



The
Pleasant
Places
of Florida

Holmesian
Limericks

&

A SHERLOCK
SING-A-LONG!



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Introduction

I never cease to be amazed how a five-line bit of verse, called a Limerick, brings out the sheer genius in Sherlockians!

At our 1980 Fall Gathering in Bradenton we held an innocent Limerick Contest. It was a smashing success -- and now is destined to be an annual affair! The results of the PPofFer's efforts are recorded in this booklet.

From hither & yon (with very special thanks to Harold Niver, of The Men of the Tor, Conn.), we have assembled some of the most singable Baker Street ballads. These were selected because the tunes are quite familiar and don't require musical accompaniment.

Sit back, now, and enjoy the P.P.of F's

HOLMESIAN LIMERICKS and A SHERLOCK SING-A-LONG

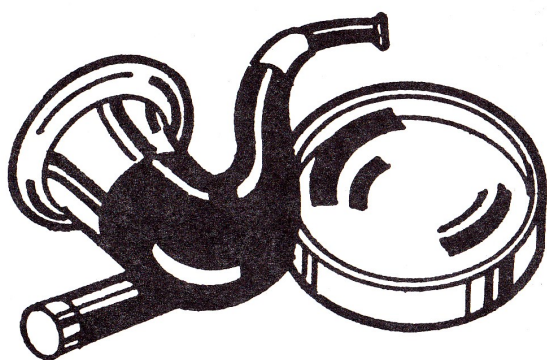
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FEBRUARY, 1981

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(A Corresponding Scion Society
of the Baker Street Irregulars)
4408 Gulf Drive
HOLMES Beach, Florida 33510

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Limited Printing of 150. This is COPY # FILE COPY



HOLMESIAN LIMERICKS

Here's to our Pleasant Places
 With upturned pimply faces;
 We left the East Coast
 To join in the Toast
 As we play, let's touch all the bases.
 ("Pat" Herst)

§ § §

The group from the great Pleasant Places
 Were put through their literary paces;
 They made up more poems
 On the great Sherlock Holmes
 And kicked over their Victorian traces.
 (H. E. Bohman)

§ § §

I started "The Three Merry Debs"
 Like a spider spinning his webs;
 But I know not the middle
 Nor the end of the riddle,
 So I'm nervously smoking Cubebs!
 (George Tullis)

§ § §

There was a young priest named Ben
 Who convinced Sherlockians they could ^{Wood,}
 Write verses that rhyme
 And still have a good time
 While they vied for a prize that
 (no name) was good.

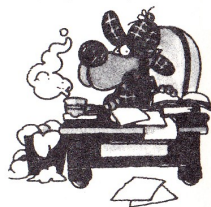
§ § §

A mysterious note has been found
 And Holmes' heart, it begins to pound,
 So he goes to find Watson
 They climb into his Datsun,
 And they're off in pursuit of the Hound!
 (David Pollak)

§ § §

After saving a King or a Tsar,
 Or besting a rascally Lascar,
 Holmes and Watson, for sure
 Like a good Brit-ish-er
 Would repair to Criterion Bar!
 (Ben Wood)

Stick with it!



§ § §

Among Sherlock's most frustrating cases,
 Was one that involved the two races.
 And the cruel Ku Klux Klan
 On the tropical strand
 of Florida, called Pleasant Places!
 (Caroline Everett)

A Colonel whose name was Moran
Of whom Holmes was not a fan.

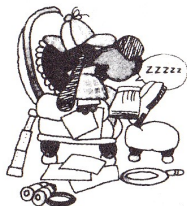
Holmes searched through the Moor,
But his re-sults were poor,
So he went to Holmes Beach for a tan.
(Oscar Blasingame)

§ § §

Holmes scours London with a bustle
Giving crime's Napoleon a rough tussle;
But Watson - where is he?
Our Boswell, Oh, let him be.
He's at home reading Clark Russell.
(no name)

§ § §

Easy does it!



