

# 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.

## Trifles by Charlene Schnelker CAS

Who won the Rolls Royce mystery quiz, I've been asked. Well, there's a good reason why you don't know. They (The Rolls Royce Owners Club) don't seem to know. At this point, it seems safe to say that first prize, a tape of vintage Sherlockian radio drama compiled by staff surgeon Chuck Hansen, was won by Bud and Ollie Spratlen. It is unknown how many of the 19 questions on the Sherlockian quiz were answered or if the winners were also the only participants.

Regarding the above mentioned quiz, members of the Neglected Patients will have the opportunity of pitting their skills against one another at our upcoming birthday party for Doctor Watson on Sunday, September 13th. The Kurtzman's have once again offered to play hosts.

Sally Kurtzman, as you probably know, is one of the organizers of the forthcoming Mystery Weekend In The Mountains, based on the idea used by Murder, Ink. in New York. Reservations were snapped up immediately so you will have to be contented with a review in our next bulletin. Also on the planning committee are "fellow" DWNP members, Mary Ake and Nancy Wynne, who co-owns Murder By The Book with another planner, Shirley Beaird. The team is completed by Wayne Gill, drama instructor of Denver University and Jenni Caldwell, chairman of the English Department at Arapahoe Community College.

One of the stranger pieces of mail received by the Neglected Patients was an invitation from a local health spa inquiring whether some of the NP's might want to get in shape (at a discount, of course).. The offer is a serious one - the letter was written in longhand and personally addressed to us - so if you are interested, contact me or Dorothy Ellis.

# Poisons in the Canon by Charles Hansen

## Part III

The second son's obvious perfection in contrast to master Jackie's own handicap, plus the fact that the new baby is getting much of his father's attention, attention which formerly was all his, has developed in the lad a deadly hatred. Ferguson's second wife is a lovely and talented Peruvian lady and the household is strongly South American, with native weapons and trophies adorning the walls. Observing the situation, Holmes is very quickly on the right track and he finds corroboration of his theory in the condition of Carlo, the household dog - a spaniel, which in one night had been stricken with paralysis of the hind quarters which baffled the veterinarian. The dog is slowly recovering the use of the hind legs, but his plight, combined with the fact that the mother was seen to have apparently bitten the baby's neck and sucked his blood, confirms Holmes suspicions. Holmes, who has no belief whatever in vampires realizes that there can be another reason for sucking blood from a wound than a depraved habit. Jacky, in a fit of intense hatred had planned to poison his brother, using the poisoned arrows which, with their quivver and small bird-bow adorn the wall of the sitting room. He first tests the poison on the unfortunate dog, and then, satisfied of its toxicity he pricks his baby brother on the neck. Fortunately the child's mother witnessed the attack, and by sucking out the envenomed blood saved her son, but when challenged by her husband could not bring herself to tell him of the attack as she knew how terribly it would hurt him.

The poison on the arrows was, one presumes some sort of arrow poison made by South American Indians. The most commonly known such poison is of course curare, but the symptoms of the dog do not agree with such a diagnosis. There are however, a number of poisons made for such purposes. Another South

American poison is made from the skin secretions of Dendrobates, a genus of small, gaudily colored frogs fairly common in the Brazilian rain forest. All such poisons have the property of producing quick paralysis and death, but as all such lose much of their potency with extended time of exposure to the air, the venom in this case can be assumed to have lost much of its efficacy and so did not kill the dog although it did produce temporary paralysis; a new baby, being of less body weight, the dose might have been lethal but for the prompt action of the mother.

In "The Adventure of the Creeping Man" we come on a much more marginal case of unintentional poisoning. It is also one of the least likely or believable of the stories. In a nutshell, the case is this: Prof. Presbury, a widower with an international academic reputation is, in later life, suddenly smitten by the arrows of Cupid, and falls passionately in love with a much younger girl. Foolishly, in a desire to enhance his chances for romance, he goes to Prague to consult a man who is experimenting - I cannot honestly phrase it otherwise - with monkey-gland extract as a rejuvenant. The smitten professor begins taking shots of gland extract from a large Indian langur, which seems indeed to reinvigorate him, but which has poisonous side effects. After each fresh injection the prof. creeps and climbs and in all ways apes the behavior of the langur. When these side-effects are in control, Presbury not only acts but also smells like the big monkey. He also takes delight in teasing Roy, his big wolfhound, when these fits are on him, and, annoyed beyond all reason the powerful animal slips his collar and chain and attacks the professor. It is a very near thing, and only the immediate interference of Holmes and Watson save Presbury's life. As a result of this they find a letter from the experimenter in Prague which explains the mystery of the professor's behavior.

By the time our next poisoning case takes place - "The Adventure of the Lion's Mane" - Holmes has retired from the active life of a detective, has left

London, and with his old housekeeper—almost certainly Martha Hudson, formerly of 221B Baker Street—and his bees is living the peaceful life of nature which long years spent among the gloom and fogs of London had caused him to dream about. He now lives in a small villa on the southern slope of the downs, overlooking the Channel. Incidentally this story shares with "The Adventure of the Blanched Soldier" the distinction of being narrated by Holmes himself, not the good Watson. The latter story could, by stretching a bit, be regarded as a tale of bacterial or viral poisoning too, but as the infection was the result of chance not ill will, it does not come within the range of this study.

