



VOL. 3 NO. 5

HOLMES

FOR THE HOLIDAYS



FOR THE YOUNG MYSTERY FAN

WELCOME TO HOLMES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

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CREDITS

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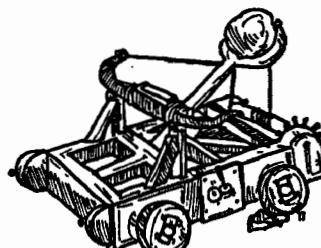
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BILLY'S PAGE

As is our custom, we have dedicated this summer issue to another literary creation of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Although he is best known as the creator of Sherlock Holmes, Conan Doyle's favorite historical adventure is set in the Middle Ages and details the exploits of Sir Nigel Loring and his squire as they seek to join "The White Company". This novel brings to life a medieval world of chivalry and stirring adventures that will delight readers of all ages!



THE MANGONEL, OR CATAPULT, A
SIEGE WEAPON THAT COULD HURL AN
OBJECT WEIGHING UP TO 200 POUNDS
AT THE CASTLE'S WALLS

We are delighted to share with our readers the art of Troy Taylor (of Decatur, IL). He has sketched a few items that were commonly used during Sir Nigel's adventures. Thanks, Troy, for this informative look at medieval times.



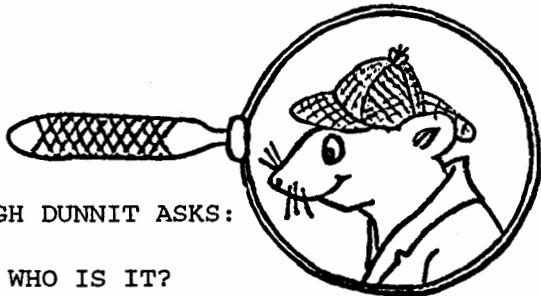
BECAUSE OF ITS
WEIGHT AND CUTTING
ABILITY, THE BATTLE AX WAS
A DEADLY WEAPON



THE FLAILING STAFF
WAS A MIGHTY SAW.
IT WAS STUDDED WITH SPURS,
THAT WAS SWUNG ON A CHAIN FROM A
WOODEN HANDLE



THE HELM
A FLAT-TOPPED
HELMET THAT GAVE THE
WEARER SOLID PROTECTION BUT
LITTLE VISIBILITY



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 believe a man's home is his castle.
- 2) Although I performed many noble deeds by day, I'm best remembered for my knights.
- 3) Walt Disney made a feature animated film about my early life.
- 4) I lived on a large island in Europe.
- 5) Merlin the magician was my chief advisor.
- 6) As son of Uther Pendragon, I united all of England under one rule.
- 7) My sword, Excalibur, was presented to me by the Lady of the Lake.
- 8) My home "Camelot", my wife "Guinevere", my best friend "Lancelot", and my quest for "The Holy Grail" - are all a part of my legend.

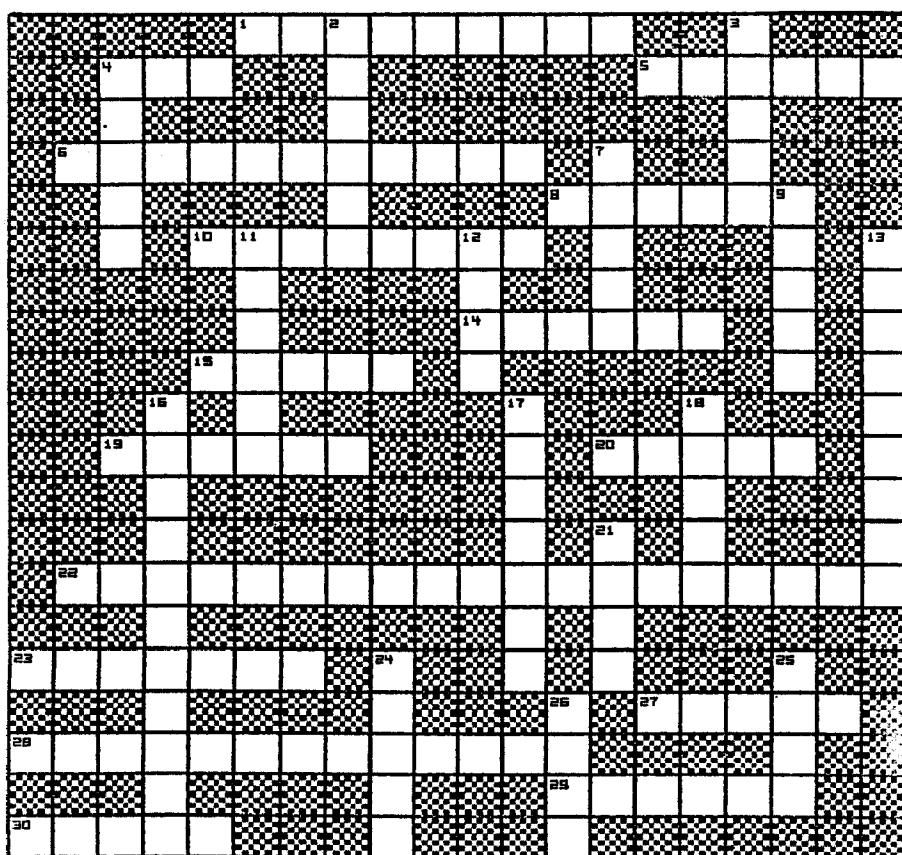


An "ELM"entary Puzzle

by Allison Urias grade 6

The Shadows of the Elm

Albuquerque, NM



ACROSS CLUES

1. HOLMES HOUSEKEEPER
4. OVER THE OAK
5. THE HOLMES STORIES ARE A ----- OF 60.
6. THE HOUND OF THE -----
8. MRS. LEXINGTON HAS THIS
10. ----- HOLMES
14. HELEN AND JULIA -----
15. HOLMES IS THIS
19. HOLMES ACCOMPLICE
20. YOU READ THESE
22. AUTHOR OF HOLMES STORIES
23. HOLMES SOLVES THESE
27. ----- STONER
28. THIS WAS IN THE GOOSE
29. HOLMES HARDLY EVER DOES THIS TO A PERSON
30. BLACK-----

DOWN CLUES

2. HOLMES IS A PROBLEM -----.
3. MISDEED
4. SPECKLED BAND
7. MISS STONER
8. THE ENGINEER'S -----
11. SHERLOCK -----
12. THE ---BOOK OF SHERLOCK HOLMES
13. HOLMES'S PROFESSION
16. HOLMES'S ADDRESS
17. GRIMESBY -----
18. SIR HUGO SAW THIS
21. HORNER WAS PUT HERE WRONGLY
24. EVIDENCE
25. OLDACRE SET ONE OF THESE
26. DECEASED

(answers on page 35)

ANGELA
the GREAT
DETECTIVE
and BUSTER
the SLEUTH-
HOUND IN...

HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER VACATION, OR

THE ADVENTURE OF

THE SPECKLED SIDEWINDER

WITHOUT THE RATTLE

I WAS CALLED TO
PICKLE-DILLY
CIRCUS TO SOLVE
A MOST BAFFLING
CRIME!!!

UNIVERSAL
BALLOON CO.
EST. 1895

TO SHERLOCK
HOLMES'S LONDON

A TRAIL OF CLUES
LED ME AND MY DISGUISED
ASSISTANT TO ROYLOTT'S
GIANT SNAKE PIT.

SEE
THE WORLD'S
BIGGEST
SNAKE
(NECESSIRE)
CLOSED

SSSSSSSS
YOU FELL
RIGHT INTO MY
TRAP, MY DEAR
LITTLE DETECTIVE...
THIS IS THE END
FOR YOU!
SIC HER, TEDDY

OH OH
HA HA HA

SOMEONE HAD STOLEN
THE CIRCUS LION'S HAIR-DO!

THE VILLIANOUS ROYLOTT WAS MIXING UP
A NEW BATCH OF HIS SECRET HAIR-LOSS
FORMULA WHEN...

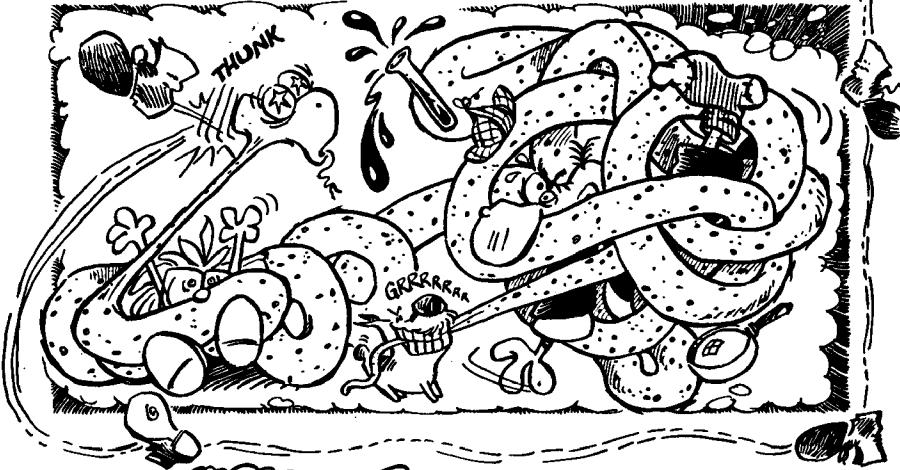
WELCOME, YOU LITTLE

GASP!

MY BARITSU TRAINING
CAME IN HANDY
THAT DAY

HAI!!
YA!!

GULP



J. Decker

B.S.I.



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"THE ADVENTURES OF THE GREAT MOUSE DETECTIVE"

Production Information

There's action, mystery and comedy afoot when super sleuth Basil of Baker Street returns to match wits with his old nemesis, Professor Ratigan, and challenge his diabolical scheme to become the "supreme ruler of all mousedom" in Walt Disney Pictures' delightful animated comedy caper, "The Adventures of the Great Mouse Detective." Basil embarks on the greatest case of his career when London's master toymaker is mysteriously kidnapped and the ingenious detective smells a rat named Ratigan as the perpetrator. Employing a variety of "mouse-querades" and some elementary logic, Basil pursues his rat rival from the depths of London's sewers to the dizzying heights of Big Ben's clocktower, resulting in one of the most entertaining and

fast-paced animated adventures ever captured on film. The breathtaking climax, set against the meshing gears of the giant clock, remains one of the most complex, innovative and exciting sequences ever attempted in animation.

"The Adventures of the Great Mouse Detective" was Disney's 26th full length animated feature and, at the time of its initial release in 1986, signalled the beginning of a new period of productivity and experimentation for animation at the studio. Since that time, Disney animation has attracted larger audiences than ever before with such acclaimed films as "Oliver & Company" (1988), "The Little Mermaid" (1989), "The Rescuers Down Under" (1990) and "Beauty and the Beast" (1991). Additionally, the studio's animation department has greatly expanded to meet it's goal of releasing a new feature every year.

A team of 125 artists--including 23 character animators, four supervising animators, five effects animators and eight background artists--spent more than one year bringing Basil and company to the screen. During the production, the animators let their imaginations run wild, adding inventive gags and humorous antics so that each scene would be better and funnier than what appeared on the storyboards they were working from.

A top animator, Mark Henn, revealed, "As animators, we are the actors. It is our job to take the various drawings and bring them to life. The characters in this film were so appealing that it just made our jobs a lot easier."

"The Adventures of the Great Mouse Detective" was released on July 17th on home video. Be sure to check your local video store so you won't miss this great "mouse-tery" from Walt Disney Pictures.

The Mystery Of Magic

DIVINING DETECTIVES

The Effect:

A brand new pack of cards is unwrapped, shuffled by a spectator who then chooses any card (without showing it) and puts it face down on the table. The magician (you!) covers the card with a drawing of the master of deduction, Sherlock Holmes. While thinking about the mystery, your eyes and Sherlock's roll from side to side. Then your assistant, Holmes, gives you the clue you need to announce the name of the hidden card.

What You Need:

A pack of cards, a piece of white poster board cut to 5-by-6 1/2 inches, a pair of scissors, a black marking pen, double-faced transparent tape (sticky on both sides) and the left over poster board.

