
Volume 11, Number 4

Winter - 1985-86

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

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Membership is \$10.00 per year for Colorado residents; all others, \$8.00.

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Manuscripts should be submitted to the editor.

"You can file it in our archives, Watson.
Some day the true story may be told."

From the Chief Surgeon

Saturday, September 21st, an event of the first order occurred. Two of our most eligible patients merged their collections and their lives. We, the Out Patients, feel that we brought Debbie Laubach and Jim Butler together as they first met at one of our meetings.

John Stephenson and I were groomsmen, my wife Mary was Matron of Honor and Charlene Schnelker was Bridesmaid. I would say that the Out Patients were well represented. We all feel very privileged and honored to be allowed to share in the joy and love that was present at the wedding.

Being a romantic at heart, when I heard about the engagement I stated that Debbie and Jim were made for each other. Little did I know how prophetic that statement would be. The first proof came with the presents that Jim and Debbie gave each other. I was asked by Debbie what to give Jim. Then Jim asked me what he should give Debbie. I did not suggest to either of them what the presents should be.

The wedding day itself was a warm and beautiful Fall day. The Bride was lovely and the groom (handsome?) though quite nervous at times. Debbie's parents gave their daughter a wonderful wedding in all details.

When the time for the opening of the presents arrived, there were several sherlockian overtones. Stan and Jan Moskel gave the couple an original sherlockian drawing provided by their son. Those of us who saw it hope Stan can persuade him to do more of the drawings. Since I knew in advance what Jim and Debbie were giving each other I could hardly contain myself. The night before the wedding Debbie broke her celtic cross necklace that she always wore. This was almost a mystical occurrence, since Jim bought Debbie a 1902 sovereign coin fashioned into a necklace. Debbie gave Jim an 1886 sovereign coin. Sherlockians, check the Canon for the reference. After

they had exchanged their gifts to each other Jim understood what I meant when I had told him "you'll never believe how appropriate your present is."

Another important connection in relation to the coins is the dating of the coins. The difference between 1886 and 1902 is the age difference between Jim and Debbie.

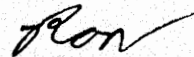
In true sherlockian fashion, after the guests had thinned to the select few the deerstalkers appeared. Jim and Debbie added theirs to their attire and the rest of us followed. I feel that a wedding gown is not complete without a deerstalker, nor is a tuxedo.

To end the day, when Debbie and Jim registered at the motel in Idaho Springs, their room number was 221. This was not prearranged. Being the romantic that I am, this was a sign from Baker Street that here was a match with Holmes' and Watson's blessings.

Jim and Debbie, let me wish you again the best wishes and a long and wonderful life together.

That's all for now. We will be letting you know about our annual dinner very soon. We have some very special entertainment lined up, so don't miss it.

Sherlockianly yours,



Ronald E. Lies
Chief Surgeon

The Butlers Said It

By Jim and Debbie Butler

I ask you now to raise your glass to honor a man who will live in history beside Sherlock Holmes, a man of courage, determination, loyalty and perseverance, but probably one of the, if not the, worst doctors ever to receive his license. A more blatant disregard for his patients has ever been carried on by a physician. He could be keeping vigil over the sickest of his patients, but are his uppermost thoughts of the welfare of his charge, and sympathy for their discomfort? No, he mulls over the case at hand which he is assisting Holmes with, devising theories and explanations.

When clients of the doctors came to his consulting room with sickness or injury, do they find him available? He is off chasing demon dogs across Dartmoor, nabbing murderers in Reigate or trekking across the Swiss Alps in search of a Napoleon of crime. His patients are unceremoniously bundled off to his medical neighbors. No, all in all, as an example of the medical world, Dr. Watson was the pits; but as a friend in time of trouble, ready with fist or revolver, a companion to share your soul's secrets with, then Dr. J. H. Watson was the best. To Dr. Watson!

DB

In the early weeks of this year, the Board of Directors of the Coca Cola Corporation announced that, after nearly a century, the formula of Coke was to be changed to give America and the world a "new" and better Coke. If Congress had announced that the Lincoln Memorial was going condo, there couldn't have been a bigger uproar. Thousands of enraged Coke drinkers bombarded radio and T.V. shows boycotted the new soft drink and even charged the Coca Cola Board with high treason. Finally after several weeks, the Corporation relented and announced the marketing of "Coke Classic". Tradition had won out.

You may well ask what a carbonated caramel flavored drink has to do with Mr. Sherlock Holmes?

