



The Pleasant Places of Florida

(Suggested in The Five Orange Pips)

Communication
#60

A Corresponding Society of The Baker Street Irregulars



12th Night Reflections

... The "lucky 7th" Annual Gathering at HOLMES Beach on April 24th was a great

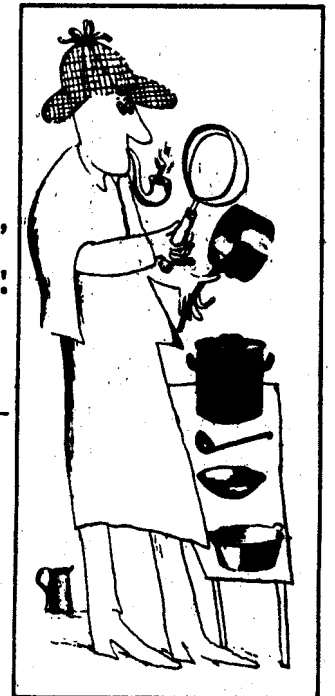
success. 'Herzommer' Mayor Charlotte Long greeted the PPofFers to the town bearing the Master's name. Mike Bryan provided an astounding cake decorated with the Canon. A limited number (15) of Souvenir Programs (along with a full-page write-up in our local "mullet wrapper") are available for \$2 from the Recorder. First come, first served..... Many thanks to Tom Dunn for his kind words about the PPofF in his unique publication, "The Pipe Smoker's Ephemeris", which contained the illustration (lower right)....To the

left is depicted a beautiful medal commemorating the 100th anniversary of the Battle of Maiwand. Available for \$21.ppd, from Dick Lesh

It's a real beauty.....Just received word that Colonel Moran died on March 15th at Live Oak Stud Farm in Ocala, Fla.. He placed in the Wood Memorial. and was 3rd in the Preakness..... David Kiser

has some interesting Sherlockian items for sale, including a Catalogue of Original Manuscripts, Starrett Mem. Library.....From Peg Lyons, I rec'd a copy of "Sherlock Holmes, countryman" which appeared in the Spring '82 edition of The Countryman. I'll send you a Xerox copy for \$1 to cover copying & pstg.....Also from England an 8-volume Complete Canon is available from Heron Books (Norwich NR2 1SU) for £3.12@... As always, this Recorder's thanks to all corresponding Resident & Non-Resident PPofFers, especially, George Edwards, Margaret Morris, Diane Cole, Russ Geoffrey, Alyssa Eisenacher, John Kalajian, Alan Olding, Ron Boffenmyer,

Ron DeWaal, John Shaw, Russel Nye, Jim Suszynski, Fr. "Vic" Holly, Ted Schulz, Peter Blau, Caroline Everett, Mike Carroll, Harold Niver, and Helen Swift. Thanx each & all! Several PPofFers wanted to crank up another Round-Robin pastiche. First off, we need a title. "Zion of the Fore", "A Navel Treatise", and "The Schreckled Bund" were suggested, but let's try harder. Mike Bryan will start it, and the "professor" Mike Carroll has volunteered to do the conclusion, but we need 3 or 4 "tweeners". We hope to complete the whole project by the time of our Fall Gathering..... Speaking of the Fall Gathering, a most singular suggestion has been put forward. It is so mysterious and bizarre that you will have to be informed of the details by separate and secret post later on this summer. Believe me, it's going to be really "thumbthing", as the engineer said! Let's hear from y'all!





Holmes
Beach



COMMUNICATION No. 60

MAY 14, 1982*

Published irregularly by the
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A Corresponding Scion Society of
THE BAKER STREET IRREGULARS

Please direct correspondence to:

The Rev. Benton Wood, BSI - Recorder

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(* - 'Twas on May the 14th in the year, 1903, that Young Perkins was killed outside the Holburn Bar in the Adventure of the Three Gables.)

From Mrs. Hudson's Kitchen

(Readers are requested to submit their Sherlockian recipes for this column.)



SAVORIES

(Holmes & Watson frequently enjoyed a small savory, served after the dessert to clean the palate of the sweet taste. Savories include such items as deviled kidneys, sardines on toast, and welsh rabbit - all served in small portions. In fact, they resemble hors-d'oeuvre. Here are two of their favourites.)

Anchovied Mushrooms

Melt 3 tablespoons butter and brush onto 12 mushroom caps; broil 'til just tender. Cut 12 thin slices of bread into small rounds & sauté them in butter until crisp & golden on both sides. Chop 12 anchovy fillets & mix with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sour cream & a little chopped parsley. Top each round with a mushroom cap, fill it with a spoonful of anchovy cream, and garnish with parsley sprig. Serves 6.

Marrow Toast

Have your butcher cut about 6 or 8 sections of marrowbone. Poach these in boiling salted water for 3 or 4 min. Remove and scoop-out marrow. Arrange pieces of marrow on fried toast and sprinkle with salt, freshly ground black pepper, and lemon juice. Serve very hot.

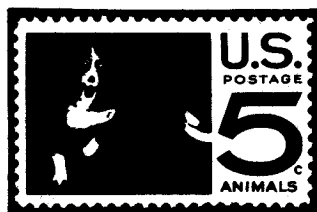
Philatelic Philandering

... or "Stamping Around with Sherlock Holmes"

As a part of the recent 50-State Bird & Flower issue, the P.P. of F. was honored. Florida's flower is the Orange Blossom, from whence cometh the fruit, which containeth the 5 Orange Pips! ... Several years ago this stamp surely was telling us no one could stand in



stead! (ouch!).... Way back yonder when it only cost a nickel to mail a letter, this rather tame depiction of the "Hound" appeared on the philatelic scene.



Watson fights to stay on top

Agony Column

(Readers are asked to submit items for this Column. Thank you.)

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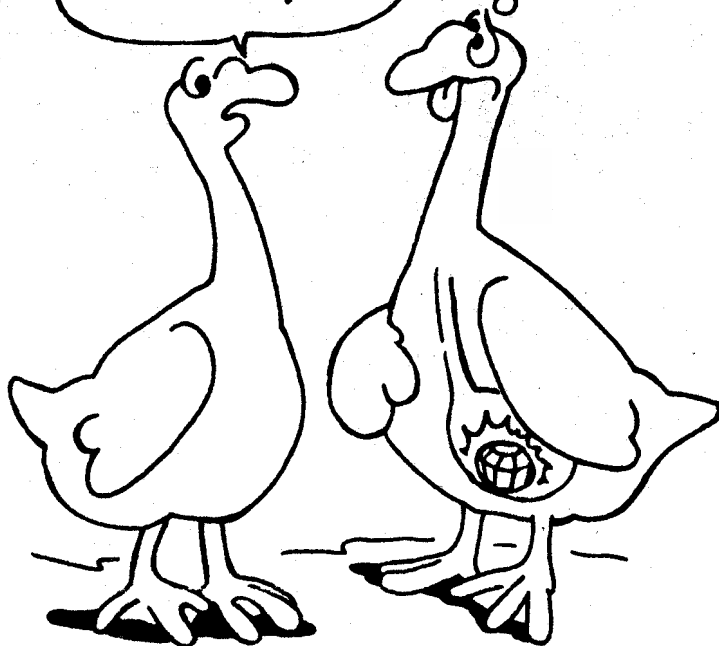
The Sherlockian Illustrator

Cady A. Goldfield.

*436 Atlantic Avenue
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Mass.*

01945

WAS IT SOMETHING
YOU ATE?



T-SHIRTS 1982 CALENDAR

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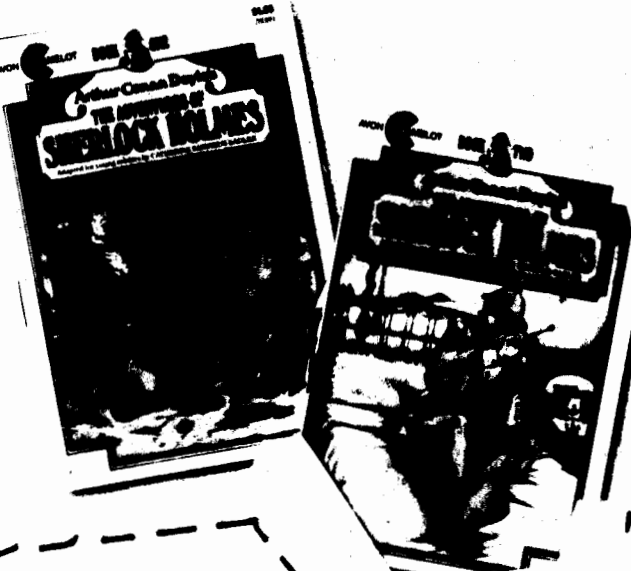
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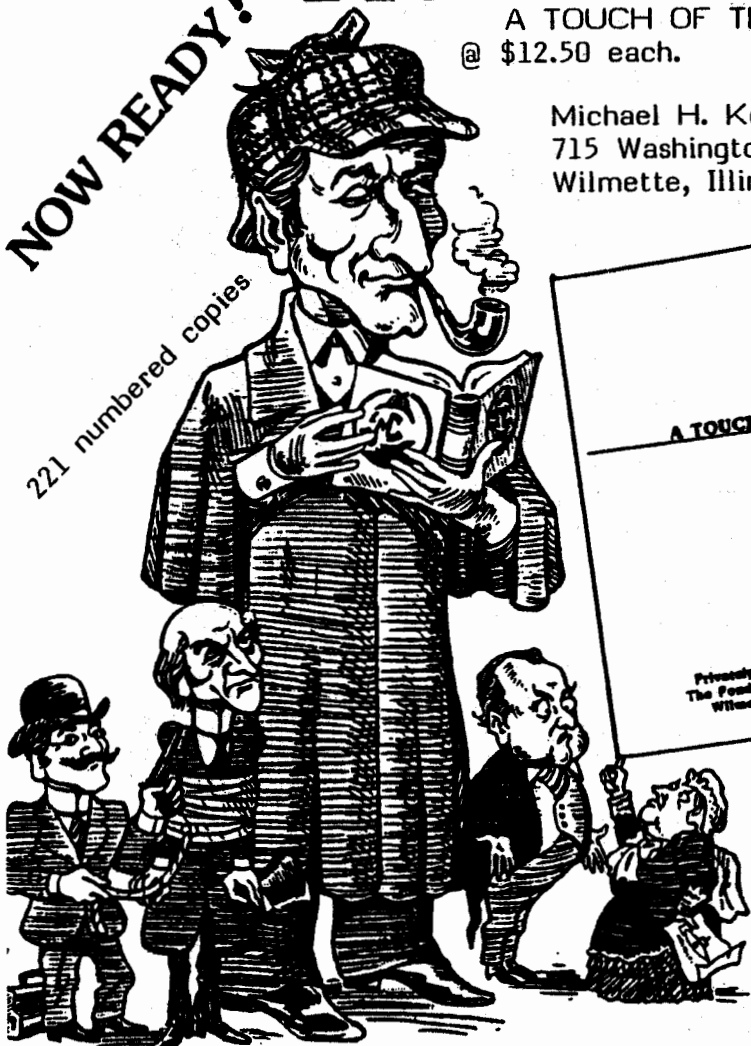
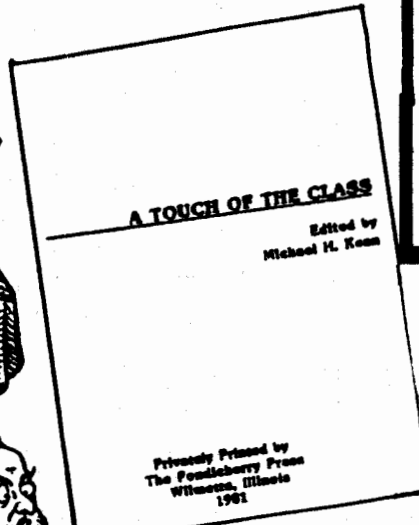
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Holmes: Things that go hound in the night

LIT up by the dim lamps of our little open MG sports car, the rolling mist cut visibility to a few metres as we pulled up in the narrow country lane to study the map. . .

We were two Australians lost on bleak Dartmoor in the early fifties and feeling very tired, cold and hungry after the long winter's drive down from London.

Then it appeared in a bound with huge paws up on the MG bonnet and great head with pointed teeth and lolling tongue over the low windscreen.

Confusion. The MG in quickly-grabbed reverse gear thudding into the steep bank behind, the fight to open doors and leap out and run.

Then: "I say I'm terribly sorry. Damn dog's too friendly," as the figure in country tweeds loomed out of the mist and grabbed the spiked collar of his Irish wolfhound.

I've been frightened many times since then, but for sheer terror I will never forget my meeting with what appeared to be the reincarnated Hound of the Baskervilles. For an instant all the boyhood fear I experienced the night I first read the Conan Doyle thriller returned to be relived in a moment of absolute panic.

Now, just 51 years after Conan Doyle died, I have been re-reading the Sherlock Holmes classics put together by two different publishers and both featuring for the first time in one volume the complete writings of Dr Doyle on his immortal detective.



Foreword by John Monks



SHERLOCK HOLMES...
drawn by Sidney Paget

Both feature the master's four novels and 56 short stories - in fact almost everything he wrote about the two men who will forever remain Baker Street's most famous residents.

To that international body of dedicated Holmes addicts who question each other endlessly on the minutiae from the novels the rival prefaces make investment in both books essential.

In his preface entitled, "In Memoriam Sherlock Holmes" - a title which suggests that Mr Holmes is dead and is therefore certain to result in a flood of angry letters to Penguin - Christopher Morley writes: "Perhaps no fiction character ever created has become so charmingly real to his readers."

Seemingly Sherlock Holmes is never out of print and the stream of authors trying to re-create Holmes and the good Dr Watson is endless.

For those wishing to tidy up their Conan Doyle collections the choice is now *The Penguin Complete Sherlock Holmes* (\$9.20) with a preface by Christopher Morley, or the Secker and Warburg hardback edition, *The Complete Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* (\$30) with a preface by Julian Symons.

Julian Symons is even more fulsome in his praise for two of the most famous names in fiction, Holmes and Watson, and studies the enigma of Conan Doyle. The towering author did not think very highly of the Holmes saga, "believing that it kept him from more important work."

It is Symon's belief that to the Victorian readers of Conan Doyle, Sherlock Holmes was the fictional counterpart of General Gordon of Khartoum fame, a deeply egotistical, superman hero with lofty disdain for women.

Symons continues: "The model for Sherlock Holmes was Dr Joseph Bell, one of Conan Doyle's professors at Edinburgh."

And Watson? He was Dr Doyle's real-life secretary, Major Wood - with a strong mix of Doyle's own appearance and character added.

Both preface-writers touch on the fact that Sherlock Holmes, the fictional character - if you'll excuse the expression - was, to put it mildly in modern terms, a junky, hooked on morphine and cocaine - a 7 per cent solution.

Today, of course, most of us immediately see the late Basil Rathbone, if we picture Sherlock Holmes awakening poor old Watson with an urgent: "Come, Watson, come. The game is afoot."

And Rathbone in turn bore an uncanny resemblance to the Holmes drawn by the detective's most illustrious illustrator Sidney Paget - SP.

Sadly neither the Penguin nor the Secker and Warburg Holmes books feature the SP illustrations - surely leaving the way open for yet another complete and definitive Sherlock Holmes book containing all the stories and all the original illustrations.

Meanwhile Christopher Morley examines Sir Arthur, certainly the highest-paid short-story writer of his time, whose works today continue to bring in a staggering annual revenue for their various publishers.

"What other man led a fuller and heartier and more masculine life?" he asks. "Doctor, whaler, athlete, writer, speculator, dramatist, historian, war correspondent, spiritualist"

Sir Arthur killed Holmes, and was forced, by his outraged public to return him to life. To many he's still alive today - 67 years after Sir Arthur Conan Doyle allowed Watson to write his last memoir about his peppery old friend.

Sherlock Holmes literature? Well perhaps not, but consider this passage from *The Hound of the Baskervilles* as told by the thoroughly scared Dr Watson:

"I sprang to my feet, my inert hand grasping my pistol, my mind paralysed by the dreadful shape which had sprung out upon us from the shadows of the fog. A hound it was, an enormous coal-black hound, but not such a hound as mortal eyes have ever seen. Fire bursts from its open mouth, its eyes glowed with a smouldering glare, its muzzle and hackles and dewlap were outlined in flickering flame.

"Never in the delirious dream of a disordered brain could anything more savage, more appalling, more hellish be conceived than that dark form and savage face which broke upon us out of the wall of fog."

No wonder I was scared out of my wits that foggy night on Dartmoor.

