

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

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Membership is \$10.00 per year for Colorado residents; all others, \$8.00.

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Manuscripts should be submitted to the editor.

Somewhere in the heart of the great Grimpen Mire, down in the foul slime of the huge morass which had sucked him in, this cold and cruel-hearted man is for ever buried.- Hound

From the Chief Surgeon Ron Dame - Chief Surgeon, Emeritus

My dear Chief Surgeon:

It was my distinct pleasure this year to attend the annual dinner of our scion. For many years I have been absent about the time these dinners are held, as I normally travel to New York for The Baker Street Irregulars Dinner and related affairs.

I feel I would be remiss if I did not write you to express my thoughts on our dinner this year and for the enlightenment of those Neglected Patients who were too ill to attend. The mundane items; dinner, service, etc. were excellent. But the important items; program, pace and atmosphere were all on an even higher plane. I believe thirty-five odd members and guests (the number was odd, not the attendees) were present and projected a warm sense of comradery.

The evening moved on very well, with toasts being offered during dinner. The Bursar gave a fine humorous report on the financial status of our group, and the well being of our members. The prescribed oath was taken and departed members honored. At a junction that was quietly signalled, things were brought on track and from his station the Chief Surgeon announced a ticket of conductors for our Scion's affairs in 1986. All were duly brought on board and assumed their seats. (I wonder why a re-reading of the last sentence above gives one a feeling of railroading?)

For me the highest point of the evening was the program presented by Susan and John Thornton. And what a program it was. It could be called a five act bill. Act I-Susan

rendered a fine series of pieces on the highland pipes. Act II-John then educated us on the pipes, the fine points of the kilts, skirts, tartans, plaids, etc. of the Scots. Many were astonished to learn of the arsenal of weapons carried by a true highlander.

Act III-The featured paper, "The Military Career of John H. Watson, M.D." was John's next act and it was a headliner. The well organized presentation, given almost totally without reference to notes, blended elements of English history, Afghan mores, climate and topography. He related many elements of British military tradition, campaigns and history. He wove a beautiful plaid that had Dr. Watson cleverly woven therein.

His knowledgable presentation evidenced much research and a keen sense of balance. As a student of the Canon, history in general, and particularly military traditions and chronology, I commend him most highly.

Act IV-John then closed his presentation with a fine selection of slides on British historical events and personages, British military dress and battles. Old and new slides of Afghanistan rounded out a non-boring session of viewing. It was noted that John did not clutter the presentation of his paper with the intrusion of his slides. Each phase stood on its own.

Act V-The Thorntons closed with another rendition of the pipes by Susan.

Needless to say these acts could only be followed by a rousing round of applause and a standing ovation.

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Sir Arthur Conan Doyle: the Man, the Detective. - by Keith Banks

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, a late 19th and early 20th century British playwright, created the famous fictional detective, Sherlock Holmes. As a child, Doyle was fascinated by thriller and adventure novels, which is where the idea for his famous novel, The Hound of the Baskervilles originated. His vivid imagination, which created this master detective, was instrumental in establishing his prominence as a mystery writer.

Arthur was born in Edinburg, Scotland, May 22, 1859, one of the ten children of Charles Altmont Doyle and Mary Foley Doyle. His father was an artist; like Sherlock Holmes, the boy had art in his blood.

His grandfather, John Doyle, of an old Anglo-Irish family, had gone from Dublin to London where he became rich and famous as a political caricaturist. He was tall, stately, and commanding, resembling the great Duke of Wellington, who had defeated Napoleon at Waterloo.

One of John Doyle's sons, Richard Doyle, was a well-known illustrator for "Punch", the English magazine of wit and humor, whose familiar cover he had designed. Another son, James Doyle, compiled the "Official Baronage of England", and wrote and illustrated "The Chronicles of England". A third son, Henry Doyle, was a painter, an expert on painting, and director of the National Gallery in Dublin.

