

HOLMES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

**VOL. 1
NO. 5**

JUL. 1990



**FOR THE YOUNG
MYSTERY FAN**

WELCOME TO
HOLMES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

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For July 1990

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CREDITS

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Editor's note: You may think that we've gone dinosaur crazy with this summer issue - well we have! Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the creator of Sherlock Holmes, also wrote a wonderful tale, The Lost World, about a prehistoric land that is re-discovered by a scientist named Professor Challenger. The adventures he encountered have inspired nearly every dinosaur movie and prehistoric tale since their publication. This fascinating adventure is recommended reading for Sherlockians of all ages.

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BILLY'S PAGE

ALL ANSWERS ON PAGE 27



Which Sherlock Holmes Tale Is This?

Sherlock Holmes was a detective, a nice detective. One day Dr. Watson thought that Sherlock was dead. He was not, but his enemy was. When Dr. Watson saw Sherlock, he fainted. Another enemy was alive.

from Lara Belcher, age 7
Chester, Illinois

TRIVIA QUESTION

Q- What was the first movie to be shown on an airplane?

A- First National's production of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's The Lost World in April 1925.

FIND THE LETTERS
S, H, E, R, L, O, C, K
IN THE PICTURE
BELOW



by Michael W. McClure II, age 7
Chester, Illinois

CONGRATULATIONS

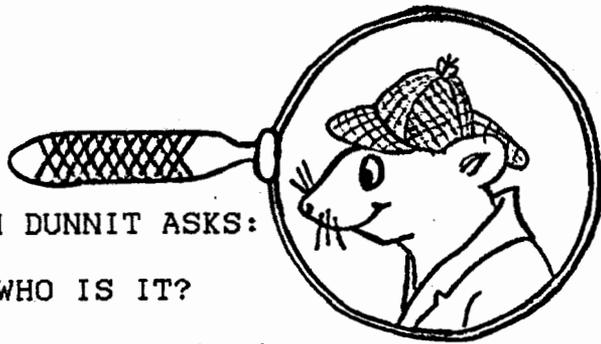
To the first place winners in our annual Spring Art Contest! The following talented artists will receive an autographed poster from Slylock Fox's Bob Weber Jr., and will see their art displayed right here in the next issues of Holmes For The Holidays.

Sara Belcher - Chester, IL
Katie Geis - Snohomish, WA
Lara Belcher - Chester, IL
Michelle Sidwell - Alton, IL
Josh Smith - Glasford, IL
Jed Lackritz - San Antonio, TX
Bobbie Burr - Peoria, IL

BLAST TO THE PAST

Dr. Wierdly has discovered a time-travel device, a large sphere, and has transported himself into the past. Slylock Fox and Max Mouse, while attempting to stop him, were accidentally transported too. Now you must help them find the device (see our front cover) before they return to the present.

Thanks to all who sent in entries. Keep your pencils and crayons warmed up for our next contest.



HUGH DUNNIT ASKS:

WHO IS IT?

Hugh Dunnit, our mysterious mouse detective has listed seven clues to the above question. Using your best detective skills, and a little luck, read one clue at a time (in any order) and see how many clues it takes you to solve the mystery of Who Is It?

- 1) I turned 30 years old in 1990, although my looks haven't aged a bit.
- 2) My good friends at Hanna - Barbera are always putting words in my mouth.
- 3) Prehistoric Bedrock is my hometown.
- 4) I would feel right at home in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's The Lost World.
- 5) I have a pet dinosaur named Dino.
- 6) I'm married to Wilma, have a daughter named Pebbles, and my best friend is Barney
- 7) I've been known to say "Yabba, Dabba, Doo!" when happy.

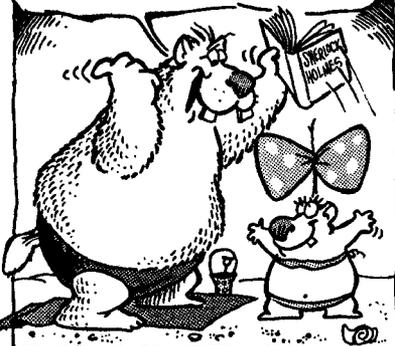
The answer is on page 27. See how you rate against the Master!

A SUMMER'S DAY AT PUNXSUTAWNEY CREEK...

AND TWO MEMBERS OF THE GROUNDHOG PERSUASION ARE PLANNING A FEW HOURS OF RELAXATION AND FUN IN THE SUN!