After a day and night of great storm the morning is fresh and lovely and the world newly washed. As the wind has died away and the new day is far too fine to remain indoors, Holmes sets out before breakfast to walk along the cliff path leading to the steep descent to the beach. He is overtaken by Harold Stackhurst, proprietor of a nearby coaching establishment, who is on his way to the beach for a morning swim. Stackhurst tells Holmes that Fitzroy McPherson, the science master, had gone down earlier and that he was planning to join him. At that moment McPherson himself appears struggling up the cliff-path to stagger drunkenly for a moment and then, throwing his arms above his head with a terrible cry he falls upon his face. Holmes and Stackhurst rush to him and turn him over to find that he is a dying man. He revives slightly for a moment, mutters a warning to them, something about "the Lion's Mane" and dies. The man's back, sides, shoulders and chest are crisscrossed by innumerable dark red angry looking red lines, as though he had been cruelly beaten with some sort of lash of many long, thin, flexible wires.

The beach proves to be deserted, there being no one in sight on the entire sweep of beach visible from the cliff top. Holmes descends and investigates the area of the lagoon where the men were in the habit of bathing and he finds McPherson's towel and clothing, except for the coat and shoes he was wearing at the

cliff-top, he also finds his footprints, but no evidence that anyone else had been there since the whole area was swept clean by the storm.

Later when McPherson's pet airdale terrier is found dead on the beach in the same spot his master seemingly met his destiny, Holmes begins to see a bit of light. He goes to see the dead animal, contorted and stiff with agony written plainly in every line of the lifeless body and the fugitive memory for which he has been searching suddenly burns brightly. He searches his attic for the book he has recalled, and finding it, confirms his suspicions. As it is already late in the day, he resolves to go down to the beach and the bathing pool first thing next morning. The next morning before he has time to put his resolve into effect, Stackhurst brings the mathematical tutor, Ian Murdoch to his cottage, suffering the same agonies and with the same sort of markings on his back and shoulders that characterized the attack on McPherson.

After they have done all that is possible to ease the sufferings of Murdoch, Holmes, Stackhurst and the police inspector make their way down the cliffs and Holmes points out the villain. Lying on a rocky ledge about three feet under the water is a Cyanea capillata, a medusa or jellyfish whose hundreds of stinging tentacles resemble a bit torn from the tawny mane of a lion. Cyanea's myriads of tentacles, which in a large specimen may be from 30 to 50 feet in length are lined with thousands of stinging cells, which can cause not only extreme pain, but severe and dangerous systemic disturbances to respiration, heart function and other vital functions. McPherson might well have survived his attack, as did Murdoch, but for his bad heart - a legacy from a serious bout of rheumatic fever as a youth. To a dog or a child, anyone of less body weight, the attack is more likely to result fatally.

Holmes drops a huge boulder on Cyanea, ending for all time its powers to harm anyone. Cyanea is not an inhabitant of the beaches, but of deep water, but was, in all likelihood washed in by the severe gale which had lashed the coast the day before the case opened.

Our next case, "The Adventure of the Veiled Lodger" is not really a tale of poisoning at all. The poison enters the story only at the very end and is never used. Briefly it is a tale of a lady who appeals to Holmes to talk to one of her lodgers, a mysterious woman whose face is always heavily veiled and whom her landlady feels needs help. The lady turns out to be the widow of a cruel and brutish man named Ronder. He was the owner of a famed circus, and the lion tamer in his show. His beastliness and cruelties had turned his wife's love to hatred and she had fallen for the charms of the circus strong man. The two plotted the death of Ronder. Ronder, usually accompanied by his wife made a practise of always feeding the great lion Sahara King every night after the show. The murder plan is to liberate the lion. In the event that the lion fails to kill Ronder as planned, the strong man had prepared a large club into whose leaded head nails were affixed so that in addition to crushing a man's skull it would leave markings like the claws of a lion.

The plan of course went awry, the lion attacked Mrs. Ronder, mutilating her face horribly. Leonardo kills Ronder according to plan, but proves more muscular than courageous, he flees leaving Mrs. Ronder to the lion. Much later, when Holmes is called in she tells him her story, since Leonardo has since died in an accident and cannot be harmed by the truth. Holmes, learning that she plans suicide, tells her her life is not her own and she has no right to take it. Still later he proudly exhibits to Watson the little blue bottle of Prussic acid which has reached him by post. Mrs. Ronder has sent him her temptation to keep it out of her reach.

In the final Canonical story, "The Adventure of the Retired Colorman", we again have a thoroughly nasty villain, and a case of double murder by poison, followed by an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide, also by poison, to escape the consequences. The villain, Josiah Amberley is a cruel miser. Upon his retirement he marries a lady much younger than himself. His miserliness and petty cruelties cause the cooling

of her feeling for him and fuels her interest in a young doctor, Ray Ernest, who was a frequent guest in Amberley's home and her husband's chess partner. Her vicious husband, enraged at what he takes - rightly or not - for an intrigue, plots their deaths. Built into the Amberly home is a small, hermetically sealed room with a steel door. In this vault he keeps his valuables. He complained to Scotland Yard and then to Sherlock Holmes - after having murdered his wife and Dr. Ernest and hidden the bodies - that his wife had run off with the young doctor, taking with them his small strongbox and all his savings. Actually an open gas pipe is concealed in the ceiling of the vault, and having lured the doctor and his wife inside on some pretext, he locked them in and turned on the gas so they quickly died of gas poisoning. When his duplicity is revealed he attempted to escape justice by the means of popping a poison pellet into his mouth, but Holmes is too quick for him. The police find the two bodies buried in a disused well and Amberley's scheme ends in belated justice.

