker Street" has become reference material for me. I have many versions of the Bible that were around in Sherlock Holmes day.

Thanks again!

Sincerely,
Orval C. Graves

Hi, Mary: You have helped the "Medical Bulletin" by the above author's article!

Thanks for latest MB--the best article, I think, on Watson's wound is by Peter Brain (The Lancet, Dec. 20, 1969), and well worth reprinting. Am a bit puzzled about Nancy's butter-dish, however; I hope Mrs. Hudson didn't have to lug two pounds of butter up all those stairs for each meal. And would she have kept their cow tethered to the plane tree in the back yard?

Best regards,
Peter
(Peter E. Blau, B.S.I.)

Dear Mrs. Holmes,

Thank you so much for sending me the copies of *The Medical Bulletin*; also for accepting me as one of Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients.

I am looking forward very much to reading the bulletins and am very glad that I took Captain Curjel's suggestion that I should join the Society. I look forward to receiving more in due time.

Yours sincerely,

R. E. Sparkes
(Elizabeth House, 44 Manchester Road,
Mandeville, Jamaica)

One of the most interesting items in my mail, always, is *SHERLOCKIANA*, the publication of the Sherlock Holmes Club of Denmark (Vesterbro 60, 9000 Aalborg, Denmark). The banner lists honorary Neglected Patient, Henry Lauritzen, the Club's President, as correspondent, and he appears to be the author-editor of this excellent newsletter, now in its 22nd year of publication. *SHERLOCKIANA* is crowded with information about international Holmesian personalities and activities.

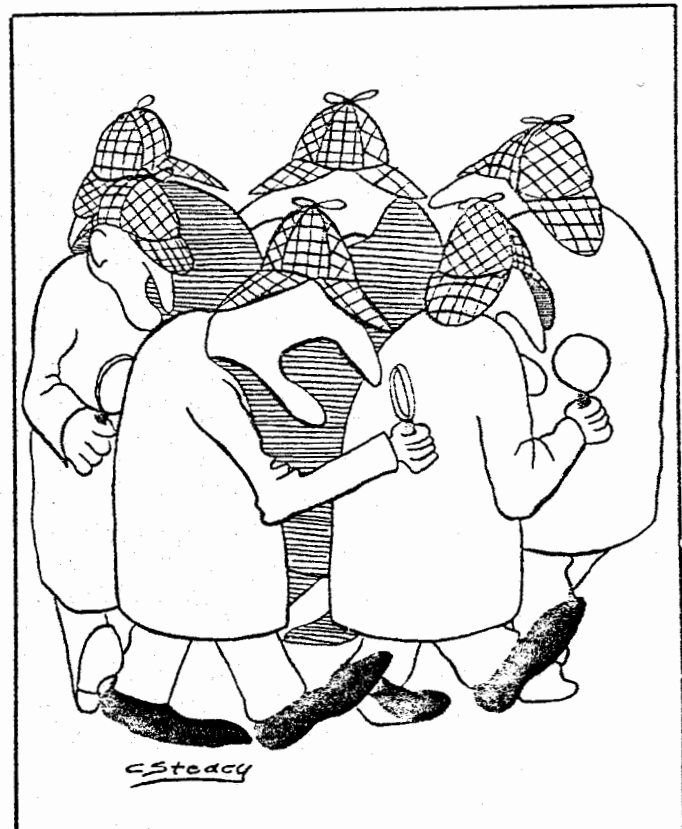
The latest issue which we have received (Nr. 2/3, 1977, 19 pages) has two references to Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients. On Page 15, the cartoon "I'm sorry, no musicians!", reproduced from the De Waal collection in the March, 1977, *MEDICAL BULLETIN*, appears along with another cartoon from *PUNCH*, and explanation that the former has been

taken from *THE MEDICAL BULLETIN* this time round.

On Page 12, with the comment, "It had to come!"--after the Silver Blaze Sweepstakes and the Professor Moriarty Memorial Horse Race (Aalborg?)-- is an account of The Hound of the Baskervilles Race on June 4th. Including a photo of Ralph Tice's plaque, which we were not able to reproduce by the copy process used for the *BULLETIN*. Concluding this article, Lauritzen reports that there are 102 Patients including a group of "Udegaaende Patienter" (Out-Patients), and that Ron De Waal bears the title of Chief Surgeon. I am making a New Year's resolution to get out my dictionary and translate from *SHERLOCKIANA* from time to time. There is so much valuable material here that I think the "Sherlock Holmes Klubben i Danmark" should consider an English-language edition of their journal.

--mh

(Where the correspondent's address is not given, it will be found on the 1977 membership list of Neglected Patients.)



An Anthology published by The Arkansas Valley Investors, Ltd. of Little Rock, Arkansas. Editor, Charles Gray, AVI. Soft cover, 117 pages. \$4.50, from David Pearson, Box 571, Hope, Arkansas 71801.

Reviewed by Jill Stone:

Grouped together beneath this painful pun are sixteen articles, five poems and several examples of artwork, all concerned with Holmes and Watson. The range of subjects and viewpoints is wide. There is something here for everyone; likewise, every Sherlockian may find, within this volume, something with which to disagree.

Several articles were of particular interest to this reviewer. "Give Your Children Sherlock Holmes" by David Pearson and "The Amoral Mr. Holmes" by Belden Wigglesworth offer two very different interpretations of Canonical morality. Dr. William M. Prado discusses "Some Aspects of Sherlockian Psychodynamics", relying more upon William S. Baring-Gould than upon the Canon. Sylvia Inmon uses Holmes' day and hour of birth (according to Baring-Gould) as the basis for "The Astrological Holmes", an analysis of the Master's character which seems faithful both to astrology and to the Canon. Unfortunately, much of the astrological evidence is not given in detail. Nancy Talburt's "Sherlock Holmes and the Liberated Woman" is a satisfying portrait of some of the Canon's most interesting characters, and a logical argument against the widely-held view of Holmes as a male chauvinist.

Serious scholarship is not all one finds in this volume. There is an appropriate leavening of seriousness and a dash or two of sentiment. If there is an imbalance in Canon Fodder, it lies in the fact that much more is said about Holmes than about Watson. Nevertheless, this anthology is certain to be of interest to all who read The Criticism and play The Game.

Diverse Hands from the Pleasant Places of Florida.
\$1, from Dr. Benton Wood, 4408 Gulf Drive, Holmes Beach, Florida 33510.

Reviewed by Charles Hansen:

I took up this Scion-produced pastiche with some misgivings, more particularly because it is the round-robin product of no fewer than six writers. Though round-robin tales are often unforgettable, the epithet is not always applied in a complimentary fashion. I was, therefore, pleasantly surprised. I suspect that the entire plot must have been worked out in advance by the authors as the six parts dovetail well, leaving no obvious gaps to criticize. The style is rather a good imitation of that of the beloved Dr. John H. Watson--while some imitated better than others, none has done badly. The plot is pleasantly devious and, while I am not sure their chronology would hold up to really careful scrutiny, I am not about to say it will not, not having attempted to analyze it. The motivation for the action (dropping a bomb on the Crystal Palace) is perhaps a bit weak, but the same criticism may be leveled at some of the Canonical tales. The authors have obviously done considerable research. Assuming that they are amateurs at literary endeavor--some of them may not be, I know them not--it is a creditable job, worthwhile reading. Recommended.

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