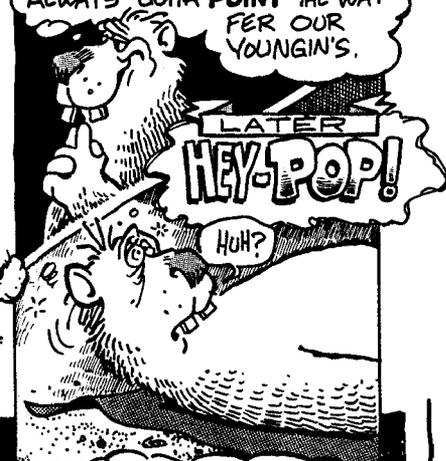
WHY DON'T YA DROP THE BOOK AND GO SWIMMIN'?



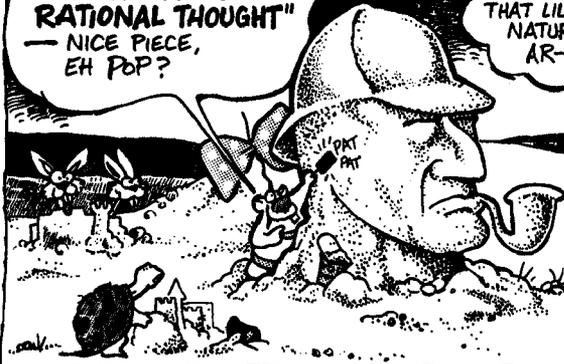
GET YER MIND OFFIN THIS DETECTIVE STUFF AND GO SLING SOME SAND WITH YER WEE BUCKET



(SIGH) US POOR OL' DADS ALWAYS GOTTA POINT THE WAY FER OUR YOUNGIN'S.



I CALL IT "MONUMENT TO RATIONAL THOUGHT" — NICE PEECE, EH POP?

