



A Publication of the Pleasant Places of Florida

Communication

#180

New Series

Special Valentine Issue, 1998

Volume 2 Issue 2



Canonical/Club Calendar February

In this month, Holmes received a telegram which puzzled him for a quarter of an hour; Watson looked out the bow-window to see a madman coming; the *Lone Star* touched at Pondicherry; Moriarty was seriously inconvenienced by Holmes.

4th, 1875 - Snow lay deep in the gorges of

Love, as has been said, comes in many forms, is a many-spended thing, and conquers all. Far be it from us to pass up the opportunity to proclaim our love and devotion to the Master and to get a special issue out of the deal. Re-reading the canon from a romantic point of view can be very satisfying once you realize that love plays quite a significant role in many of the stories.

We have a longer valentine in the form of a delightful report from Linda Anderson on her Weekend in New York.

We also have Holmesian Hearts spread throughout the issue. See if you can identify all of them. The Answers are on Page 6.

So grab your box of chocolates, curl up on the couch and enjoy.

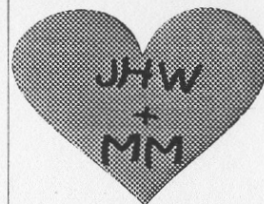
The Papers on the Sundial

the Gilmerton Mtns.
13th, 1892 - The train
deluxe to the Riviera was
robbed.

2/15/75 - 1st Annual
Meeting of the PPoF

2/15/77 - death of Leslie

Marshall
2/79 - 6th Round Robin
Pastiche published -
The Florid Ians
2/20/80 Bill Ward
designated Archivist &
Librarian
2/9/91 - 1st Wessex Cup



2/3/92 - *St. Pete Times*
does article on David
McCallister

2/8/92 - 2nd Wessex
Cup

2/6/93 - 3rd Wessex
Cup

2/12/94 - 4th Wessex
Cup

2/11/95 - 5th Wessex
Cup

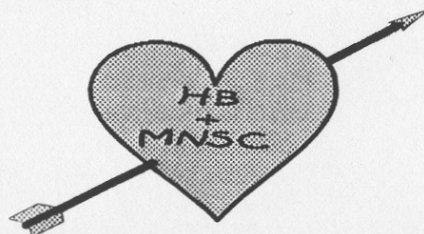
2/10/96 - 6th Wessex
Cup

2/1/97 - 7th Wessex
Cup

2/14/98 - 8th Wessex
Cup

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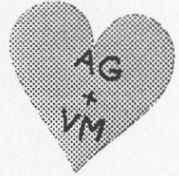


The Watsons At Home

by Wanda Dow

The young marrieds sat in front of the fireplace as was their habit every evening before dinner. The husband, a doctor by trade, was fidgeting with his pipe as the wife read through the final pages of a stack of papers in her lap.

Mary turned the last page of the manuscript over, a hint of a smile on her lips. She looked over at her husband, the author, trying to nonchalantly light his pipe as he awaited her reaction.



"Well now," she finally spoke, her voice barely audible over the crackling fire.

"You've certainly written a fine novel, John. It's been very interesting to me to read what went on when I wasn't there. And you've made it all so entertaining. Do you intend to try to sell it as you did the other?"

"Only with your permission, my dear," replied the husband. "It is, after all, your story, Mary."

"Mm," she nodded, ironing the pages with her hand.

"If you do not wish me to pursue publication," he stated adamantly, "just say the word. I would never have anything printed without permission. And I would certainly not wish to cause you any harm, my dear."

She leaned forward and placed the manuscript into his lap, then rested back in her wing chair. "Dear, sweet John. I must say that I certainly gained more by losing a chest full of pearls than anyone will ever know."

For the first time, John seemed to relax.

"Then the story did not upset you?"

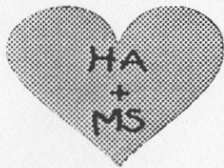
"Well," she pondered that thought for a moment before speaking. "I do have to admit that your first description of me was not all that complimentary."

His mouth opened to protest, but she held up her hand to stop him.

"However, your statement after I left made up for it." She tilted her head slightly, as if viewing her husband from a different angle would insure the truth. "Did you truly say 'what a very attractive woman'?"

He took her hand and stared into her large blue eyes, "Upon my honor, madame, I did."

She laughed in delight at his serious expression and took her hand from his grasp so that she could wag a finger at him.



"And there is one thing you have written in error, my love!" She frowned in mock disapproval.

He spread his arms wide, "Tell me and I shall correct whatever has caused your disfavor."

"You told Mr. Sherlock Holmes that you feared that it was the last investigation that you would have the chance of studying."

