

THE MEDICAL BULLETIN

Roy Hunt

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

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Bulletin Board



Congratulations to new members of the Medical Board: Interns Martha Liehe (1 yr. term), Dan Daugherty, Debbie Laubach, and Sally Kurtzman (2 year terms). David Poole and John Stephenson were elected to second terms.

'THE SILVER BLAZE'

Recommended by Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients
Maiden Claiming—Purse \$2,400. Maiden, Three and Four Year Olds; Three Year Olds, 115 lbs.; Four Year Olds, 120 lbs. Claiming price \$10,000.

Track Record: Chance Landing (5) 120, August 8, 1976—1:08

From the Chief Surgeon
by David Poole

The schedule of events for Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients for the remainder of the year has been determined by the Medical Board.

Sally Kurtzman has graciously invited the Patients to celebrate Dr. Watson's birthday at her home on Sunday, September 13. This will be a potluck dinner from 3 to 7 P.M. Our dinner at Sally's last year was a great success, and I'm looking forward to this year's too. Mark the date on your calendar. The telephone committee will remind everyone of this event.

Plans are already afoot for our annual dinner. If all goes as planned, we will have dinner at the Phipps House on January 10, 1982 to celebrate the Master's birthday. We have had two successful dinners there, and this no doubt will be another. One of the advantages of meeting at the Phipps House is that a piano is available for after dinner entertainment. It appears that the Buskers may be persuaded to come out of temporary retirement (hiding?) to provide the evening's entertainment. More details about this important meeting in the next Medical Bulletin.

On June 28th the "Silver Blaze Handicap" was run at Centennial Race Track, Littleton, Colorado. This race was mentioned in the recently mailed flyer, and will be fully reported in the next Medical Bulletin. We hope to make this an annual affair.

Trifles by Charlene Schnelker



What a day we had! The Rolls-Royce club and the Neglected Patients were made for each other. We met on their "turf" on June 14th, Mausolf manor, (known to locals as the Maus-house) surrounded by their collection of vintage Rolls' and celebrity cars. Our liason, Chuck Hansen, assisted with the clues which led us through Littleton and Denver to a fantastic lunch in Golden Gate Park. On the way, my "chauffer" made a brief stop, leaving me in charge of the Rolls - a '56 touring car - for 15 minutes. As I sat in state, awe struck admirers approached the car and asked many questions. With proper distain, I was able to answer some and sniff to others that "the driver saw to the maintenance." There weren't enough Sherlockians to provide a specialist for every car but those of us who did attend are planning a Rolls co-op. With just a few more partners, we should each be able to drive the car once a year!

The public events, both at Murder By The Book and the Aurora library, were also exciting, if less glamorous. Elementary Sherlock Holmes was an opportunity to recruit new members and to do what the Out-Patients do best: talk, share and eat. And what could be better than that.

As the Bulletin is being assembled, we look forward to our Silver Blaze race at Centennial Race track (erroneously called the Baskerville race elsewhere - 3 lashes with a riding crop). We expect this to become an annual event, most likely in July, so keep it in mind for next year. Included in the flat rate are a buffet lunch, special parking and seating at tables, with proximity to a private wagering window.

The date is set for our celebration of Dr. Watson's birthday, mark your calendar now. Sunday, September 13th, 3 - 7 pm we will have a pot luck supper again at the home of Sally and Jim Kurtzman. Details later.

Poisons in the Canon by Charles Hansen

The only connection apparent between the novel The Hound of the Baskervilles and poisoning would appear to be the fact that Stapleton, the murderer of Sir Charles Baskerville and the attempted murderer of Sir Henry Baskerville, was stated to have used a preparation of phosphorus on the muzzle and around the eyes of his dog to make him appear more fearsome and lend credence to the belief that it was a hound of Hell. Holmes stated that it was a very clever preparation, which was odorless so as not to interfere with the dog's olfactory sense. It must indeed have been a very clever preparation, **phosphorus** not only has a penetrating and unpleasant odor, it is violently poisonous. A preparation which could be applied as frequently as implied in the story around the mouth of the animal without causing serious illness or death would be a clever mixture indeed.