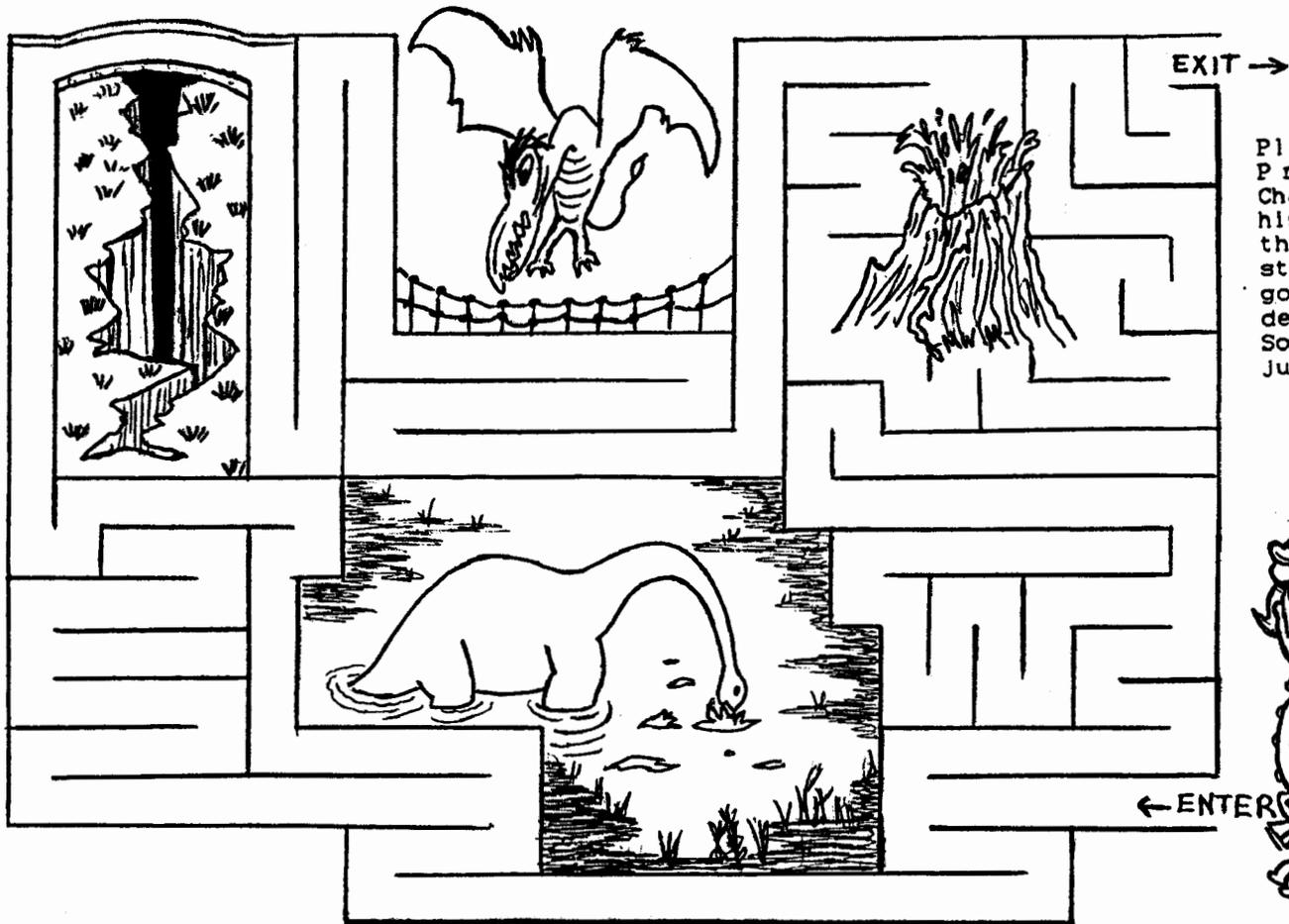


THAT LIL' DIGGER IS A NATURAL BORN AR-TEEST!



S. Decker

WHERE IN THE LOST WORLD ARE WE?

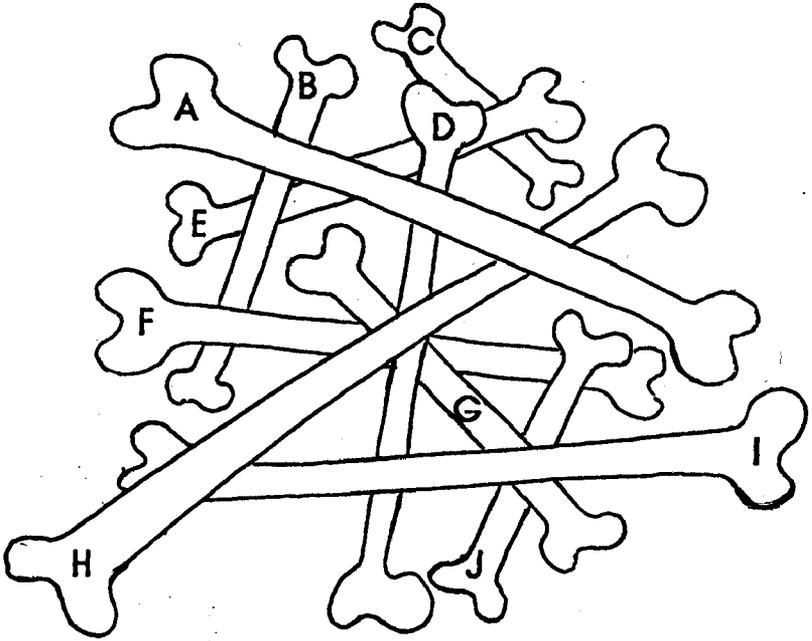


Please help Professor Challenger lead his expedition through this strange, forgotten world deep in the South American Jungle.



J. H. H. D.

A Bone-us Puzzle



Moriarty's men have made a mess of the Prehistoric Bone exhibit at the Shaw Museum. The bones fell from the shelf in the order that they were displayed. By finding the bottom bone, the exhibit can be saved. Please help Cassie the curator put the 10 bones in order, starting with the top bone (A) and finishing with the bottom bone (?).

(Answer page 27)

MATHEMATICS AND MORIARTY
by Richard L. Kellogg

Professor James Moriarty, the Napoleon of crime, once taught mathematics at a small English university. He became the most famous criminal in England and the chief opponent of the great detective, Sherlock Holmes. Moriarty and Holmes had their final confrontation at Reichenbach Falls in central Switzerland.

Moriarty was known for giving tricky and confusing tests to the students in his mathematics classes. Following are some of his fiendish problems that confounded his best students:

1. How many times can you subtract the number 3 from the number 18?
2. There are 3 sisters in the Hudson family. Each sister has 1 brother. Including the parents how many are there in the Hudson family?
3. How many animals of each type did Moses take on his ark at the time of the great flood?
4. How many 4-cent stamps are needed to make a dozen?



Answers on page 27

"It's Fun to Collect Stamps",

says SHERLOCK HOLMES.



Hi kids!

What do you collect? Baseball cards, or maybe coins? Well, I collect stamps - and it's fun.

← Here is a San Marino stamp of me. Nifty, eh? You, too, can be a Sherlockian stamp sluth searching for stamps related to my Adventures.

Below is a good Sherlockian stamp. Can you tell why? ↓

Here are two Holmesian stamps shown below. Can you name the Adventure they suggest?

Answers #1. _____

on page 27 #2. _____



Your friend,

Sherlock Holmes



← #1.

→ #2.

SPECIAL OFFER

\$10
 VALUE

Would you like to know more about stamp collecting?
 Just send \$2 to Dr. Ben Wood (Box 740, Ellenton, Fla.,
 34222) and you'll received a 96p. book "Stamp Collect-
 ing Made Easy", a pack of 100 stamps, & a S.H. Bonus!