(From: "The Australian"
JUNE 13, 1981 ISSUE)



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BOOKMAN'S HOLIDAY

BY DELOS AVERY

A BAKER STREET RIDDLE

[A documentary sequence which began in Rimes and Remnants, June 18, and has now burst the bounds of that small area.]

DOCUMENT I

Scotland Yard reports the theft of the "chelengk" presented by the Turkish sultan to Adm. Nelson.

*If you happen to find a chelengk
[Often worn by a Moslem of renk],
Drop a letter or card
To the boys at the Yard,
And explain that it's safe in' your benk.*

*But unless they are smart, I'm afraid
They'll have Sherlock donating his aid,
And he'll treat 'em as bums—
Like those singular chums,
Messrs. Athelney Jones and Lestrade.*

JINKS

DOCUMENT II

Who floundered without Sherlock's aid?

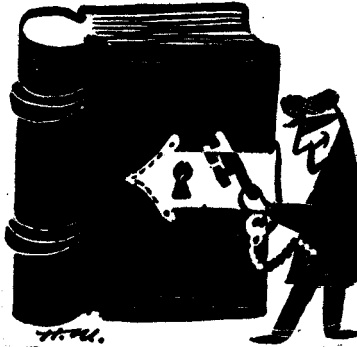
Jinks names 'em as Jones and Lestrade!

Well, the spelling of Jinks
Is valid, methinks,
But the vowel is off just a shade.

I would wager the last of my wad
That, as sure as there's grass in
the sod,

If Jinks will peer closely,
And not too morosely,
He will find it was Jones and Lestrade.

LANGDALE PIKE,
Baker Street Irregulars



Sherlock Meets Moriarty. From the letterhead of Langdale Pike.

(A fun reprint from July, 1951)

DOCUMENT III

*Well, we guess it's as long as it's broad,
And we don't care which bard you applaud—
The Jinks or the Pike.
Let 'em scrap if they like.
We say it was Jones and Lestrade.*

EDITOR, R & R

DOCUMENT IV

[Hitherto unpublished]

So you think the man's name was Lestrade?

And you don't care whose features are clawed?

Well, let me tell you

A secret or two:

We two rimesters are not overawed.

And as long as we've gone on this ride,

Let us ask, "Where did Yardmen reside?"

If, as I apprehend,

It was London's east end,

We should knock at the door of Lestrade.

PIKE

DOCUMENT V

*There's pretty good ground for the claim
That Lestrade had an Anglicized name.*

Would a Gallicized limey

Feel 'appy, gorbliney?

'E'd never feel reely the sime.

JINKS

DOCUMENT VI

First Lestrade, then Lestrod, then Lestrade,
And then Pike says Lestrade! It's a fraud!

What's the theme of these pomes?

A dumb dick? Or S. Holmes?

I'm the ghost of Doc Watson, b'gawd.



Shirley Holmes and Police Captain Americus arrived at the scene of the crime almost at the same time. The manager of the rock group Hot Lead was dead, his skull crushed by a heavy, ornately decorated lead pipe — the symbol of the band. In his hand was a still-smoldering pistol.

"It was self-defense, officer," Billy Crumm, lead guitarist of Hot Lead, explained anxiously. "When I went in to talk about renewing Hot Lead's recording contract, he got really uptight about the terms. Then he went bonkers and started

screaming about how Hot Lead was robbing him blind. Before I knew what was happening, he'd grabbed a gun out of his desk drawer.

"I couldn't believe it, but the dude really fired at me! It was a wild shot. The bullet must have gone through this open window. But all I could think about was that this guy was trying to kill me. So I picked up the first thing I saw and cracked him over the head with it!"

While Billy was talking, Captain Americus examined the pipe,

opened the drawer that the manager had grabbed the pistol from, then bent over to examine the pistol. "Then what happened?" he asked, continuing his examination.

"Well, I was pretty shaken up, but at least I had the sense not to touch anything. I called the cops and an ambulance, and just sort of waited until everyone showed up. I'm sorry he's dead, but the guy was crazy! It was self-defense."

"Well," said Captain Americus, "it certainly looks that way."

"At least that's how you set it up, isn't it Billy?" said Shirley Holmes. "Why don't you make it easy on yourself and tell us the truth?"

Why does Shirley suspect that Billy didn't act in self-defense?

(Send you solution to the Recorder. If correct, get a super S'ian prize!)