



Doctor Watson's Neglected Patients medical bulletin



A Scion Society Of The Baker Street Irregulars &

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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."

Chief Surgeon's Observations

In looking back over my notes for the year of '88, when I became Chief Surgeon it was interesting to note how much the Medical Board accomplished over the recent months. We have established a pattern to our activities, which is at once both regular and varied to suit the taste of all our membership, which is increasing, by the way. A harmony prevails amongst us which creates a jollity at our events that is heartening to see. You are encouraged to bring guests to all our meetings. Perhaps each of us might strive to add one new member during the year of '89. Think of this as a personal resolution for the new year soon to be upon us. I look forward to the pleasure of your company at the annual film event November 10, which is close to Guy Fawkes Day (Nov. 5th). Two fine films provided by John Stephenson will be of interest to all. "100 years of Sherlock Holmes" contains clips from many classic films and other Sherlockian occurrences.. "Sherlock Holmes, the later years" is a new production. There will be an interval for fellowship and tea. Be on time for this program, please.

Mary Ake

Medical Board Action

In order to maintain active leadership, the Medical Board has approved the following change to our Operating Procedures that you will have the opportunity to vote upon at the Annual Dinner.

Proposed Change to Sec. II, C. No. 3: Insert the following before last sentence of existing paragraph. "More than three absences from meetings of the Medical Board, or non-fulfillment of obligations, will result in removal of the Officer, or Intern by immediate action of the Medical Board."

Blau at the Broker

For the first time in almost ten years, Denver Sherlockians will have an opportunity to spend an evening of fun and S'ian merriment with Peter Blau, B.S.I. and The Practical, But Limited, Geologists. As you know, Peter is one of the country's foremost Sherlockians, along with being past editor of The Baker Street Journal and major force in The Red Circle of Washington, D.C. The evening is planned for Tuesday, November 1st and is centrally located for all at the Broker Restaurant, 17th Avenue and Champa. Dinner will be at about 7:00; cocktails at 6:30 p.m.. The cost for dinner (with a choice of three entrees, Rocky Mt. Trout, Chicken Chardonney or London broil) will be about \$21.00 per person, give or take a few dollars. Please RSVP to the Butlers, (425-6175) by Friday, October 28 so the Broker will know how many are coming. Hope that you can make it.

DWNP Pin

A beautiful pin for DWNP members has been designed. Approximately 1 1/2" X 1 1/2", it is enameled in black and white, it carries our logo of a spider-webbed bag with Watson's initials upon it. Our Society's initials line the right-hand side of the pin. The cost is \$5.00. A sample will be available to see at the Annual Dinner. Orders will be taken then.



The Affair of the Stockbroker's Wife by C. Tuckey Conclusion

"From that moment, my work began. I knew that Brace-Crowich would return and desire his wife back, knowing his liability in maintaining his place in society lay with returning Harriet back under his rule. With such a barbarous attack, it might almost be worth his while to permanently silence her, in order to keep her from revealing her secret. That I could not, must not, let happen. I needed to secrete her and get her medical care. I went round to the home of one of my employees, a

faithful clerk who had served the firm for twenty seven years until his retirement, and laid the situation before him. His wife immediately tended to Harriet and I left her in the care of them. The following day, I called in a debt to a medical friend of mine, who promised to treat her in secrecy and do his best for her."

"But I ramble and we are nearing our destination. I shall let Harriet finish the story, if she is still awake."

We alighted from our carriage onto a dimly lit street in a part of the city which I was unfamiliar with. It was lined with tiny, nondescript houses with even tinier yards. At this time of the night, all of the houses were dark, except for a small patch of light thrown from an upstairs window of the dwelling which we stood in front. Freestone tapped at the door, and presently it opened enough for an eye to peer cautiously out on us.

"Mr. Freestone, 'tis only you," the woman, who was introduced as Harriet's nurse, let us in. "She's just settled down, but I doubt she quite dropped off to sleep yet." We ascended the stairs and Freestone, after checking on whether Harriet was indeed awake, bade us follow him.

The cramped room which we entered was barren save for a bed, table and chair. The

object of our search lay wrapped in a loose flannel nightgown on the bed. She appear to be asleep, but hearing our approach, stirred and turned toward us.

In my many years of a physician I have treated many cases of traumatic injury, but I could not look upon this unfortunate woman without involuntarily drawing in my breath. Harriet's portrait had not done justice to her beauty; she was indeed a handsome woman. But it seemed as though her features were like a wet painting across which someone had cruelly passed a sponge. Her face bore the marks of a recent atrocity; an ugly gash sliced its way across her forehead, her lip was swollen and angry red weals encircled her eyes. And then she turned her face full upon us and I saw for the first time that her eyes were milky and opaque. She had been blinded.