It's easy; just as Coke "is it", Holmes, the world's first and greatest detective "is it." Over the past ninety years that Holmes has practiced his art, movie producers, and authors have tried to change and improve him. They've given him a trench coat, Fedora, and .38 special and called him Philip Marlowe, given him a Belgium accent, waxed moustache and little grey matter, and called him Hercule Poirot, they've given him a love of orchids, fine food, and a shady illegitimate relationship as Holme's son and called him Nero Wolfe. They've even given him loud Hawaiian shirts to match his fire red Ferrari, and called him Thomas Magnum, but still, under all the trappings, and variations, they're all Holmes. Because nothing can alter or better the best, and nothing ever will. So drink a toast to the worlds best—
Mr. Sherlock Holmes

JB

Holmes and the Motet of Lassus

By D.N. Ellis

Mr. Sherlock Holmes, having unwound himself from the Lotus position at the feet of the Delhi Lama, descended from the hills of Tibet, and, at his leisure, trended to Persia, Mecca and Khartoum before he finally reached Montpellier in France. It was, by then, towards the end of his hiatus from London, and the year was late 1893.

From Montpellier, Holmes made his way to Leipzig, Germany. He had a curiosity, which of late had become a passion, to see for himself the MAGNUM OPUS MUSICUM of Lassus*, a collection of seventeen volumes of the Motets, Masses and other compositions of the master, Orlando Lassus. For some time, Holmes had it in mind to write a monograph on them.

At last, he stood before a display of these 16th century musical compositions. It quite took his breath away. The musical notations used by Lassus, Chapelmaster to the Duke of Bavaria in 1560, 1594, were different from those he read when he played his beloved violin, but he longed to try. His long fingers twitched.

"Ya. You tink dis is sumpin? You shoulda seen the instrument he designed to play dem on."

Holmes turned his head to observe the speaker: a short, beefy man whose waistcoat

threatened to burst its buttons from the strain of his little fat belly. A fringe of ginger colored hair circled the man's head. He stared, unblinking, at Holmes.

"The instruments used at that time were, I believe, of the reed family-flute, recorder, and, of course, the human voice. Sir, you are a musician?"

The little man puffed out his cheeks and squared his shoulders. "Of course, I am Pingler. Anybody knows that."

"Forgive me, Herr Pringle, I have been abroad for some time. I haven't read a paper or heard any gossip for over a year. I'm..."

"Pingler, Heetzer Pingler. I am virtuoso on ze zither and conductor of the Berliner Glockenspieler concert band. Oh, I know music, I do."

"How interesting. Do you play an instrument?"

"I just tell you so. Ze zither." Simultaneously, he managed to click his heels together and bow. "And I tell you about the instrument that Lassus made to play his music on."

"Sorry, I'm not familiar with the sither."

"Zither! Lumpenhund!"

"No need to be offensive, Pringle." Holmes had a slight sneer on his lips as he observed Pingler. He turned his attention back to the display. "I have

travelled some great distance to see this display. Although I don't doubt that you know something about music, I do doubt that you could lead a gaggle of kindergarteners in a triangle festival. Lassus did not design a musical instrument. That is an historical fact."

"Ha! I got cha. The motet of Lassus, I seen it! It's got long circles and thin round tubes. Here, I show you..." He extracted an oblong of paper, wrinkled and much worn, from his breast pocket. Lovingly he spread it on the top of a dusty case.

"Good heavens!" said Holmes after a moment, "where could one blow, strike or pluck a thing like that?"

"I dunno. I dunno how he done it, but dis is the Motet of Lassus. I swear dis is it. Dis is a copy mine own fadder make thirty years ago, and he say to me, 'Son Pingler, dis is de Motet of Lassus, mind you cherish it like your bride, care for it like your gold, and protect it as you would your own life. Dis is all I got in dis world to leave to you from my earthly possessions, which I have already spent, since dey vas mine to spend. Use it wisely and vell' and den he died.' Pingler wiped a tear from his eye, "But I got it. I got de Motet of Lassus."

"There, there, Pringle, we all lose loved ones."

"Pingler. Mein name is Pingler. Don't you hear nothin? Pingler, Pingler Pingler!"

"Of course, Herr Pringler. Don't upset

(to p. 33)

Litany

By Karl Kopp

Minister:

"From misguided Mormons and ex-Indian corpsmen,

Congregation:

Sherlock Holmes deliver us.

M: From Jack Stapleton dire and the Grimpen mire,

C: Sherlock Holmes deliver us.

M: From the giant rat and the Sussex bat,

C: Sherlock Holmes deliver us.

