

THE MEDICAL BULLETIN

Roy Hunt

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THE MEDICAL BULLETIN is issued quarterly for Doctor Watson's Neglected Patients, a scion society of the Baker Street Irregulars

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Cover: SHERLOCK HOLMES - STREET SCENE. From The Something Hunt, A Sherlockian portfolio of 10 prints, privately printed by Luther Norris, 1967. (c) Roy Hunt

Wanted: Information, hunches, insights, etc. concerning G. Le Strade:

FROM BASKERVILLE HALL

The 1983 Annual Dinner of the Neglected Patients went very well, indeed, due to the efforts of several of the Patients, especially thanks to our Transcriber, Debbie Laubach. The happy event took place at the Brown Palace Hotel. The dinner was delicious, the wine appreciated, the toasts - traditional as well as non-traditional-were given and drunk and all present seemed to have had fun. The entertainment consisted of a playlet, a farce written by Debbie in which a Denver cop arrests a suspicious person who turns out to be-- you guessed it, Sherlock Holmes! This was followed by a delightful talk on the Gilbert and Sullivan operas by Tom Kerwin, a member of the Empire Lyric Players who do a G&S opera at Bonfils Theater. This was accompanied and followed by some of the captivating music of their Operas.

On Tuesday, April 12, five members of the Patients drove to Broomfield to channel 12 to act as volunteers at manning the phones during their pledge drive. The Neglected Patients got some publicity and were interviewed on the air.

The Spring activity for the Neglected Patients is currently being planned. Thus far discussion has embraced a Sherlockian scavenger hunt or an excursion by double-decker bus. For details query Debbie.

The Summer gathering of the Neglected Patients this year will be our third annual Silver Blaze race out at Centennial horse track. To those of you who have not ever attended one of our Silver Blaze meetings you do not know what a lot of fun you are missing. We get a reserve area parking, reserve section seating in the grandstand, our name on the race and a delicious lunch. Gambling or not is of course optional. Regretably this will be our last time at Centennial. The land has been sold and it will be razed after the season ends.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank most heartily our retired Chief Surgeon, Dave Poole. He has served well and faithfully and we will miss him. I fear that in attempting to fill his shoes I will fall far short, although it will not be for lack of trying.

Chuck Hansen
(Sir Charles Baskerville)

THE CONSULTING ROOM

by Debbie Laubach

I know what you're saying out there. "Ah ha! Fancies herself a detective, eh? That's why she took the course." 'Fess up now. Well, I'll be the first to admit I'd make a sixth-rate detective, but, like most red-blooded Sherlockians, crime interests me. That, coupled with my limited literary career in murder most foul (which always needs a lift), is why I jumped at Southeast Denver Free University's course on private investigation. And over the five weeks of the course I, our own Charlene Schnelker, and the four other students were not disappointed.

Our two instructors, "Willie" Williams and Russell Webber, were about as far from the TV and film stereotyped "gumshoe" as could be imagined. Williams, senior member of Williams International, Ltd., looks like the type of fellow you might sit next to at a Broncos' game, chugging beer and booing Craig Morton. Webber, his partner, appears no more suspicious than your insurance salesman brother-in-law from Toledo, whose only crime might be to sell you more insurance than you need. But appearances are often misleading. Between our two teachers, and spanning more years than they care to admit, they have handled such diverse felonies as check-bouncing, missing persons, auto accidents, stolen property, and murder. Their clients's affairs, both large companies and private citizens, have taken them from truckstops on the Western Slope to the beaches of Cancun, Mexico.

One of the first things our class learned was, contrary to Philip Marlowe and Jim Rockford, the life of a member of the "private sector" is not all gorgeous dames, packing .38 specials, and bad guys in trench coats. Nor does he have a brain like an AppleII. The average PI is an ordinary fellow with a house in the suburbs, a wife and a few kids, a dog, a kitchen sink that refuses to drain, and a desk full of bills. But perhaps he is a little different than most; he can't be tied down to a time-clock,

he enjoys moving through all types of society, and he likes to take a risk every so often. Most of the work he performs is repetitious, dull, and tedious. The thrill of surveillance quickly dissipates when he is forced to sit in a cold car for eight hours and watch a dark house when his suspect is comfortably sleeping inside. And ninety per-cent of the work that leads to a case's successful conclusion is just no-frills method acquired over years in the field. Yet every so often a client or case will come along that forces the investigator to throw away the manual. The "shop tales" that Williams and Webber related to us during and after class are too numerous to mention, but did serve as examples and kept us in stitches (which, for a Patient, is a proper place to be).

