



# Communication

#193

New Series

Father's Day Special Issue 1999

Volume 3 Issue 5

Father. Dad. Daddy. Daddio. Pop. Pa. Papa. Pappy. Pater. Paterfamilias. Governor. The Old Man. Patriarch. Head of the Household. The Big Cheese. The Big Lug.

Some of us love them, and some of us just put up with them. We wish we knew them better, we wish we didn't know them at all.

We have issues with them. Some of us have volumes with them. But if we have problems with them, just consider the characters in canon. Our experiences are kayaks compared to some of the *Titanic* situations of characters in the canon. Are we talking Freudian or what?

So, if you dare, sit back and try to enjoy our tribute to the Godfrey Emsworths, the Jephro Rucastles and the Grimsby Roylotts. Robert Young and Fred MacMurray they aren't.

*The Papers on the Sundial*

## The Case of the Missing Father

Holmes leaned back in his chair and regarded the young man carefully. He looked no more than 30 years of age. He wore a dark suit, with stylish ascot, and held his bowler hat in his lap.

"I am not sure I wish to take this case," my colleague said.

"Holmes," I said. "You must help this man."

"I am more than able to pay you, Mr. Holmes. I am to be named a junior partner at Graham and McFarlane next year."

"Payment is not the issue."

"Then what is it?"

"I can find your father—probably quite easily—but there is the question as to whether he should be found."

"What kind of man abandons his son to an orphanage?"

"Exactly."

The man licked his lips and cocked his head. For an instant, the visage of the barrister left him and I caught a glimpse of the scared boy inside. "I do not wish to have words with him, Mr.

Holmes. I simply wish to know my father."

"Again, Mr. Felton, does he wish to know you?"

"Mr. Holmes, I—"

"You said **continued on page 4**

### In this Issue...

The Ferguson Brothers Show .....	page 2
Letters Home .....	page 5
Books We Would <i>Not</i> Like to See .....	page 6
Article from the London <i>Times</i> .....	page 6

## The Ferguson Brothers Show

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome Jacky and Baby.

Baby: Thank you, thank you very much.

Jacky: Hey, I was supposed to say that.

Baby: Well, I said it first, so there.

Jacky: Well, I'm the oldest.

Baby: Which must mean you're going senile.

Jacky: Look, the folks would like us to sing something. So let's just sing it, okay.

Baby: Okay—but I really don't feel like singing.

Jacky: What's the problem now?

Baby: Personally, I think you are.

Jacky: Me? What have I done?

Baby: Well, there was that time you tried to kill the dog.

Jacky: You're not going to bring that up again, are you?

Baby: Or the time you beat the maid up.

Jacky: A complete misunderstanding.

Baby: I bet.

Jacky: Look, are we going to do the song or not?

Baby: Not.

Jacky: Why?

Baby: Because I don't want to.

Jacky: You really are a spoiled brat.

Baby: Yeah?

Jacky: You had your own private maid, your own room, anything you wanted.

Baby: Yeah?

Jacky: Yeah. And you know what else?

Baby: What?

Jacky: Dad liked you best.

Baby: Me? What about the private yacht he sent you on?

Jacky: Real private. How many times can you swab a deck? Do you really think I wanted this earring?

Baby: Or that private school?

Jacky: Great school. I got beaten up every day until I perfected my curare.

Baby: Well....

Jacky: Well, what?

Baby: Dad liked you best. Do you know how many times I had to play rugby with him?

Jacky: Oh, not this again.

Baby: And he made me join the team at school. Had to

play with some weaselly kid named Hamish Watson — junior. He was a real junior. Fancied himself a real ladies man. Stole two of my girlfriends. Said he was going to be veterinarian — take care of their little doggies. He took care of their doggies all right.

Jacky: Get over it.

Baby: No, you get over it.

Jacky: No, you.

Baby: No, you.

Jacky: Look. Maybe Dad didn't like either one of us. Maybe he wanted to get rid of us.

Baby: Dad?

Jacky: Yeah. That's it. He wanted to get rid of us. I think he had the hots for the maid—what was her name?