THE BOOK CORNER
"From Sherlock's Shelf"
Reviews by Kathy Belcher



Many young readers would lose interest or become frustrated with the vocabulary in the actual works of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. We are most eager to report that young readers and "listeners" can meet Doyle's Sherlock Holmes in adapted works by Murray Shaw.

Mr. Shaw gives young mystery fans the wonderful stories of Holmes in a reading level that most nine year olds can read and understand with little help. Mr. Shaw retains all the flavor and style of Doyle's original works.

We have read two of Mr. Shaw's volumes to six year olds and found our young listeners eager for more. George Overlie illustrates all four volumes with lovely pen and ink drawings and a map. These were helpful in our narrations.

At each story's conclusion one can find a section titled CLUES. The reader/listener can check their skills at recognizing and detecting clues that lead to each story's solutions. This series is a wonderful instrument in enhancing comprehension skills as well.

Please check out:
"Match Wits with Sherlock Holmes"

- Vol. 1. The Adventures of Black Peter
The "Gloria Scott"
- Vol. 2. The Adventure of the Cardboard Box
A Scandal in Bohemia
- Vol. 3. The Adventure of the Six Napoleons
The Blue Carbuncle
- Vol. 4. The Adventure of the Copper Beeches
The Red-headed League

Published by Carolrhoda Books, Inc.



PLEASE COLOR
SHERLOCK HOUND

INSECTS HELP DETECTIVES

by Scott Gilpin

Some are as large as your foot, some crawl, some fly, some are even so small you can't see them - but, insects are helping today's crime fighters solve crimes. Columbo had his worn trench coat and notepad, Magnum had his neat red sports car, Charlie Chan had Chinese wisdom, and our Holmes had his magnifying glass. But these great detectives did not have the benefit of insects to help them.

Insects are quickly becoming ace crimebusters. For example, insects have helped New Zealand police solve a major drug crime. The case developed as follows: New Zealand police asked a local biologist - Dr. Trevor Crosby - to see if the drug (Marijuana) that they had found on a suspect came from another country. The man with the drug could get a much harder penalty if the drug came from outside New Zealand.

Dr. Crosby, during his investigation, found some neat things. He discovered bodies of several kinds of beetles and wasps. But - only one kind of these "bugs" had been found in New Zealand. Dr. Crosby used this information to state that the marijuana came from another country. The man accused of the crime was found guilty and sent to jail.

Besides helping to put drug dealers behind bars, insects can tell police information to help them solve murders. Insect biologists sometimes can tell when a person had died by looking at the life cycle (the way the "bug" lives) of the insects found on the body. This is how that works: Many insects change form or metamorphose, during their life-

time. Some insects start as an egg, then go to a wormlike form (larva). For example, maggots, those creepy crawly, small creatures found on garbage, are actually flies in the larval stage of life. By seeing the stage of life the insect is in on the dead body, biologists can say when and sometimes where death happened.

Dr. Bernard Greenberg, an insect scientist at the University of Illinois, says, "The police used to look at maggots and 'Yuk, kill them.' Now they look at maggots and say 'Oh Boy! Evidence!'" Just think of the neat cases Holmes could have had with Watson and insects by his side helping him.

- Young Sherlockians -



Remember that each one of you is good and it is only the degree of good that is different. When you get the chance to get better and succeed, grasp that chance and make yourself better. Pride, good friends, and a drug free life will help you be what you wish and dream. However, the one item that will stop you from reaching the top everytime, is drugs. I'm sure Holmes would agree that in all of us is a gift, and all you have to do is to help that gift grow.

THE CASE OF THE MYSTERIOUS MONSTER
by Stephen Dalton

He awoke suddenly, startled by a rustling in the nearby forest. There was a flurry of beating wings as a flock of small birds took flight overhead. Blowing out a quick snort of surprise from his long snout, he struggled to his feet and faced the nearest clump of bushes. He lowered his head and readied his three horns as a bluff, hoping that whatever it was, it would go away. Waiting as still as a statue, he watched the silent forest around him for any further movement.

"...a hunter...could be a big hunter...maybe even the giant one who walks on his hind legs...only one of them could make that much noise...I hope it's only one...if it's more, then I'm a dead horned one..."

He waited a while longer, barely daring to breathe, every muscle in his body tensed and readied for action. The birds returned to the bushes----whatever had raised such a commotion, seemed to have left the area. Finally, after what seemed like hours to him, he relaxed and promptly forgot about it.

Instead, he busied himself with the matter of breakfast. He had settled down for sleep in a group of bushes with the thought of eating most of them the next morning, and now he was ready to do just that. He had a huge body, as did the average triceratops, and his appetite was just as huge. Wasting no more time, he plunged his head into the nearest clump of greenery, opened his bird-like beak, and began chomping away greedily, now happy with the world.