Over the years, Russell and Willie have taken on many successful and not-so-successful cases, as well as some that could only be buried in the "Turkey File". But, despite all the lost hours of sleep, frustrations, and close calls, neither of them would consider another occupation. As Williams replies with a grin, "We're just little kids still playing cops and robbers."

You can find him on towels, cards, stamps, comic books, pillows, cigar boxes, coffee cups, humidors, Advertisements, hats, Christmas decorations, T-shirts, decals, statues, toys, pipes, games, magazines, movies, ties, tapes, book marks, lapel pins, plays, jewelry, book-plates, articles, restuarants, buttons, radio shows, tobacco tins, but, most importantly, you can find him thoroughly enjoyable by reading His Adventures and studying the Canon.

I give you the MASTER.

John E. Stephenson

THE CASE OF THE
UNDISGUISED DOCTOR *

by Donald A. Redmond

In The Stark Munro Letters, that on the whole rather sad book of medical reminiscences, and again in his quasi-autobiography, which leaves untold most of the man's life, Conan Doyle is at some pains to disguise the name of the energetic rascal young near-quack who upon leaving Edinburgh set up a roaring practice by flouting ethical practices, and who enticed Doyle into coming to assist in his trade - - to Doyle's quick disgust at the proceedings. The gentleman in question was named Budd, George T. Budd; he had received the M.B., C.M. in 1880, a year ahead of Doyle, and his practice was in Plymouth.

But in the fiction as in the Memories and Adventures which tell so much about others and so little about himself, Doyle has called this young medical scoundrel Cullingworth. The oddest thing about the whole affair, or rather about Doyle's real and imagined versions of it, is that there was a very real Doctor Cullingworth at the time, and it was almost impossible that Doyle should either in the 1890's when he penned the Letters, or in 1923 when he recalled those early Adventures, have been ignorant of that distinguished medical man.

Charles James Cullingworth, born in Leeds in 1841, had been educated in Sheffield, and at the Leeds School of Medicine (1861-1865), whereupon he had been admitted M.R.C.S. and then F.R.P.C. . By 1879 he had become lecturer on medical jurisprudence at Owens College, Manchester, which post he held until 1885 - - in other words, at the time of the Budd-Doyle episode, from 1865 to 1888, he was professor of obstetrics and gynecology at Owens College. He had been awarded the M.D. in 1881 by the University of Durham. His other honors and activities included a D.C.L. from Durham, an L.L.D. from Aberdeen; he was consulting obstetrician

to St. Thomas's Hospital, and editor of the Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology of the British Empire. He was still active in the 1890's when Doyle, who had by this time chucked medicine for the pen, was writing the correspondence of Dr. Stark Munro. The real Dr. Cullingworth died in 1908. His London address had been 46, Brook Street - - in one of those streets of top-hatted specialists, like Harley and Wigmore Streets.

It would be too much of a strain upon credulity to suggest that so well known a medical specialist, and so rapidly rising author ex medico should never have heard of each other. Clearly, the two Cullingworths could hardly be assumed identical - - Dr. C. J. Cullingworth was eighteen years older than Doyle, perhaps sixteen or seventeen years older than "Cullingworth"/Budd - - not sufficiently older that his son could have been already a medical graduate. Doyle in Memories and Adventures describes "Cullingworth"/Budd's background:

He came from a famous medical family, his father having been a great authority upon zymotic diseases.

Zymotic diseases are what would now be called acute infectious maladies. Now there had been, still was in 1893, Dr. Richard Barnstaple Budd, who had been an Edinburgh M.D. in 1831, M.R.C.P. in 1859, F.R.C.P. in 1863, who was consulting physician to the North Devon Infirmary, and was a local magistrate. He was old enough to be "Cullingworth" / Budd's father, but there were several other Budds in the Medical Directory, and he was not famous, nor a great specialist in anything as far as is noticeable. The statement of the father's and family's fame in The Stark Munro Letters could be dismissed as embroidery, or disguise. In Memories and Adventures there seems no need to make such a statement unless it were reasonably correct.

