

# Doctor Watson's Neglected Patients

A Scion Society Of The Baker Street Irregulars &

## medical bulletin

Vol. 2, No. 3, Sept 1976

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"His medical practice had been so punctuated by scandals that he had practically abandoned the practice the better to apply himself to the scandals."

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### "THE MISSING THREE-QUARTER" IS MISSING! by Nancy Wynne

The Wynne family's visit to Britain in May and June was everything we had anticipated, and much, much more. The male contingent was graciously indulgent to me and saw to it that a large part of the journey was devoted to pursuits Sherlockean and Christiean. Our first morning in London found us in Baker Street, and our walk in those sacred surroundings came before our visit to Mme Tussaud's establishment, where a wax figure of Dame Agatha sits in amazingly lifelike state. Our pilgrimage to Westminster Abbey included a stop at the lovely little chapel of St. Margaret's, where Conan Doyle and Jean Leckie were married on September 18, 1907. Our attempt to visit the Sherlock Holmes Pub was just that--an attempt! John Bennett Shaw had forewarned us with his remarks at our dinner in May that the Pub was a particularly popular and crowded one. He had suggested that any prospective visitors would do well to avoid the lunch hour, but wall-to-wall people greeted us anyway. We managed to squeeze past and through, over and under, the mass of humanity to the staircase at the back of the main room, and climbed to the tiny, glass-encased replica of the famous sitting-room at 221B Baker Street.

The only Holmesian disappointment

came at the British Museum. According to various guidebooks I had read in preparation for London, the manuscript of "The Adventure of the Missing Three-Quarter" resides in the Manuscript Room of that venerable institution. When we got to the Museum, each of us went off in a different direction according to his special interest. I went to the Manuscript Room. I spent several rewarding hours enjoying all the treasures there, but I found no trace of any Doyle manuscript! None of the attendants had any idea where "The Missing Three-Quarter" might be; and each person I asked sent me to an official higher up. Even the highest-up of all was puzzled. It will require the services of a Henry Gamadge or Ellery Queen, I suspect, finally to solve this mystery. (Given the fact that Holmes rarely leaves his bees in Sussex to come to London, of course.)

The most memorable and beautiful Sherlockian experience of all was one that I was not even aware of at the time. Captain Harald Curjel, our Suffolk member, entertained us delightfully at his home; and he had made arrangements for us to stay the night in the picturesque seaside town of Aldeburgh. I can think of nothing throughout our trip more gratifying to all the senses than was our late evening stroll along the boardwalk at Aldeburgh. Meanwhile, out West, Mary Holmes had remembered a minute passage in John Dickson Carr's THE MAN WHO WAS

SHERLOCK HOLMES which related a meeting between Doyle and J. M. Barrie which took place in Aldeburgh! We can flesh out very little of the bare skeleton that Carr gives us of that meeting (Barrie had asked Doyle to assist him in writing a light opera!); but it is tempting to assume that the two writers strolled along the ocean-side on the same kind of evening that I did, and that they saw in the distance the same lighthouse. Dreaming, pure and simple, yes; but those of us who have a fondness for a world where "it is always 1895" are often guilty of that.

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BECAUSE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES,  
THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND!

by Dr. W. P. Blake

Some journey to the headwaters of the Ganges; some make the pilgrimage to Mecca; well, we made a trip to Sussex, England, to meet with the "Master."

On May 27, 1976, our 35th wedding anniversary, my wife and I took a train from Victoria Station in London and traveled through Sussex to Brighton at the seashore. While the trip was beautiful, we were unable to meet with Sherlock because he was "out on a case." (John Bennett Shaw suggests that Holmes was out after a case of Whitbread beer or ale.) In either case, we consoled ourselves by taking a pint of bitters and lunch at the quaint pub, The Cricketers, which is the first and oldest pub in Brighton. It was the end of the line for the Stage Coach from London from the 1700s on. No doubt Holmes and Watson availed themselves of the facilities many times.