The fourth son, Arthur Conan Doyle's father, was the youngest and the least successful. An architect, Charles Doyle was employed in the government's Office of Works in Edinburg. His salary was small, and never increased greatly. Sensitive and retiring, a devout Roman Catholic, as were all the Doyles, he preferred to give

away his paintings rather than face the pain of possible rejection when attempting to sell them.¹

Doyle's mother, who had been educated in France, was round-faced, vivacious, five feet one inch tall. She was the daughter of a doctor at Trinity College. Through her mother, Katherine Pack, she proudly traced her ancestry back more than five hundred years. It was through his mother that Arthur Conan Doyle was descended from the Percys, who had several times intermarried with the Plantagenets of England's royal house.

In Paris, a great uncle, Michael Conan, who was also the boys godfather, traced his descent from the Dukes of Brittany, several of whom were Conans.

Born in Scotland of Irish parents, descended from the valiant Percys of Northumberland and the Plantagenet kings of England, Doyle was a giant of a man. He was also a heavy-weight boxer, a top-ranking cricketer, a football player, a golfer, and an expert billiards player. A man of action, surging with unquenchable vitality, he introduced skiing into Switzerland, and drove his own car, a Dietrich-Lorraine, in international competitions.²

When Doyle was in his tenth year, he was sent to Hodder, which is the preparatory school in Lancashire. It was a long journey for a little boy who had never been away from home before. He was there for two years. "On the whole, those first two years were happy years."³ From Hodder, he passed on to Stonyhurst; from Stonyhurst he carried away no lasting friendships. One master, when Doyle told him he thought of being a civil engineer, remarked, "Well Doyle you may be an engineer, but I don't think

you will ever be a civil one."⁴ Another assured him that he would never do any good in the world.

When he returned to Edinburg, with little to show, either mentally or spiritually, he found that the family affairs were still as straitened as ever. It had been determined that he be a doctor. Doyle went to Edinburg because it was a famous center for medical learning.

The most notable of the characters whom he met was Joseph Bell, surgeon at the Edinburg infirmary. Bell was a very remarkable man, in body and mind. He was a very skillful surgeon, but his strong point was diagnosis, not only of disease, but of occupation and character. In a letter written to Doyle, Joseph Bell replied, "You are yourself the model for Sherlock Holmes and you well know it!"

Doyle emerged as a Bachelor of Medicine in August 1881. His medical career was a total failure. One day a friend of Doyle's remarked to him that his letters were very vivid and surely he could write some things to sell. So Doyle sat down and wrote a little adventure story which he called "The Mystery of Sassassa Valley." To his great joy and surprise it was accepted by "Chambers' Journal," and he received three guineas. From there his writing career went up and down. He now felt that he was capable of something fresher and crisper and more workmanlike. Doyle thought of his old teacher, Joseph Bell, "If he were a detective he would surely reduce this fascinating, but unorganized business to something nearer to an exact science."⁶ First he named the detective Sherringford Holmes; then it was Sherlock Holmes. He could not tell his own exploits, so then came Watson. And so Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wrote the first Sherlock Holmes story, "Study in Scarlet."

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By Ron Dame, Chief Surgeon, Emeritus

Prelude to a Toast

At the dinner held by our scion in honor of the 132nd birthday of the Master I was honored to be invited to present a toast. Following the toast to The Woman it seemed an appropriate time for my toast.

Your toaster elected to make a few opening remarks on toasts as they were, and are, offered in England. This format is also followed for toasts presented at dinners of the Baker Street Irregulars and The Sherlock Holmes Society of London.

Toasts may range from one liners, limericks, couplets, etc., to what could be called short papers or even long papers. Toasts should be memorized if at all possible.

At this point your toaster removed no less than thirteen pieces of single spaced typewritten pages from his pocket and proceeded, much to the dismay and trepidation of the assembled guests. Not having memorized his toast he offered a mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culper.)

And so to the toast.

In Saint Paul's Cathedral in London there is an inscribed plaque, placed there by the son of Sir Christopher Wren. Sir Christopher, a great architect, was responsible for laying out much of modern London and for many, many beautiful buildings, churches and monuments. The inscription reads: "If you would see his monument, look around."

How apt this phrase will be, throughout the world, when our mentor, The Great Detective, passes on.

Here in America, as in many other countries of the world, we are daily exposed to reminders of him. Almost every edition of major newspapers, magazines and periodicals contain some reference to him. A picture, a quote, a new book or film review and very frequently in advertisements and cartoons.

If TIME had published in the late 1800's he would, no doubt, have been MAN OF THE YEAR, one or more times.