(continued on p. 8)

Book Review

by Ron Lies

Death by Gaslight, Michael Kurland, (New York: New American Library, 1982).

This book is the second in a series of three. The first, The Infernal Device, was published in 1978. In it we are introduced to the concept of Professor Moriarty as a protagonist, with his Boswell of sorts, Benjamin Barnett.

In Death by Gaslight the Professor is portrayed as a benevolent criminal master mind. He works for his own benefit, but as in the first story, is inspired by love of country. He also works for the good of people and returns to those unfortunates what had been taken from them. In short, he is schizophrenic to an alarming degree, yet so am I about this story.

Elements of the story that I liked:

The Prologue with its fog shrouded streets, a lonely constable walking the beat his imagination thinking that there is someone in the dark watching and waiting, the cry for help and murder most foul, a mysterious murderer who is avenging a secret wrong, victims who are secret fiends who deserve their fate, a damsel in distress who needs saving from a "Fate worse then death."

Elements I disliked:

The idea of Professor Moriarty as a protagonist, instead of an antagonist, his theft of the Precious Indian Collection to return them to the rightful owners, the light that Holmes is put in as a man obsessed with Moriarty and no chance to catch him, the example of Holmes being so fumble-footed as in the incident of the Police raid in Moriarty's country place. This is a trip to the absurd.

(to page 14)

The Adventure of the

BLIND MAN'S NEWFOUNDLAND

by Debbie Laubach

I had to look twice at the apparition who appeared a scant fifteen minutes later, dressed as he was in a vulgar, hooded shepherd's check coat, baggy trousers, and faded felt billy-cock. He blew his reddened nose with great ceremony, tucked his kerchief into his breast pocket, and favored us with a watery smile beneath an ill trimmed goatee. Only his hawk's nose and bleary grey eyes betrayed the detective. He swept his hat from his head and bowed deeply.

"Mr. Jacob P. Harfield, practitioner upon small animals, and of late taken to much imbibing of medicinal spirits." Indeed, his appearance lent much to his introduction. A fever had begun to spread over his face, leaving a not too healthy flush.

"Shouldn't you rather remain at home in your condition?" asked I as tactfully as I dared.

"Doctor, there are greater affairs at stake this evening than my health." And nothing more would he say.

Our carriage pulled to the kerb before Victoria

(Doctor - from page 6)

Why then disguise the real name in the case with another real name? Study of the Holmes Canon at least forces one to the conclusion that details are not random - that everything is said for a reason. Is this the case with Doyle's medical quasi-fiction? If so, what is the reason for the undisguised disguise?

¹Memories and Adventures 2nd edition, 1930 p. 70

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Station at twenty minutes to seven. Sherman, a trifle unwillingly, remained in the cab in order to assure what Holmes referred to as our "secure getaway". Once inside the great terminus, sparsely peopled at this hour, Holmes divined his plan for the evening.

"From this inobtrusive bench, we command an excellent view of the platform. Shortly before the Continental Boat Express is scheduled to depart, a tall, swarthy man will enter with what I hope to be Nostradamus. I will engage him in conversation, When you see me take the dog's lead and bend over him, you will race across the floor in the attempt not to miss your train and collide with the fellow. Knock him hard, Watson; send him airborne. After you have done so, exit by the nearest door and meet me by the cab. I am depending upon you, my friend."

"You Needn't worry"

At five minutes before seven and departure time, Holmes plucked at my sleeve. a foreign-looking gentleman, expensively attired, was coaxing a reluctant, shaggy beast as large as a small pony across the station floor. My friend straightened his tie and wandered in a shambling gate out of the darkness of our seats. Intently studying the vaulted architecture above him, he trotted into the path of the pair.