Even though we missed the "Master," we had a very fine visit with his secretary, Chris Bazlinton, at 221B Baker Street in London. Chris showed us some of the correspondence Sherlock receives from all over the world, including the following poem sent in by a youngster, Randall J. Zoppi Hayward, California.

"TOP COP"

He was the tops of unofficial cops.  
He stands alone the best of man.  
And he alone, is still the tops.  
No better have there ever been.  
The stately Holmes of England;  
How beautiful he stands,  
With pipe, and cap and reading glass,  
And acid on his hands.

4/29/76

Of course, the Sherlock Holmes Pub, 10 Northumberland Street, in London, is a "must" with etched silhouettes of Watson and Holmes on the front windows; the sinister, evil mounted head of the Hound of the Baskervilles with (almost) luminous eyes, over the fireplace mantel; and the reconstructed living-room 221B Baker Street, of Holmes and Watson. (Never mind the bus loads of tourists who keep traipsing through.)

It was an extremely enjoyable trip that we would highly recommend to one and all. Maybe you might be fortunate enough to find the "Master" in, tending bees in Sussex, England.

Because of Sherlock Holmes, there must always be an England!

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## YOUNG DOCTOR STAMFORD OF BARTS'

by Surgeon Captain H. E. B. Curjel, R. N.  
(ret'd)

For many years I have regretted that young Stamford, who has been fairly described as one of the great contact men in history, should have had such a very brief period in the limelight. On 1st January, 1881 at about 11.30 a.m. in the Criterion Bar he steps out of the shadows and at about 3.30 p.m. on the same day, near Dr. Watson's hotel in the Strand, he disappears into obscurity.

I pondered whether it might not be possible, by reviewing the known facts, to reconstruct this previous life sufficiently to make him return and take a bow.

One has to admit that there are only three recorded facts to help us.

(1) That Stamford and Watson had been on the same surgical team at Barts'.

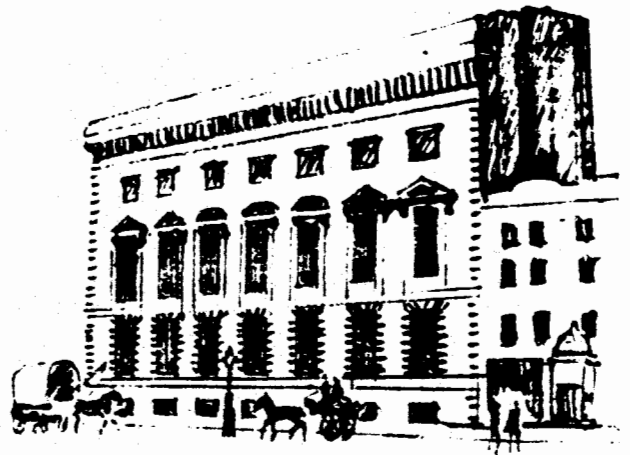
(2) That they met in the Criterion Bar, lunched at the Holborn Restaurant, and then went on to the historic meeting in the chemical laboratory.

(3) That, on the morning of the meeting, Stamford had already been at Barts' ("You are the second man today who has used that expression to me.") and that he showed a singularly (one of Holmes' favorite words) detailed knowledge of what went on there.

I first tried to reconstruct the life of both men at Barts'. That is to say, I reread and evaluated articles on this subject written by known Sherlockian scholars. Dr. Maurice Campbell, Dr. Vernon Pennell, Miss Helen Simpson et al. With the kind help of Mr. J. L. Thornton, Librarian of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Medical College, I learned about the conditions under which house surgeons and dressers were appointed in 1875. I got to know the regulations for the examinations for the Diploma of Membership of the Royal College of Surgeons and those for the M.B., B.S. and M.D. Degrees of the University of London. I hoped to be able to deduce the probable date when Watson and Stamford were working as surgical colleagues and, from that, to work out when Stamford qualified and what

was his status in the profession in June, 1878 when Watson left Barts' to join the Army. But alas...there proved to be too many variables to reach any valid conclusions. My belief is that Stamford was still unqualified in June 1878 but that he qualified at some time between then and the end of 1880. I am prepared to accept the authority of the Baritsu Chapter of the Baker Street Irregulars, Tokyo, that on January 1, 1881, it was a case of "Dr. Stamford" (see presentation plaque).

