

# THE MEDICAL BULLETIN

Roy Hunt

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

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## Bulletin Board

*Wanted: Information, hunches, insights, etc. concerning G. Le Strade. Last known address: Scotland Yard, London, England. Address replies to D. Ellis, % The Medical Bulletin.*

Records have been located regarding the Lestrade family.

## The Rent-a-Wreck Odyssey

by Chuck Hansen

Part One

The morning of July 8th dawned bright and cheerfully and among a small group of Doctor Watson's Neglected Patients a strong sense of excitement and pleasurable anticipation exhibited itself. By shortly after 8:00 A.M. the group had gathered at the home of Ron and Mary Lies and the excitement became frantic as we loaded the large station-wagon, rented from Rent-a-Wreck, took last minute pictures of the intrepid travellers and their vehicle. Then, all-aboard, and the caravan moved off and soon shook off the dust of Denver as our pilots-Mary Lies and Debby Laubach-coaxed and wheedled the vehicle cum-celebrants on to the highway and off to Kansas City, Mo.

The cause of all the gaiety and mirth was that this particular group of the Neglected Patients - a group who are easily able to pass as intelligent and normal humans when met individually, but who rapidly go quite bananas when in close proximity to one another - were off on their long planned and anticipated odyssey to K.C. to attend the great Sherlockian seminar being held at Rockhurst College, a Jesuit organization in that city. John Bennett Shaw, Dorothy Rowe Shaw, and many other famous and legendary Sherlockians were to hold forth in a three-day workshop on the campus in a never-to-be-forgotten few days of concentrated Sherlockian learning and camaraderie. It turned out to be all that I had expected and more.

The college campus was very pleasant and the dorm where we were housed was reminiscent of my own long-ago collegiate days. Severe and plain rooms with plenty of closet and drawer space, two single beds, a study desk and chairs, and one large rest room and showers on each floor. Since during our stay the dorm was temporarily co-ed the men were to use the facilities on either floor 1, numbering in the British fashion, or on 5. Each room had air conditioning, but as I had

a room to myself I kept it turned off, for the weather during our stay was fortunately not too warm. The chow in the cafeteria was institutional, but perfectly good, nourishing and plentiful. Certainly one could not object to the deal the college gave us, two nights stay, and six meals for \$40! The banquet on Saturday evening was sumptuous and included wine for the toasts. The workshop sessions were excellent, the movies very enjoyable and one had every opportunity to visit with, and get to know, eminent Sherlockians who had previously been only respected names. Ron Dame also attended so the Neglected Patients were well represented by Ron and Mary Lies, Ron Dame, Debby Laubach, Scharlene Schnelker, and of course myself.

The five of us who went together broke our trip both ways by stopping in Hays Kansas at the home of Mary Lies' brother, where we enjoyed excellent hospitality. Hays is approximately half way and made the trip a good deal easier. Some of us also went to a movie in Hays to see E.T. All things considered, a very excellent trip, much enjoyed by all of us. We are hoping it will be possible to induce Denver University to sponsor such a workshop here in Denver next year.

by Debbie Laubach

Part Two

I will admit that I, with four other traveling Neglected Patients, set off for Kansas City and John Bennett Shaw's Sherlockian Workshop with open feelings. I have had little experience with these sorts of affairs, and I was going only on second-hand comments gleaned from the Stanford U. workshop held last summer. I did, however, find it an enjoyable and, moreover, educational three days. Apart from this scion, and correspondence with a handful of others around the country, I've not had much opportunity of conversing with other S'ians. What frabjous joy! Even in the three days allotted to us, I still didn't get to talk to everyone. Besides meeting and talking with Sherlockians of such

renown as Jack "Encyclopedia Sherlockiana", Tracy. Evelyn Herzog, president of the Adventuresses of Sherlock Holmes, and the great J.B.S. 'Most every facet of irregularity was discussed in round-robin style over the three days, from formal pastiches to the trivia of running a scion.

Is there a patient among us who has not laughed \* at the unusual offers made to us which our name has left us open to? Pity the Tennessee scion, The Giant Rats of Sumatra: their treasurer has hardened himself to the infrequent phone calls from banks, "You know you have a check endorsed by a rat?"

