



Communication No. 245

From the Papers on the Sundial:

It has been said that anyone who loves the law and sausage should watch neither of them being made. So at the risk of losing our readers on the first page, we must announce that the subject of this newsletter is politics. But we won't get into any mudslinging, because our opponents are so soft on this issue that just raising the subject is enough to embarrass the whole lily-livered lot of them.

Politics is not pretty. But it's nothing that some eyeliner and a good comb-over wouldn't help. We won't take sides and we won't take any prisoners, but we sure as heck will take credit for what's right about this country. We see a land where truth, justice and deduction are everyone's right, where the downtrodden are not down, and where all people, regardless of race, creed, color, religion or ability to ride a bicycle, each have the opportunity to reach their fullest potential.

We better stop there or we will have to give equal time to the opposing views.

SLOGANS WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE

Remember "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too"? How about "I Like Ike"? Or "Nixon's the One"? (Well, maybe we don't want to remember that one.) We wondered what characters from the canon might use if they were running for office. Then we matched them up with Amberley, McFarlane, Gross, Hankey, Venderbilt and Yeggman, a public relations firm, and we got these gems:

KITTY WINTER FOR STATE ATTORNEY
SHE'LL THROW MORE THAN A BOOK AT
YOUR COMMON CRIMINAL

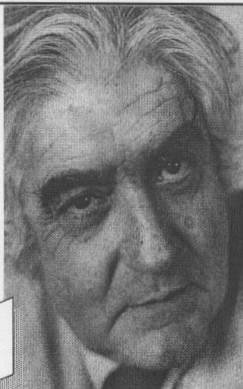
NEVILLE ST. CLAIR FOR PARLIAMENT
I'LL NEVER LIE TO YOU

VOTE FOR Wiggins
WHEN YOU'RE AS GOOD AS ME,
YOU DON'T NEED A FIRST NAME.

PERCY Phelps FOR PROSECUTOR
HE'LL NEVER FLINCH. HE'LL NEVER BACK DOWN.

Remember when you were young and you watched a spider spin a web? The spider was purposeful and knew just what it was doing. Strand by strand it created just what it needed. Jim's a lot like that: purposeful, careful, thinking of needs.

Vote for purpose. Vote for needs. Vote for Jim.



MORGARTY
FOR MAJOR

PAID FOR BY THE FRIENDS OF JIM CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE, SEBASTIAN MORAN, CAMPAIGN MANAGER

ELECT CULVERTON SMITH
MEDICAL EXAMINER
HE KNOWS WHAT AILS YOU

HELEN STONER
FOR PROSECUTOR
SHE KNOWS A
SNAKE WHEN SHE
SEES ONE

JABEZ WILSON FOR JUDGE
NOTHING ESCAPES HIM

ORMOND SACKER FOR M.P.
HE'S THE REAL THING

REGINALD "REG"
MUSGRAVE FOR
SHERIFF
HE'LL LEAVE NO
STONE UNTURNED.

VOTE DR. GRIMESBY ROYLOTT
HE'LL BE MORE THAN JUST A
DOG CATCHER



The Elections in Brief

Candidate for Parliament Withdraws from Race

Whig Party candidate Jim Browner abruptly withdrew from the race for Member of Parliament citing personal reasons. He refused to answer any questions put to him and left London amid massive speculation about certain events in his past.

When asked about this decision, Mr. Browner's brother said cryptically, "Jim has no skeletons in his closet, but he does have a few boxes."

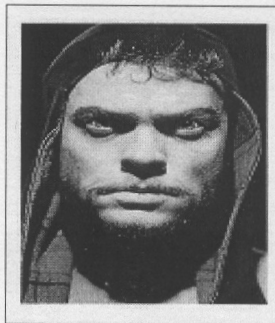
Fundraiser Draws Hundreds

A fundraiser for Devonshire Mayoral candidate Dr. James Mortimer brought several hundred of the faithful out in this cold and rainy community. Recently married Henry Baskerville brought his new bride, the former Beryl Stapleton. He regaled companions at his table with stories of his life in the Americas, punctuated with wolf howls. His wife was less than amused.

The crowd was entertained first by Pablo Sarasate, a friend of Dr. Mortimer, and Carina,

who refused to give her last name. Over 20,000 pounds were raised for Dr. Mortimer's bid to become Mayor.

The only drawback of the evening occurred when a white-haired man named Frankland stormed the stage and began yelling incomprehensible gibberish regarding case law. He was forcibly removed from the hall and sent home.



A wild-eyed Frankland taunts the crowd at a recent fundraiser.

Candidates in Statistical Deadheat

The hotly contested race for the Cornwall City Council has seen the frontrunner steadily lose his advantage as his opponent has capitalized on one false move after another. Pollsters described the situation as a statistical deadheat a week before the election.

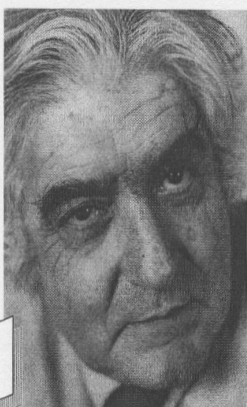
Explorer Dr. Leon Sterndale's lead has been whittled by political newcomer Owen Tregennis. Tregennis has repeatedly attacked Sterndale for his cruel hunting techniques and his constantly bringing into England exotic and possibly dangerous substances from other countries. "He is a law unto himself," Tregennis has said.

Sterndale denies endangering anyone and says that he has adhered to all customs laws. Sterndale, only six months back from his most recent **(continued on page 5)**

Remember when you were young and admired the leaders of the world. Disraeli, Gladstone, Napoleon—always larger than life, always in charge.

Uncle Jim's like that. A leader among men, a voice for the downtrodden.

Vote for leadership. Vote for the people. Vote for Jim.



MORAGARTY
FOR MAYOR



Scandal Deepens Paper Alleges Further Improprieties Queen Really Annoyed

Special to the *London Times*.
PRAGUE—King Wilhelm Gottsreich Sigismund von Ormstein, former Grand Duke of Cassel-Felstein, became further embroiled in the ever-deepening scandal that threatens to topple his rule. The transgression threatened to boil over with the revelation that the *Prague Herald-Picayune* had obtained a severely incriminating photograph.

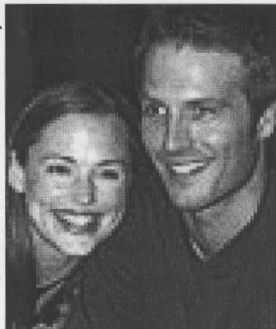
As readers will remember, allegations of indecorum have dogged King Wilhelm ever since he ascended to the throne in 1892, five years after marrying Clotilde Lothman von Saxe-Meningen. First there were reports that King Wilhelm carried on indiscretions at opium dens. However, the King has always maintained that, while some of his friends may have partaken of certain substances, he himself never inhaled when in their presence. Then there were accusations that some of the palace guard obtained certain women of questionable character for him. Again, King Wilhelm shrugged off the assertions with characteristic chivalry. Since he enjoyed such tremendous popularity, particularly among the female population of Bohemia, and there was

never enough substantiation to the attributions, the charges faded into history. Many newspapers took to referring to the king as "Slick Wilhelm."

Then just last year there were rumors that King Wilhelm, along with the Queen, were selling off large tracts of land they owned in Germany for enormous sums of money and then depositing their profits in banks in the Americas. The land sold in the

Weissvasser district of Germany was later developed into towncastles.

But the *Herald-Picayune* could never find any eyewitnesses to these questionable dealings and, in time, these charges faded as well.



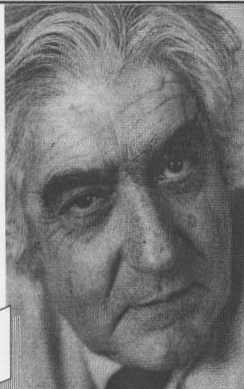
King Wilhelm and Queen Clotilde in happier days.

Then, six months ago, as reported in the *Herald-Picayune*, yet another story of the King's great appetite for women surfaced. This time, though, there was a name, not just vague descriptions of tawdry tramps. A Miss Irene Adler, late of New Jersey, was alleged to have carried on an affair with the King shortly before his marriage to the Queen. Slick Wilhelm of course denounced the charges, but he could not explain his whereabouts during a certain weekend in May, 1887, just weeks before the wedding was to take place. He claimed at first that he was in Paris from May 20 to the 22, but eyewitnesses in London have placed him there.

Observers also place Miss Adler there at the same time. It was during this weekend that she wed a Mr. Godfrey Norton at The (continued on page 4)

Remember when you were young and you looked up to people who were smart—engineers, teachers, scientists? These people worked hard to get where they were and they were intelligent. Uncle Jim is smart—very smart indeed.

Vote for smarts. Vote for hard work. Vote for Jim.



MORGARTY
FOR MAJOR



(continued from page 3) Church of St. Monica. The *Herald-Picayune* has surmised that the King, mad with jealousy when he learned of Miss Adler's engagement, rushed to London to plead with her.

The King, of course, has denied that this was the case at all. After being confronted with irrefutable testimony, the King last week admitted to being in London for several days, adding, "But it depends on how you define the word 'weekend.'" He said that he was visiting an old friend, a doctor he met on the continent, whom he hoped could quietly treat a malady upon which he did not wish to elaborate. That, the King said, was why he said he had gone to Paris. Slick Wilhelm was even able to supply the name of this doctor, one John H. Watson, and his address. The *Herald-Picayune* admitted that such a doctor did exist and at that address. The King's story seemed to be true and there the matter stood until two days ago.

According to the *Prague Picayune*, raconteur and man-about-London Charles Augustus Milverton contacted them and told them that he would sell them an authentic photograph of Miss Adler with King Wilhelm for an undisclosed price. The paper said that Mr. Milverton refused to divulge his sources, but people familiar with Mr. Milverton's *modus operandi* claim that he solicits less-than-decorous evidence from less-than-happy household help.

The *Herald-Picayune* is slated to publish the photograph tomorrow. The King has been

uncharacteristically silent throughout this phase of "Adlergate" (a reference to another scandal involving King Wilhelm's great great great grandfather, King Rochird, and his attempts to steal military plans from visiting Swedish dignitaries while they were staying at the Voldengate hotel in Ostrava).

Sources close to the royal couple say that the Queen is incensed and not talking at all to King Wilhelm and that he is sleeping in another room with the royal dog, Buddus. The King has scheduled a royal meeting with his ministers tomorrow, but no one seems to know what they will discuss. There are rumors that he will announce his abdication, but observers close to the King say he is resolute and will stay on the throne. "No one is pushing me out," he has been heard to say, "depending on how you define the word 'out.'"

Political Commentary by Thorneycroft Huxtable, Ph.D

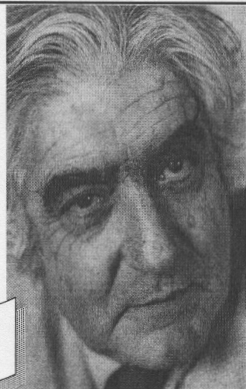
Founder, Priory School

I am the first to admit that my vocation is hardly political science. Serving as the founder of the most prestigious preparatory school in all of England, my background is in arts and letters (please see my *Huxtable's Sidelights on...* series, including Horace, Dante and Stephen King—I am not sure whom is more horrifying) rather than politics. However, my friends have admired my acumen over the years and they have strongly suggested that I take pen in hand and put my thoughts down for the common good.

I am deeply distraught by recent events. It seems that a day does not pass that we do not see one party attempt to castigate the (continued on page 5)

Remember when you were young and were exploring and followed a stream through the woods until it turned into a waterfall? Remember how you marveled at the way nature was? Uncle Jim is like that: curious, adventurous, bold.

Vote for curiosity. Vote for boldness. Vote for Jim.



MORGARTY
FOR
MAYOR

PAID FOR BY THE FRIENDS OF JIM CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE, SEBASTIAN MORAN, CAMPAIGN MANAGER



(continued from page 2) trip to Africa, the Middle East and Indonesia, says that his traveling days are over and that he wants to settle down. For weeks he has hinted at insanity running in his opponent's family, and last week finally made a formal charge.