Slipping along to the fourth volume of short stories, His Last Bow there are three stories that involve poison of some sort, although two of them are rather fringe-area cases. In The Adventure of the Dying Detective we meet one of the Canon's most fiendish and calculating villains, one Culverton Smith. A planter from Sumatra, Smith has already murdered his nephew abominably by bacterial poisoning. By means of a cruel ruse he infects poor Victor Savage with the bacterial culture of some loathsome tropical disease which had ravaged the unfortunate coolies on his plantation. Precisely what this disease is, is never revealed. Holmes mentions to Watson Tapanuli Fever and the Black Formosa Corruption, but he never openly states whether it was one of these. Because Holmes knew that Victor Savage's death was murder, although he couldn't prove it, and had said as much, the murderous Mr. Smith decides to be rid of his accuser by the same method. He sends a small packet to Holmes at 221-B Baker Street anonymously. It proves to be a small ivory box, which, when an attempt is made to open

it, causes a small needle charged with the culture to stab the flesh of the one opening it, thus infecting him with the obscure and highly unpleasant fatal disease. It appears that Culverton Smith is, at the time, the only known expert on the disease.

Fortunately Holmes, whose professional duties have given criminally-inclined persons adequate reasons to desire his untimely demise, is cautious about the opening of unexpected parcels of unknown origin. He does not fall for the ruse, although good old Watson nearly does and is only saved from disaster by a last minute warning from the supposedly fatally-ill Holmes. One finally enjoys the satisfaction of seeing the evil Culverton Smith being led away from Baker Street in manacles by the contingent from Scotland Yard.

The Disappearance of Lady Frances Carfax we have another example of poisoning, and as in the Greek Interpreter, Holmes and Watson rescue the intended victim in the nick of time. The poison utilized in this case, chloroform, is one we usually think of as an anaesthetic rather than a poison, but its fumes are indeed poisonous and lethal if breathed for too long. This is probably one of the reasons why chloroform and ether have been largely replaced by other anaesthetics in surgical practice, although all anaesthetics are basically toxic and can be lethal in overdosage. In the end of this story Holmes and Watson force the morticians, who are taking the coffin of Rose Spender from the house for interment, to return it to the house - and not waiting for the warrant, which is on its way, open the coffin. Inside they discover, as expected, that Lady Frances is also in the large coffin, her head wreathed in "cotton-wool" which had been saturated with chloroform. Watson works over the lady feverishly, and artificial respiration, injected ether, and every other artifice his medical science can suggest. Just as Watson is concluding that they are too late, and the lady is beyond human aid, it is noticed that pulse and respiration are slowly beginning to revive. Watson tells Holmes and Mr. Green

(continued on p. 16)

The Adventure of the Horseless Carriage by Daniel Daugherty

Part II

"What do you think of it, Watson?" Holmes asked, after our client had been shown out.

"I can't help but agree with Mrs. Smythe. He must surely be mistaken about the thing being moved. The fact that its motor was never heard proves it. There is little advantage in taking a motor car out if one intends to push it down the road."

"A practical line of thought, as usual," said Holmes. "Well, perhaps you will prove correct after all. In any case, Buckinghamshire would be lovely at this time of year. The crisp country air, the pastoral beauty of woodland and stream . . . perhaps we could make a holiday of it? The Queen's Crown Inn in Aylesbury dates back to the fifteenth century, and isn't far from Chesham, I believe. Yes, Watson, a few days studying the works of man and nature will do us a world of good!"

"And afford you the opportunity to learn of Alfred Hutchinson's death first hand," I added.

"Is Aylesbury where he died?" asked Holmes innocently. "I had quite forgotten. My. My. Such a coincidence."

The Thames Valley was a beautiful place in the early Spring, and my spirits rose at the thought of spending some time in the study of its peaceful country side. Upon arriving at Aylesbury, we secured rooms at the stalwart old inn Holmes had mentioned, and drove by dog cart with Sir Aubrey to his ancestral home.

