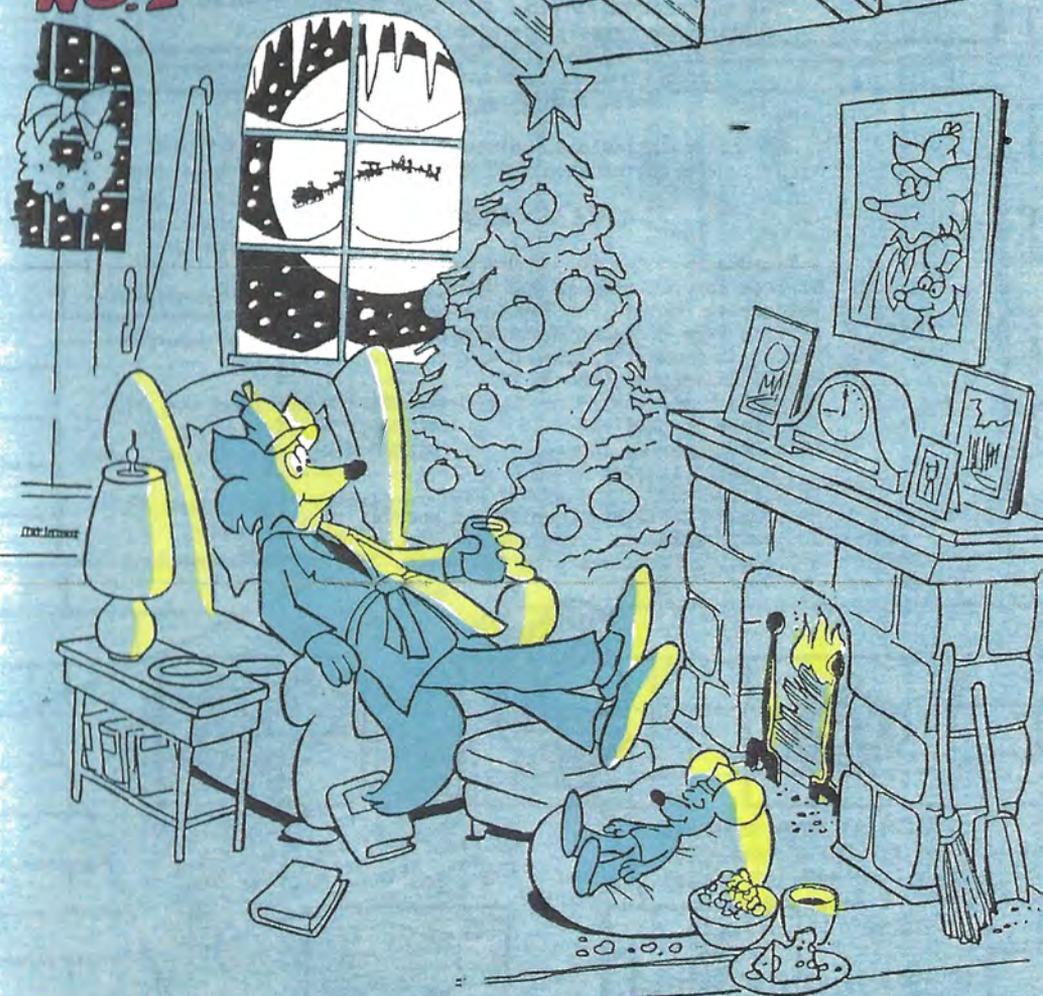


HOLMES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Vol. 1
No. 2

DEC. 1989



FOR THE YOUNG
MYSTERY FAN

WELCOME TO
HOLMES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Vol. 1, No. 2
For December 1989

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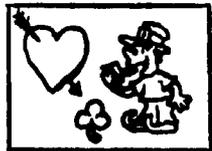
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BILLY'S PAGE



This is your page.
send us a letter, poem,
riddle, joke, puzzle or
artwork and see it
printed here!

Did you know Watson used
an early form of the
American Express Credit Card?

He never left "Holmes"
without it!



