

# THE MEDICAL BULLETIN

## Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients

A SCION SOCIETY OF THE BAKER STREET IRREGULARS

30<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY EDITION

1974-2004

"A singular group of people, Watson"



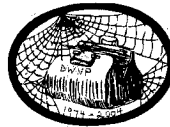
Happy Birthday Mr. Sherlock Holmes!  
*150 years young.*

Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients held its' first board meeting on October 4<sup>th</sup>, 1974. And here is the club, some 30 years later, with some of the original members, still enjoying time together and celebrating the adventures of our friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

We hope you enjoy this issue of the Medical Bulletin. We have included some interesting articles from past, along with current articles and the latest information on our clubs 2004 activities.

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FROM

THE CHIEF  
SURGEON'S

### MEDICAL BAG

Since you are receiving this issue at our 30th Anniversary Banquet, may I wish you a warm welcome and congratulations to all our Neglected Patients on our 30th birthday! Please sit back and enjoy the festivities as we celebrate the Master's 150th birthday.

We had fewer events in 2003; but they were an interesting, very enjoyable assortment, none the less, I believe. Our 29th Annual Banquet was held here at the Sheraton 4 Points Hotel, in this room we occupy this evening. Our guest speaker was Mr. Rex Burns who gave us a wonderful talk on his mystery writing technique. As with all of our dinner speakers, Rex is now an Honorary Patient.

John Stephenson, former Chief Surgeon, Club Historian, and collector extraordinaire, presided at his own sale table before and after the dinner. There was great interest in his table, and many purchases were made by Patients. Nina and Ron Else volunteered to run the Silent Auction, and did an incomparable job. Thank you both!



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*From the Chief Surgeons Black Bag...*

We produced one Seminar in the spring of 2003. On Saturday, April 26, Ron Lies and Larry Feldman gave us a lecture and film which presented Nero Wolfe as Sherlock Holmes' son.

Well done, gentlemen!

The seminar was given at the Eugene Field branch of the Denver Public Library; lunch afterwards at the Bonnie Brae Tavern.

Our Spring Tea was held Sunday, May 18 at the home of Sally Kurtzman. Sally created all of the delicacies, and was a gracious hostess. We experienced a relaxed and genteel afternoon. You were magnificent, Sally! We held a second tea on Sunday, June 24. It was arranged to welcome our dear friend, Dame Beryl Sykes-Windsor. Priscilla Licht was our hostess, and we each contributed a dish for the table. It was a wonderful afternoon of reminiscence spent with our "own" Queen Victoria.

Our Fall Seminar was presented by Vickey Trammel, a member Of Jack Swanberg's Necrosearch organization. She gave a fascinating lecture on her scientific examination of human remains. The two hours went by entirely too fast. This talk was given at the La-Do Tattered Cover Bookstore. We had lunch following the Seminar at the Wynkoop Brewery. We held our annual Guy Fawkes Movie Night and Potluck on Saturday, November 8. There was a good turn-out of members, and a magnificent spread on the buffet counter. Our film was, "They Might Be Giants," starring George C. Scott and Joanne Woodward. This is an offbeat comedy with Scott believing he is Sherlock Holmes in a wonderful performance. Larry Feldman brought the film and acted as host.

At the end of July, I met with E. A. Livingston, a Sherlockian from Glendale,

N.Y. We had a most amiable conversation.

In mid-November I received a package from a *Captain James Calhoun*, Bark Lone Star, Savannah, Georgia.

In the parcel were five orange marshmallow "peeps", marked 'kkk' nothing further has been received from him; but I thought the Patients should know.

This year I've read several books worthy of Patients' attention.

At the Banquet in January, I acquired a copy of 'Ten Years Beyond Baker Street' by Cay Van Ash. The book was published in 1984; and brings Holmes into collaboration with Dr. Petrie and Nayland Smith.

Soon Holmes is matching wits with Dr. Fu Manchu himself. Van Ash knew Sax Rohmer, and wrote his biography. The book led me on to read several of Rohmer's novels.

"Shadows over Baker Street" was released in October, edited by Michael Reaves and John Phelan. The book is a new collection of short stories written in the eerie, macabre style of H.P. Lovecraft. They don't all succeed as Holmes stories, yet most are worth reading.

Another new short story collection is Ted Riccardi's "The Oriental Casebook of Sherlock Holmes". The stories are set in Asia during Holmes' travels there during his Great Hiatus, 1891-94. For the most part, the stories are well written, almost evoking Doyle's flavor. Saving the best for last, Laurie King has another Mary Russell novel due out at the beginning of March.

Titled "The Game", this brings Russell and Holmes to India to rescue an adult Kim (yes, of Rudyard Kipling's novel!)

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I've been an aficionado of Laurie King, and her novels improve as she continues to write. Her writing and Characterizations are strong; and her novels are a delight to read.

\*\*\*\*\*

*You can solve this three pipe problem*



As we enter our clubs 30<sup>th</sup> year, your Medical Board desperately needs new members. We are short handed as we were all this past year. We're busy planning events, but feel stretched thin. John Stephenson, a former Chief Surgeon, has agreed to join the board as an intern in 2004. *Thank you!* Here are the other positions that need to be filled:

Editor for the Medical Bulletin.

Staff Surgeon.

Chief Surgeon. My third term ends the end of 2004. I intend to step down at that time.

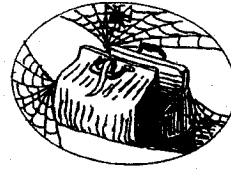
Bursar. The bursars second term ends this year also and we will need a replacement.

We will not be able to continue to exist as a group if members do not join the Board to help in our work.

This statement is not exaggeration -- it is the simple truth. Please call or E-mail a current Board member of your interest. We all help with projects and there is not a large time commitment. I look forward to seeing all of you at 2004's events. May you enjoy them as much as we do in planning them. May we be joined by new Patients as well.

'Til then, 'the game is afoot!'

**Mark Langston, Chief Surgeon**



## 2004 Medical Board

**Chief Surgeon:** Mark Langston  
(H) 303-758-4091

**Staff Surgeon:** ☹ *your name here!*

### **Interns:**

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## 2003 Bursars report 12/31/2003

Balance 1/1/2003

\$2014.13

### Revenue:

Banquet 2003 \$1352.00

Memberships 2003 405.00

Memberships paid for 2004 10.00

Silent auction/sale of collectibles 266.00

Tea proceeds/handbook sale 59.00

Anniversary pin sales in 2003 56.00

Total Revenue \$4162.13

### Expenses:

Office expenses 289.52

Banquet expenses 2003 1685.10

Anniversary pins 211.56

DWNP coasters 340.00

Banquet Deposit- 2004 250.00

Total Expenses \$2776.18

12/31/2003 balance: \$1345.95

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REMARKS ON THE FOUNDING OF  
DWNP : By Mary Ake, 8 Jan. 1994

*(This charming account of the early history of our club was presented by Ms Ake at our last birthday dinner, in celebration of DWNP's 20th year. We are doubly grateful that she took the time to preserve her work for posterity)*

Good evening, fellow Sherlockians! To be here tonight with you gives me the greatest of pleasures.

In going through my notes kept carefully in my old brown cardboard box stored on the shelf at 1351, I found numerous details of our Society's early years that I am now free to share with you, as well as one or two strange occurrences that are too strange to relate at present.

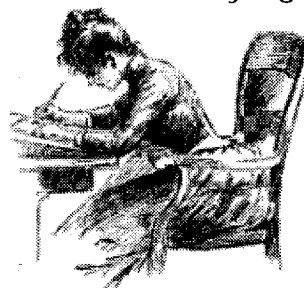
It was on a cold winter night in January of '74, the 26th to be exact, that I found myself with a large company of other like-minded fellows sharing a sherry by the fireside discussing the current whereabouts of our dear friend and companion, Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

The occasion was a "Baker Street and Brandy" dinner at the home of Jan and Dick Willson in Bow Mar. This fine event was sponsored by the Littleton Friends of the Library/Museum and organized by Nancy Wynne and others. About 80 plus guests sat down to enjoy the main course of smoked ham or turkey (a meal appropriate to the activities of the evening). Over coffee and brandy, we eagerly listened to Ron De Waal talk of the Baker Street Irregulars and Dr. Watson and Mr. Holmes.

It was during the late evening's discussion that the proposal for creating our very own Sherlockian scion society was first considered. Half-humorously Mary Holmes (of no relation to the Master) suggested that no males be invited to become members (this in

reaction to the BSI of New York female ban) but cooler heads prevailed and we agreed to follow in the footsteps of the Sherlock Holmes Society of London, which does not discriminate against either sex.

Although my recollections of that long ago night are somewhat unclear, I believe it was either Mary or Quincy Burton that suggested the name in conversation with Nancy and I. Thus was Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients born that wintery night.



All serious

Denver-area Sherlockians were invited to attend the organizational meeting of our new society held on Wednesday, the 11th of September that year at Bemis Library in Littleton.

Chartered under DWNP, we planned to elect officers, adopt by-laws, and view a British film of the "hound". Nancy Wynne and I had worked hard at writing by-law, creating the oath, and generally preparing for the meeting. With the publication of eight new books about Holmes and Watson plus the reissue of others, there was definitely a Baker Street boom and we thought this was the ideal time to form a local group. Information was sent to all major newspapers as well as local papers up and down the Front Range. Ron De Waal had graciously agreed to come down from Fort Collins and discuss his summer's six week tour in England and Switzerland.

Nancy and I had many thoughts and talks about the number of interested people that might wish to come to our

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meeting. At best we anticipated perhaps 35 hardy souls would attend. How wrong we were! The meeting room held only 150 people at capacity. Some 60 others were turned away simply because of space limitation. I remember looking to the very back of that room and seeing Col. Ron Dame perched on a table with several others. We had Sherlockians from Fort Collins, Boulder, Greeley, Englewood, Denver, and Littleton rising as one to swear the oath and regularize DWNP. It was a very proud moment, indeed. The first officers were Col. Dame, Chief Surgeon; Mary Holmes, Transcriber; Dr. W. P. Blake, Wielder of the Scalpel; Joan Hartley and Ron De Waal, Interns. The By-laws provided for the election of other officers next year. We had succeeded. We were in truth a scion society of the BSI! I would add that it was a cold and rainy Wednesday night which made it all the more unusual to have more than 200 come out to a meeting. But we have always been a dauntless sort of people; we have always been a dauntless sort of people, we Sherlockians!

The first Medical Board meeting was on the 4th of October, at which time both Nancy and I were named Consultants to the Board, an honor of which we were very appreciative. The "Medical Bulletin" was approved with the first of many wonderful issues to be mailed in January, 1975. Those wishing to subscribe more than the usual monies in order to create a fund to insure good programs would be known as the Orderlies.

DWNP held a meeting on 5 December of '74 with about 40 members in attendance. Special interest groups were formed then. This was followed by a gathering talking about the England of Sherlock Homes on January 8<sup>th</sup>.

With great excitement, the Medical Board prepared for our first annual dinner as a scion society on the first of February, the date to coincide with the second World Symposium to be held at CSU with the theme "Sherlock Lives". It was our great good fortune therefore, to be able to have in attendance at this dinner: John Bennett Shaw (principal speaker on "The Cult of Sherlock Holmes"), Peter Blau, Robert Fish, Cameron Hollyer and Stan Peckham. Again we dined on turkey and the event was held at Howard House, Heather Gardens.

Immediately following our dinner, the symposium began. Many of us attended. Our chief delight, I believe, lay in being with others from many places that shared that unique understanding and love of the reality of Sherlock Holmes; with, as Nancy wrote, "... reveling in such scintillating company." Truly, DWNP had a unique beginning to many years of enjoyment of the World's First Consulting Detective's life and times.

Our subsequent meeting on 27 February to examine some "Singular features." associated with the well-known Surrey family of the Royslotts of Stoke Moran" included quizzes. As time passed the Outpatients continued diligent studies of the Canon, often lapsing into the more fun aspects of the "Games Afoot".

Incidentally, a highlight of the symposium was the presenting of an honorary diploma in the "Art and Science of Sleuthing" by CSU to Sherlock Holmes of Sussex, England. The president of the university made the presentation to Cameron Hollyer, curator of the Sherlock Holmes Collection at the Toronto Central Library. This is well-worth your journeying to Canada to examine as it is

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an outstanding collection of Sherlockiana.

During the summer of '75, I undertook to make the Sacred Pilgrimage to the Reichenbach Falls and also to Lucens to visit the Chateau once belonging to the Doyle family. The latter place had in its lower levels a re-creation of the Master's room at 221B, made the more wonderful to see as it contained furnishings once belonging to the literary agent. The whole being lit by the dimmest of Victorian table lamps made the study of the contents of the room a slow joy. The exterior room contained such things as Black Peter's harpoon, the air gun, etc. Many photographs were taken.

The hike up to the famous falls was challenging and the view of the great waterfall accompanied by the roar made conversation quite difficult. At a subsequent December DWNP night I presented an illustrated lecture.

This was also the year Nancy and I created our "Mystery Match" card game representing 12 classic detective story Writers and featuring a hansom cab on the verso of every card, a suitable motif. Many of our members have appeared in print in articles and books over the years. Dr. Blake translated some of the Canon into Braille. Several studies written by DWNP have been reprinted in the BSI Journal and the Sherlock Holmes Journal. Nancy Wynne wrote and had published "A Chronology of Agatha Christie" which had a printing of 450,000 copies. Ron De Waal has had published three comprehensive bibliographies of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson, the first of which received the John H. Jenkins Award for Bibliography. An essay of mine on Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is included in "Writers for Children." And we have gifted artists in our membership for whose contributions to our cards and

bulletins we are grateful. But I digress. The annual dinner of 1976 was held at Brock's Eating and Drinking House in Littleton with a bow to the Irish heritage of Dr. Doyle. 70 members attended and were startled at the sight of 122 flaming candles on the celebratory cake. Bob Peterson, Bob Alvis, Persh Blake, Chuck Hansen and Dan Daugherty gave the ritual toasts. A marvelous humorous scholarly talk on "Mycroft Holmes, the World's First Computer: was presented by incoming chief Surgeon, Dr. Bill Dom. The then editor of our local paper wrote about the affair commenting that "there is something healthy, in this decade of grim uncertainties, about people who can devote a little of their creative energies to lighthearted, discussions of minutiae unearthed from the legends of a Victorian detective." How very true of us more than a decade later.

In search of continued lightheartedness, DWNP embarked on a weekend in Denver jointly with the Brothers Three of Moriarty from New Mexico. First we attended a new comic melodrama adapted by William Oakley from the Gillette play, Sherlock Holmes, at the Heritage Square Opera House, and booed and hissed to our hearts content. On the next day, a Saturday, we attended the Royal Shakespeare Company's presentation of Sherlock Holmes (Gillette) with Leonard Nimoy as Holmes. Then our happy group repaired to the Executive Inn for a dinner commemorating the 117th birthday of the literary agent (really May 22nd but May 8th is in the same month) where the usual toasts were made including a wonderful one given by Jill Stone to Dr. Watson as a woman. Speakers were Scott Bullard and Michael Collins concerning their new book in which Holmes investigates the theft of the Declaration of Independence in 1876. You will remember that this was the

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Centennial Year. Also John Bennett Shaw and Ron De Waal entertained us with their latest Sherlockian travels.

DWNP then settled into viewing two short outstanding films. This was THE SHERLOCKIAN EVENT of the DWNP year.

One other memory of the year was a November informal dinner held at the newly opened Baker Street Restaurant and Pub in Greeley. The challenge was in finding the Pub! DWNP presented the owners with a handsome plaque. Alas there was a cocaine connection and the Pub was short lived.

It was in January of '77 that the third dinner was held at the Holiday Inn at 1-25 and Arapahoe.

Dinner (not turkey but chicken or trout) with the usual toasts and frivolities was followed by a paper by Nancy Wynne on the subject of Holmes and the Mormons. An interesting departure for us was the sponsoring of a greyhound race at the Cloverleaf Kennel Club. Sir John Baskerville was found dead on 4 June, 1888, by the footprints of a gigantic hound. On 4 June of 1977 DWNP presented the track with a carved plaque as a memento. The event was captured on film.

The Outpatients celebrated the wedding anniversary of Mary and John Watson with a potluck dinner, toasts, and a sing-in of Victorian ballads.

A requirement of DWNP is stamina. A case in point, the 124th celebration of Holmes' birthday was a two day occasion. A play at Bonfils, an English breakfast the following morning at 9:00 a.m. prepared by Nancy and I, and films and a buffet lunch at the Holiday Inn in Aurora, followed by the dinner, toasts, and among other delights a demonstration of the Master's skill as a swordsman by Brande Collins and Charlene Schnellker. Sherlock Holmes sent a telegram. . . "I am gratified that

My birthday is so handsomely celebrated."

DWNP outdid themselves again by reading to two of the Canon by the Patient's Players complete with marvelous sound effects and props as the program of the 125th Birthday on January 6th, 1979. This was memorable for being on THE DAY at last.

Once again referring to my notes of the early years, from that first wonderful beginning meeting in 1974 when we had 68 instant dues paying Patients (note that dues were \$3.00) plus 76 on a mailing list for a total of 144, 1975 a listing of 97 members, 1976 showed a total of 83, 1977 a drop to 78, and 1978 a rise to 109 members of DWNP. Our Society has continued to present strong interesting and fun programs for Sherlockians. That we are her tonight twenty years later is most certainly proof of that.

I believe the truth is that the "reality" in Sherlock Holmes' world provides us all with some sanity lacking in our everyday world. Vincent Starrett said it best in his famous poem:

"221 B"

Here dwell together still two men of note  
Who never lived and so can never die;  
How very near they seem, yet how remote.  
That age before the world went all awry  
But the game's still afoot for those with ears  
Attuned to catch the distant view-haloo:  
England is England yet, for all our fears-  
Only those things the heart believes are true.

A yellow fog swirls pat the window-pane  
As night descends upon this fabled street;  
A lonely hansom splashes through the rain,  
The ghostly gas lamps fail at twenty feet.  
Here, though the world explode, these two survive,  
And it is always eighteen ninety-five.



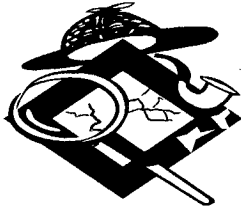
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## ***Eternally, Dr. Watson....***

### **Sherlock Holmes spoofs and**

### **Pastiches**

(A pastiche is, as you might guess, a story inspired by or containing characters from some other author's work.)



### **The earliest Sherlock Holmes spoof** is

said to have appeared in 1892, and even Mark Twain once tried his hand at a story drawing humor from the not-so-elementary deductions of a Holmesian figure. Later, more serious attempts were made to expand the variety and number of cases tackled by Holmes and Dr. Watson. In 1944, Arthur Conan Doyle's estate sought to suppress the pseudonymous author/editor Ellery Queen from producing an anthology titled *The Misadventures of Sherlock Holmes*. But then Doyle's own son, Adrian, collaborated with John Dickson Carr on a commendable series of pastiches called *The Exploits of Sherlock Holmes* (1954), and ever since, Holmes knockoffs have proliferated.

Among the best known of these is Nicholas Meyer's *The Seven Per-Cent Solution* (1974), which makes much of Holmes' acknowledged cocaine habit. (Unfortunately, two Meyer sequels -- *The West End Horror* (1976) and *The Canary Trainer* (1993) -- don't measure up to the original.) Also worth reading is Michael Hardwick's *The Revenge of the Hound* (1987), a fine and faithful extension of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. But steer clear of Hardwick's previous -- and tedious -- Holmes escapade, *Prisoner of the Devil* (1979), involving the sleuth with the

scandal surrounding French "traitor" Alfred Dreyfus.

Before he took on American statesman Benjamin Franklin as a series snoop (penning books such as *London Blood*), Robert Lee Hall wrote *Exit Sherlock Holmes* (1977), which conjectures the sudden disappearance of Holmes and efforts by Watson to find his friend that turn up a pattern of duplicity in Sherlock's personal past. More recently, Carole Bugge's *The Star of India* (1998) pitted Holmes against his perpetual adversary Professor Moriarty in a case embracing a vanished sapphire, a clandestine love affair, and a chessboard full of clues. Trading on our apparently endless fascination with history's most ill-fated transatlantic liner, William Seil gave us *Sherlock Holmes and the Titanic Tragedy: A Case to Remember* (1997). And Brazilian Jo Soares took his own turn through Doyle's fictional world with *A Samba for Sherlock* (1998), an uneven yarn about Holmes and Watson being summoned to Rio de Janeiro by Emperor Pedro II to locate a stolen Stradivarius violin.

Many other books seem to exist solely in order that their authors can have the fun of mixing up Doyle's creations with their famous contemporaries -- factual and fictional. Thus, we are treated to Loren D. Estleman's *Sherlock Holmes vs. Dracula* (1978) and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Holmes* (1979); Daniel Stashower's *The Adventure of the Ectoplasmic Man* (1985), teaming Holmes with American magician Harry Houdini; Philip José Farmer's *The Adventure of the Peerless Peer* (1974), entangling the detective in the Tarzan/Greystoke inheritance matter; Russell A. Brown's *Sherlock Holmes and the Mysterious Friend of Oscar Wilde* (1990); *Sherlock Holmes Meets Annie Oakley* (1990), by Stanley Shaw; *The Case of the Philosopher's Ring* (1978), by Randall Collins, which



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throws Holmes in with philosopher Bertrand Russell and Aleister Crowley, the high priest of post-Edwardian mysticism; and Michael Dibdin's *The Last Sherlock Holmes Story* (1978), about the tenants of 221B Baker Street chasing after that archfiend Jack the Ripper. (Another Ripper/Holmes encounter, 1992's *The Whitechapel Horrors*, by Edward B. Hanna, is a longer but far less engaging story than Dibdin's, with a very disappointing conclusion.) Finally, for those people particularly adept at suspending doubt, there's Christopher A. Leppek's *The Surrogate Assassin* (1998), which has Holmes and Watson solving US President Abraham Lincoln's assassination 16 years after the fact.

Yet not all additions to the Holmes "canon" have actually starred Conan Doyle's principal protagonists. For instance, both *Embassy Row* (1998) and *Against the Brotherhood* (1997), by Quinn Fawcett, find Sherlock's "smarter" brother, Mycroft, at center stage. In M.J. Trow's *The Adventures of Inspector Lestrade and Brigade* (both 1998), as well as two more novels set for publication in 1999, the frequently defamed Inspector Sholto Lestrade receives long-overdue acclaim as a clue finder. Several books by Sydney Hosier (the latest being *The Game's Afoot, Mrs. Hudson*, 1998) have quiet landlady Emma Hudson proving that she, too, boasts a talent for crime solving. Watson fills in the blank spaces of his history and proves his intellectual dexterity in Michael Hardwick's passable *The Private Life of Dr. Watson* (1983). A cadre of Holmes fans get their chance to borrow the great detective's techniques in A.H. Lewis' Philadelphia-based (and pretty good) *Copper Beeches* (1971), as well as a couple of other lesser works. Professor Moriarty plays antihero in two

books by Michael Kurland, including the Edgar Award-nominated *The Infernal Device* (1978); and John Gardner (who later authored a new series of James Bond novels) featured "the Napoleon of Crime" in another pair of novels, the best of which is *The Return of Moriarty* (1974). Meanwhile, Carole Nelson Douglas has created an enjoyable series (including 1990's *Good Night, Mr. Holmes*) around singer-turned-investigator Irene Adler, who entered Holmes' life in Doyle's short story "A Scandal in Bohemia." And, just to prove that Sherlock did eventually get over the seductive Irene, author Laurie R. King has developed four novels now (the first of which was *The Beekeeper's Apprentice*, 1994) that posit how, years after his retirement to Sussex beekeeping, Holmes met and wed a perspicacious and much-younger woman, Mary Russell, who helped him extend his detecting career.

Then, of course, there are numerous collections of Sherlockian short stories. From the superior 512-page *Mammoth Book of New Sherlock Holmes Adventures* (1997), edited by Michael Ashley; to *The Game Is Afoot* (1995), *The Resurrected Holmes: New Cases from the Notes of John H. Watson, MD* (1996), and *The Confidential Casebook of Sherlock Holmes* (1998), all edited by Marvin Kaye; *The Secret Cases of Sherlock Holmes* (1998), by Donald Thomas; and *Holmes for the Holidays* (1996). These volumes send Holmes and Watson in almost every conceivable investigatory direction. At various times the pair look into the alleged bigamy of King George V; get involved in the theft of the Irish Crown Jewels in 1907; infiltrate the Fenian Brotherhood at Moriarty's behest; and, yes, go undercover in drag.

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For modern wordsmiths, no plot is too far-fetched to include literature's most recognizable sleuthing duo. Sherlock Holmes in Orbit (1995), edited by Mike Resnick and Martin H. Greenberg, even has them traveling through time. | January 1999. J. KINGSTON PIERCE is the crime fiction editor of January Magazine. (Thank you to John Licht for submitting this contribution)

**Was our very own Sir Arthur Conan Doyle the perpetrator of a still unsolved mystery??**

**The Strange Case of the Piltdown Man and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle**  
by David John [djohn@mojave.wr.usgs.gov](mailto:djohn@mojave.wr.usgs.gov)



Piltdown man is one of the classic cases of fraud in the annals of modern science. Or was it merely a hoax perpetrated by one of the most distinguished mystery writers of all time who left a string of clues in a book published shortly before the discovery of Piltdown man? These clues could have led to the unmasking of Piltdown man as a hoax shortly after its discovery and before it became well known. In this edition of Storybytes, we review the Strange Case of the Piltdown Man and some of the evidence and clues that might point to this author as the source of the fossils of Piltdown man. Most of the source material for this article comes from the Piltdown man home page and from a recent article in Pacific Discovery magazine (1).  
What was Piltdown Man and why was he important?

I had listened with the greatest interest to the statement which Holmes, with characteristic clearness, had laid before me. Though most of the facts were familiar to me, I had not sufficiently appreciated their relative importance, or their connection with each other..

Fossils of Neanderthal man were first found in 1856, and the race was on to find the fossil remains of human ancestors. During the next half century, more fossil remains were found in continental Europe and in Asia but not in England. By the early 20th century, evolutionary theory predicted that a "missing link", an ape-man older than Neanderthal man, who would directly connect modern man with primitive beast, existed in the fossil record and would be discovered imminently. As noted on the cover of "The Piltdown Forgery" by J. S. Weiner, "If Piltdown Man did not exist (a Darwinian might have said), 'we'd have to invent him'." If a missing link was found, it would definitely prove that man had evolved from the same ancestors as modern apes, and if the missing link was found in Britain, so much the better.  
In 1912, Charles Dawson, a lawyer and an amateur archeologist, geologist, and a collector of fossils for the British Museum, brought several skull fragments to Arthur Smith Woodward, keeper of Geology at the British Museum. Dawson had found these fossils in a gravel quarry at Barkham Manor in Sussex, England (the first two skull fragments had actually been found in 1908 by a workman and given to Dawson). Smith Woodward soon accompanied Dawson to the quarry, and they found a mandible (lower jaw) containing 2 worn molars, as well as stone tools and various mammal bones that indicated the gravels were ancient. These fossils were exactly what

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anthropologists were hoping to find, and moreover, they were found in England, not in some far away land such as Africa or Asia. The skull bone resembled that of a human, whereas the jawbone was extremely light and bore a perfect resemblance to the jaw of an ape. The only similarity to humans in the jaw were the molars.

In December 1912, the fossils were presented to the scientific community by Dawson and Woodward, and they proposed that a new genus, *Eoanthropus dawsoni*, be added to the hominid family. Soon thereafter, scientists such as Smith Woodward began to visualize what the rest of the individual might look like, and in 1913, Father Theiland de Chardin discovered a canine tooth that closely matched Woodward's predictions. The tooth was made to order for the "missing link".

Reaction to Dawson's presentation of Piltdown man (which his new genus quickly became known as) was mixed. Skeptics pointed out that enough fragments of the skull and jawbone were missing that it was impossible to determine if they really fit together. Moreover, many specific details about the fossils, their age, and how they were found that are normally reported were omitted or unclear. However, the announcement of the discovery of a second skull by Smith Woodward in 1917 converted many skeptics.

## **How and when was Piltdown Man exposed as a fake?**

*"Have you heard anything of the case?" he asked.*

*"Not a word. I have not seen a paper for some days."*

*"The London press has not had very full accounts. I have just been looking through all the recent papers in order to*

*master the particulars. It seems, from what I gather, to be one of those simple cases which are so extremely difficult."*

In the early 20th Century, there were relatively few fossil hominids, and no one really knew what a "missing link" between ape and man would look like. Piltdown man contained an appropriate mix of features to be a plausible missing link. This plausibility did not hold up during the next few decades, however, when new discoveries of Peking man, australopithecine, and other types of other early hominids or near hominids were made. Piltdown man did not fit in with these new discoveries, and during the period of 1930 to 1950, the importance of Piltdown man was significantly reduced. By 1950, Piltdown man was largely ignored, and in 1953, it was finally determined that Piltdown man was a forgery.

Serious questioning of Piltdown man didn't come until near the end when new methods of dating became available and were utilized on the fossils. In 1949 fluoride dating showed that the fossils were quite young. Further study of the fossils in 1953 by Kenneth Oakley, a paleontologist at the British Museum, and Joseph S. Weiner and Wilfred Le Gros Clark, both anatomists at Oxford, found obvious signs of forgery. The jaw was from a modern orangutan. The molars and the stray canine had been filed flat to make them appear more human. The skull bones were from a modern human. All the bones had been soaked in a solution that had hardened them and imparted a stain that made them appear extremely old. The detective story of unraveling the forgery is told in a book by Weiner.

There are several theories about why Piltdown man wasn't exposed as a fake much sooner than it was (2). As

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summarized on [the Piltdown man home page](#), there was a combination of circumstances that probably led to Piltdown man's relatively long life. "Why then was the fraud so successful? Briefly, (a) the team finding the specimens (Dawson, Woodward, Teilhard) had excellent credentials, (b) incompetence on the part of the British Paleontological community, (c) the relatively primitive analytical tools available circa 1920, (d) skill of the forgery, and (e) as Millar remarks, the hoax led a charmed life."

## ***Who might have perpetrated the hoax and why?***

*Holmes sprang in his chair as if he had been stung when I read the head-lines. "By Jove!" he cried.*

Many individuals have been suggested as possible culprits behind Piltdown man, but who you think might be responsible largely depends on what is inferred to be the motive. The Piltdown fraud is quite unusual, because it doesn't obviously fall into the usual categories of scientific fraud. Most scientific frauds and hoaxes fall into a few categories, including students concocting evidence to fit their teacher's theories; researchers that fabricate evidence to fit theories that they believe are true; frauds that are done for money where fossils are fabricated for unknowing collectors; frauds in which evidence is fabricated for the reputation of the perpetrator and done with the knowledge that the results won't be checked; and finally frauds that are simply done as jokes. The Piltdown hoax is unusual because it doesn't obviously fit into any of these categories, and in addition, it required a systematic effort of planting evidence over a period of years, it required that

the perpetrator was reasonably sure that the evidence would be found, and it required detailed knowledge of geology, paleontology, and anatomy.

The list of suspects that have been suggested includes Dawson, Teilhard, and Woodward, who were the most obvious suspects, because they discovered the fossils; Grafton Elliot Smith and Sir Arthur Keith, prominent scientists that also played key roles in the discoveries; the famous mystery writer who is discussed below; W. J. Sollas, a geologist; and Martin Hinton, a paleontologist who worked in the area at the time of the discoveries and was curator of Zoology at the British Museum at the time of the fraud. [The Piltdown Man Home Page](#) provides an extensive discussion of many of the possible suspects and groups of suspects.

## **The case against Sir Arthur Conan Doyle:**

*"You know my methods. Apply them!"*

In September 1983, John Winslow, an American anthropologist, and Alfred Meyer published "The Perpetrator of Piltdown" in *Science* 83 and identified Sir Arthur Conan Doyle as the perpetrator of the hoax. Winslow's case was built on circumstantial evidence, and he noted as a caveat "That Doyle has not been implicated in the hoax before now not only is a testament to the skill with which he appears to have perpetrated it, but it also explains why the case against him is circumstantial, intricate, even convoluted. For to be on Doyle's trail is, in a sense, to be on the trail of the world's greatest fictional detective himself, Sherlock Holmes." In another article recently published in "Pacific Discovery", Robert B. Anderson of the American Museum of Natural

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History also makes a strong case that Doyle was responsible for the hoax and left us numerous clues in his book, *The Lost World*, a young person's adventure novel published in 1912. . Anderson suggests that, because the clues hadn't been properly deciphered, when Doyle "passed on in 1930, he died laughing." Some of the circumstantial "evidence" that Winslow cited included:

Doyle was an alumnus of Stonyhurst College, the same college attended by Charles Waterton, a notorious natural history faker, and undoubtedly Doyle was familiar with some of Waterton's creations.

Doyle lived 7 miles away from Barkham Manor where the fossils were found and he knew both Dawson and Woodward. This afforded Doyle ample opportunity to plant the fake fossils over a period of years.

Doyle was a doctor and had sufficient knowledge to fake the bones, and he was well acquainted with people from whom he could have obtained the orangutan jaw and the cranium.

Doyle had an interest in early man as shown by his adventure novel, "The Lost World", published in 1912 and an unpublished manuscript entitled "Human Origins". In "The Lost World" four explorers make their way through the Amazon jungle to a plateau where dinosaurs and cave men are still alive.

Winslow points out a number of allusions to the Piltdown crime in this book including a description of ape-men that are closely allied with orangutans and with the jaw of Piltdown man.

Winslow also found that Doyle mentioned missing links several times and that the area around the plateau was similar to the part of Sussex where Piltdown is located.

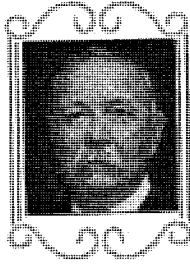
Winslow speculated that the motive behind the fraud was Doyle's long-standing animosity towards scientists

who attacked spiritualism, a belief that departed souls could be contacted through mediums such as seances. During his latter years Doyle spent much time and money promoting spiritualism and believed that he and his wife had communicated with the dead. The reaction to Winslow's accusation of Doyle was generally one of disbelief. The "evidence" was circumstantial and subject to multiple interpretations. As Anderson notes: "And even though Winslow's suggested motive is intriguing, the problem remains: he failed to find a smoking gun."<sup>(1)</sup> In an article published last spring (1), Robert Anderson claims to have found a smoking gun by solving a puzzle contained in "The Lost World", as well as deciphering lots of additional items in the story that may relate to Piltdown man. As related by Anderson, a cryptic drawing in Chapter 15 turns out to be the key to solving the puzzle. In the story, the four explorers have survived several harrowing encounters with dinosaurs and primitive men and are trying to escape off the plateau and return to London. They are handed a drawing that turns out to be a charcoal map on bark that shows a cave leading off the plateau and back to London. There are 18 caves on the map with a X at the end of one cave that is longer and more complex than the others. This caves leads off the plateau. The story follows the map and the explorers trip through the cave. Anderson notes that torches used to light the way through the caves are made from araucaria wood, the Latin name for monkey puzzle tree. Monkey puzzle trees lined the driveway to Barkham Manor at the time that the Piltdown fossils were found.

For more on the Piltdown man mystery and ACD

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/history/archaeology/index.shtml>.

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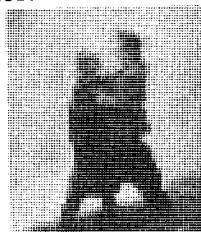
## ***A brief biography of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.***

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was born in 1859 in Edinburgh, Scotland. He was a doctor by trade; optician more specifically. He served as doctor on an Arctic whaler. ACD lived in Southsea, Birmingham and elsewhere, and practised as a doctor briefly.

It is rumoured that during his off periods of work he would think about and write his various stories. The first short story was published 1879 (not about Sherlock Holmes). The story "J. Habakuk Jephson's Statement" was a startling success. His first novel with Sherlock Holmes was *A Study in Scarlet*, which appeared in *Beeton's Christmas Annual*. He lived for a time in Surrey, later at Crowborough, Sussex.

He was the author of more than 50 books, including historical novels (most famous *The White Company* -- a review), science fiction and other novels of Professor Challenger), domestic comedy, seafaring adventure, the supernatural, poetry, military history, many other subjects.

In 1893, he "killed" Sherlock Holmes by reporting his apparent death in "The Final Problem", the last story of *The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes*.



He wanted to devote time and attention to his "more serious" writings. Holmes was briefly brought back in *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, 1901, and then revived in "The Empty House", 1903, and subsequent tales.

Knighted ("Sir Arthur") 1902 for his work in Boer War propaganda (particularly the pamphlet *The War in South Africa: Its Cause and Conduct*) -- and, some said, because of the publication of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*.

He was a constant writer of letters to the editor and crusader for social reforms. Of special interest: criminal justice (he took a personal role in the George Edalji and Oscar Slater cases), military strategy (though he never served in the armed forces), public health, sports (cricket, boxing, Olympics), divorce law reform, Belgian exploitation of the Congo, and the Pittdown hoax. He twice ran unsuccessfully for Parliament. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle died 7 July 1930. His grave site is at Minstead, Hampshire.

Some of his other works include: (from a document compiled by John Wenn, 1994)

- Professor Challenger (series)
- The Lost World (1912)
- The Poison Belt (1913)
- The Land of Mist (1926)
- The Captain of the Polestar and Other Tales (1890)
- Danger! and Other Stories (1918)
- The Doings of Raffles Haw (1891)
- The Great Kreinplatz Experiment (1894)
- The Maracot Deep and Other Stories (1929)
- The Mystery of Cloomber (1889)
- The Parasite (1895)
- Round the Fire Stories (1908)
- Tales of Terror and Mystery (1922)
- Tales of Twilight and the Unseen (1922)
- When the World Screamed

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Many years ago we contemplated compiling a sort-of ...Holmes joke book. But we found that there are not too many jokes about Holmes, God, or your mother." **John Bennett Shaw**

Despite what JBS said, We found a few jokes that you might enjoy!

>**Sherlock Holmes** stood at the gates of Heaven, pulling at his pipe and awaiting his turn.

"I'll let you in", said St. Peter, "if you can tell me who among these fellows is Adam."

"Elementary, my dear St. Peter," said the great detective. "He's the one without a bellybutton".

>**Sherlock Holmes** and Dr. Watson are taking a trip across a desert by hot-air balloon. There are not too many landmarks around, so eventually they get lost. Luckily, while flying quite low above the ground they see

a man, and Holmes shouts, "Sir, could you please tell me where we are?"

The man looks up, ponders for a moment, and finally comes up with an answer: "Gentlemen, you are in a Hot-air balloon!"

At this moment a burst of wind picks up the balloon and carries it away. Holmes turns to Watson and asks: "Do you know, my friend, who this man was?"

"No, Holmes, of course not!" "He's a mathematician!"

"Holmes, that's incredible! But how do YOU know?"

"It's very simple, Watson. First of all, the man thought before giving us an answer. Secondly, his answer was absolutely correct. And thirdly, the answer he gave us has no practical use whatsoever!"

>**Q: How many consulting detectives does it take to change a light bulb?**

A: None. A consulting detective merely deduces the reason behind the demise of the old bulb and the secret location of the replacement. He expects Watson to change it and on occasion allows Lestrade to take the credit.

*In England, the birthplace of the Bard  
Boat owners were put on their guard  
Some vandals found a way  
To paint boats with a spray.  
News headlines blared,  
Yachtland Scarred.*

*Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson went camping and pitched their tent under the stars.*

During the night, Holmes awoke his friend and asked: "Watson, when you look up and see the stars, what do you deduce?"

Watson slowly awakens and after a pause, responds: "That even if a few of those have planets, it's quite likely there are planets like Earth. And if there are a few planets like Earth, there might also be life."

"Watson you idiot," says Holmes. "It means that somebody has stolen our tent."



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## Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients

A SCION SOCIETY OF THE BAKER STREET IRREGULARS

30<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY EDITION

1974-2004

Give your (Grand) Children Sherlock Holmes

By David-Pearson

I take the ancient view, restated in Victorian times by Matthew Arnold, that literature should, ideally, exist as an instrument for the elevation of life, ' and that a great book should make the reader into something better than he was before reading it. Indeed, Arnold went so far as to place literature--or, at least, poetry--above religion as an influence for social as well as individual morality. Taking a cue from Swift, he never ceased in his personal search for "sweetness and light."

Now I should like to cite an instance and suggest a literature which bears out Arnold's general thesis. As a pre- adolescent I came upon Sherlock Holmes and immediately reached three conclusions:

- 1) That there may be, in fact are, people who--unlike parents!--have "all the answers" and are equipped to do battle with the real giants of this world;
- 2) That I infinitely preferred reading about an admirable person to a person as weak as or weaker than myself;  
And
- 3) That I aspired to be like Sherlock Holmes.

Then, as I matured and came more and more to discern a shadowy figure (the Agent!) looming ever in the back ground of the Writings, I reasoned--not knowing a single fact about Doyle's life-- that here was a man who would be kind and noble, brave and true. And I recalled how desolated I felt when it first dawned on me that he had been in his grave over a decade before my birth, so that I could never know the great joy of meeting him or writing him a letter!

This may seem terribly trite and sentimental now, but I want to try to make a point and shall therefore divide the balance of this paper into sections having their reference in the three above stated conclusions.

**First**, Holmes made me believe, and more than simply believe in the possibilities of humanity, and my own possibilities. I don't mean to cast him as a quasi-religious figure, because that sort of thing would disgust the ranks of anti Sherlockians even more than they already are. After all, they proved him a real, breathing human being and therefore worthily of respect for his genuine skills and achievements. And Watson's references--as well as Holmes own--to his professional failures never dimmed my belief in him and never has; for they ,too, make his large number of successes so infinitely more real and marvelous. It is a truism to say that ours is a cynical world. That much quoted eleventh Beatitude, "Blessed is he who expects nothing for he shall not be disappointed," has become the favorite of many. This withering negativism is even creeping into our classrooms: some children are sarcastic about elves and hobbits!



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And, since children invariably reflect dominate adult influences, they sometimes seem harder, more crass and less disposed to believe in the permanence or the untarnished worth of any thing or anyone. Their imaginations have been stunted and their aspirations have been increasingly vulgarized. How necessary, therefore, that they learn to believe! How essential that they come to the realization that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the narrow philosophies of so many modern parents! And how greatly this state of affairs could be remedied by a delight in the return to the printed page, which has always possessed a power to uplift and transcend far beyond the more artificial and commercial media of today. As an assistance toward correcting the situation, I suggest that one book worthy of youthful attention is 'The Complete Sherlock Holmes.'

For instance, in the Holmes stories there is such a thing as Evil, and an Evil which demonstrably contains the seeds of its self destruction. One returns to this world for refreshment of soul after the wearying demands of so much modern fiction, where a happy ending is considered contrary to life as we know it. It is consoling to encounter wickedness thwarted, and despite those psychologists who deride the time-honored notions of morality, there is something in human nature which insists upon not only a distinction between right and wrong but also a triumph of the one over the other. Holmes gives us precisely this, again and again and again. Furthermore, he proves himself capable of surmounting seemingly insurmountable obstacles, and thus restores ones faith in man's ability to conquer his own baser self.

I am certainly not suggesting that in Holmes we have a rose-coloured view. By their very nature as detective stories, the Writings do not shy away from the grim realities of life. On the contrary, they make their negative comments, as for instance that one uttered by the Master after the denouement of "The Cardboard Box" surely the most quietly bitter ending to any Holmes tale. There is too much of human failing and the misery which results from it to warrant calling the Writings a Pollyanna effect. But yet through all of this there remains an underlying sense of security and ordered peace which nothing can gainsay.

Though melodramas are unfashionable, villainy is still a joy to hiss; and though giants no longer haunt our mountaintops, yet cancer and the threat of nuclear devastation only serve to encourage the best of men in their quest for a solution. Holmes possessed a faith in the future characteristic of his age, and his legion of admirers will fail to adopt a similar faith at their peril.

**Second**, we all of us not only need to believe in something, we should also have someone admirable to whom we can look up. This too seems to be a built in requisite of human nature. And yet so much of modern fiction, in its concern for "realism," offers us only antiheroes who seem to sell copies in direct proportion to the number of times they "prove" their manhood--or womanhood--in bedroom gymnastics. Nothing is more impermanently satisfying than the rewards of sex, and nothing can more quickly cloud good judgment than an over- appetite for physical intimacies. Again, I hasten to explain that I am no prude and regard the act far more highly than those who cheapen it for commercial reasons; but what is there of uplift, what is there of self-improvement, in a "literature" which, as archeologists a thousand years hence may deduce, considered sex as the *raison d' etre* of its age?

But I do not mean to single out one instance one fault from many. The antiheroes with their topsy-turvy values so obviously meant to portray what modern man is really like, simply fail to inspire and literature worthy of the name must surely do this. I like to think

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that we have just about had enough of antiheroes; and is a comfort, a healthy sign, to witness the current revival of interest in the. Basically laudable character of Holmes and the high moral tone of the Watson chronicles. Of course Holmes experiment with cocaine--though it will always remain a matter for debate as to whether or not he was ever addicted. Certainly, he was sometimes of ill disposition and impatient; admittedly, he had too good an opinion of himself (although he spoke at least once--in "The Copper Beeches" of his deductive gift as being a thing beyond me.") However, with all of his faults one must charitably admit that his virtues far surpassed them. As I once stated in another article, Holmes would not be so universally loved were he not also so good. The Writings are far from being sanctimonious; they contain no preachments. Works of a consciously "improving" nature rarely survive. And it is questionable whether or not the Master derived his ethical and humane values from a religious view of life and humanity. Nevertheless, the stories are shot through and through with a quiet kindness and compassion, and a sense of human decency that is all too rare in the literature of our so-called age of "sophistication." The old-world courtliness and gallantry encountered in Watson's manner, and in the social dealings which he records, may produce guffaws in some modern readers; but this courtliness and gallantry was not a literary device used to recall the tone and temper of the times. It was part and parcel of Dr. Doyle himself, and he would be first to remind us that good manners never go out of date!

I mentioned three of Holmes's more flagrant faults, but are these not terribly inconsequential when placed beside the sins he despised in others? The very fact that he labeled Charles Augustus Milverton the "worst" man in London because Milverton's blackmail career was so destructively cruel helps us to see that, to Holmes, the most contemptible wrongs were those which hurt other people. And we remember also how he was, even before 1900, demonstrating--in "The Yellow Face"-- that even a biracial marriage is an occasion for sympathy, tolerance, and the noblest impulses of humanity. I have always considered this interesting little case, one of his few recorded failures, To prove the singular high-mindedness of both the Master and the Agent, and in that very real sense not a failure at all. How many moderns, who pride themselves on material progress, have actually caught up with Holmes in their willingness to understand and respect all manner of people? I confess that I personally fall short; but then this realization lends all the more credence to my conviction that men need heroes. **Third and finally**, there is the matter of emulation. Of course I do not possess the deductive powers of Sherlock Holmes; who does? The important thing is the striving to wards perfection which Matthew Arnold, with whom I began, never ceased to promote as the only possible answer to human problems. In this regard, for those who are interested, nothing better suits than having an example to follow. Hawthorne gave us the story of "The Great Stone Face," but he is not the only author to demonstrate that men become like that which they most admire. I cannot conceive of anyone reading a biography of Hitler and then wanting to be like him, but this sort of thing does happen. It has always been significant to me that Joseph Stalin steadfastly refused to read Sherlock Holmes, and one wonders what he might have feared from stories written, after all, for idle enjoyment. I suspect he feared as men always fear who do not want to be deflected from their goals of self-seeking, as those feared who put such as Socrates and Jesus, Savonarola and Bonhoeffer to death--Stalin did not want exposure to values infinitely higher than his own. No reading is more beneficial to our young than the reading of biographies. It would be interesting to know how many careers have had their

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almost forgotten inception in the study of great men and women. At any rate, I would direct the children I know to those souls whose influence might elevate; and in the ranks of what it pleases some to call "fictional" heroes I would unhesitatingly give them Sherlock Holmes among the very first volumes. Perhaps there is not in the Writings the "high seriousness" which Arnold or most contemporary critics would expect from great literature. But to us "cultists" I use the word unblushingly—there remains a certain truth and beauty, a certain sense of fitness and rightness, for which the world needs desperately to regain a healthy regard. Let your children read Hemingway; let them have Fitzgerald; let them find out from Orwell the dangers of our present way of progress; by all means let them come to know the works which will endure despite Best-Seller lists. But give them also Conan Doyle to refresh and uplift them, to engender hope and due regard for permanent values. Give them the opportunity to meditate over the ugliness, the cruelties, the injustices and uncertainties of life as demonstrated in modern fiction; but treat them also to a literary worldview Just as intellectually sound, just as artistically true, which honours veracity, kindness and virtue, and shows that, in fact, there is such a thing as a happy ending. With all my heart I cannot believe that anyone who loved Sherlock Holmes as a child or adolescent has ever grown up to be really bad. And so I urge: Give Holmes to your children. His may not be a "great" literature, but yet it will endure so long as men seek "sweetness and light".

*David Pearson is Chairman of the English Department of a middle school in Hope, Arkansas, where he teaches 9th Grade English.*



## Answers to the nearly impossible quiz.

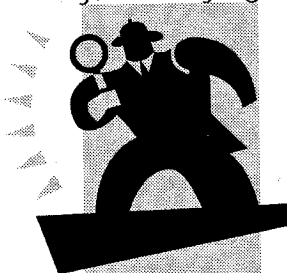
- |                     |                      |                           |
|---------------------|----------------------|---------------------------|
| 1.Black Peter       | 11.Noble Bachelor    | 22.Dying Detective        |
| 2.Red Circle        | 12.Three Garridebs   | 23.Abbey Grange           |
| 3.Engineers Thumb   | 13. Naval Treaty     | 24.Cardboard Box          |
| 4.Resident Patients | 14. Empty House      | 25.Red-Headed league      |
| 5.Boscombe Valley   | 16.Final Problem     | 26.Five Orange Pips       |
| 6.Dancing men       | 17.Gold Pince Nez    | 27.Retired Colourman      |
| 7.Six Napoleons     | 18.Sign of Four      | 28.Man with a twisted Lip |
| 8.Last Bow          | 19. Gloria Scott     | 29.Sussex Vampire         |
| 9.Thor Bridge       | 20.Three Gables      | 30.Crooked Man            |
| 10.Copper Beeches   | 21. Study in Scarlet |                           |

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**JOHN BENNETT SHAW** loved nothing better than a good pun (or is "good pun" an oxymoron? Ah, well. It's better to be an oxymoron than a regular moron.) Meetings of The Brothers Three of Moriarty were famous for the inclusion of his nearly-impossible quizzes, one of which is reproduced here for your enjoyment. This one was devised for the 1973 Colonel Sebastian Moran Trap Shoot. Be warned... it includes some politically incorrect verbiage, which is not our fault (but we printed it anyway because Big Brother would have wanted us to).

## Answers are printed on page 19.

1. If the first Pope had been a Negro.
2. A sewing group in Leningrad.
3. After a train wreck the operator hitches to town.
4. An uncomplaining tenant.
5. An employer carefully searching a mountain area for someone or something.
6. Gay fellows at play.
7. Three Raquel Welch's.
8. What the dying dog uttered.
9. Hurting teeth.
10. Private swimming area for police.
11. An unmarried male who tells the truth.
12. More than two socially prominent young ladies in a filthy Indiana town.
13. An agreement to allow belly dances.
14. for rent.
16. Day of Judgment.
17. Comment of a gentleman who does not want yellow trousers.
18. Posted warning of safety measure at golf tee.
19. Possibly Sir Walter's daughter.
20. Several happy young cattle.
21. Case history of character in Gone with the Wind.
22. Impoverished private eye working in a cleaning shop.
23. A pasture owned by a noted lady newspaper columnist.
24. Bridge player, dead of ennui, in a casket.
25. If Schoendienst rather than Cronin led the junior circuit.
26. Spit it out, spit it out, spit it out, spit it out, spit it out.
27. When he worked, he summoned hogs.
28. A deformity of the face named after a mammal of the genus "lepus."
29. If baseball was played in southern England, the man who would "call 'em" would be...
30. If I went in for phone tapping, bribery, destroying evidence, and so on, I would be...



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## Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients

A SCION SOCIETY OF THE BAKER STREET IRREGULARS

30<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY EDITION

1974-2004

### Guy Fawkes Night

*Remember; remember the fifth of November,*

*Gunpowder treason and plot.*

*We see no reason*

*Why gunpowder treason*

*Should ever be forgot!*

AH, treason and a threat to the Monarchy!

What a better excuse for a night out!

While club member's have-to date- not lit off any fireworks, bonfires or burned anyone at the stake, we do use this

English celebration (??) as an excuse to get together every November. Everyone brings a dish to share. We enjoy sampling each others culinary delights watch a Sherlock Holmes themed movie and discuss the film afterwards.

Be sure to join us this year and think about bringing your own homemade effigy of the Guy. (optional)

Until November rolls around, here is a brief history of the Guy.

On the night of November 5th, throughout Britain, bonfires are set alight, effigies are burned, and fireworks are set off.

The people do this to commemorate their country's most notorious traitor: Guy Fawkes.

In 1605, Guy Fawkes (also known as Guido) and a group of conspirators attempted to blow up the Houses of Parliament.

After Queen Elizabeth I died in 1603, English Catholics who had had a rough time under her reign had hoped that her successor, James I, would be more tolerant of their religion. Alas, he was not, and this angered a number of

young men who decided that violent action was the answer.