"Yes," he stated, "And rightly so. I am a married man now. I have responsibilities. I cannot go traipsing about the city in search of villains and hoodlums. I learned quickly that it can be a very dangerous game that my friend plays. What would become of my family should

Please See Watsons, Page 3

something happen to its provider?"

"Although it would grieve your family greatly should you suffer any harm," Mary stated with a wry smile, "it would get along as it did before. Don't you dare use me as an excuse to not assist Mr. Holmes should he request it."

"All right then," he said, straightening his shoulders, "But what of my medical practice?"

"Barely begun," she stated. "And we've neighbors who are qualified to take over for a few days absence. Besides, what you really love is the writing. I can see it in your face when you're working at your desk. I can tell it by your demeanor. Oh, I know you enjoy your medical practice, too, but once you'd finished this, you were lost. It was as if nothing else could hold your interest. You were restless."

He nodded. "I shall take what you have said into consideration, madame."

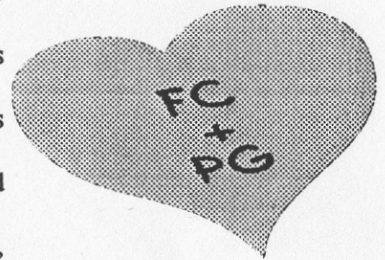
She studied his face for a moment before reaching for her needlepoint. "Good," said she.

They sat in silence then, she with her needle and thread, he with his pipe and manuscript.

"But I must beg to differ with you concerning that what I really love is writing," he spoke up, surprising her.

"Oh?" she asked, ready to begin again her argument that they would get by no matter what their financial status.

His eyes crinkled ever so slightly as he tried to suppress a smile, "What I truly love, Mrs. Watson, is you!"



The Only True Valentine

There is actually one true valentine in the Canon. In *The Adventure of the Bruce-Partington Plans*, one Colonel Valentine Walter is described as having a "long light beard and...soft, delicate features." Colonel Walter is the brother of the late Sir James Walter, Head of the Submarine Department. Supposedly a Stock Exchange debt forced Colonel Walter into working with Hugo Oberstein in stealing national secrets. Colonel Valentine partially redeems himself by entrapping Oberstein. However, Colonel Walter dies in prison at the end of the second year of his sentence.

How could this have happened? How could a gentleman named Valentine have stooped to such a betrayal of his country? I suggest that he was protecting the woman he loved.

Cadogan West, another employee of the Submarine Department, has a younger sister, Honey. At several official functions, Colonel Walter meets Honey and becomes involved. At about this same time, Charles Augustus Milverton comes into possession of several of Honey's letters; these would have proved embarrassing, especially considering her affiliation with high ranking government officials. Milverton blackmails her, and when her money grows low, Walter helps her. When his investments go sour, he trades the love of country for the love of a woman.

He never admits the full circumstances during his trial for fear of embarrassing Honey. After he dies in prison, Honey leaves England, poor and brokenhearted. Milverton is shot to death over three years later.

Thus, even though Colonel Valentine Walter exercises exceedingly poor judgement, his reasons are chivalrous nonetheless. What other reasons could a true valentine have?

Weekend in New York

by Linda Anderson

We arrived on time for the Gillette Luncheon on Friday, got drinks and schmoozed the rooms. The toasts were given in usual high form. The entertainment was a short play with Paul Singleton, Sarah Montague and Andrew Joffe in "Hell and Heaven" based on George Bernard Shaw, with heaven reserved for the "real people" and hell reserved for "fictional people." It turns out that hell also contains William Gillette, Jeremy Brett and Basil Rathbone. due to being associated with "that fictional character, Sherlock Holmes." Gillette wants out of hell into heaven and Dr. Watson

The Grimpen Mire Choir sang "And the Yard Looked On"

arrives to say that Holmes wants out of heaven due to his "methods not working on real people as they did on the fictional ones." So the exchange is made. Very funny and very well received.

We got out of there about 3:30 and quickly changed into evening wear to go back downtown and get the Bash stuff ready.

The Second Annual Baskerville Bash was held at La Belle Epoque restaurant on Friday night. This is usually a jazz and

tango restaurant/dancehall. But it is a large hall with two levels of tables, a large dance floor cum stage and a nice bar. Unfortunately, it is also 27 long steps up from street level. There is an elevator, but it is next door. I was the elevator person/greeter who was given the keys to the next door antique store and told to take people in and up the elevator if needed. No one did, though some should have, I think. All told, there were 110 people and it wasn't crowded at all.