I submit, however, that; if we evaluate Facts 2 and 3 and the dialogue of Chapter 1 of Stud, we may be led into a region where we can balance possibilities and probabilities and choose the most likely.



THE LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF  
BARTS' WHEN HOLMES  
MET WATSON THERE.

Stamford had already been to Barts' on that historic morning and, in his subsequent conversation with Watson, he displayed a very detailed knowledge of what went on there. That is to say, he knew the regular habits in the Anatomy Department of a rather dilettante, part-time student. He also knew some of Holmes' domestic problems...i.e. that he wanted to share lodgings...and, unless Holmes had become more matey since his college days, it seems likely that these confidences were exchanged in some place other than the Abernethian room with

its atmosphere of cheerful, medical-student camaraderie.

Stamford seems to have been either a real lover of his fellow men or a pertinacious nose y parker. Thus, he spends most of his Saturday in relieving the loneliness of one who had never regarded him as a particular crony and in helping solve the domestic problems of a man who was not easy to draw out.



YOUNG STAMFORD LOOKED RATHER STRANGELY AT ME OVER HIS WINE-GLASS

To the modern medical student the "chemical laboratory" was the place in which he was taught inorganic and organic chemistry and, once he had passed the appropriate examinations, he probably only visited it at infrequent intervals. But in the 1880s the "chemical laboratory" covered a much wider field and undertook tasks which would nowadays be performed by the Physiological and Bio-chemical Laboratories. At Barts' no separate Department of Physiology existed before 1920.<sup>1</sup> The experiment in which Holmes claimed to have discovered a reagent which would precipitate Haemoglobin from a dilute solution would nowadays have been done in the Bio-chemical Laboratory. It seems likely that, in the 1880s, the chemical laboratory at Barts' would have been frequented by housemen, consultants and visiting general practitioners, as well as by medical students.

It is possible, though I admit that this is pure supposition, that the chemical laboratory, because of its central position near the Library and the Museum, came to be regarded as a sort of unofficial club and meeting place where, perched on three-legged stools, Barts' men of the period could exchange gossip and occasionally brew coffee over the Bunsen burners.

#### Why did he go to Barts'?

Let us now attempt to evaluate the reasons which could have taken young Stamford to Barts' on that morning of Saturday, January 1, 1881. These fall into two groups:

- (a) He could have been in general or consultant practice in London but remained in close touch with his Alma Mater, possibly have retained an honorary membership of the Abernethian Room.
- (b) He could have held an appointment at the hospital, resident or non-resident.

Was he:

1. A General Practitioner? If he lived nearby, he might well have been on such frequent "popping-in" terms that he remained well up in hospital gossip. He might have called at the chemical laboratory to get a laboratory report...urinalysis, blood count or the like...pertaining to one of his patients. On the other hand, if as a G.P. he had managed to get a precious Saturday off-duty, he seems to have spent most of it in a rather aimless and pottering way.
2. A Consultant? If he was in or on the way to Harley Street it seems likely that his contacts at the hospital would have been at a higher level and that he would have been less knowledgeable about what students were doing in the chemical and anatomy departments.
3. A Resident Houseman? That is a House Physician, a House Surgeon, the Midwifery Assistant, the Ophthalmic House Surgeon or the Assistant Chloroformist. If he held any of these posts he could still have had regular contact with

student affairs and would have every reason to visit the chemical laboratory, though less reason to visit the anatomy department. If he had managed to get Saturday morning off, it would have been more likely for him to have spent the early part of the morning in a quick round of his wards rather than gossiping in the chemical laboratory.

