

# HOLMES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

VOL.2 NO.5

JULY 1991



**FOR THE YOUNG  
MYSTERY FAN**

WELCOME TO  
HOLMES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Vol. 2, No. 5  
For July 1991

Published five times per year by:  
The Chester Baskerville Society  
1415 Swanwick St.  
Chester, IL 62233

Editor: Michael W. McClure

Annual Subscription Rate: \$7.50

CREDITS

The characters "Slylock Fox" and "Popeye"  
appear under special permission granted to  
The Chester Baskerville Society by  
King Features Syndicate, © 1991,  
World rights reserved.

All other inclusions, unless otherwise noted,  
are contributions of the editor.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

-Feature-	- Page # -
Slylock Fox designed by Bob Weber Jr.....	Front Cover
Welcome To Holmes For The Holidays.....	2
Billy's Page - reader's contributions.....	3
Hugh Dunitz Asks: "Who Is It?".....	4
"Baritsu Who?" - cartoon by Jeff Decker.....	5
Pairs In Paris.....	6
The Six Napoleons.....	7
The Code Clinic.....	8
"Thou Art Too Close!".....	10
Baskerville Hall Maze.....	11
Sherlock Bart Simpson - color page by Jeff Huddleston.....	12
2nd Annual CBS Spring Art Contest Extended....	13
The Case of Shattered Time - mystery story by Stephen Dalton illustrations by Troy Taylor.....	14
It's Elementary - our answer page.....	35
Slylock Fox Mysteries - by Bob Weber Jr....	Back Cover

Contents not previously copyrighted:  
Copyright: © 1991 by Michael W. McClure  
All rights are hereby assigned to the contributors.

# BILLY'S PAGE



Holmes For The Holidays  
Presents  
Brigadier Gerard

As is our custom, this July issue is dedicated to another of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's literary creations. Written as the autobiography of an officer faithful to the French leader, Napoleon Bonaparte, these adventures bring to life the drama of each military campaign. Conan Doyle captured the action in the field, while rounding out each tale with the funny, exciting antics of this gay-riding, plume-tossing, darling of the ladies... Brigadier Etienne Gerard.

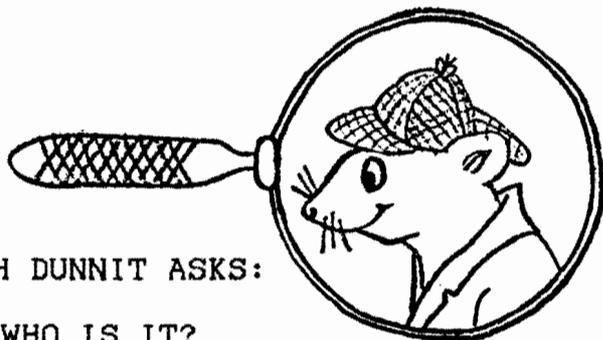


Comics For Kids  
READERS ALERT!

All of you Slylock Fox fans will get a special treat on August 11th. In that week's mystery the scene will show Sir Hound's home has been burglarized. If you look closely you will find a copy of "Holmes For The Holidays" on the floor! We are happy to see that our subscribers in Slylock's woods are enjoying their issues too!

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.



HUGH DUNNIT ASKS:

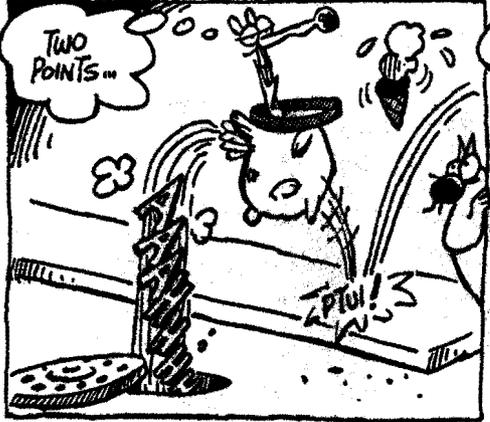
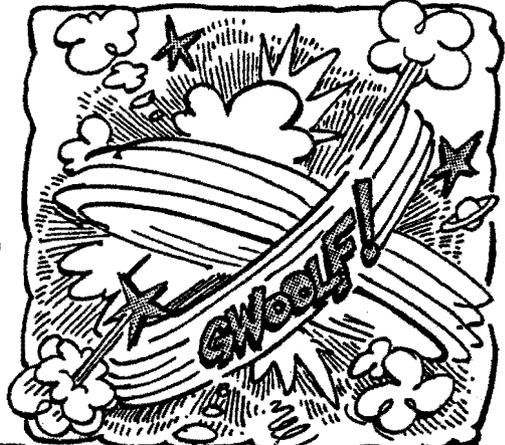
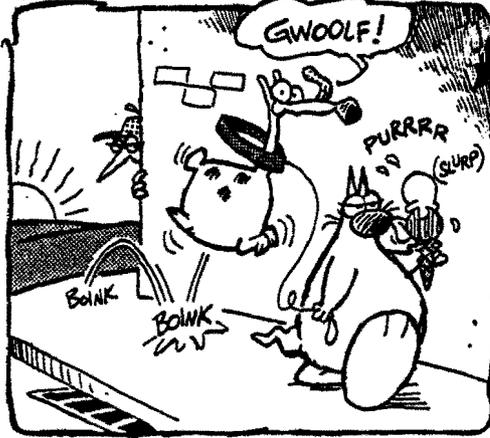
WHO IS IT?

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 was born August 15, 1769 in Ajaccio, Corsica.
- 2) I was of interest to Sherlock Holmes when I was not quite seven.
- 3) My name is derived from PALE NOON.
- 4) I was an exciting French emperor.
- 5) Although I'm responsible for many deaths, Sherlock Holmes didn't bust me, Beppo did.
- 6) Like Moses, I claimed to have crossed the Red Sea on dry foot!
- 7) My last name sounds like a skeleton that has fallen into separate pieces.

