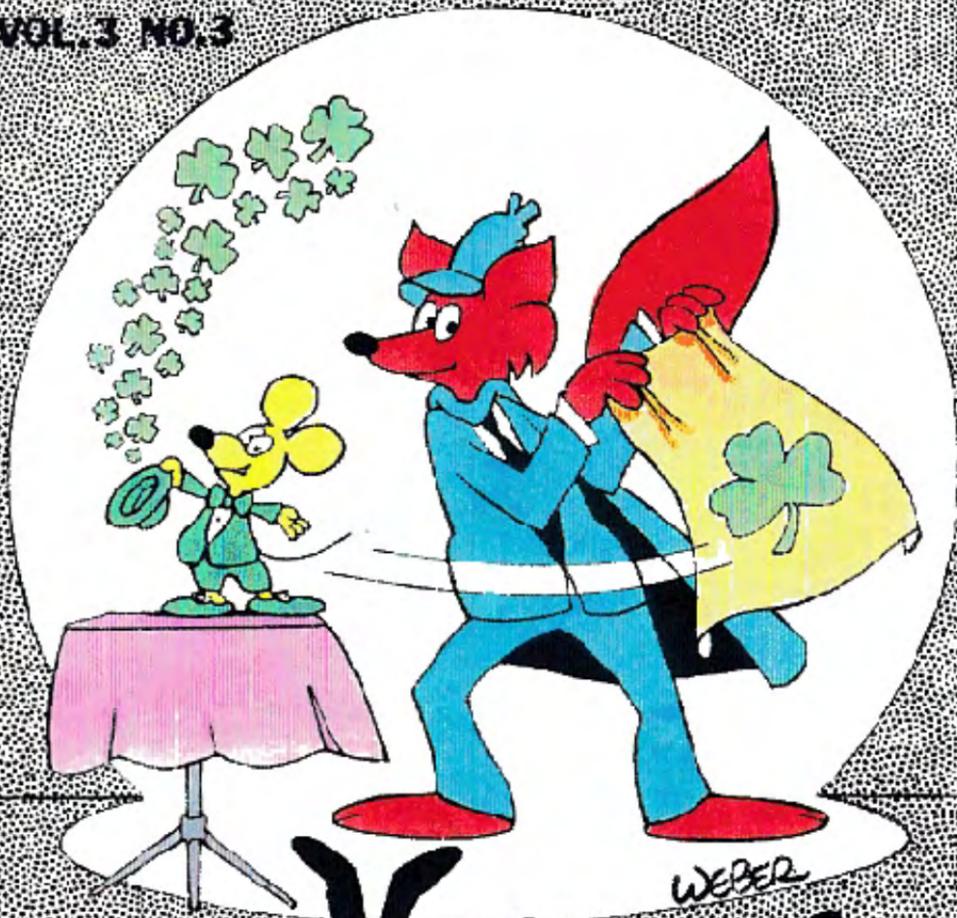


HOLMES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

VOL. 3 NO. 3



FOR THE YOUNG MYSTERY FAN

WELCOME TO HOLMES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Vol. 3, No. 3
For February/March 1992

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

Editor: Michael W. McClure, BSI

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, © 1992, 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
Prof. Ratiarty's Maze.....	5
Notes From The Underground - cartoon by Jeff Decker, B.S.I....	6
"The Game's A-Foot!".....	8
The Mystery of Magic - Sherlock's Secret Sense	10
"Hunting With Conan Doyle" - a game by Richard L. Kellogg.....	11
Sherhawk and his companion - Color Page by Jeff Huddleston.....	12
"Slylock Fox and the Night Monster" - a short story by Stephen Dalton.....	14
"Edgar Worm's Valentine Mystery" - a short story by Karen Gilpin.....	20
It's Elementary - our answer page.....	23
Slylock Fox Mysteries - by Bob Weber Jr...Back Cover	

Contents not previously copyrighted:

Copyright: © 1992 by Michael W. McClure, BSI

All rights are hereby assigned to the contributors.

BILLY'S PAGE



THE RETURN OF THE DANCING MEN

by
Albert Wolf
Age 9
Elmer, NJ

It was a mid-summer's day. Holmes told me earlier that he was bored and had nothing to do. Just then when Holmes was about to take Toby, our dog, for a walk we both heard a loud tapping at the door. Toby started barking. Holmes opened the door. It was Inspector Lestrade. Holmes asked, "Won't you come in?" The Inspector replied "There is not any time. Just look this code over. When you find out anything call me."

Holmes looked at the code. At first he couldn't figure it out. It read:

20 8 5 4 9 1 13 15 14 4 19
are here.

Then Holmes smiled. He said, "Watson, call Lestrade. I have just figured out his mystery."