4. A member of the teaching staff of the Department of Chemistry? It is a distinct possibility that young Stamford, though medically qualified, had embarked on a career in chemistry. In the 1880s the Professor of Chemistry was responsible for the appointing and paying his own research assistants.<sup>2</sup> Under this arrangement the assistants received very meager pay, which may explain why Stamford was not unwilling to enjoy a free lunch at Watson's expense.

If he was working in the laboratory on a permanent basis he would naturally know the routine of Holmes' comings and goings and be able to evaluate his skills. But, on the other hand, it is rather surprising that when Holmes was explaining the chemistry of his new discovery to Watson and Stamford, the latter did not join in the technical discussion as would have befitted a professional, especially one who might wish to show off modestly before his erstwhile house surgeon. Furthermore, it is hard to see how a teacher of chemistry would find it necessary to visit the Department of Anatomy often enough to "see with his own eyes" Holmes at his macabre experiments.

5. A member of the teaching staff of the Department of Anatomy? This, I think is a very strong probability. Stamford tells us that, with his own eyes, he saw Holmes beating the subjects in the dissecting room with a stick. The object of these experiments was to verify how far bruises might be produced after death. Subjects are prepared for the dissecting room by being treated with various fluids. In the 1880s carbolic acid and spirit were the preservatives most commonly used.<sup>3</sup> Holmes, in Card, confirms this when he says "Carbolic or rectified spirits would be the preservatives which would suggest themselves to the medical mind."

### Out of bounds

In any teaching hospital the embalming process was carried out in a special room in the Department of Anatomy. This room was strictly out of bounds to the ordinary anatomy student, whether he was an undergraduate or a graduate reading for his higher surgical degree. Holmes' experiments must have been carried out on the fresh cadaver before it had undergone the embalming process. It would have been quite pointless to try to produce bruising on the embalmed subject 3.4.5 The fresh cadavers arrive in the Department of Anatomy at irregular intervals and Holmes must have been able to pull some very special strings in order to gain admission to the embalming room at those times when his experiments would have some point.

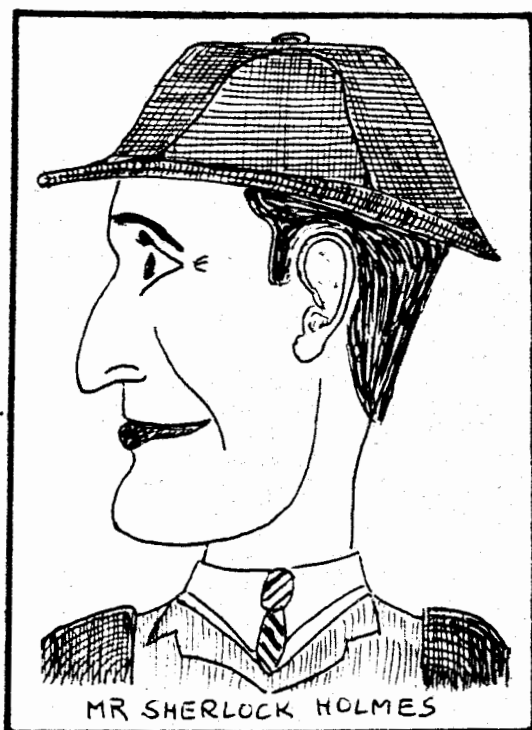


YOU ARE AS THIN AS  
A LATH AND AS  
BROWN AS A NUT

Although Holmes, when he had concluded a successful case, occasionally liked to show off...for example Nava and Six N ...he generally resented the intrusion of an audience when he was working up the case. For example, in Blac I assume that he did his harpooning experiments before breakfast so that he could be sure that the back shop was free from Allardyce's junior staff. Similarly I feel sure that he did his experiments in the embalming room at Barts' as quietly and secretly as possible. The fact that Stamford was able to see him

him at it must surely indicate that the former was a member of the teaching staff of the Department of Anatomy and that, as such, he could legitimately enter the embalming room at any time.