But not all the participants of the seminar were able to air gripes. Our Sunday breakfast table conversation was dominated by debonair James A. Todd, a nine-month old chap who we learned has a good start to a life-long love of the Master. Both of his Sherlockian parents read him stories from the canon before bed. Don't you wish all kids had such parents?

But the real scene stealer was Rika, a charmer of a black-and-tan dachshund that came along to add suitable Baskervillian atmosphere, tho I must admit, my blood did not turn to ice to see her, tail wagging and ears flapping, as she bound in the wake of her master.

Well, the effort is everything. But to conclude, the time passed in happy conversation with Sherlockians famous and not-so-famous, both two-and four-legged, made it a weekend that I'm not likely to forget for a long while.

By Ron Lies

Part Three

While visiting relatives in Wichita, Kansas, located in an area referred to as the Great Alkali Plains (STUD), I made an interesting discovery. No, it was not Moorville, Kansas (3 Car), but it might interest some of my fellow Sherlockians,

I was informed by my nephew, Brian, that there was "something on Saturday evening concerning that Sherlock Home or Holmes that I was a little wierd about" (Being 12 years old, Brian is tolerant of adult foibles.) That something turned out to be a program on the Public Television Channel, which is also carried on cable television in that viewing area, entitled "Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson." I caught the last 15 minutes of the thirty minute program.

There follows a synopsis of the story:

Holmes and Watson attempt to get a murderer named Vernor to confess to the murder he committed. They are being aided by a fellow named Horrible Hercules Hawkins, a professional wrestler. We join the action in a cemetery where Holmes convinces Vernor that Horrible Hercules is a close friend and that he has informed H.H.H. of who did her in. Horrible Hercules is out to break Vernor in half. However, Horrible Hercules never quite catches him. Our villain confesses to a conveniently available policeman. The closing scene involves an Egyptian mummy being unloaded outside their lodgings, and Watson trying to conceal, unsuccessfully, the fact from Holmes.

In this reviewers opinion, the plot was uninspired, though not as ridiculous as some recent pastiches I have read. This series is supposedly based on the Sherlock Holmes stories, though I don't remember the plot I saw in any story I have read. The acting seemed quite good. It was not bad entertainment, but definitely not Sherlockian.

The Programming department of the Public Television Station in Wichitah Kansas provided the following information: What I saw was one of a series produced and directed by Sheldon Reynolds of commercial TV fame. It was filmed on location in Poland, before their recent troubles began. The episodes star Donald Pickering as Holmes and Jeffery Whitehead as Dr. Watson. There were 24 episodes filmed, 23 are available for showing. One episode was withdrawn from circulation for

reasons not made public. So if any Sherlockian is stuck in Wichitah, Kansas at 7:00 on Saturday evening and is of the mind to watch television, why not give it a try?

This syndicated production is available for showing on Public Television through the auspices of the CENTRAL EDUCATIONAL NETWORK in care of a gentleman named J. Robinson. According to the folks at Channel 8 (PBS in Wichitah), this information relayed to our public television stations should enable them to check this out. Any Sherlockian who watches channels 6 or 12 in the Denver area who is interested in requesting that this series be shown in our viewing area, could do so with the above information

X2473



Trooper Small, newest member of the Out Patients and Disabled Veteran of the Kennel Wars.

# The Adventure of the Blind Man's Newfoundland

by Debbie Laubach

In looking over the two dozen or so cases which commandeered my friend Sherlock Holmes' matchless attributes during the early months of 1889, I cannot help remarking over the diversity of their natures. The clients who passed over the threshold to his rooms in Baker Street brought Holmes every manner of human frustration - from the melodramatic to the mirthful; from the trivial to those whose outcomes altered the very affairs of high government. The majority of these concerns I had the pleasure of watching the detective tackle firsthand, but I cannot recall a case spanning the above ranges so dramatically, and singularly as the narrative that follows.

