

THE PLEASANT PLACES OF FLORIDA (Five Orange Pips, q.v.)  
CORRESPONDING SCION SOCIETY OF THE BAKER STREET IRREGULARS

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Headquarters Holmes Beach Florida

Communication Number 1 March '72

To the Founding Irregulars

- Mr. Dick Bothwell, Columnist, The St. Petersburg Times. 33731  
1 Miss Wanda Butts (Auxiliary)  
3 Mr. Paul V. Gunning, Jr.  
2 Miss Rebecca Hall (Auxiliary)  
4 Mr. Marvin Norton,  
6 Rev. Leslie Marshall,  
5 Mr. Tom Reesor,

The numbers signify order for mailing.

The plan is to pass to next name on list, attaching any news and comments as desired. The list is in alphabetical order, but Mr. Norton will send to Mr. Reesor, who will mail to the First Orange Pip, Mr. Marshall, who, having detached material all have seen, will start the Communication on its way again with new matter. Please endeavor to pass along within a week.

(We are indebted to Mr. Reesor who, to quote the Sacred Writings, seems to have been everywhere and seen everything, and thus in an eminent position to suggest our Scion name and place of meeting. Though, to emulate the By-Laws of the BSI, "There shall be no meeting" unless demanded by a quorum of three with Two members absent.)

Having disposed of these preliminaries, it is my pleasure to report on the 118th. Birthday Celebration in New York, at the Regency Hotel, on Park Ave., Friday Jan. 7. After preprandial comivialities in the Cloak Room, with 139 males present, the Commissionaire Dr. Julian Wolff, of New York, called for the mandatory toast to The Woman, her standing, before the Meeting came to order, being Mrs. Beatrix Stix, whose husband sponsors the annual Silver Blaze handicap, at Ascot on the Hudson.

Becoming seated, and reverently attentive, the Chaplain Emeritus, L. Marshall, BSI. whose Investiture is the "Scandal in Bohemia" case, intoned the standing PRAYER ~~THE~~ First Orange Pip, being without his Bible for a Scripture Lesson, read from the Apocrypha, Book of St. Christopher Morley, this original document being enclosed herewith.

Mrs. Hudson, with her assistants, a corps of uniformed white-gloved, waiters, served next the delectable viands, which only lacked some of the worthy Hudson's rashers of bacon. (By an extraordinary coincidence, the servitor at the head table, noting I placed my knife and fork perpendicularly on my cleaned-up plate, spotted I had been brought up in England, the etiquette there, where he had seen the light of day not far from my place of nativity). (Menu enclosed)

Napkins ready to be folded again, the Commissionaire (in the regretted absence of Rex Stout, Detec. Story Writer, the Gasogene) welcomed out of city Irregulars, especially, the First Orange Pip being only out-distanced by an addict from Phoenix, Ariz., though there were a number present from Canada (two being college professors.)