An acquaintance which began in the Anatomy Department in this rather bizaare way may have resulted in the subsequent "occasional meetings" in the chemical laboratory. A teacher of anatomy would hardly need to visit such a place often in the course of his duties. Stamford also says, "I believe he is well up in anatomy." In this statement can we detect the slight disgruntlement of the professional who wishes that this particular student would fork out his guineas like a man and enroll for a full course of systematic lectures?



In the 1880s, the teachers of anatomy and physiology were not the full-time professionals they are today.<sup>1</sup> These subjects were taught by ordinary medical men. Stamford may have been merely doing a temporary stint in the Anatomy Department and have proceeded to some other branch of medicine in later years.

But I submit that the evidence which I

have offered indicates that, on that historic Saturday, "young Dr. Stamford" was earning his living as an anatomist.

#### References

1. Professor M. de Burgh Daly, Professor of Physiology, St. Bartholomew's Hospital.
2. Professor E. M. Crook, Professor of Bio-Chemistry and Chemistry, St. Bartholomew's Hospital.
3. Dr. J. G. Bearn, Department of Anatomy, Middlesex Hospital.
4. Professor M. H. Day, Professor of Anatomy, St. Thomas's Hospital.
5. Professor Cave, Professor of Anatomy, St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

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Surgeon Captain Curjel's article is reprinted from the JOURNAL of the Sherlock Holmes Society of London with the kind permission of Mr. Phillip Dalton who, with James Edward Holroyd, is Co-Editor of the SHERLOCK HOLMES JOURNAL.

The illustrations which were provided by Captain Curjel are, he says, "submitted by contemporary artists." The portrait of Holmes is one of the cards from a Sherlock Holmes Game which is a gift from the author to our Society. We now have 4 different decks, each containing 120 cards either hand-drawn or hand-printed by Harald Curjel or by his niece, Diana Pinter, or her husband, Paul, who is an architect and has done many of the buildings. You will be invited to play the Game when we meet again in the Fall. Better bone up on the Canon--this one is a challenge.

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#### COMING!

Dedication of the Baker Street restaurant in Greeley (postponed from July 4th), Dr. Watson's birthday party in September, a Sherlock Holmes weekend at Northglenn Mall. No firm dates on this as we put the BULLETIN to bed on July 30th. Dr. William Dorn will give his course on SHERLOCK HOLMES again at the University of Denver from November 29 to December 17.

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BEYOND BAKER STREET: A Sherlockian

Anthology

Edited & Annotated by Michael Harrison  
Bobbs-Merrill, 1976. \$10

As editor Michael Harrison hastens to emphasize in his excellent introductory essay to this collection, it is by no means the first Sherlockian anthology to be published; but it is the first attempt to compile such a potpourri for a wide public audience, as opposed to a restricted readership of Sherlockians. This attempt succeeds, at least for the most part. A few of the essays would, I think, appeal only to the most ardent cultist of the Sacred Writings; but most of them would interest every reader.

Two of the entries are short stories: "Nothing of Value" by Alan Bradley, and Sherlock Holmes and the Invisible Car Park" by Alan Watkins. I found "Nothing of Value" superb; in fact, one of the best items of the collection. It is neither pastiche nor parody, but simply a story with Holmesian connections, well told in the difficult mode of correspondence.

The rest of the entries are essays. There are super-stellar names among the contributors: Isaac Asimov, Jacques Barzun, Nicholas Meyer, and Samuel Rosenberg. And there are some little known (as yet!), too: David Pearson, for instance, of Hope, Arkansas, whose fine treatise, "Did Holmes Believe in God?" delves into a seldom-explored facet of Holmes' character and does so with a minimum of subjectivity, relying entirely on evidence found in the sixty tales.