"Harriet, there are two gentlemen here to see and talk with you. Mr. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson have come to see that no further harm comes to you."

Mrs. Brace-Crowich clutched the bedclothes closer about her, in an attempt to protect herself. Obviously, she had been under a terrible strain over the recent days, hoping to avoid being discovered.

"Maam," replied my companion, in a quiet tone employed to allay her fears, "my friend and I are here to help you, not to return you to the treatment from which you have escaped. I will explain that I was initially engaged by your husband to find you, but from what I have learned, I will see to it that you remain safe." He removed his hat and sat by the injured woman's bed. "My companion is a doctor; would you permit him to examine you and perhaps render any treatment he feels necessary?" After some reticence, she consented.

While Holmes and Freestone awaited my diagnosis in the hallway, I set about to examine Mrs. Brace-Crowich. I was nearly overcome with revulsion at what a tale her injuries, both old and recent, told. She, at some time in the past, had suffered no less than two broken toes, a cracked rib and a permanently crippled left wrist, not to mention the scars of innumerable attacks. But what horrified me the most was her sightless eyes. Her husband, in his final paroxysm of rage had obviously tossed scalding tea in her eyes, burning and scarring her pupils beyond the aid of surgery or salve. I relayed my findings to Holmes and Freestone, who were smoking in the hallway.

"Holmes", concluded I, "there is no way in this world or next that I will permit this woman to ever so much as be

in the same room her husband." Holmes took a final pull of his cigarette and reentered the sick room.

Harriet, once her fears of our spooking her away were dissipated, had contrived to prop herself up in bed and seemed eager to answer our questions.

"I don't know what my husband has told you to set you after me; I can have some picture, though. I may assume, since you have already spoken with Chester, that you know of the relationship between he and I and how I came to be here. I am somewhat hazy as to events of that night, but I shall do my best to tell you what I can."

"My first marriage was rather strained by Indian life; I was not bred to live the rarified and regimented life of a British officer's wife, and after my first husband's death, I had no desire to live my days in India, so I returned to England. When I first met and subsequently married Arthur here in England, I was captivated by his charm, intellect and gentle manner. I still had a small place in my heart for Chester, but, since my queries after him had all come up empty, I told myself that I should be happy with Arthur."

"And for about six months after our wedding I was. Arthur was a loving and ideal

husband. But, ever so slowly, I began to notice a change in his attitude toward me. He became short with me and at times was difficult to talk to. When I inquired after his day at work, he would turn on me and inform me that how he passed his days was of no concern of mine. I thought, at first, that I had done something to irk him, and tried to change my ways. I could not escape a tongue-lashing no matter what I did."

"When did this behaviour deteriorate into violence towards you?" Holmes asked.

"It was early February of last year. For several days, Arthur had been in a vile mood, and I was reticent to speak with him. One evening after dinner, he prepared to go to his club. When I asked him when he would return, he struck me across the face and stormed out and didn't return until the following day. He apologized, of course, and showered me with flowers and I forgave him but it was not long before he struck me again."

"From that time on, our marriage became a farce. He grew more violent and the reconciliations became few. One of the last peace offerings was Patrick." At the mention of his name, the creature appeared from his place beneath the bed and wagged his tail.

"Could you not get help?" I enquired, "Perhaps talk to a lawyer?"

"I tried once, Dr. Watson, very discreetly, but somehow Arthur found out. I received two black eyes and this," she held up her hand to show us two broken and badly healed fingers, "for my troubles." Harriet grew pensive, sadness painting her voice. "I honestly thought that this was all some horrible nightmare, that I would wake up one morning to the man whom I married." Her vacant eyes seemed to stare off into nothingness, and she seemed hesitant to continue.

"Would you wish that Mr. Holmes return tomorrow?" Freestone asked, reaching for her hand.

"No, I have done my grieving for the past in private. The love I once held for Arthur is little more than indifference."

"Chester, no doubt, has told you of our agreement so long ago. Until I first set eyes on him at the party, I had no idea to what level of existence I had sunk to, living in fear of bodily harm or worse from day to day. Our visits twice a month were to me like a beacon to a storm-weary sailor. I did not know what to do with my life; at times I dreamed of a life away from the tyranny, at other times I cursed Chester for tempting me to a life of a violent and jealous

husband dogging my footsteps. I knew that, should I leave Arthur, there would be no rest for me. He would find me and either hold me under a sham of a marriage, or kill me. But now that I have taken the step, or Chester has taken it for me, for I know that I haven't the will to make a life for myself alone, I can't express my joy at having him here in my weakest time; I pray every night for his safety."

"The evening that my marital folly fell apart, Arthur had returned from work in a blacker mood than normal. Over dinner he didn't speak, other than to tell me that he was going out of town for a client. I had thought it wise to avoid another violent outburst, so I excused myself and went to the sitting-room with a pot of tea. Arthur followed me there, as though he was looking for an excuse to fight; I made a remark about the closeness of the weather. It was like a match to gunpowder."

