

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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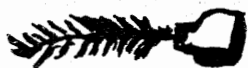
Bulletin Board

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

From the Chief Surgeon by David Poole

I made a short trip to London in May and of course paid a visit to Baker Street. I was disappointed to find that the last block of old buildings, where 221B was located, was being demolished; to make way for new office buildings, I suppose. At the time I was there, souvenir bricks were available. Although 221B is gone, there is a building across the street that still retains a Victorian facade. It is an apartment house, (built in 1913) with bay windows on the second floor. It is difficult to imagine Holmes living in an apartment. His indoor target practice would make him a difficult tenant to say the least. The old building seems to be the last remnant of Baker Street's better days. Much the same thing has happened to Montague Street, "just around the corner from the British Museum". There are no old buildings left; just a block of modern flats. However, Holmes and Watson have not been forgotten in London. The Baker Street Station of the Underground is being redecorated so it will have a Sherlockian motif.

Another reminder to all patients that our annual dinner will be held on January 15, 1982. As usual, our celebration of the Master's birthday will consist of dinner, a short business meeting, and the evening's entertainment. The business meeting will include the election of the Staff Surgeon (vice-president) and Transcriber (secretary), as well as several Interns, to serve on the Medical Board for a two-year term. Our Staff Surgeon, Chuck Hansen, will be looking for Patients who are willing to run for one of these offices. Chuck doesn't have much trouble getting candidates for Intern, but candidates for other offices are hard to find. We do need some new faces among the officers of Doctor Watson's Neglected Patients to keep our organization viable. So don't be bashful. If you are willing to run for office, let Chuck know. Call him at 722-8736. Chuck will be glad to hear from some volunteers. He would prefer not to do so much "sleuthing".



We bid adieu to Trifles, the column penned by Charlene Schnelker. Because of her burdensome schedule, she regrets that she will be unable to continue Trifles.

Mrs. S. - It's been a pleasure reading Trifles, You will be welcomed back to these pages anytime at all.

Come to ask you to raise your cup or glass, whatever it may contain, in toast to a very excellent and long-suffering English Gentleman. Born in 1952 - two years before the advent of Sherlock Holmes in our world - this man is a most excellent Victorian Gentleman, an example of all that was good and admirable in the men of that period. He is a staunch friend to the Master Detective, and has, with great patience, borne the latter's moods - irascible as well as pleasantly been the butt of countless jests and theatrical dramatics, has managed to appear mystified by Holmes' disguises and deductions, and has been made to seem a fool - not only by Sir Arthur, which is bad enough, but by countless movie directors who seem to delight in making him seem a moron.

Ladies and gentlemen, on this commemoration of his 129th birthday, Dr. John H. Watson,

A toast to Dr. John Watson - Charles F. Hansen
Dr. Watson's 1981 Birthday Party.

The Adventure of the Horseless Carriage by Daniel Daugherty

Part III

Holmes let out the throttle, at the same time operating one of the levers at the side of the car several times. He seemed to have trouble distinguishing between the clutch and the brake controls, but our pace increased rapidly, all the same, so that each small bump was greatly magnified by the force with which we struck it. The wind created by our forward motion tore at the back of my head, and I found it necessary to grasp my hat with one hand in order to hold it in place. Our rate of travel clearly had Sir Reginald, and especially Sir Aubrey, worried exceedingly. The latter shouted, "I say, Holmes! Slow down! You've not learned the operation of this motor car enough to manage this sort of speed!"

"You will have to take my word for it, Sir Aubrey, that everything I do is quite necessary. How fast would you say we are going?"

"Twenty miles per hour, if we're moving at all. It's madness, man!"

"We are eight miles from town." Holmes continued, "so, at this pace, we should reach it in less than twenty-five minutes. Wouldn't you say so, Sir Reginald?" Holmes looked straight at the face of the man next to me. I, too, looked, and saw that his face was ashen, his look worried. He made no reply.

Several minutes later we noticed someone standing in the middle of the road, directly in front of us, waving his hands.

"It's one of the town constables," roared Sir Aubrey. "You'd better apply the brake, Mr. Holmes."

Reluctant as he might have been to do it, I believe that Holmes truly intended to stop the motor

car. It was, I'm sure, by an unfortunate mistake in judgement, and not by intent, that he reached for the clutch rather than the brake lever. In fact, he

shifted his hand to the proper control as soon as he realized his error, but it was, by then, too late. The headlong rush of our motor car being unabated, the constable found it necessary to leap head-foremost into some bushes off to the side, in order to avoid the imminent collision.