"Bless my soul!" boomed Holmes's strident voice for the benefit of every ear in the station. "What a fine creature we have here! A more handsome Newfoundland I never have seen. Allow me an introduction." He pumped the fellow's hand. "Dr. Jacob P. Harfield, Veterinary Surgeon. I cannot pass by such a beautiful creature without expressing my admiration." He stooped to pat the dog's head and slip a biscuit into his outstretched palm; it disappeared with a wag of the tail. "What a good doggy you are," he crooned. The creature happily licked his face, any apprehensions towards this morsel-bearing stranger dispelled without a trace.

"If you will excuse me-" the man looked nervously at the doors of the train being shut and secured. Holmes continued to stroke the animal's shimmering coat. "Really, sir, I must-" he pulled Nostradamus a few feet toward the train. The detective regained his feet.

"Pity to see such a fine dog suffer so."

The gentleman halted in mid-stride.

"Suffer? How do you mean?"

"Why, surely you've noticed how he favors his right fore paw. Something should be done for that, really, sir." The fellow mumbled an excuse, and tugged once more upon the lead. "Come; allow me to illustrate." Holmes took the rope from the weakly protesting owner and trotted Nostradamus to a point some fifteen paces away. Uttering an exclamation, he stooped to pick up the beast's front paw.

This was my cue. I sprang from the bench and, with the velocity of a cannon-ball in flight, rushed headlong across the platform and lustily collided with the gentleman. The force of our impact was so tremendous it sent us both sprawling far on hands and knees. I quickly rose to my feet and looked about for my companion; I caught a glimpse of his coat-tails and the Newfoundland's own bushy appendage disappearing through the main terminal doors. The bewildered traveller possessed sharper reflexes than I, and was already well across the floor upon the trail of Holmes, loudly manifesting his agitation. The next instant I could scarcely believe my eyes. As he passed through the open doors, two uniformed constables materialized from the shadows and seized him by both shoulders. Hurrying up behind him, I caught the beaming face of Inspector Athelney Jones of Scotland Yard.

"Good evening, Doctor," rumbled he, seeing me approach. "Congratulations are in order for you and Mr.

Holmes. Your friend has given us a fair bit o' assistance in apprehending one of the most notorious criminals on both sides of the Channel. Eh, Mr. Jonathan Frozier?" The prisoner, firmly handcuffed between the policemen, merely glared sullenly at the inspector.

I excused myself and rejoined Holmes, Sherman and Nostradamus in our carriage. The driver looked with apprehension upon the immense bulk of his four-legged fare, but Holmes assured him that he and his vehicle would suffer no damage. The detective said little to our questions during the ride to Baker Street, instead contenting himself with several pulls at his pocket flask to stem his raging fever and an occasional scratch at the Newfoundland's ears.

Once deposited before 221B, Sherlock Holmes dispatched the naturalist in the cab to fetch Geoffrey Albemarle, while he changed his clothes upstairs. The housekeeper had to be assuaged in her perturbation, though she reluctantly consented to bring up a bowl of water and a plate of scraps from supper, which disappeared down Nostradamus's cavernous throat with alacrity. Need I remark that by the time we heard the returning cab's harness jingles Mrs. Hudson was fussing over the great beast, crooning and scratching his head.

Never have I seen such an outpouring of emotion between man and animal as when Nostradamus caught sight of Albemarle. Leaping upon his powerful hind legs, he placed his shaggy paws round the sightless man's neck, nearly prostrating him in the act, and bathed his master's estatic face with a slobbering tongue. Albemarle reciprocated with gleeful laughter and an impromptu dance. Even the otherwise composed Holmes chuckled at the successful outcome of his exertions.

"Now that the general elation has died down," announced he sometime later, and leading to an armchair his client, "your turn at a part of the glory is at hand; literally. Attend carefully; many a people are

depending on you. Your knowledge of this animal far surpasses anyone else in this room. We want you now to examine Nostradamus closely. Leave no inch untouched. Call out if you discover anything amiss."

Sherlock Holmes paced in a tight circle, filling the room with his acrid pipe smoke, as Albemarle, confused, bent to his task. Sherman and I looked on with stupefied interest. Starting at the creature's head, the young man ran his hands over every part of his pet's body, using them as a sight gifted individual would employ his eyes. He poked here; prodded there; he even went as far as feeling inside his mouth and ears. Presently he reached the dog's hind quarters. As he ran his fingers along the inside of the left hind leg, Albemarle vented a cry.