The anthology is indeed a catholic one. It is a rare Sherlockian who will fail to find something in this book to appeal to his special interests. For those of us who love crime fiction criticism, there is Barzun's "The Other Decalogue", a commentary of the art (or lack of it) in writing parody and pastiche, including a list of no-no's for any aspirer to this feat. There is also S. Tupper Bigelow's "The Ten Best Canonical Stories",

challenging with its lists of the best and worst Holmesian tales as compiled by many experts, including Doyle himself. Impossible to read this without making your own lists!

Good Canon-related studies are Quentin Downes' "Why Did He Call Her Carfax?", Banesh Hoffman's "Red Faces and 'The Red-headed League'", Frank Allen's "Witchcraft in Baker Street", which explains in a novel way the unwonted actions of Holmes and Watson in "The Adventure of Charles Augustus Milverton". My own favorite of this type is the editor's own contribution, "Sherlock Holmes and 'The King of Bohemia'". With great pains Mr. Harrison convinces us that the mysterious royal visitor of "A Scandal in Bohemia" was really Prince Alexander of Battenberg, ruler of Bulgaria, and that Irene Adler was the notorious Lillie Langtry. Delightful footnotes grace this essay!

The scientifically-inclined among you will find a surfeit of pieces to interest you. There is Asimov's "The Dynamics of an Asteroid", a reconstruction of the lost Moriarty treatise; Peter Cooper's "Holmesian Chemistry"; and Edward Van Liere's "A Critique of the Biologic Plots of Sherlock Holmes", gentlemanly questioning of certain possibilities propounded in "The Adventure of the Creeping Man", "The Adventure of the Devil's Foot", "The Adventure of the Speckled Band" and "The Adventure of the Lion's Mane".

Of particular interest to those of us in Colorado who, although sadly neglected by Dr. Watson, have not been at all neglected by our good neighbor to the south, John Bennett Shaw, is his essay on "Sherlock Holmes and the American Indian". Included are the Cherokee alphabet of Sequoyah as well as translation of and comments on canonical passages that refer to the Indians of the Southwest.

Sam Rosenberg's contribution, "Some Notes on the Conan Doyle Syndrome and Allegory in 'The Adventure of the Red Circle'", is in two parts, as the title indicates: the first section is

an extension of ideas explored in Naked Is the Best Disguise. The second part is a fascinating comparison of "The Red Circle" and the Perseus myth of Greek and Roman mythology.

The last study in the anthology is "The Flawed Superman" by Colin Wilson. This is an exciting approach to solving the phenomenon of Sherlock Holmes' hero quality. It is a superb essay, one that we will probably see reprinted often.

by Nancy Wynne

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THE LAST NIGHT by David Pearson

"Oh, sir, you are the very man whom I have longed to meet," cried the little fellow...

The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle

Miracles do sometimes still happen.

My last night in England two summers ago is a case in point. I had been debating how to spend it, and was of half a mind to hire a deck chair and listen to the military band in Embankment Gardens, long a favorite entertainment of mine. But then, however, the thought struck me that it might be my final opportunity to visit Covent Garden while still a "going" concern, because when next I came that way the venerable market would have been removed to Nine Elms. So at something past six in the evening I wandered into the Garden for a last farewell to yet another passing tradition. Imagine, then, the delight of such a bibliophile to find, on the St. Paul's end, a small bookshop doing business beyond the normal London hours. Glancing at the name, I smiled to myself at its paradoxical nature--"The First Night"--and went in.

The interior quickly held promise of containing volumes not readily accessible in the average run of bookshops. With great anticipation I scanned the nearest titles and found, as suspected, many rare old works and specialized studies. It soon came to me that here, perhaps, I might be able to acquire a

copy of Clarence, by Michael Harrison. Harrison had already given me more hours of instructive pleasure than most authors manage to do, and the last thing I had read before leaving the States was his classic In the Footsteps of Sherlock Holmes. His long career as a professional writer had produced a great many works on the history of London--my favorite city bar none--and his particular interest in the Victorian era was one I also shared. So now, perhaps, as a parting treat, I might at last lay hands on his intriguing biography of Queen Victoria's grandson, a book which had heretofore eluded my search.