He had almost finished off the leaves on his fourth bush when another noise disturbed him. This time, it was a piercing whistle, followed by the sound of large wings flapping overhead. A shadow fell upon him, partially blocking out the sun. The dark shape glided over, then swooped straight down at him.

"Tom! Tom!" The pterodactyl screamed as it landed near him. "Oh, Tom, help me!"

"What..." Tom huffed, a mouthful of leaves dropping from his mouth, "What is it, Patty? What's the matter?"

"My egg!" Patty gasped, her eyes filled with horror, "It's gone, Tom. Somebody has stolen my one and only egg! Oh, what am I going to do? What am I going to do?"

"Well..." Tom thought for a minute, trying to come up with something. "Well...well, I guess we should try to find it."

"I don't believe this, Tom, I just don't believe it. It was ready to hatch any day now, and now it's gone! Gone, Tom, gone!"

"I don't understand, Patty. What would anybody want with your egg?"

"That's a silly question, Tom. You know very well what a hunter would want with it."

"Of course I do...the same thing it would want with me. But how could it get to your nest?"

"I have no idea, Tom. I built my nest on a cliff, where I thought it would be safe. I can't figure out any way that a hunter could get to it. But something did...somehow."

Tom thought again for a while, but he couldn't come up with an answer on

how the theft was committed or who would be able to pull it off. "Well, I heard something in the forest this morning," he said. "It woke me up with its terrible noise. And your nest isn't very far away. Maybe it was the same thing." He looked over at the clump of trees where he had heard the noises earlier, hesitated, then walked toward them. He checked the area carefully for any clues that he could find.

On the other side of the trees and bushes was proof that something very large had been through. The ground was littered with leaves, twigs, and broken branches; one fern plant had been completely trampled under.

"It was definitely something real big," Patty said, staring wide-eyed at the wrecked vegetation. "Even bigger than you, Tom."

"Definitely big..." Tom agreed. He looked up at her. "Let's go have a look at your nest."

The two of them headed for the edge of the high plateau that they lived on, both watching alertly for any sign of the mysterious intruder. They stopped at the edge of the plateau and peered down the steep cliff to the miles of steaming jungle below. There, on a ledge, about twenty yards down, was Patty's empty nest.

"See?" Patty said, pointing a tip of a wing downward, "My egg is gone. See? Now, you tell me, Tom...what could have gotten down there and back up again?"

"Uh...another winged one, maybe?" Tom offered, not really believing it himself. "No, I guess not. Your own kind wouldn't do that to each other."

"No way, Tom. And besides, how would they get my egg back up the cliff? Our beaks aren't big or strong enough, and neither are our talons. No, it wasn't a winged one. It was that big, hideous monster that woke you up this morning."

"Now, Patty, we don't know for sure that the same thing that woke me up also stole your egg. And we don't really know that it was a monster, either. There are no such things as monster, you know that. There has to be a good answer for all of it..."

He stopped in the middle of his sentence, staring down at the ground in disbelief. There, in the mud, was the strangest-looking set of tracks he had ever seen. They were unlike those of any creature he knew----no marks of any toes or claws, quite narrow, smooth, and in two clearly-marked sections----and they were leading away from the edge of the cliff and into the forest.

"What kind of paw prints are those?" Patty asked, just as confused as Tom. "I've never seen anything like them."

"I don't know," Tom replied, shaking his head, "but we've got to follow them if we're going to find your egg."

Patty swallowed hard. "It is a monster, Tom...a big monster with small feet."

"We don't know for sure that it's a monster, Patty. We haven't seen it yet."

"Why don't I just fly, Tom? Maybe I can see it from the air." She looked away. "It's not that I'm afraid, you see...but it's much harder for me to walk than it is to fly."

"I'm not afraid, either," Tom lied, "but we've got to find your missing egg, and the only way to do that is to follow the tracks that the thief made. What we do when we find this thing that stole it....well, I don't know."

Patty flapped her huge, leathery wings and was soon high in the air, soaring over the forest in wide circles. Tom walked on through the trees and the undergrowth, with one eye on the tracks in the muddy ground and the other alert for danger.

He hadn't walked far when he came upon the graveyard where all of his ancestors' bones were kept. There, near the bleached white skeletons, was a group of his own kind, all huddled around Tom's grandfather, who was the wise old storyteller and leader.

"Grandfather!" Tom yelled, rushing up to the group. "I need your help. There is a mystery we must solve."

"We have a mystery of our own to solve, Tom," the old triceratops said in a weak, quivering voice. "There has been a theft here in our graveyard."

"Another theft?" Tom was shocked. "What was stolen this time?"

"This time?" His grandfather gave him a curious look. "Has something else turned up missing?"

"Yes, Grandfather. Patty's egg was stolen by something this morning, and we can't figure out how it got down the cliff to get it and back up again. And we saw these strange tracks that led us here."