(Answer on page 35)

SUMMERTIME MEANS ICE CREAM and early evening walks.



J. Dacker

HOW DID BARITSU SAVE THE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES?

## PAIRS IN PARIS

"Allo! C'est un beau matin d'ete. Le soleil brille et l'air est frais et embaume."

It looks like someone has left us an interesting message written in code. Actually the quote above is written in French. It says: "Hello! It is a beautiful summer morning. The sun is shining, and the air is cool and balmy."

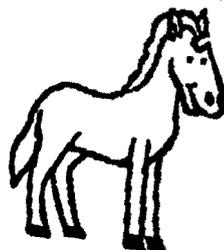
Sometimes a foreign language can look like a mysterious code. To Sherlock Holmes, though, French was not "foreign". He told his friend Dr. Watson that his grandmother "...was the sister of Vernet, the French artist."

Try to match the French names to the drawings below. Good luck and adieu!

(answers on page 35)



Lune



Flamme



Souris

Trompette

Chat

Amour



Cheval

Café

Enfant

Chien



# The Six Napoleons



In Sherlock Holmes's adventure, "The Six Napoleons", the priceless Borgia pearl was hidden inside one of six statues created by the French sculptor, Devine, in the likeness of that famous general and emperor, Napoleon Bonaparte. By using your Sherlockian powers of observation, find the bust below that matches - exactly - our model to the left. The precious pearl is hidden within!



*Original  
artwork  
by  
Dan Day*



# The Code Clinic

## Chapter 4

-Only The Shadow Knows-

In the 1930's a popular pulp magazine and radio hero was the mysterious crime-fighter called The Shadow. Created by Walter B. Gibson (who used the pen-name of Maxwell Grant) the Shadow would dress entirely in black and then move about unseen through the darkness and fight the forces of evil. Often his adventures involved the use of curious codes. One of the best can be found in a novelette called "The Chain Of Death".

The alphabet key (on the next page) shows the regular position of the characters representing each letter. The key symbols at the top indicate whether the top of the paper the code is being enciphered on is to be up, down, left or right. For example, if the key symbol 3-①-appears before the coded figures, then the paper must be turned upside down to use the alphabet key. Symbol 2 indicates that you should turn the sheet so the top edge is on the right. In this manner a single letter (let's use "A" as an example) could have four different symbols to represent it:

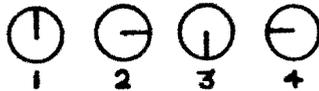


The message, SHERLOCK LIVES, could look like this:



The first symbol  tells you to give the paper one quarter-turn clockwise before decoding the next four symbols. Then you come to the next key symbol which tells you to turn the page upside down to decode the next five symbols.

Now the last key symbol tells you to turn the page so the top edge is on your left. Unless you decide differently and inform the receiver of your code, never turn the alphabet key, only the sheet of paper you write upon. This novel "twist" can make this a very confusing cipher for an enemy that may find it.



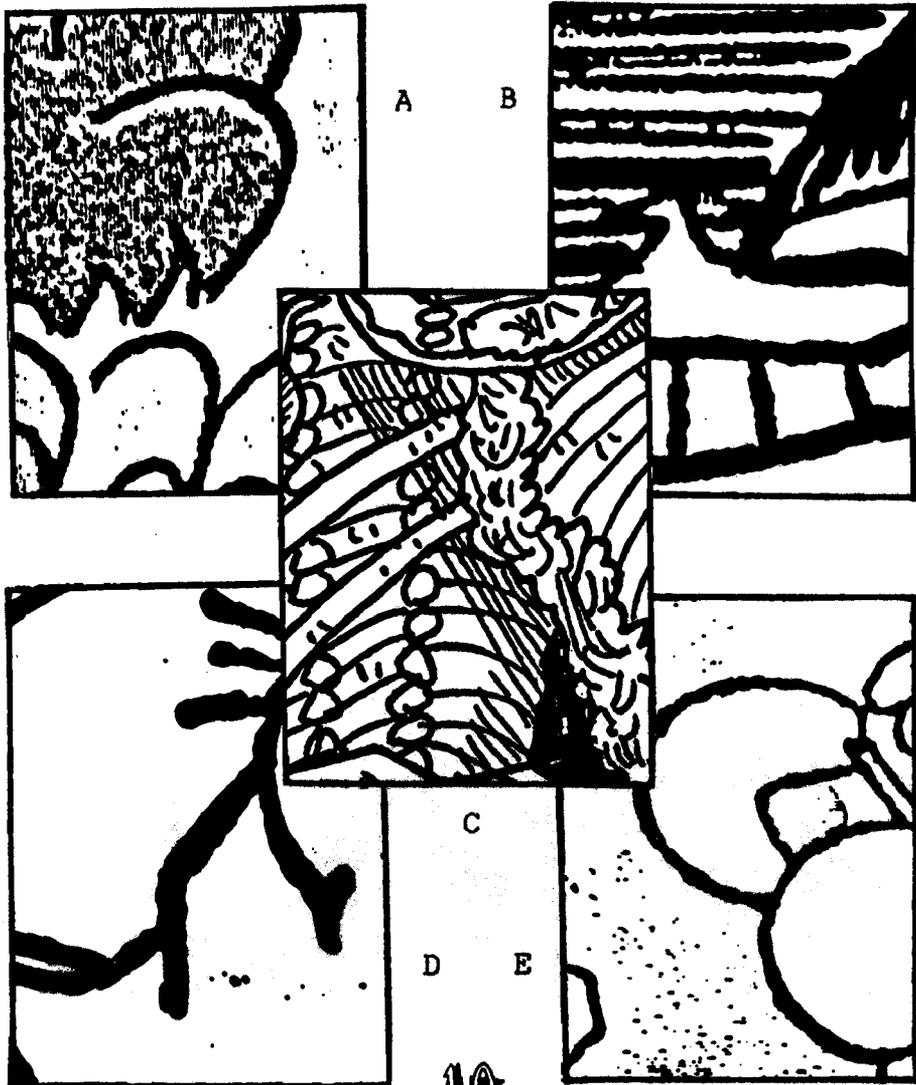
A	⊙	H	⊖	O	⊕		
B	⊗	I	⊘	P	⊕	V	⊗
C	⊙	J	⊘	Q	⊕	W	⊗
D	⊙	K	⊙	R	⊕	X	⊗
E	⊗	L	⊙	S	⊗	Y	⊗
F	⊕	M	⊕	T	⊗	Z	⊗
G	⊖	N	⊖	U	⊗		