Can you figure out the mystery? (HINT: Use one of the past Code Clinics to help you decipher this one. - editor)

(answer on page 23)

*My dear
Headhog. All you
need is a very
snappy hat.*



*My
gosh!
I'm walking
with Sherlock
Holmes!*

by Matt Rana
Grade 5
The Shadows of the Elm
Albuquerque, NM

HUGH DUNNIT ASKS:

WHO IS IT?



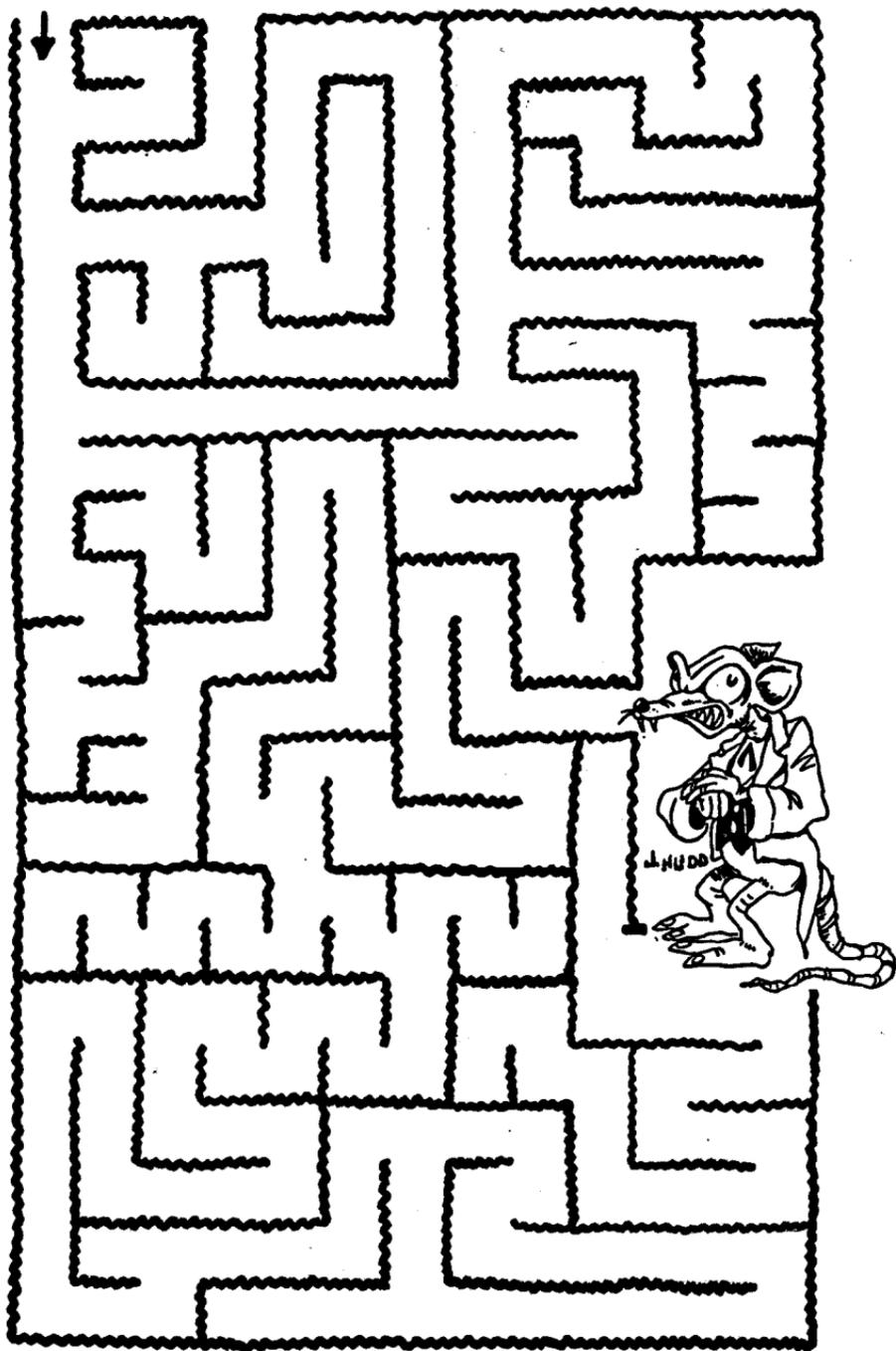
Hugh Dunnit, our mysterious mouse detective has listed eight clues to the above question. Using your best detective skills, and a little luck, read one clue at a time (in any order) and see how many clues it takes you to solve the mystery of Who Is It?