"Then it had to be the same thief," the wise old dinosaur said. "For the same prints are here." He blinked his eyes, looking as puzzled as everyone

else. "I've never, in all my years, seen paws like that."

"It had to be a hunter," said one of the other dinosaurs. "Only a hunter would steal things and eat them."

"Yes, a hunter might steal an egg," the old one said, "but the skeleton of one of our ancestors? A hunter would want nothing with old bones...a hunter likes fresh meat. And besides, these prints were made by no hunter that I know."

"It's a monster!" Patty screeched from overhead. "A terrible monster that's come here to eat us all up!"

Just then, there was a crashing noise nearby. All heads turned quickly to see what it was, each wondering if it might be the mysterious, hungry new monster that Patty had just been screeching about. It was definitely big, from the racket it was making, and it was headed straight for them.

It was a brontosaurus, and, by the look on its face, it was very excited about something. "My baby!" it cried, skidding to a stop in front of the group. "Something has taken my baby!"

"Did you see the thief?" Tom's grandfather asked. "Was it a hunter?"

"Yes, I saw it!" the brontosaurus answered, nearly out of breath. "It was...it was so scary! I've never seen anything like it before. And it threw a sort of a spider's web over my baby and dragged him away. I was so frightened that I couldn't do anything but watch. It was just horrible!"

"What did it look like?" the wise old triceratops asked. "Can you describe it?"

"I...I don't know. I was so frightened. It...it was so ugly, so

grotesque-looking. I've never seen anything at all like it before. It's hard to believe that anything that small could be so..."

"Small?" Tom's grandfather interrupted. "Did you say small?"

"Everything's small to a long necked one," Tom broke in.

"No, it was small," the brontosaurus said. "It was much smaller than any of you." She looked up at Patty. "It was more like her size, maybe bigger."

"But it had to be big," Tom argued. "It made so much noise in the forest this morning."

"Our friend here saw it, Tom," his grandfather said to him. "She ought to know how big it was." He cleared his throat, then looked at each dinosaur in the group, ignoring Tom. "Now, we need to think about this. Several things have been stolen, and all by the same creature. And it is a creature that has small, narrow feet, moves quickly, and is able to climb steep cliffs...plus, it carries a spider's web to catch living things. What can it be?"

Tom, feeling hurt after his grandfather had refused to listen to him, walked away from the group of dinosaurs, hanging his head.

"...nobody listens to me...just because I'm young, they think I don't know anything...well, I heard that thing this morning, and it was big. What does that silly old long neck know, anyway? She couldn't even describe what it looked like, so how does she know how big it was? If nobody's going to listen to me, then I'll just leave all of them alone...maybe I'll just solve this

mystery all by myself...I'll show them..."

A bush moved, just to his right, stopping him suddenly in his tracks. Then something came flying out of the bush, landing on top of him and surrounding him. It looked like a spider's web, but it felt much heavier and stronger. He tried to escape, but his legs got caught in the webbing. Falling to the ground, he could do nothing but lie there helplessly. Whatever it was, it had him----he then remembered the strange web that the long neck claimed had taken her baby, and he knew then that he was caught by the mysterious monster.

"Got it!" he heard a voice say from behind the bush. The voice was much softer than any dinosaur's voice he had ever heard.

"Good, good," said a louder, deeper voice.

Tom looked up to see the weirdest-looking creature he had ever seen before standing over him. It was small but fat, and it stood on its hind legs; instead of scales or feathers, its body was covered with something smooth, the bottom half a different color than the top; its head was covered with black hair on the top, while the same black hair ran down past its ears and around its jaw; its top paws were small, wiggly, and pink, while its bottom paws were the strangest part of all----black, hard, small, and narrow.

"P-please!" Tom wailed, really scared now. "Please don't eat me, please!"

The creature's eyes got wide, and its mouth dropped open. "Did you hear

that?" it asked, looking around. "It talked! Did you hear it?"

Other monsters came out from behind the bush, similar to the first, but not nearly as large and without the black hair on their faces. "Impossible!" one of them said. "It couldn't have talked!"

The larger one, who seemed to be the leader, came near him, eyeing him carefully. "What did you say?" it asked him. "You did say something, did you not?"

"Yes...I did," Tom answered, still afraid. "I asked you not to eat me."

"Amazing!" the black-haired one roared. "It did talk!"

"I'm just as amazed that you talked," Tom returned. "I don't even know what you are. Are you a meat-eater or a plant-eater?"

"Both," said the leader.

"Both! Oh, no...please don't eat me."

"We do not plan to eat you. We do not make it a habit to eat intelligent life."

"Wh-what...what exactly are you, anyway?"

"We are humans...and you are obviously a triceratops. It's amazing, in the first place, that we found you here. You're supposed to be extinct."