Baby: Not Dolores.

Jacky: Yeah. That was her.

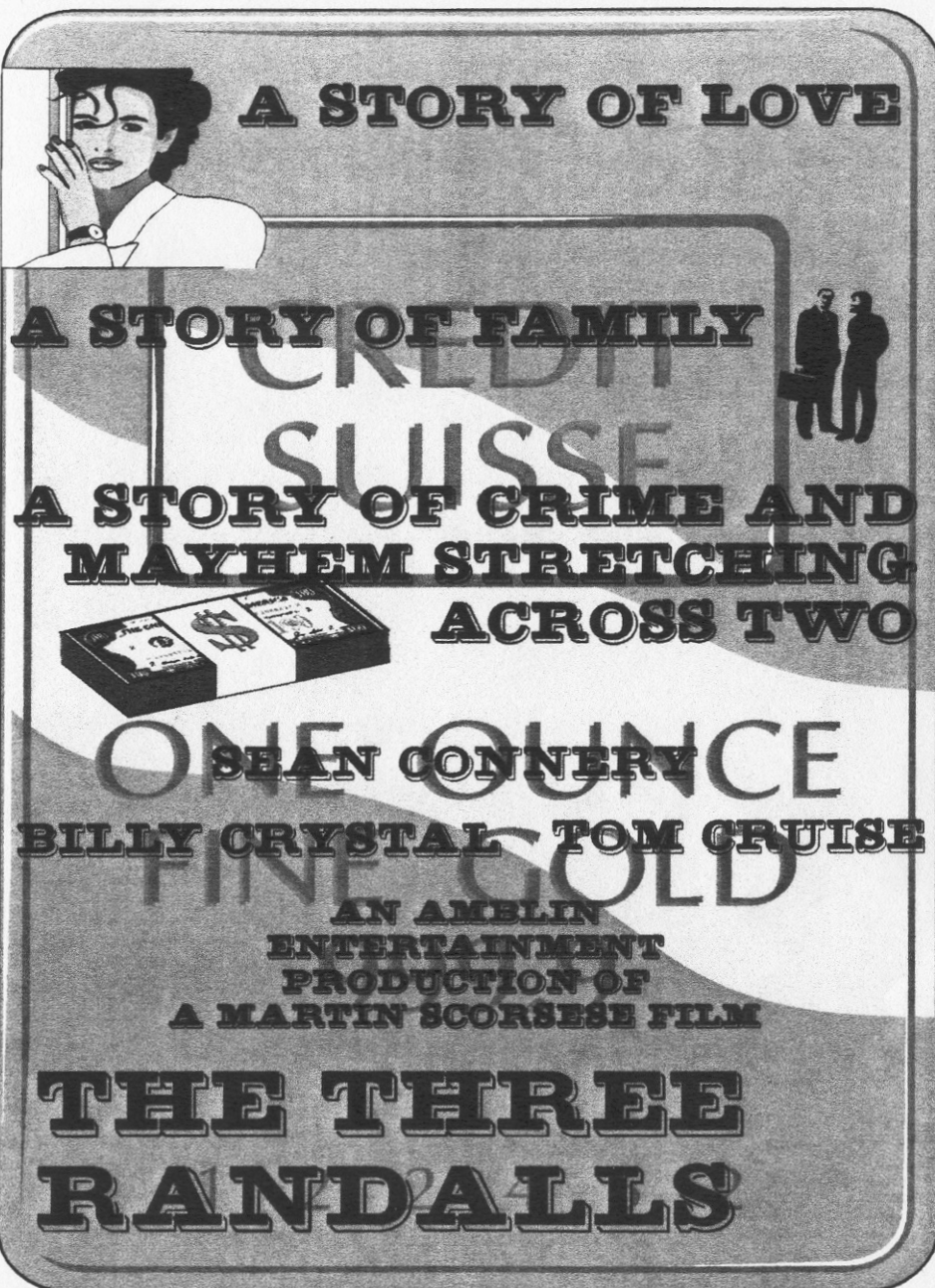
Baby: This sounds like mental abuse. Would we have cause for litigation?