Got a problem, then he's YOUR MAN.

Watson, I'm sure, felt HE'S MY MAN.

For almost three years in the 1890's he might have been a MAN OF THE WORLD, or was it the INVISIBLE MAN?

Even in the smoke filled opium dens of London, like The Bar of Gold, he was hailed HEEY MAN!

Truly A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

No Man of La Mancha he.

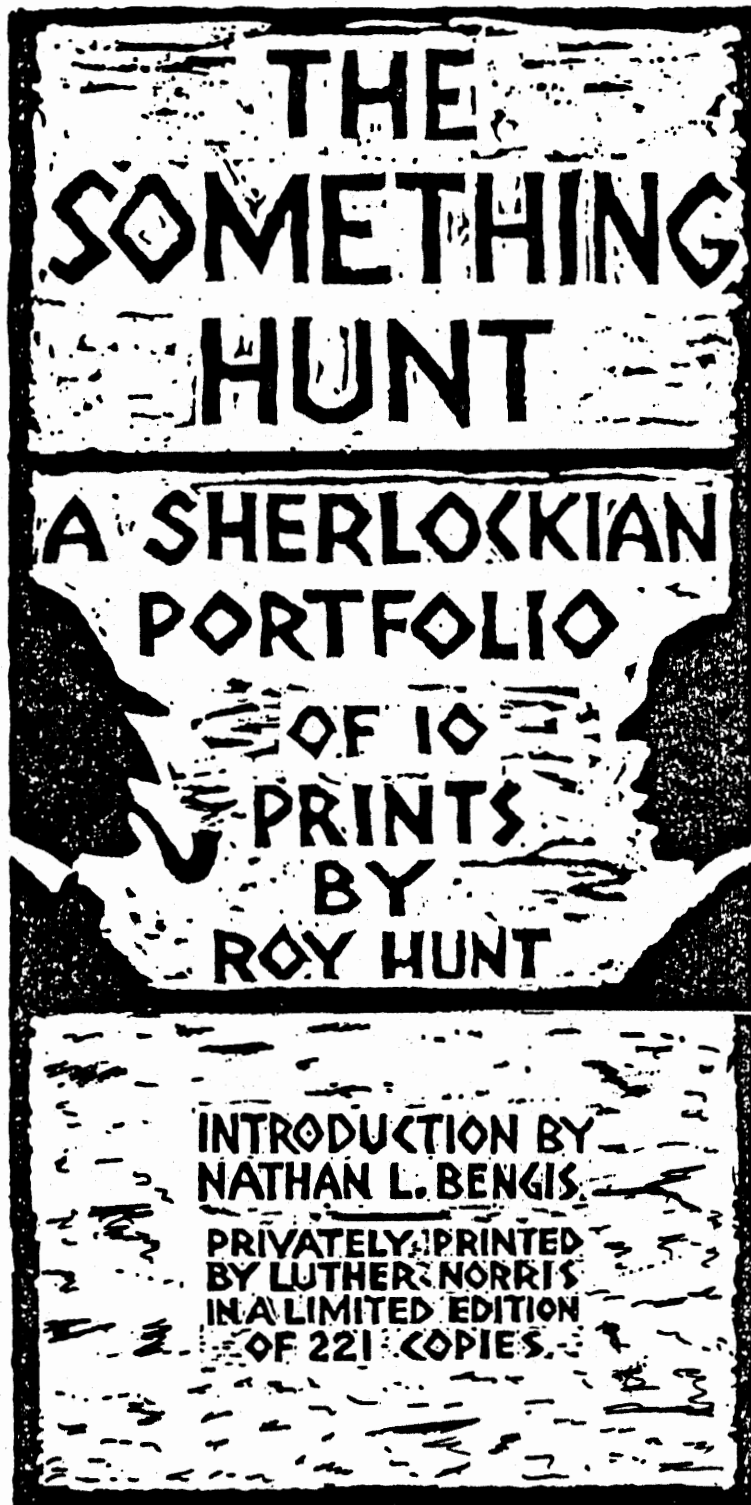
Watson, no doubt, cherished these lines from Hamlet:

"He was a man, take him for all in all I shall not look upon his like again."

Let us raise our glasses now,

To Sherlock Holmes!

