



# Doctor Watson's Neglected Patients medical bulletin



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A Scion Society Of The Baker Street Irregulars &

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June 1988

Vol. 14 No. 1

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"His medical practice had been so punctuated by scandals that he had practically abandoned the practice the better to apply himself to the scandals."

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## CHIEF SURGEON'S OBSERVATIONS:

"Good old Watson! You are the one fixed point in a changing age. There's an east wind coming all the same, cold and bitter, Watson,..." DWNP suffered a chilling season this spring. It has shaken the complacency of many of our loyal band. This has had a therapeutic effect because it has caused members to re-examine our Society and determine whether it should go in the future. Any organization may be all the better for such an exercise. DWNP has determined to grow. The Medical Board is once again providing a strong cohesive leadership for our members. We have done some creative planning. We are charting a course that will take DWNP happily on many a journey into that beloved time of the Master Detective in years to come. Lest you doubt this statement, please be advised that ample notice will be given of forthcoming functions (see mention of these elsewhere in this issue). All members are warmly welcomed to join in all events. Your Medical Bulletin will appear regularly spring and fall. All members are cheerfully invited to make contributions to it. Send any such items to Dorothy Ellis, who is once again our Editor. Watch or listen to your favorite media for announcements of activities. Charlene Schnelker is in charge of publicity for DWNP. All of us will once again "...lie in the sunshine...the storm has cleared." Be ready for the summons. "'Come, Watson, come!' he cried, 'The game is afoot. Not a word! Into your clothes and come!'"



## ADVENTURES AND JOURNEYS:

Several members of DWNP recently journeyed up to the House of Windsor for a splendid High Tea, and a viewing of John Stephenson's latest collectors' item, a VCR of Sherlockian tapes. For those unacquainted with the aforementioned House of Windsor, we suggest you drop in for a luncheon or a cream tea. It is located at 1050 S. Wadsworth, Lakewood, CO. 80226(936-9029). Owned and operated by Mr. and Mrs. Derek Williams, it is not only a pleasant place for tea but also a good place to purchase British imports.

The VCR was a "Laugh-In" vignette in which Rowan and Martin portrayed Watson and Holmes, respectively. This was followed by a BRAVESTARR adventure, "Sherlock Holmes in the 23rd Century". The cartoon storyline had the Master Detective sent by a timewarp into the future where he encountered the Professor and successfully defeated him as he did so well in the earlier Victorian times. The tapes were much fun and very enjoyable. A good evening of Sherlockian fellowship was once again shared by DWNP members.

# The Affair of the Stockbroker's Wife

by C. Tuckey Part 3

I knew without inquiring when I came down to breakfast the next morning, that Sherlock Holmes had not seen his bed the previous night. He lay upon our sofa; his pipe, the companion of his long nocturnal vigils, lay spent on the floor, mute testimony to his concentrations. Holmes' own features were an exercise in puzzlement, and his violin and an empty coffee pot sat on the chair beside him. From reading his expression, I could see that his mind had, for all his cerebral exertions, come no

further to a solution than mine. Halfway through breakfast, he stirred and got to his feet to pace the perimeters of our sitting room.

"I feel so helpless, Watson", he replied, pausing long enough in his ramblings to scoop up his briar pipe from the mantle and fill it. "While I sit here with my hands tied, Mrs. Brace-Crowich could be lying somewhere on the threshold of death."

"Or worse." I finished the thought for him. "Holmes, if what Violet told us is true, then we cannot allow this tormented woman to return to her home." My companion was silent for a moment.

"If only", he mused, "if only..."

The morning passed slowly. My clinical appointment book was empty, and I had nothing to do but watch Holmes pace the floor, listlessly saw at his violin, or brood at the window.

Shortly after lunch, the post arrived and the spark to our investigation in the form of a letter from Esher in Kent. Holmes pounced upon it like a child at his favourite toy and read aloud the following:

"Dear Mr. Holmes,

I hope that this will reach you and Dr. Watson in time to be some value and prevent any further harm to Mrs. Brace-Crowich. I thought over our conversation after you left and did indeed recall something about the gentleman caller of my previous mistress."

"As I told you earlier this afternoon, I do remember the man's name was Chester. The second of the two times I was summoned to the sitting room during his visits, I recall that they were discussing a social outing, and he was persuading her to allow him to chaparone her."