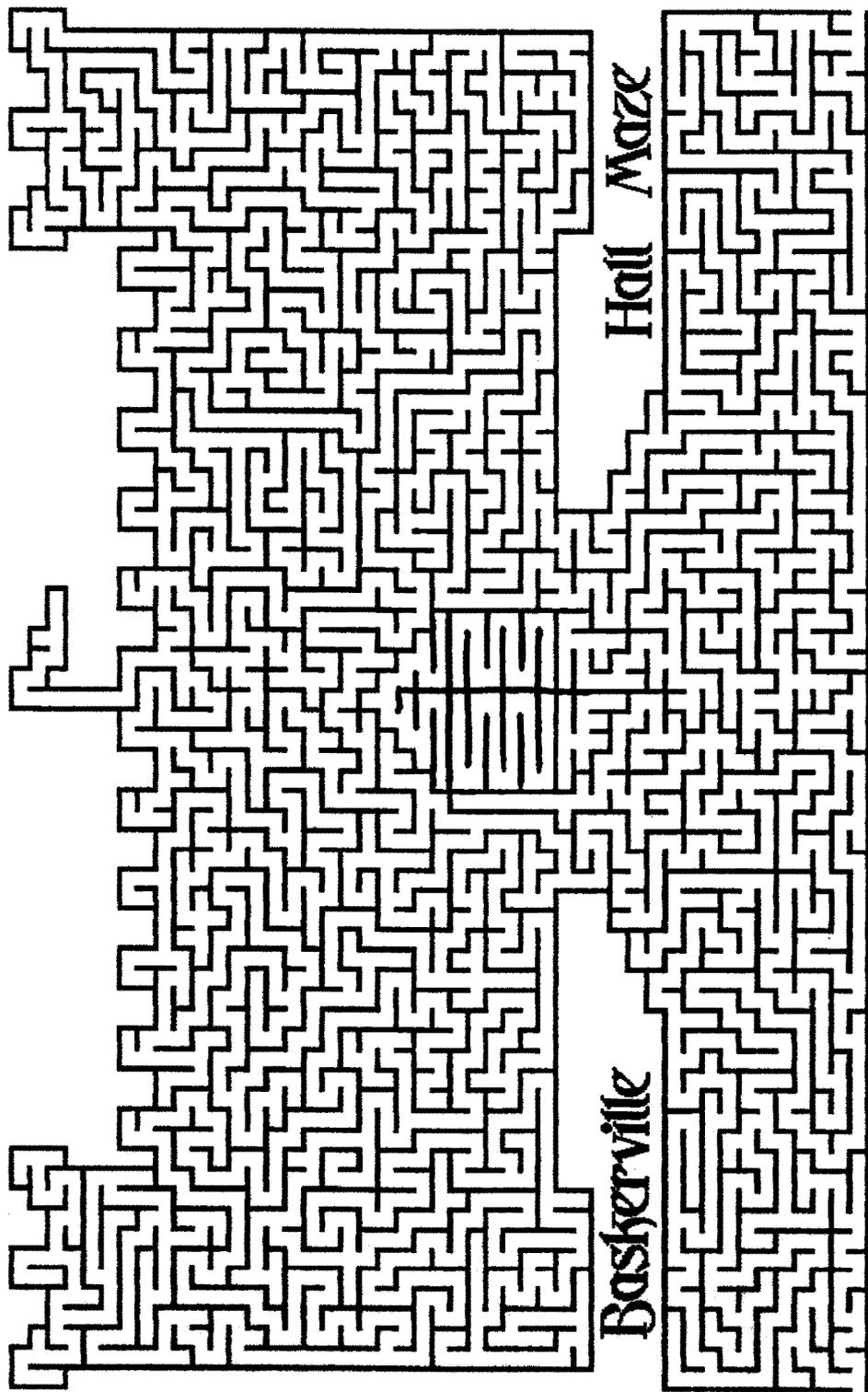


# "Thou Art Too Close!"

The pictures below may look a bit familiar. They are close-up views of some of the characters in this issue of "Holmes For The Holidays". See if you can tell who each piece of art represents. As a hint, we've provided the page numbers where they can be found.

(Answers on page 35)

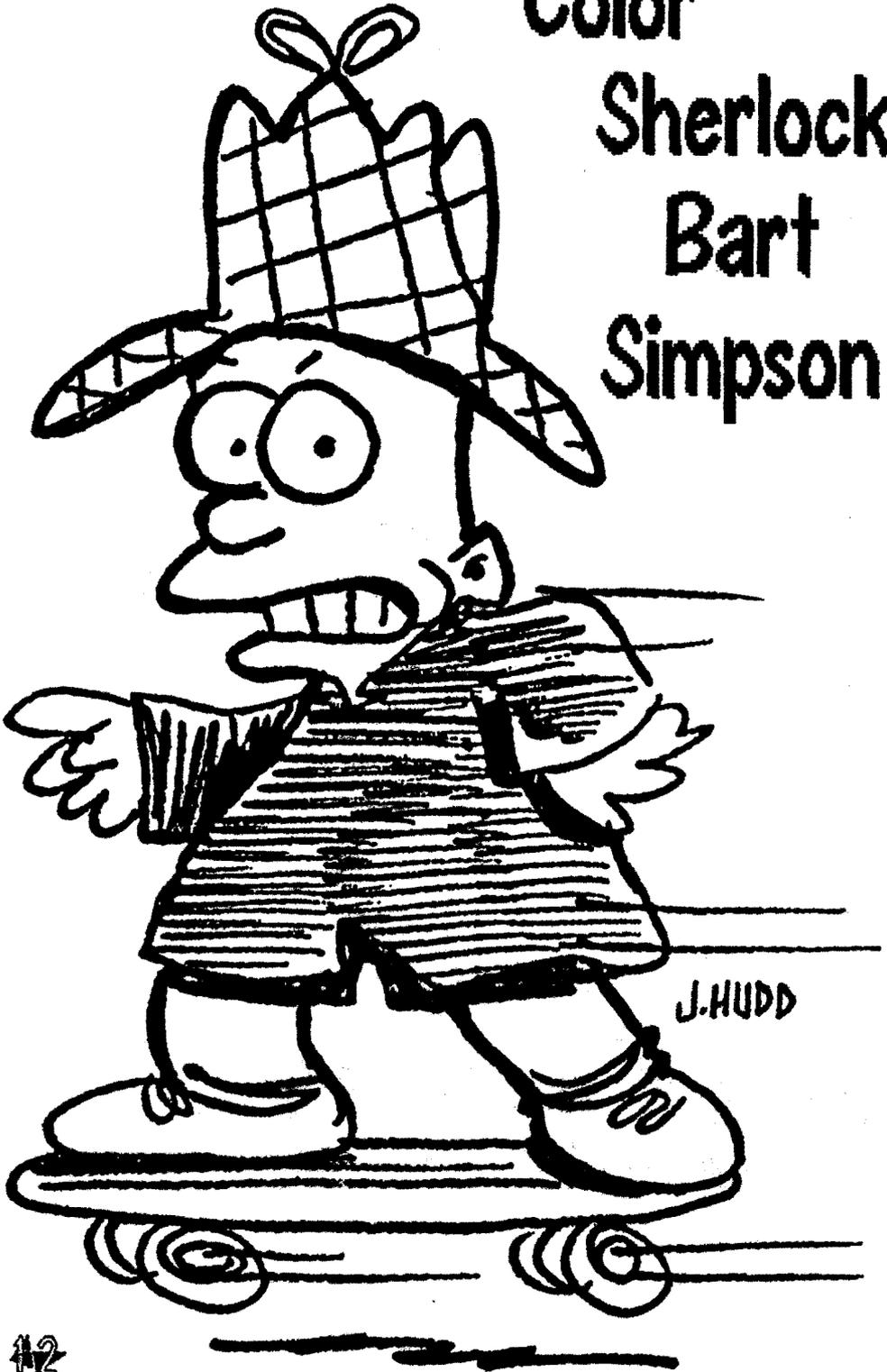




Basherville

Hall Maze

Color  
Sherlock  
Bart  
Simpson



# Announcing the Chester Baskerville Society 2nd Annual Spring Art Contest Extended

Due to the low number of entries received, this year's art contest has been extended. You may use a regular, unlined sheet of paper for your entry, but please be sure to add your name, address and age to the artwork.

This year's theme is: "My Favorite Sherlock Holmes Adventure"

All artwork must be received by October 1, 1991 in order to qualify for our judging. All entrants will receive the new Slylock Fox & Friends Magazine and some attractive Slylockian stickers, so sharpen those pencils and get drawing!

THE CAVE OF SHATTERED TIME  
by Stephen W. Dalton

The beam of my flashlight swept across the cool, moist floor of the cave. I counted my steps as I slowly made my way through the darkness... twenty-eight... twenty-nine...thirty. I stopped at step number thirty, then pointed the flashlight toward the bottom of the cave wall to my right. There was the boulder, just as the old man had said it would be. I had found it; my heart raced as I stared down at the entrance, hardly able to believe it had been so easy.

In my other hand was my tape player. I had brought it along to record everything----even though nobody would believe it was really his voice, I would at least know. After today, it would hopefully no longer be a mystery to me.

After all this time, I had finally come upon my big chance. I was spending the summer with my aunt and uncle in Belgium, to improve my French and give me a different experience for a sixteen-year-old American boy. The highlight of the summer had been the tour of the site of the Battle of Waterloo, where Napoleon's military career had ended at the hands of the Duke of Wellington's British troops and General Blucher's Prussian army. Then, when we had gone into town for refreshments, I had met an old man who my uncle had told me to ignore. Everyone thought he was crazy, and he sure acted like it----but he told me about something that I just couldn't ignore.



According to the old man, there was a cave just off the battlefield; he called it "the cave of shattered time." And in this cave, 30 paces inside, just to the right, with a small boulder concealing it, was a chamber that held special properties. The passage behind the boulder was small and narrow, from what the old man had told me, and he had gone there several times as a child. Once inside, he said, one had only to think of a date in time, and he would instantly be transported there. He told me how he had come out of the cave and witnessed Julius Caesar battling the Gauls, had met Charlemagne, and had

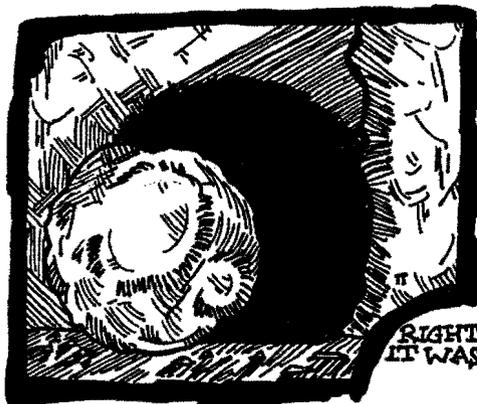
stood in the trenches of World War I. I understood then why everyone in town was convinced that he was insane.

Even though all of it had sounded pretty wacky, I couldn't get it out of my mind. What if it was true? And here I was, at the site of the Battle of Waterloo, and with the date of the battle----June 18th----only two days away. I couldn't resist trying, even though I was ninety per cent sure it couldn't really happen. I made up my mind that very night, and I headed for the cave the next morning, a flashlight in one hand and a tape player in the other.

But I wasn't going to go back in time just to record the voice of Napoleon Bonaparte. No, I had another person, much more important, in my mind, to see----Brigadier Gerard, the courageous, swashbuckling calvary hero from the stories by Arthur Conan Doyle. Most people believed that Etienne Gerard, an officer of Napoleon's Hussar Calvary, was just a product of Doyle's fertile imagination, while others claimed he was a fictional character based on the diaries of real-life calvary officer Jean-Baptiste de Marbot. But I had always wanted to believe that Girard was real, especially after reading of his thrilling adventures. And now I had my chance to find out, once and for all. If the old man's claims were true, I was soon to solve the mystery for myself.

The boulder looked to be about the size of a large pumpkin. It was quite heavy, and I had a difficult time moving it. Finally, after some time of

sweating, grunting, and puffing, I managed to scoot it out of the way.



Right behind it was a hole that looked just big enough for me to squeeze through. I would soon find out whether the old man was really insane or not.

I got down on my hands and knees and filled the hole with the beam of my flashlight. About ten yards through, it looked as if it opened into a large chamber. I fell to my belly and began wriggling through the small passage, my heart thumping faster as I neared the chamber ahead.

At last I made it. Getting to my feet, I stood there for a few minutes and scanned the room with my flashlight, trying to be prepared for anything that might occur. Nothing happened----it seemed to be an ordinary chamber in an ordinary cave.

Closing my eyes, I began to concentrate on the date I wanted----June 17, 1815, the day before the Battle of Waterloo----I knew from the stories that Brigadier Girard had been in the battle, so I wanted to get there in time to talk to him before he got too busy with soldiering. I continued to think of

nothing but that date, and still, nothing happened.

Suddenly my ears began to ring. A wave of dizziness swept over me, and I thought I felt a quick gush of wind on my face. An agonizing cramp wrenched through my stomach, and I fell to my knees, moaning in pain.

Then, just like that, it was over. I opened my eyes, looked around, and picked up the flashlight that had fallen from my grip. Nothing seemed to have changed; nothing looked any different from before.

I got back down on my stomach, ready to crawl back through the hole, go home, and admit defeat. But when I illuminated the small passage, what I saw at the other end almost made me lose my breath.

The boulder at the end was blocking the opening, the same boulder that I had struggled to move out of the way just a few minutes ago. Either someone had moved it back into place, or....or no one had been moving it around 175 years ago. I took a deep breath and moved on through the hole.

It was twice as hard to move the boulder out of the way than it had been from the other side. But I eventually did move it, and soon I was back out in the main shaft of the cave. I moved slowly and warily toward the light at the mouth of the cave, wondering not where I was but when I was. I turned off the flashlight and walked out into the piercing sunlight, just as blinded by the bright light of the sun as I had been in the darkness before.

"Halt!" as gruff voice shouted to my left. I stopped in my tracks and

turned toward the voice, my eyes slowly adjusting to the brightness. As everything came into focus, I saw that a soldier in red was holding a musket on me.



"British?" was all that I could think to ask, "Are you British?"

"Jolly right you are," the soldier replied, "A member of the king's finest, I am. And what might you be, lad?"

"I'm an American," I said, quickly trying to figure where that might put me in terms of friend or foe, "Yeah, I'm an American...from the United States." Then I remembered the War of 1812, which, if I was in the time period that I guessed, was not favorable recent history with the British. "Uh, sir..." I tried, realizing that I might have just put myself in danger, "Can you tell

me...uh, can you tell me what y-year this is?"

"What?" The British soldier looked at me like I was kidding him. "Are you mad? You want to know what bloomin' year it is?"

"Y-yes...I'd like to know the date, if you don't mind tellin' me."

"Why, it's June 17...1815." He shook his head, stared at me for a moment, then moved closer, his musket trained on me. "You strike me as a bit odd, lad." Then he glanced at my flashlight and my tape recorder. "Whatever those things are, lad...you'd better hand them over to me."

Just then some more soldiers appeared. "What have we got here?" one of them asked.

"An American, of all things..." the one who had discovered me answered, "I caught him snoopin' around here. He's most likely spyin' for the French, I'd wager...and he's actin' a bit daft, too." He tapped a finger on his temple. "He don't even know what bloody year it is."

"Well...shoot him, then," one of his companions said, "If he's a spy, then shoot him, and be done with it."

"He's got somethin' in his hands," another one said, "What are them things?"

Thinking quickly (and desperately), I hoped I might be able to charm them with technology to somehow save my life. I pulled a cassette tape out of my pocket and inserted it into my tape player.

"Here..." I said to the soldier nearest to me, smiling so as to appear as friendly as I could, "Press the

'play' button." I held the tape player out to him.

He hesitated, then grabbed it from my hand. "Don't try nothin' rash now, lad," he said, giving me a menacing look.

"It's okay," I said, still smiling for all I was worth, "Just press the 'play' button."

The opening movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony suddenly blared from the speakers. The soldier gave a gasp of terror, dropped the tape player to the ground, and jumped back, his mouth wide open.

"Blimey!" one of the soldiers screamed, a look of disbelief frozen on his face, "A whole bloody orchestra, in that little box!"

"A sorcerer as well as a spy!" one of the others shouted above the music, "He's in league with the devil...let's shoot him now, before he casts a spell on us." Without another word, he leveled his musket at my chest, ready to fire.

The music blasted away in the clear morning air as I looked down the barrel of the weapon, certain now that I was to die over 170 years before I was to be born. I had to do something, and do it quickly.

Suddenly I had an idea. I swung my flashlight up, flicked on the switch, and pointed it directly at his face.

My would-be executioner dropped his musket and covered his eyes, screaming in shock and fright. "He's got the sun in his hand!" one of them wailed as they all moved backward, terrified by my awesome new trick.

I didn't wait around any longer. I turned and took off running as fast as I could. Then I heard shots from behind; they had recovered their senses enough to begin firing at me. I just kept on moving, hoping that what I had always read about muskets being inaccurate was true. I didn't stop running until the shots ceased and I could no longer hear their excited voices behind me. Beethoven's Fifth played on in the distance as I continued to move away.

I hadn't walked too far when I heard "Halt"! once again, this time in French. There, standing in front, with their muskets on me, were the blue uniforms of Napoleon's infantry. My first thought, as I smiled and faced them with my hands up, was that I was glad that I could speak French; my second thought was that I was hoping that they would be friendlier to me than the British soldiers had been.

"I come in peace," I announced, still smiling in spite of my inner fears, "Wellington's soldiers just tried to shoot me as a French spy. I'm lookin' for one of your cavalry officers...he's a friend of mine."

"Who is it that you seek, boy?" one of them asked me.

"Brigadier Etienne Gerard, of the Hussars of Conflans." I swallowed hard, hoping that they would fall for my next one, which wasn't really a lie: "I'm lost between your lines, and he's the only person here I know. If you could just show me to where he is..."

"I have never heard of this man..." the one who had spoken to me snarled, "Nor have I ever heard of the Hussars of

Conflans. There is no such calvary unit in my emperor's army."

My heart sank as quickly as my hopes. I realized then that Brigadier Girard was indeed only a fictional character; it now appeared that I had escaped the British frying pan only to be cast into the French fire. I wondered silently just how I was to get out of this mess.

"Well, uh..." I stalled, looking for anything that might buy me some time, "Maybe you could take me to where your calvary is, then. It's possible they know of Girard."

"Take him to the calvary," one of them said, "And watch him carefully...I do not trust this boy."

I was led through the French lines toward the rear, with two muskets at my back and one in front, desperately hoping that I could somehow find a way out of the mess I had gotten myself into. What had begun as an interesting experience had quickly turned into a dangerous situation.

Finally we arrived at the calvary camp. One of the soldiers walked up to what looked to be an officer, saluted, and stood at attention. "This boy seeks an officer of the Hussars, sir," he said.

"Hussars?" the officer asked, regarding me with suspicion, "I have never heard of Hussars...we are the emperor's Chasseurs." He looked at me for a moment, then back to the soldier who had addressed him. "This boy is obviously a local spy for Wellington's stinking British dogs, and he has no doubt gotten his information confused.

Take him from my sight and shoot him... he disgusts me."

"What?" I cried, now ready to panic, "I'm no spy! I'm an American... we've been allies with the French since our Revolutionary War. We've been fighting the British for years now, just like you. Please, sir, you must listen to me!"

"Shoot him..." the officer repeated, turning away.

Two of the soldiers grabbed me by the arms and jerked me roughly away. It looked like the end for me, unless I could think of something quickly.

"Brigadier Girard!" I screamed in desperation as they led me away, "Girard! Are you here? Please help me!"

"Wait..." the calvary officer said; the soldiers stopped and turned to face him. "Did you say Girard, boy?"

"Y-y-yes..." I stammered, "Girard...I'm l-looking for Etienne Girard." I held my breath, pleading with my eyes for mercy.

"We do have a Brigadier Girard in our Chasseurs," the officer said, "He is our finest horseman and swordsman. Is that who you seek?"

"Y-yes..." I muttered, "Brigadier Girard is who I seek."

"Get Girard and bring him here," he told one of his men, "Tell him that there is a crazed boy who wishes to see him before he dies."

As I waited there, my only hope was that this Girard would be the one in Doyle's stories, and not just a calvaryman who might by coincidence have the same last name. If he was the one I was looking for, my life would be spared, for the one in the stories would

never allow an innocent person to be executed just for the mere suspicion of being a spy.

At last another man arrived, a tall, handsome, dashing-looking fellow. My hopes suddenly rose at the sight of him. It had to be the Brigadier Girard; I was sure of it.

"Do you know this boy, Girard?" the officer asked him.

Girard looked me over for a moment, then shook his head slowly. "No..." he replied, "I do not know him."

"But I know you!" I yelled, "I've read of your adventures in books."

Girard cocked his head, staring at me in disbelief. "In books, you say? What books do you speak of?"

"Spare my life, and I'll be happy to tell you all about it," I said, holding onto my last hope, "I'll tell you



BRIGADIER GIRARD

many things you'd want to know, if you'll give me the chance."

He seemed to be thinking it over as he continued to stare at me. "Release the boy to me," he finally said, "I will interrogate him myself."

I was released, and I soon found myself walking alongside none other than Brigadier Girard himself. It was true-- --he really did exist! I had solved my mystery, and that made me extremely happy. But now I had to somehow get back to my future alive.

"Books, you say?" Girard asked me as we walked along, "What sort of books have been written about me?"

"Well, I'm from the future..." I blurted out; he suddenly stopped walking, staring at me as if I were insane. "I'm from the Twentieth Century...and you're famous there."

"You are indeed mad, boy," he said, shaking his head; he then looked at me with interest. "I'm famous, you say?"

"Yes, you are. A man named Arthur Conan Doyle has written of your many adventures."

"I find this hard to believe...although I do find it intriguing."

"I can prove it to you...I hope. Part of one of your ears is missing, isn't it?" I waited in a tense silence, hoping that at least that much of the stories was true.

"Yes..." he said, turning his head to reveal the ear that had been mutilated; he looked definitely interested, now. "And how did I come to lose it?"

"In Venice, when you were held prisoner by the tribunal...you

sacrificed your own ear to save the woman you loved."

"That is true!" he exclaimed, now obviously amazed, "And what other of my exploits have been written about?"

"There was the Castle of Gloom, in Poland, where you destroyed the evil Baron Straubenthal...and the time you saved Napoleon from the murderous Brothers of Ajaccio. It's all in Doyle's stories."

"These things did indeed occur!" He laughed heartily. "And I was planning on someday writing all of this in my memoirs." He looked at me, still laughing. "But not many people know of these things now. How is it that you know?"

"I told you, I'm from the future. I came here to prove for myself whether or not you actually lived."

"I do truly exist, boy!" He laughed again, slapping himself as if to demonstrate to me that he was real flesh and blood; then he stopped laughing, giving me a serious look. "And what of the battle tomorrow? If you are indeed from the future, you would know."

I looked down at the ground. "Your army will lose...Badly. It will be Napoleon's final battle."

"No!" he huffed, shaking his head, "It cannot be! We will whip our enemies and send them running home. It is France's destiny."

"If you'll just let me speak to Napoleon, I can prevent his defeat," I offered, "Your General Grouchy must stop the Prussians today, before they can get a chance to reinforce Wellington tomorrow. Otherwise, when you assault

the British center, Blucher's army will crush you from your right flank."

"Impossible!" Girard argued, "You are mistaken, as is this Doyle fellow. The emperor's Grand Army cannot possibly lose."

"It's already written in the history books...I'm sorry, but it's true. Waterloo will become a term for anyone's final defeat, in the future. If you don't listen to me, Napoleon is finished. We can change the course of history if you'll let me speak to him."

He gazed at me for what seemed to be a long time. Finally, he spoke: "No, my friend...if that is our fate, then so be it. We cannot change history, nor should we even try. History shall follow its course, no matter what we do." He smiled. "Still, we will do whatever we can tomorrow to prove your history books wrong."

"If Grouchy can destroy the Prussian army before tomorrow, then the books will be wrong. You must listen to me...I've read all about the battle, and if you wait until tomorrow, all is lost. The attack should be made today, before Blucher's Prussians get here to reinforce Wellington."

"Will I be killed?" He gave me a steady look. "Will this be my last battle?"

"Yes..it will be your last battle." I started to tell him that he would be spared, that he would live to be an old man and tell his stories----but I thought better of it; as he had said, let fate and history go as they should. "You must find out for yourself whether or not you die tomorrow, Brigadier Girard. But it will be your last battle



for Napoleon, whether you survive it or not. Waterloo is the end for him."

"We shall see about that, my friend." He smiled down at me. "I am happy just to know that my adventures shall live on in print no matter what happens to me tomorrow. You have done a great deal for me, just by letting me know that." He put his hand on my shoulder. "This is a great favor you have done for me...what can I do for you in return?"

"You can help me get back to the cave, so I can return to my own time. The British are there in front of it, and I can't get back unless I get to the cave."

"Done!" he said, offering me his hand to shake, "My brave Chasseurs can easily break their line and deliver you to the cave."

"Chasseurs..." I said, frowning, "I thought you were in the Hussars."

"There is no such thing as a Hussar, as far as I know. We are Chasseurs, the emperor's light calvary. Perhaps this Doyle made a mistake on that one. But he seems to have the rest of it correct." He winked playfully at me. "Do you have to leave so soon? If you have travelled all this way in time, you should make it worth your while. Why not stay until tomorrow and watch us as we prove your history books wrong?"

"I...I don't know. Wouldn't that be dangerous?"

"Not really. You could watch from behind our lines, from that hill behind you. You could see the whole thing from there...that is where my emperor will be observing the battle.:

"Spend the day with Napoleon?" My eyes widened.

"Certainly...as long as you do not bother him. He will be quite busy, as you can imagine. You can observe him and the battle."

"But the cave...how will I get to the cave?"

"When we attack the British center, all of their troops will be concentrated there. You should be able to get there easily. And, if not, I will assign some of our soldiers to ensure safe passage to the cave. You should stay and see the battle, my friend. After all, how many in your future can boast of witnessing Napoleon Bonaparte's greatest victory?"

He was right; I couldn't resist his offer. So I stayed on, spending the night with the calvary and watching the battle and Napoleon the next day. And,



... SPENDING THE NIGHT WITH THE CAVALRY AND WATCHING THE  
BATTLES AND NAPOLEON THE NEXT DAY.

of course, it all went just as the history books had recorded it.

I didn't leave until the end of the battle on the night of June 18, when the French forces fled in retreat, forming a desperate rear guard action to allow Napoleon to barely escape capture. I made it easily to the cave, thanked the soldiers who had nervously escorted me, then re-entered the cave of shattered time.

I was whisked back to my present time with no problem. I then replaced the boulder and got home late at night. Needless to say, my aunt and uncle had been worried sick about me, having been missing for two days, and I apologized for causing them so much trouble. I knew they wouldn't believe any of it, but it was too much for me to hold in----I told them all about my adventures, and especially of watching the battle next to Napoleon himself.

Not only did they not believe me, but my uncle told me something that dashed my spirits completely. "Not go back in time," he said, a serious look on his face, "What you saw was a re-enactment...they do it every year on the anniversary of the battle. Those you talked to were ordinary people who dress up in authentic uniforms and play the roles of the soldiers. They even speak the correct languages of the countries they represent." He sighed. "I'm afraid that you've been the victim of a cruel hoax...one you've played on yourself."

I could only sit there in a stunned silence, feeling suddenly as gloomy as I had been happy just a few minutes before. None of it had been true, I

slowly realized----I had been fooled by a good actor who had claimed to be Girard and an even better one who had played Napoleon----I would never know for sure if Brigadier Girard had ever really lived.

My aunt, seeing my obvious disappointment, turned to my uncle. "Tell him about the discovery they made yesterday," she said, no doubt trying to cheer me up.