This closes our investigation of actual cases of poisoning. There are of course, several other mentions of the subject, but these belong in that tormenting group of titles of cases which the good Watson was wont to insert into his tales to whet our appetite or tantalize us, but which - alas - he never got around to narrating for our benefit. These include such as the Camberwell Poisoning Case, FIVE-Morgan the poisoner, EMPT - and the charming affair of which Holmes told Watson that the most winning woman he had ever met was hanged for poisoning three little children for their insurance money, SIGN. Some of these teasers have been subsequently turned into stories by latter-day imitators of the good doctor, but as they were not really written by Watson, whatever their own relative merit, they can never be other than mere apocryphal tales.

The End

Subcutaneously, My Dear Watson  
Sherlock Holmes and the Cocaine Habit  
Written by Jack Tracy and Jim Berkey  
Illustrated by Paul M. McCall  
James A. Rock & Company 1978 \$1.50

by Chuck Hansen

In order to be fair and honest to both the readers and the authors of this work, let me state my own position and convictions about this work at the outset. I cannot claim to have liked this booklet. In fact I hated nearly everything about it. This is not intended as an indictment of either the authors or their work, merely personal bias. The basic premise that Holmes was actually addicted to Cocaine is one which I have never accepted and will in all likelihood never accept. I cannot and will not accept such a character flaw in a personal hero.

Nevertheless messieurs Tracy and Berkey make their points repeatedly and undeniably. Mr. Berkey is not a familiar name to me, but Jack Tracy is known and highly honored. His Encyclopedia Sherlockiana is, in my opinion, far and away the finest thing of the sort yet made available to Sherlockian students. There exist several other such compilations both earlier and later ranging from the pioneering work by J. Finley Christ, thru Orlando Park to the more recent Who's Who in Sherlock Holmes by Scott Bullard and Michael Collins, but none are so complete or so well researched as the one by Tracy. His research in the present volume, both on the physiological and psychological effects of cocaine addiction, and of Holmes' symptoms as set out in the Canon, are scholarly and unarguable. As an example of flawlessly scholarly workmanship on a subject of interest to many Sherlockians I recommend the book highly. Perhaps the highest praise I can give to Mr. Tracy is that I should judge him to be a man of Holmes' own kidney - at least as far as thoroughness of research and exactness of information go.

## The Deerstalker and Pipe: Influences Current in Children's Literature by Mary Ake

Though this paper is concerned with current works reflecting the Master Detective, mention should be made of the first book for children: Freddy the Detective by Walter Brooks.

Freddy, the pig, had many books written about him as a pilot, magician; many with space themes. He is an engaging and very clever fellow who likes to read.

In 1932, in a book illustrated by Kurt Wiese, he appeared as consulting detective and solved many crimes in and about the barnyard. He was drawn wearing the familiar deerstalker cap, and carrying the magnifying glass. These symbols, along with the curved pipe, all indicate Mr. Sherlock Holmes' influence.

Robert Kraus is a well-known writer of easy books for youngsters. In 1977, he fell under the spell, and created a charming short bit about some dinosaur bones sent to the Queen's Jubilee that mysteriously vanished. Since everyone, from the Prime Minister to Scotland Yard, was baffled, The Detective of London is called upon to solve the crime. Along the way, children will delight in the tidbits of Victoriana, while their parents will chuckle over innuendos (Dr. S. S. Beagle with his theory that all dogs are descended from wolves).

The first really good Sherlock Holmes story for children, The Case of the Baker Street Irregular, was written by Robert Newman and published in 1978. In this full length book, a boy is brought to London under mysterious circumstances, is rescued by the Baker Street Irregulars, and finally has his problem solved by the Master Detective himself. It is a good story. The re-creation of the background of the late

1800's, and the working of Holmes into the tale is well done.

Robert Quackenbush has written several easily read little books featuring his detective mouse. The titles are funny, and the books are for beginning readers. He has done his own illustrations, which are excellent for this genre. Detective Mole and the Secret Clues is the latest in the series.

Mate the Great postures about in Sherlockian garb, but his language is of the tough detective school. These books are easy reading for first and second graders. Marc Simont is responsible for the illustrations, and Marjorie Sharbat for the writing. Children seem to enjoy these slight stories.

The fourth and latest book by Eve Titus, who has created a mouse detective named Basil, is Basil in Mexico. If you know your Holmes and some of the people well-known as Sherlockians, these are fun to read. Even her chief character reflects her literary fun. Basil is most assuredly named for Basil Rathbone, whom, to many, represents Mr. Holmes in films. She dedicates her books to Adrian Doyle, the Baker Street Irregulars, etc.