"Memory can be merciful sometimes in its lapses. It was the most terrible rage I had ever seen him in; I tried to get away, but all my struggles only served to incite him to new depths of brutishness. I only remember that, at one point, he hurled the full tea pot at me, and then the pain of my eyes, and then I collapsed. Chester tells me that he believes that once I had passed out, Arthur hit me with the poker. I don't understand-if I was already unconscious, why

would he continue to beat me?"

For this, Sherlock Holmes and I had no answer. Only that it was an act of God that Chester Freestone had happened on the scene when he did, or else this wonderfully beautiful life would had been so needlessly snuffed out. Holmes rose and moved to the window, where he stood for a time.

"Mrs. Brace-Crowich, I would like the answer to two questions. Once you have recovered from your deprivations, are you capable of travel?"

Freestone answered. "I shall take Harriet wherever she wishes."

"And the name of your husband's bank?"

"Barclay's, the City branch. But what does this have to do with me?"

Sherlock Holmes turned from the window, his face shrouded in enigma.

"Until tomorrow." With that, we bade the couple goodnight.

My companion had breakfasted and gone out before I rose the next morning. He had refused to answer my questions about the fate of Mrs. Brace-Crowich, so I had to wait for his arrival until shortly after lunch. He entered the sitting room, wiping his brow and cursing the heat.

"He has not arrived, then?" the detective remarked. I was on the point of asking who our visitor was to be when the front bell jangled. A moment later, Arthur Brace-Crowich was shown in, looking as gracious as ever despite the wilting heat.

"You've word of my dear wife?" he cried, "Your wire did not sound hopeful."

"Sit down, sir. Watson, give our client a drink." In my consternation of Holmes's civil, and wholly undeserved, treatment of this man, I nearly choked, but I did as I was requested and sat in my chair.

"Yes, I'm afraid so."

"Ah, she's dead then. I had dared hope that she might have been spared, but I allowed myself the false support."

"No." Our client looked up. "She's alive, very much alive, and I should imagine very much to your regret." Holmes fought to keep the anger from his voice, but to no avail. "You had hoped that it would be over, but now you've got a much larger problem." Arthur Brace-Crowich turned dead white. "Instead of having a controllable liability in a wife who could be thrashed into silence, you now have a wife, and a much larger liability, who will no longer keep silent. Oh, yes, you hideous wretch, you have a very big problem!"

Brace-Crowich jumped to his feet. "What sort of trick is this, Mr. Holmes! How dare you insinuate your nasty little lies! You disgust me with your little games!"

"No," flushed the detective, "it is you who disgust me, when you waste my time and weave some gossamer tale of kidnapping and extortion, thwart me in my investigations and stand here and have the insolence to shrug off the abhorrent treatment of your wife as so much nothingness!"

"You have no right to stand between me and my wife. Harriet understands and loves me." Holmes continued to stare icily at him. "I love my wife..." He faltered. "It may seem to an outsider that we do not agree on a few things, but we care a lot for each other, and in our own way, we work our differences out." The veneer of Brace-Crowich was beginning to crack. "Mr. Holmes, I know that with time things will be better if Harriet and I can discuss our problems. I must see her, I must talk with her."

"Whatever you wish to say to your wife, you may say to me." Brace-Crowich got to his feet. It was useless to plead with the detective, and he had realized the futility of his efforts.

"Very well, Mr. Holmes," he replied. "If you wish to thwart the affection between my wife and I, and stick your nose into where it's not

welcome, I shall call upon my solicitor and have an arrest warrant served upon you. The police do not deal kindly with amateur detectives that play Inquisitor."

"I have no desire to bring anyone further into this matter. All I wish is an uncomplicated agreement."

"I don't make agreements, Mr. Holmes, with people who prevent me from seeing my wife. How do I know that you're not holding Harriet against her will? Continue in this outrageous insistence and I shall have you in Newgate before the day is out."

"Well sir," Holmes replied, "Since you are so inerrantly set in your determination to see me in the docket, I can summon the constable that's on the corner." He stepped to the window and pushed it open.

"Wait!" Brace-Crowich held up his hand. "Perhaps some compromise can be worked out. Sherlock Holmes smiled and turned from the window. "I see no reason to drag this thing out."

"I entirely agree," he replied. "I have drawn up a short contract for your signature; your wife has already affixed her approval. It merely states that, in consideration for a suitable sum of money, she will leave London and will make no attempt to contact you or

speak to anyone of you or your past actions; in turn you are not to make any attempt to see her and you may live with your outward social appearances unblemished." He handed the document to the stockbroker.

"Divorce!" he spluttered.