Brillington Manor dated back to the early eighteenth century, and was a structure of unimaginative,

strictly functional architecture. The long front was flanked by two shorter wings on the east and the west sides, making it look like an elongated block letter C. The carriage road ran in an almost straight line past a newly constructed shed, already mentioned by Sir Aubrey, then skirted the tip of the west wing, and continued on to the front entrance.

As soon as our client had made his return known, and had introduced us to his lovely wife, Alyson, Holmes expressed a desire to examine the motor car and its enclosure.

Deerstalker and Inverness set aside, he looked more like the bloodhound than the hunter as he scurried about the ground outside the shed, examining what prints and markings there were.

"What are you about, man?" asked our client, as he started towards Holmes, who, prostrate, was closely examining the sod with his lense.

Holmes quickly rose to his feet. "Please, Sir Aubrey! Your boots have confused matters enough. Please return to where you were."

Sir Aubrey, much irritated, rejoined me, and we waited several minutes for my friend to complete his examination.

"Here are some stables nearby," Holmes observed, as he walked over to us. "Is it possible that one of your horses has been near this shed in the last few days?"

"No", replied our client, "very unlikely, though they have been ridden past this building along the road."

"See. but I have found a remarkably clear hoof-print on that bare patch of ground near the shed's entrance, and some less distinctive ones elsewhere. It is evident that the animal that made them has

had new shoes within the fortnight, as the print I first mentioned indicates little wear. Would this apply to any of your horses?"

"No" Mr. Holmes. I'm quite sure of that."

"When we have learned all we can from the ground outside this shed. I think we are ready to examine its contents."

The door of the building had, to this time, been closed, but Sir Aubrey now raised its latch and opened it dramatically. If he expected my companion to marvel at the sight thus revealed, he was disappointed. I, however, was much taken with the elegance and polished beauty of Snythe's machine.

As the Peugeot's name, "Vis-a-Vis", implied, it had two seats, one larger than the other, which allowed the occupants to sit face to face. Both seats were thickly padded and covered in handsome red leather. The engine was housed in a small ventilated compartment under the larger seat, and a chain, much like a bicycle chain, only larger, linked it to the rear wheels. The graceful body of the motor car was lacquered white, with borderings and intricate designs in red. It had two large brass headlamps, fed by small oil reservoirs, also of brass. In fact, many of the fittings were done in that metal - the horn, the hub-nuts, levers, and handles.

Lacquered red, were the fenders, the wheels, and a plate in the front of the vehicle bearing Sir Aubrey's name. A white cloth canopy with red fringe made the machine quite as tall as it was long, and attached to the supporting arrangement for this canopy, in the front of the motor car, was a window framed in cherrywood.

I took particular notice of the tyres, for they did not seem to be of solid rubber, as I had expected.

"Pneumatic tyres, Dr. Watson," said our client, noticing my interest. "Made by the Michelin brothers,

(Continued on p. 15)

by Debbie Laubach

"I say, Ohms, there are still a few points I should like you to resolve. Of all the suspects, how did you know who was the real murderer of Lord Sidney Howard?"

"Really, Wazzat, you surprise me. It was all quite elementary from the onset; there was only one suspect."

"One suspect? But surely all the evidence pointed to a conspiracy. Lord Howard's brother and the poor fellow's rather devastating wife were carrying on an assignation. A seven?"

"Oh, pooh-pooh, Doctor. Merely an affectionate display between kin. No it only appeared to you that they were ravishing each other beneath the scullery table. And furthermore, the good Sir Orville Howard has forever sworn off association with the turfing crowd told me himself. Perhaps when his Lordship's solicitor can paste together the shredded will, he can turn over a new leaf. Deuced clever of him to make a spare copy and give it to his brother. Never know when the original may be mutilated and thrown into the fireplace. No, I'm afraid I don't."

"Well, at least the Sir shall be able to repay his bookmakers their fees from the 2,000,000 inheritance. I suppose 'tis a pity the second copy was never signed. Have you a seven? And what of the cook's alibi?"

"Oh, the poison in His Lordship's rarebit? Quite a mistake, you know. The cook says she's always confusing the arsenic and the salt. I said I didn't."