"By George, Mr. Holmes! Come here and take a look at this!" The detective bent and pressed his fingers at the spot indicated, clapped his client on the shoulder.

"Splendid! We brought it off perfectly. What cunning!" He rose and laid aside his pipe. "Watson, you've got your scalpels and equipment? Capital! Come, let us get our friend below-stairs to the kitchen. There's a bit of work for you there."

Even in my rough-and-tumble days in Afghanistan have I seldom exercised my medical duties under more irregular circumstances or upon a more singular patient. I shudder to imagine what I would have done had Sherman and his inexhaustable knowledge and lore of animals not been available. With the naturalist watching over the administration of ether, Holmes and I had succeeded in laying the slumbering dog upon the table in the scullery in short notice. Holmes took up his somewhat unnerving position of peering over my shoulder. I hastily pulled away a cleverly adhered patch of fur along the inside of my patient's leg and revealed a barely healed scar. To my amazement as I reopened the

incision and pulled the edges of the skin apart, there, nestled between two muscles and twinkling wonderfully up at me, was an exquisitely cut emerald!

"Great Heavens!" murmured I, too stunned to finish my operation. Sherlock Holmes snatched up a pair of forceps and deftly removed it, holding it up to the light of the lamp! Even the thin smear of blood covering the gem could not disguise its transcendent sparkle.

"The Cask-Tetherington Emerald," announced he, "worth, at last appraisal, something over twenty thousand pounds. Quite an opulent piece of canine flesh you own, Mr. Albemarle," placing the stone into the blind man's palm for him to examine.

"However did you suspect that Nostradamus concealed such a thing?" Sherman asked.

"Really, it was simplicity itself. When my half-pint informant drew such a clear picture of the dog-poachers, I knew it could be none other than Jonathan Frozier, general ne'er-do-well and felon. He has a past record of several offences, from blackmail to arson, but his speciality par excellence is robbery of the titled rich. I read of the theft of the Cask-Tetherington gem, and I felt sure Frozier was the mastermind. He would be forced to quit the country if he ever hoped to cut and sell the stone. But he had to smuggle the emerald out of England through some ingenious channel in order to throw off suspicions of the police. A more devious plan I could not envisage than to implant his treasure in a harmless, even-natured dog, and walk out without a raised eyebrow. I suggest, Albemarle, that he chose your beast after careful observation so as to be sure of the gentility of his carrier. This afternoon I took it upon myself to burgle his house in St. John's Woods, and I found not one but four such creatures, all undoubtedly harbouring such little treasures, and now in the hands of

the police and destined for the scalpel in the morning. I daresay, though, none of them will yield quite an expensive gem; I do not recall any major jewelry thefts in the past month. However, the papers remark that the illustrious Lord Hatcherley has offered a one thousand pound reward for recovery of the gem; his banker may be contacted in the morning. I will safekeep the goods until then."

"But surely you must keep the reward", spoke up Albemarle, "for it was you who discovered the true cache."

"Oh, no, dear Albemarle," the detective replied. It was you who gave me the opportunity to apply my modest skills. You deserve the reward, I have had my fee paid in full, and more, to see two companions such as you and Nostradamus reunited. And as soon as our friend is properly stitched up and comes round you may go out and buy him the best cut of mutton in London and charge it to me. Yes, the real performer in our little drama is the good dog Nostradamus-Achoo."

T H E E N D

Review - from page 7

In summation I liked the visit to Victorian London. The story would have been more entertaining except for the use of Holmes as an irritating, unsuccessful pest to Professor Moriarty. The idea of the Professor continuing to put up with him and then putting him in his place, is unpalatable, to say the least.

I would hope that the third story entitled The Murder Trust will put them on a more equal footing.

Take care and may Homes be with you!