Making Your Props:

After sketching Holmes (see drawing A) on the front of the piece of poster board, cut out two ovals where the eyes are located. Glue 3 - 1" x 6" strips of poster board on top of each other (make 2 sets) and then fasten them (see drawing B) to the back of your picture card above and below the holes you have cut for the eyes. Cut another strip of poster board 5" long to fit between these two ridges, so that it will slide from left to right easily and lay it in place. Glue a final strip 3" wide and 4" long to the ridges only, so that the 5" strip still moves freely, but is trapped under this strip. Now push the 5" strip to the right, turn the card over, and draw two black dots to represent the pupils of the eyes, but simulating the eyes looking to the left. Face the card away from you and while viewing over the top, experiment with slowly sliding the 5" eye

strip back and forth (see drawing C).. The impression you want to give is that Sherlock is thinking deeply and glancing to the left and right. Practice while facing a mirror, and you will be able to match your assistant's movements for a comedy effect. Turn the picture card back over and stick an inch-long strip of double-faced tape in the middle of the 4" strip, about where Sherlock's nose is.

The Trick:

This trick should be done close up. Sit across a table from your spectator.

Ask him to shuffle the pack of cards. Then ask him to take out any card, look at it, remember it, and place it face down on the table. Turn your head so you won't see his card.

"This is Sherlock Holmes, my assistant," you say. Hold up the drawing of Sherlock. "He's always right on top of things." Place the drawing faceup on top of the card.

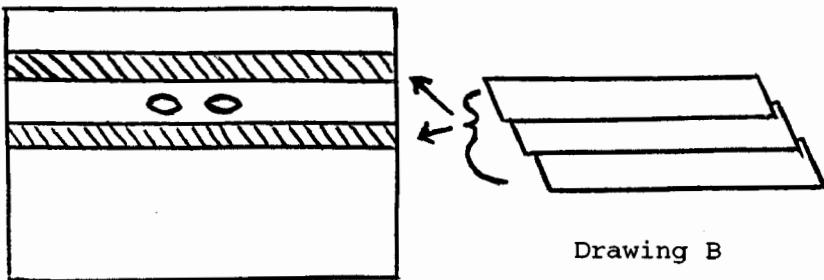
Tap Sherlock's nose with a finger, pressing hard enough to stick the card to the double-faced tape on the back of the poster board. Instruct the spectator: "Just look right into Sherlock's eyes and think of your card."

Keeping the bottom edge of the poster board on the table, lift the edge nearest you and slowly slide the eyes of Sherlock left and right, while doing the same with your eyes. While saying, "Just keep your eyes on his eyes," you secretly glance at the back. As soon as you see what card it is, drop the picture flat and say, "You can see from his expression that he has deduced your card is... (announce the name of the card)."

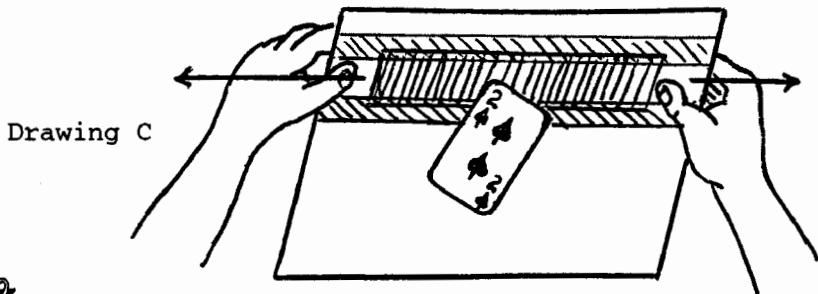
Tilt the drawing up a little with your left hand and bring your right hand under to flick the card free of the tape. Lift the picture away with your left hand, pick up the card with your right and turn it faceup. You and Holmes have done it again!



Drawing A



Drawing B



Drawing C

THE
MYSTERY
OF
CASTLE
BORDEAUX

BY
STEPHEN
DALTON

ILLUSTRATED
BY
TROY TAYLOR

TROY TAYLOR

He pressed hard against the closed door, trying his best to fade into the darkness of the recessed doorway. Their footsteps sounded off the stone floor as they walked by, weapons drawn and ready. He could see their shadows on the corridor wall as the two of them passed, the shapes flickering eerily from the wavering torchlight. Waiting until the sound of their footsteps faded, he took a deep breath and eased out into the dim corridor.



...now what do I do? he thought, near panic; how do I get out of here? And how did I get here in the first place? When I went to sleep, I was in my room at home...now I'm stuck in here, somehow, and they're after me ...whoever they are...

"Halt, knave!" came a voice from his rear, echoing off the damp walls, "Hold, or you shall pay dearly!"

He was just about to make a desperate run for it when he spotted two more sentries coming around the corner ahead of him. It was no use; he was trapped, and he saw no need to make his situation any worse by angering four armed men.

Stopping in the corridor, he hung his head and waited for his pursuers to surround him. He was immediately seized by the arms and led away through the maze of dreary, torch-lit corridors.

"Take him to Sir Nigel," said the one who appeared to be in charge, "He will know what to do with him. Just what we need..." he snorted, "Another sorcerer to deal with."

"This one will no doubt end up where the other one did," one of the soldiers said, "in the dungeon."

He kept his silence as they moved along, trying to come up with some sort of plan to save his young skin as he did his best to figure out just how he had gotten into such a mess. Nothing at all made any sense as he reflected upon the recent turn of events---- how he had gone to sleep in his bedroom the night before, just like every night, and how he had awakened the next morning in the same bedroom, as always. The sun had been streaming through his window with the promise of another fine summer's day, and he had hopped out of bed and opened his bedroom door, fully expecting to go downstairs to the kitchen and

eat the breakfast that his mother always prepared for him.

Still dressed in his pajamas, he walked through the doorway. Something made him stop dead in his tracks as soon as he stepped out ----the hallway was dark, in spite of the sunshine outside, and his bare feet touched a damp, cold stone surface instead of the carpet he was accustomed to.

He had gone back into his room and sat on his bed for a few minutes, trying to compose himself and figure out what had happened to the rest of his house during the night. All of a sudden, the familiar hallway outside his bedroom door had somehow been transformed into a dark, musty stone corridor----and reason as he might, he couldn't understand how or why it had taken place. He pinched himself on the arm for reassurance that he wasn't dreaming.