Smythe reached over to operate the brake, but Holmes, with that single-minded purpose I have so often observed in him, prevented the man from doing so, saying "The constable will be all right, so our going back will be of small use to him, and only hinder our own purposes. We must continue towards town."

Sir Aubrey was forced, as he had been for the entire trip, to sit back and hope for the best, since any attempt to wrest the controls away from Holmes would have been sheer madness. We were yet a few minutes outside of town, and I had just noticed that Holmes no longer wore his deerstalker, when he again reached for the brake lever. He got the right one this time, and managed to successfully work it. As the motor car slowed, he turned it off the roadway, and headed it straight for a stone wall, much to Sir Aubrey's dismay, who no doubt thought that Holmes had completely lost control. I, however, recognized it as the very place Hobbs had shown us earlier that day.

"Don't look so alarmed, gentlemen" said Holmes, pulling up scarcely five feet short of the wall. "I have done this for a reason. It was here, was it not, Sir Reginald, that you sat in this motor car and watched Alfred Hutchinson die?"

Sir Reginald, looking faint, sat with his head in his hands for a few seconds. He said at last, "God help me, Mr. Holmes how did you ever find out? I sensed that you suspected something, but I never dreamed that you knew the whole truth!"

"I can't say that I know the whole truth even now," Holmes replied. "I have worked out a pattern in my mind, and find that it is not complete; there are connecting lines missing. But let me tell you what I do know, and perhaps you can sketch in the rest."

"For God's sake, what's all this about?" interrupted Smythe.

"It concerns, in part, the tampering with your motor car; but we will get to that soon enough. Sir Reginald had agreed to meet a man named Alfred Hutchinson at this spot on the 9th. It was around, I should think, seven-thirty" Wingate indicated that Holmes was correct in his surmise. "I thought so," said my companion. "It was Hutchinson's nature to keep his victims waiting."

Sir Aubrey seemed confused. "But who's this man Hutchinson, and what has he to do with Reginald?"

"He was blackmailing your friend, Sir Aubrey. He arrived at Aylesbury two weeks ago, posing as a fisherman; yet he had a rod but no tackle with him, a fact I ascertained when I examined his belongings. He must have made his demands known from the outset, and no doubt he expected a speedy conclusion to the affair; but he had overestimated Sir Reginald's finances. There were delays, and I should think that Monday night was your friend's last chance to meet the required payment, or have--what? Papers, some photographs?--shown to certain persons."

"The result of this final meeting was that Hutchinson died. I felt sure that this was the case, but had no firm proof. I hoped that by re-enacting the trip of Monday night, I might put Sir Reginald in such a state of confusion and guilt, that I could startle from him the confession you have just heard!"

Wingate looked up to his friend. "I think you are aware of the fact, Aubrey, that Alyson and I knew each other

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Wingate looked up to his friend. "I think you are aware of the fact, Aubrey, that Alyson and I knew each other

in London a few years back, before you married her. But we were more than friends back then, we were engaged."

"What?" cried Smythe. "You and Alyson?"

"Yes, I say we were engaged; but that was a mistake from the first, and it soon broke off. We were never meant to be more than friends. Later, when we wrote to each other, it was as one friend to another. When she learned of my intention to use what remained of the family money to buy a profitable country estate, and suggested the vacant lands and manor next to yours, she acted as one friend trying to help another. When I chose not to tell you of the engagement, it was not in order to hide anything, but just to avoid embarrassment. Years have passed, we have both been married, and I can assure you that friendship is all we now have in common. I can only....."

"Enough, enough, Reginald. I believe you. I have never had any reason to mistrust my wife or my friends."

"Perhaps I am a fool, then, not to have told you sooner. But as time passed, I became more and more disinclined to mention the engagement, fearing that you or my wife might horribly misconstrue the relationship between Alyson and myself if you knew of it. When that fiend Hutchinson wrote, saying he had some old letters I had written Alyson, I felt I must get them back at any cost. I met him three times before Monday, but his demands were always more than I could meet. I'm sure my wife was suspicious, since I am in the habit of coming to town now and then anyway; and I was careful not to be seen with him, always meeting in this secluded spot. I can't understand how you ever connected me with his death, Mr. Holmes."

