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A Quarterly Publication of Doctor Watson's Neglected
Patients of Denver, Colorado, a Scion Society of The Baker
Street Irregulars

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

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The Medical Bulletin
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From the Chief Surgeon

by James K. Butler

By the time you read this, myself and several of our group will have been to the 16th Annual Col. Sebastian Moran Trap Shoot in Sante Fe, New Mexico, sponsored by "Big Brother" John Bennett Shaw. A full report will be given in the next issue of the Bulletin.

1987 promises to be an eventful year for all of Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients and all Sherlockians, since 1987 marks the 100th year since the public introduction of the Master in Beeton's Christmas Annual in December 1887.

To commemorate this centenary year, the Easton Press is publishing a centenary edition of the complete Canon in three leather bound volumes. These are expensive, but would be a worthwhile addition to any Sherlockian library. If you would like further information on these, just phone me or your editor at 425-6175 and information will be sent.

As you have probably noticed, the format of the Bulletin has been changed. Your comments and/or suggestions are welcome.

Beginning with the next issue, the Bulletin will be reprinting several articles and stories of Victorian

origin from the Strand, and other 19th century sources. Since some of these are still protected under copyright laws, the Bulletin is attempting to obtain permission for reprinting. Our readers will be kept posted, but few problems are anticipated.

As most of the Patients are aware, there is a sub group of the Patients known as the Outpatients. These are the more hard-core Sherlockians. The Outpatients meet presently on an irregular basis, usually once a month. The gatherings are held in a member's home; various topics of S'ian interest are discussed and a quiz is held on one of the stories (a chapter in the case of the long stories). It is great fun and all Patients are invited as are prospective members. Please call me for details regarding the next meeting, and please come-you'll enjoy it.

In addition to being a devout Sherlockian, I am also a numismatist. Although my primary focus in this regard has been U.S. issue, I have several sources for British coins. Virtually all British issues from 1800 to 1987 are available in various states of preservation. This includes everything from farthings to sovereigns, from George III to Elizabeth II. If you are interested in obtaining any English coins (I assume the primary interest will be coins of the Sherlockian era) please let me know and I will see what I may get for you. I will charge no commission you pay

what I pay. These coins are readily available here in the U.S. and not as expensive as you think-the exceptions are the sovereign and half sovereign, since they are tied to the gold market. For example, a Victorian shilling in average condition would probably be around \$5.00, whereas a comparable sovereign would be in excess of \$125.00.

Last, but far from least, let me welcome the new members who have joined in the past few month. Their names appear elsewhere in this issue.

New from the Stacks



A reprint of Basil Rathbone's autobiography, "In and Out of Character", long out of print, is now available from Buccaneer Books, P.O. Box 168, Cutchogue, NY 11935. The price is \$16.95.

An announcement from Quinlin Press that they are offering "The Official Sherlock Holmes Trivia Book", by Richard Ryan. The price is \$7.95 and it can be ordered from the folks at Quinlin at 131 Beverly St., Boston, MA 02114.

Sherlock's Home in California is offering their latest catalogue, crammed with S'ian goodies from books to bobby's helmets. To get on their mailing list, drop them a line at 4137 E. Anaheim St., Long Beach, CA 90804

The Peripatetic Paronomasiast

by Carl Erickson

Some two dozen years ago it was my good fortune to be a graduate student at Oxford. During my stay, I encountered other students from around the world, in particular a young Indian girl from one of the lesser known areas of that country. Ashah introduced me to some very fascinating aspects of mind control and transublimation of the body. Though I have no physical proof of its efficacy, during one session under Ashah's tutelage, a singular incident occurred which impressed itself so deeply on my mind that I have never forgotten. Only now do I feel I can reveal it to those who would understand and appreciate its significance.