THE MAN



It is with deep sorrow that we report the death of Roy Hunt. A member of Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients, he was a founder of The Council of Four.

Roy passed away in the early hours of January 2, 1986. He had been in failing health for some time.

He is survived by his wife of 50 years, Nancie, two daughters, his grandchildren, and all of us.

A kind, talented, gentle and witty man, Roy will be remembered as, perhaps, the finest Sherlockian artist in the country - and a dear, loyal friend.

Holmes was, the late Grant Overton stated, "Without question the most famous character in English literature."⁷ Vincent Starrett calls him, "a symbol as familiar as the Nelson Monument or the Tower of London, a name that has become a permanent part of the English language."⁸

Doyle didn't like the Sherlock Holmes stories getting all of the credit for his serious works. Doyle says:

It was still the Sherlock Holmes stories for which the public clamoured, and these from time to time I endeavoured to supply. "At last, after I had done two series of them I saw that I was in danger of having my hand forced, and being entirely identified with what I regarded as a lower stratum of literary achievement." "Therefore, as a sign of my resolution I determined to end the life of my hero."⁸

Doyle "drowned" Holmes in the Reichenbach Falls in Switzerland. But Holmes' millions of admirers raised such an outcry that Doyle revived him in "The Hound of the Baskervilles." Doyle died in Crowfour, July, 1930 after a wonderful and adventure-filled life.

REVIEW OF A NOVEL

"I'm sure that of all the five hundred cases of capital importance which I have handled, there is one which cuts so deep." The Hound of the Baskervilles, Sherlock Holmes' most famous case, and one of the all-time mystery classics. For the chill of terror, for its uncanny sense of the supernatural, it has never been surpassed.

The plot construction is centered around a single ingenious puzzle which is ultimately

The plot construction is centered around a single ingenious puzzle which is ultimately solved

through the analytical reasoning of Sherlock Holmes. Strong characterization of the principals and recognition of the setting are conveyed through the use of convincing details. This novel is told in the first person by Dr. Watson, a participant-observer who serves essentially as a foil for Holmes.

The novel takes place at Baskerville Hall in Devonshire, where for generations the curse has hung over the Baskerville family. Now another life has been claimed by the mysterious, and terrifying beast.

Sir Henry Baskerville. "a small, dark-eyed man about thirty years of age, very sturdily built, with thick black eyebrows, a strong pug-nacious face"¹⁰ came to Sherlock Holmes and Dr Watson concerning the safety of his family and himself from the curse of the Hound of the Baskervilles. Holmes and Watson accept the case and Watson goes to Devonshire with Sir Henry. From Baskerville Hall in Devonshire, Watson reported faithfully to Holmes in London. "Sheldon, the Notty Hill murderer, had escaped from Princetown Prison, and was being hunted on the moor."¹¹ Later, Watson finds that Mr. Holmes had followed them to Devonshire to make sure every thing went all right. As they were talking, the second killing by the hound had occurred, it was Sheldon, he had been wearing Sir Henry Baskerville's suit and the hound attacked and killed him.

A few days later, Mr. Holmes set a trap for the beast, telling Sir Henry to walk across the moor. When doing so, Holmes was right, the hound was approaching its' prey, Sir Henry.

In front of Holmes and Watson as they flew up the track, they heard scream after scream from Sir Henry and the deep, constant baying of the horrid hound. Watson was in time to see the beast spring upon its' victim hurl him to the ground and worry at his throat, but the next instant, Holmes had emptied five barrels of his revolver into the creature. "My God!" Sir Henry whispered, "What in heaven's name, or in Hell's was that animal?" "It is dead, whatever it is," Holmes said. "Sir Henry, we've laid your family's ghost."¹²

Mr. Holmes and Dr. Watson figured out it was Stapleton who trained the dog to kill the Baskervilles. Stapleton was really a Baskerville, the son of Sir Charles' younger brother. He would inherit all the money and the estate if the other Baskervilles would die. Thanks to Mr. Holmes' and Dr. Watson's brilliance, Stapleton never killed again.

Hound of the Baskervilles is a novel that grabs hold of you and wont let go until you finish reading it. This frightening novel, meant to send chills down your spine has done just that. I recommend this novel to anyone who enjoys mystery and suspense novels.