M: From the speckled band, Colonel Moran, and the spy who swiped the Bruce-Partington plans,

C: Sherlock Holmes deliver us.

M: From six Napoleons and the lust for simoleons,

C: Sherlock Holmes deliver us.

M: From Baron Gruner who sought only to ruin her,

C: Sherlock Holmes deliver us.

M: From Garrideb frauds, New Jersey broads, and pompous Lestrades from Scotland Yard,

C: Sherlock Holmes deliver us.

M: From Sir Grimesby Roylott and his lot, from Professor Moriarty and his party,

C: Sherlock Holmes deliver us.

Minister and
Congregation:

We pray this night as did those before.
We bless violin and Mycroft's lore.
We bless Persian slipper and arpoint Jack the Ripper.

Him of cocaine and fabulous brain,
Him with no second, him with no stain,
We praise
(no cipher that he could not solve'er
stout stick and service revolver)--
And our glasses raise to London fog,
To telegrams, monographs, and a phosphorous dog,
To Norwood Walls,
To Reichehbach Falls
To Black Peter the boozier,
To Steve Dixie the bruiser,
To telltale footprints obscured by rain,
To sudden nocturnal trips by train,
To Doctor Watson obtuse but loyal,
To illustrious clients sometimes royal,
And to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Yea though we walk through the Valley of Fear,
Yea though in solitary cycles we veer,
Yea though our sins be as scarlet,
We know at the Last Bow--
Where each of us roams
(from Shoscombe to Boscombe)--
Thou dost bruise the devil's foot,
O Sherlock Holmes.

Amen."

Rev. Karl Kopp
First Divine Science Church
1400 Williams Street
Denver, CO 80218

yourself so." With a long thin finger, Holmes stabbed at the paper and ran his finger over the scratchings. "Ha." With that, Holmes turned his attention back to the display of polyphonic motets.

"Dumkopf," said Herr Pingler, "I seen dis wit mein own eyes. Lassus did too make an instrument."

"Did not."

"Did."

"Did not! Sir, you are a donkey!"

"Du bist ein eisel!"

"I just said that. Oh Watson, if only you could be here now!"

"Vat son? I bet you ain't got no son-not you; I know who you are, I do."

"Enough!" roared Holmes, "That is quite enough. I'm going to return to my hotel. I am going to escape from you and your Motet of Lassus. You, sir, have diminished one of the most poignant moments of my life with your nonsense."

"Sir, I impeach you." The sweaty little man was highly agitated. "You are a wise, wealthy and talented Englisher, and I am begging you to come wit me to see the Motet of Lassus."

Holmes shrugged himself free of the little damp hands.

"I believe you mean 'implore you' not impeach. Or perhaps you intended to say

'beseech you', but surely not 'impeach', Pringle."

"Pingler, please."

"Oh very well, Pringler, please."

Dinner with Pingler had been lengthy and filling. They ate dumplings and sausages, sauerkraut, beer and apple dumplings, with a perspiring Pingler urging him to eat more than he cared to, they'd talked about music, Holmes's cases and the Motets of Lassus. Afterward in Pingler's room, a dreary place he had engaged for the week, Holmes sat in the lone chair and looked at the series of eight drawings Pingler had made of the "motet".

It was comprised of two rings, or circles, connected at their centers by a thin, curved piece of tubing; depending from the center of this "bridge" was another thin short tube, which ended in a small flat oblong. Pingler referred to this part as the "head piece". In general, the object resembled a pair of spectacles without earpieces, and with the addition of the head-rest piece.

Thoughtfully, Holmes queried, "Is there any indication of the size of this motet?"

"Nein".

"Well, where are they?"

"I said nein. Der are none. Nein."

Holmes sat back in the chair, puffed on his clay pipe and contemplated the

sketches. Thick smoke from the shag tobacco billowed through the room. Pingler, his eyes tear-filled, began to cough.

Holmes spoke. "This is a puzzler, Pringler. I will agree to consider it for you, however, I am a working detective, and I expect to be paid for my labors. I will ask little, say ten marks, or something in gold. Is that agreeable?"

"Ya. Of course, I hear of your wonderful works and I will gladly pay you when you tell me how dis motet was played and what was its' beautiful sound."

Holmes remained silent for some time, puffing on his pipe. "No sir, I will rephrase that statement for you. You will render me my fee even if the facts which I discover do not agree with your present conceptions of them. I will arrive at the only solution, and therefore the only answer to your puzzle. Is that agreeable to you?"