Knowing that he couldn't just sit on his bed forever and worry about the strange transformation outside his room, he got up and moved again toward the door. Opening it slowly, he cautiously stuck his head out into the darkness, glancing in both directions.

"What!" came a voice from the hallway, "Who are you?"

He stared, open-mouthed, at a man dressed in a metal helmet and a full suit of chain mail armor. The stranger eyed him suspiciously, suddenly placing a hand on the sword in his scabbard.

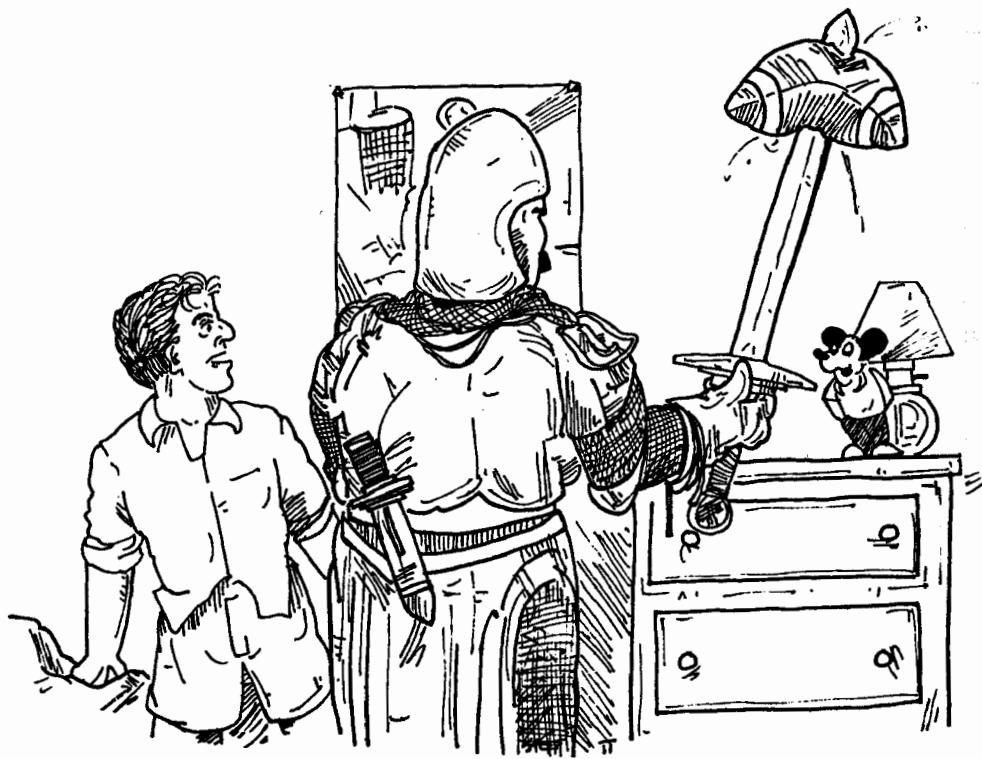
Stifling a scream, he shot back inside his bedroom, slamming the door shut behind him. Just as quickly as he had slammed it, the door came flying back open, propelled by a powerful kick. He backed away from the doorway, terrified at the angry soldier who entered his bedroom and glared at him.

The soldier looked around the room, then back at him. "This is a sorcerer's den..."

the man muttered, pulling out his sword.
"You are an agent of the dark world, are you not?"

"N-no..." he replied in a quivering voice, "I'm just plain Marty, that's all. And this is only my b-bedroom. I'm no sorcerer, I s-swear it."

The armored intruder began moving around Marty's bedroom, carefully poking at everything with the point of his sword, as if he expected something to jump out at him. When he opened the closet door and peeked inside, Marty saw his chance.



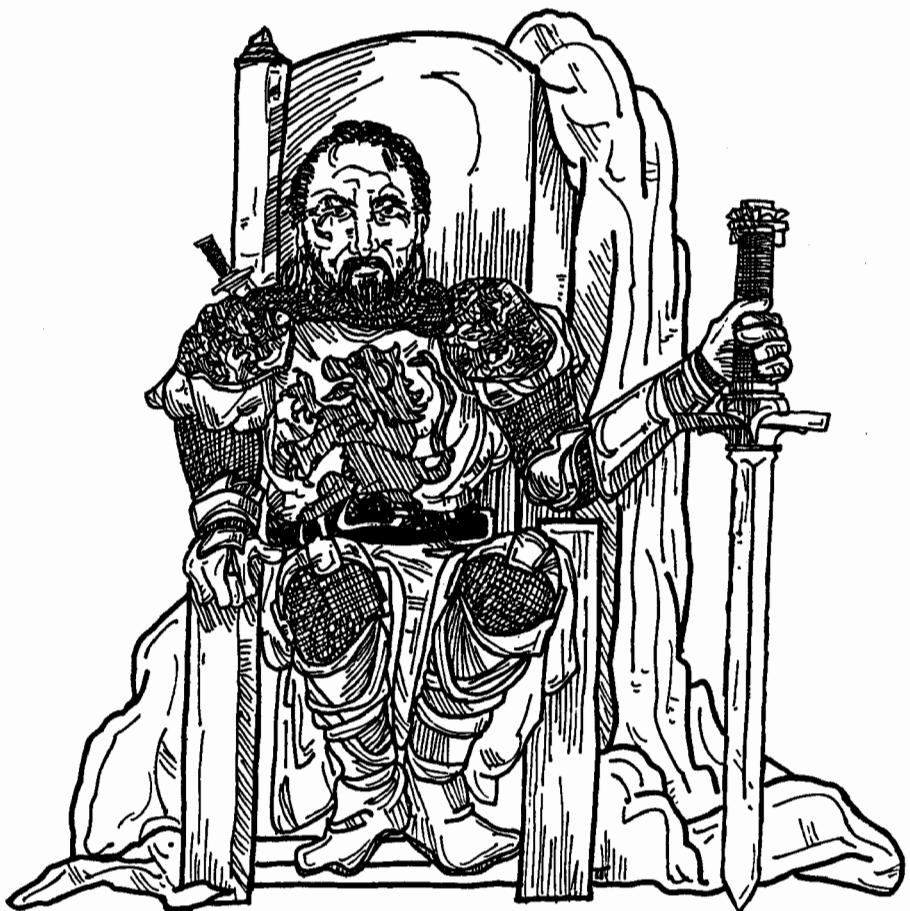
He bolted out of the room, and the soldier instantly sounded the alarm. His moment of freedom had been brief, however. Now they had him, and now they were taking him through the deep, dark recesses of what appeared to be a castle.

