



Communication #221

New Series

Special Poetry Issue, 2002

Volume 6 Issue 3

The origins of this issue are conjecture,
On stanzas we need no real lecture.
Couplets abound
Like a gigantic hound.
Are Sherlockian's poetic? Well, heck, sure!

We're sure you'll enjoy this fine issue,
Though we doubt that you'll require a tissue.
The meter throughout
Is as dead as a trout.
Yeah, they'd never make the local bijoux.

The meter is iambic—a crime:
It's like beating a dead horse blind.
Cliches overflow,
But you'll be happy to know
You'll be getting this issue on time.

You're better? Then let's see your input!
Our words may oft be as clear as soot
But if you've the time
Just read our lined crime:
As Holmes would say, "The game's a foot."

The Papers on the Sundial

The Fleecing of Jabez Wilson (with apologies to Robert W. Service)

It was an excellent day for earnest John Clay:
He'd muscled his way through the crowd.
The men that were there at Saxe-Coburg Square
Were rude and uncommonly loud.

John Clay held his nose, while around him stood
those

He held in thorough contempt.
The rabble, he thought, deserve their poor lot.
I'm royalty—I should be exempt.

These folks I may hate, but if I only wait
There's prizes beyond comprehension.
So he picked at his sleeve, as the men took their
leave;
On the interview he focused his attention.

The pawnshop was cramped and cluttered and
damp
And John Clay eyed the far door.
The cellar's down there, he thought, and tried not
to stare
As he waited his turn—what a bore.

The pawnbroker yelled, "Next," and up John
Clay stepped
And said, "Good day, sir, I'm Spaulding, please
call me Vincent."

The pawnbroker sighed, and John Clay lied
About his experience—he was quietly insistent.

"You're promising," Wilson said, which filled
John Clay with dread.

(continued on page 3)

Sherlockian Limericks by Charles Michael Carroll

A curious past-time (for me)
Was that practiced by Abram Slaney:
He would send to his dear,
Instead of "in clear,"
Letters written in cryptography

Unfortunate Abraham Slaney
Was surely somewhat of a zany.
His letters in code
Much ill-fortune would bode:
As for postal box, he hadn't any!

He used the door-sill for a while,
Then left them out on the sundial.
Such curious traffic,
Though choreographic,
The squire Hilton Cubitt, did rile.



Abe Slaney's remarkable ken
Was to write notes with small dancing
men.
It's a tricky device
And you can, in a trice,
Have the answer; but what to do then?

"Codes and such hold no terrors for me;
I've solved more than one hundred-sixty.
I have here a small book;

Would you please take a look?
It will show I'm an authority."

"Now, Watson, here's one for your call!
Does that make any sense?" "Not at all.
My dear Holmes, it's too foolish,
To be risky or ghoulish,
Why, it's only a juvenile scrawl!"

I wondered what all this could bode,
As we follow life's sinuous road
As the old adage says,
"perspicuity pays,"
We should shun writing letters in code.

I give you now Edwards, called Birdy.
His dispatches were not very wordy.
He reported, you see,
Via cryptography,
Which McGinty thought just a bit dirty.

Take a lesson from Black Peter Carey,
of old ship-mades who visit, be wary.
Don't store harpoons and such
On the walls of your hutch
In a quantity unnecessary.

Dr. Mortimer looked all around,
Saw some traces quite near on the ground.
They were not made by foot
Or by Baskerville boot;
They were prints of a gigantic hound.

(continued on page 6)

(continued from page 1)

He thought, I simply must have this job today.
"You won't do much better," Clay said
brandishing his letters,
"And I'll take the job for only half-pay."

Wide flew his eyes — Wilson said with surprise,
"You'll do. Please move your things in right
succession."

The dozen dispersed, and Clay went first
To his apartment to get his possessions.

He settled in fine, with neither complaint nor
whine
About the slowness of the pawnbroker's slate.
Two weeks passed and he had amassed
Enough money to buy photographic plates.

In the cellar below, he disappeared for show,
Pretending to develop the shots his camera had
found.

He pried up the stones and sitting alone
He shovelled his way underground.

But the going was tough; he could not do enough
With Mr. Wilson constantly there.
So he stopped one day and asked himself the best
way

To get the proprietor out of his hair.

Hair, what more, he thought, how did I miss it
before?