The proprietor, a personable young Australian, made offer to assist me. "No," he said, "I'm terribly sorry but we don't have Clarence. However, perhaps you would like to meet the author, Michael Harrison?" My brain reeled. After all, considering what I knew of his interests from his books, it should scarcely be surprising to find Mr. Harrison in that legendary London district. Such a bookshop in such a place was just the sort of spot he would frequent. However, for more than a minute I was certain that I had entered another world and that cruel reality would soon cut in as with the punchline of a bitter practical joke.

Of course, no such thing occurred. Feeling rather like a shaky Boswell, I followed to the rear of the premises and was introduced to a tall, well-formed man of upper middle age, dressed conservatively in a dark suit and carrying a dapper hat. "Michael, you have a reader," announced the proprietor, and perhaps this remark in itself helped to establish basis enough for easy conversation. But soon Mr. Harrison was telling me that we shared Kentish origins, that there was a branch of his family named Pearson, and that I bore a striking resemblance to his brother. In fact, when he inscribed an edition of his latest Holmesian monograph--alas! the only example of his prolific outpouring at that time in the shop--he tickled my vanity by writing, "To a possible Harrison Pearsonian".



When I reflect back on events, our association could so easily have ended in "The First Night". Mr. Harrison hinted at an engagement he should fill and accepted my proffered two pounds with the promise of mailing Clarence to me in the States. It certainly seemed that the experience, however, electric, was to be short-lived. But the planets were advantageously positioned, and my new acquaintance suddenly invited me to take a quick walk and have a quick drink with him if I had the time. If I had the time! For thirty minutes more of his company I would gladly have missed a Royal Command Performance.

And so the dream continued, and I was granted, on my last night in England, the thrill of walking the streets and alleys of the metropolis alongside the man who, of all people, was best fitted to be my guide. His conversation, as we progressed along the pavement, could only have issued from the author of London by Gaslight and London Beneath the Pavement. He knew the history of every building and possibly every lamp-post as well. He made the past come alive so that I felt I had but to blink and be there. He talked to me of other literary figures as though I should know them, too--J. B. Priestley, the poet-laureate Sir John Betjeman, and his own great predilection from the past, Edgar Allen Poe. By the time we reached the Lamb and Flag, an ancient pub with Dryden associations, it must have been well after seven, but I had completely lost track of the time.

No doubt Mr. Harrison intended just a "quick drink". Certainly he alluded occasionally to another obligation, possibly at home. The wonderful fact remains that we stood in that crowded, jovial bar for nearly two hours, and the only moving done was as we passed from one subject to another. I found that Mr. Harrison could converse both fluently and interestingly on so many matters, and I rarely wished to interpolate comments because his own were far too stimulating. But what I respected most in him was that he credited me with being a fit recipient for

what he had to say. He never talked down to me and never once conveyed the impression that my opinions were beneath his notice. On the contrary, he made me distinctly feel that I was a stimulus to him, and for this gentlemanly kindness I shall always be grateful.

What I best remember about that conversation in the Lamb and Flag was that we got off on the subject of his current book, Fire from Heaven. Mr. Harrison wished for assistance in gathering documented instances of spontaneous combustion, and he gave me his address in case I was able to find anything of value. So when we finally parted on the Strand--where else?!--I may have stood for a moment watching him go off in the direction of Aldwych and wondering whether I should ever see him again, but I did at least possess the means of renewed contact in my breast pocket.

There remains to be said just one more thing about our first meeting on that last night. Mr. Harrison asked me at the Lamb and Flag if I had ever heard of the Baker Street Irregulars. I assured him that I had but knew little about the organization. He immediately impressed upon me the desirability of my becoming a Sherlockian, and hence I have done so, with undying gratitude for his thoughtful and beneficial counsel. He himself, despite a richly diversified literary career, seemed to take greatest pleasure in his Holmesian work and contacts, especially the way in which he had been accepted and encouraged in the United States. Quite obviously, In the Footsteps of Sherlock Holmes had begun a whole new phase of his career, and he was delighted.