- 1) I'm larger than a hamster, and smaller than a horse.
- 2) I live in the woods with the rest of my clan.
- 3) I'm hard to catch, but legend holds that if you do, I'll grant you a wish.
- 4) I'm a cousin to the fairy and gnome, known throughout the Emerald Isle.
- 5) I'm about three feet high and usually dress in red, although most artists color my clothes green.
- 6) By nature I'm a mischief-maker, though I can be generous from time to time.
- 7) I'm known to dislike schools and schoolmasters, for they try to make you disbelieve in me.
- 8) Those in the northern country of Ireland call me the Logheryman; in Tipperary I'm the Lurigadawne; in Monaghan I'm known as the Cluricawne.

(answers on page 23)



Prof. Ratiarty's Maze



Please help us find the evil genius by entering his mystery maze at the arrow.



NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

WHEREIN THE GREAT DETECTIVE HAS A BONE TO PICK WITH A CRIMINAL LOW-LIFE



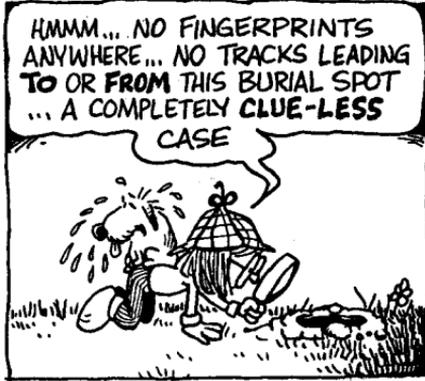
YOU'RE *RIGHT*, BUSTER! THAT **BONE** YOU BURIED HERE YESTERDAY **IS** MISSING



BUT NEVER FEAR! **I**, THE AMAZING ANGELA — THE **GREAT DETECTIVE** —

SHALL SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE **DISAPPEARING BONE**

SNIFF



HMMM... NO FINGERPRINTS ANYWHERE... NO TRACKS LEADING TO OR FROM THIS BURIAL SPOT ... A COMPLETELY CLUE-LESS CASE



MAYBE A BIRD DID THIS DREADFUL THING — IT COULD FLY AWAY AND THEREFORE NOT LEAVE ANY TRACKS...

CHIRP!



BUT HOW COULD A **BIRD** CARRY AWAY A **DOG'S BONE**?
~ **NO!** ~
IT'S SOMETHING **INFINITELY MORE SINISTER**



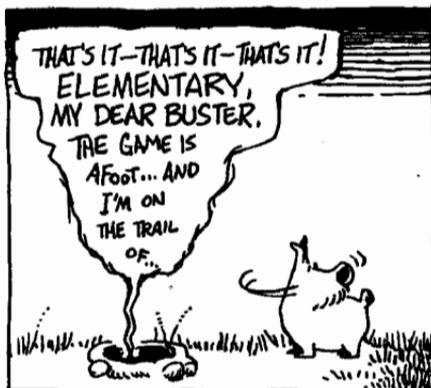
THIS IS A **STRANGE** CASE. MAYBE THE ANSWER LIES WITH SOMETHING **MAGICAL**, SOMETHING THAT DEFIES THE LAWS OF NATURE AND LOGIC...
HMMMM

SOMETHING SMALL ENOUGH TO FIT IN THE HOLE, BUT POWERFUL ENOUGH TO SPIRIT AWAY A DOG'S BONE WITHOUT LEAVING ANY CLUES FOR ME, THE GREAT DETECTIVE, TO DISCOVER.

SAAAY—
WHAT THE...?



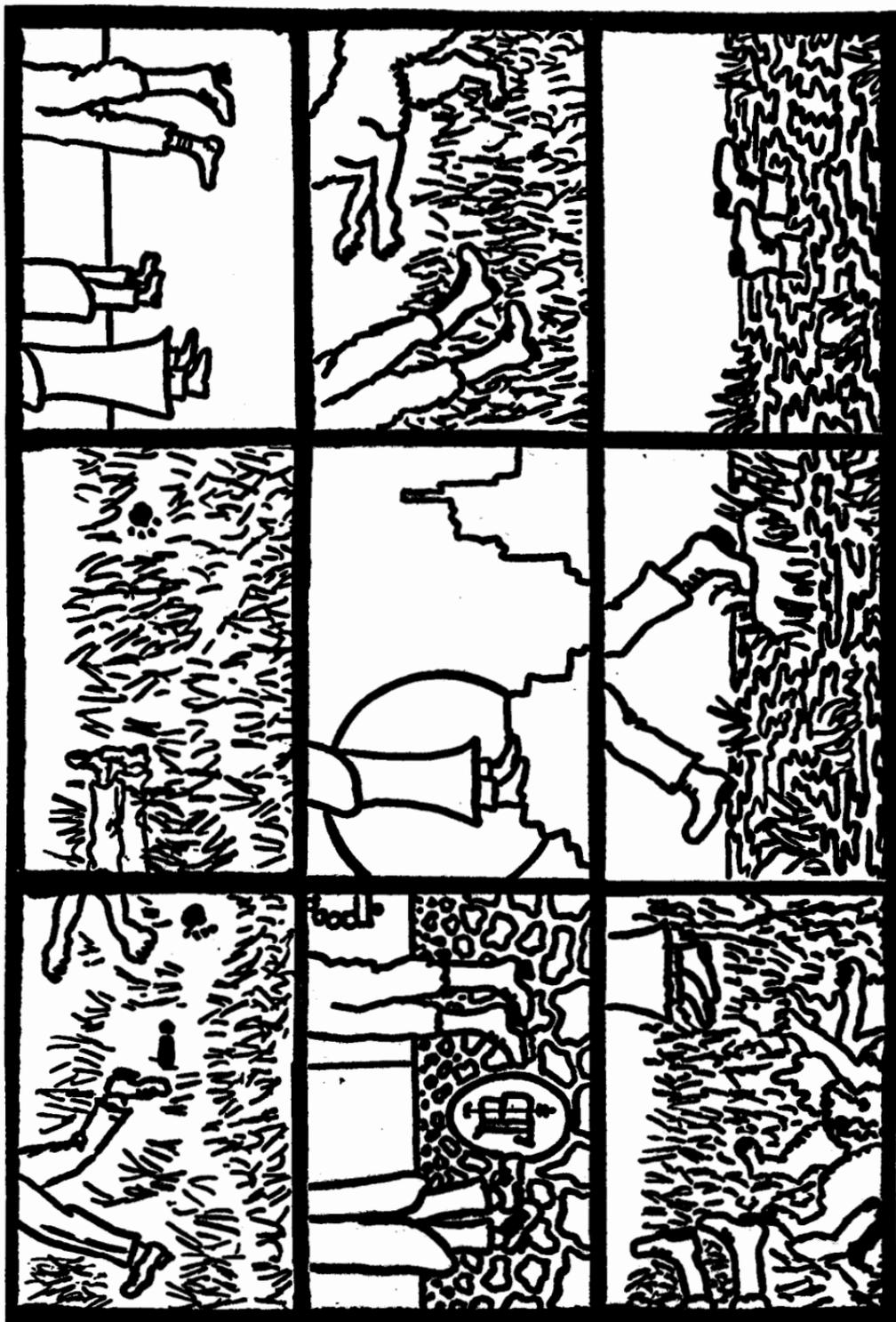
"WHEN YOU HAVE ELIMINATED THE IMPOSSIBLE, WHATEVER REMAINS — HOWEVER IMPROBABLE — MUST BE THE TRUTH!"



J. Decker



"The Game's A-Foot!"



"The Game's A-Foot!"

On the preceding page, our editor has created a definitive "walk" through one of Sherlock Holmes's greatest adventures, "The Hound of the Baskervilles". Published in 1902, this tale has remained the most popular among Holmes's fans and non-believers alike. More actors have portrayed Holmes in "The Hound of the Baskervilles" than any of the other 59 adventures.

Each panel to the left represents an important scene from this novel. Listed below are the explanations to these pictures, only someone has scrambled them up. Select the action that best describes the art and see if you can solve this mystery where "the game is really a foot!"

(answers on page 23)

- 1) Justice prevails, Stapleton sinks in the moor.
- 2) Sir Charles Baskerville dies of fright.
- 3) A fleeing Stapleton attempts his escape across the moor.
- 4) Sherlock Holmes is "the Man on the Tor".
- 5) Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson meet Sir Henry Baskerville in the Northumberland Hotel.
- 6) Dr. Watson and Sir Henry arrive at Baskerville Hall.
- 7) Sir Charles Baskerville runs from the family curse.
- 8) Sir Henry meets the family curse face to face.
- 9) Sir Henry faints as Sherlock Holmes slays the beast.



The Mystery of Magic

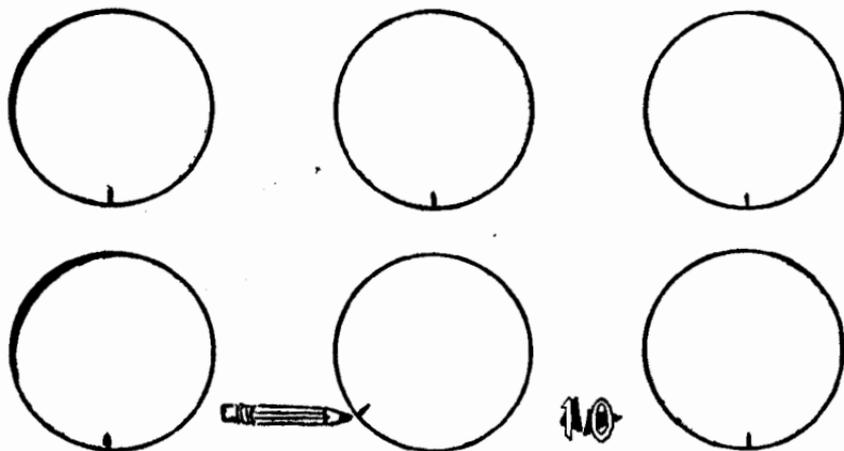
Sherlock's Secret Sense

How It Looks:

The magician displays six paper plates, each with a different title of a Sherlock Holmes adventure written on it. Placing them face down on the table he then invites a volunteer to come forward saying, "When I turn my back, you choose one of the six adventures lying here, then show that plate to the audience. Put it back on the table and I will turn around and pick the plate you selected." The magician picks the right plate everytime!

How It Works:

Before performing the trick, the magician secretly puts a pencil mark on the edge of each plate. As he shows the audience each story title, he lines up the plates on the table so that each mark faces him. After the volunteer picks up the plate to show the audience he'll put it down with the mark in a slightly different position. Using Sherlock's super-sense of observation, you too can mystify your friends.



Hunting With Conan Doyle

by Richard L. Kellogg

Arthur Conan Doyle, the British writer who created Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson, visited the United States for the first time in 1894. He came here from England for a lecture tour, sponsored by Major Pond, which took him from New York to Chicago and southeast to Washington, D.C. His adventures in America are beautifully described by Christopher Redmond in his "Welcome to America, Mr. Sherlock Holmes" (Simon and Pierre, Toronto, 1987).

During his journey, Conan Doyle spent several days hunting deer in the scenic Adirondack wilderness of New York. He stayed with his brother, Innes, at a camp called Bungalow Bay. This elegant lodge was located on the west side of Upper Saranac Lake.

Although they enjoyed their mountain retreat, Arthur and Innes did not ever see a deer during their October hunt. Since they were hunting in a sportsman's paradise, we can deduce that the Doyle brothers saw many other wild animals during their vacation in the North Woods.

The Problem: Below are the scrambled names of various animals which were plentiful in the Adirondack area at the time of Conan Doyle's visit. Rearrange the letters and discover how many of these animals you have seen.

- | | |
|-------------|--------------|
| 1. erab | 6. nikm |
| 2. norcaco | 7. sutakmr |
| 3. ofx | 8. ukskn |
| 4. btiabr | 9. vaerbe |
| 5. leruqsri | 10. mpknuhic |

(answers on page 23)



Slylock Fox and the Night Monster

by Stephen Dalton



The whole forest was in an uproar that morning, and for good reason. It seems that during the night everyone had heard the strange noises coming out of the deepest, thickest, darkest section of the forest, the area where no one lived and hardly anyone ever dared to enter. It had been said that it was a place haunted by spirits and even monsters, but none of us had really wanted to believe it until we heard the ghastly noises coming out of it that night.

All of us were gathered in front of Granny Squirrel's tree house, excited voices blending together as every animal described its own hair-raising version of what had broken the stillness of the night. The sounds had been loud enough that Dr. Weirdly had heard them from inside his castle; Sir Hound and Lady Hound had even been awakened in their mansion at the edge of the forest. Even I, Max Mouse, had felt a bit nervous after hearing the unearthly noises that had shattered the nocturnal calm.

The only resident of the forest who didn't seem affected by it all was my good friend, Slylock Fox. He stood to the side of the crowd, his arms folded, while everyone else chattered on about the vicious monster that had undoubtedly made the sounds. I was sure that he had the answer already----or, if he didn't, he soon would solve the mystery.

My friends would have gone on forever, hysterically imagining the immense size and the ferocity of the creature, had it not been for Chief Mutt barking at them to get their attention. As soon as everyone had calmed themselves enough to listen, he cleared his throat and turned to Slylock.

"Well?" he asked the brilliant detective, "Can you tell us what it was that disturbed us last night?"

"I do have some ideas," Slylock replied confidently.

"Then what was it?" Wanda Weasel shrieked, her eyes wide, "Tell us now, Slylock...what was it?"

"I cannot say just yet, Wanda. I have a theory, but I do not have the evidence to prove it."

"Big deal!" snorted Shady Shrew, "That means you really don't know what it was."

"No, I do not..." Slylock said, smiling, "But tonight I will. Tonight, I will go into that part of the forest and observe this so-called monster. Then tomorrow, I will have the proof I need."

"If you live through the night..." Dr. Weirdly added, grinning with delight at the thought of getting rid of his old enemy, "The monster might have you for dinner."

"Then we will know for certain that it is a monster, I suppose," Slylock shot back, "However, if I come out uneaten, then I shall bring this monster out with me." He turned to me. "Max... I want you to stay at the edge of the deep woods while I'm in there. If I do not come out at dawn tomorrow, then you must come in and search for me."