It was all much too confusing for him. What had happened to the rest of his home? Where were his parents? How did everything outside his bedroom door become a mysterious, creepy castle over-night? And, worst of all, how was he to get out of this mess? He had no answers to any of his questions, nor did he see any way that he could get them in the near future. It all looked totally hopeless to him.

They climbed up a long, narrow, torch-lit stairway, then halted in front of a heavy wooden door. One of the soldiers knocked twice with his armored fist, then stood back and waited. The door creaked open, throwing a swath of light upon them. Marty squinted through the brightness as they led him through the doorway, wondering what he would have to face next.

The room that they stepped into was a large, high-ceilinged chamber, with tall, narrow windows lining both walls; there was a throne at the far end, and on that throne sat a man with an obvious air of importance about him, with soldiers flanking both sides. The man, who Marty guessed to be some sort of high nobility, wore a suit of armor, like the rest, but without the helmet. On his white tunic was a picture of a red lion. Marty was immediately pulled up in front of the throne, where the soldiers released their hold on him and stood silently behind.

"I am Sir Nigel Loring," the man on the throne said, eyeing Marty's pajamas. "I am a knight of King Edward, and I am commander of the renowned White Company, the finest de-



tachment of fighting men in all of England. I am presently in control of this castle, having wrestled it from the French dog Du-Guesclin, and I intend to keep it at all costs until English reinforcements arrive... we have conquered these French lands for our king and for the glory of England." He paused, studying Marty intently. "I cannot discern which flag you are under, lad...your uniform is not familiar to me."

These are pajamas...Sire," Marty said sheepishly. "I was sleeping in my bed this morning, and when I woke up, I was....here." He swallowed hard. "please tell me, Sire, where I am...and when."

Sir Nigel gave him a curious look. "My men-at-arms tell me that you appear to be a sorcerer of some kind. Perhaps you have turned the dark arts upon yourself, if you cannot know the time or the place."

Marty suddenly had an idea; he wondered if being thought of as a sorcerer might help him. "Sire...would it please you if I was a sorcerer...or would it displease you?"

"It depends upon where your allegiance lies," Sir Nigel replied, watching him carefully. "If you are loyal to England, then perhaps I can use you. If not..."

"I am indeed a sorcerer," Marty said quickly, now trying to figure out just how he might be able to prove his claim in the future, "And I will gladly serve you and your king against...uh, did you say it was the French you're fighting?"

"Your memory has indeed left you, lad," Sir Nigel said, shaking his head slowly. "At this time, we are in possession of Castle Bordeaux of French soil, the very castle that we captured under siege only a fortnight ago. But we are now surrounded by the French armies and their allies, the Spaniards of Castile. I have locked an evil French sorcerer in the dungeons below, so that he cannot aid my enemies by working his black arts against me...though I wonder if perhaps he has done so already. In short, I am in dire need of your magic to help me through the bleak situation that I now find myself in."

"Sure..." Marty said, hoping that the uncertainty in his voice wouldn't show, "I'll do whatever I can, Sire. Just one thing,

though...now that I know where I am, can you tell me when?"

"It is the year of Our Lord 1366, lad." Sir Nigel paused. "What troubles me is that you cannot tell me the year or the place in which you find yourselfhow are you to assist me against my enemy army and a powerful evil sorcerer? I need to witness a display of your powers, lad, or I cannot believe that you are indeed a sorcerer. True, you dress like no other I have seen..." He nodded at Marty's pajamas and bare feet. "But I otherwise find it difficult to believe that you can work magic. I need proof, lad, or I cannot believe that you can influence my fortunes. If you are no sorcerer, then I have no choice but to rid myself of you."

"Uh..." Marty had to think quickly now; he didn't really want to find out just how Sir Nigel would "rid" himself of him. "Uh, Sire...if you would allow me to return to my room, I could get some of my magic and bring it back. Then I could show you just how talented I am."

Sir Nigel thought for a moment. "Very well...take the lad to the room where his magic devices are stored. But do hurry...the enemy is now preparing to lay siege to us, and we must prepare something quickly or all is lost. The White Company is greatly outnumbered, and the enemy sorcerer in the dungeon below us is no doubt conjuring some sort of evil spell against us as I speak. We have little time and much danger facing us."

He was again escorted by the soldiers through the dimly-lit passageways of the castle, this time without their chain-mailed grips on him. He was hoping that he could find some miracle of Twentieth Century technology in his room to impress Sir Nigel enough to buy some time for himself and maybe even save his life. He didn't know how or

why he got to the Fourteenth Century or how he would get out, but he figured that as long as he was there, it would be far better to be there alive than the alternative.

When he spied the open doorway to his room, he could see the sunlight pouring from it, a strange sight considering that the room was supposed to be in the dark depths of Castle Bordeaux. He rushed inside and searched frantically for anything he could use to somehow save his skin.

First he grabbed a red marker and a notebook, desperate for anything that hadn't yet been invented in Medieval times, hoping that it would be magical enough. Then his eyes fell upon the battery-powered bullhorn that his policeman uncle had given him a few years ago for his birthday. He picked it up and put it under his arm, certain that if the marker failed that would do the trick; he silently hoped that the battery was still good.

Before he left the room, he glanced out the window. To his astonishment, everything outside his bedroom window appeared to be the same as before-----the paved street, the cars, the green lawns, neighbors out doing chores, children playing. He started to try to reason this bizarre turn of events, but figured it was the same as the rest of the predicament in which he found himself. None of it had made any sense all morning, so why should this be any different?

He had a brief thought of opening the window and jumping to his escape. But the soldiers in the room were watching him carefully, though they seemed to be as amazed as he was by the strange scene outside his bedroom window. So Marty decided not to risk it, since he figured that the soldiers' swords could kill him as easily in this century as any other.