This will involve a slight change in support.
Taking leave of the store, he found Archie Moore
Who'd been recently paroled by the court.

I'll split the gold seventy-thirty, if you don't mind
getting dirty.

You'll follow my lead," John Clay said.

"I'd be a fool, that's for sure," cried old Archie
Moore.

Clay said, "First thing is to dye your hair red."

John Clay took an ad in the press, which assured
nothing less
Than a salary of eight pounds a fortnight.
The only quality that the judge wanted to see
Was a red hair of a hue just right.

The very next day in his inimitable way
John Clay expounded on the red-headed league.
Wilson abjured, but John Clay assured
Enough that left the panwbroker intrigued.

John Clay guided the man's feet to Pope's Court
in Fleet Street

Where hundreds of applicants had collected.
Every color of red adorned the men's heads
Waiting for their chance to be selected.

But they were all turned away, grumbling in
dismay.

Archie gave a performance so pure.
As Duncan Ross, Archie was not at a loss
For words when Wilson had swallowed the lure.

"The most magnificent hue," Archie cried.
"You'll do."

John Clay gave the man the smallest of winks.
"The encyclopedia you'll copy—and I don't
want it sloppy."

John Clay thought, This is most perfect,
methinks.

With Wilson occupied, John Clay threw aside
Abandon and made the tunnel snake.

He sent the cleaning girl out each day and
shovelled away
Until his arm and leg muscles ached.

The dirt filled up the place and took up too much
space:

They dumped it in boxes and stacked them right
there.

If Wilson asked what they were," Inventory,"
Clay would demure

(continued on page 6)

Holmesiano

Canto XXXVI

Circle Nine: Round Three

The Violent Against Man

...we walked on past the gate,
over the knives strewn upon the ground
and my guide said, "Lest we be not late

we should travel faster still
and know not pause or lethargy."
I said, "This pace must make me ill."

My guide pointed with crooked finger
at an enormous man in a field of
daffodills—
a chain of steel round his bleeding neck
made him linger

And force him to walk back and forth.
He yelled out words I understood not:
He screamed for all his lungs were
worth.

Yet no one heard save my guide and I
"The souls he stole are countless," my
guide reported.
"Bloody was the way Gorgiano did die.

"So he rages on in solitude
Held fast by chains of depravity
His demeanor unchanged, his voice still
rude,

Unable to call back his minions."
The steps sank back into the earth

And my feet ached from the millions
of steps it felt that we had
taken.

Gorgiano's pleas faded
above us.
He ranted now that we had
forsaken

His plight. His soul had been
condemned

When he first drew out his
knife
And plunged it into a beating
heart—limned

Now with blood released from tributaries.
The steps grew dark, my eyes much
darker

The pitch was fevered but in the distance
luminaries.

"A respite," cried I, with hope afresh.
But drawing nearer to the flames
I saw a man whose strips of flesh

Were wrapped round the claws of dogs—
A dozen lashed at him and tore his skin
And chewed it while his eyes were agog

In torment, colored crimson as if from a



fresh kill.

“He has no peer in the treatment of beasts,”

My guide said, “Behold the trials of Baskerville,

“Rodger, by name. A questionable owner of hounds.”

His screams rose as we passed abreast,
Surpassing the growls and victorious sounds

From deep within canine throats so massive.

I shivered, turned away,
My guide moved on, quite impassive.

The stairs crunched softly beneath our feet,
I knew they were no longer stone
But something decaying. Round me I felt the heat

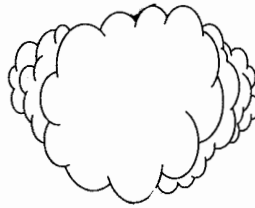
Of a billion circled candles, flames of bright blue.

A bearded man thrust his head from
Between tree roots, holding a shoe.



He cackled, his eyes like glowing moons.

Then he fell with a leaden groan,
His body shaking like tumbling chips
hewn



From a rotten log.
Then he awoke,
Howling, smiling
running about
And from the tree
came pouring smoke

That roiled greenly
with putrefaction enveloping,
So that I gagged and drew my sleeve to my nose,
Watching the man’s behavior developing

Sane-like qualities and presence of mind—
A hint of comprehension on his face
Then horror as realization seemed to find

Its way into his psyche, and then he’d flail,
Howling and mewling and running aghast.
My guide shook his head, said “Leon Sterndale

“Finds himself trapped between sanity and not.

Where does one begin and the other dare end?

Where is his comprehension, where are his thoughts?”

My guide strode away, beckoned to me.

“I am tired,” I cried, “Where will this end?”

Whispered my guide in my ear,
“Moriarty....”

(continued from page 2)

“A more docile folk could not be sought.”
So Von Bork, giving Herling his thought.

But their keen espionage
Turned out purely garbage;
Thanks to Altamount, all came to nought.

Two, By George By George Edwards

London had the finest detective,
Whose methods were always expective.
For the criminals he caught,
Whose efforts went for naught
They all knew his system was never defective.

Old England had glorious Victoria
Who brought the country to euphoria.
But the clothes that she wore
Went clear to the floor.
We would have liked to see more a' ya!

(continued from page 3)

And hustle the man up the stairs.

John Clay measured it twice and knew in a thrice
The City and Suburban Bank they were below.
When Wilson left his beat, Archie terminated the
lease in Fleet Street
And prepared to be an amazingly rich fellow.

On the very last day John Clay was called away
To the front door by someone going to the Strand.
Fool, John Clay mused, if you only knew
How many boxes I've got filled with sand.

John Clay paced to and fro in the cellar below
Waiting for Wilson to repose.
When the pawnbroker had returned home he
grumbled and moaned
That he'd lost his four pounds—how could he
doze?

With the time slipping away, he could not delay:
The thief stepped into Jabez Wilson's warm lair.
With a recently pawned knife, he ended the
broker's life
His blood mixing with its former owner's hair.

Into the tunnel they groaned as they pushed up
the stone
And slipped into the dark room above.
Though he was sure there was no one, Clay still
held his gun
And could smell the money he loved.

French gold, he thought, I'll retire with the lot.
Archie Moore can have his thirty percent.
I'll be living so high—my own kingdom I'll buy
And still have plenty unspent.

At his collar was a hand before he could help
stand
Archie up into the pit.
He let go his friend, knew it was the end,
But said, “Run, Archie, run, and I'll swing for
it.”

John Clay made himself taller, adjusted his
collar,
Refused to sink to his knees.
“You will extend courtesy, for I am royalty.
You will address me by 'sir,' and with 'please.’”

Canonical Animonicals with apologies to Ogden Nash

The Dog

An interesting dog,
That of Baskerville.
It's reputation was that
It was a quick kill
With luminous fur
And a startling grrr,
It may have given too much of a thrill.

The Jellyfish

Be careful the
Many-stranded jellyfish
It sounds like something
From a deli's dish.
For the sac I would not settle
And please hold the nettles
The rest, with butter, might be delish.

The Rat

The rat is a creature
That won't please ya.
It generally runs away
When it sees ya.
It scratches its toes
And wiggles its nose
And they're especially big in Indonesia.

The Horse

The horse is bred
For the race.
It needs speed and stamina
For the chase.

But don't sneak up behind
Or its hind legs will find
A way of rearranging your face.

The Other Horse

Then there's the horse
Pulling the hansom,
Upon which, in the street,
You may chance some.
They really can zip
When given the whip—
Which is helpful when you're going to
France-some.

The Lion

Lions are big,
This is true.
So don't have an affair
In his view.
It's best not to start
Down ways of the heart
Or on you, the beast may just chew.

The Snake

The snake is
The devil, some say.
His scales are cold
As he slithers away.
Take care when you sleep:
Should you hear a pipe peep,
Leave quickly or you'll not see the next
day.

The Pleasant Places of Florida

*Founded: 1972
by Leslie Marshall (dec.)*

Recorder Emeritus: Dr. Benton Wood

For the record: **THE LAST COURT OF APPEALS**
David McCallister, Master of the House,

Jeff & Wanda Dow, The Papers on the Sundial,

Carl L. Heifetz, Representative both with the Servants and with the Tradespeople,

Mike Bryan, The Unopened Newspaper,

If you see a red check here , this is your LAST COMMUNICATION! To continue your membership, send US\$12.00 (US/CAN) or US\$13.00 (INTL) to Carl Heifetz,

**PLEASE MAKE NOTE OF THE DATE AFTER YOUR NAME ON THE MAILING LABEL.
THIS IS THE EXPIRATION DATE OF YOUR CLUB MEMBERSHIP.**

**Pleasant Places of Florida
The Papers On The Sundial**