"I don't stink!" Tom shot back, now more angry at the insult than he was afraid. "I took a mud bath just last month, I'll have you know. Now, the big hunters...those guys stink!"

"No, that's not what I meant. Extinct means dead, no more of them alive."

"Well, yes...if they're dead, they certainly do stink."

"Never mind," the human said, laughing. "I'm so happy to find you alive here...and even happier to find that you can speak. They'll never believe this back in England." He paused, then smiled at Tom. "My name is Professor Challenger. I'm more pleased to meet you than you can imagine."

"I'm Tom. And if you want to be my friend, then you'll have to stop stealing things."

"I stole nothing," Professor Challenger argued. "I was just gathering evidence to take home with me. After all, no one would believe any of this if I tried to tell them."

"But it's stealing to us. That was my friend Patty's egg, and the baby belonged to the long necked one. And our ancestor's skeleton means very much to us. And as for me...well, it looks as if you've stolen me, too."

Professor Challenger was quiet for a moment, deep in thought. Finally, he smiled and said, "You may have a point there, Tom. I hadn't really considered that your kind might be this intelligent. I was simply collecting specimens for proof that this lost world does indeed exist. But, the way you see it, I am nothing more than a common thief."

"Yes, that's the way we all see it, Professor Challenger. You have not only stolen from us, but you have also scared us. I was sure that you were one giant monster, but now I see that you are several smaller monsters. You have confused all of us...even now, my grandfather is still trying to figure it all out."

"Your grandfather, you say? Is he your leader?"

"Well, I guess he is. He's the oldest and the wisest of all...and he's also our storyteller."

"May I meet him, Tom? I'd very much like to meet him."

"Of course you can. But first you'll have to get me out of this...this spider's web."

"Remove the net," Professor Challenger ordered his men, "and set this fine young dinosaur free."

"What's a dinosaur?" Tom asked, once again confused.

"That's what we call you in the civilized world. 'Dino' means terrible, and 'saur' means lizard...terrible lizard."

"Well, I'm not a lizard, and I'm certainly not terrible, so please stop calling me names. At least I'm not a thief."

"I didn't mean to insult you, Tom. What do you say we meet your grandfather now?"

The net was taken off, and Tom led the party of humans back to where his grandfather had been. The other dinosaurs had already left, and the old triceratops stood by himself, watching as Tom and the strange new visitors approached. He didn't seem all that impressed by any of it as he stared at them.

"So you have decided to return that which you have stolen from us," his grandfather said to Challenger, his voice quivering. "That is the least you can do, after disturbing our lives so much."

"I do intend to do just that," Professor Challenger said, "Everything will be returned to its rightful place, including the young brontosaurus. How-

ever, there is one thing I will ask of you...I must take something back to London with me, as proof that this place exists. Otherwise, no one will believe my claim of discovery."

"Why do you care?" the old dinosaur asked. "You saw it all, so you know. What else matters?"

"But no one will believe me when I tell them that, on this high plateau, in the middle of the South American jungle, there is a strange and wonderful lost world..."

"Lost, you say? It looks to me as if you are the one who is lost."

Challenger looked at him, smiling. "Why don't you go back to our land with us, old one? You are said to be the wisest of your kind, and you could teach us much. And you could learn so much from us, as well."

"No, that is not a good idea at all. If word of us got back to your land, we would be overrun by your kind...and that would destroy us. I must ask you to keep our secret to yourself."

Professor Challenger took a deep breath. "That is a reasonable request, although it goes against my very grain to grant it. I would be giving up all that I have ever worked for when I deny that you exist here."

"I have an idea," said one of the other humans. "There is a good friend of mine back in London. He's a doctor, but he likes to write stories too... mostly mysteries, about a certain private detective. Maybe he could write all of this in a book. Then, everyone would think it was fiction instead of fact. We could all share in the profits from the book, and our dinosaur friends here could live in peace. What do you

think? Wouldn't this make a great story?"