"I didn't, at first. I connected you with the late night ride taken in this motor car, since you were the only one sufficiently familiar with its operation to have done it; but it could not have been mere coincidence that this vehicle was mysteriously taken,

and a man mysteriously died on the same night. What troubled me was your motives. Why use this machine? Had you preconceived all that was later to happen? I rather doubted that, and sought another solution."

"You, yourself, gave it to me less than an hour ago. Your plan was to ride into town again Monday for the final meeting with Hutchinson, but all came undone with the news of an injury to the bay's leg. To make matters worse, your wife and daughter proposed a game of cards. To refuse her, and announce your intention of walking into town, would have seemed unreasonable, and therefore, suspicious. And so, you acquiesced. When, at seven, you at last found yourself free of their company, both having gone to bed, you had neither the time to walk to town, nor a horse to ride. You might have borrowed one of Sir Aubrey's but the horse might not cover the distance in time, and suspicion would have been aroused when the horse showed signs of a hard ride the next day. Time and the need for secrecy were the missing lines in my pattern. The motor car, driven full throttle, might make the distance before Hutchinson turned back for the inn; it would arouse little suspicion among neighbors used to Sir Aubrey's late night rides; and it would show little sign of having been used at all. Only someone as fanatical about his machine as Sir Aubrey, would have noticed anything was amiss."

"You knew it would be in the shed, since your friend wasn't likely to ride it twice in the same day, so you led the plow horse across, hooked it up to the front of the automobile by means of a rope you'd brought along, and had it pull the car out onto the main road a little. The horse was then tied to some tree or post nearby. It was an awkward procedure, but how else could you start the car without arousing the entire Brillington household, the one household who knew Sir Aubrey was not riding that night?"

"All this must have taken about thirty minutes, and the ride down here took us, according to my timepiece, about twenty-five minutes. I imagine Monday night's

trip took a little less, the machine being lighter by the weight of three bodies. In any case Alfred Hutchinson was still waiting for you when you arrived."

"You have explained Sir Reginald's means of getting here, Holmes," said I, "but what was it that terrified Hutchinson so?"

"Isn't it obvious Watson? Imagine the man waiting at the far end of this wall. The darkness is complete, the stillness of the countryside palpable, and he grows impatient. Suddenly two great yellow eyes appear around the turn in the road, accompanied by a dreadful spluttering, gasping sound. The eyes bear down on him, and he turns to flee. He comes to this end of the wall, and tries to climb it, but cannot; so he turns to face the monster..."

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed. "You mean to say that Alfred Hutchinson was frightened into heart failure by the sight of this motor car?"

"Quite," said Holmes simply. "Absurd is it not?"

"I assure you, gentlemen, that I never intended the man any harm, though he well deserved it." Sir Reginald was in great anxiety. "I called his name, just to attract his attention; but he was plainly horrified, and didn't understand what was happening. I must confess, I gloried in the sight. I thought it only justice that the man who had terrorized me for two weeks, should himself be terrorized. Perhaps I thought that putting a little fear into him would make him easier to handle, for, you see, I just couldn't raise the money he wanted, and had intended to ask him for more time. As he turned to this wall, I followed in the automobile, and when I was about where we are now, I saw him collapse to the ground in what I took to be a faint. I didn't know what course to take at first, but then thought of checking his pockets for the letters, on the chance that he had brought them with him. He had, and once I'd retrieved them, I left him where he was and rode back. I replaced the Peugeot in the

same way I'd taken it, and went back to my manor. I had been gone less than two hours, and my wife and stepdaughter thought I'd been in the stables with the injured bay the whole time. I figured all had come off rather well until the next morning, when I learned that Hutchinson had actually died. I couldn't think what course to take, and finally decided to sit quiet and do nothing--to let Providence punish me, if punishment I deserved. I never for a moment thought that anyone could connect me with Hutchinson."

Sir Aubrey was completely amazed by all this, as was I.

"Frightened to death by my beautiful Peugeot?" he muttered incredulously.

"Mr. Holmes," said Wingate, "my fate is in your hands alone. What will you do with it?"

Holmes thought for a moment. "Hutchinson was not a man worth wasting lives over," he said. "If you had plotted his death, I might feel differently, but I believe you when you say you did not. Who knows? Perhaps the sight that froze his heart in that last moment, was of the evil within himself. If neither Watson, nor Sir Aubrey, feel compelled to relate what they've heard to the authorities, then I see no reason why it cannot remain our secret."