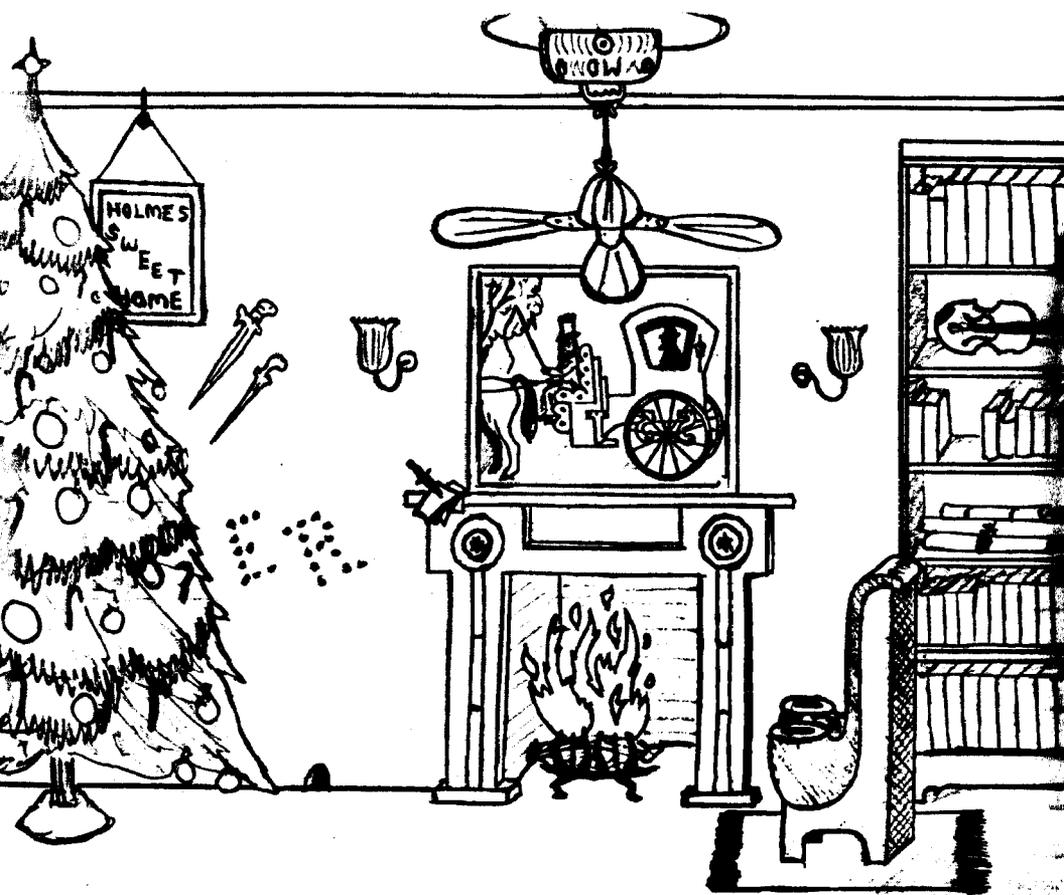
Slylock Fox and Max Mouse
by Michael W. McClure II, age 6
Chester, Illinois

It was the night before
Christmas. The children were
still awake. Their dad told
them that Santa Claus would
not be here until they were
in bed and asleep. He told
them that if they didn't get
to sleep the abominable snow-
man would get them. So the
kids did as they were told.
When they woke up the abomi-
nable snowman did not get them.
They were so happy they got
everything they wanted for
Christmas. The End

story by Curt Catherwood
Age 9
Springfield, IL

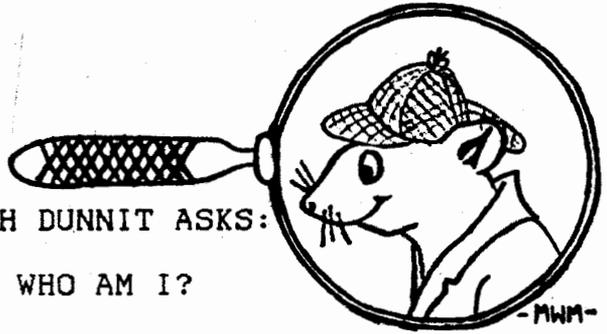
See your work in PRINT!
Mail your creation to:
Holmes For The Holidays
1415 Swanwick St.
Chester, IL 62233

Please be sure to include
your name, age and full
address on your entry.