When they returned to Sir Nigel, all eyes in the room were upon Marty. He placed the bull horn on the floor, opened up his notebook to a blank page, took the cap off the marker, and raised both hands in the air to add to the effect, saying in as dramatic a voice as he could manage: "Sire, I will now demonstrate to you the awesome range of my incredible powers. With this magic wand in my hand, I will write on this paper with my own blood, extracted from my fingertips as I write. And when I have finished writing, the blood flow will instantly stop, with no sign of punctures or scars on my finger." There were muffled whispers around the room as the soldiers began buzzing about his unbelievable proposal.



He proceeded to print, in large, bold strokes, his full name on the paper. For added effect, he dotted the page with red marks to make it appear that some of his blood had dripped upon it. Then he put the cap on the marker and held the paper up for all to see. The onlookers, including Sir Nigel, all gasped in unison.

"Behold my magic!" Marty shouted, showing his hand free of any bloodstains. "Is this not the work of a powerful sorcerer?"

"It is indeed wondrous!" exclaimed Sir Nigel, his eyes wide, "My apologies for doubting your skills in the black arts. I can see now that you shall be of great use to me...you and only you can save the White Company in its hour of peril."

"No problem..." Marty said confidently, picking up his bullhorn from the floor, "And with this device, I shall frighten your enemies so that they will never return to this castle again."

"Splendid!" Sir Nigel smiled. "And what is your name, my good sorcerer? How shall we address you?"

"You can call me Marty the Magnificent ...yeah, that'll do, I guess."

"The lad is a fake!" said a stern, booming voice to his side; he whirled to see an old man with a white beard and a robe, glaring at him with menacing eyes. "Any simple, lowly magician could perform that trick. He is no sorcerer."

"Oh yeah?" Marty tried to meet his glare, but he had to look away. "Who...who are you?"

"I am Lecompte, of the Castle Bordeaux. And I am a true sorcerer, with true powers. Your cheap magic cannot stand next to my real feats of sorcery."

"Then we will have to see," Sir Nigel said; he looked at Marty. "This is the evil French sorcerer, the one we have kept in the dungeons below. If your powers are greater than his, then you can indeed assist the White Company."

He turned to Lecompte. "We shall put the two of you to the test, evil one. If



Marty the Magnificent can defeat you, then it is back to your dungeon."

"And if I defeat this young whelp...then what?" Lecompte asked.

"Then you shall have your freedom," Sir Nigel replied, "And the other shall take your place in the dungeon."

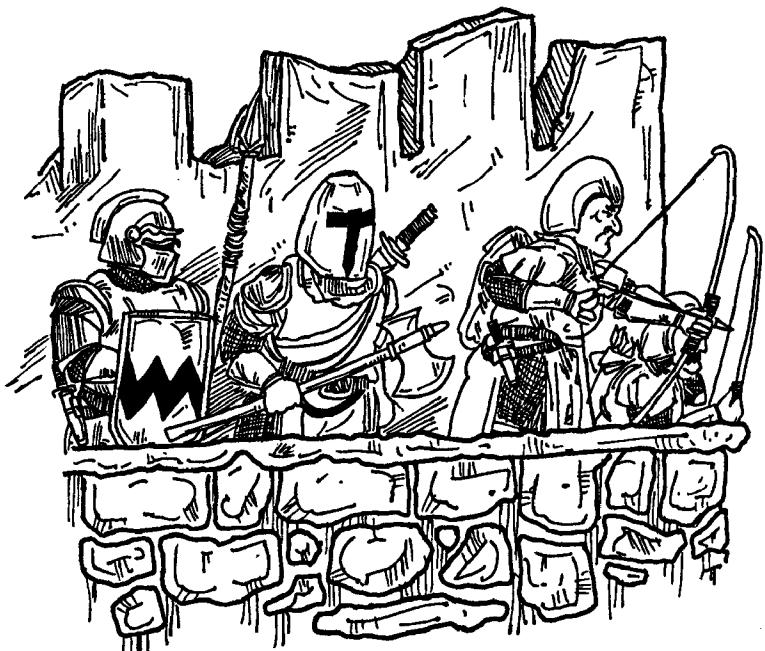
Now Marty was beginning to worry. He wasn't sure just how much power Lecompte had, but he was absolutely certain just how little he himself possessed. His only chance was for the bullhorn to outdo anything his opponent had up his sleeve. He didn't believe in magic or any kind of superstition, but he had never before imagined that the rest of his home could be transferred to Medieval times overnight, either, so anything was possible now. In any case, he suspected that Lecompte would be able to put on a good show of some kind, with all the experience the old sorcerer was sure to have behind him.

"Very well..." Lecompte said, still staring at Marty, "Prepare yourself for the dungeons, lad, for you have no chance to defeat me. I will now reveal to you what the powers of a true sorcerer can be..." He raised both of his hands into the air, his white, bony fingers pointed directly at Marty.

Suddenly there was a blare of trumpets from outside. All heads shot just as suddenly toward the direction of the sound, everyone instantly springing into movement.

"Our enemy attacks!" Sir Nigel shouted, grabbing his helmet and putting it on his head, "Return the French sorcerer to the dungeons at once," he said to the guards. "The other goes with me." He held his sword high. "Soldiers of the White Company...the hour of our destiny is nigh! To the ramparts, my good men! We shall defend this

castle to the last drop of our blessed English blood!"



Marty followed Sir Nigel and his men out of the room and toward the outside walls, amid the clatter of armor, swords, lances, and shields. When they reached the ramparts, he watched as the archers of the White Company lined the walls, readying their longbows as they peered down below; the men-at-arms took positions behind them, ready to use their swords if the enemy should breach the defenses. There, below them, were the ranks of the French and Spanish soldiers, all armed to the teeth and ready to charge. It looked to Marty as if there were hundreds, maybe even thousands, of them.

"Now you must summon your most powerful magic," Sir Nigel said to him as they scanned the troops below, "We have but six score at the most, and they have a multitude. Our

valiant men cannot hold out long against such great numbers... the White Company shall not survive this assault without your help."

"English invaders!" a voice rang out from the mass of armored men on the ground below. "We offer you the opportunity to surrender. If you accept, you face mere imprisonment instead of death. If you do not accept, we will show no mercy...our weapons will drip with English blood."