Two years have come and gone. My appreciation for Michael Harrison can only have grown in the interval. For this reason I am very pleased that a certain degree of long-overdue recognition is now being awarded him. I pray that it may continue, and that even as he goes on writing his incomparable Sherlockian studies he will also perhaps witness the republication of his earlier books, never well known on this side of the water. As much as he

would covet the opportunity, Mr. Harrison will probably never visit America. In the event that this proves true, I feel it is all the more desirable that I acknowledge him--as one American who has had the great privilege of knowing him--for the man that he is: A Sherlockian par excellence, a versatile and imaginative writer, an untiringly thorough researcher, and--best of all--an English gentleman of the old school.

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It was the Editor's pleasure to meet David Pearson at Nancy Wynne's home on his recent visit to Colorado. John David Twyman Pearson, born at Woodchurch, Kent, has lived in the United States since 1949. He is an ordained minister of the Christian Churches and Chairman of the Social Science Department at Hopewell Middle School, Hope, Arkansas. We are proud to have Pearson, who made his first appearance as a Sherlockian writer in Michael Harrison's BEYOND BAKER STREET, make the second here.

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THE BUTTER DISH by Mary Holmes  
(see The Musgrave Ritual)

(If you are one of those who think the column heading has to do with how far the parsley had sunk into the butter, better check the reference.)

After we reprinted Rex Stout's Watson Was A Woman in the March BULLETIN, I read Trevor Hall's SHERLOCK HOLMES with special interest in his closing chapter, The Love Life of Sherlock Holmes. Here Hall develops a theory that the connection between Holmes and Irene Adler did not end in 1889 with "Good night, Mr. Sherlock Holmes." He offers support of the Baring-Gould argument that after the failure of her marriage to Godfrey Norton, Irene and Holmes spent the happiest period of their lives in a villa in Montenegro--during the first part of the three years Holmes told Watson he had been in Tibet, Persia and France. Trevor Hall feels that Holmes' failure to tell Watson "the truth" about this episode only illustrates how zealous he was in protecting the reputation of women. Hall also subscribed to Baring-Gould's belief that Irene bore a son to

Holmes in 1892. But refuses to accept the theory that this son was Nero Wolfe! He is convinced that Irene would have named her son Sherlock John Hamish Mycroft Vernet Holmes-Adler.

In the August NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, Mister James A. Ross, President of the Royal College of Surgeons in Edinburgh, showing a portrait of "the original Sherlock Holmes", says that as an old man James Bell became interested in Holmes and used to send Doyle "clumsy 'good hints'" for stories. Which reminds me that the Ma'am did, too. When her son first threatened to kill off Holmes in 1891, she raged "You won't! You can't! You mustn't!" and insisted he use her plot for Copper Beeches. Later Jean Leckie was to give him the plot to bring Holmes back, The Empty House. Doyle called it "a rare good one".

Since the editorial "Sherlock Holmes never smoked a curved pipe!" appeared in the Rocky Mountain NEWS, I have looked through Walter Klinefelter's SHERLOCK HOLMES IN PORTRAIT AND PROFILE again and find, on page 64, a portrait of Holmes which Klinefelter identifies as the first Frederic Dorr Steele drew from a photograph of William Gillette. It is not dated here. In it Holmes is smoking a short, straight-stemmed pipe, which suggests to me that Gillette did not start out in 1899 with the calabash (Martin Dakin identifies Holmes' "drooping pipe" as a calabash), or even a curved-stemmed briar. I would be willing to bet a shilling--and not an Irregular Shilling but honest coin of the realm--that we will find out Gillette adopted the calabash for the London opening of SHERLOCK HOLMES in 1901.

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#### THE MEDICAL BULLETIN

Editor: Mary Holmes  
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