X2473
Ron Lies

THE HEAD BATH



From time immemorial, cooling applications to the head have been much depended upon in that violent and dangerous disease, inflammation of the brain. All other known means failing, certain obstinate affections of the head have been known to give way to affusions of cold water upon the part. In headache, drunkenness, delirium tremens, the delirium of fever, epilepsy, rheumatism of the head, diseases of the eye, earache, deafness, loss of smell and taste, and in some nose-bleed, this highly energetic remedy is brought to bear. In taking it, the patient lies down, placing the back of his head in a shallow dish, filled only an inch or two with water.

THE HOUSEHOLD PHYSICIAN, A Twentieth Century Medical.
Woodruff Publishing Company, Inc.
New Edition, Boston, 1923



A TOAST

To a little known colleague of Sherlock Holmes, one who never complained about putting in long hours on a case, though they may be in the dead of night, who never asked for a raise, or grumbled about a difficult assignment.

To the most loyal and faithful of the Master's business associates, who was also a close and trusting friend. I salute Toby, the bloodhound
Lyle Jordon

TOAST TO LUTHER NORRIS

Born around 1921, Luther Norris had led an active life. He was on some "digs" in Egypt, had articles in one of the leading archaeology periodicals.

Luther Norris' interest in Holmes spanned quite a number of years; being a friend of author August Derleth, he perpetuated his friend's Sherlockian character, Solar Pons. This is far the best of Sherlockian imitations, and Derleth put several books on Solar Pons on the market. These volumes are now much sought after by collectors, and bring premium prices. Luther founded the PONTINE SOCIETY and put out a periodical known as the PONTINE PAPERS in honor of Solar Pons - which, by the way, means "Bridge of Light". (Latin)

Luther published quite a number of Chap Books, as well as my own Sherlockian folio, THE SOMETHING HUNT,* and my second folio, FU MANCHU AND COMPANY, both of which are long since out of print. All of Luther's publications are rare collectors items now.

While in the military service in Alaska, Luther shared quarters with Dashiell Hammett for some time, and through this association, became a fan of Sam Spade.

In the middle 70's Luther passed away. He was hospitalized for some time due to a service inflicted illness.

We can hope that Luther Norris is enjoying his stay in the BAKER STREET in the sky. We are toasting him, but I strongly suspect that he and Hammett and many others, especially Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, are toasting us, this January 8th, 1983

Roy Hunt



PUZZLE

UNSCRAMBLES

by D. Ellis

Unscrambled, the following sets of words will reveal names and references to a specific story in the Canon.

1. BLACKENED DEPTHS -----
2. BRING REALLY LATE -----
3. DAM RED PAWS -----
4. HEAR THE DEAL -----
5. HIS OPAL WHITE ROAN -----
6. JOTS IN A RULE -----
7. MIN'S FAIR SHOTS -----
8. SOAK MENTOR -----
9. MY BLOTTER IS GORY -----
10. TIE GRAY CAMPER -----
11. WASH, MEND A LOT SON! -----

From:

WE honor now Mrs. Hudson, who kept the home fires burning for Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson at 221B Baker Street. We all know she provided a very comfortable lodging with good English meals.

Let us toast Mrs. Hudson!

Robert Peterson

Bulletin Board

I greatly appreciate the kind and solicitous attention of the Patients during the "Winter of my Arthritis." Perhaps the Patients are Neglected but they do not neglect each other!

A group of people truly worthy of Holmes and the good doctor. Thank you.

Nancy Wynne

MYSTERY WEEKEND

A weekend of mystery and fun and detection is scheduled for October 14 - 15, at the Stanley Hotel in Estes Park.

This three day, two night affair includes meals and accomodations at the Stanley and is limited to 80 participants.

Reservations will be accepted until August 1, 1983.

For further information, contact: Mystery Weekend, c/o Murder by the Book, 1224 b West Littleton Blvd, 80120.

New Members:
 Yvonne Bryant
 16650 E. Nassau Dr.
 Aurora, CO 80013

Judy Talmage
 16650 E. Nassau Dr.
 Aurora, CO. 80013

Mark A. Newell
 7682 Windcrest Row
 Parker, CO. 80134

The Heritage Square Opera House announces the return of the play, "Sherlock Holmes". This will play on alternate nights from June 7 through August 28.

Special group rates (16 or more persons) are available. For additional information, or reservations, call 279-7881.