It was a mild afternoon in late May when I dropped 'round to my old familiar digs in Baker Street to visit my friend. The sun poured fluid gold over the streets and houses, and the warm spring wind brought a hint of the blazing hot days to come. But even the gay weather could not uplift my heavy heart or my leaden spirits. I had just come from the grief-prostrated home of one of my patients, a lively three-year-old with perpetually twinkling eyes. With my two hands I had brought him into this world; not two hours ago, those same hands, powerless, held him as he passed from this world, a victim of rheumatic fever. I knew with the dramatic strides being made in medicine, another five or ten years might have equipped me with the drugs necessary to battle this cruel affliction, but I could not bring myself to pass along the hollow words to the red-eyed, sleepless parents. These thoughts chased across my mind as I trudged into my companion's chambers.

"I'm grievously sorry, old man," came Holmes' quiet voice from the window. "I pray it was not unexpected?"

Normally, I would have demanded an explanation of his deduction, but today I was too deeply in the throes of depression to protest. I related to him my tale of failure. "But Holmes, the Fates seem to have dealt you a rum hand." Indeed, though in the time I knew him, I could number upon my fingers the days he was ill, he was, on this fine afternoon incapacitated by a wretched cold, and his disposition had not fared well under his sickness. I noticed, from the papers scattered over the floor, that he had exhausted what comfort the agony columns might offer. For further amusement, my friend had moved his favorite chair to the bay window where he had been engaged in his ever-consuming speculation of the passers-by.

He regarded me from watery, bloodshot eyes, a stack of kerchieves, flask of brandy and pipe at his elbow.

"Come in and find a chair, Doctor," said Holmes in a hoarse rasp. "And don't fuss so!" I paid little heed to his protestations as I took his temperature and sounded his chest.

"After you have finished your ministrations," replied he, once I had satisfied my medical fears and made myself comfortable, "I shall tell you I am happy to see you here. One is never so frustrated as when he is denied his pleasures. I've not ventured from this house in a week, and the good housekeeper is prepared to terminate our agreement, so often have I wandered below stairs and gotten underfoot. Even the estimable Inspector Lestrade has avoided this establishment as though I had contracted leprosy. He might at the very least fill me in upon the Yards' latest capers."

"Yes," exclaimed I, "the Cask-tetherington emerald. Stolen from Lord Hatcherly's estate upon the eighth was it not? I confess, I've been rather more busy than usual of late, and I have not had occasion to glance at a paper in over a week."

"Well, then, you haven't heard of the Romford vicarage murder, either. The sexton found the mild-tempered clergyman Gove, and his housekeeper two days

ago with their throats slit, and nothing in the house out of place. Or so the village constable declares."

"Come Holmes, some such matter will soon arise. It invariably does."

Holmes humphed. "your feeble powers of ratiocination have this time carried you through. I received a wire this after noon from Sherman. He desires to consult me."

"Upon my soul! Not Mr. Sherman Of Pinchin Lane? I should never have thought him capable of venturing far enough from his door to encounter trouble. Possibly he has at last taken leave of his senses and retaliated against the bands of urchins guying round his door, and now he is in need of legal protection against an angry parent."

"No, not Sherman!" cried Holmes. "Beneath that fusty old surface pulses a heart of gold and veins of pure honey. I've known him to all but bribe children from the sidewalk in order to share his menagerie. But here is his carriage at the door and there is the bell. Watson, help me move this infernal chair, there's a good fellow."

We had scarcely repositioned the furniture when the aged naturalist's foot was heard upon the stair. A moment later there was a quiet tap, and Sherman's weary face peered round the door.

"Mr. Sherlock?" asked he. "Have we caught ye at a poor moment?"

"Step in, my old friend. You're welcome here at any hour." The man disappeared, and after a time we heard a subdued tread upon the stair, and the imperceptible whoosh of a hand aliding along the wall-paper

Holmes raised an eyebrow at me. "Blind", was his monosyllabic pronouncement.

"Gentlemen," announced Mr. Sherman, "I'd like to introduce a friend 'o' mine, Mr. Geoffrey Ablemarle."

The fellow who stood before Holmes and me was a striking young man of twenty-eight years. He was tall and well-muscled, with sandy hair and a thick, though well-trimmed, moustache. His dress was somewhat out of fashion, and patched, but immaculate. And, as Holmes had before deduced, his eyes were masked by a pair of smoked spectacles; he was completely sightless.