"And I suppose the reason why the butler turned on

the gas for his master in the study, without lighting it was that, as he said, he had neglected to bring matches, and merely left the room to fetch some. A seven, perhaps?"

"Ah, Wazzat, you improve with each day. Precisely!

Which proves that Lu Chow, the itinerate fresh fruit peddler, did the foul deed. I saw through, immediately, his alibi that he was in the next county at the time of the murder, and it was only a glance at the pocket knife, manufactured in Japan, mark you, buried in the chest of the deceased, and the garden hose, cleverly wrapped round his ankles, that convicted him. I detected the bits of apple upon the knife handle, and the half-eaten fruit in his hand, as you did, and knew at once it was arranged by this cunning Easterner, to divert suspicion somehow. No I do not."

"But Ohms, the coroners' report. There were remains of a partially digested apple in the dead man's stomach. He had been eating it. Furthermore, it is a known fact that Lord Howard never possessed great agility. He must have been so involved in the consuming of his snack in the garden that he tripped over the hose, and therefore, stabbed himself in the chest as he fell. And almost anyone can purchase a pocket knife made in Japan; look, see, mine has the same stamped upon it: Are you sure? Check again for a seven."

"Wazzat, Wazzat! Can you not believe the truth which I've explained to you?" Lu Chow is the real murderer! Face the facts. And for the final time I do not have a seven. Go fish, my dear Doctor Wazzat, go fish.



Sherlock Holmes Secret Passion:

Scholars have failed to uncover any hard evidence that Sherlock Holmes played chess. Yet it is difficult to believe that the great sleuth could have been unfamiliar with a game that would have so challenged his fabled powers of deduction.

Several clues scattered throughout his tales indicate that the resident of 221B Baker Street was in fact a chess player. In *The Adventure of the Illustrious Client*, he proclaims: "I must plan some fresh opening move, for this gambit won't work." And in describing a suspect in *The Adventure of the Retired Colourman*, he remarks: "Amberley excelled at chess - one mark, Watson, of a scheming mind."



Sherlock Holmes

One
and
the
same
?



Harry Nelson Pillsbury

A dim view of the game indeed. No matter. Chess buffs continue to claim Holmes as one of their own, and every so often a new piece of chess fiction casts him at a chessboard. In a recent article, "The Hoax of His Career" (*The Chess Atlas*, July 1979), Thomas Hailey maintains

that the master of disguise assumed the alias Harry Nelson Pillsbury - the unknown but sensational 22-year-old old genius who clobbered the world's leading masters in his debut at the Hastings tournament of 1895, and who later set a world record by playing 22 blind-fold games simultaneously.

Thus, between 1891 and 1894, after Holmes was presumed to have perished in a plunge over the Reichenbach Falls, the detective did not become a patient of Dr. Freud, as that silly novel and film *The Seven*

Retrograde Analysis

by Larry Evans

Per Cent Solution would have us believe. Of course not. He was busy studying chess, preparing for Hastings. There can scarcely be any doubt about it. For did not Pillsbury have a prodigious memory, a prominent nose, hollowed cheekbones, and piercing eyes? (see illustration.) But alas, theorizes Mr. Hailey chess was not enough for Holmes' analytical mind, and so in 1906, having wearied of the game; "he killed off Pillsbury with a fake death and eventually retired from the detection arena to bee-raising in Sussex."

Still more light has been shed on the famed detective's chess habits by a recently discovered manuscript buried in Dr. Watson's papers. In *The Chess Mysteries of Sherlock Holmes* (Alfred A. Knopf, 1979), Raymond Smullyan reveals that, along with the violin and cocaine, Holmes harbored a secret passion for chess problems in retrograde analysis. And why not? In *The Sign of the Four* the master himself says, "Give me problems!" We now know he meant chess problems.

Retrograde Analysis

Unlike conventional chess puzzles, retrograde analysis problems are "studies in pure deductive reasoning" that "might be said to lie on the borderline between logic and chess," observes Mr. Smullyan. Problem C below, his manuscript tells us, was composed by Holmes' archnemesis, the evil genius Professor Moriarty. Neither the white king nor queen has moved during the last five moves, nor has any piece been captured during that time. What was the last move? (Note that you are not told whose move it is; but you do

From *GAMES* magazine, March/April 1980.