"'No one will know you and Arthur will never be the wiser. Remember how you used to dance?' he said, before he saw me enter and stopped. My best recollection is that the

conversation took place sometime in the early part of May, though I can't be certain."

"Please do not think ill of me for this slipping my mind, but I cannot rest without knowing that Mrs. Brace-Crowich is safe. May God bless her and you."

Your obedient servant,

Violet Haines

I had no sooner read this letter for myself than my companion had thrown off his dressing gown and reached for his frock coat. Pausing only to drain the contents of my luncheon coffee cup, he was out the door and down the stairs.

"Where are you off to, Holmes?" I cried.

"To put a name to the redoubtable Chester", came his reply as the front door slammed behind him.

It was ever a source of frustration to me in my relationship with the detective that, once he had come across some clue after a dry period in his investigations, he was off the mark like a champion sprinter and no power under Heaven would persuade him to share his intentions with me. So I had to content myself with learning the results of his sudden disappearance when he returned.

It was nearly half past seven and Holmes's dinner lay cold upon the sideboard when I heard his foot upon the stairs. He entered, his features displaying the signs that his efforts had hit dead on. He sat down to dine as he disgorged a sheaf of papers from his pocket.

"A guinea says you'll never guess where I have spent the past four hours," he announced. I replied that I would not even begin to imagine.

"In a little room half the size of this flat, Watson, above a music shop and five minutes' walk from Fleet Street, lives the very essence of charm embodied in an acquaintance of mine named Mary Parkenson. This dear, wonderful lady, of whom a volume could be written on grace and intellect, is the unofficial Debretts of Fleet Street. You have often made remark of my files of clippings from the papers on various topics; I am but a beginner when it comes to her archives of Those Who Should Be Known Socially, and their every movement, before, during and after the Season."

"Anyway, with the name of Chester, I went to her and told her of my quandary. I needed the identity of a gentleman whose Christian or family name was Chester and who may or may not have attended a ball sometime during the past three months. My only clue was that it was probably exclusive to a certain class of society, an

occupation, perhaps, since he could almost guarantee the hesitant Harriet that she would not be known. This man and the Brace-Crowichs do not travel in the same social circles."

"Well, with this to guide us, we spent a merry afternoon among her files. I won't tire you, my dear doctor, with all the back biting and machinations of England's nabobs I read about, but," he thumbed through the papers beside his plate, "at last we struck pay dirt."

"Who is the mysterious Chester?"

"Chester G. Freestone, 37 Halsey Terrace, Mayfair, London, owner of FJ Exporters of Greenwich, age 34, and," he smiled, "a bachelor."

"Bravo!" I cried, "Bravo for you and for Mary! But can you be sure that this is same man we're so eager to find?"

"Because we are going to pay a call on Mr. Freestone and discuss the possibility of investment in his shipping firm."

"When, Holmes? I have no available cash to invest."

"As soon as I finish supper."

Our cabby had no difficulty finding Halsey Terrace, a

quiet cul-de-sac in the middle of London's more fashionable suburbs. Number 37 was a moderate size residence, solid red bricked and black shuttered, that sheltered itself from the street behind thick oak trees and a formidable brick wall. The butler informed us that Mr. Freestone had received Holmes' telegram and was waiting for our visit. Holmes had explained our purpose in the cab.

"We are a pair of investors from Liverpool, with a not too immodest sum of capital, and looking for a rising yet established company." Holmes handed me a card which proclaimed me to be 'James R. Williams, Central Midlands Investors, Ltd., Liverpool'. "We are returning to Liverpool in the morning and desire to speak with him this evening, rather than wait for an appointment in the morning."

We were relieved of our hats and sticks at the door. As he handed his hat to the butler, Holmes fumbled and dropped it to the floor. He rose from picking it up with an apology to the butler and a momentary look of puzzlement to me.

We were ushered into our host's living room, well furnished and speaking of wealth but not gaudy extravagance. The man who rose to greet us and introduced himself as Chester Freestone could not be more antithetical than Mr. Brace-

Crowich. He stood no more than five foot seven, but what he lacked in height he was more than compensated for in muscularity. He had thick ebony hair and riveting brown eyes, with a formidable moustache; his grip and tan complexion told of an active outdoor life.