"Call it what you wish. No one is to know other than what you tell them."

"But surely there'll be questions about Harriet."

"Tell any inquirers that she was a faithless wife who fled with another man. She won't mind." Somewhat appeased, Brace-Crowich read on.

"Fifteen thousand pounds! This is unconsciouable!"

"The question to be weighed is what is more important to you: your savings account or your reputation. The former can afford it. The latter can't"

Brace-Crowich stared at the paper in front of him for the longest time, so intensely that I half expected the sheaf to crumble under his scrutiny. Holmes lit a cigarette and leaned against the mantle. Finally, the man produced his pen and carefully countersigned the document. He threw it across at Holmes.

"I should prefer your draft made out to 'Bearer'", said my friend, tucking the paper in his breast pocket. "And please be so gracious as to

include my fee. A simple ten percent will suffice." The stockbroker flushed and bristled to the roots of his pale air, but withdrew his chequebook. He flung the draft at the detective's feet. Brace-Crowich stormed to the door and turned to face us.

"I'll see to it, sir, that you never ply your unholy trade in this town again!" He slammed the door so hard the frame rattled. Holmes sat back, sighed and chuckled.

"My dear fellow, I am quite at a loss for words!" I exclaimed. "What an abomitable character. And what of his threat. He has some very influential friends, to be sure."

"Let him try. Should he even breath a word of what has happened here today, I will put his name on every front page and every lip from here to Paris. No, a man so enamoured of himself and so rotten in his soul has only his reputation to protect him, however false that might be." Holmes picked up the cheque and tucked it along side the paper in his pocket. "And whatever the cost."

Of our adventure, there is little left to tell. Harriet, under an assumed name, and Freestone were married quietly a few months later; with the settlement and the proceeds of the business which Freestone sold, he took Harriet to a quiet estate in an even quieter part of this country. Harriet recovered for the most part, save that she suffered from a permanently

A Non-Sherlockian Sub-Tropical Three-Pipe Problem by Nancy Blue Wynne

The Rio Grande Valley of South Texas is about as far removed from Victorian /Edwardian London as one can possibly imagine. And to say that it is a challenging place to try to run a bookstore is to put it very mildly indeed.

The Book Mark is my bookshop in Harlingen, Texas. It is an independent, middle-sized, general bookstore with specialties in Texana, children's books, and mysteries. There is such a great difference between the customers who come into The Book Mark and those who came to Murder by the Book that I often wonder if the two bookshops belong to the same trade.

The typical customer of Murder by the Book had an avid interest in books themselves and in the acquiring of them as well. Each, according to the "cut of his purse," piled up stacks of books to buy on every visit. Some stacks were short, some tall; some stacks were of used books, some shiny new; some were paperback, some hardcover. But the point is that Murder by the Book customers thought and bought in stacks! My experience here at The Book Mark is in stark contrast to that picture. The vast majority of people who come in do so in search of a single book--usually a diet book or "self help" rehash of a dozen predecessors, recently touted by Oprah, Phil, & Co. Wow! Does that ever get discouraging! Of course, there are a few precious souls who are exceptions. to this pattern, but far too few. They are greatly treasured, as you can imagine.

Now here is the 3-pipe problem: (This should ensure a nice lot of letters coming to me at P.O. Box 1662, La Feria, Texas 78559!) Is The Book Mark of Harlingen, Texas, so different from Murder by the Book of Denver,

(next page)

Wynne (cont.)

Colorado, because of the contrasts in the social, economic, and regional factors? Or does the difference lie in fact that mystery devotees tend simply to be "book people" to a much greater degree than the average person.

Consider the question, come up with your thoughts, and let me know them.

I miss you all!

Nancy Blue Wynne

Adventures and Journeys

"It was in the later days of September.."that our faithful band gathered on a Sunday for the annual croquet match and picnic supper. Stan Moskal had arranged for us to meet at the shelter at Sterne Park in Littleton. A double elimination tournament was enjoyed by ardent and not so ardent contestants. The winner was John Stephenson, who recieved an original sketch of Holmes as a croquet player. Second place was won by a guest from Arizona, and in third place was Mary Ake. The latter also received original head sketches of the Master. Thanks to Todd Moskal for the art work! A most unusual series of toasts was given by Intern John Stephenson, who used toast (King Soopers, of course), in his excellent presentation. Several members brought guests along, and we all had the pleasure of greeting new people.

Stockbroker (cont.)

crippled left hand and a slight limp. Of course, she remained sightless, but through an arrangement which I believe to this day Holmes instigated, Violet Haines was retained and filled the position of her mistress's companion and eyes. As for

her former husband, we learned he did take my friend's advice regarding the disappearance of his wife; a quiet divorce was obtained in his favour with celerity and he continues to this day to move with urbane suavity in his vaulted social circles.