I hastened to seat our two visitors and supply them with brandy. The naturalist chose a seat by the open window; as he sat, there arose such a scream as to freeze my marrow. Sherman, apparently more nerve-ed to this occurrence, righted himself and removed from the pockets of his voluminous coat a tiny, yelp-puppy and two nondescript bundles of furry guinea pigs.

"So there ye be!" he exclaimed. "I'd all but given ye up as lost four days ago." He tenderly replaced the purring covies and placed the puppy upon the floor, where it wandered to my bootlaces and began to shred the ends. To avoid a trip to my boot-maker, and a sick puppy, I picked it up and stroked it in my lap. Sherman turned to my colleague.

"I'm fair glad ye and the Doctor could see up, for I surely don't know what we would do if ye were involved in one o' your cases. Mr. Geoffrey had just about gone off his poor 'ead before I told him about your special powers; 'twas he that insisted I send the telegram."

"I take it, then," replied the detective, "that Mr. Albemarle desires council. About your misplaced dog, is it?"

"However did you guess, Mr. Holmes?" An amazed smile overspread the blind man's handsome features.

"My dear sir, the very fact that you count Mr. Sherman among your friends tells me you are fond of

animals. You have the gentle face and hands which bespeak you enjoy the company of dogs. When I see, protruding from your pocket, the end of a lead usually found around the neck of that species, the matter becomes even more clear. The lead is frayed; you are almost constantly with your dog, and when I see it is absent I may deduce it is either dead, stolen, or lost. Which have you decided upon?"

"Stolen, sir, I am nearly sure of it," said he, pulling the length of cord from his pocket and fondly caressing it in his hands. "He was last in our back-lot, and that is enclosed with a high wooden fence with a tightly secured gate to the mews behind. Nostradamus is his name; my friend called him so because of his immense size and fine black coat."

"What breed is he?" asked I.

Albemarle cocked his ear and shifted his position in the direction of my voice. "Newfoundland, sir. From champion lines of a kennel in Scotland. A genuine first-rater. He was a gift of my commanding officer; I've raised him from a pup."

"Then your deficiency is military related?" asked Holmes.

"Yes, sir. I was one of the finest carpenters in London before I took the Queen's shilling. A stray shell at the battle of Abu Klea brought my military and civilian career to an abrupt halt, I'm, sorry to say. By a stroke of fortune, however, I cast my lot with another invalided Soldier, and the two of us, with his sound eyes and my good legs, found ourselves a small house in Hopton Street that did not throw a great strain on my pensions. There are five of us at the present, all disabled in some manner, but collectively we get along quite well, such as it is."

"Pray tell us the circumstances surrounding the matter that bore you here," said Sherlock Holmes, checking a sneeze.

"Ay, sir," began Albemarle. "It happened a week last Wednesday. I had, as usual, sent Nostradamus out the rear entry at a quarter before eleven - God bless you, sir - that morning for his daily run. I made myself a cup of tea and drank it listening to my fellow-lodger read the paper aloud for the benefit of us others. At a quarter past eleven, or about that time, I think, I stepped out and called the dog so that we would not be late for our twice daily visit with Mr. Sherman. That is when I discovered Nostradamus missing. I called for the porters to investigate and verify my fears."

"And neither tail nor paw could be found," finished Sherman. "When Mr. Geoffrey and his friend had not found their way to my door by one o'clock, I went round to ascertain the delay. I found Mr. Geoffrey here had nearly collapsed himself with worry."

"Could the creature have climbed something in the yard and affected his escape?" questioned Holmes. "A crate, or mound of rocks, perchance?"

"Never, Mr. Holmes. I would say I've been over every foot of that space a hundred times; there is nothing he could employ as a foothold. The yard is bare of refuse or equipment."

"What of the mews door, then?"

"Untouched! The outer latch has a padlock to discourage prowlers and it has not been tampered with. Mr. Sherman saw to that personally."

"I made an extensive search all through the neighborhood that afternoon, the very same as you would conduct, I fancy, Mr. Sherlock. Even an excursion with old Toby turned up not a trace. 'Tis as though the poor creature vanished into thin air!"