"We of the White Company will strike no bargains, DuGuesclin," Sir Nigel growled. "We are fighting men ...and I am a knight of King Edward, sworn to battle for his honor and the English crown. We shall fight you to the death!"

"Then die, scoundrels!" DuGuesclin shouted up to him. "Castle Bordeaux shall be ours before nightfall!"

A resounding cheer sounded from the ranks of soldiers below, erupting into a near-deafening roar. Ladders were moved up to the front, poised for the assault. The English archers readied the arrows on their longbows, while the men-at-arms fingered the hilts of their swords in anticipation of the great battle to come.

"It is time for you to wield your magic." Sir Nigel said to Marty. "Deliver us from the peril at hand, young sorcerer."

Marty gulped and turned on the power switch to his bullhorn, raising it to his dry lips. He hoped for all he was worth that the batteries were good and that his ruse would somehow work.

"Enemies of the English crown..." he slowly said into the bullhorn. His voice blasted out over all the other noise; instantly all movement stopped below, every helmeted head upturned with every eye wide open in disbelief at the booming voice above. "I am Marty the Magnificent, and I am the

supreme foe of France and Castile. Beware, for I have deadly powers far beyond anything you can even imagine." He could see by the expressions on the faces below that they were more than impressed, contagious fear spreading quickly through them; he was suddenly beginning to enjoy himself.

"Either you retreat from this castle and leave the White Company in peace ..." Marty went on, pausing for a more dramatic effect, "or I will turn each and every one of you into toads...slimy, wart-covered, nasty little toads!"



That seemed to do the trick. He watched carefully as DuGuesclin stared, horrified, up at him; it was clear to Marty already that he had won. The French leader looked around rapidly, uncertainty on his face. But he didn't need to make any decision---a murmur-

ing ripple swept through the ranks of his men, then a sudden movement backward. The murmurs turned into an allout wail of panic, and the mass of armor and weapons suddenly reeled away from the castle walls, the enemy soldiers rushing away like stampeding cattle.

The men of the White Company cheered as they watched their opponents flee into the surrounding forest. Marty waved his bullhorn in the air in a triumphant gesture as the admiring English soldiers lifted him to their shoulders and carried him back into the castle. That was when the celebration in his honor began in the great hall, lasting well into the night.

At one point during the revelry, a toast for Marty was proposed by Sir Nigel. "Marty the Magnificent..." he began, beaming in delight, "You have saved the honor of the White Company and of King Edward himself with your single-handed victory over our enemies...and you have prevented the spilling of English blood. We are forever grateful, and you shall always find yourself welcome with the White Company." He handed him a silver chalice, the ornately-finished cup sparkling in the torchlight. "Please accept this gift as spoils of your victory, brave sorcerer ...and please also accept our offer of honorable membership in the renowned White Company."

"I do accept all that you offer me, Sir Nigel," Marty replied, taking the glittering chalice amid the roar of approval surrounding him.

Later that night, he returned to his bedroom, this time with no guards accompanying him. He looked out his window, and there was his front lawn and the street bathed in the warm glow of a streetlight, just as it had always been. Now he had a decision to make---either open the window, crawl out, and return to his previous life, or stay with

the White Company, remain a hero, and face countless new adventures in the year 1366. He was strongly drawn both ways, but he knew that he would choose to return to where he had always been and where he truly belonged. But he would be sure to take along the beautiful silver chalice as a souvenir.

He took one step toward the window, then had to suddenly stop. A puff of blue fog appeared from nowhere, blocking his path. The fog changed to a hazy human form, then solidified into the figure of the sorcerer Lecompte.

"Fool!" the old sorcerer rasped, his fierce eyes seeming to bore right through him, "Impudent whelp! How dare you attempt to upstage me with your cheap trickery...now I will show you the powers of a true sorcerer!"

Marty backed away slowly, his mouth gaping in pure horror, as Lecompte instantly changed into a green, scale-covered dragon. A stream of flame shot from the monster's mouth and seared just past him, igniting the sheets on his bed. Marty could do nothing but try to shrink into a corner of the room as the menacing dragon moved slowly toward him.

"Now you shall pay..." the sorcerer's voice spoke from between the dragon's razor-sharp teeth, "I am going to roast you, bit by bit, with my fire... beginning with your toes."

He screamed as the dragon's talons suddenly enclosed him in their cold, clammy grasp. He saw its huge, serpentine head dip down toward his feet, and he closed his eyes as he felt the flames begin to lick at his bare toes. He was far too terrified to scream again...

"Young man!" said a voice that seemed to come from far away.. "Young man...do you hear me?"

He fluttered open his eyes and gazed, confused, at the face of an elderly woman; she appeared to be quite perturbed about something.

"The library is not a place to sleep, young man," she said, shaking a finger at him. "If you're that tired, then go home and go to bed. Your snoring is disturbing the other patrons."

"Y-yes, ma'am..." he said groggily, trying to shake himself from his daze, "Uhs-sorry."

He glanced down at the book in his lap and right away saw the words "Sir Nigel" and "Castle Bordeaux" on the printed page. Closing the book quickly, he read the title on the cover----The White Company, by Arthur Conan Doyle.

Suddenly his mind flooded with memories as he once again focused on reality---he remembered now how he had come to the library earlier that afternoon, looking for something to read by his favorite author, Conan Doyle, and had noticed The White Company on the shelves. He had read most of Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes stories before, and had even delved into other characters, such as Professor Challenger and Brigadier Girard, but this was one he hadn't yet discovered. Then he had sat down and begun to read it, thrilling at the feats of Sir Nigel Loring and his courageous White Company battling on French and Spanish soil. Apparently, he now realized, he had read much too long and had tired his eyes, falling asleep in the chair and dreaming himself into the adventures.

He got up from the chair and headed back to the shelves to replace the book, somewhat disappointed that his experiences with the

White Company had all been just a dream. Sighing heavily, he raised the book up to the empty spot where it had been before.

Gasping in surprise, he recoiled as if he had been bitten by a snake. There, sitting on the shelf in place of where The White Company had been, was a shiny silver chalice.