Jacky: We could sue the pants off him.

Baby: Yeah. And quit this show.

Jacky: We're going to be cancelled anyway.

Baby: Let's do it.



**continued from page 1**

your mother died giving birth to you?"

"That is correct."

"And that your father placed you in an orphanage when you were merely a baby."

"Yes, sir."

"Then that should be that. The decision was made 27 years ago."

The young man looked startled at the report on his age.

"Mr. Holmes—"

"If your father wished you to know him, wouldn't he have contacted you before now? I am sure he could trace you far easier than you could trace him."

"If he needs help, I could give him that help. I am more than—"

"He may only want his dignity, Mr. Felton. What little he may have left."

"I only want the best for him. He's my only living relative, Mr. Holmes. He is only forty-eight and we would have many years ahead of us together."

"What's best for him may not be the best for you. I counsel against this, but I will find him."

A week passed before the three of us were gathered

together again. Holmes had said after a moment's hesitation, "but this is not the man, Mr. Holmes."

He told me very little of his "You're quite sure, Mr., eh, experiences, and quite often I Mr. Velman."

was asleep when he arrived "Quite sure. You were right, home. Mr. Holmes." Felton placed a

The barrister sat on the sofa wary hand on the older man's running the rim of his bowler shoulder. "I'm terribly sorry to between his hands. Holmes have inconvenienced you."

puffed on his pipe and read the Felton stepped through the newspaper. Our second visitor open door.

was already thirty minutes late. The older man turned from one

Presently, we heard footfalls of us to the other and said, on the stairs. They stopped for "What the bloody hell was that perhaps ten seconds. Mr. all about?"

Felton stood up and looked at "Mr. Velman found a lost the door. The steps resumed. suitcase and asked me to locate

Finally, there were several soft someone of your description. taps at our entranceway. Apparently you were not the

I walked across the room and man."

opened the door. A slightly "Can't say when I last owned stooped man smiled up at me. a suitcase."

He was unshaven, and his gray "We are terribly sorry to have coat had several tears in it. bothered you," Holmes said

"Mr. Sherlock Holmes?" the turning the man toward the door.

man said. "Can we help you with your ride

"I am Holmes," my colleague home?"

said striding across the room. "No, thank you," the man said

"Please come in." straightening himself up, "I can

The man seemed to flinch. manage."

"I'm not in any trouble am I?" I closed the door and sat down.

"No, no, not at all," Holmes "Our younger Mr. Felton had

said. quite a lesson today."

We all turned to the younger "Fortunately he learns

Felton. His face had turned quickly," Holmes said taking up

ashen. his paper and pipe.

"I'm—I'm terribly sorry," he

# Letters Home

Dead Daddy,

I'm so sorry. You were right. He was a slimeball. I never should have gotten involved.

Love,

Violet de Merville

Dear Father,

Thanks for the world trip. Sorry I had to abandon you in Mexico, but I just couldn't take any more of your and Mama's arguing. I've met a girl here and plan on taking up pearl diving. I hope that I'll make it home someday.

Love,

Godfrey Emsworth

Dear Father,

I am sorry to have to tell you this, especially in a letter, but I must leave. I know your intentions are good — and I do so love you and brother — but I must leave. Fitzroy's death has caused me much melancholy.

And I've met someone else — a man of learning. And I can hardly believe the stories of his age. He is so young, and I love him so. Professor Presbury will make a fine husband.

I'll write soon.

Love,

Maud Bellamy

Dear Dad,

What the hell were you thinking?

Love,

Arthur Holdernessee—Lord Saltire to you

Dear Father,

I am sure that you are upset about the newspaper article of several weeks ago. But I can assure you that I have been cleared completely. I must ask a favor, however. The very bad press generated by the incident has led to my dismissal. Despite my implorings, Mr. Graham has named another junior partner and I am forced to look elsewhere for employment. If you could see your way toward a small loan, say twenty or thirty pounds, I would be most appreciative.

Thank you in advance.

Love,

John Hector McFarlane

Dear Father,

I can no longer live in a house where I am not trusted. I had told you repeatedly of my innocence, but would you listen to me?