(To be continued.)

The second annual SILVER BLAZE RACE was held at Centennial Race Track in Littleton, on Saturday, June 12, 1982. Nineteen Patients attended.

For a paltry \$6.50 per person, which was .50¢ cheaper than last year, we had a host of privileges reserved parking close to the track, seating in the Prospector's Room, and a hearty lunch, which consisted of chicken noodle soup ( a trifle tepid), followed by the ingredients to assemble a Dagwood Sandwich as large as we cared to make it, and as many as we desired. Desert consisted of two kinds of sheet cake - chocolate and carrot. One of our members with the initials C. S. seems to like carrot cake as much as the Master liked cocaine, as evidenced by her helpings.

Then it was on the the Gold Rush Room for window-box viewing of the races.

Some Patient's made out well on the betting, and some didn't. Next year, I will follow either Dr. and Mrs. Dorn's, or Chuck Hansen's lead. They seemed to come out okay.

The Sixth race was dedicated to Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients. In that race there was a horse name Bold Robbery. To this reporter the horse seemed like a gift from the gods. It was a gift to those who bet on Big Radi, who came in first, In Track, who came in second, and Felix Lu, who came in third. Unfortunately, there was no pay off for fourth place.

Well, better luck next year when I hope even more Patients will share in the fun. X 2473

*Ren Lies*

Social Security Administration  
750 W. Hampden, Suite 100  
Englewood, Co. 80110  
Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients  
6840 S. Delaware St.  
Littleton, Co. 80120  
Attn: D. Poole

March 2, 1982

On August 13, 1981 President Reagan signed the Omnibus Reconciliation Act of 1981, HR 2482, the most significant Social Security legislation of the last three decades. Most people are aware that there have been considerable changes in Social Security. Few people understand how these changes affect their own retirement planning - - or their other rights as a disabled person, or dependent.

The Social Security administration has a speaker's bureau which can provide comprehensive and detailed information about how these changes in Social Security affect you and your members.

If you are interested in a presentation on these major changes in Social Security, please give my field representative, Joe Foss, a call at 837-5861. He will (sic) glad to work with you in arranging a program,

Truly yours,

G. A. Bruce  
Manager

# The Bottom of the Bag

by John Stephenson

In reaching to The Bottom of the Bag, we come up with, now don't be alarmed, we are not coming up with a jellyfish. but rather, a disagreement with the editors of the Catalogue of the Sherlock Holmes Exhibition, who state that the Lion's Mane was actually the Portuguese man-of-war (Physalia physalia) which is not a true jellyfish, but a group of hydroid animals living in a cooperative community. They may have a body a full seven feet in diameter, and tentacles as long as 125 feet.

This poor creature is much maligned, "There seems little doubt, moreover, that a large specimen could kill even a healthy man", as quoted from the editors, and is in error. It will certainly give a painful sting, but it is not lethal, despite many claims to the contrary, in cluding the quote just mentioned. It is, of course, possible, and cases are recorded where the sting can cause excruciating pain which, in itself, has led to heart failure with the death being

## ADDRESS CHANGES


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St. Ignatius' Bean (Faba Sancti Ignatii). - The seeds are the part used, and are the product of the Ignatia Amara, - a tree of middle size, growing in the Philippine Islands, and is a species of the strychnos. These seeds possess a large amount of strychnine, and consequently, in medicinal doses, are a powerful nervine tonic, and are used for improving the digestive functions, and for rousing and strengthening the whole system when prostrated by nervous complaints.

(From The Household Physician, Twentieth Century Medica. Woodruff Publishing Company, Inc. Boston, New edition, 1923. 

blamed on the venom. The venom consists of neutral lipids, enzymes, peptides and phospholipases A and B, which block nerve conduction and can even cause shock of collapse, but not death. According to one source, hundreds of victims were lined up on Australian beaches waiting to be treated for stings caused by the Portuguese man-of-war, and all survived.

Whatever was on that rocky shelf that looked like "a tangled mass torn from the mane of a lion", it was not the Portuguese man-of-war.