One young man in particular, Robert Catesby suggested to some close friends that the thing to do was to blow up the Houses of Parliament. In doing so, they would kill the King, maybe even the Prince of Wales, and the Members of Parliament who were making life difficult for the Catholics.



To carry out their plan, the conspirators got hold of 36 barrels of gunpowder - and stored it in a cellar, just under the House of Lords.

But as the group worked on the plot, it became clear that some innocent people would be hurt or killed in the attack. Some of the plotters started having second thoughts. One of the group members even sent an anonymous letter warning his friend, Lord Monteagle, to stay away from the Parliament on November 5th.

The warning letter reached the King, and the King's forces made plans to stop the conspirators.

Guy Fawkes, who was in the cellar of the parliament with the 36 barrels of gunpowder when the authorities stormed it in the early hours of November 5th, was caught, tortured and executed.

It's unclear if the conspirators would ever have been able to pull off their plan to blow up the Parliament even if they had not been betrayed - some people

# THE MEDICAL BULLETIN

think the gunpowder they were planning to use was so old as to be useless. Since Guy Fawkes and his colleagues got caught before trying to ignite the powder, we'll never know for certain. These days, Guy Fawkes Day is also known as Bonfire Night. The event is commemorated every year with fireworks and burning effigies of Guy Fawkes on a bonfire.

*Some of the English have been known to wonder whether they are celebrating Fawkes' execution or honoring his attempt to do away with the government.*

## **A PENNY FOR THE GUY??**

Preparations for Bonfire Night celebrations include making a dummy of Guy Fawkes, which is called "the Guy". On the night itself, Guy is placed on top of the bonfire, which is then set alight; and fireworks displays fill the sky. Some children even keep up an old tradition of walking in the streets, carrying "the Guy" they have just made, and beg passersby for "a penny for the Guy." The kids use the money to buy fireworks for the evening festivities.



## **Where was 221B Baker Street?**

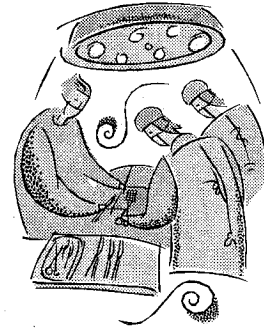
One mans opinion by Jens Byskov Jensen

A lot of details in the stories told by Dr. Watson can help us to prove where Holmes really lived. There are certain things which must be present at the address. 221B must have a back yard large enough for growing a tree. And in the same area as 221B there must be a house on the other side of the street, with a back yard which can be entered through a wooden gate, with a hall inside on the south side of the house so that you can walk to the right on entering the front room if you walk from the back of the house, and with no street lamp near the front windows. A house such as this will be recognized as The Empty House from the story of the same name. And across the street from this house was 221B.

In trying to locate Holmes's 221B in Baker Street, the hardest thing to match is the back yard. We know that Holmes lived on the west side of Baker Street, and at the time there were only a couple of houses here which had back yards. And the only one of these which was large enough to be suitable for our purpose is the yard behind no. 31. At an older map dating from 1872 five spacious yards can be seen behind nos. 19-35, but by 1894 they had been reduced to only one yard and a couple of air-shafts. The story in which Dr. Watson mentions a plane tree in the back yard is The Problem of Thor Bridge which dates from around 1900. The remaining yard behind no. 31 was 15 feet x 12 feet, which should leave room enough for a reasonable plane tree. And since it was the only remaining yard as large as this left in Baker Street not much doubt can be left. Therefore it is not very surprising that no. 34, across the street from no. 31, matches the

# THE MEDICAL BULLETIN

description of The Empty House brilliantly. No. 34 can be reached from the rear via Kendall Mews, it's front door is on the south side of the house and thus the hall is on the same side, and the nearest street lamp is about 40 feet away - far enough to shed nothing but a faint light. Therefore the most probable answer to the question "Where was 221B?" is that Holmes's 221B was house no. 31 and The Empty House was no. 34.



## Chief Surgeons of Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients

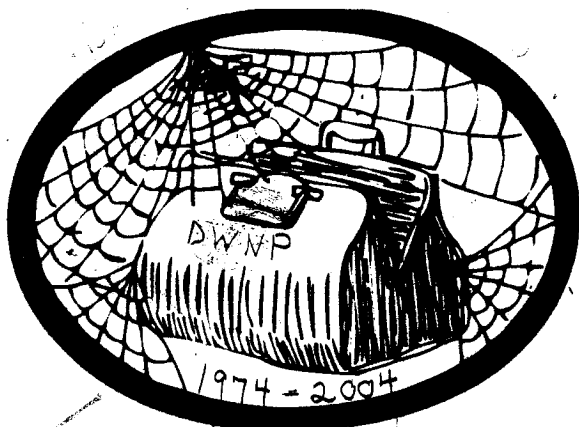
1974-1975	Morency R. Dane
1976	Bill Dorn
1977-1978	Ronald B. DeWaal
1979-1983	David Poole
1984	Chuck Hanson
1985-1986	Ron Lies
1987-1988	James Butler
1989-1990	Stan Moskal
1991-1992	John Stephenson
1993-1994	Steve Robinson
1995-1996	Terry Ties
1997-1998	Denny Hogarth
1999-2004	Mark Langston

***Our deepest thanks to all of  
you for all of your efforts to  
preserve the memory of the  
Master!***



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## 2004 Events

There is no excuse! You may be neglected but you shall not be bored. Ease your suffering and angst by joining your fellow club members in an action packed year of activities!!

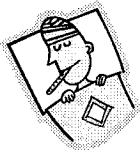
Would you like to get together occasionally and discuss or story or watch a movie?

Then join the 'Outpatients'.

Last year some members got together a few times and discussed stories from the Canon. So many people enjoyed this that members Larry Feldman and Stan Moskal suggested we start a monthly discussion group, beginning with the very first story 'A Study in Scarlet'. We could take turns hosting an evening and either offer a movie or a story to read. Sign up at the main welcoming table if you are interested in hosting and/or participating. Leave a phone number and e mail address if you have one!

The next Board meeting is February 7 at Pints Pub in Denver at 11am. Everyone is welcome to attend!!

**What better way** to spend a Saturday morning than to learn from Ed Chan about 'The Diseases of the Dying Detective'. Cool! Mark your calendar for Saturday morning at 10am on March 20<sup>th</sup>. The location is still a mystery but it will be revealed to loyal supporters of the Master soon.

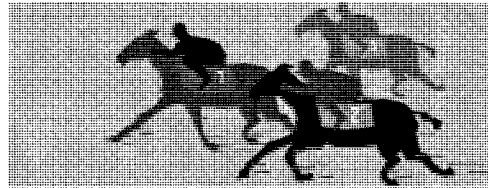


Sunday May 23, 2004 will find us at Stan Moskel's house to enjoy the English festivity of an afternoon tea. Stan will be hosting as the good Dr. said

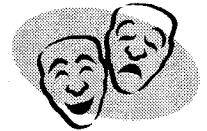
he would be indisposed that afternoon but appreciates us holding the tea in his honor.



This summer we will be trotting off to 'A Day at the Races' remembering the story of 'Silver Blaze'. This event will be held at Arapahoe Park, time and date to be announced.



A play just for us! Join us Sunday September 19 at noon for a very enjoyable afternoon with: Sherlock Holmes: A Little Night Mystery At the Heritage Square Music Hall 18301 W. Colfax Ave in Golden. Our special (low) rate of \$25.00 includes dinner and a matinee



### A penny for the Guy?

If someone will volunteer to be an effigy for the Guy, we can have a jolly good time building a bonfire on Saturday November 6. If we have no volunteers, I suppose we can still have a delightful evening sharing a potluck meal and a movie. Join us from 5pm-9pm at Marks club house!