Smyth and I both indicated our agreement with what Holmes had said, and Wingate, taking a deep breath, whispered his thanks. Sir Aubrey was more vociferous. "Holmes, I cannot tell you how relieved I am at your decision. You've done more than give a second chance to a trusted friend; you have given a second chance to the cause of automobiling in Britain!"

"What perfect nonsense!" cried Holmes.

"Not at all," said Smythe. "Many men, myself included, have worked hard towards the repeal of the 'Red Flag Act', and we are just beginning to see our

efforts rewarded, in the form of a bill now before Parliament. Imagine the setback if it were learned that a man had actually died at the sight of a motor car! The bill would most certainly be voted down, and automobiling might be prohibited altogether!"

Holmes sank back in his seat, stunned.

"Lord forgive me," he said, "I knew not what I did."

There is a final episode that might be appended here. It was early in the afternoon of the Saturday following our return to Baker Street, that Mrs. Hudson came up to announce a Constable Norris had come to see Sherlock Holmes.

"How very curious," remarked Holmes. "Show him in Mrs. Hudson."

Constable Norris proved to be a young man of less than thirty, who carried a book and a large box under his left arm, and had a piece of paper projecting out of his right coat pocket. He addressed my companion. "I have something for you, Mr. Sherlock Holmes." Saying this, he handed my companion the paper. "It is a summons. You are charged with exceeding the speed limit set for self-propelled vehicles by at least fifteen miles-per-hour."

Holmes put down his pipe, and took the summons. "Are you, by chance, the man who tried to stop me?"

"I am."

"You cannot have caught more than the briefest glimpse of me. Is my visage so well-known, or has Sir Aubrey given you my name?"

"I have never had the pleasure of meeting Sir Aubrey Smythe. I knew your name, because you left behind your calling card."

"You must be joking!" said Holmes, puzzled.

The Indestructible Sherlock Holmes by Robert Pohl

Sherlock Holmes still is believed to be flesh-and-blood reality by so many people, all around the world, that thousands of letters asking for help are mailed every year to his mythical London address.

The first Sherlock Holmes story appeared back in 1887, but the immortal character is more popular now than he has ever been. New Holmes projects are popping up by the dozen - everything from board games to comic books, T-shirts to TV commercials.

His stage exploits started in 1893, but several new plays have been announced in New York and one revival is currently touring the country with "Star Trek" star Leonard Nimoy in the lead.

Sherlock Holmes made his movie debut as long ago as 1903. Today, with 300 films behind him, his screen career continues to flourish. One major new movie has just been successfully released while two more are scheduled (one of them featuring Sir Laurence Olivier as the devilish Professor Moriarty).

Holmes began on radio in 1930, and on television in the pioneer days of 1937, when programs were live and screens were the size of post cards. But the old radio shows are still rerunning in many areas and new TV specials and series pilots have been slated with such stars as Roger Moore ("007"), Robert Shaw ("Jaws") and Larry Hagman ("I Dream of Jeannie") donning the familiar deerstalker, Patrick MacNee ("The Avengers") as Sherlock's sidekick, Dr. Watson, and John Huston as Moriarty.

Scores of the old books about Holmes have lately been republished, and a number of new books like "The Seven-Percent Solution" have been best-sellers, while further books continue to emerge, including "Sherlock Holmes on the Screen" (co-authored by Robert Pohl with Douglas C. Hart - Ed.)

What is the reason for all this phenomenal revived interest in the character at this time?

The nostalgic appeal of Sherlock's simpler turn-of-the-century milieu accounts for part of it, though Holmes has always moved with the times. In fact, his adventures from the 1920s through the '30s were usually updated with fast auto chases, submachine-gun-toting gangsters and (finally) Nazi spies. Considered too "modernized" when they were first made, today, these episodes reflect the passing fancies of their own by-gone eras, and have their own nostalgia.

Today, he seems more contemporary than ever: his victorious struggle against the horrors of drug addiction, his fascination with Tibetan Buddhism, his enthusiasm for Japanese martial arts - all strike closer home now than they ever did before.

In a somewhat chaotic and bewildered modern world, Holmes conveys the reassuring message that no problem is too tangled, that the forces of reason must eventually triumph over every evil and every mystery, no matter how baffling it seems.

He is one of the strongest bridges we have to our nostalgic past and our history, and he promises to continue to be so long into the future.