In Mexico, the detective and his faithful Dr. Dawson stay on Panadero Street (Baker Street). The two are there to handle the case of the stolen painting, "Moussa Lisa".

The painting is restored to the Mexican government after many many adventures. Children do enjoy reading this series for its own worth; it is the adults who appreciate the Sherlockian references. Incidentally, Basil lived at 221 B Baker Street on a shelf in the basement, and was thus able to learn from a Sherlock Holmes how to be a great detective.

There seems to be renewed interest in writing mystery and detective books for children which parallels that of the adult books of this genre.

A year ago the Hesting Case was given the Newbery award. The author had written a very funny spoof of the Holmes books previously, called The Tattooed Potato. Jean O'Connell is the author of one of the better middle-age group books, "The Dollhouse Caper". Van Leeuwen's Great Christmas Kidnapping Caper is a very popular title written in the best Dashiell Hammet style. (I have wondered why so many of the non-human detectives are mice.)

Because children have always taken for their own from the adult, as long as interest in Sherlock Holmes lives, and may it be forever, so long will the deerstalker, pipe and magnifying glass appear in children's literature.

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It is a January night and the rain drips outside in Baker Street. Holmes and Watson sit silently at ease in front of the fireplace. Mrs. Hudson has provided a Toby Jug of ale, probably brought in from down the street, and now standing on the mantel. They have sat for a long time without speaking. Suddenly, Holmes rises, picks up the poker and prods the fire into life. He refills his glass and suddenly says, raising the glass: "Watson - - the Woman!"

The toast to Irene Adler - Bernard Kelly at Dr. Watson's 1981 birthday party.

## Two Theater-Goers Homeward Bound by William P. Collins

Doctor John H. Watson is often somewhat less than finicky about certain details in his chronicles of Sherlock Holmes, as any would-be-Sherlockian has discovered. Therefore, when Watson ignores a detail which Holmes, with his inimitable abilities of perception, would have considered a tremendous risk, some probing questions are due from researchers.

It is remarkable, indeed astounding, that such a detail has been passed over without any question from scholars. In CHAS, in which the Great Detective and his Chronicler indulge in a veritable orgy of law-breaking, the successful outcome of the case depends upon the sagacity with which our Victorian duo approaches the notorious and extremely dangerous extortionist, Charles Augustus Milverton. Holmes, ready to take extreme measures to protect his client who is being blackmailed, conceives the plan of burgling Milverton's house, and at the importuning of Watson, agrees that he may accompany him on the expedition. Having shown Watson the "first-class, up-to-date burgling Kit," Holmes asks: "Have you a pair of silent shoes?" "I have rubber-soled tennis shoes," is Watson's reply. This seems all well and good for maintaining silence while sneaking into Milverton's house, but something is amiss, for one paragraph later, Watson notes: "Holmes and I put on our dress-clothes, so that we might appear to be two theatre-goers homeward bound." The immediate question that comes to mind is how someone in Victorian evening clothes could be inconspicuous if he were also wearing tennis shoes.

Baring-Gould dates this case in January 1899, at which time evening-dress would probably have included top-hat, coat and tails, black pants, white shirt, waistcoat, white bow tie, and black patent leather pumps, perhaps with white gaiters.<sup>1</sup> In any case, the shoes would most definitely have been black, especially in the winter season.<sup>2</sup> Tennis shoes, however, were another matter:

Sport for women as well as men had an effect on footwear about this time. Tennis and bicycling became very fashionable during the Nineties. A rubber-soled shoe with canvas or buckskin top laced with black or brown leather was introduced for tennis.....<sup>3</sup>

If we assume that Holmes asked his question of Watson because he also had quiet shoes of a similar type, and that they both wore rubber-soled tennis shoes with evening dress, we have a picture of them both in distinctly unbecoming costume which would undoubtedly have attracted attention.

New Watson points out: "In Oxford Street we picked up a hansom and drove to an address in Hampstead." Oxford Street is about four blocks south of 221B. Could Holmes so cavalierly sabotage his own plan for appearing inconspicuous by walking four blocks in tennis shoes and dress-clothes?

Three possible alternatives present themselves:  
1) Dr Watson records that the night was "a wild tempestuous evening, when the wind screamed and rattled against the windows." On such a night, it may be that Holmes and Watson could pass the distance to Oxford Street in evening dress and tennis shoes unnoticed, because people were either bundled in their greatcoats and hurrying home as quickly as possible, or they avoided coming out at all. But we are still presented with one insurmountable difficulty. Humphrey Morton in "A Long Drive to Hampstead" writes: "Obviously, one presumes, with Holmes' thoroughness and attention to detail he desired to make the entire journey to Hampstead appear convincing from the start. There might be a chance of suspicion falling on them if they hailed a cab outside 221B. C. A. M. might have had Holmes movements watched."<sup>4</sup>

Holmes devised the plan of wearing evening clothes to avoid giving anyone the chance to suspect their

true destination and motives. It is therefore extremely unlikely that Holmes and Watson would wear tennis shoes while walking to Oxford Street. Holmes would be too wary to take such a risk when dealing with "the worst man in London."