WINTER IN SUSSEX

After his retirement as a consulting detective, Sherlock Holmes moved to Sussex, a quiet district in southern England. There he peacefully enjoys his various hobbies. Since Holmes normally guards his privacy, we are fortunate to have this sketch he made of his new study at Christmas time. The master detective has hidden several of his favorite items in the drawing and asks that you find: his pipe, deerstalker cap, magnifying glass, Dr. Watson's medical bag and his famous address (221B) on Baker Street. The answers are on the bottom of page 17. Good Luck!



HUGH DUNNIT ASKS:

WHO AM I?

Hugh Durnnit, the mysterious mouse detective has listed seven clues to the above question. Using your best detective skills, and a little luck, pick any numbers (one at a time), read those clues, and see how many clues it takes you to solve the mystery of Who Am I?

- 1) I am celebrating my 50th Birthday this year (1989).
- 2) I was created by Robert May.
- 3) Gene Autry sings a famous song about me.
- 4) I was almost named Rollo or Reginald.
- 5) I'm not a prancer or dancer.
- 6) Like Sherlock, I have a famous nose.
- 7) Santa Claus needed my help.

The answer is on page 17. See how you rate against the Master!

**THE CHESTER BASKERVILLE SOCIETY WISHES YOU
A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS**



**HAPPY HANUKKAH
AND A GREAT 1990!**



A CHRISTMAS DREAM



BY GWENDY GARNER

"What do you want for Christmas?" Mommy asked one night.
As she tucked me in and kissed my head, turning out the light.
"Do you want trucks, a ball, a bat? Do you want games and candy?"
I thought about the question and the visions seemed just dandy!

I answered that I didn't know. I couldn't quite decide.
Perhaps I'd have a pony, or a bike that I could ride.
I knew that Santa Claus and all his merry elves
Were busy making lots of toys for children like myself.

I knew that what I asked for, would most likely be...
In my house on Christmas morn, underneath the tree.

I knew that what I asked for, would most likely be...
In my house on Christmas morn, underneath the tree.

When Mommy left the room that night I drifted off to sleep
I dreamed that all the toys on earth were mine -- for me to keep.
No matter what I wanted, Santa brought it one by one.
And then in just a twinkling, my Christmas dream was done.

A new scene was appearing within my dreamlike state,
And I felt a little frightened. This dream was not so great.
I'd never walked this street before, or seen these dingy places.
I did not know these children or the sadness on their faces.

Their clothes were torn and dirty; they were cold and did not smile.
And as I walked on with them, I talked with them a while.

They told me of their hardships, their hunger and their fears.
And I saw upon their faces the quiet streams of tears.
They had no hope of Santa, or candy or of toys.
They didn't know the usual thrills of little girls and boys.

I felt so sorry for them - for the joys they would not know.
But I knew I could not stay -- that I must prepare to go.

Before I left my fretful dream, I felt the need to say
That God loved these little children - each in a special way.
I told them of the birth of God's own precious son,
And that Jesus was the greatest gift - when all is said and done.

I sang to them of angels and of shepherds in the night...
Of Wise Men from far away, following a light.
I told them of a MYSTERY -- of the Birthday of a King,
And that is why we celebrate, and that is why we sing!

I turned to go - for morning was just beyond the hill.
And suddenly my dream was peaceful and so still.
Saying my farewells, I waved to my dream friends
And saw upon their faces the love that Jesus sends.

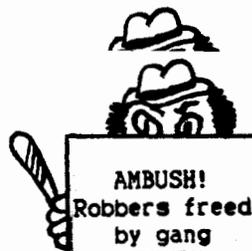
My eyes were opened slowly. The sun was shining bright.
I felt as if I'd grown so tall since I had said good night.
I raced to tell my mommy and daddy of my dream,
And to tell them both that Christmas is not what it had seemed.