I gulped and stared back at him, not looking forward to my task but knowing that I would do it for my longtime companion, Slylock. I nodded to him and tried my best not to show my fear.

At twilight, I watched as Slylock walked into the deep thickets of the haunted part of the forest, armed only

with a flashlight and one of Granny Squirrel's famous blackberry pies. He disappeared into the shadowy gloom under the crooked, spooky-looking trees and was gone, seemingly swallowed up by the deepening darkness. I wondered if that would be the last I would ever see of my old friend.

Soon night fell, and clouds floated over the moon to turn everything black except for the tiny twinklings of fireflies. Outside of the mournful drone of crickets, the hooting of a solitary owl, and the occasional wail of a distant coyote, everything was silent. If the monster was in there, he certainly was taking his time before devouring Slylock.

Suddenly the sounds came, as loud and as terrifying as the night before. First was a weird, high-pitched, trembling cry, which quickly changed into the hysterical laughter of something surely gone mad. I jumped in horror, and I almost ran away----but I remembered my promise to Slylock, and I held my ground in spite of my terror.

Then came a loud, deep thumping, like a slow, giant heartbeat; it increased rapidly into a booming roll, almost a whir, then suddenly faded into silence. That horrible sound was followed by a long, mournful whinny, almost a scream but somewhat subdued. I was ready to make a run for it then, but I heard another noise that was so strange that I had to stop and make sure I had heard it right----it was the sound of a door creaking on rusty hinges. I knew that there were no tree houses in that part of the forest, but I had heard the

sound nevertheless, and that one puzzled me almost as much as it scared me.

I must have fallen asleep after the noises stopped, because the next thing I knew, it was morning. There, just behind me, were the citizens of our forest, all gazing expectantly at the thickets and twisted trees. The most disturbing thing was that Slylock was not among them.

"I knew it!" Dr. Weirdly exclaimed, grinning from ear to ear, "Slylock's dead...the monster ate him!"

"Oh no! Tiffany Fox cried, "Poor Slylock!"

"I thought I heard Slylock screaming in agony last night," Wanda Weasel offered, "That monster must have got him."

"Serves him right..." Shady Shrew chuckled, "That's what he gets, trying to play the hero."

"He is a hero," argued Granny Squirrel, "And I'm going to miss him terribly. Or should I say he was a hero..."

Her words were cut short by a rustling in the thickets of the deep forest. All eyes watched anxiously, each waiting to see what would emerge ---Slylock Fox or a hideous, blood-thirsty monster.

It was Slylock Fox, followed by several birds---one looked something like a duck, one like a plump chicken, and one like a gray-colored robin; the other was a white-faced owl. They all hopped and fluttered behind Slylock, then came to a halt beside him in front of the crowd.

"Here, my friends, is your monster ..." Slylock said, gesturing to the four newcomers, "Or rather, monsters."

"M-monster?" Chief Mutt gasped, "Why, they're just...just birds!"

"Exactly." Slylock nodded slowly. "These birds moved into our forest, just two nights ago. They were looking for a new home, and they figured that this area was isolated enough so that they would not impose upon anyone."

"But the sounds they made..." Granny Squirrel said, "Those weren't the sounds of any birds I've heard."

"These are nocturnal birds," Slylock explained, "And they're obviously new to the area." He pointed to the duck-like bird. "This fellow is certainly no monster...he's a common loon, normally found in the northern woodlands. He discovered a nice little pond and made himself at home...which means making his eerie but perfectly harmless cry which sounds like crazy laughter. And the thumping noise you heard..." He motioned to the plump chicken-like bird. "Was made by the ruffed grouse. What you heard was his display of territory or a call for a mate...it's not nearly as sinister as it sounds, and it's done by the beating of his wings in the air. And our owl friend here...he's known as a screech owl, although it's more of a soft wail than a screech. He's often been misunderstood, especially by the more superstitious human animals, who believe that his appearance is an omen of impending death. Actually, he's really quite useful, as his diet consists mostly of pests and vermin."

"But what about the creaking door?" Dr. Weirdly snarled, "It sounded like

the one in my dungeon...no bird could make that sound."

"Ah, but you're wrong again, Dr. Weirdly," Slylock replied, patting the robin-like bird on the head, "This creative little fellow is a mockingbird. His kind has been observed to imitate up to 39 bird songs and 50 bird calls. And some of them even have a sense of humor ...they've been known to mimic the chirping of a cricket, the barking of a dog, the meowing of a cat, the croaking of a frog...even mechanical sounds, such as the creaking of doors."

The mockingbird stepped up the crowd, opened its beak, then reproduced the noise of the creaking door, taking a bow to its audience as it stepped back.