As part of the festivities, everyone received a "Doggy Bag" full of nifty gifts. They included a four page program booklet; a large pin with two Hugo the Hounds on it (for the second bash); a plastic ear that is also a paper clip (from Paula, whose investiture is "Susan Cushing"; a piece of chocolate in the shape of the Beryl coronet from Marsha Pollak; a luggage tag with a picture of the bust of Holmes and a bullet hole from Donald Izban; a bookmark from the American Firm, dedicated to bringing Holmes to the resident patients of nursing homes; a booklet of Crime Scenes from *Hound of the Baskervilles* and a bookmark from Lynda and Bill Conway who also do painted figurines; a "Compliments of the

Season" from Peter Blau on "Where the body of Holmes was found" at Reichenbach Falls; a small copy of the Serpentine Muse that advertised previous papers, including mine about the hound being a victim in love with the spaniel; a copy of the "Holmes and Watson Report" with an article on "A Shy Person's Guide to making conversation at a Sherlockian function"; a Baskerville Quiz; a do it yourself Baskerville threatening letter kit from Jane Hinckley; a notice about the Sherlockian Spring Break in New Jersey in April; an ad from Al Gregory and Jan Stauber on their Sherlockian lapel pins; an ad for the fourth annual Sherlockian cruise in June, 1998; a frameable certificate of participation in the Second Bash; and a pencil with which to take the quiz.

The program commenced with toasts by Mona Morstein, Paula Perry, Robert Zatz (a NYPD cop), Billy Fields, Susan Jewell and me on Dr. Mortimer, Mrs Barrymore, Selden, Sir Henry, Dame Jean Doyle, the hound, and Beryl Stapleton respectively. The Grimpen Mire Choir then attacked songs

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New York, from page 4

such as "Oh Baskerville, We Long to Bash you," "And the Yard Looked On," and "What's Your name?" Next, a paper by Tom Cynkin (who works for the US mission to the United Nations on financial affairs in the far east) on "Was Holmes a Fakir" proving that Holmes had ancestors from India. The Grimpen Choir returned with "Boogie Woogie Beast" and "Holmes on the Moor." The Baskerville Theater did a radio show of "Moor Gold Diggers of '98" proving that Sir Charles was alive and was just testing his relatives for suitability for his fortune. Cynthia Wein gave a paper on the women's names in the canon and what they were like (all the Violets were strong, all the Alice's were someone's younger daughter, etc). The Choir did "Hugo the Nipper" and finally an encore presentation of the Barkarena from last year.

The evening concluded with the BSI coming to visit after their dinner. We learned that Sue Diamond and John Baesch had been inducted into the BSI, and that Susan Rice won the Morley/Montgomery writing award from the BSI. I saw Scott Monty in a red tuxedo. I also saw Ben Fairbank and Lee Shackleford but had no chance to talk to them.

Hounds attending the Bash

that I recognized from the attendees list included Mary Campbell from Toronto, Joe Coppola's wife, S.E. Dahlinger, Ben Fairbank, Jane Hinckley, Warren Randall, Andy Solberg, Len Schneider (husband of S.E. Dahlinger).

For the Saturday brunch, we arrived, right at 3 pm, roped off

The Choir did "Hugo the Nipper"

our coats and picked up the first glass of champagne. All liquor was included in the price (\$35)—really! We stationed ourselves in a corner which we had learned from years past was the primary spot for all the waitrons with canapes to pass by. There were lovely crab cakes, miniature quiches, pizzas, chicken fingers, cheese puffs, cheese and brie puffs, spinach quiches, trout sandwiches, salmon slices, beef filet and goat cheese on toast, bacon wrapped dates, prosciutto wrapped melon, fresh fruit and cheeses. Then the buffet started, with two types of pasta and sauces, beef stew over rice and about 200 kinds of desserts.

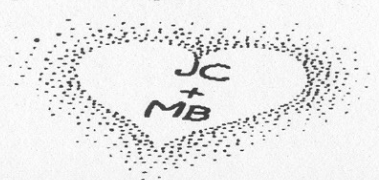
We saw Jon Lellenberg, Richard Olken (to whom we talked quite a bit), the crew from last night's Bash, Dorothy Stix, wife of Tom Stix (former BSI head), Mary Campbell, Mike Whelan (new BSI head), most of the regular ASH group,

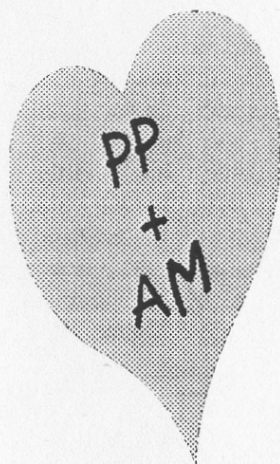
Phil Shreffler, Peter Blau, Jerry Margolin (from Portland, OR who badgered Paula into promising him one of the "ears"), Julia and Betsy Rosenblatt, John Baesch, Sue Diamond and her husband Alan, Scott Monty, Andy Solberg, most of the Brooklyn Scion, Catherine Cooke (the London Sherlock Holmes Museum librarian) and S.E. Dahlinger.

Peter Blau did the auction of the statue of Holmes by Reichenbach, a deck of playing cards designed and signed by the artist, a 1944 paper of reprints and a raffle of a statue of Baker Street sitting room.

On Sunday there was another brunch attended by Catherine Cooke, Peter Blau, David Stuart Davies, John Baesch, Warren Randall, and S.E. Dahlinger. It was at Le Max, a semi-French restaurant on 43rd street just off Broadway. Choices were eggs benedict, grilled chicken, omelets with lots of innards available, and pasta. Drinks were included in the price of \$13. About 30 people showed up. Great group!

I left on the express bus back to central Pennsylvania at 6:40 pm and collapsed.





Ask Sherlock: Victorian Advice for the Lovelorn

Dear Sherlock: There is a girl in my class who won't pay any attention to me no matter what I do. What can you suggest? *Evan.*

Dear Evan: Be mysterious. Don't throw yourself at this girl, throw a smoke bomb in her window.

Dear Sherlock: I received a package yesterday and I suspect it's from a secret admirer. But I'm afraid to open it because I might be disappointed. *Cindy.*

Dear Cindy: If the package is postmarked Belfast and rattles like coarse salt when you shake it, whatever you do, don't open it. Otherwise, take your chances.

Dear Sherlock: I suspect that my husband has fallen out of love with me and that he is having an affair. What can I do? *Janice.*

Dear Janice: My number is (813) 555-1765. Call collect if you must. No job is too large or small. Leave a message with Dr. Watson if I am out.

I Need a Case to Solve

(Sung to the tune of *This Guy's in Love With You*)

I need a case,
I need a case to solve:
Some significant point
About which the problem revolves
Send me now a distraught man,
A troubled woman, if you can.
My mind is flotsam.
If I'm not challenged,

I'll have to talk to Watson.
'Cause I need some help.
I need a client or two.
Some minor spat
Or national security—either one will
do.
Cardboard boxes in the mail,
Beggars thrown wrongly in jail.

My hands are shakin'.
Don't let my mind keep from
breakin'.
'Cause I need a case.
I want a case.
Say there's someone—someone
outside my door.
If not I'll be bored.

Answers to The Hearts

SH + IA: Sherlock Holmes and Irene Adler (SCAN); JHW + MM: John H. Watson and Mary Morstan (SIGN); JC + MB: Jack Croker and Mary Brackenstall (ABBE); JB + MC: James Browner and Mary Cushing (CARD); HA + MS: Hosmer Angel and Mary Sutherland (IDEN); AR + MF: Alice Rucastle and Mr. Fowler; PP + AM: Professor Presbury and Alice Murphy (CREE); SK + WK/SK + HL: Sophie Kratides and Wilson Kemp/Sophie Kratides and Harold Latimer (GREE); HB + BS: Henry Baskerville and Beryl Stapleton; AG + VM: Adalbert Gruner and Violet De Merville; HB + MNSC: Hugh Boone and Mrs. Neville St. Clair; FC + PG: Frances Carfax and Philip Green; JNG + GD: J. Neil Gibson and Grace Dunbar; ACD + TSM: Arthur Conan Doyle and *The Strand Magazine*.



Which Types Do You Have?

Philosophers tell us that there are different types of love. For example, there is platonic, which transcends the physical and tends toward the spiritual. There is agapic, which is Christian love. And there is sexual.

There are other types of love found in the Canon. These include the following:

Watsonian: The love of pens.

Slaneyual: The love of small Dancing Men.

Mycroftonic: The love for quiet clubs.

Obersteinian: The love for submarine plans.

Sylviusian: The love for Mazarin stones.

Jephropic: The love for long hair and dresses.

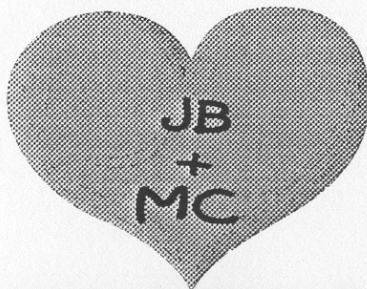
Bepponian: The love of smashing plaster casts.

Staplemonic: The love of phosphorescent dogs.