This dinner's a pretty poor bash,
Said Holmes lighting the calabash.
It makes my blood boil
Not according to Doyle
When the Reverend looks like an ash.
("Pat" Herst)

§ § §

There once was a Baskerville Hound,
Who right through the fog it would
 bound.
Watson thought at the most
The dog was only a ghost,
So Sherlock was called out from town.
(Oscar Blasingame)

We lift our glasses to Conan
 Whose heirs he left sadly moanin';
 Prose was preferable to poems
 Especially when writing of Holmes,
 If you have a last line, just phone in.
 ("Pat" Herst)

§ § §

The hand of Holmes wrote some quips,
 To the Lone Star it sent the pips;
 But we know if there be
 A higher hand than he,
 'Twas HIS hand who sunk the ship!
 (Wanda Butts)

§ § §

Down at the Diogenes Club,
 Sherlock's brother gets down to the nub
 Of whatever conundrum
 Itches one's cerebellum,
 Mycroft says: "Aye there's the rub!"
 (Joan Wood)

§ § §

As I cruised the slums for to slay,
 A sleuth tried to bring me to bay,
 But with help from below
 I forced Holmes to bow,
 Now I'm a doctor, they say!
 ("Jack the Ripper")

There was a detective named Holmes
Who sought after many old bones.

But the chase wouldn't last
When he took his repast
Of tea and Mrs. Hudson's nice scones.
(Roy Kerr)

§ § §

From Texas they want Sherlock Holmes
To outwit some criminal gnomes;
It's really quite odd
To see him and Le Strade
On the trail where the buffalo roams.
(David Pollak)

§ § §

In order to know What's On
Holmes decided to ask Doc Watson;
The distance is far
We'll go there by car
Outside is waiting my Datsun.
("Pat" Herst)

Be a winner!



§ § §

A thoroughbred named Silver Blaze
Though lost on the moor in the haze,
Still won by a head
Though his trainer was dead -
Sometimes it seems that crime pays!
(Caroline Everett)

We salute, now, our venerable Master,
Whose name is atop our cadaster;
When he's through keeping bees
They should carve a large frieze
Of his image in pure alabaster!

(Ben Wood)

§

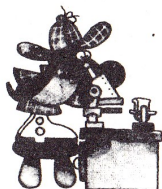
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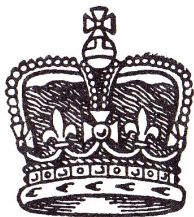
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Very interesting!

Space for Do-It-Yourself

Limericks





whose was it?

His who is gone,
who shall have it?

He who will come.

What was the month?

The sixth from the first.

Where was the sun?

Over the oak.

Where was the shadow?

Under the elm.

How was it stepped?

North by ten and by ten,
east by five and by five,
south by two and by two,
west by one and by one,
and so under.

What shall we give for it?

All that is ours.

Why should we give it?

For the sake of the Trust.



| | | | |
|---|--|---|----|
| A | 'It is certainly a rather curious production.' | | TX |
| B | H | N | U |
| C | I | O | V |
| D | J | P | W |
| E | K | Q | X |
| F | L | R | Y |
| G | M | S | Z |

Extracted by permission by Detachment 221^B, Old Soldiers of Baker Street, from 'Holmes, Cryptanalysis and the Dancing Men' by Remsen Ten Eyck Schenk.

[BSJ (NS) 3:2, April 1955.]

* Non-Canonical





GOOD OLDE P. P. F.

("Dixie")

Oh, I wish I was in foggy London
 Sluething with old Holmes and Watson,
 Baker Street, Baker Street,
 Two-two-one, B Baker Street.

(Chorus)

In the sunny clime, we'll bide our time,
 And thwart old Mor-i-ar-ty.
 Pip Pip, Pip Pip,
 Pip-Hooray for Pleasant Places!

But the next best place is our own HOLMES
 Beach,
 With sand and surf, and waving palm trees;
 P.P.F., not C.C.F.,
 P.P.F. at our HOLMES Beach.