2) Since it was such a cold and windy night, Watson says they wore their greatcoats. Holmes and Watson may have carried their "silent shoes" inside their coats, slipping them on either inside the hansom, or on the grounds of the Appledore Towers. But there are two bits of evidence which indicate that this was unlikely: Holmes, through his philandering with Milverton's maid, has found that "Milverton is a heavy sleeper." What necessity, then, for having "silent shoes"? A stronger indication that Holmes and Watson were not in tennis shoes is provided by their dramatic escape from Milverton's house with the gardener in hot pursuit, Watson records: "It was a six-foot wall which barred our path but he (Holmes) sprang to the top and over. As I did the same I felt the hand of the man behind me grab at my ankle; but I kicked my self free..." (underlining mine).

The morning after, Lestrade pays a visit to Holmes and Watson to inform them of the events of the previous night, and provides them with a description of Watson given by the gardener: "...the second was caught by the under-gardener, and only got away after a struggle. He was a middle-sized, strongly built man - square jaw, thick neck, moustache, a mask over his eyes."

Note that the description of Watson given to Lestrade by Milverton's gardener does not mention the "burglars" wearing tennis shoes, though he must have had one pushed into his face as Watson struggled to get free. Does it seem likely that this would have been missed, as the gardener did so well at describing other features of Dr. Watson.

3) Holmes may have been pulling Watson's leg. After asking Watson about the quiet shoes, and the masks they will need for the night's breaking and entering



Holmes remarks: "I can see that you have a strong natural turn for this sort of thing." The amused tone of Holmes in this statement indicates that he is not altogether serious about this get-up to turn themselves into "two of the most truculent figures in London." At least, it is possible that Holmes sought to inject a humorous note into preparations for a most dangerous and illegal night's activities.

It would seem likely that the latter alternative avoids the problem encountered with the other explanations. Indeed, unless Holmes and Watson needed their tennis shoes in order to run two miles across the heath after escaping the scene of Milverton's murder, it seems likely that Holmes was joking, and Watson's humor responded to the bait.

"Have you a pair of silent shoes?"

"I have rubber-soled tennis shoes."

"Excellent. And a mask?"

"I can make a couple out of black silk."

"I can see that you have a very strong natural turn for this sort of thing."

"Very well; do you make the masks,"

Holmes and Watson would be in need of some kind of humor before embarking upon an evening of breaking and entering, burglary, assault and resisting arrest. Two theatre-goers homeward bound? No doubt; and running all the way.

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## The Art of Muzzle-Loading a Double-Barrelled Tiger Cub

by Debbie-Laubach

There is one institution, for it may be called that, among some of the more intense of Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients that is looked upon as natural and vital as breathing; Tuesday evening's Outpatient meetings. These "therapy sessions", running to matters Sherlockian and non-Sherlockian, are rarely predictable, and some fascinating questions and theories have been born as a result. At one of these encounters, the subject of the good Doctor's "double barrelled tiger cub" arose, which was tossed round by all members present until, by the end of the evening, it was left whimpering in the corner.

A few days later I had occasion to run across that famous passage from 'The sign of Four' and studied it more closely. The more I read it, the odder it sounded:

"To this day she (Mary Watson nee Morstan) declares I told her one moving anecdote as to how a musket looked into my tent at the dead of night, and how I fired a double barrelled tiger cub at it."\*

I switched the strategic words around, as the flustered Watson had meant them to be, and came up with the proper anecdote:

"...how a tiger cub looked into my tent at the dead of night, and how I fired a double barrelled musket at it."

nce more the enigmatic Dr. John H. Watson leaves us with a literary faux pas.

\*For those wishing to read in context, I refer them to p. 99 of Christopher Morley's 'The Complete Sherlock Holmes', Doubleday and Co., Garden City, N.Y.

**A** **Musket**, according to Webster's, is "a large calibre, usually muzzle loading, and smooth bore shoulder fire arm superseded by the rifle."\* To clear any doubts, there are basically two types of firearms, the muzzle loading and the breech loading. Of these there are several variations but all small weapons work either way. A perfect example of the muzzle loader is the popular Kentucky long rifle, using powder and ball, placed in the "business end" and tamped down by a ramrod. A trip made to any sporting goods store nowadays, and one may view any number of breech loading arms, loaded with a self-contained cartridge (bullet) directly in front of the butt.

**I**n 1880, this, the breech loading, was the weapon of choice of most armies in the world; Her Majesty's own used the "Martini" type rifle. Every British soldier, even a medical officer as Watson, was trained in the use of such a weapon. It is not inconceivable, therefore, that somewhere in Watson's tent was to be found a breech loading Martini rifle. Yet he states that the first thing he reached for was a musket; a double barreled one at that. Rather a clumsy piece of materiel to choose in an emergency, somewhat like starting a fire by rubbing two sticks when one has a pack of matches in one's pocket. And, further, to my knowledge, there is no weapon now or ever made which might be classified as a double barreled musket. The time involved in loading and priming two barrels, where time is a life-or-death matter, would be absurd. Watson would have to abandon his bed (which we know he is reticent to do), locate his weapon, load and prime it, and only then could he aim and protect himself against his nocturnal caller. Muskets are not, as a rule, stored already loaded; they have an unnerving tendency of going off at the wrong time if jolted. Why not his service revolver? At a range of 6-10 feet, a Wembley would have done splendidly. At least, it severely altered the future plans of a certain Andaman Islander eight years later. Could it have been then a sporting piece of Watson's? Not likely. We know, from his own admission, that he does not take after big game hunting. Presented with the illustrious name of Col. Sebastian Moran, author of two books upon the subject, in "The Adventure of the Empty House", he