"Ya. Sure it is." Pingler coughed.

"For now, I will take these sketches with me. I will return them to you in the morning. Please meet me at the cafe near the railway station at seven tomorrow morning. At that time, I will give you the solution to your puzzle." Holmes reached the door. "By the way, Pringler, what was your father's business?"

"M ein fadder was a wheelwright, same as his fadder and all my grandfadders."

Holmes opened the door and stepped into the hall, "Pingler, you really ought to

see a doctor about that cough." Then he was gone.

The next morning, Holmes and Pingler reached the cafe at the same time, although coming from different directions. Together they entered, selected a small table near a window and ordered coffee. Holmes set the stack of sketches on the table and cleared his throat.

"What you have here, old fellow, is somewhat like Leonardo's submarine. I really am sorry to have to disappoint you."

"Vat you talking about? Vat submarine?"

"Was either your father or your grandfather named Moses?"

"Nein, dat vas mein Uncle Moses Lester - He vas a wheelwright too."

"Good. Then that settles it."

"Vat's settled. Vat you talking about?"

Holmes turned one of the drawings around and pointed at it. "This is an invention that was created before it was possible to make it work with the then known technology. You see, Pringler, this is a wheel and this is also a wheel and the little piece you call the headpiece is actually a cushion to sit upon."

"Dat's silly. Dat's what you come up wit after a few hours of tinkering and after the swell dinner I buy you? A bicycle? De Bicycle of Lassus? De design for a bicycle?"

" Hmm. It was exactly that swell dinner that kept me walking the streets of Leipzig for many hours. It's elementary, Pringler. This is the invention of your Uncle Moses...it is the rudimentary design for a vehicle which is to be motorized and can also be pedalled as is a bicycle. It is quite rightly called the mo-for Moses, and ped-for pedal. This is the Moped of Moses.

" The design does lack some important features, such as a motor, axle, handlebars and pedals, but, by heavens, this is a beginning, and you should be proud of your inventive Uncle Moses. If you have inherited such talent, you might make this workable and profitable. After all, isn't Herr Daimler doing remarkable things with horseless carriages?

" And now my fee. I have a train to catch."

Pingler put a small stack of gold coins into Holmes's palm. "Why would mein own papa tell me dis was the Motet of Lassus. Tell me dat if you can." A tear rolled down Heetzer Pingler's cheek. "Why would he lie to me?"

Holmes, who had risen from his chair, patted the little man on his shoulder.

" He was probably delirious, my friend. After all, he was near the end, wasn't he? And you were, naturally, overwrought. He no doubt said, "this is the moped of Uncle Moses, and you, being musical and overwrought, thought he said the Motet of Lassus. A natural error for one with an accent." Holmes smiled and said, "Goodbye. I'm off to London just as soon as I take

one more look at the Magnum Opus Musicum."

" The Moped of Pingler." Pingler wiped his eyes, hiccupped and coughed.

" You seem to have respiratory problems, my friend. I'd see to that hiccup if I were you," then Holmes was gone.

*

"In the royal library at Munich is the richest collection of his works. His sons published a collection of his motets entitled "Magnum Opus Musicum" (1604, 17 vols, folio). An edition of his collected works appeared at Leipzig 1893, et seq." The Encyclopedia Americana, Vol. 16.

Rx

INFLATION OF LUNGS

Each morning, after dressing, spend 5 minutes in open air inflating lungs by inhaling as full a breath as possible, and pounding on the breast during the inflation, to greatly enlarge the chest, strengthen lung power, and ward off consumption.

From: Rocky Mountain Receipts/Remedies
Jack and Sarah Benham (c) 1966
Grand Junction, CO

Compliments of The Season

John H. Watson, M. D.



*"There's coffee on the table, Watson,
and I have a cab at the door."*

Bulletin Board

From Eileen MacIntosh, Editor of Past Perfect Clothes Newsletter:

"Your distaff readership will certainly be relieved to know that it is now possible to dress as fashionably as the woman. Past Perfect Clothes Newsletter is dedicated to the recreation of fashions of the past, most notably those of the Victorian and Edwardian Eras. Sources of supplies and patterns for sewing reproduction wear at home are described and reviewed monthly."

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For additional information, send a stamped, self-addressed #10 envelope to Mrs. Eileen MacIntosh, Editor, Past Perfect Clothes Newsletter, 23 Underwood Street, Belmont, Massachusetts, 02178.

(Those of you who write for this information and mention the name of the MEDICAL BULLETIN will be rewarded with a Victorian clothing pattern.)

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