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If it hadn't been for that chance meeting a century ago, it's not too hard to imagine what obscure end the Doctor would have come to, stagnating in some small country practice. It was Holmes' invitation to Watson to join him at Lauriston Gardens that shook him out of his reverie. Watson needed a direction and a leader in his life and Holmes supplied it. So ultimately, it's not Watson, but Holmes, we have to thank for the canon and this party.

A toast to Sherlock Holmes - Debbie Laubach at Dr. Watson' 1981 birthday party.

MYSTERY WEEKEND

by Debbie Laubach

If anyone were to tell me that, at 5:00 AM, I would be sprawled on a frozen bathroom floor with a flashlight and a notebook, trying to figure out who exactly bought the plane ticket to Mexico City, I would have politely questioned their sanity. Yet on the 27th of September there I was, writing up our team's report on the strange proceedings at Tumbling River Ranch during the "Mystery Weekend in the Mountains". And you may question my balance of mind when I say I wouldn't have traded that weekend for the manuscript of the "Hound" itself. I will state here that, due to copyright reasons, I cannot reveal the culprit behind the doings (and rather bloody, at that) but I will endeavor to fill the reader in on the rest of the weekend.

We, the group of "detectives" for the duration, arrived at the ranch (delightfully secluded from the rest of the world but actually just outside Grant, Colo.) on Friday afternoon. I, myself, was quite excited; I had been looking forward to this since June. The planning committee had promised us a murder for our enjoyment; sure enough, during dessert on Friday's dinner-a shot, a scream, and our corpse, blood and all. The game was officially afoot! But not without help. The celebrated Augustus Fox, detective extraordinaire, appeared from the midst with arms brimming with notebooks for each of the six teams. These packets, loaded with clues and red herrings about "our" murder and two other related deaths, were to get us started on our investigations.

Friday night, which lasted until 2 AM and Saturday, which started at 5 AM, the sleuths passed poring over our clues and interrogating suspects. Some of us had a fairly strong case against our "pet" suspects by lunch on Saturday until...a scream, more blood, and one of the suspects is lying in the woodbin keeping company with a bloody butcher knife.

By now, we needed a respite from the nasty business of detecting, and Tommy Drinkwine provided just that. He, a Littleton lawyer, kept us fascinated for an hour with his views and experience of the justice system, and answered a veritable barrage of questions. But now, back to work; Augustus announces the time for more clue hunting. So, for the next two hours, 45 sleuths all but ransacked the main ranch house for clues, which we found in abundance. Then a break for an "Agatha Christie tea", and another short suspect-grill.

By 8:00 we were ready for a real slap-up feast, a bit of mental unwinding, and a fascinating listen to Tony Hillerman, our special guest speaker. Hillerman is the creator of Lt. Joe Leaphorn, a Navajo policeman, and his talk on the problems of mystery writers I'm sure rang true with many of his audience.

But we still had no murderer, and time was growing short. Another brain session until the small hours of Sunday morning. At last, at 9:15 AM, the detectives, exhausted, brain weary, but hopeful that "our" explanation was the true solution, gathered our clues and papers and gave them to Inspector Fox. Though it was up now to the judging committee, we still could not stop discussing clues and motives during the rest of the morning and through lunch. Of course, our last meal was inhaled; we would finally know who killed Cynthia King. And of course almost everybody was wrong. Only one team, named after Lord Peter Wimsey, had done their homework correctly; the rest of us had to be content with a tongue-lashing from Fox and the determination that "we'll get 'em next year!" For there will be a next year, though it will have a hard time in following this affair.

The Murder Weekend took place at the Tumbling River Ranch, September 25-27, 1981. During this time, reporter Laubach got very little sleep. She and her group failed to identify the murderer, (the Peter Wimsey bunch took the honors). On her return to real life, she was subjected to the jeers and ridicule of her peers. - Ed.

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES
Atlantic Release (1977)
Peter Cook: Sherlock Holmes
Dudley Moore: Doctor Watson

The only Sherlockian who would enjoy this remake of the Holmes classic might be Sir Arthur himself since his unwanted creation has sunk so low, he will finally be allowed to die. I was seriously tempted to leave halfway through the movie, but the larcenous price of the ticket and the (vain) hope that it would improve kept me in my seat. Thank heavens it lasted only ninety minutes!