Noooo. Now I am held in very ill repute.

Therefore, I have secured legal counsel and plan to litigate against you on charges of defamation of character. My attorney tells me that I can no longer communicate with you. This will be my last letter. Let's see if your bank can take care of you now.

Love,

Arthur Holder

Dear Papa,

You were completely wrong about Gennaro. He is everything I have ever wanted in a man. Strong, loving, brave, resourceful, loyal and nonexistent. Is he in Posilippo by any chance?

Love,

Emilia Lucca

Dear Father,

Eat horse manure and die.

Love,

Alice Rucastle

Dear Father,

Arthur was too goodie-goodie for me. I hope you two have made up. I may be on the run but it is with the love of my life and I find that it suits me. Life is what you make of it and George and I are making lots of hot cash! I never knew the world was such an exciting place!

Love,

Mary Burnwell, nee Holder

Dear Papa,

I hope you are doing well and that things are calm in Boscombe Valley. We have settled in a beautiful mountain village here, and our neighbor is the noted man of science, Victor Frankenstein (a Baron, no less!).

Like me, your grand-daughter is always wandering the meadows and picking flowers. I am so glad we are in this peaceful place where she won't encounter any (cont. page 6)

(Letters Home, cont. from page 5) terrible arguments such as I did between old McCarthy and his son. Yes, she can pick her flowers at the foot of the mountain by the castle in safety. There's even a well there where she can stop for a cool drink when she is thirsty.

I hope young Mr. James and Miss Mary are doing well. Give them my love.

Love,  
Patience Moran-Smythe

Dear Father,

My therapist said it would be a good idea to write a letter to you and finally get my anger off my chest.

You stunk as a paternal unit. Actually you stunk as a person, too. Well, really you just plain stunk. Mum and me was glad when you threw us out because then we didn't have to smell you and your stinking fishy clothes all night.

I'm glad you got harpooned. I hated you and I was ashamed of your job. Mum and me is paying for Mr. Cairns defense from what funds you left us. I hope that makes you roll over in your grave.

At least one good thing has come out of your death. I've found my career. Next month I leave to join Greenpeace.

I hope you burn in hell.

Sincerely,  
Petrina Carey

## Books We Would Not Like to See

*James Windibank and Hosmer John Ferrier's Guide to Cross-Angel: An Explanation, by Country Hiking*, edited by Colin Woody Allen. Fletcher.

*Professor Presbury: A Role Charles McCarthy: Father of Model for the Millennium, by Anger Management*, by Ted Strom Thurmond. Kaczynski.

*The Error of John Openshaw, Mr. Patrick and the Myth of Chicago*, by George Wallace. Richard Daily, Jr.

*Mr. Blessington: The Misunderstood Patient*, by F. Lee Bailey.

*Jacob Shafter and the Disciplined Parent*, by Homer J. Simpson.



### From the London Times, April 3, 1908

The crime spree of the "Villains of Lee," in the County of Kent, has come to an end. Their crimes ranged from aggravated assault to burglary to vandalism.

"My father was a bum," Timothy St. Clair, 25, said in court more than once.

"That's not entirely true," his mother Edna St. Clair stated between sobs after the trial had concluded.

"My father most certainly was a bum—and a professional one at that," Jeremy St. Clair, who recently turned 22, reiterated from his jail cell.