"I'm glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Black and Mr. Williams," he started, offering us whiskey and showing us to the sofa. "I confess I was somewhat surprised at your telegram this afternoon; I had not realized that my little company had such interest outside of the London area. I don't think that I have ever heard of," he looked at the cards we had given him, "Central Midlands Investors, Ltd.."

"We are not without some lack of recognition in this area of the country, I do admit that," Holmes replied. "However, we are looking to expand into the London area and want to know a bit more about the general economy of the area and the prospects of certain companies that interest us in the London area. We have a significant number of parties eager to expand their portfolios into the London market. These gentlemen would like to start out with a safe sum, say in the ten to fifteen thousand pound range," Freestone's eyes lit up at this remark, "but, with the showing of a satisfactory profit and suitable return of investment, they might be

persuaded to place more capital in certain businesses."

"Businesses such as exporters?"

"Exporters, manufacturers of machinery, shipbuilders, and other not so large interests. Grocers, clothiers," he paused, "horse and dog breeders. Do you know any breeders of fine canines in the area that we might approach?" Freestone thought for a moment and shook his head.

"I'm not much into the turf, gentlemen, and I don't count any dog fanciers among my circle of friends. My interests don't range much beyond the confines of my office."

"I do beg your pardon, Mr. Freestone, and this is somewhat away from the conversation at hand, but are you quite sure? I'm somewhat of a breeder and follower of spaniels and I'm almost ready to swear that I met you a few years ago at a show in Kent."

"I'm sure you're very much mistaken," Freestone answered. "I've not been to Kent in ten years and I've never been to a dogshow."

"Yes, I'm sure of it. You were introduced to me by Sir Geoffrey Lovelund, who has a fine kennel not five miles from Worthingham. Mark my

words, in my business, I don't forget a face.

"Please, sirs, you're confusing me with someone else entirely! Chester Freestone was beginning to lose his reserve, not to mention the prospect of an enormous sum of money. "I've never met you in my life, I'm positive, and I've never met any Sir Lovelund. I don't even own a dog!"

Sherlock Holmes suddenly stood up. "Then, Mr. Freestone, explain to me the presence of a set of muddy and bloody dog prints on your entry floor. Prints that belong to a spaniel named Patrick, who is owned by Mrs. Harriet Brace-Crowich!"

Freestone could not have been more astounded than if Holmes had struck him across the face. He sat, looking first at Holmes, then at me, his face ghastly pale and his mouth moving but making no utterance. Finally, he found his voice.

"You're not investors from Liverpool, are you?" In reply, the detective handed him his real card.

"It's true, sirs," replied Freestone. "She is alive and safe, for the moment. But if you're sent here by that canard of a husband, it will require an Act of Parliament for me to reveal her present whereabouts to you."

"I shall be frank with you, Mr. Freestone, in the hopes that you shall with us. When our investigations, at the request of Mr. Brace-Crowich, opened, we were sure of the intentions of the gentleman in returning his wife to his home. But, after certain revelations made to us regarding Mr. Brace-Crowich and his relations between he and his wife, we have found it more prudent to carry on without the knowledge of our client." Holmes paused. "Work with us, and he need never know that we paid a call upon you. Confound us, and I will make it very hard for you."

After a moment of contemplation, Freestone cautiously nodded his head.

"You sound like square gentlemen to me, and if I may believe what I've heard of your reputation, Mr. Holmes, then I think that we could have no two finer people to help us. But, how in the name of God did you guess that Harriet's dog had been here?"

"I don't need to guess." So saying, he led us to the hallway. With the toe of his boot, he moved the throw rug near the door to reveal a half dozen distinct, muddy imprints of a dog's paw. "Judging from the size of the creature of which we had already see a picture, it ws no task to judge the size of the dog's paw. You note that this stain is of a peculiar

reddish clay colour; this mud could have only come from the street, now under repair, in front of the Brace-Crowich's. Mr. Brace-Crowich informed us that the dog and her mistress were inseparable; it is unlikely that the dog simply vanished out the open door—he followed his mistress without hesitation. I merely ascertained from you that you did not own a dog and determined that the prints belonged to Patrick. And wherever we should find the spaniel, bet upon it that the lady is close at hand."

"Marvelous, Mr. Holmes!", exclaimed Freestone, "now I can be sure that your talents are not overrated." Holmes threw me a disgruntled look. "Harriet could not be now more safe than if she were in the Tower."