I told them of the children, because I thought I should.
And that I wanted very much to help them if I could.

We found new hope in Christmas -- in the joy that giving brings
And we thanked God for the Christ Child, for the songs that angels sing.
I knew I'd solved a MYSTERY -- the MYSTERY of Love.
We found new joy in Christmas - in a gift sent from above.

- YOUR RACE TO

- YOUR RACE TO SCOTLAND YARD -



AMBUSH!
Robbers freed
by gang
**RETURN
TO START**

BEWARE!
**DANGER
AHEAD!**



**GO AHEAD
ONE
SPACE**



Broken
Pavement
**GO BACK
TWO
SPACES**



Sherlock Holmes has captured two bank robbers and has asked his young friends Penny and Nick to escort these criminals to Scotland Yard. Be careful, for their gang may try to free them.

Instructions - For tokens use a penny (1c) for Penny and a nickle (5c) for Nick.

**SCOTLAND
YARD**

Flip another coin to determine the number of spaces to move. Move 1 space for heads and 3 spaces for tails.

If two people play, and one coin lands upon another, the coin originally on that spot must retreat 5 spaces.

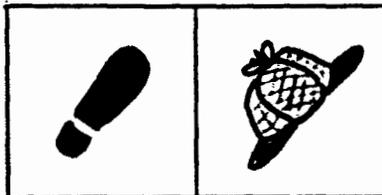
If you play by yourself - count the number of turns it takes you to complete your mission. Then try to break your record each time you play.



**MOVE
AHEAD
TWO
SPACES**



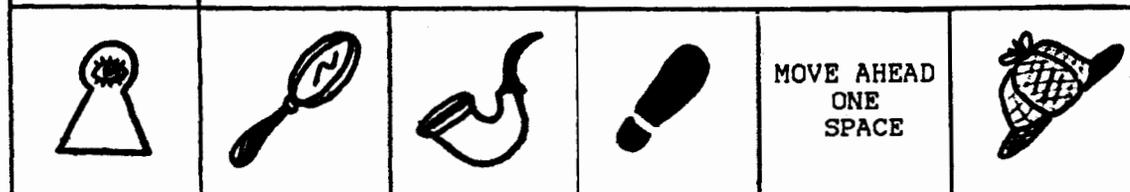
**MOVE AHEAD
TWO
SPACES**



**LOSE YOUR
TURN**



BONUS!
**TAKE
ANOTHER
TURN**



For 1 or 2 players

Gaslamp
Dims
**LOSE YOUR
TURN**



Dense Fog
**LOSE YOUR
TURN**



**TAKE
ANOTHER
TURN**



**START
HERE**



THE LOST CAVE OF YORKSHIRE

by Mohamad Bazzi

In looking over the hundreds of peculiar cases of my friend Sherlock Holmes, I find that there are none as singular as that of Mr. John Morgeston.

It was around the holiday season, when the Christmas spirit filled the air and the hopes of a new year arose. Holmes was peering over the morning paper as he cried "Alas! Watson". I rushed into his study with great confusion.

He pointed to a headline as I read, "SCIENTIST DISAPPEARS IN SEARCH OF LOST CAVE."

"Read on", he said.

I took the paper from him and I read:

" Mr. John Morgeston, acclaimed archeologist and researcher, has not been heard from for four days. It is believed that he has disappeared while searching for the Lost Cave of Yorkshire."

There was a knock at the door and Mrs. Hudson entered.

"There is a Mrs. Morgeston here to see you Mr. Holmes", she said.

"Pray, do let her in", he replied.

"I assume that you were awaiting this visit?" I asked.

"Indeed, my dear Watson."

A young lady was then ushered into our quarters. Holmes asked her to sit as he keenly observed her intricate features. She was fairly shaped with a slim, tall figure similiar to Holmes'.

Her beauty was diminished by the evident pain she was experiencing. Her blue eyes had become pale and her once rosey cheeks were colorless. She walked stiffly as if all the wonders of youth had left her. After a sigh of relief she said: "Mr. Holmes, I thought you would refuse to see me without an appointment."

"That is the usual procedure, but in your case I will make an exception", said my friend.

"I suppose that you have already heard of my husband's disappearance?"

"Such unusual events always catch my interest. Dr. Watson can verify that."

"Well, it is far more serious than what the papers say. John was kidnaped," she said sorrowfully.

Holmes' senses were aroused as his eagle-like features stood out distinctly. "Please go on," he urged.

"It all began about six days ago, December 14th to be exact. John returned home early. He was filled with excitement as he cried 'I've found it! I've found the map of the Lost Cave of Yorkshire.' I hurried to greet him but he swung onto a chair and said, 'this map leads to a treasure far more valuable than anyone can imagine. It leads to one of the secrets of mankind. ...' He was interrupted by a loud bang as we realized that our house was broken into. He quickly gave me the map and instructed me to get help. I left the house and headed to my mother's house where I've spent the last few days waiting to hear from John. Mr. Holmes, I am very worried about him, they might have killed him. You're my only hope."

I tried to comfort her as Holmes began to pose some questions.

"Do you have the map with you?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered as she reached into her purse and removed a brittle piece of paper and gave it to Holmes.

His eyes gleamed as he carefully looked over the map. "I will keep this for a while," he said, opening a small vault atop a shelf in his cabinet. That same vault has held some of England's most valuable treasures.

"You assume that whoever broke into your house was after this map?", asked Holmes.

"That map leads to a treasure more valuable than the crown jewels."

"Did you see anyone around your home while you were leaving?", he asked suspiciously.

"No. I was terrified."

"How long has your husband been searching for this cave?"

"About a year. I do not usually ask him about his work nor does he discuss it," she replied.

"Thank you for seeking my assistance in such odd circumstances. This will indeed turn into a memorable case. You are to remain with your mother until you hear from me. If you hear from Mr. Morgeston, you are to inform me at once. I will give this case my utmost attention," said Holmes.

"One more thing, Mr. Holmes, I am afraid that I can not offer much in terms of payment."

"These cases usually pay for themselves," he replied.

I then escorted our guest to the street and called a hansom cab, in-

structing the driver to deliver her home. When I returned to our quarters, I found Holmes occupied in deep thought. He sat in his armchair, with head leaning back, eyes closed, and fingers crossed. I decided not to disturb him as I occupied myself in a book which I had been trying to read for several weeks. A few hours later, Holmes leaped up and cried, "The game is afoot. Not a word! Into your clothes and come."

Moments afterwards, we were in the chilly winter wind outside 221B Baker Street, awaiting our hansom.

The sound of jingling bells and Christmas carols filled the air as the world prepared for the holidays. A cab finally appeared as Holmes jumped at the driver instructing him to head to the rails. "An extra five guineas if we're there in fifteen minutes", cried my companion as he pulled me into the car. "Hurry along Watson, there isn't a moment to lose,"

We rushed through the busy London streets as Holmes' excitement flared. I was surprised by his unusual reaction to such a puzzling and mysterious affair. I tried to squeeze an explanation out of him, but it was to no avail as he continuously recalled fragments of his observations.

"I hope that we're not too late, Watson," cried Holmes, "I should have recognized those flaws earlier."

We soon reached the station, and Holmes leaped from the cab to secure two seats on the Yorkshire train. Shortly afterwards, we were travelling through the snow covered country hills. I was naturally compelled to ask Holmes about his conclusions although his silence

prevented me from doing so, for it was evident that he had resumed his deep analysis of the matter.

I could no longer resist as I cried, "What have you discovered?"

"My dear Watson, you ask as if you are unfamiliar with my method. I have discovered nothing, my conclusions are based on pure reasoning. Mrs. Morgeston's statement seems reasonable, yet let us consider the matter from another angle, which is exactly what I did. I wondered how Morgeston found the map, for despite its apparent age it was a fairly recent document. This was evident through a close examination of its texture. I was then puzzled by the incident prior to his disappearance for it seemed rather unusual that anyone would hear or believe in the discovery of a legendary cave by an unknown scientist. In fact I began to doubt that Morgeston actually found the cave until I realized that..." he was interrupted as we were entering the Yorkshire station. "We must hurry," cried Holmes as we disembarked the train.