"So you see..." Slylock said with a smile, "There is usually a reasonable explanation for most anything...all one has to do is investigate it. Things seem more mysterious at night, because it is dark and everything looks different then. One should never fear things that go bump in the night...or thump, or laugh, or wall...or even creak."



Edgar Worm's Valentine Mystery

by

Karen Gilpin

Edith and Agnes Spinner liked to walk every afternoon. They were friendly to everyone they met and always had a kind word to say. Every afternoon Otis Grimly walked too, but he always passed everyone without a word of any kind. After Edith and Agnes had passed Otis, Edith would say to Agnes, "If he ever spoke, it would surprise me so, I think I would faint."

It was the first week in February and Edgar decided to visit his cousin Booker at the library. They talked about the Spinner sisters and Otis Grimly and their daily walks. Edgar said, "Maybe Valentine's Day will change Otis. I've noticed that people are nicer to each other on that day. I have a theory. After a long winter, maybe Mr. Grimly needs something to get him in a happier mood. Valentine's Day might take his mind off of winter and onto the coming Spring. After all, Spring is full of life and love. So, Valentine's Day may be a way of saying good-bye to winter and hello to a new season."

Booker replied, "Interesting theory. Very possible. But what about the legends and traditions, such as hearts, candy, flowers, and Cupid shooting his arrows at people? Do you believe in that?"

Edgar thought a minute, then spoke, "I guess anything is possible - even Cupid. Let's discuss it as we go through the park. I could use some fresh air."

Edgar and Booker made their way to the park. As they went, their talk sometimes became loud. At one such moment, something came whizzing past them both. "What was that?" they both

cried. They looked around and saw the bushes moving. They went to the bush, and behind it was a little person with wings, carrying a bow and arrows.

"Hello," said Edgar. "Who are you and did you just shoot an arrow at us?" he continued.

"Yes, I did. I'm Cupid and that's what I'm supposed to do. I thought you two were fighting and I just wanted to get you to stop it with a friendship arrow. But as you can tell, my aim was off. It's been like that lately. I can't seem to hit anyone. My aim better improve, or this Valentine's Day isn't going to be a very happy one."

"This is amazing! You're real! You're not just a legend." said an astonished Edgar.

"Edgar, I think we should help Cupid figure out why he's missing everyone with his arrows. This may be a nice little mystery to solve." said Booker.

"I think you're right Booker. If we don't there may not be a Valentine's Day this year," said Edgar. Then he turned to Cupid. "We would like to help if we may. First we'll need to ask you some questions."

Edgar and Booker asked Cupid a lot of questions. Cupid answered them all. Then Edgar thought for a while. "I think I may have the answer," he said finally. "Cupid, you say that unless you're really close to the people, you can't hit them. When you are farther away, they look fuzzy. I think you need glasses. I'll give you the name of my eye doctor. See him today and you may be able to save Valentine's Day," he concluded.

"Yes, I'll try anything," said Cupid happily.

Edgar and Booker agreed to meet Cupid back in the park three days later. That's just what they did. Back in the park, they met an excited Cupid. "You were right. I'm near-sighted. The doctor gave me these glasses and I can see everything a lot better. Thanks Edgar and Booker. Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked.

"Well, there is one thing," said Edgar. "Every day Edith and Agnes Spinner take a walk. They are nice to everyone they meet. Otis Grimly walks every day too, but never says a word to them. Do you think you could hit Otis with a friendship arrow to make him nicer?"

"I sure can, now that I have my new glasses. That will be a great way to get things going for Valentine's Day," replied Cupid.

They waited in the bushes near the place where the Spinner sisters and Otis usually passed each other. They didn't have long to wait. They could see the sisters coming from up the street and Otis coming down the street. Cupid took careful aim and let the arrow fly. Mr. Grimly looked up just in time to see the sisters. Edith and Agnes both said hello as they usually did. This time however, Otis smiled and said, "Hello ladies. Lovely day for a walk."

Edith and Agnes looked at each other and just as Edith had always said she would - she fainted! Of course that drew quite a crowd. Everyone knew Edith and tried to help her - even Mr. Grimly. She was fine in a matter of minutes.

Meanwhile, Edgar and Booker were congratulating Cupid on a job well done. And Cupid thanked them for a problem well solved.

IT'S ELEMENTARY
-Our Answer Page-

The Return Of The Dancing Men (page 3)

Holmes figured that each number stood for a letter. For the letter A they would use the number 1, for B use 2, etc. The message read: "The diamonds are here. It turned out that the diamonds were in a statue of Napoleon.

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

Our wee mystery person is a Leprechaun. Sherlock Holmes solved this puzzle with just one clue (#8). Dr. Watson did pretty good on this one for it only took him two clues (#3 & #4). Inspector Lestrade is getting better since he figured out the answer in three clues (#2, #3, & #5).