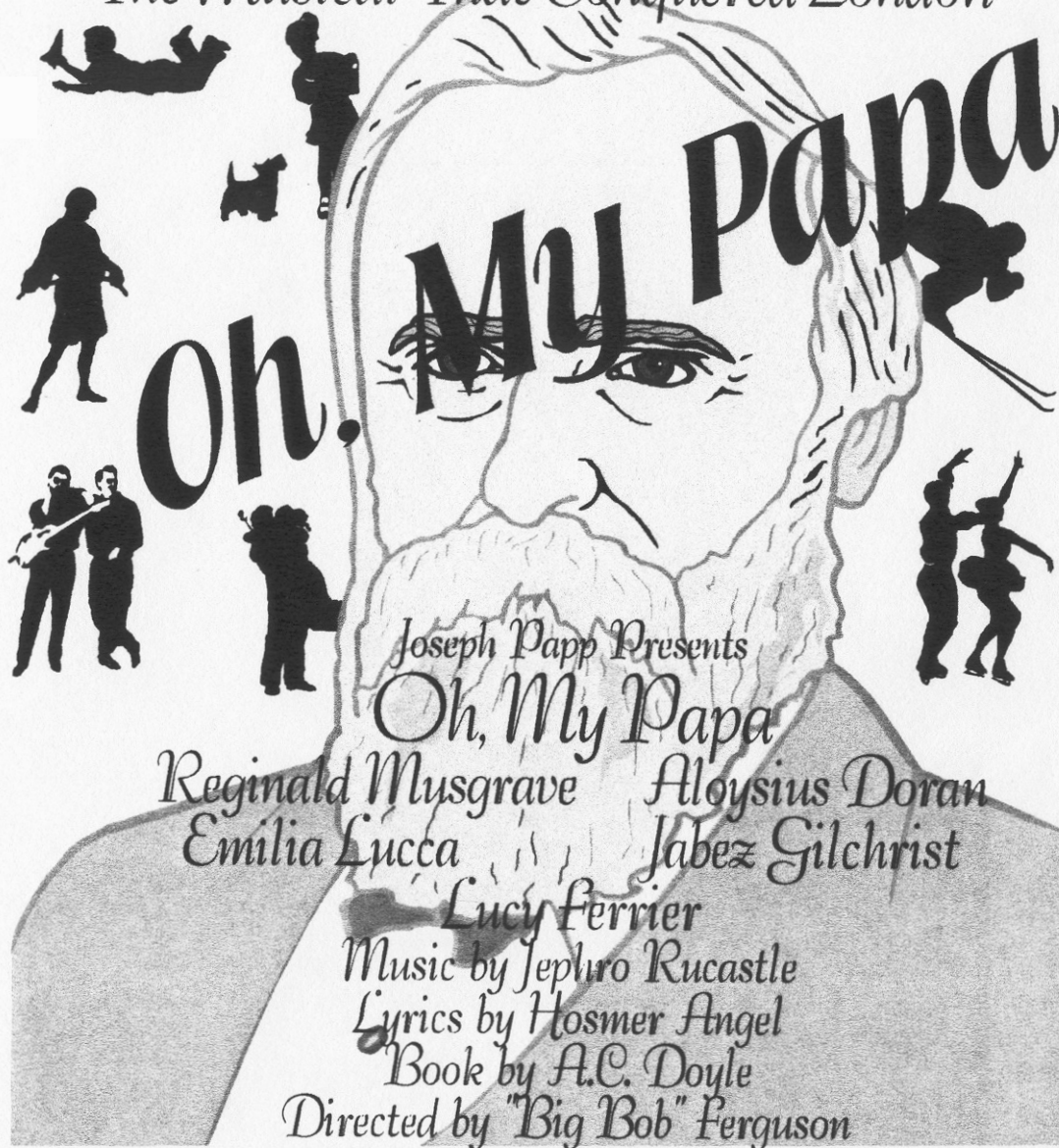
Neville St. Clair disappeared in 1899, leaving Mrs. St. Clair quite well off but with two children to raise. It seems that the children and the mother had a differing opinion as to the true nature of the elder. St. Clair.

With the conviction, Jeremy and Timothy St. Clair will have seven years in prison to consider their father's impact.



The Suspense...  
The Drama...  
The Exuberance...

The Musical That Conquered London



# Oh, My Papa

Joseph Papp Presents  
**Oh, My Papa**  
Reginald Musgrave      Aloysius Doran  
Emilia Lucca      Jabez Gilchrist  
Lucy Ferrier  
Music by Jephro Rucastle  
Lyrics by Hosmer Angel  
Book by A.C. Doyle  
Directed by "Big Bob" Ferguson

# Sunshine State Sherlockian Scion Symposium II



Yes, it's back by popular demand! *The Pleasant Places of Florida*, a corresponding Scion of the Baker Street Irregulars, will be having a repeat performance of its highly acclaimed weekend symposium in St. Pete Beach. This time, we are honoring the 25th Anniversary of our first Spring Gathering. This long-anticipated event will take place on June 9-11, 2000, on the shores of St. Pete Beach, Florida, at the beautiful Dolphin Beach Resort.

June 9, 2000, Friday night . . .

Reception and casual get together at 6:00pm in The Stranger's Room, featuring hor d'oeuvres and a cash bar, to meet and greet, play a meeting game, register, get handouts, sing along, and toast Sherlock Holmes. Attendees will receive an assignment to be handed in Saturday.

June 10, 2000, Saturday . . .

From 7:30am to 9:00am a continental breakfast will be supplied free of charge in Mrs. Hudson's Kitchen.

From 9:00am to 5:00pm there will be displays of commercial vendors, member and club sales, handouts, and a silent auction.

From 9:00am to Noon there will be Symposia and individual presentations.

Lunch will be on your own from Noon to 2:00pm. Many will gather across the street at the Three Lions Pub.

From 2:00pm to 5:00pm, there will be Sherlockian presentations, games, videos and music.

From 6:00pm to 7:00pm there will be a Cocktail Gathering (cash bar) at Simpson's, with the silent auction still open for last bids, and a wandering photographer.

From 7:00pm to 11:00pm, there will be the Banquet, held this year to honor the 25th Anniversary of the First Spring Gathering of the Pleasant Places of Florida. Black tie and Victorian garb are optional, but encouraged for this sit down dinner with toasts, quizzes, entertainment, including an original radio play performed live, a sing along, silent auction, favors and reminiscences of the club.

June 11, 2000, Sunday . . .



From 9:00am to Noon, there will be a Dutch treat breakfast gathering at pool side for door prizes, presentation of awards and trophies, light talks and farewells.

Each attendee of the Symposium will receive a souvenir t-shirt upon registration Friday evening or Saturday morning. A souvenir program containing presentations, quizzes, histories of the Pleasant Places of Florida and other Florida scions, and photos will be sent out when completed.

As expected of the more low key West Coast of Florida, there will be more fun and frolic and less, but still plentiful, scholarly discourse. The hotel (only \$62 to \$82 per night) is right on the water, and it will already be warm but not yet real hot. Can you think of a better way to start your summer a few weeks earlier, than by surrounding yourself with both the "Charming climate of Florida" and Sherlockian fellowship?

Already confirmed are:

The Dow Family Players performing A Prairie Holmes Companion, and various short skits.

An original radio play by Mike Bryan.

Sherlockian Jeopardy by David Scott.

**Attention Dealers!** For information on charges for table space in our vendor area, advertisements in our programs, and your logo on our t-shirts, please contact Carl Heifetz,

or E-mail \_\_\_\_\_ or FAX or phone \_\_\_\_\_



## THE PLEASANT PLACES OF FLORIDA

**Registration** for the Sunshine State Sherlockian Scion Symposium II

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Phone/Email \_\_\_\_\_

I am enclosing \$ \_\_\_\_\_ for:

\_\_\_\_ Symposium (\$30.00 per person)

\_\_\_\_ Banquet (\$25.00 per person)

(Make checks payable to The Pleasant Places of Florida and mail to Carl Heifetz, USA.)

My banquet menu choices are \_\_\_\_\_ Prime Rib of Beef, Au Jus and/or \_\_\_\_\_ Chicken Marsala.

Call 800-237-8916 for reservations at the Dolphin Beach Resort at St. Pete Beach, FL. Weekend rates are \$62.00 (Standard Blvd.), \$72.00 (Superior Poolview) and \$82.00 (Deluxe Gulfview). Efficiencies are \$9.00 extra per night. All rooms have two double beds for up to four adults. Tax is 11% and cancellation policy is 72 hours. All reservations must be made and confirmed by May 9, 2000 and you must mention that you are a part of the Sunshine State Sherlockian Scion Symposium II.

**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