"Then she's alive?"

"Alive, Dr. Watson, but in no state to ever return to the hell she came from. But it's a long tale, and the hour is getting late; let me fetch my hat and I shall tell you all on our way."

"I thought it would be safer," continued Freestone, ten minutes later as we rattled through the now dark streets toward our unknown destination, "that I should not giver refuge to Harriet under my roof, but that I should find a concealed place for her to stay." He sighed. "I must confess that I feel lighter in my heart already

at your arrival. Deception is not a game I enter into with relish, and it is wearing on my nerves to know that, at any moment, something might happen and all my plans could go awry."

"I must first let you know that Freestone is not my given name. For reasons which shall become clear to you in time I changed it."

"Harriet and I have been old friends ever since I can remember; we grew up side by side in the same small village in southern Yorkshire, though I was her elder by three years. We spent many happy hours with nary a thought for the future in the glorious ways of childhood. So it was natural I suppose that, as the first signs of manhood stirred my soul, I realized that I looked upon Harriet as more than a playtime companion, and she, in her way, intimated as much to me. When she reached the age of sixteen, it was decided by her people that she should travel to London to stay with an aunt and to attend school. By that time, I was a junior clerk in a farm machinery firm. There was an understanding, when we parted, that as soon as I was able to attain a firmer hold on finances, she would return and we would be wed."

"And then, sirs, I made a horrible mistake. I cursed my youthful stupidity for taking such a chance and throwing away my happiness.

I embezzled 15 pounds from my employers, planning on returning it as soon as I could, but there was a surprise audit of my books and my crime was discovered. Fate deals her cards hard sometimes and before I could realize what I had done, I was in the dock and the magistrate had pronounced a sentence of five years."

"For those five years, I dared not contact Harriet. I was so overwhelmed with guilt and felt sure that my dear Harriet would have nothing to do with me had she received a letter from me postmarked from Pentonville Prison. I later learned that she learned of my crime and tried to locate me, but the great English penal bureaucracy had swallowed me up without a trace. Nonetheless, I lay in my cot at night and wished for a life term, so that I could console myself that Harriet could never look upon my face again. But finally, my debt had been paid and I was turned out upon the world. To return to my home town was unthinkable; I turned my steps to London, to disappear into the masses and start anew. Half of me wished never to see Harriet again, the other half yearned to seek her out and beg for mercy. I arrived in London with a new name and found employment in a shipping company. After six months, though, I could scarcely eat or sleep; I must find Harriet. My sorrow was unconsolable when I learned that she had married a captain of the Indian Army and was living in India."



"After that, I threw myself into my work with a frenzy that, for the most part, helped to bury my love for Harriet. It was not long before I had worked myself into a partnership of the shipping company; six months later my partner died, and I owned the company."

"I had established myself in comfortable, yet lonely, surroundings, and was nearly over my grief when, one afternoon, I met Harriet at a garden party. My fears rushed back over me, but I had long ago decided that should I ever meet her again, that being spurned by my one-time fiance would be small pain compared to living with my present hollowness. I was able to talk with her briefly at the party without causing too much talk amongst the other guests, and made a date to meet her a few days later. She accepted my date with little hesitation, which I noted with some hope."

"We met the following Thursday at a little-frequented tea shop in Islington. The guilt that I had bourn for the past fifteen years gushed forth from me I could not stop myself. I revelled in that Harriet forgave me when she learned of my youthful folly and my subsequent punishment. Though she hid it well, I could tell as only a lover can, that she still harboured the affection she once did for me, though Time had dimmed her heart's fire. She, on her part, told me of her bereavement and recent marriage to Brace-Crowich.

When I asked to see her again soon, she demurred and said it might not rest well should her husband find out, though she did give me her address. As we parted, she faltered long enough to acquiese to my request."

"That is how it continued for the next few months. We met, once or twice a month, always under the utmost discretion. To my delight, I watched Harriet's love for me blossom and grow again. And, to my disgust and horror, I learned of her her husband's abominations towards her. I pleaded with her to leave him, to come with me, but she would always refuse, saying that it would bring shame upon Arthur and break his heart should she upset him, as he was devoted to her heart and soul. Once or twice, I came to visit her at the house, when she was too weak to leave the house."