My rooms in Oxford were in a yellow brick house on Museum Road, not a stone's throw from Carfax, the centre of town. Ashah had offered to prepare a typical Indian dinner for me, and, before she set to work in the kitchen, we enjoyed a cup of tea in the drawing room. Our conversation had turned to the strange and mysterious ways of the East, a subject about which Ashah seemed quite knowledgeable. In my hand I clutched one of those large, heavy English pennies from the Victorian era, quite dark with age. Almost

completely obscured, but still faintly legible, was the date of 1894. With Ashah's help and encouragement, I began to concentrate. Ashah's voice, calm and soothing, guided me into a sense of rest and repose. The room did not spin; I saw no bolt of lightning, heard no clap of thunder. Only inky blackness and the gentle sound of Ashah's voice fading slowly and softly into the darkness. For what seemed an interminable length of time I remained in that silent void. Then, slowly, quietly and smoothly, a change took place. Suffice it to say that I was in new surroundings, a world of new sounds, new smells, and, most thrilling of all, new sights, but not really quite new.

As my eyes accustomed themselves to the gloom and my ears sorted out the new noises, I gazed around and found myself standing on a gloomy street corner. I turned and tried to gain my bearings. Some structures around me looked familiar, yet different somehow. Across the street I recognized the open forecourt of the Baker Street Station and off in the distance to my left were the spires of St. Marylebone Church. The evening air was crisp, though barely translucent. I walked around the corner and gazed

down the stretch of Baker Street. The street lights extended ahead of me at intervals with yawning patches of black emptiness between, broken by intermittent streaks of light as a door or curtain would open for a moment.

Suddenly, the sounds of what I recognized as gunshots shattered the night. I stopped dead in my tracks. The noises seemed to have come from across the street. Dodging past a hansom cab, I reached the other side and stood in front of a nondescript house. From inside I heard a woman's voice cry out faintly. The sound was not one of fright, but rather more scolding in nature.

"Oh, Mr. Holmes. Are you at it again?"

I strode forward and, as I did, I noticed that I cast no shadow before me from the street light. Indeed, as a small crowd of street urchins and passersby accumulated, none of them made inquiries of me concerning the events though I was the first one on the scene. Then it dawned on me; they could not see me.

The door to the house was slightly ajar and the lady's voice, though further away, could be heard quite distinctly.

"Dr. Watson, please tell him to stop! The police will be here if he doesn't and I'll have to explain all over again. Please, Dr. Watson!"

A man's voice answered from within the house.

"There, there, Mrs. Hudson. I'll get him to stop. Just go back downstairs and fix yourself a cup of Cadbury's"

He had no sooner finished speaking when a half dozen more shots rang out. In the flurry of excitement among the crowd I darted toward the open door and eased myself inside the house. Ahead of me in the dimly-lit hallway I saw a staircase leading to the upper floor. I ascended the seventeen steps and in the upper hall of the first floor I heard the man and woman conversing in low tones.

"Oh, Dr. Watson, is he still upset about that Miss Adler? I always thought he was too good for her."

"No, I don't think so. Just you go back downstairs now. I'll talk to him."

He gently escorted the grey-haired and slightly stooped woman to the top of the stairs. Then he turned back and headed for a door into a room at the front of the house overlooking the street. I was hot on his heels and just managed to dart past him as he closed the door.

The room was filled with the acrid smell of burnt gunpowder. The murkiness was the result of the plaster which had exploded into fine dust as a dozen bullets had hit the wall. I looked at the target area and saw a crude pair of initials, "S.H.". The second one was incomplete.

"Now what's the trouble, Holmes? Have you been using that filthy drug again?"

"No, Watson," Holmes laughed. "I found I was getting too depressed when its effects wore off. It wasn't worth the little stimulation it gave me." Holmes turned and waved the gun at the initials in the wall. "How do you like my marksmanship? Not bad in this light, eh?"

Watson nodded in agreement and walked over to the deal-topped table. He set a kettle on top of a small gas ring.

"I'll make some tea, then we can talk."

The two men were silent as the water heated. I took the time to gaze around the room. In many ways, it matched the illustrations I had seen—the Persian slipper, the impaled collection of correspondence, the tall sideboard with the gasogene standing beside the tantalus, the worn carpet. The only addition I noted was a few scattered newspapers on the floor. I supposed Mrs. Hudson removed those from time to time. On a table at the far end of the room was what I took to be an old-fashioned slide projector. It was an ungainly instrument and filled the whole table. Running from it to a gas jet in the wall was a piece of tubing. A bedsheet hung over the window in the far wall. Holmes stood up—an impressively tall man compared to his companion. They were both wearing dressing gowns. His gown was green and black colour and made of moired silk; bright

orange silk pyjamas legs extended below the gown's hem. Watson's outfit was ordinary flannel; practical and warm but little else.

The kettle shrieked to summon Watson to the next stage of tea-making. While he was busy with cups and saucers, Holmes addressed him.

"I called you here, Watson, in the somewhat bizarre fashion with the gunshots to give you the pleasure of seeing some glass slides. I had them made up from the various photographs I took during the time I was wandering the globe. I only received them this afternoon from the chemists and have been busy arranging them in order and pulling out the bad ones. I'm still a neophyte at photography, you realize. If I had the time or inclination, I should figure out how to make a little wooden box to hold film on a roll instead of single plates as I had to use. Why, with it—my little 'Boxie' I'd call it—I could take a picture just like that." He snapped his fingers against his thumb. "Snap! Just like that! A 'snap picture' or how about a 'snapture'. Ha! Watson, I've just coined a word for the future."

"Yes. Quite," Watson replied laconically.

"You think I'm on to something?" Holmes asked.

"Of course, Holmes. Of course," Watson replied in the placating tones one uses with a child who is describing his dreams. "But you said you wanted me to see your pictures."

"Ah, yes." Holmes strode to the equipment on the table. He held a match to the small orifice behind the lens and it burst into flame. A bright round spot of light filled the bedsheet across the room.

"What's that, Holmes?" Watson asked, smiling. "The North Pole? He burst into laughter.

"I'll ignore your well-meant humour for the moment. Now, pay attention. Here's the first one." There was a scraping sound as Holmes moved the slide holder and the screen was filled with a scene of a busy market place in far remote part of the world.

"I say, Holmes, you never left England. That's the Portobello market right here in London."

"Look closely, my friend. See the signs and the hoardings. That's Chinese writing. It is the market in Peking. I took that when I was a guest of the Emperor of China". Holmes' voice took on an air of smugness.

The next picture was of Holmes and a wizened old Chinese lady.

"Oo's yer laidy friend?" Watson asked, imitating the Cockney accent of a music hall singer.

"Sometimes, Watson your sense of humour verges on the pathetic. That, my esteemed doctor, is the Empress of China standing beside me."

"Cor, maitey, don't you 'alf get around with the nobs," Watson continued.

"She gave me this dressing gown and pyjamas as a parting gift, I'll have you know."

"With that colour combination, old boy, maybe she was hoping they'd shoot you on sight."

Even Holmes couldn't suppress a slight chuckle at his companion's wit. There were several more slides of Holmes in the company of various individuals including the Dalai Lama of Tibet, many nabobs of various principalities of India, some African tribal chieftains and half dozen emirs and sheiks of Arab feifdoms.

Unlike Watson, who indulged his bubbling spirit with occasional witty remarks, I sat enthralled at the sight of the various personages appearing before me. Holmes' narration was both lucid and fascinating as each slide triggered some memory of an incident. He narrated briefly his solution to a series of cattle thefts which had occurred while he was visiting a group of Watusi tribesmen in Africa. Unfortunately, Watson made no notes and I was unable to.

"Now, here's what I consider my favourite picture." he announced just before moving the slide holder. The scene was of a quaint cottage in the south of France. Holmes was recognizable standing beside the entrance. He wore a policeman's kepi. Watson asked about it.

"It belongs to one of my distant cousins. He's a local constable, but he reminded me a lot of that young Jones fellow with the Yard. He'll probably go far,

too. The house is my grandmother's. In a sense, it's one of my ancestral homes."

"I say", Watson said. "You can be sentimental at times, can't you?"

I looked over at Holmes and saw him with his finger under his eye. I couldn't quite make, though, whether he was scratching his nose or possibly removing a tell-tale tear. The light vanished as Holmes moved the slide holder across the lens and a new image appeared on the screen. Even I recognized the Champs Elysees through the traffic in Holmes' picture. Holmes had set his camera on a corner not far from the Place de la Concord and took the view looking toward the Arc de Triomphe.

"Gad, Holmes. What are those round structures—those things along the pavement..." and he moved his hand so the shadow of his finger pointed to one on the screen.

Holmes chuckled softly before giving Watson an explanation of the gentlemen's comfort stations that dot the streets of Paris.

"Delightfully helpful constructions, Watson. Sometime I must tell you about an amusing little contretemps I experienced while using the facilities in the Leaning Tower of Pisa". Holmes was silent for the moment, a smile playing about the corners of his mouth, his eyes twinkling at the memory.

"Well, Watson, that's the end of the show. After Paris, I took no more photographs.

When all of London lies about for the eyes, pictures are unnecessary."

Suddenly Homes groaned and put his hand to the left side of his face. "Ooh, this blasted tooth!"

"It may be infected, Holmes. Let me look at it." Watson moved Holmes into the glare of the projector and peered into his mouth.

"Hmmm," he said a few times. He stood back and addressed his friend. "Well, it doesn't look good to me. There's a bit of swelling. Let me give you a few drops of laudanum to take away the pain. It'll make you feel better."

"No, I'd rather try something I learned from a dervish in India. He taught me how to concentrate and simply will the pain away."

Holmes sat down in an easy chair while Watson busied himself dismantling the projector and turning on a couple of gas jets to illuminate the room. He glanced over at Holmes who sat staring out the window into the night. For perhaps twenty minutes the two men were quiet. Presently, Holmes stood up, a large smile on his face.

"There, Watson. Now you've seen just exactly how with concentration one can transcendental medication."

"Please, Holmes," Watson said with a mock scowl of annoyance, "Paranomasia is not one of your strong points." The doctor poured another cup of tea for

himself. "By the bye, you'll never guess whom I met this afternoon."

"You know I don't like guessing games, Watson", Holmes. "Indeed you know my methods. I never guess."

"Quite. Well, it was Helen Stoner."

"Stoner," Holmes repeated the name as he searched through the pigeon holes in his mind. "Ah, yes. That unpleasantness in Stoke Moran a few years ago. How is she? Married, if I recall."

Watson's face grew sad. "Alas, no. Her fiance succumbed to brain fever a few months after we met Miss Stoner. She has remained a spinster", Watson explained.

"What is she doing in London?"

"A change from the country, I suppose. I didn't inquire. She's staying at a private hotel just around the corner in the Marylebone Road."

"Capital!" Holmes exclaimed. "I'll send Billy around to see if she might join us in a cold supper. You wouldn't mind, would you? After all, it's time you met some new people again. You've been a widower long enough"

Watson's face grew somber as he recalled his late wife. A small sigh escaped from his lips. Then he drew in a deep breath. "Perhaps you're right, Holmes. It sounds like a splendid idea. We had better change, however. Those orange pyjamas of yours might be a bit too startling."

Holmes smiled and was about to laugh when he felt a slight pain in his jaw once more.

"Blast! he exclaimed. "I guess I didn't concentrate. The ache is coming back again."

"Perhaps we should put off the supper til another time," Watson asked.

"Not at all, old boy. I'll work on my tooth while I'm changing. Now, let's get ready."

The pain seemed to have disappeared as Holmes' attention was diverted to this new activity. He summoned Mrs. Hudson and made his request.

Ten minutes later Billy returned to say that Miss Stoner would arrive in a short while. Watson re-entered the room, resplendent in one of his better suits, a grey one he had recently acquired. Holmes had changed from his pyjamas to a comfortable pair of dark brown trousers and a fresh shirt. He still wore his dressing gown, however.

Presently Mrs. Hudson appeared in the doorway to announce the arrival of Helen Stoner and showed her into the room. The three exchanged greetings and small conversation for a few minutes while Watson pulled up one of the comfortable arm chairs from beside the fireplace. As for Holmes, the pain from his tooth became more pronounced. He began to writhe from the soreness and, with slack-jawed, unintelligible speech, apologized for his discomfort.

"Not at all, Mr. Holmes," Miss Stoner replied. Watson quickly described to the girl the reason for Holmes' discomfort. He also mentioned the method Holmes had used to alleviate the pain.

"Oh dear, Mr. Holmes, your methods seem to have failed you. By fortunate happenstance, I received at the post today a fresh supply of material my nanny used to make my late sister and me use whenever we suffered from a toothache. I assure you it is most efficacious."

She withdrew small packet from her purse and extricated a tiny length of material. She handed it to Holmes.

"Take this and place it on your tooth and chew slightly. It's a piece of rope made of elephant hide. My nanny learned about it was when we were living in India. Please try it, Mr. Holmes. Just chew gently. It will slowly dissolve and your pain will vanish."

Holmes took the proffered piece of leather and placed it on the affected tooth. He began masticating it gently and, before long, his face showed he was free of his suffering. However, as he explained to Watson and Miss Stoner, he could still feel some slight ache.

After some ten minutes of chewing, the look on his face indicated that the young lady's remedy was unsuccessful. He turned to Watson with a look of despair and asked, "What shall I do, Watson? I'm afraid the thong is ended, but the malady lingers on."

I was unable to repress an agonized groan. I saw them turn in my direction though they were unable to see me. I decided that the moment had come to leave their company and return to my own time. I followed Ashah's instructions and, in what seemed barely a moment, found myself once again in my room on Museum Road.

Ashah sat across from me, sipping her cup of tea. Mine was still steaming on the side table at my elbow.

"Well, I see you've been away for a while. Were you successful?" she asked.

I told her about my experience, not only describing the people I had encountered, but what they had said to one another.

"Oh dear," Ashah said with a trace of sadness in her voice. "I thought that might happen. I learned this skill from an old fakir in an arcade from my home. He called it Method Number One, from the name given to the arcade. He used to say that when you've seen the One, you've seen the Mall."

She stood up and gave me an enchanting smile-but I wasn't sure if there wasn't a hint of teasing behind it.

"Finish your tea while I get dinner," she said and left the room. "No more dreams, though, until I come back."

I heard her laugh quietly as she walked away. I reached for my tea and as I did so, my hand opened. A bright shiny copper penny dropped to

the side table. It was almost in mint condition, the copper colour still untarnished. I picked it up and examined it closely. On the reverse, standing out clearly, was the date 1894!

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The Affair of the Stockbroker's Wife

by C. Tuckey Part One

In my twenty five plus years of association with Mr. Sherlock Holmes, I have deemed it a privilege to accompany him in nearly five hundred cases. A not insubstantial number of these involved us, directly or indirectly, in the affairs of women. Most of these problems of the fair sex could be pigeonholed into two categories: the lady who had lost a treasured item and wished to regain her property, or a lady who had, voluntarily or accidentally, found herself in a compromising situation and wished to extricate herself. But of all these, nothing comes to my memory to equal the strange and horrible adventure of Harriet Brace-Crowich.

It was a sultry early evening in late August, in a year that for the sake of the parties involved will remain unchronicled, that our adventure commenced. It had been a particularly hot month, and this day had proved itself no different from its predecessor, save that a heavy rain had fallen

earlier and added to the normally tolerable mugginess of London. Baker Street was strewn with a portage of puddles; even the broad backs of the horses straining with their loads steamed. Holmes lay dozing fitfully upon our sofa while I tried in vain to interest myself in a novel I had purchased that day. Finally, I tossed aside the book and moved to the window for a breath of air. As I did, there came a loud pull upon front bell. Holmes stirred and sat up.

"Ah, a client!" He struggled into his coat as our landlady tapped at the door, followed by a gentleman of striking, almost ethereal looks. His proffered card read:

"Arthur Joseph Brace-Crowich, Carmody and Sons, Ltd., Investors, 67 Hennington Lane, The City"

"I apologize, sirs, for not seeking an appointment, but I have been nearly at my wit's end these past three days," he replied, with a voice heavy with tones of servitude, taking a seat. "I have nearly gone to the police on several occasions, and I would have, if only my problem were not of such a delicate nature."

As I fetched whiskey for our visitor and hunted up my notebook, I had a chance to study him closer. Mr. Brace-Crowich was a gentleman in his middle age, possessing finely shaped, though pale, features; his face, long and thin, was framed with flaxen hair and side whiskers. He

was dressed quietly, but great pains and money had gone into his attire. He sat, slightly ill at ease, as though at any moment he would bolt from his chair.

"Pray tell us," replied Holmes, "what is it that brings you to seek my advice."

"Well, I hardly know where to begin. The whole affair pains me so I find it nigh unbearable to talk about. First, I should like to explain my situation." He drew a deep breath to summon his reserve.

"Gentlemen, I am retained by Carmody and Sons as a investment manager. You may know that they are a firm of investment agents. Our clientele ranks among the highest and most titled in the Empire, we are honored to report. As you can well imagine, my position, which is of the highest privacy, demands discretion in my private as well as my public life, since I am entrusted with making financial decisions with some very influential persons."

"About three years ago, at a private ball, I met Mrs. Harriet Thompson, the widow of a captain killed in the siege of Kandahar. As Fate would have it, we started seeing more of each other, and eight months later I asked for her hand in marriage. We were married in the fall of 1885 and I have not had any reason to regret my actions, nor, I think, has Harriet."

"Obviously, something has occurred in your life which has upset your marital happiness," I remarked. Mr. Brace-Crowich leapt to his feet and stood by the hearth.

"Sirs, my wife has disappeared!"

Holmes shifted in his seat. "Pray, collect your thoughts and tell the events surrounding your wife's disappearance."

Seated once more in his chair, our visitor passed a trembling hand over his brow and continued, saying, "I fear there is not much to tell".

"My position at Carmody and Sons requires that I travel on occasion out of town and sometimes to the Continent on my client's interests. On Tuesday the 11th, I believe, Harriet and I had just sat down to supper when a note came that a client had had some urgent business arise and would I please come away immediately to Amsterdam for a few days. Harriet had not been feeling well that afternoon; she had contracted some sort of fever while in India with her previous husband and since then, excessive temperatures have never been kind to her. She excused herself after supper and lay down in the sitting room. I was somewhat reticent to leave her for any length of time, since she was feeling poorly, but she insisted that she would be better in the morning."

"Anyway, Harriet was resting in the sitting room when I

last left her to catch the 8:55 boat train at Victoria Station. I told her that, as I didn't know how long my affairs would detain me from home, I would wire her upon my arrival and inform her of my plans when I knew myself." Brace-Crowich shuddered and put his face in his hands. "That was the last time I saw her."

"And you've heard nothing since?"

"None, Mr. Holmes, not a note or a wire. I'm so afraid that something terrible has befallen her that I can scarce sleep."

"When precisely did she disappear?", Holmes asked.

"Upon my arrival home, I found her absent from the house. I did not think much of it—she had gone shopping or visiting, perhaps, for the day. I was then approached by my butler and the rest of my staff and informed of her disappearance. Nichols told me that all the staff, save the below stairs maid, had gone out for the evening to a concert and had not returned until nearly eleven. They had found Harriet missing and Violet, the maid, near hysteria. I questioned the poor girl; she answered me as best she could. She was in the kitchen reading the entire evening. About half past eight she heard the sound of a thump from somewhere above stairs; she could not be exact in placing the room from which it came. She heard no more, though she wondered at this for some time."

"At approximately half past ten, Violet went upstairs to ascertain whether Harriet required anything before she retired. Her mistress was no where to be found, the sitting room displayed signs of a struggle, and the front door was partially open."

"A robbery, perhaps?" I queried. Our visitor shook his head.

"Nothin was missing; I had the entire house searched. My butler said he had tried to summon me in Amsterdam but was unable to determine my whereabouts."

"And your maid heard nothing outside of the thump." Holmes sat ruminating for several moments. "Have you or she, to the extent of your knowledge, run afoul of someone who would wish to take revenge upon you or your wife?"

"No sir, my wife and I are candid in all our affairs. I may safely say that we have crossed no one."

"Does your wife have a lover? Might she have fled with this man?"

"My wife has always been faithful, as I to her."

"Assuming that your wife has been abducted by someone, can you think of any reason for this action?"

"Gentlemen, do not for a moment think that I have not asked myself this very question a dozen times. My only answer is that someone

wishes to extort money or confidential information from me and is using Harriet as some horrible pawn. But I've received nothing whatsoever to indicate that Harriet is still living or worse... I've made inquiries, discreet enough so as not to arouse attention, at all the hospitals in London, and even, through a friend, checked on any unidentified deceased persons reported to the police. Nothing." The poor fellow seemed on the verge of emotional collapse. Holmes reached over and placed a hand on his shoulder.

"We will do everything in our power, Mr. Brace-Crowich, to see that your wife is returned to you. Have you a picture of her?" In mute reply, our client produced a picture from his coat. It was the portrait of a seated woman in her late twenties, handsome, though not strikingly beautiful, with dark hair and pale eyes. At the woman's feet lay a small spaniel.

"That was taken in May of this year; it was a birthday gift to me. The dog is Patrick. I bought it for her to keep her company whil I am away. I've never seen a creature more devoted to a person than that dog is to Harriet."

"He must be desolate at her disappearance," interjected Holmes.

"I don't know; the dog has vanished too. He probably escaped through the open door." He grew wistful, continuing, "Harriet will be disconsolate when she finds

Patrick is missing. She has so few friends, Mr. Holmes; her entire world is that dog, her home, and myself." He turned to the detective. "Please, Mr. Holmes, I am nearly dead with worry over Harriet. If she's been abducted, I'll pay anything. If something worse has befallen her, I won't rest til those responsible for this outrageous deed are in the dock. Please, find my dearest Harriet."

"Don't worry, Mr. Brace-Crowich," I replied, helping our client to the door, "wherever your wife is, we shall find her."

"I should like to speak with your staff, Mr. Brace-Crowich. If you would make them available at ten o'clock tomorrow morning, I should be obliged to you."

Mr. Brace-Crowich nodded, obviously relieved, and bid us a shaky farewell.

"Upon my soul," exclaimed I, after the door had closed after our client, "it doesn't sound promising for Mrs. Harriet Brace-Crowich." Sherlock Holmes grunted. He stood and moved to the window.

"The kidnapper, if he be, has a ten day lead on us; I fear the trail will be far from fresh. I regret saying this, Watson, but I almost wish that the police had been called in. They are, as a whole, found wanting in thorough investigation, but an inept investigation is better than none at all." Shrugging, he turned from the window. "We shall discover what is left to be discovered on the morrow."

The Bulletin Board

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus...

According to Jennie Decker, our Transcriber and unofficial Lady with the Canonical Ear to the Ground, the Sherlock Holmes Journal of London reports that Granada Television is in the process of filming a fourth year of "Mystery", with Jeremy Brett as the Master. At this time, only six episodes are planned, but we hope there will be more.

A tip of the deerstalker to Nancy Iona who has agreed to continue as staff calligrapher and brighten the pages of the Bulletin and a BIG tip and an even bigger thank you to Dorothy Ellis who so wonderfully handled the editorship duties of the Bulletin for the past seven years. It is the intention of the present editor to try to continue in her worthy steps. Thanks again, Dorothy!

Word reaches the Bulletin that John Thornton, the Patients' adopted expert on the military career of Dr. John H. Watson, is now in negotiations with Jack Tracy and Gaslight Publications to publish his excellent paper on the Good Doctor delivered at the 1986 and 1987 Annual Dinners. It is especially gratifying to know that an undertaking of John's so well done will now be given national Sherlockian attention. We are unsure at the present time of a publication date, but will keep our readers informed when we receive information.

New Members

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RETENTION OF OUR TRADITIONS
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