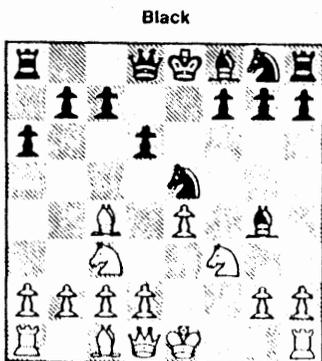
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(over, please)

know that every move made in the game was legal.) Had Holmes failed to solve this problem, he would have fallen prey to a diabolical scheme of Moriarity's and lost his life even before he met Dr. Watson.

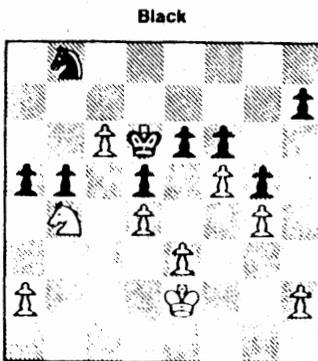
PROBLEMS

EASY: Pillsbury—Fernandez, Havana 1900



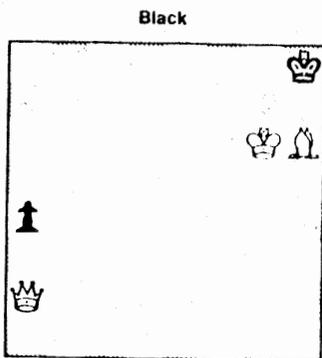
White
A. White to play and win

MEDIUM: Pillsbury—Gunsberg, Hastings 1895



White
B. White to play and win.

HARD: Composed by "Prof. Moriarty"



White
C. See text for explanation.

Grandmaster Evans, a three-time national champion and member of eight U. S. Olympic teams, is a noted author and chess columnist. He was Bobby Fischer's tutor in preparation for the 1972 title match.

(Chess answers on page 22)

in France. They allow for a much smoother ride, you know."

He then turned to my companion, "Perhaps you now understand why I take so much pride in my Peugeot, Mr. Holmes."

"It is rather aesthetic, if somewhat overdone,"

Holmes replied. "Perhaps the things will become new art forms. They would be less troublesome on the floor of some art gallery, certainly. But we digress, gentlemen. Let us examine the petrol container."

Sir Aubrey pointed out the tank. It proved to be down from the "full" mark by a noticeable margin.

As I have told you, Mr. Holmes, Sir Reginald and I filled this tank last night, and I have not used the Peugeot since then. It is obvious, though, that someone else has."

"And how far could this person have gone?" Holmes asked.

"That's rather difficult to estimate. It depends on how hard the motor was driven, among other factors. I would say between fifteen and twenty-five miles."

"It was a round trip, obviously," observed Holmes, "So our man's destination was between seven and twelve miles away. Chesham is a little too close, but Aylesbury falls within that range, being only about nine miles away. There is one other possibility, however."

Holmes examined the petrol tank closely, then sniffed at the ground beneath it. "No", he said when he had finished, "the fluid does not seem to have leaked out."

Sir Aubrey bristled noticeably at the implication that there might be some defect in "the finest motor car in England."

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that when her system has fully thrown off the effects of the poisonous fumes the lady should recover.

Once again in His Last Bow, in "The Adventure of the Devil's Foot", we come upon a delightful tale of poisoning, in which four people are victims of two deliberate attacks, and Holmes and Watson are themselves nearly victims of the same devilish poison as a result of their researches of this case. This strange tale takes us to the wild coast of Cornwall, near Poldhu Bay. Here the good Watson has brought the ailing Holmes, at the insistence of his physician, to rest and recuperate from the excitements and the dangers of crime in London. Holmes' health seems to have been much improved by his "holiday" in Cornwall, despite the fact that mystery pursued him even to his small cottage on the coast. Here he and Watson encounter one of their most grotesque and baffling cases, which in their dedication to solving it comes uncomfortably close to claiming both of their lives and/or reason.

Shortly after breakfast one morning the sleuth's sitting room is invaded by two men, Mr. Roundhay, the vicar of the parish of Tredannick Wollas, and Mr. Mortimer Tregennis, come to appeal to Holmes to solve for them the most tragic and devilish affair which has ever entered their lives. It appears that Mortimer Tregennis had spent the previous evening with his brothers, Owen and George, and his sister Brenda. When he left, shortly after ten, they were sitting around the dining table playing cards, and were all in excellent spirits. When he returned early next morning, it was to find the three still seated round the table as he had left them. The cards were still before them on the table, the candles were guttered out in their sockets. Brenda lay back in her chair, stone dead, the brothers on either side of her were laughing, shouting and singing. The two men were completely bereft of their sanity, and on the faces of all three were such expressions of utter horror and revulsion as neither Holmes nor Watson would ever care to look upon again. They investigate, but are baffled

by this outré event, but another follows hard. Again their cottage is invaded by the distraught Mr. Roundhay with the alarming news that the devil is loose in the parish and Mortimer Tregennis has been found dead, and with precisely the same symptoms as his sister and brothers. The only clue which seems common to both cases is the horrible smelling stuffiness of the air in the death chamber when the tragedy is discovered the following morning. At the site of this last death Holmes finds some flakey ashes and some unburned brown powder on the talc shield of the lamp in Tregennis' room and takes half of it.

Back in their own cottage Holmes and Watson seat themselves at the table with the ignited lamp on it and Holmes places his sample of the strange brown powder on the lamp. They have not long to wait for developments, a thick musky odor quickly permeates the room and at the first breath of the vapor the brain and imagination are out of control. All the monstrous and evil things that lurk, hidden, in the subconscious come forth, piling horror upon horror. Finally a glance at Holmes' white tortured face brings back a moment of sanity and strength to Watson, and, with his friend Holmes in his arms, he lurches out of doors and they lie on the grass and fill their lungs with the clean, fresh air to chase away the horrors they had experienced. It was a very close thing and the world nearly lost its greatest detective and his beloved Boswell.

After further investigation it becomes clear that the toxic agent was Radix pedis diaboli, Devil's Foot Root. It is a preparation used by certain west African tribes as an or'leal poison. Mortimer had been visiting Dr. Sterndale, a great African explorer and big-game hunter who was home on one of his infrequent vacations. Sterndale had shown Mortimer the powder and told of its properties. Seizing his opportunity, he stole some of the deadly stuff. There had been a quarrel between the members of the Tregennis family, ostensibly reconciled, actually Mortimer still hated his siblings and planned his dreadful revenge.

(continued on p. 23)

"See here, sir. Where is all this theorizing getting us? So far, you have demonstrated that one of my mounts did not go near this shed, as none has been shod recently - a brilliant deduction, no doubt, but a piece of information I was already in possession of, and hardly useful to us, in any case; and now you infer that my petrol tank was partially emptied when persons unknown drove my car last night, a conclusion I had already drawn myself, before I ever met you. When do you expect to be able to tell me something I do not already know?"

Up to this point I had tried to remain neutral, but Smythe's last remark rankled me somewhat. "You have not been able to follow all of Holmes' observations, Sir Aubrey. I can assure you, he is far closer to the truth in this matter than you suppose."

Holmes, who had hardly noticed our client's caustic statements was recovering something from between two fittings in the front of the automobile. "Some strands of hemp, without doubt. Your confidence in me may yet be justified, Watson, but it is too early for theorizing; all the facts are not yet in. Who has ridden with you in this vehicle, Sir Aubrey?"

"Why. my wife, now and then, and my son also, up until two months ago."

"And what happened two months ago?"

"He entered Oxford."

Holmes smiled, enigmatically. "Ah, yes, and a fine college it is. And Sir Reginald completes the list?"

"Yes, they are the only ones to ride with me more than once, at any rate. Wingate's become almost as proficient at handling the Peugeot as I have. I couldn't ask for a better companion on a ride."

"Can your wife handle the machine also?"

"I suppose, but she prefers to leave that to me."

"And when do you take these rides?" Holmes continued.

In the early afternoon, usually. I often go out by myself in the late evening hours, though. I can let the throttle out without fear of being fined for it. No constables about to enforce those damnable "Red Flag" laws, you know. They've had the speed limited in this country to four miles per hour since 1865, and it was originally required that a man on foot walk ahead of the vehicle, carrying a red flag! It's utter nonsense. They got rid of the red flag thing almost twenty years ago, but the footman is still a requirement to this day. It's as bad a law as England's ever had, Mr. Holmes, and one I violate without compunction, on my night rides, at least."

"A reasonable set of restrictions, I should think," Holmes contended. "I take it then, that your neighbors would not be overly alarmed to hear a motor car coughing its way down the road in the late hours of the evening - say between seven and eight o'clock?"

"No, but they would hear the car, all the same, and it would most certainly be heard by those of my own household. Yet, the fact remains that nothing was heard, and so your line of reasoning is quite useless, Mr. Holmes."

"I merely gather facts, Sir Aubrey. Facts are to me like bricks to the mason, for I cannot construct a firm hypothesis without a good number of them. In any case, I will not trouble you any more tonight. I think we have learned all that we can for the moment. Watson and I will be getting back to town now and I hope you will bid good day to your charming wife for us. We shall, with your permission, visit again tomorrow."

Following an excellent dinner, we returned to the Queen's Crown. Holmes relaxed with me by an old stone hearth in the front room, which dated, no doubt from the days of Henry VIII. One of our fellow diners sat nearby smoking a pipe, and the odor of his tobacco was far more pleasant than anything I was

used to back in our Baker Street rooms. Holmes took note of the man's activities, and fetched out his black clay, but searched unsuccessfully for his pouch of shag.

"Hear me, Watson," he exclaimed rather loudly, "I seem to have left my tobacco back in London." I suppose I shall have to give up any thought of an after-dinner smoke."

The other man overhearing this, came over to offer a pipeful from his own pouch, and introduced himself as Mr. Anthony Hobbs.

"Most kind of you, sir. I am Sherlock Holmes, and this is my friend, Dr. John Watson." Holmes pondered a moment, as if trying to remember something. "Hobbs - Hobbs - I am sure I've heard your name before, sir. Ah, yes -- it was in connection with a death in this area. I believe I read of it in one of the London papers."

"It's the death of Alfred Hutchinson that you're referring to. A frightful affair, that was. Most frightful! I was the one who found his body."

"How dreadful. Where was he found, Mr. Hobbs?"

"Just outside town. I was working late at my shop last night, you see - when I realized that I had neglected to get Mrs. Fenderist's prescription to her. I'm the town's pharmacist, you see. Her place is a bit far, but I was feeling rather stiff from long hours bent over a desk, and I thought that a little walk would do me good. I was just passing the Gilchrist place, when I saw something along the wall, off the side of the roadway some, and I went to investigate. I think my nerves must be as good as any man's, gentlemen, but they were severely shaken by what I found, I can tell you!"

"You excite my interest, Mr. Hobbs," said Holmes. "I believe the papers stated that he lay against the wall, dead from a heart attack."

"From a heart attack, true. At least that's what the coroner believes, but his report won't tell the whole story. It is one thing to simply say that a person died of heart failure while walking down a country road, but quite another to stand there and see the man's face! What an unholy, unnatural look he had!"

"But consider what he died of," Holmes pointed out. "Heart failure cannot be a pleasant experience, and one should not expect a tranquil look on the man's face."

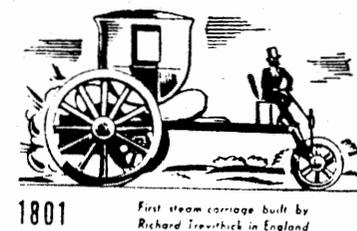
"No doubt you are right, sir. A look of pain is to be expected. But there was more than pain on Alfred Hutchinson's face; there was horror! It was induced by something the man saw just before he died. It was a sight which, quite literally frightened him to death."

"You astound me, Mr. Hobbs!" said Holmes. "What do you suppose the man saw?"

"No one in the house, certainly. It hasn't been occupied for almost a year. It's also doubtful that Mr. Hutchinson saw anyone along the road so late at night."

"How late was it?" asked Holmes.

(To Be Continued)



Chess Answers

A. 1.Nf3xe5! (if 1. . . . d6xe5, 2.Qd1xg4; if 1. . . . Qd8-h4+; 2.g2-g3, and White remains a piece ahead); 2.Bc4xf7+, Ke8-e7; 3.Nc3-d5 mate. An old trap. One of 12 simultaneous blindfold games.

B. 1.f5xe6! Nb8xc6 (if 1. . . . a5xb4; 2.e6-e6 Kd6xe7; 3.c6-c7, queening next move); 2.Nb4xc6, Kd6xc6; 3.e3-e4! d5xe4; 4.d4-d5+, Kc6-d6; 5.Ke2-e3, b5-b4; 6.Ke3xe4, a5-a4; 7.Ke4-d4, h7-h5; 8.g4xh5, a4-a3; 9. Kd4-c4, f6-f5; 10.h5-h6. f5-f4; 11.h6-h7, Black resigns.

C. The last move was Bg5-h6. Since the black pawn cannot account for more than three of Black's moves, and since no pieces have been captured, the black king must have moved. Since neither the white king nor queen has moved in the past five turns, however, the black king could only have moved from g8 to h8 while something was blocking check on the diagonal a2-g8. The blocking piece could only have been the white bishop, which must have been a pawn at the time. Since the pawn had to promote to the bishop on a dark square, it could not have stood at c4 or e6; and since b3 is too far from promotion and a pawn on f7 would attack g8, the pawn must have stood at d5.

Take away the white bishop, and put a white pawn on d5. Move the black pawn back to a2 and the black king over to g8. This was the position five moves ago. The following sequence - and no other - led to the diagram: 1.d5-d6+, Kg8-h8; 2.d6-d7, a7-a6 (without this move, Black would be stalemated); 3.d7-d8=B (underpromotion - you don't have to make a queen), a6-a5; 4.Bd8-g5, a5-a4; 5. Bg5-h6. Elementary, my dear Watson!

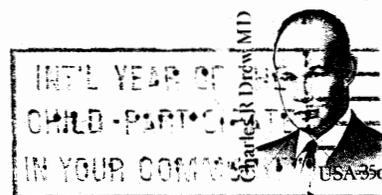
Because Dr. Sterndale was deeply in love with Brenda, Mortimer waited until the Doctor had left on his way back to Africa. The laws of Victorian England made it impossible for Sterndale to divorce his long estranged wife, so, hopelessly in love with Brenda he buries himself in his work in central Africa save for rare short visits home. Mortimer was unaware that the vicar had cabled Sterndale about the tragedy and the doctor had allowed his baggage to precede him to Africa while he doubled back to his home. Recognizing at once how the Tregennis family had died, and being accustomed to be a law unto himself in the wilds, he called on Mortimer and forced him to experience a dose of the same treatment. Holmes, after learning all the facts tells Sterndale to go back to his work in Africa.

Let us now hasten to the last volume of the Canon, The Casebook, in which we find a further field for investigation. The fifth story in the Casebook is "The Adventure of the Sussex Vampire", and is a fertile area which well repays study. Obviously a case of vampirism is a strange thing to find Holmes investigating, since he is a fairly hard headed realist who has naught but derision and disbelief for the supernatural. Of course, as Holmes suspected, the case does not involve vampirism or the supernatural at all. Indeed it develops into a case of unreasoning hatred and jealousy and results in poisoning of a somewhat more subtle type. The initially entirely unsuspected villain turns out to be young Jackie, Robert Ferguson's son by a first marriage, a crippled lad who has an exaggerated love for his father and a implacable hatred of his half-brother, son of the second wife and a fine, completely normal baby.

-To be continued-



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