"It was Violet the maid who set us upon your tracks."

"Ah, no matter, every time I brought up the subject, she would beg me not to speak of it. It was as if he had thrashed the life out of her; my only thoughts I had after one of our meetings was that of a dog being beaten by its master, who keeps coming back and back to be thrashed only out of blind devotion."

"The evening that things came to a head, I had arranged to meet with Harriet, and to summon my best to plead her to leave. I had resolved to do my utmost or die. I

waited at the end of the street until I saw Brace-Crowich leave with a valise, then waited another hour to be sure he would not return. I found no answer to my knocks and the door unlatched, so I went in."

(The concluding installment of THE AFFAIR OF THE STOCKBROCKER'S WIFE will appear in the next Medical Bulletin.)

"I am a strong man, gentlemen, and I've seen things in prison that would turn the average man's bile, but I have never seen such a terrible sight as Harriet in the sitting room. The furniture was all knocked about; the remains of a tea pot lay in the fireplace, the floor was awash in blood and Harriet lay still as death on the sofa in the middle of this debacle, her head wrapped in a bloody rag and no one about to tend to her. I never hesitated an instant; I knew what had transpired. In a minute I had snatched her up and bundled her into my carriage. It wasn't til I was halfway home I realized that, somehow, her dog Patrick had found its way under my seat."



FROM THE CHARLES FORD HANSEN MEMORIAL LIBRARY:

We need the Patients' help. We are assembling a historical record of Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients. We would appreciate any extra copies of the following:

- a) Medical Bulletins, especially the early years
- b) Dinner Programs, Menus
- c) Old Membership Cards
- d) Other items that may be connected with Dr. Watson's

Please contact Charlene Schnelker or Ron Lies  
(303) 722-5336 (303) 744-3902

We will be happy to make arrangements to receive the contributions and also to show the library to any interested members.

# Doctor Watson's Neglected Patients

## QUESTIONNAIRE

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
Street

\_\_\_\_\_  
City, State, Zip (Country & Mailing code for foriegn members)

PHONE \_\_\_\_\_ HOURS I CAN BE REACHED \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_ YES, YOU MAY PUBLISH MY PHONE NO. ON THE ROSTER.

\_\_\_\_ NO, I WOULD PREFER THAT MY PHONE NO. NOT BE PUBLISHED  
ON THE ROSTER.

BIRTHDATE(month & day only) \_\_\_\_\_

WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO:

\_\_\_\_ HOLD OFFICE

\_\_\_\_ SERVE ON COMMITTEES

\_\_\_\_ ASSIST IN PLANNING ACTIVITIES

\_\_\_\_ PARTICIPATE IN MEMBERSHIP DRIVE

\_\_\_\_ ASSIST WITH PUBLICATION OF THE MEDICAL BULLETIN

\_\_\_\_ article writing/research

\_\_\_\_ typing

\_\_\_\_ drawing

\_\_\_\_ caligraphy

\_\_\_\_ other

IF YOU HAVE ANY IDEAS FOR THE MEMBERSHIP DRIVE, ACTIVITIES YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE THIS YEAR, IDEAS FOR THE BULLETIN, ETC, WRITE THEM ON THE BACK OF THIS FORM.

Your response to this questionnaire is greatly appreciated. Please return it to:

Guy Mordeaux, Transcriber  
2775 S. Federal, #109  
Denver, CO. 80120

**MEDICAL BOARD ACTION:**

At the regular Medical Board meeting on May 17th, 1988, in accordance with our Operating Procedures, Charlene Schnelker was appointed an interim Intern to serve until the annual January elections. She has informed the Medical Board that she will stand for election in January. Her special responsibility will be Publicity.

**CALENDAR OF EVENTS FOR 1988:**

1. High Tea at the House of Windsor, Wednesday, June 8th, 7:00 pm.
2. Dr. Watson's Birthday Celebration, Sunday, September 18th, 1988.
3. In Memory of Guy Fawkes, Thursday Evening, November 3rd, Bemis Library, Littleton, CO, An evening of film starring Sherlock Holmes
4. A Gathering of the Faithful honoring the birth of Sherlock Holmes, Friday, January 6th, 1989, The Denver Press Club.

**All correspondence, notices and articles for publication should be submitted to:**

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The Medical Bulletin  
2851 S. Reed Street  
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