"The Game's A-Foot!" (pages 8 & 9)

The proper sequence for the action text, from left to right - top to bottom is: 7, 2, 5, 6, 4, 8, 9, 3, 1

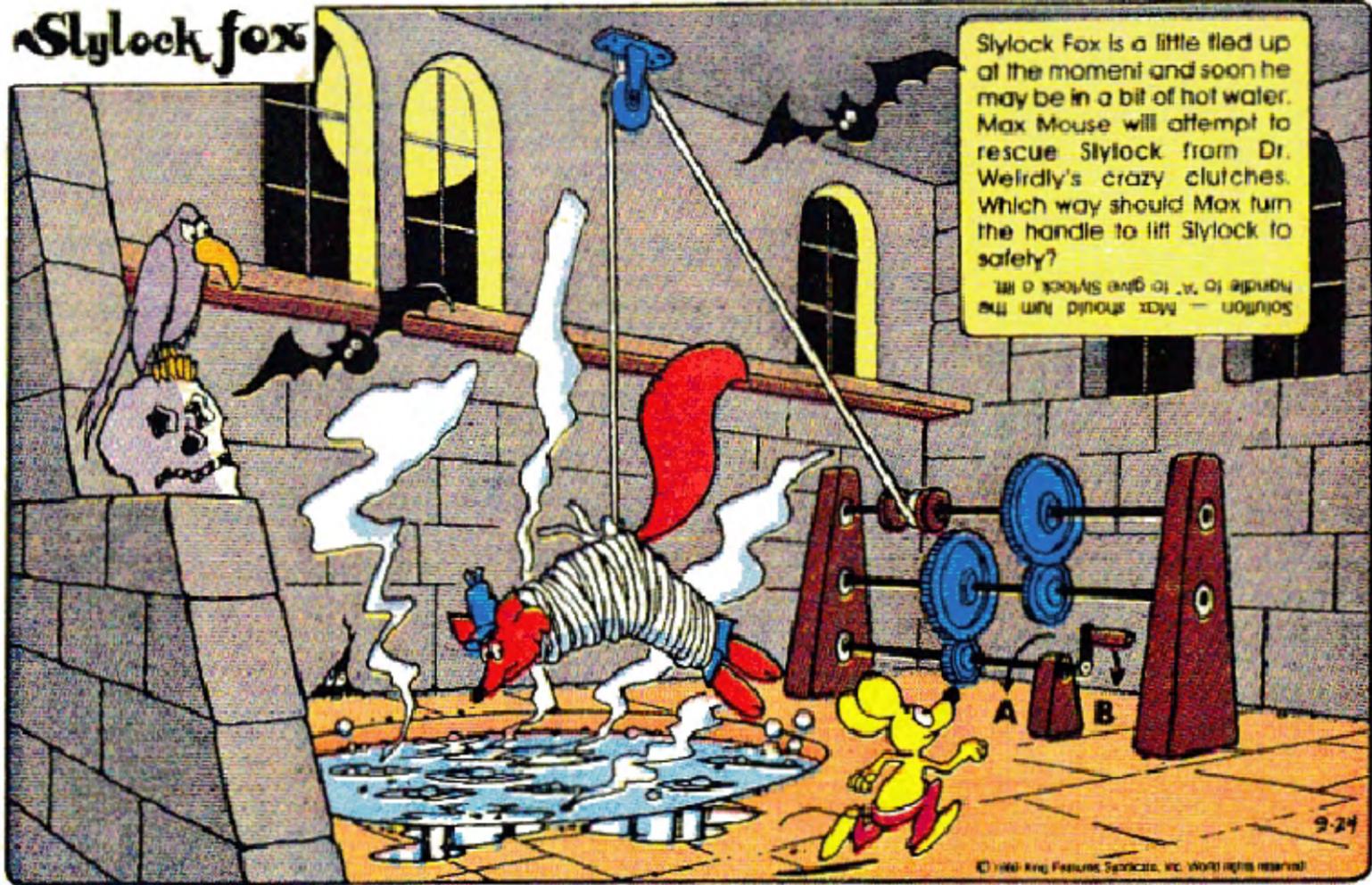
"Hunting With Conan Doyle" (page 11)

- | | |
|-------------|--------------|
| 1. bear | 6. mink |
| 2. raccoon | 7. muskrat |
| 3. fox | 8. skunk |
| 4. rabbit | 9. beaver |
| 5. squirrel | 10. chipmunk |

COME, WADDLESON!
THE WORM
HAS TURNED!



Slylock fox



Slylock Fox is a little tied up at the moment and soon he may be in a bit of hot water. Max Mouse will attempt to rescue Slylock from Dr. Weirldy's crazy clutches. Which way should Max turn the handle to lift Slylock to safety?

Solution — Max should turn the handle to "A" to give Slylock a lift.

Color Sherhawk and his companion