makes no sign of recognition. Another point to be made is that sporting weapons are also breech loading. No "shikari" would wish to stand and load, or reload, while facing a raging tiger or thundering elephant. A weapon to stop such a voluminous creature is more the shotgun type. Where then did Watson find such a remarkable musket in the dead of night in uncivilized Afghanistan? Ghazi plunder, picked up along the march? A question still remains; where did he lay hands, if it was a muzzle loader, on the correct ammunition? A musket owned by a fellow "tentie" (usually military shelters accomadated two or more occupants), or won in a card game during idle hours? Some possible explanations, but rather far-fetched. The most likely answer that presents itself is that Dr. Watson turned a breech loading arm on his unwelcome visitor, either his Army-issued rifle or, more believably, a double barreled shotgun. In the tense atmosphere surrounding the telling of this story, the Doctor, so susceptible to the charms of the gentler sex, must have been tongue-tied. Later, as he wrote the account of Jonathan Small and his strange companion, he left in the anecdote to please his wife. (One hopes this was not a common occurrence. I have little relish for cohabitation with anyone who discharges rifles inside a tent at night).

But yet as one mystery of the "double barreled tiger cub" is solved, still more others turn up. How could Watson, never adept at seeing in the dark, realize what was peering at him through the flaps of his tent door? What business had an unescorted young cub to do browsing through a heavily peopled encampment? Where were the prescribed, ever-alert night sentries?

Perhaps, someday, in a tale as yet unpublished, the entire story will be revealed. Until then I can only wonder... just how do you muzzleload a double-barreled tiger cub?

\* Webster's Third New International Dictionary, G. and J. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass., 1971, p. 1491.

The author wishes to thank Mary Holmes for indirectly supplying the title.

## MODES OF THE MYSTERY

00-14.29 Sec 101

A look at the development of the various sub-genre that have grown out of the classic detective story: the espionage story, the police procedural, the "feminine" mystery with all its variations (the early "Had-I-But-Known" tale, the gothic tale of terror and romance), the "hard-boiled" school of detective stories, the psychological suspense story, the "straight" novel that happens to be about crime, the adventure/suspense book that has special appeal to males and the international conspiracy novel which is currently enjoying such tremendous popularity. Each of these categories will be examined from its early beginnings to the present, and an attempt will be made to forecast the directions of the mystery/suspense story of the future.

7:00-9:00 pm M, Sept 28-Nov 16; fee \$45; Wynne; CB 414

Nancy Blue Wynne, author of An Agatha Christie Chronology, is also the co-founder of the Colorado Sherlockian Society. She holds a degree from the University of Oklahoma, has had extensive teaching experience, and is co-owner of Murder by the Book, Denver's all-mystery bookstore.

(from: University of Denver Bulletin, Volume 83, No. 3 August 15, 1981)



## The Adventure of the Horseless Carriage by Daniel Daugherty

Part III

(Continued from July 1981, Vol. 7, No. 2)

Well, I found the body about eight-thirty, and it was still warm. I doubt he had been dead long."

"Perhaps he was meeting someone," I offered.

Not likely, Doctor. Mr. Hutchinson was a visitor, like yourselves, and didn't know anyone from around here. He'd only been here two weeks, staying at this same inn. Said he was on a fishing holiday. Guess I knew him as well as anyone, since I dine here often, and had the chance to talk with him two or three times."

Well then, Mr. Hobbs," said Holmes, "if he knew no one, and saw no one, then it must have been a simple case of heart attack after all."

"Here is one other possibility, Mr. Holmes. Ah, but I won't bore you with out local superstitions."

"Please, sir. What were you about to say?" said Holmes with interest.

"Oh, it has to do with the Gilchrist's, the ones who lived in the house the body was found near. They both died tragically last year, in that awful train accident near Harrow. They used to say that they were happier in that little house than anywhere else they had ever been in their lives, and yet both were buried in Stewkley, where Mr. Gilchrist's family is. Some say that their spirits have returned to the place they always liked best."

"Are you saying that the house is haunted?" I asked.

"I don't say I believe it myself, mind you, but Hutchinson did see something that night."

"And did Mrs. Fenderist ever get her prescription?"

Ne she didn't, Mr. Holmes. I had quite forgotten about it until just now. I suppose I shall have to take it 'round to her tomorrow, with an apology."

Might Dr. Watson and I walk with you, sir? Your story has filled me with curiosity, and I should like to see the place where Hutchinson died."

Certainly. I'm sure I can find the place again. Come 'round to my shop at eight - it's just in back of the inn. I don't mind telling you that the thought of walking that road, even in the daylight, has me a bit worried, and I should be glad for some company. But I must be getting on now, gentlemen. Good night to you."

When the man had left, Holmes knocked the tobacco from his pipe, and reached into a pocket he'd previously searched no less than three times. He produced the elusive pouch of shag, from which he refilled his black clay.

Why, Holmes! You've had it all along. Why did you pretend not to?"