Jabezian: The love of red hair.

Hatherleyopic: The love of thumbs.

Holmesian: The love of good adventures.



To All the Clients I've Worked For

(Sung to the Tune of *To All the Girls I've Loved Before*)

To all the clients I've worked for, Anonymous, well-known,
Who've travelled in and out my door, Some childish, some full-grown
I dedicate this song, Some quiet and some in a loud
I righted all their wrongs: din.

All the clients I've worked for. To geese with bands and those without;

The Engineer without a thumb, To lions, speckled snakes and trout;

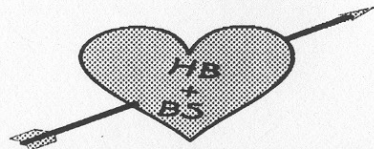
Lestrade and Gregson both so dumb; To dogs at night who bark,

The Cushings 1, 2, 3; Some who glow in the dark,
The brothers Moriarty, And quiet ones who shift the
Black Peter and the 'Prof' Coram. doubt.

To Trevor and the Musgrave clan; To all the clients I've worked for,
Abe Slaney and the Crooked Man; Who've travelled in and out my door.

The circle that was red; I dedicate this song,
John Openshaw, who's dead; I righted all their wrongs,
H. Baker, Pycroft and Moran. All the clients I've worked for.

To all the wild-eyed frantic men
Who've graced my door time and again.



In Memory of Annie Morrison

by Tom Takach

She is the woman of mystery
mentioned at the conclusion of the Reigate Squires' history.

Annie Morrison is her name
being a connection between a coachman and a squire's son is her fame.

She is referred to in the note which brought about a killing
Admittedly a characterization that is something less than fulfilling.
Though her appearance is brief, she is part of Watson's writings
And as such does her part to make our lives more exciting.

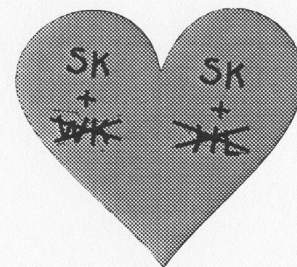
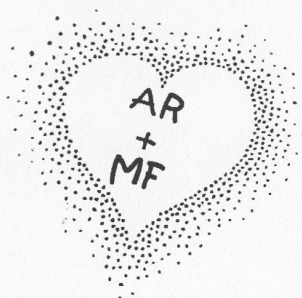
Come join us on Saturday, March 7th, 1998, at 11:30 a.m. for a pleasant lunch in downtown St. Petersburg. At 1:00 p.m. embark on a journey into the unfathomable world of the **TITANIC**. The **TITANIC** was the largest moving object on the Earth and a technological accomplishment of mankind filled with the latest modern conveniences. She was thought to be unsinkable. Glimpse the grandeur that was once part of the Edwardian era from more than 300 objects recovered from the wreck site. See how a sequence of human events contributed to the tragedy. And hear the chilling stories of the expedition that found her. **TITANIC** *The Exhibition* is at the Florida International Museum at 100 Second Street North, downtown St. Petersburg (Exit 10 off I-275). Book your passage today. Cost is \$12.45 per person for the exhibit. Lunch is "dutch treat" and will be at a restaurant within walking distance to the museum. Make checks payable to **CARL HEIFETZ** & mail to Carl Heifetz,

____ Yes! I want to have lunch and travel back through time with other PPoF members to examine the **TITANIC**. I understand that you will notify me of the eating establishment at which we will meet at 11:30 a.m. I also understand that should we not have 20 or more people going, I may have to pay an additional fee for entry into the exhibit.

Name(s) _____ Phone _____

Street Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I enclose \$ _____ made payable to Carl Heifetz, .



← **DEADLINE FOR TITANIC SIGN-UP IS FEBRUARY 21. WE ARE CURRENTLY NOT MAKING OUR QUOTA FOR THE GROUP DISCOUNT. PLEASE NOTE THAT THIS IS NOT AN EXCLUSIVE INVITATION TO PPoFERS. INVITE YOUR FRIENDS!!!**



MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL FORM

If you have a red check on the back page, your club membership is up for renewal. Please check the information below to insure that you are listed in the club records as you wish to be listed.

Return this section to CARL HEIFETZ,
MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO CARL
HEIFETZ (*NOT the PPoF!!! We don't have a bank account
under the club name due to costs!*). Membership is \$10.00
US/CAN and \$12.00 INT'L.

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,

IF YOU SEE A RED CHECK HERE: , THIS IS YOUR LAST COMMUNICATION! USE
THE RENEWAL FORM INSIDE TO CONTINUE YOUR MEMBERSHIP.

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