For his part, Tregennis entered the race to, in his words, "ensure that that devil never gets elected." Sterndale had a commanding 30-point lead at the beginning of the race, but recent surveys suggest he leads 52% to 48% for Tregennis. With a 3-percent margin of error, the two are locked in the tightest race in England.

Tregennis answered the charges of insanity by issuing the following statement: "My sister Brenda was a saint who loved shoes; my brother George could not keep a job because he was unable to sit down; and my other brother Mortimer thought he was a hansom cab. They are all dead now, and if that is insane, then I am insane as well."

Pollsters think that Tregennis has capitalized on the sympathy vote, but whether that will last out the final week is anyone's guess.

(continued from page 4) other into the flames of obscurity. Why just this week, one member of the Whig Party was questioning the moral character of his counterpart in the Tory Party. Why is this so important? The next thing you know each will be questioning what the other did twenty years ago. It is enough to turn one blue—or red, depending on your point of view.

There is no monopoly on political bombast. In fact, it has been raised to an art. I am often reminded of the story of the cormorant who escaped his cage one day and flew as far as the coast. Realizing that the sea was as wide as it was, he landed on the railing at the top of a lighthouse. Hearing a noise, he whirled around and was confronted by the light amplified through the glass lens. Immediately blinded, the cormorant slipped off the railing and fell to his death on the rocks below.

We are much like the cormorant, eager to slip from our cage, to taste the wind on our beaks. But what frightens us is the tremendous light that threatens to illuminate our soul and cast us to the rocks of confusion below. We are terrified even more of the vast sea of knowledge that spreads out below us.

Our wings can take us up or down depending on how we orient them. With each flap we surely must be going somewhere. And will we find worms there?

We hardly need more dissension, more unproductive cawing into the abyss of irrationality. What we do need is common ground, a beach on which to let our chicks and our children run free. What we do need is the ability to ask ourselves if indeed we each have all of the answers. And if we can answer that—honestly, persuasively, aerodynamically—then we will have achieved our dream of a wise society.

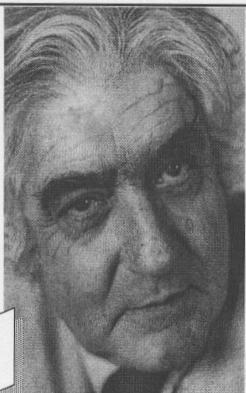


ELECT MARY SUTHERLAND TO PARLIAMENT

Mary, Mary, she's our gal,
The worker's friend, the housewife's pal.
She'll carefully weigh the bills the House passes.
Now that she's got a good pair of glasses.

Remember how you felt when you were alone in your own house. Even though it might be empty, you felt warm and safe because you knew your mum and dad loved you and would be home soon. Uncle Jim is like that: always there, even when he's not in sight.

Vote for warmth. Vote for safety. Vote for Jim.



MORAN
FOR
MAYOR

The Pleasant Places of Florida

*founded in 1972
by Leslie Marshall, B.S.I. (dec.)*

Recorder Emeritus: Dr. Benton Wood, B.S.I.

For the Record:

THE LAST COURT OF APPEALS

David McCallister, Master of the House,

(Master of Ceremonies at most gatherings, host of the annual Wessex Cup)

Carl Heifetz, Representative (both with the Servants and with the Tradespeople),

(Correspondent & Communication)

Wanda & Jeff Dow, The Papers on the Sundial,

(Communications and Bookkeeping)

Please make note of the date after your name on the mailing label. This is the expiration date of your club membership. You will not receive further Communications after this date unless you renew. Renewals should be sent, with any updates, to Wanda Dow. Make all checks payable to Wanda Dow. US\$12.00 (US/CAN) or US\$13.00 (INTL)

PLEASE NOTE ABOVE INFORMATION! ALL CHECKS FOR RENEWAL SHOULD NOW BE MADE OUT TO WANDA DOW. CHECKS MADE OUT TO THE PLEASANT PLACES OF FLORIDA WILL BE RETURNED. WE NO LONGER HAVE A CLUB ACCOUNT AT THE BANK AND WILL NOT BE ABLE TO CASH SUCH CHECKS. THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION.