As a device for engaging Mr. Hobbs in a conversation, of course."

Then your intention all along was to learn more about Hutchinson? What luck that the first man you talked to was the one who actually discovered the body."

No luck to it, Watson. Surely you remember from the newspaper account that Hutchinson was found by the town's Chemist? I knew Mr. Hobbs to be that man the moment I saw him. The iodine stains on the fingers and the faint odor of certain other chemicals all indicated his profession quite plainly." By this time,



Holmes had the pipe refilled and lit. He took a long draw from it. "Ah, that's better! One more puff of that other mix, and Mr. Hobbs would have viewed on my countenance, a sight far more grim than any seen along the village that night."

At seven the next morning, Holmes led the way to the coroner's office, where we reviewed the remains of Mr. Alfred Hutchinson. With a little persuasion on the part of my friend, we were permitted to examine, also, the few belongings that the deceased left behind. The baggage contained the expected assortment of clothing, including some recently cleaned suits, and a fly rod with no accompanying tackle. Holmes, however, seemed more interested in the suit worn by the man on the night he died.

Note the scuff marks on the boots, and the tears in the left knee of the trousers, Watson."

What of it, Holmes?"

Just this: Hutchinson would certainly not have worn clothes in poor repair when he had better available in his bags. These pants were torn, and, I should think, these boots scuffed, sometime after he left the inn. It is a small point, but it may be of significance in tracing the events of Monday night." He then turned to the coroner. "What time was the man's death fixed at?"

Judging from the medical evidence alone, it may have been anytime from seven-thirty, when he was seen leaving the inn, and eight-thirty, when Hobbs found him. But the Gilchrist house is only a fifteen minute walk from his rooms, so I could put the death at seven-fourty-five, or within a few minutes of that time. Might I ask why you're so interested in this?"

It is a hobby of mine," Holmes replied, "the investigation of murders."

There has been no murder here, sir," the coroner said emphatically. "This man died of quite natural

causes. His seizure may or may not have been the result of something he saw Monday - I will not speculate with the local gossips - but no person laid a hand on him. He died as a direct result of a weakness in his own heart, and he died alone. Had he a companion, that man would most certainly have come to the town for help. That is how my report will read, and there is no use speculating about murder."

But Holmes looked unconvinced as we left the coroner's office. "What makes you certain Hutchinson was murdered, Holmes?"

"I knew of the man, Watson. He was one of the vilest criminals London ever spawned, his villainy being exceeded only by that of the late unlamented Pro. Moriarty and Col. Sebastian Moran."

"You have never mentioned him, Holmes. What was he, then?"

"A blackmailer, Watson. I can think of a dozen persons who would have liked to see him dead, so I cannot believe that he met his end alone, by no other's hand, as our coroner seems to think. Nor will I believe that his demise was the result of visions of hobgoblins dancing in his head, as our Mr. Hobbs seems to think."

"What exactly do you believe?"

"I have an inkling of a theory, but it lacks corroboration. In the meantime, let us be off to the local pharmacy shop."

Mr. Hobbs joined us as we approached his establishment, and together we walked for what I timed to be sixteen minutes along the main road leading out of town. We had come to some open countryside, no building being in sight of the roadway save one attractive dwelling,

surrounded by a high stone wall. Hobbs pointed to a section on the north end of that wall, the end we first approached, and that was about fifteen feet off

the roadway; this, he said, was where he had discovered the body. Holmes pulled out his lense, and began a careful examination of the spot; soon he gave a cry which brought Mr. Hobbs and myself rushing up to him.

"You see these few threads, still clinging to the stone's jagged edge, and the black polish that has been rubbed off onto the stone lower down? The late Mr. Hutchinson was trying to climb this wall before he died. You recall the torn clothing and scuffed boots, Watson?"

Hobbs whistled and said, "You have quite an eye for detail, Mr. Holmes, but what you say does not surprise me. It fits in with what I was saying last night, in fact. The man was trying to flee from whatever it was that frightened him - to put this wall between himself and the thing."

"I agree with you, Mr. Hobbs, on that point, at least; but just how real do you think this thing was?"

Hobbs stared at the wall, as if remembering what he'd found there. "How real is a disembodied spirit, or the devil himself?" From the look on the man's face, it might have been some such thing. "I'm not a superstitious man, sir, but I just don't know."

"I thought as much," Holmes replied. "I, too, have never been a superstitious man. I believe that what he saw was quite real, and I am curious to know the nature of it, and who was behind it."

"Who, Mr. Holmes? Surely you go a little far. Why should anyone wish to scare poor Mr. Hutchinson to death? It doesn't make sense."

"Perhaps 'poor Mr. Hutchinson' was not so free of enemies as you imagine", said Holmes with some sharpness.

"Perhaps," Hobbs replied. "Certainly the thing he saw was not friendly. I hope someday that we may find out the truth of the matter. But then, I can't help but wonder if we aren't better off not knowing. Well, I must be going now gentlemen. Good luck to you both."

"Quite a fellow!" remarked Holmes, as we stepped back onto the roadway. "He prefers the logic of unholy specters in the night to that of men shaping events to suit their own purposes. But mark my words, Watson; The answer to this lies not in the supernatural but in the natural. Someone had a very natural reason for wanting Alfred Huchinson dead, and I propose to find out who . . . What ho! Look at these markings."