(Chorus)

PUT ON YOUR OLD DEERSTALKER
 ("Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet")

Put on your old deerstalker,
 With the two flaps upon it,
 While I hail a passing Hansom cab;
 Through the streets of London
 We will ride 'til we've won,
 And the crim'nals we will nab!

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO, HOLMES
 ("Show Me the Way To Go Home")

Show me the way to go, HOLMES,
 I'm tired and I need your advice.
 I had a little drink about an hour ago,
 Now I'm seeing gi-ant Mice.
 Where-ever I may roam,
 On land, or sea, or foam:
 You can always hear me singin' this song -
 Show me the way to go, HOLMES!

THE CANON: AN OVERVIEW
 ("When Irish Eyes Are Smiling")

When crime in London's brewing
 And Lestrade and Gregson fail,
 People turn to Holmes and Watson
 To whom they tell their tale.

An ounce of shag is smoken,
 Then the Master's touch is seen,
 And the noble Doctor Watson
 Tells it all in Strand Magazine.



A SONG FOR MYCROFT

("On Top of Old Smoky")

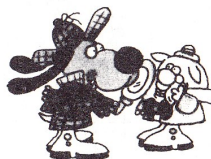
In foggy old London
There lives in Pall Mall
A brother of Sherlock
Whose name does excel.

This man - name of Mycroft -
Quite portly and stout,
Would rather stay in, though,
And never go out.

For thinkin's his pleasure
But action is not,
And so quite remotely
He figures the plot.

Though off at a distance,
All villians beware.
This brother of Sherlock
Will lay your guilt bare.

Looking good!



I'm with you!



H-O-L-M-E-S

("M-O-T-H-E-R")

"H" is for the Hound that hounded Henry,

"O" is for the Opera and Irene.

"L" is for Lestrade whom he did parry,

"M" means Mor-i-ar-i-ty to me.

"E" is for his phrase: 'Quite El-e-men-try'

"S" is for the Sagas yet untold.

Put them all to-gether, they spell "Holm-es
The name that means the World to me!

MEET ME TONIGHT IN DARTMOOR

("Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland")

Meet me to-night in Dartmoor,
Under the bright full moon.

Meet me tonight in Dartmoor,
Where the hound spells our doom.

His bright sharp teeth are gleaming,
As he next plots his kills,

Met me in Dartmoor, Gloomy old Dartmoor
With-the-Hound of the Baskervilles.

THEIR FAME GOES MARCHING ON

("Battle Hymn of the Republic")

My eyes have read the stories of the Canon through and through;
The feats Watson described are almost to great to be true;
I'm always quite amazed by them, and I'm sure that you are too;
Their fame goes marching on!

Chorus: Glory, glory Holmes and Watson. Glory, glory Holmes and Watson.
 Glory, glory Holmes and Wat-son. Their fame goes marching on.

Faithful Doctor Watson, we are really in your debt,
For writing down the cases so that we will not forget.
It was a great day for the world when Holmes and Watson met;
Their deeds go marching on!

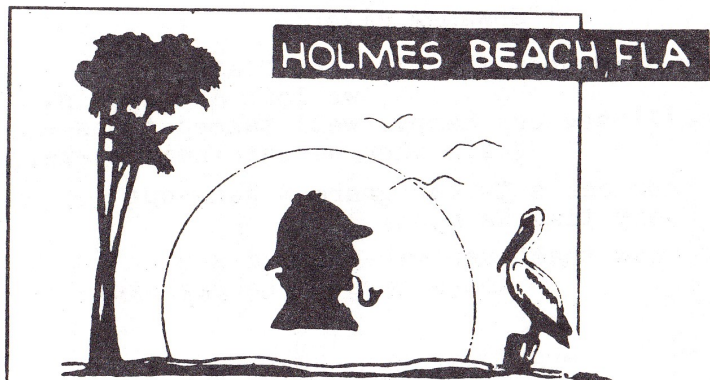
Chorus:

Professor Moriarty met a fate just right for him,
When he plunged into the Falls that were too deep and rough to swim.
He landed on the bottom and he broke each wretch-ed limb,
And Holmes tri-umphed once more!

Chorus:

In retirement he's keeping bees in Sussex far away,
But his memory is green and I can clearly hear him say:
Watson, hurry up, get ready - game's afoot this foggy day;
His fame goes marching on!

Chorus:



Other Publications by Members of
THE PLEASANT PLACES of FLORIDA

Round-Robin Pastiches:

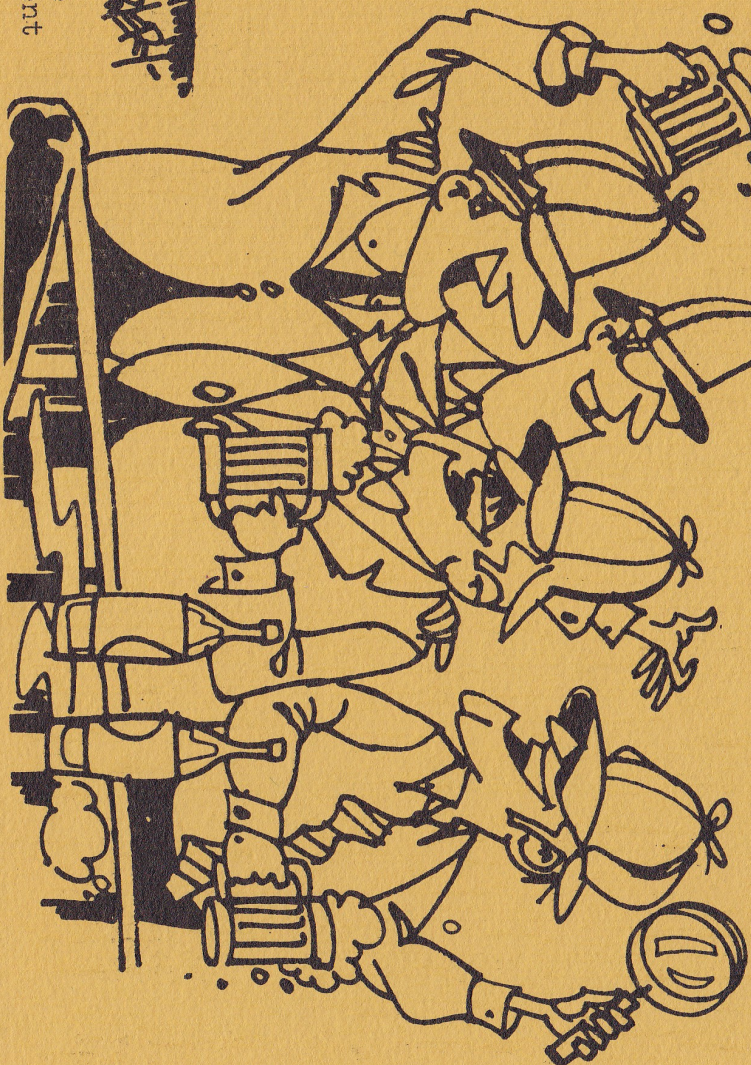
- "The Case of the Foreign Cabman" (1975)*
- "The Adventure of the Lost £'s" (1976)*
- "The Adventure of the Second Stein" (1977)
- "The Singular Adventure of
the Solitary Balloonist" (1977)
- "The Curious Affair of the
Witch's Brougham" (1978)
- "The Adventure of the Florid Ians" (1979)
- "The Case of the Three Merry Debs" (1980)

Others:

- "Exercises in Ratiocination &
Mental Gymnastics" (1977)
(A booklet of mind-jogging conundrums
for the Sherlockian brain.)
- "A Tribute to Leslie Marshall, B.S.I." - A
fitting tribute to the Founder of the PPoff.
(*- contains reprints of first 2 pastiches)

SHERLOCK HOLMES CALENDARS for 1980 & 1981.

Put on your old DEERSTALKER..!!



St. Pete
Independent