We rushed out of the station in search of an available cab. Holmes had already spotted an eager young driver. "How long will it take to get to the Rikerland Estates?" he asked.

"Sir, I have never been to that part of the city and I've been advised not to go," answered the man shyly.

"Two pounds if we're there quickly," Holmes offered.

The lad thought for a few moments as he realized that this trip could mean a week's salary. My friend grew impatient as he growled at the driver. Moments later we sped through Yorkshire

heading toward the nearby hills. Holmes continued to murmur, thus avoiding my questions.

We finally reached the estates. Holmes leaped out of the cab and ran towards a house standing atop a small plateau. I paid our fare and hurried after him. When I finally caught up with Holmes, he was closely examining the structure. He then walked around the house as I followed suit. "I expected as much," he exclaimed as he began to survey the muddy ground. "Our work is finished here, we must return to London," he added.

We were soon back in our Baker Street quarters awaiting Mrs. Morgeston and Inspector Lestrade. There were heavy footsteps at the door as we realized that our first guest had arrived. "You called, Mr. Holmes," proclaimed the muffled voice of the Scotland Yard inspector.

"It's good to hear from you Lestrade. I assume that you heard about the disappearance of John Morgeston," said Holmes.

"The man in search of a lost cave?"

"There's much more to the case. If you would kindly stay in that room adjoining ours you will learn all about it."

There was some noise outside our quarters as Lestrade was rushed into the room. Mrs. Morgeston was then ushered inside.

"Did you find anything?" she asked.

"I found a number of things," answered Holmes sharply. "I am however curious about how you left your home on the day of the kidnapping," he added.

She thought for a moment then she said, "Through the back door."

"You might be interested to know that your house has no back door. In fact there are no footprints in your backyard," he explained as Mrs. Morgeston's face turned red. "Do tell us about your husband's plans," he urged.

She was silent.

"Mr. Morgeston never found the lost cave. The map was simply a diversion which worked until I began to examine your statement." explained Holmes. "It was then that I recalled a case involving a scientist who disappeared while conducting research. It was later discovered that the money he used had also disappeared and that his project did not exist. Everything began to fit together, so I decided to visit your home and test your credibility. I must admit your plan was quite brilliant, advertising news of his disappearance, and then seeking my help to convince the world that John Morgeston has been lost forever."

"Even if you are correct, you cannot prove any of this," was her retort.

"I'm afraid that you have provided me with all the necessary evidence, the map. It was drawn on brittle parchment paper which was stained with a number of acids to speed up the decaying process. Unfortunately, your husband apparently mishandled one of the solutions, thus his thumbprint is clearly imprinted within the texture of the paper. I also assume that further analysis of the document will suggest that it was drawn by your husband." he said as Mrs. Morgeston was about to collapse.

"Lestrade," called Holmes. The policeman entered the room baffled by what he had overheard. "You can take her to the Yard. I don't think that you will have any difficulty locating her husband," he added while he handed Lestrade the map.

"Thank you for your assistance," said the spellbound inspector.

"Well Watson, what would you say to a hearty dinner?"

"I'll get Mrs. Hudson on the trail."

THE ANSWERS

IT'S ELEMENTARY



WINTER IN SUSSEX (page 4)

The pipe - part of the chair

Deerstalker cap - lower part of ceiling fan

Magnifying glass - part of the fireplace woodwork

Dr. Watson's medical bag - upper part of ceiling fan

Numbers "221B" - upside down in picture over hearth

HUGH DUNNIT ASKS "WHO AM I?" (page 5)