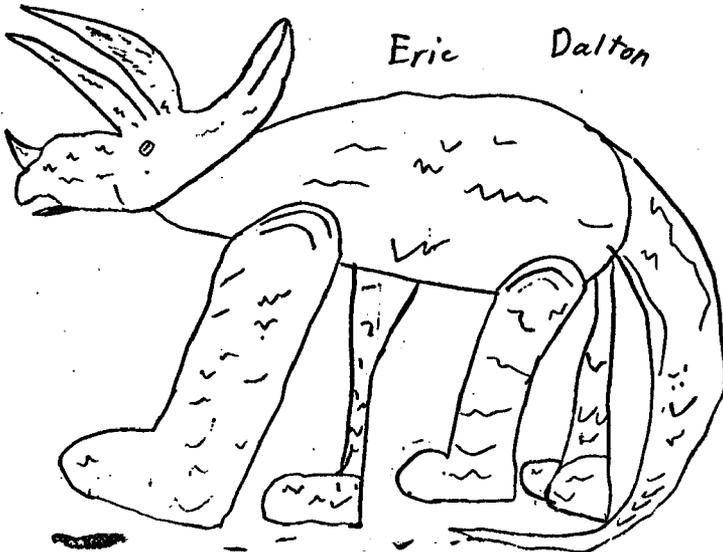
The old triceratops snorted. "Not a very original story, I'm afraid. I told the same story years ago, only in reverse. In my story, we found a way off of this plateau and discovered a lost world below. It was full of monsters like you, and we ended up destroying all of them. Original story, indeed!" He gave another snort, turned, then walked slowly away into the forest.

"What an interesting old fellow!" Professor Challenger exclaimed, grinning from ear to ear. He turned to Tom. "By the way, what is your grandfather's name?"

"Why, his name is Doyle of course."

THE END

P.S. - The author is indebted to his children, Eric and Kristine, for their input and their inspiration.



IT'S ELEMENTARY
-Our Answer Page-

Billy's Page (page 3)

Which Sherlock Holmes Tale Is This?

-The Adventure of the Empty House

Blast To The Past

-The time travel device was swallowed by the snake - notice the bulge in his tail.

Find The Letters

-S is in the hair; H is in the teeth; E is in the teeth; R is his right ear; L is part of his pipe; O is on his neck; C is his left ear; and K is his tie.

Hugh Durnit Asks: "Who Is It?" (page 4)

Our 30 year old mystery subject is none other than Fred Flintstone. Sherlock Holmes solved this puzzle in 2 clues (#6 + 7), Dr. Watson needed three clues (#1, 3 + 6), and Inspector Lestrade solved the mystery by using only 1 clue (# 6). Lestrade again proves he knows his cartoons!

A Bone-us Puzzle (page 7)

The order of the bones (from top top bottom) is:
A H I D G J F B E C

Mathematics And Moriarty (page 8)

- 1) Only once - after that you are subtracting from 15, 12, 9 and so on.
- 2) There are 6 in the family. Each sister shares the same brother.
- 3) None, Noah was responsible for loading the ark.
- 4) A dozen of anything is always 12.

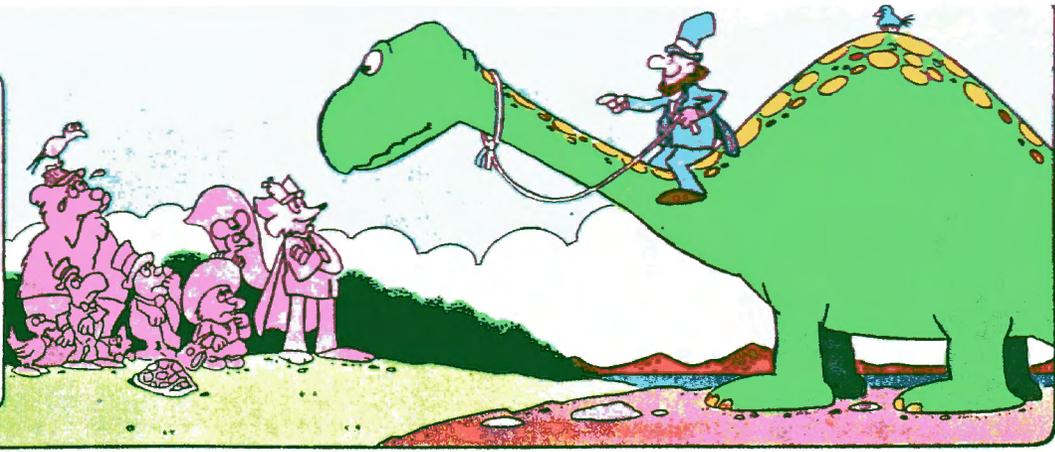
It's Fun To Collect Stamps (page 9)

- 1) The Adventure of the Dancing Men
- 2) The Adventure of the Speckled Band

Slylock fox

Dr. Weirdly has thawed out a dinosaur he discovered frozen in the Arctic ice. He says that he will release the prehistoric killer unless everyone accepts him as ruler of the forest. Why does Slylock Fox remain calm?

Solution — The dinosaur is a plant-eating protosaurus. Slylock assured his friends that they would not be eaten. Although he did caution that being stepped on would tend to be unhealthy.



Slylock fox

Slylock Fox and Max Mouse are visiting the new Forest Museum of Natural History. Something in one of the exhibits seems unusual to Slylock. What do you think it is?

Solution — The dinosaur display contains a human being. That is unusual because most scientists believe that human beings populated the earth long after dinosaurs became extinct.