SYNTHESIS

Doyle introduced his sporting life in the Sherlock Holmes stories. In The Sign of the Four, written about the detective, a coachman drives Holmes and Watson to their meeting with the mysterious Thaddeus Sholto. The coachman has penetrating eyes and moves "briskly" "no wonder he is the former lightweight champion of England."¹³ In that same story, Conan Doyle revealed a little of Sherlock Holmes notable athletic past. A former fighter, now a porter and bodyguard, re-

cognizes Holmes as a fine amateur boxer who could have become a famous one. Holmes' ring exploits happened off staghe, but there can be not doubt of his credentials as an athlete. And with good reason, it turns out, for a supe athlete is what Conan Doyle always wanted to be.

Arthur Conan Doyle, as a child, was fascinated by thriller and adventure novels. He had visions of ambushes, buffalo hunts, encounters with bears and many other things of this sort. This is where he gets the ideas for some of his classic novels. Conan Doyles favorite books, as a boy, were by Mayne Reid, especially "Scalp Hunters."

Conan Doyle travelled a lot in his life time, which is where he gets his ideas for some of his famous novels such as The Hound of the Baskervilles.

Toward the end of Doyles' career, he helped to get George Hidalgo released from prison for a crime he did not commit. Conan Doyle became Sherlock Holmes, the literary character which he hated, for the first and last time.

CONCLUSION

Sir: Arthur Conan Doyle's vivid imagination and creative mind brought to us the fictional detective, Sherlock Holmes. Because of his love for thriller and adventure novels, the detective Sherlock Holmes lived and still lives in people's minds all over the world.

Keith Banks, a student at Manual High School, received an A- from his English 2x teacher. We would have omitted the -. Ed.

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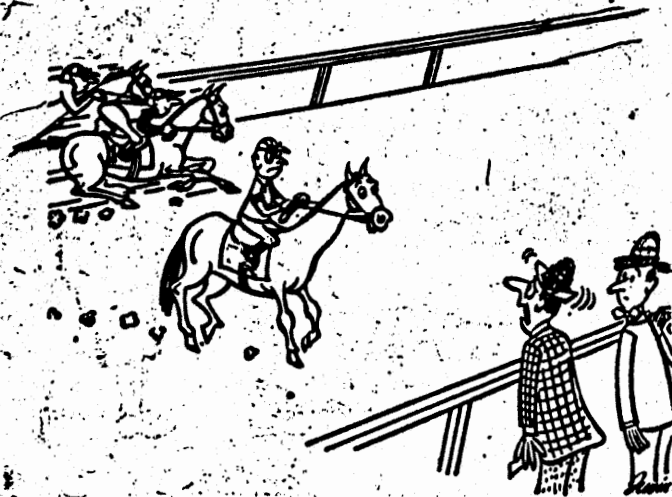
"You're looking at it from
the wrong angle."

Mr. and Mrs. James Kent Butler, properly
attired Sherlockians, at their September
21, 1985 wedding reception.

BULLETIN BOARD

I'm sure all in attendance would wish to join me in a salute to all the ladies and gentlemen responsible for a very fine Sherlockian evening. In my opinion the affair was one that would be a credit to either The Baker Street Irregulars or The Sherlock Holmes Society of London. And a final kudo to the Thorntons, WELL DONE!

Ron Dame,
Chief Surgeon
Emeritus



"COME ON, SILVER BLAZE, COME ON
SILVER BLAZE, come on, Silver .."

Charles Hansen spent much of his adult life collecting over 280 books, magazines, games, and memorabilia, all of it Sherlockian. On his death, he willed the collection to his life-time friend, the late Roy Hunt. Roy graciously donated to our (and his) group.

The Library of the Neglected Patients is in the temporary custody of Charlene Schnelker. Persons, wishing to use, or view the Library should call her evenings or week-ends to make arrangements. Her number is 973-4257.

... And another bonus. From patient Robert Peterson, "I bought all of Chuck Hansen's old radio tapes, and he had a lot of Sherlockian ones, ... anyone that wants can borrow these by calling me and making arrangements." The number to call is: 756-8516.

New Scion-

Poor Bibliophiles International has been started by John Stephenson. For more information on this, call John at 795-0693.

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2851 So. Reed Street
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