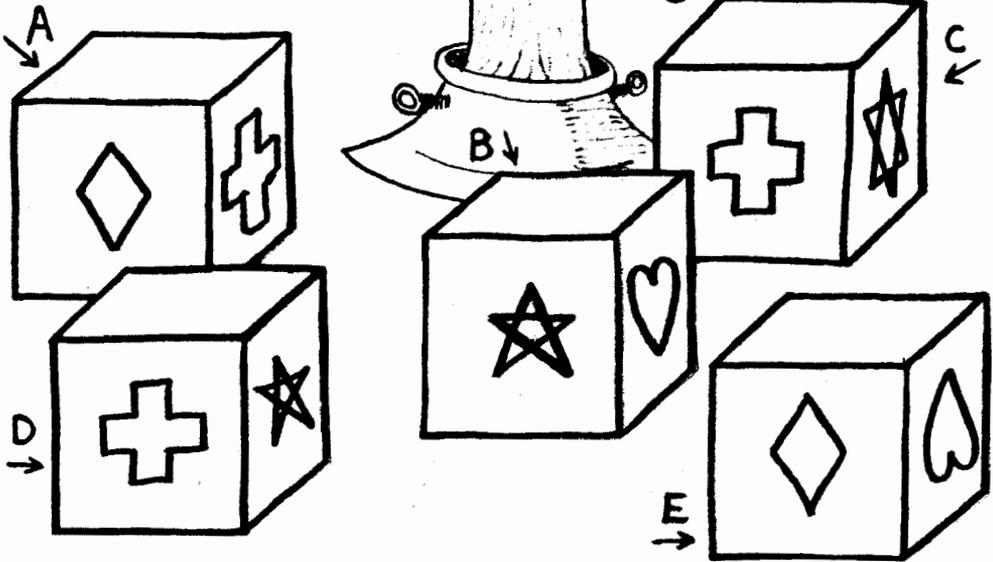
Our 50 year old mystery subject was the famous Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer. Robert May created Rudolph for the Montgomery Ward company in 1939. Ten years later he was reborn in a song by Johnny Marks. As the song goes, "Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer, you'll go down in history." ...an amazing prophecy!

Sherlock Holmes solved the mystery with only one clue (#5). Dr. Watson needed two clues (#7 & #6). Poor Inspector Lestrade needed all 7 clues plus another hint from Sherlock! How did you do?

SHERLOCK'S CHRISTMAS PROBLEM (page 18)

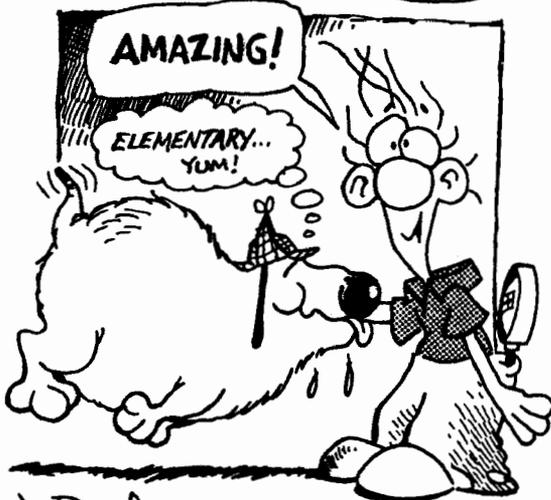
The matching blocks are A, B, D, & E. Block C has the wrong type of star.

SHERLOCK'S CHRISTMAS PROBLEM



Several years ago, our super sleuth had an interesting problem on Christmas Day. Sherlock thought he had bought five identical blocks as a present for his nephew, Sherringford. When the box was opened, he found that only four blocks had the exact same design, and the other block was slightly different. Can you deduce which block does not share the same design as its neighbors? The answer is on the bottom of page 17.

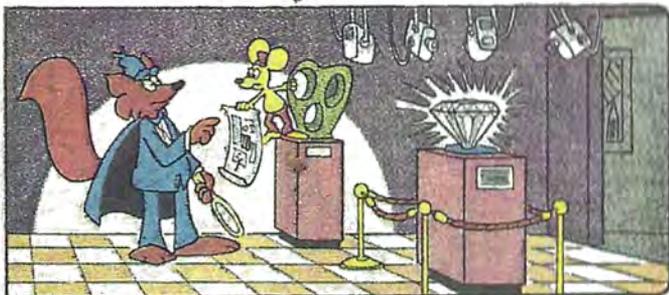
JUNIOR SHERLOCKIAN



Slylock fox

The Stevenson Museum is displaying the priceless McClure Diamond. The diamond is surrounded by electronic eyes that set off alarms if any person or object passes through their beams. Max Mouse has obtained Dr. Weirly's plan to steal the diamond. Weirly intends to blow the diamond off the pedestal and away from the electric eyes with a powerful air gun. Slylock Fox says Dr. Weirly's plan will fail. Why?

Solution — As the diamond is blown off the pedestal it will pass through the beams of the electric eyes and set off the alarms.



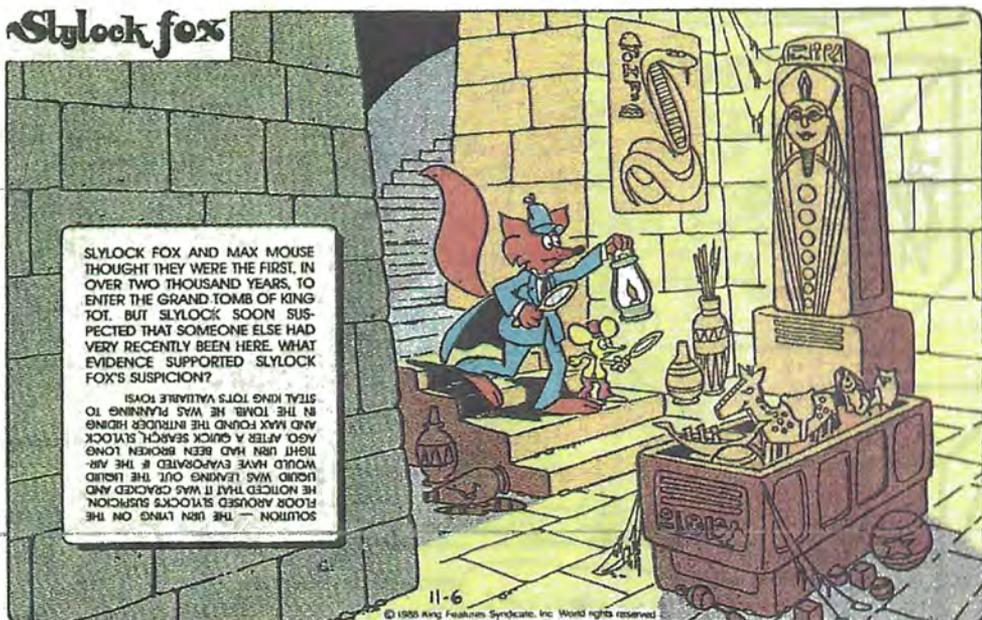
Slylock fox

SLYLOCK FOX AND MAX MOUSE THOUGHT THEY WERE THE FIRST, IN OVER TWO THOUSAND YEARS, TO ENTER THE GRAND TOMB OF KING TOT. BUT SLYLOCK SOON SUSPECTED THAT SOMEONE ELSE HAD VERY RECENTLY BEEN HERE. WHAT EVIDENCE SUPPORTED SLYLOCK FOX'S SUSPICION?

Solution — The urn lying on the floor aroused Slylock's suspicion. He noticed that it was cracked and liquid was leaking out. The floor would have evaporated if the air-tight urn had been broken long ago. After a quick search, Slylock and Max found the intruder hiding in the tomb. He was planning to steal King Tot's valuable toys.

11-6

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Slylock fox

WHEN SLYLOCK FOX AND MAX MOUSE RETURNED HOME AFTER A LONG, HOT DAY OF DETECTIVE WORK, THEY REALIZED THEIR HOUSE HAD BEEN BURGLARIZED. THE THIEF STOLE SLYLOCK'S CRIME FILE! SLYLOCK BELIEVES THE CRIME WAS COMMITTED LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO. WHAT EVIDENCE DOES HE HAVE?

Solution — The thief left a glass of ice water on the table. Slylock observed that the ice had not yet melted!