"Oh, yes..." he said, nodding, "That is interesting, isn't it?" I hung my head, not really caring to listen as he went on: "They were excavating for a new building near the cave...the cave you were in....and they found a skeleton. It was apparently the remains of a British infantryman, judging from the type of musket that was found next to it. Anyway, they also found a most curious object by the body....it appeared to be a cassette recorder of some type."

I shot my head back up and stared at him, shocked by this bit of news. I realized then that I had forgotten all about my lost tape player in the excitement that had followed.

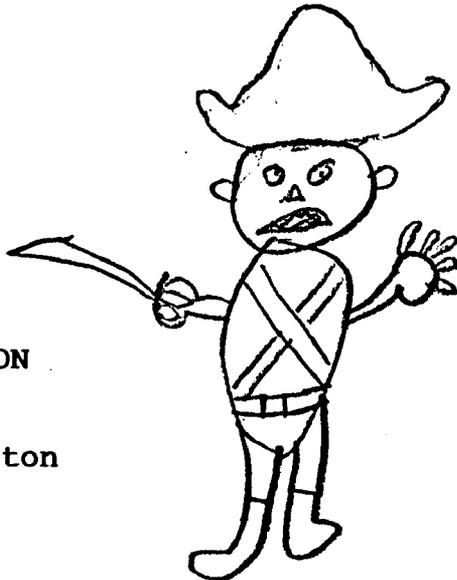
"It was a very strange discovery," my uncle continued, "It even had the decayed remains of a cassette tape inside, or at least the plastic spools. And strangest of all, the machine itself looked to be as old as the body...it apparently had been under the ground for quite some time. As we know, cassette recorders were certainly not around in Napoleon's time...so it's got the authorities baffled, as you might guess. But, of course, there has to be a reasonable explanation for all of it.

It is thought that it must be some sort of prank...someone obviously placed it there with the body a few years ago. But it is a good prank, I must say..."

I sat there in silence, smiling to myself, barely able to contain my secret joy as my uncle went on trying to figure out this latest mystery.



AUTHOR'S NOTE: Many thanks to my son, Eric, who fed me suggestions on just what equipment our time traveller might take with him to the past. S.W.D.



NAPOLEON

by

Eric Dalton

IT'S ELEMENTARY  
-Our Answer Page-



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

Our general who became emperor of France from 1804 to 1815 is Napoleon Bonaparte. He actually claimed he crossed the Red Sea near the town of Suez "on dry foot". Holmes was involved in an adventure titled "The Six Napoleons" which were statues created by the French sculptor Devine and broken by Beppo in his search for the Borgia pearl. Sherlock Holmes solved this puzzle with just one clue (#1). Dr. Watson had to use three (#2, #4, & #7) but Inspector Lestrade needed only one (#3). It seems the good Inspector has nothing better to do than work on unscrambling words. He has become quite an PEXRET.

Pairs In Paris (page 6)

The correct matches are:

Chien - Dog	Flamme - Flame
Souris - Mouse	Cafe - Coffee
Amour - Love	Enfant - Child
Lune - Moon	Cheval - Horse
Trompette - Trumpet	Chat - Cat

The Six Napoleons (page 7)

The Napoleon that matches is #2.

"Thou Are Too Close!" (page 10)

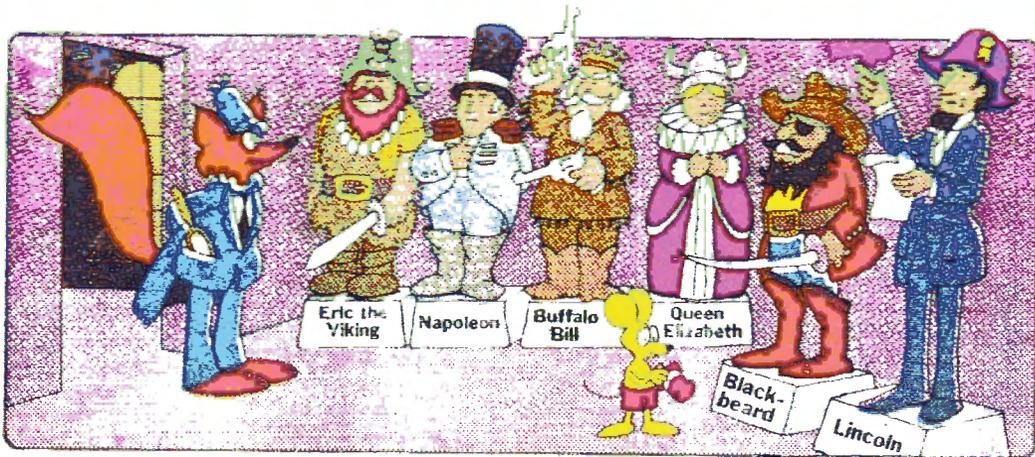
The objects which you are looking at are:

A - Slylock Fox	
B - Bart Simpson	D - Hugh Dunitz
C - Brigadier Gerard	E - Max Mouse

# Slylock fox

There is something wrong with the historical figures in this wax museum. After you determine what's wrong, help Slylock Fox and Max Mouse make the necessary corrections.

Solution - Eric the Viking is wearing Blackbeard's hat, Napoleon is wearing Lincoln's hat, Buffalo Bill is wearing Queen Elizabeth's crown, Queen Elizabeth is wearing Eric the Viking's helmet, Blackbeard is wearing Buffalo Bill's hat and Lincoln is wearing Napoleon's hat.



# Slylock fox

One of these factories was using a polluting, low-grade fuel. When the factory owner found out he was under investigation, he quickly converted to a cleaner fuel. Help Slylock determine which factory made the sneaky switch.

Solution - Slylock arrived while black smoke could still be traced to the pollution-pumping smokestack. The factory on the left was guilty of using the bad fuel.