Holmes knelt down to examine the roadbed more closely. "What can be so interesting about some ordinary bicycle tracks?" I asked him.

"But are they Watson?" when did you last see a bicycle with tread three inches wide? And look, they lead right off the road and up to the stone wall, at the very spot we were just examining. Come, Watson," he said, rising; "we must get back to town and secure some transportation to Brillington Manor. Perhaps we can shed some light on the matter of Smythe's machine."

There was some delay in securing a cart, so we stayed in town for lunch, and didn't reach Brillington until shortly after one. We found our client in the shed, tinkering with his Peugeot. He greeted Holmes civilly enough, and said that he had been thinking of taking a ride in the motor car shortly with his friend Sir Reginald Wingate.

At this point, Sir Reginald himself came strolling up to the shed, from the direction of the neighboring estate. He was ruggedly handsome, about forty years of age. He addressed himself to our client: "I've had some dashed bad luck, Sir Aubrey. My stepdaughter came in from a ride about five Monday night, with news of an injury to the bay gelding's leg. It won't heal for at least two weeks, and I'm left without transportation."

"I didn't make it into town that night, eh?" said Smythe with a grin.

"No, and you can bet that Mary took advantage of the

situation. 'Since you can't be off to the pub,' she said, 'you can play some cards with your daughter and I.' So we played Hearts until seven."

"Hearts!" bellowed Sir Aubrey, "I say, that is bad luck."

"Yes," replied Sir Reginald. "I though they would never go to bed. You can see why I'm desperate for a mount. I thought I might borrow one from you".

"But you have another horse, Sir Reginald," said Holmes. "The one that was recently shod."

"Yes I do," said Wingate, surprised. "Has Sir Aubrey told you this?"

"No, No," said my companion, with a casual gesture of the hand. "It was merely a supposition on my part. A lucky guess, if you like."

"A lucky guess, indeed," said Sir Reginald, somewhat suspiciously, I thought. "But the animal you mention is an old plow horse, and not at all for riding."

Our client looked over to the stables nearby, and said, "You could take the spotted mare, Reginald. She's not nearly the mount your bay is, but she'll do in a pinch."

"I have come to ask a favor of you also, Sir Aubrey," interrupted Holmes

"Certainly, Mr. Holmes. What is it?"

"I should like to accompany you and Sir Reginald on your ride. I hope you will be headed towards Aylesbury."

It was evident that Sir Aubrey was both astonished and pleased by my friend's newfound interest in auto-mobiling. I was merely astonished.

It would be a pleasure," said our client. "And a ride towards Aylesbury would suit me fine. Do you mind Reginald?"

No, of course not," the other replied.

Excellent," Smythe continued. "Shall we start her up gentlemen?"

Holmes, not satisfied with simply riding in the motor car, expressed a desire to actually manipulate it. He had Sir Aubrey show him the location and workings of all the controls, of which there seemed to be four main ones. Of the workings of the clutch, I have no clear idea. I only know that it had to be operated periodically in order that the vehicle might gain speed - something to do with the changing of the gears. The brakes, of course, worked to halt the car's motion. Two other controls were attached to a column rising from the floor of the vehicle, one being a tiller for steering purposes, and the other a throttle for increasing the speed of the engine. Once Holmes was satisfied that he understood the workings of the various controls, Sir Aubrey started the engine, and said that he would fetch one of the servants to carry the flag.

I don't think that will be necessary, Sir Aubrey," said Holmes.

It is a requirement, Mr. Holmes, in addition to the four mile-per-hour speed limit."

I am afraid we shall have to ignore both requirements somewhat on this trip," my friend replied. "I remember you saying that you have done so before."

Late at night, when no constables are likely to be about. But this is the middle of the afternoon. -- would be taking a great chance of running afoul of  
• Law."

I am willing to take that chance, and since I will be

the operator of this - vehicle, I should think that any penalties would accrue only to me."

"That is true, Mr. Holmes. Have it your way, then. Let's be off. Sir Aubrey then took the larger seat, with Holmes; Sir Reginald and I, the other.

The car rolled forward, jerkily at first, down the carriage path. Holmes pulled to a stop about 200 yards from where we entered the main road, and looked back toward Brillstone. "Do you think that someone back at the manor could hear us from here, Sir Aubrey?"

Faintly, if at all, I should say. Why do you ask?"

"I must ask many questions in order to answer a few. You have questions still to be answered, and they may soon be answered. And now gentlemen, to Town."

How can I describe the ensuing journey? If there are words which can give a clear idea of the terrifying speed at which we were precipitated towards Aylesbury, or the fragile balance by which we maintained the road, rather than hurtling to our deaths against some tree, railing, or escarpment - if such words exist, they are not at my command.

TO BE CONTINUED

Since he first appeared as Dr. Watson in the 1939 HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES with the great Basil Rathbone, I've loved him. True, he was bumbling, almost stupid . . . in spite of this, often pompous . . . but a charming man nevertheless. I give you NIGEL BRUCE!

A toast to Nigel Bruce - Martha Liehe at Dr. Watson's 1981 Birthday Party.