The plot follows the time honored "Strand" serial well enough; Sir Charles Baskerville dies in mysterious circumstances in the mists of Dartmoor, his friend Dr. Mortimer, seeks the help of the Baker Street detective and doctor to help solve the murder, etc. There the similarity ends. The trio of writers, who will remain nameless, saw fit to endow the characters with traits so obscenely outlandish as to render the actors powerless to work with their script. The body of the movie consisted of the poor doctor stumbling (or at times bodily thrown) from one scene to another, interspersed with Holmes meandering through London and Paris (?). Peter Cook and Dudley Moore might make a passable pastiche team if they could cut away the discordant and garbled accents

Sir Henry wavers precariously between imbecility and homosexuality; his was the only character I found interesting, if only in a pathetic way. As if this is not torture enough, he wanders Holmes's "psychic" mother, dragging behind her a senile medium's assistant. The hound itself, an Irish Wolfhound, was unremarkable, and Holmes explanation of the mystery of the moor was even less so. There are a few well-laid puns throughout the movie, but not enough to redeem it. My prescription to any Patient: Don't touch this sad debacle with a fifty-foot singlestick.

D. Laubach

"Open the box, and see for yourself, sir." Holmes did so, and found that it contained his missing deer-stalker.

"It is not a conventional calling card, I admit," the constable remarked, "but it gave me your name and address, and whatever else I needed to know. If I am fortunate enough to meet you again, Mr. Holmes, I pray that we will both be walking. Good day, gentlemen." With that, Constable Norris left.

"Caught by my own methods, Watson!"

"I am not surprised, Holmes. He is a student of yours."

"I don't follow you."

"He reads those tales of detection which, you tell me, are too tinged with romanticism--too lacking in cold, unemotionable logic--to be of use to the serious student. Didn't you notice the title of the book under his arm?"

"I couldn't quite make it out, Watson. What was it?"

"A George Newnes edition of four years back," said I. "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, which includes, you'll remember, a story entitled "The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle"."

My friend picked up his pipe once more, and sat back in his chair, saying not a word.



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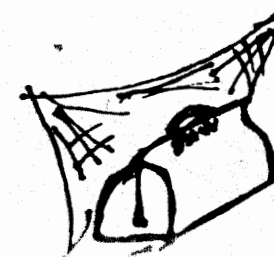
UNSCRAMBLE
K S →

by Dorothy Ellis

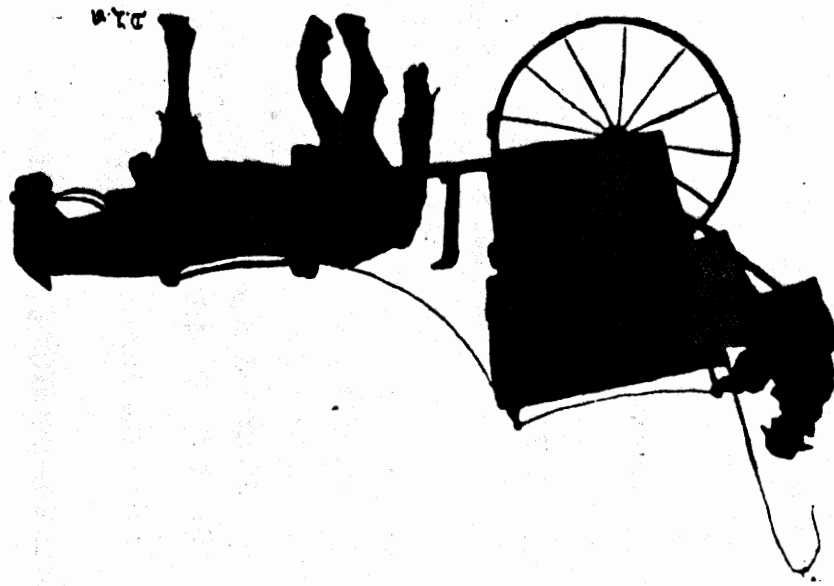
Unscrambled, the following phrases will reveal names from the Canon.

1. HOLLER: "MESH SOCK." -----
2. DOGS WET CANE. -----
3. EAGLETS RD. -----
4. G. TRAP! BURN NOTICE. -----
5. RUB EVIL WET TOYS. -----
6. TIE BOWERS -----
7. NON-HOT JAMS -----
8. LATER EVENT IN LAW -----
9. SHORT MEL M'FOY -----
10. WE ALTER JAMS -----

Title: The Adventure of :



19



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

To: