



# Pleasant Places of Florida

[Suggested in The Five Orange Pips]

A Corresponding Scion Society of The Baker Street Irregulars

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*I'd be "Lion"  
if I said I didn't  
wish one & all*

*the "Compliments  
of the Season"*

[BLUE]



This interesting definition appeared in Peter Bowler's hilarious book, "The Superior person's Book of Words".

**CARBUNCLE** *n.* The usage to be preferred is not the common pre-penicillin-era meaning of a larger-than-life abscess, but the even earlier one of a red, precious stone. As in Conan Doyle's *The Blue Carbuncle*, in which Sherlock Holmes traces the train of events which led to the Countess of Morcar's famous blue carbuncle's being found in the crop of a dead goose. But why, in that context, a blue carbuncle? How can a gem which is by definition red be blue? Can the great detective have been guilty of an appalling aberration? He refers to the stone in question as being "remarkable in having every characteristic of the carbuncle, save that it is blue in shade, instead of ruby red"—but this is on a par with saying that a mountain has every characteristic of a mountain save that it is flat! It is perhaps significant that Holmes places the supposed carbuncle in his strongbox with a casual remark to the effect that he will drop a line to the Countess of Morcar to tell her of its whereabouts—but he never does, and the Countess herself never appears in person to claim her possession. These are deep waters indeed. Can the Countess's carbuncle really have been an abscess instead of a gem, and if so how did it find its way into a goose's crop? Perhaps there is, behind all this, an even deeper and more chilling mystery than the great detective was prepared to reveal even to the good Dr. Watson. Be that as it may, the potential of the word itself in modern parlance is obvious. "And, Lady Marbles, when I see you in that dress I have a vision of you with a great carbuncle resting upon your bosom."

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Reminder of Wessex Cup: Mark your calendar now! **Saturday, February 8th** at Tampa Bay Downs. Say aye, not neigh. Stop horsing around and jockey your schedule so you can make it. Post it on your fridge. Scratch all other commitments. This PPofF event is an odds-on favorite, so stirrup all your courage and you'll be right on track. No doubt about it, this is a real Perfecta! (Who wrote this? Louis Rukeyser?)

P.P. of F. Stamp? Noted Sherlockian philatelist, Bruce HOLMES, of Quebec, sent on this new Canadian stamp. Surely it's a palm tree and surely it symbolizes the Pleasant Places (or Charming Climate, if you prefer) of Fla.

The P.P. of F. will have a table at the "Merchant's Milieu", "Hawker's Harem", "Purveyor's Parlor", or whatever, at the Algonquin during the BSI Weekend in January to raise funds for our Scion's coffers.



Holmesian Citrus Labels Discovered: While scavenging in Ybor City, David McCallister uncovered two citrus crate labels by the old Holmes Citrus Co. of Tampa - "Sherlock's Delight" and "Watson's Dream", & a Sherlock Holmes cigar box label. Wow!

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More of David McCallister's Pawky Holmesian Humor:

One day Stamford and I had finished our rounds at Bart's, and were setting out for dinner.

"Come, Watson," said he, "let's get some pasties at Ye Olde Scalpel & Syringe."

No," said I, "Sherlock Holmes will be waiting for me at Baker Street. He promised to fry up some fish & chips for me while Mrs. Hudson is away."

"Is he a good cook?" queried my friend.

"Oh yes, and I wouldn't miss his masterpiece for the world. Why don't you come along. Surely you know Holmes's reputation with our native seafood, don't you?"

"No, what is it?"

"Elementary, my dear Stamford. Be it ever so humble, there's no plaice like Holmes's!"

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