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

A

A1

B

C

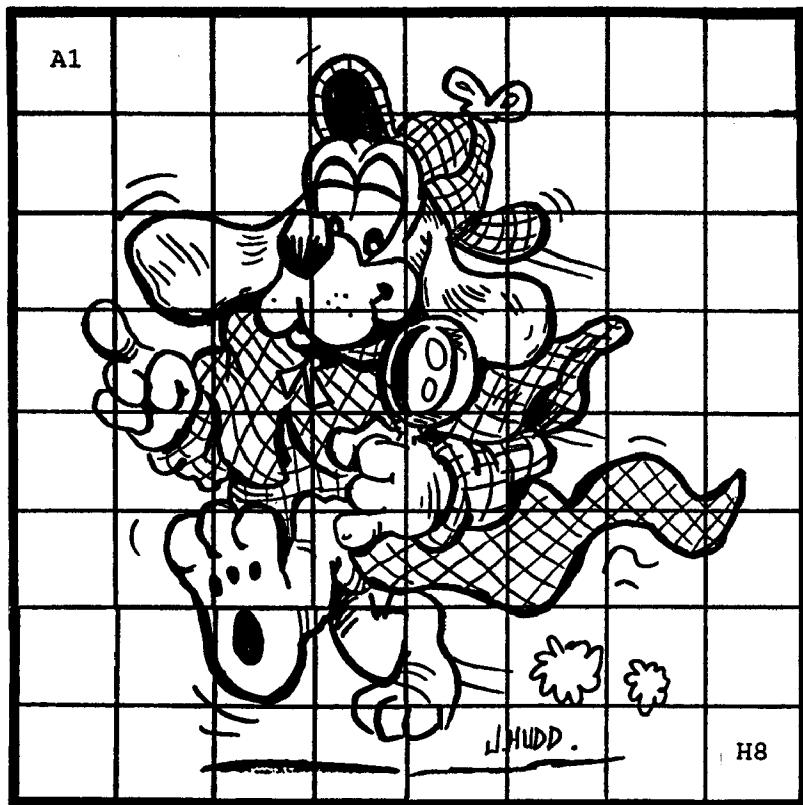
D

E

F

G

H



Gridlock Hound

From the above picture we have reprinted eight squares below. Each of the original 64 squares is named by it's letter line first, then it's number row - Box A1 and H8 are labeled as examples.

Can you identify these special squares?
(answers on page 35)



1



2



3



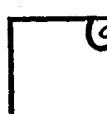
4



5



6



7



8

ROB WEBER JR.



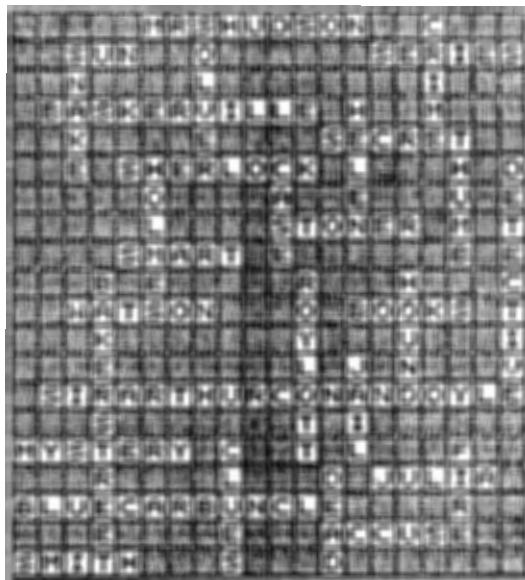
U O L O R P A G E

IT'S ELEMENTARY
-Our Answer Page-

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

Our royal mystery subject was none other than King Arthur. The brave trio of trivia fanatics did a great job with this one. Sherlock Holmes (as usual) answered our question by using only one clue (#6). The surprising news is that his friends tied him, each using only one clue. Dr. Watson found #7 sufficient and Inspector Lestrade used the easiest evidence, clue #8. I guess we'll have to try to be sneakier in the future.

An "ELM"entary Puzzle (page 5)



Gridlock Hound (page 33)

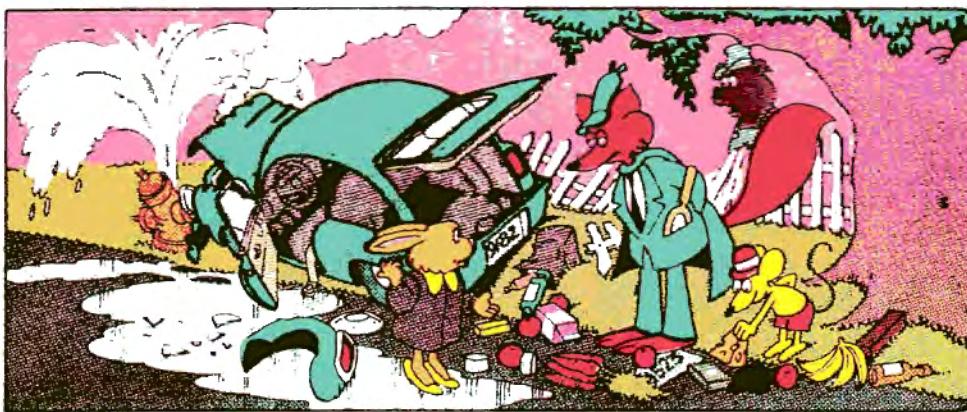
The suspicious squares original locations were:

1 - C3, 2 - E5, 3 - E3, 4 - F7,
5 - G5, 6 - C6, 7 - A6, 8 - D1

Slylock fox

Mrs. Rabbit was driving back from the grocery store when another car struck hers. The careless driver sped away before she could get a good look at him or his car. Slylock Fox praised Mrs. Rabbit for wearing her seat belt. Then he told her a description wasn't necessary to identify the other car. Why not?

Solution - Slylock observed a license plate on the ground that didn't match Mrs. Rabbit's. The police will be able to trace the owner of the ill-and-run car from the license plate number.



Slylock fox

A speedboater deliberately frightened Mrs. Goose and her little goslings while they were out for a swim. Shady Shrew and his brother Shifty Shrew insist they are innocent. They claim they were in a sailboat, not a speedboat. Slylock Fox doesn't think the brothers' story holds water. Why?

Solution - Slylock noticed a pair of wet sailor skis in the back of Shady's truck. The brothers would not have been water skiing from a sailboat. They were in the speedboat. Slylock made the guilty duo apologize to the Goose family.