Well, let's close the bag, for another point is pondered and . . . Hmm, strange, the bottom of the bag looks wet and some tangled- looking mass . . . Oh well, would you mind reaching down and removing

it FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE BAG!

Baring-Gould, William, The Annotated Sherlock Holmes  
Clarkson N. Potter, 1960, pp. 776-789.

Caras, Roger, Dangerous to Man  
Holt- Rinehart, 1976, pp. 313-318

Caras, Roger, Venomous Animals of the World  
Prentice-Hall, 1974, pp. 17-24.

## ADDRESS CHANGE

Richard G. Smith  
16211 September Drive  
Lutz, Florida 33549

Southeast Denver Free University  
Private Investigation

Social Interaction 400 Nov. 17, Wed. 9:15  
Course covers history of private investigation and specifics of private investigation. "What Sam Spade, Phillip Marlow, Lew Archer and Richard Diamond never told you."

Instructor H. E. Williams is a retired private investigator





My fellow Sherlockians, I would ask you now to raise your glass in praise of a woman. Not just any woman of the canon; an extraordinary woman of the canon. There's not much known about her, in Holmes' own words Born in New Jersey in the year 1858, contralto, La Scala, Prima Donna Imperial opera of Warsaw. Retired from operatic stage. Living in London. But we know more about her than that. We know that, unlike most other women of her time, she could look after herself, and take matters, if warranted, into her own hands. She was possessed of beauty to a great degree. And we know, most importantly, she had a sharp intelligence and knew how to use it. She used it to confound certain King who had wronged her; she used it to stay one step ahead of a certain consulting detective in his attempt at subterfuge. As a few of those present know, she used it to teach that same consulting detective a few words he would never forget.

Sherlockians, I give you Irene Adler, The Woman!

Toast to Irene Adler at Dr. Watson's 130th Birthday Party, September 11, 1982 by Debbie Laubach

## T O A S T S

Ladies and gentlemen, fellow Sherlockians - and I use the term carefully, for I believe that almost all Sherlockians are indeed Ladies and Gentlemen. I ask you to raise your glasses in a heartfelt toast to a great man, an English Victorian Gentleman, and a fine physician. This man, in all phases of his life has exemplified all that is fine and good in mankind, He was a skillful and sympathetic healer, a booncompanion to his friend Holmes, a splendid biographer, and a man of courage and conviction who did not flinch at danger nor hesitate to assist his friend Holmes on his cases - even to the extent of breaking the law on occasion when necessary to put an end to some evil villain's career of crime. He shrank neither from wounds nor danger. His service in India and the second Afgan was is eloquent testimony to that. He was not only a rare friend and companion, but a good and loving husband to his wife, Mary - his one and only wife - despite certain theories advanced

by certain speculative individuals. On this happy day, in celebration of his 130th birthday, I give you Dr. John Hamish Watson, M. D., late of her majesty's Indian Army. To Dr. Watson - God Bless him!

A toast to Dr. Watson made by Charles Hansen

Here is a toast to that long suffering woman, who had to put up with undesirable characters at all hours; who had to put up with the eccentricities and irregularities of Sherlock Holmes, which even though his payments were "princely" tried her patience and would never be tolerated in this day of Woman's Lib.

Here's to Mrs. Hudson!

A toast to Martha Hudson made by Stanley Moskal

A toast to the intrepid three who played croquet in the rain. . . .

A salvo to the gracious host and hostess, Jim and Sally Kurtzman, and the enigmatic Sherlock, the cat, a most feminine feline...

And a toast and congratulations to Roy and Nancy Hunt on the occasion of their 47th wedding anniversary.

R

Isinglass (Ichthyocolla). - A gelatinous substance prepared from the bladder of fishes. It is soluble in alkaline solutions and diluted acids. In boiling, it dissolves and forms a jelly upon cooling, in which form it is used chiefly as a nutritive diet for the sick.

(From The Household Physician / A Twentieth Century Medica. Woodruff Publishing Company, Inc. Boston, New Edition 1923).

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Roy Hunt



Doctor Watson's Neglected Patients

Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients  
2851 So. Reed Street  
Denver CO 80227

To: