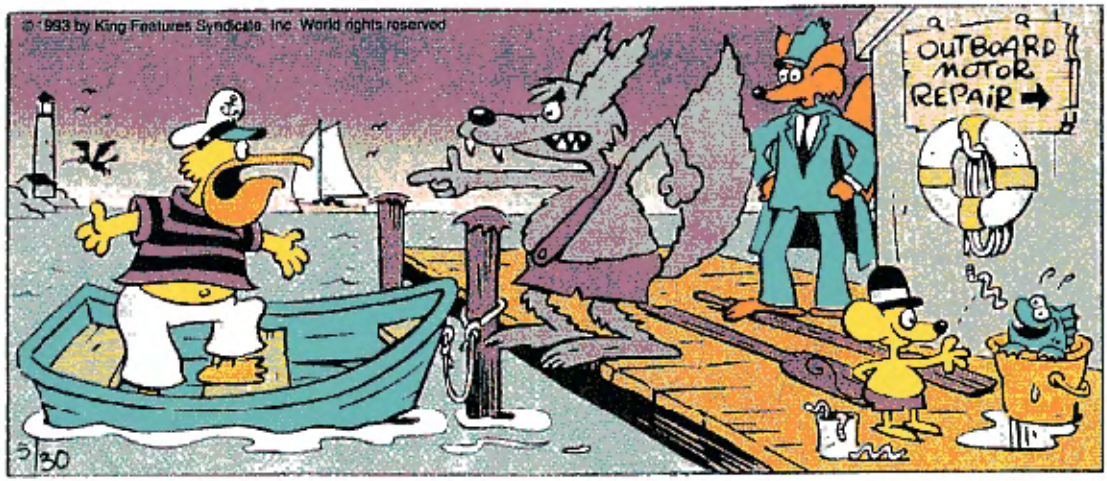
HOLMES FOR THE HOLIDAYS
FOR THE YOUNG MYSTERY FAN
WEBER

Slylock fox

Big Brad Wolf has accused Pelican Pete of trying to steal his boat. Big Brad says he had been rowing all morning, then came back, left his oars on the pier and had lunch. Pete insists the boat is his and claims its motor is in the shop being repaired. Who does Slylock Fox believe?

Solution – Slylock believes Pete. The boat doesn't have any oarlocks. Big Brad Wolf couldn't have been rowing this boat all morning.



By BOB WEBER JR.

SLYLOCK FOX

A burglar tried to climb through an open window at the Laboratory Supply Store. A night watchman thwarted his attempt by closing the window on the crook's hand. Count Weirdly denies being the intruder and claims his hand was injured by hitting it with a hammer while building a bookshelf. Slylock Fox suspects "The Count" is lying. Why?

Solution – Count Weirdly is right handed (notice the chalk in his right hand). He would probably use his right hand to hold a hammer; yet his right hand is bandaged.

WELCOME TO

HOLMES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

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BILLY'S PAGE

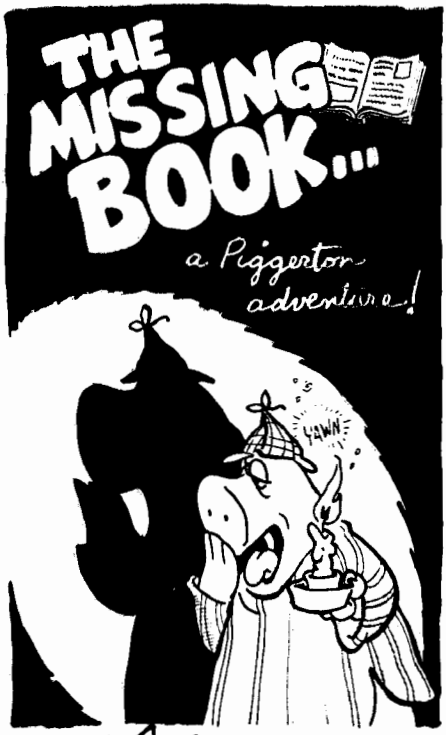
The Missing Turtle
by Jennifer McClure
Age 6
Chester, Illinois

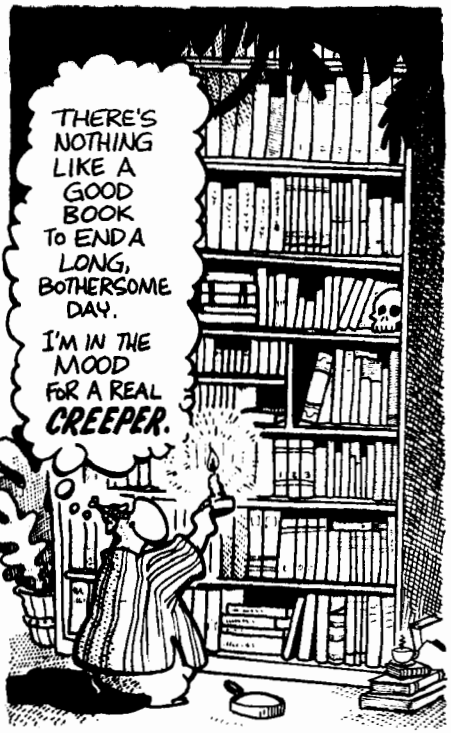
His name was Watson. There once was a fire and Watson and I got out of the house. Then my turtle was lost. I called Sherlock Holmes. Sherlock came and found my turtle.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is probably best known as the writer who created Sherlock Holmes.

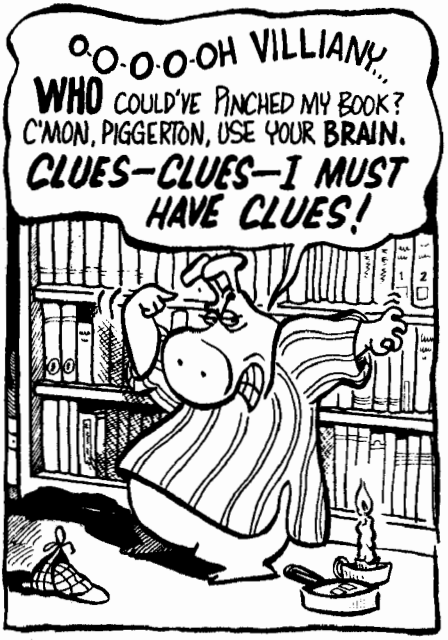
In past issues of **Holmes for the Holidays** we've introduced you to other great characters he gave us, like Professor Challenger (issue 1:5), Brigadier Gerard (issue 2:5), and Sir Nigel Loring (issue 3:5). This year, Sir Arthur's daughter, Dame Jean Conan Doyle, requested that we focus on another of her father's splendid heros, Rodney Stone.

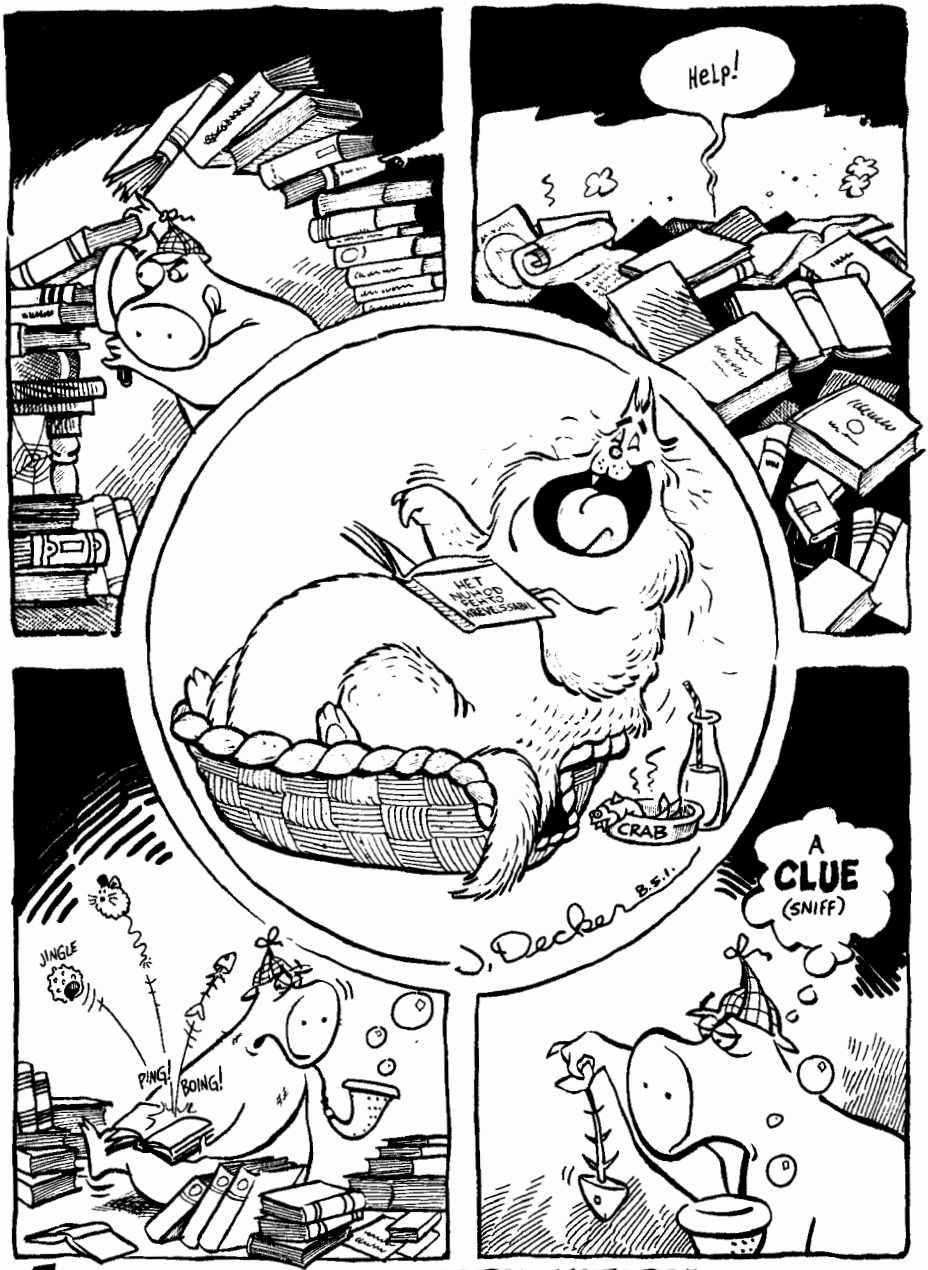
In honor of her request we have done just that. Be sure to read Conan Doyle's original "Rodney Stone". His adventures are highly recommended reading that's sure to delight both young and old.


THE MISSING BOOK...
a Piggerton adventure!
YAWN

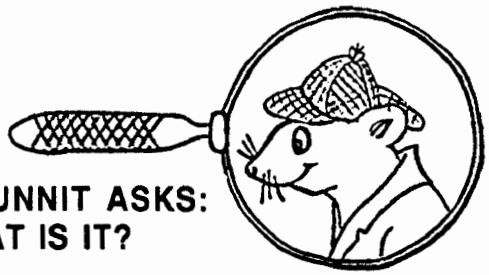

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GOOD BOOK TO END A LONG, BOTHERSOME DAY.
I'M IN THE MOOD FOR A REAL CREEPER.

WHAT?!
MY FAVORITE BOOK IS GONE!


O-O-O-O-OH VILLIANY...
WHO COULD'VE PINCHED MY BOOK? C'MON, PIGGERTON, USE YOUR BRAIN.
CLUES—CLUES—I MUST HAVE CLUES!



FINDING THE BOOK WAS ELEMENTARY. TO LEARN THE **REAL** TITLE OF PIGGERTON'S BOOK, UNSCRAMBLE THE LETTERS ON THE BOOK'S COVER. HAVE **YOU** READ THIS BOOK? WHY DO YOU THINK OL' CRAB IS ***LAUGHING?***



HUGH DUNNIT ASKS: WHAT IS IT?

Hugh Dunnit, our mysterious mouse detective has listed nine 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 **What Is it?**

1) I've been called Alicia, Aurora, Esmeralda and Gloria Scott.

2) About 8000 BC, Norwegians made me with skin.

3) The all - time record of me at my heaviest is 622,420 tons.

4) The oldest surviving representation of me dates from 4490 BC and was used around the Baltic Island af Fünen.

5) My fastest speed has been estimated at 300 knots (that's 345.48 miles per hour)!

6) I've been constructed of wood, metal and sometimes cardboard.

7) When Sherlock saw his friend playing darts on me he stated, "Watson, the games afloat!"

8) If you miss me you're all wet!

9) Rodney Stone was very familiar with me.

The answer is on page 29. See how you rate against the Master!

Three Pipe Problem

Sherlock Holmes had the bad habit of smoking too many pipes when working on a hard case. Watson worried about Sherlock's health. The Dr. decided to sell his friend's pipe to keep him from using it too much. Help Dr. Watson change Sherlock's PIPE to SOLD, creating a new word on each line by changing only one letter at a time.

Example: change five to nine

F I V E
F I N E
N I N E

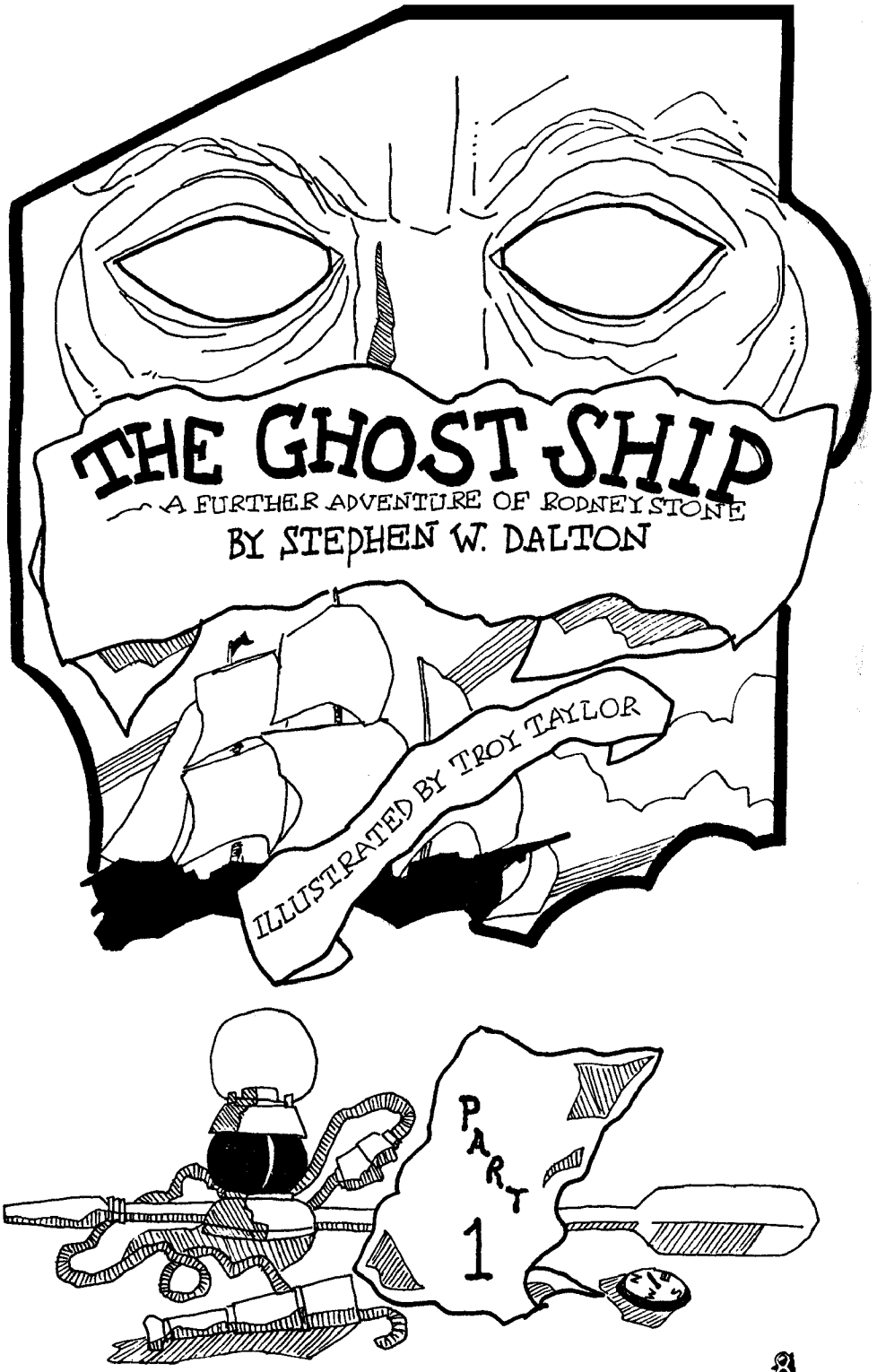
P I P E

_ _ _ _

_ _ _ _

_ _ _ _

S O L D


THE GHOST SHIP
A FURTHER ADVENTURE OF RODNEY STONE
BY STEPHEN W. DALTON
ILLUSTRATED BY TROY TAYLOR
PART 1

Author's note: Arthur Conan Doyle's historical novel, **RODNEY STONE**, takes place during a lull in the fighting between England and France in the Napoleonic Wars. There are several subplots involved----a murder mystery, a ghost story, the "sport" of boxing and the gambling on the matches, and a scathing satirization of the British ruling class (including a future king)----one of the many themes deals with the British navy, Rodney Stone's ancestors having been naval officers for generations, and Rodney is secured a berth with none other than the legendary Admiral Horatio Nelson himself. However, most of the naval references in the novel are the reminiscences of his father and other seasoned veterans of the high seas. The novel ends with Rodney Stone, the narrator of the story, preparing to embark upon his naval career.

> "And as for me----the poor string upon which these beads are strung----I dare scarce say another word about myself, lest this, which I had meant to be the last word of a chapter should grow into the first words of a new one. Had I not taken up my pen to tell you a story of the land, I might, perchance, have made a better one of the sea; but the one frame cannot hold two opposite pictures. The day may come when I shall write down all that I remember of the greatest battle ever fought upon salt water...."

PART ONE: CAPE TRAFALGAR

I, Rodney Stone, an ensign in his majesty's Royal Navy serving in the Mediterranean Fleet commanded by Admiral Horatio Nelson, sat in the wardroom of the flagship VICTORY on October 21, 1805, surrounded by my fellow officers. At the head of the table sat the famous Admiral Nelson himself, flanked by Vice-Admirals Cuthbert Collingwood and Hyde Parker; across from me sat the flag captain, Thomas Hardy. I studied each of them, trying my best to figure out just who might be the traitor. Only Admiral Nelson was above suspicion, in my eyes.

After all, Nelson had always been larger than life-----only the crown and English naval superiority meant

RODNEY STONE

anything to him. Joining the navy at age twelve, he had reached the rank of captain by twenty; and now, 35 years and over 180 naval battles later, he was near the hour of his destiny for his country and against Napoleon and France. My father, Lieutenant Anson Stone, had served under him at the Battle of the Nile, and now, I, Rodney, was ready to see my first action under his command. I had already decided that my first son would be named after him someday----such was my admiration for the greatest naval hero ever to be raised upon British soil.

Admiral Nelson had already done it all----sailed to the steaming tropics and the frozen Arctic, fought in and commanded ships in countless major battles----he had lost an eye to a French bullet off Corsica and had an arm amputated from wounds received at Santa Cruz in the Canary Islands against the Spanish, but his enthusiasm for fighting had not diminished. At the Battle of the Nile, he had braved shallow reefs and darkness to sail into Abukir Bay, in spite of his officers' protests, and catch the French fleet unprepared and still at anchor; the night sky glowed with the fires from the burning enemy ships and Napoleon, deprived of supplies and reinforcements from the sea, was forced to abandon his plans of an empire in the Middle East. At Copenhagen, he destroyed the Danish fleet in their own harbor; signalled by his then-commander, Sir Hyde Parker, to withdraw, he placed his telescope over his blind eye and declared that he couldn't see the signal, moving instead to wipe out the cannons on shore before pulverizing the fleet, ending Denmark's chances of any future naval action against England.

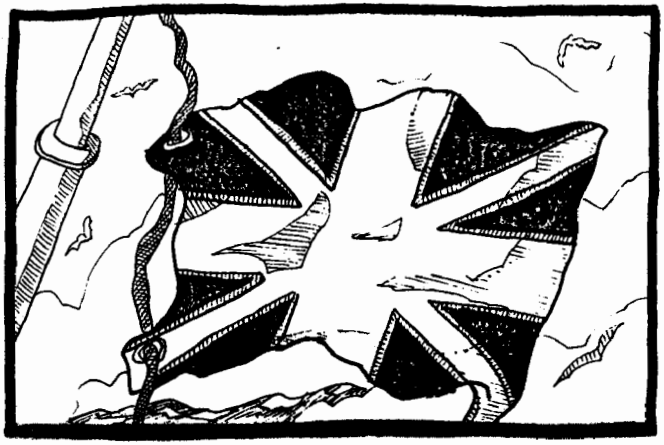
These bold feats of swaggering courage should have helped his career, but in fact it was the efforts of Lady Emma Hamilton that really advanced him. Passed over for many promotions for one political reason or another, Nelson was helped immensely by Lady Hamilton's considerable influence with the royal court. Born poor but beautiful, she had climbed in society, using men of the upper class to move up the ladder until she was a favorite

of the king himself. Rejecting other noblemen who had tutored her and furthered her ambitions (including Lord Greville, uncle of our Captain Thomas Hardy), she married Sir William Hamilton and inherited his fortune when he died. This she soon squandered on gambling and other extravagances, and since had courted favor with Admiral Nelson. It was said that she loved him dearly, but many suspected that she was eying his newly-acquired estates at Merton. Whatever the reason, she had helped advance his career when his many accomplishments could not, supposedly directing his appointment to admiral and commander of the Mediterranean Fleet over the man who had once been his superior, Sir Hyde Parker.

I sat there and stared at him. For a man who was larger than life itself, the greatest naval hero in Britain's history, Lord Nelson was unimpressive to look at----short, wiry, with white hair, a patch over the shrivelled socket that once held an eye, and empty sleeve that moved only at the stump at the shoulder whenever he got excited and flapped it----he certainly didn't look like a living legend. But beneath that ordinary, even homely, exterior was a

fiery bulldog who would risk anything to defeat his enemy. Gentle, even affectionate, with his men, he was a terror to anyone who dared to oppose him on the high seas.

But for all his popularity with those who served under him, he was not so well-liked by his fellow officers and members of the nobility. Son of a simple clergyman, he was born into modest circumstances, working his way up the ranks from a teen-age sailor to admiral. Many of his peers, born into the upper classes, resented this rapid climb by a commoner, especially when he passed them by. Even King George III was reluctant, at first, to give him a title after his brilliant victory at the Nile, mainly because of his lack of property. Many of them feared him because of his brash recklessness in battle, even though his bold, often unconventional, maneuvers usually brought him success. And his relationship with Lady Hamilton, the widow of a noble, was also frowned upon by those who took it upon themselves to decide what was proper conduct for a true gentleman. But without her influence, it was said, he never would have been awarded his estates; she supposedly had talked her good friend, Queen Charlotte, into giving him what he deserved. As far as his adoring public in England and the crews of his ships were concerned, Lord Nelson could never be given enough pay for what he had done for his king and his country.



As I gazed at the admiral at the head of the table, I silently wondered whether he knew who had been betraying him. I had no idea who it could be----a French spy in out midst, perhaps, or an Englishman in our fleet who had decided to commit treason----whoever it was, he had aided our enemies by informing them of our every move at sea before we made it. What signals had he used? How had he been able to send his messages undetected? If French, how had he not yet been discovered on a British battleship? And, if English, how could he dare to sabotage Lord Nelson's command and betray his country's efforts in the long war against Napoleon and the French allies?

The treachery had started early in 1805, two years after I was commissioned ensign and came aboard Nelson's 100-gun flagship, the H.M.S. VICTORY. We had blockaded the French fleet at Toulon, France, forcing it to remain there for nearly two years. It was actually somewhat boring to me, as I had hoped to see more excitement right away, but it served an efficient purpose----as long as Napoleon's navy was forced to stay in port, he was unable to mount his planned invasion of our land across the narrow English Channel that separated the two countries. However, the boredom for me stopped soon enough.

In 1805, while we were patrolling the coast of France, Admiral Pierre Charles de Villeneuve's ships managed to escape Toulon. It almost seemed to me that someone

WE CHASED THEM OVER 7,000 MILES OF OCEAN.....

had signalled the chance for them to run the blockade. Villeneuve headed his fleet for the West Indies, with us in hot pursuit. We chased them over 7,000 miles of ocean and back to Europe again, but they always seemed to be just beyond our grasp, as if they knew beforehand exactly what Nelson was planning next.

Villeneuve somehow slipped into the Spanish port of Cadiz, where he was joined by a number of Spanish ships, swelling their allied fleet to 33, outnumbering us by six. We promptly blockaded the city, and the tedious waiting began again.

Admiral Nelson seemed to have as difficult a time with the blockade as I did. One night as he paced up and down the quarterdeck, he muttered to Captain Hardy, "I would rather tempt the enemy out into the open sea. I want to meet this new fleet of theirs and settle the matter in an all-out battle. I want to go for them, Hardy! At sea, the only maneuver you need is the one that will place you alongside your enemy. Always fight, and you will always be right."

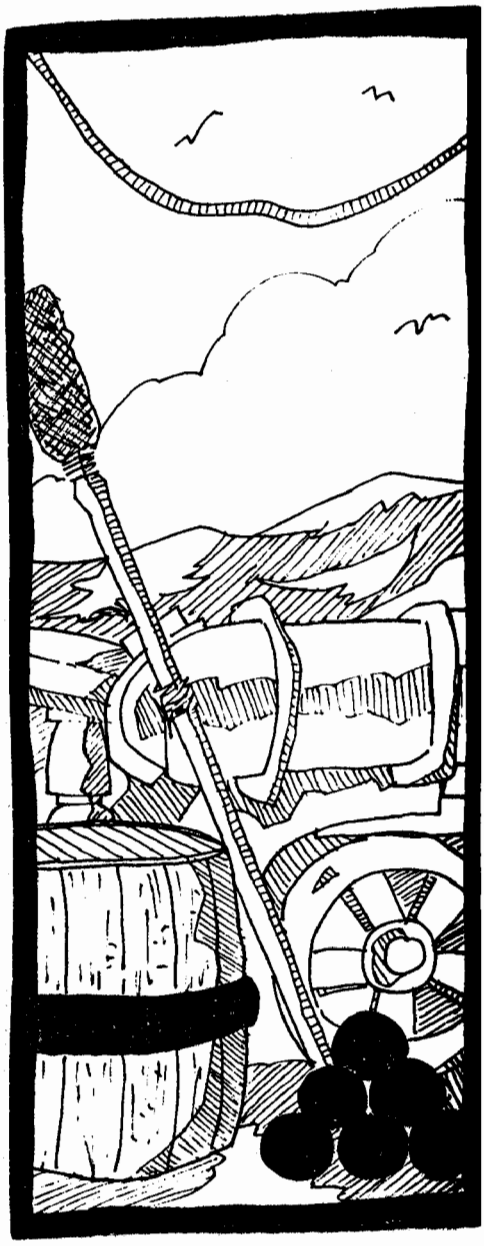
"But sir..." Captain Hardy said, a tenseness to his voice, "It seems nearly impossible to draw them into a fight. It's as if they anticipate our every move. Somehow they elude us, no matter what we do."

"Dumb luck!" Nelson growled, "Pure dumb luck, and nothing else. I know Villeneuve well...I blasted his ship out from under him at Abukir Bay in '98, when he was so certain that I would not dare enter his port. He is not smart enough to continue this flight from me. He will have to leave Cadiz sometime...and then I shall have him. He will not escape me again, Hardy, I assure you."

I nearly spoke up about the possibility of a spy supplying the information to the enemy all along, but I remained silent. After all, I was but an ensign on my first voyage----who was I to give advice to an esteemed war veteran like Lord Nelson? But deep inside I was sure that someone in our fleet was somehow warning Villeneuve of our every move long before we made it.

There were several suspects around me, the way I

saw it, and all of them were officers. There was Vice-Admiral Cuthbert Collingwood, the fleet's second-in-command, aboard the ROYAL SOVEREIGN, an ambitious man who could most likely have the Mediterranean Fleet command for himself if Nelson were to totally blunder his mission; always quiet, agreeable and efficient, I wondered what he was really thinking most of the time. And there was Vice-Admiral Hyde Parker, who Nelson had passed in rank after ignoring his order to withdraw at Copenhagen, instead silencing the cannons on shore and blowing the Danish fleet out of the water. That Parker resented this was a well-known fact. Both men had every reason to be jealous of this little upstart from a modest upbringing who had climbed the ranks past them. And then there was Thomas Hardy, flag captain of the VICTORY, who always showed a bit too much respect to Admiral Nelson for my liking. In spite of his humble posturing, I knew only too well that he was the nephew of Sir Charles Greville, the man who Lady Hamilton had spurned years ago----now she was Nelson's, and I was certain that Greville's envy was shared by his nephew.



I realized that I could be wrong, that all of them were

most likely honorable men, unquestionably loyal to their commanding officer. It could have well been a clever French spy who had signed aboard as an English sailor----maybe a first mate, a boatswain, a gunner----or an Englishman who was paid a handsome sum of money to betray his country. But I suspected the officers more than anyone, because they were first to hear of Nelson's plans and orders, and they could easily pass the earliest possible signal of his intentions to the enemy.

I had decided that I was going to watch all of them carefully in the future. Even though Admiral Nelson didn't seem to suspect any of them----or perhaps he just didn't show his concern, hardened veteran that he was----I was going to take it upon myself to spy upon them.

So there I sat on the morning of October 21, 1805, at the table with Admiral Nelson's officers. But at that particular moment, the identity of the spy was the last thought on my mind. There was a much more urgent matter to be attended to----earlier that morning, the watch had spotted the topsails of the French and Spanish fleet, headed southward. It was an attempt to flee the blockade and make for the Strait of Gibraltar, but this time, Nelson appeared to have them in his clutches. Apparently Villeneuve knew that he would have to give battle, for he immediately formed his 33 battleships into a single line, the ships' bows facing north. In front of him stood our 27 battleships; the land ten miles to his rear was Cape Trafalgar, Spain. At last the moment was near----I was finally to see my first action at sea.

There was a slight question in my mind as to why our spy had allowed us to snare the enemy at last, after always being able to warn them ahead of time before we could close in on them. My only guess was that perhaps Villeneuve had been given orders by Napoleon to break out of port and make a run for it; maybe the fleet was needed somewhere else on the European continent, possibly even for the long-awaited invasion of England by France. Whatever their reason for their coming out of hiding, it no longer mattered----we had them now, and

they had no choice but to fight us.

"So what do you think, Ensign Stone?" Nelson's voice speaking my name suddenly snapped me out of my thoughts; I stared back at him, shocked that he had asked me, a lowly ensign, for my opinion, and embarrassed that I hadn't been paying attention.

"Sir?" I said, feeling every set of eyes in the wardroom boring into me.

"What do you think of my strategy?" he repeated, his one good eye twinkling, "Vice-Admiral Parker here thinks it will lead us to disaster."

"It is too risky," Parker argued, a worried expression on his face, "That sort of maneuver would expose our broadsides to their full fire...only our bow guns can reply, and they will have the full advantage over us while we advance. I fear that we will be destroyed before we reach them."

"As you feared that the shore batteries would destroy us at Copenhagen, Parker," Nelson snapped, an iciness to his voice, "Had I listened to you, the Danish fleet as well would now be facing us."

"You disobeyed my orders then," Lord Parker snorted, "Victorious or not, your actions that day approached sheer foolishness. And you mocked me by ignoring my signals. It was an absolutely absurd gesture, placing that telescope over your bad eye."

"I have only one eye," Nelson said, grinning, "I have a right to be blind sometimes." The officers suddenly erupted into laughter, while Vice-Admiral Parker seethed in humiliation. Our commander looked at me, still smiling. "Ensign Stone, my strategy is as follows...I propose to surprise the enemy by splitting my fleet into two groups and aim straight across their line, assaulting them at right angles instead of meeting them flank to flank, as is the custom. The VICTORY will lead eleven of our ships into their center...Collingwood's ROYAL SOVEREIGN shall strike the rear of their line to the south with the rest of our fleet. It is hoped that our attack will demolish their battle line and destroy their rear before they can adjust. If we can in any way confuse Villeneuve, he is lost."

"It is too dangerous..." Lord Parker moaned, "It will never work."

"The Nelson touch," Vice-Admiral Collingwood said, chuckling, "Bold, even rash, and definitely unconventional...but effective, I'd wager."

"Ensign Stone?" Nelson pressed on, ignoring my superior officers' comments, "What is your opinion?"

"I...I c-cannot say, sir," I stammered, still wondering why he had asked me, "I am but an inexperienced ensign, sir, on my first voyage. How could I possible question

your tactics?"

"Untested minds sometimes see things more clearly," he said, his good eye regarding me alertly, "What is your view, Stone?"

"It is brilliant, sir," I replied, barely able to contain my excitement, "It is indeed dangerous, as were your maneuvers at Copenhagen and the Nile...but it is innovative enough to surely be successful."

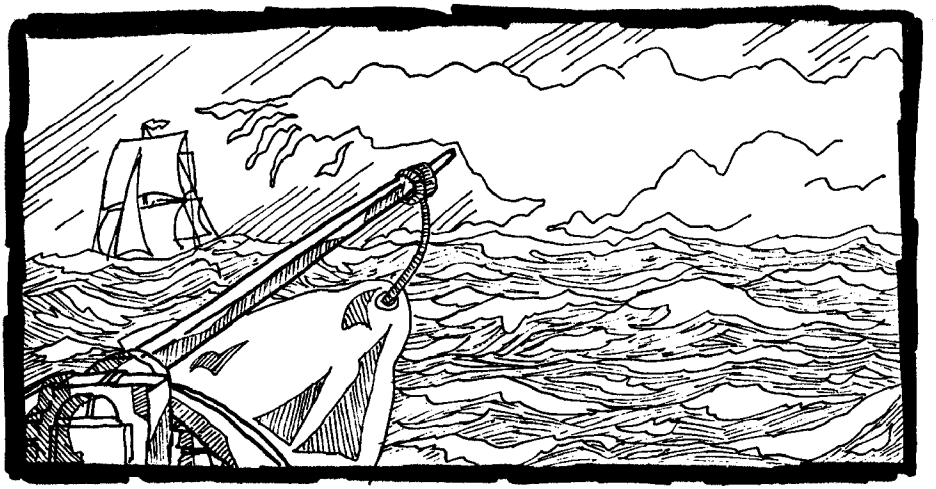
"Very well." Lord Nelson said, warmth in his tone, "Our junior officer here has approved my plan." He bowed his head. "Now let us pray for a great and glorious victory today for our country."

After the prayer, the higher-ranked officers huddled together with Nelson to plot out the finer details of the attack. I walked up to the deck for fresh air, feeling somewhat nervous. Suddenly the reality of what was to happen had hit me, after hearing of Admiral Nelson's strategy. Before, I had been looking forward to my first battle at sea----now I gazed across the water at the line of snow-white sails, and I realized that before the morning was over, my young life would be in danger. I leaned against the railing and began to perspire, thinking of the cannon fire that would soon be concentrated on us.

"We'll get 'em now, sir," said a voice to my right. It was gunner's mate first-class Nate Brown, a grizzled old seaman who had been sailing under Nelson since before the Battle of the Nile. He held a small mirror in one hand, a razor in the other; I thought it ironic that a man would wish to be clean-shaven with his possible death so near. "We'll whip them French dogs and send 'em whining back to Paris."

"Nice weather for it..." I said, feeling foolish as soon as the words left my mouth; I was so nervous I could hardly stand it, and I was trying my best to conceal it. "I mean, if we're to do battle, the weather's good for it...uh, no storms or anything like that."

"Aye, the weather is favorable, sir," he agreed, pointing his razor toward an immense fog bank to the south, "But look to the Pillars of Hercules, if you dare."



..... LOOK TO THE PILLARS OF HERCULES, IF YOU DARE —

"Pillars of Hercules?" I wasn't sure what he was referring to, but I was in no mood for small talk.

"We call it the Strait of Gibraltar these days..." His voice was grim. "But the ancient ones called it the Pillars of Hercules. There is doom there, sir...and doom for us as well."

"Doom?" That got my attention in a hurry, as if I didn't have enough already to worry about. "What do you mean, doom? It's only fog, Brown. It might cause us problems with our visibility, yes, but it will hinder our enemy as well."

"It is not the enemy I fear, sir. Our enemies are men...they can be killed. But our real danger lies in that fog. There lurks the ghost ship."

"The gh-ghost ship?" I nearly fainted; I was uneasy enough without hearing that.

"Aye, the ghost ship. It always sails near the Pillars, invisible to the living. But when the fog rolls in...then it will strike."

"That's ridiculous, Brown! A ghost ship..."

"The Pillars of Hercules is a haunted place, sir. There's been more blood spilt there than any place in Europe...the Spanish and the Moors from Africa fought over it for a thousand years, and the French and Spanish

have tried to take it from us for the last hundred years. Why, in '82, our batteries sunk a whole fleet from the top of that rock. It reeks of death, sir, even to this day...it is a place of death, and the living should stay away. And it's just to our south now."

"Yes, many have died there, I'm sure." I tried my best not to show my fear. "A ghost ship, eh?"

"It's a ship of the dead, sir, manned by all the sailors who ever died there...and that's plenty of 'em. And when the fog moves in, the ghost ship sails with it. And worse...if a man was to die in battle in that fog, he joins the crew of it. He's doomed to sail for eternity on the ghost ship, seein' nothin' but the fog and his fellow phantoms...and lookin' for new recruits among the dead and dyin' in the white, cold, damp arms of the fog..."

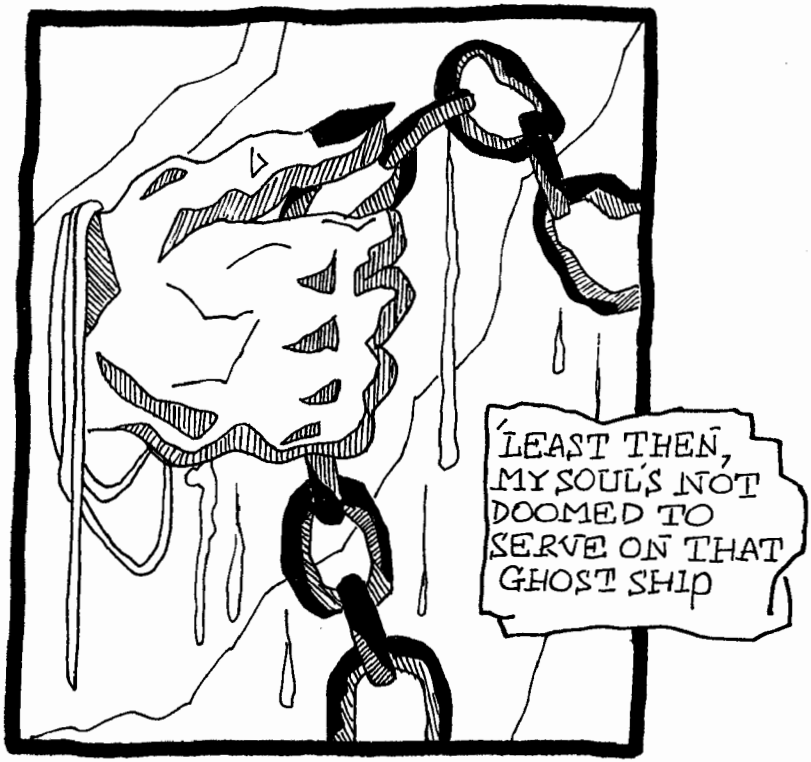
"I see..." I said, not really wanting to hear any more details, "That's an interesting story, Brown. I always like to hear an old legend of the sea..."

"Call it legend if you wish, sir," he said, suddenly cackling eerily, "But take it from an ol' gunner's mate who's seen something of the seas...don't scoff at such stories so easily. There's more truth to what you call legend than you think." He paused, his face grim again. "Just hope that fog don't come on us while we're doin' battle...and hope that you don't fall in the fog. I'd rather die out in the bright sun or in a squallin' sea than in that fog. 'Least then, my soul's not doomed to serve on that ghost ship." He was silent for a moment. "This is not a good day to fight, sir, not a good day at all...not with that fog out there."

I was staring at Brown, open-mouthed, when Admiral Nelson and the other officers came up on deck. There was a quick call to muster, and all of the crew assembled before our commander, who was flanked by Collingwood and Parker. The captains of our 27 battleships stood behind him.

"Today we encounter the French and Spanish fleet that lies before us," Lord Nelson said, "We have given them chase for many months, but now we finally have

them. Now we can give them the thrashing that they deserve! Remember, no captain can do very wrong if he places his ship alongside that of the enemy." He paused, smiling at his men. "England expects that every man will do his duty!"



Vice-Admiral Collingwood, Parker, and all the captains then returned to their ships. On the H.M.S. VICTORY, each of us prepared his battle station and waited, along with the crews of the other ships, for the signal to attack. I went to the poop deck, just above the cannons of the upper gun deck, watching as the gunners prepared their weapons. I couldn't tell if I was more unnerved by the anticipation of my first battle or the thought of Brown's tale of the ghost ship, but I definitely could feel the butterflies in my stomach. I shot a glance to the south---the fog bank looked as if it had moved closer to us.

At noon, the order to attack was finally given. Flags ripped in a flurry of rapid signals from ship to ship; boatswain's pipes whistled, and drums began beating tense rhythms. The gun ports below me opened, and the black muzzles of cannon peeked out. I felt a twinge of queasiness as I watched the men carry bags of gunpowder to the gun decks. I looked again to the south, trying to determine if the fog had moved any closer.

Our fleet quickly formed two lines of ships, the VICTORY at the head of the north line and Collingwood's ROYAL SOVEREIGN leading the other. The enemy ships stayed pointed north to south, ready to rake us with cannon fire whenever we came into range. I knew that they would have the early advantage over us, with their broadside guns sweeping each of our oncoming ships and only our bow guns to return fire; and our VICTORY would be the first in our line to bear the brunt of the shots. But Nelson had already considered these dangers, and he had decided that the final advantage would be ours when we broke through their lines and destroyed them from the rear. And if my commander had accepted the risks, then so would I.

The ROYAL SOVEREIGN neared the rear of the enemy line first. Nelson watched through his telescope on the quarterdeck as the flashes of cannon fire from the opposing ships erupted, followed by a series of low booms; wisps of smoke rose rapidly from the open gun ports of the enemy battleships as the Battle of Trafalgar began.

Nelson began to pace on the quarterdeck as he observed Collingwood now engaging the massive Spanish ship SANTA ANA; I could see thick puffs of white smoke staining the clear air as the enemy ship began a full broadside assault on the British vessel. Below me, our gunners watched the scene as well----I knew that they were nervously anticipating the coming duel with our foes, as was I.

We were welcomed to the battle by columns of water splashing around us as the line of ships we were

approaching sent volleys at us. Suddenly, as we pulled into their range, hundreds of cannon opened fire on us. The noise was deafening, growing even louder as we got closer to their guns. The decks around me began to quiver as several shots suddenly struck us. Splinters of wood flew through the air, men screamed, several ropes snapped around torn sails.

One volley found its way into our lower gun deck near the forecastle, thudding into our interior and igniting the magazine there. The gunpowder exploded a second later, and men were tossed up through open space, along with torn fragments of our ship, only to be rained down into the tossing waves of the sea below; thick, black smoke billowed up from the gaping hole that had once held our starboard bow gun, fingers of flame licking up at its base.

The cannon fire increased as we neared the first enemy ship in the line, the French battleship HONORE. Just as we were turning to face it flank - to - flank, a hail of

musket balls from the marines and sharpshooters on board began zinging through the air like angry bees. Through the smoke, I could barely discern Admiral Nelson, still pacing on the quarterdeck, seemingly oblivious to the gunfire. His men were being cut down all around him, but he ignored the danger and instead directed his starboard gunners to ready their fire.

The cannonballs continued to scream toward us as we turned our ship to face the HONORE, our guns aiming straight at its flank; several more of their volleys found their mark, smashing into us as relentlessly as the swarm of musketfire from their decks. There was a groaning sound above me, and I looked up in time to see the upper half of the mizzenmast toppling down, seeming to fall in slow motion toward me. I recovered my senses enough to make a move, but it was too late.

As I ran toward the edge of the deck, the mastpole, complete with shredded pieces of the topsails, crashed into the deck just behind me, bouncing into the air and then lurching in my direction. A flap of heavy canvas sail snapped off and hit me squarely on the back as I fled, sending me over the rail and somersaulting down toward the churning sea below.

I hit the water and temporarily lost consciousness. It must have been seconds, but it seemed like hours----I broke the surface and gasped for air, the taste of salt water in my mouth. A piece of jagged, smoking wood rolled by, and I hastily grabbed onto it and floated, sputtering and spitting as sea water and blood flowed from my burning nostrils.

The battle raged on above me. I could see, through the smoke, as the ships moved around me, and I heard a roar of cannon fire as I saw the VICTORY begin to broadside the HONORE with fifty of its one hundred guns. The enemy ship seemed to disintegrate before my eyes, exploding with chunks of mangled timber hurtling through the air. Now the water around me was choked with the debris of shattered ships; there were men there, too, some dead, some drowning, some moaning from their wounds as they splashed about. One of the dead men I recognized immediately----Nate Brown floated by in a mass of tangled wreckage, his blank eyes seeming to stare upward into the smoke - filled sky.

Suddenly something cold and damp slithered over the back of my neck. I turned in time to see a thick layer of white rolling over me; it quickly enveloped me and everything in sight. At first I thought it might be a low cloud of smoke, but it didn't smell like smoke. I then realized, as the ships around me became dim outlines, that it was the thing that I feared most that now covered me----it was the fog, the dreaded fog.

TO BE CONTINUED . . .

Color
Dr.
Watson
HUDD

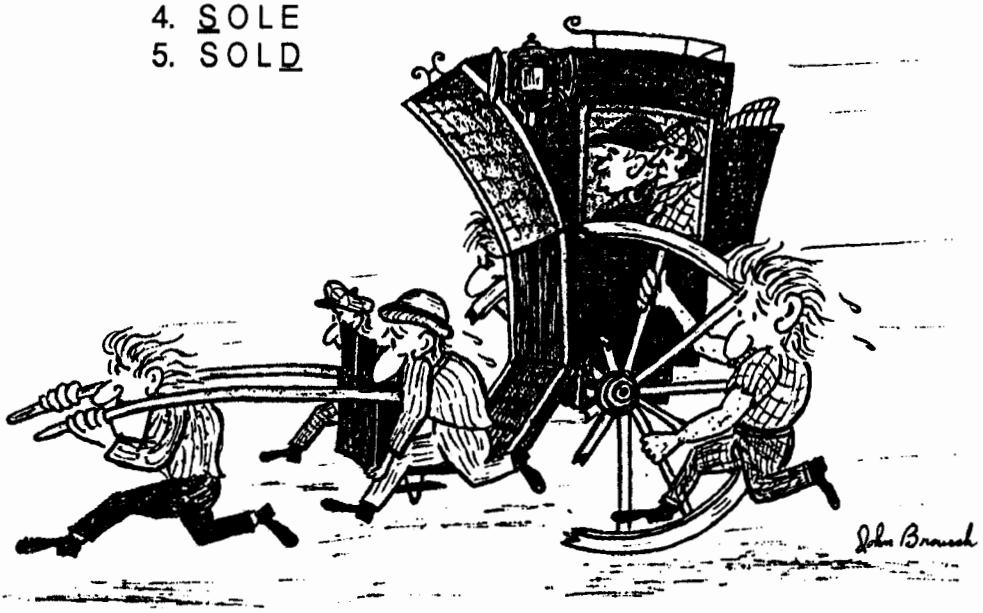
IT'S ELEMENTARY
- Our Answer Page -

Hugh Dunnit Asks: "What Is It?" (page 6)

Our mystery subject for this issue is a boat. It's impossible to date the first use of a boat, but it's clear that our fishermen ancestors invented it to aid their occuaption. Several are named in Sherlock Holmes' adventures and one, The Gloria Scott, lends its name to the case's title. Sherlock Holmes solved this puzzle in two clues (#3 & #4), Dr. Watson had a lucky pick and only took one clue (#1), and Inspector Lestrade did a little better this time. He only needed three clues (#7, #5, & #1).

"Three Pipe Problem" (page 7)

1. PIPE
2. PILE
3. POLE
4. SOLE
5. SOLD

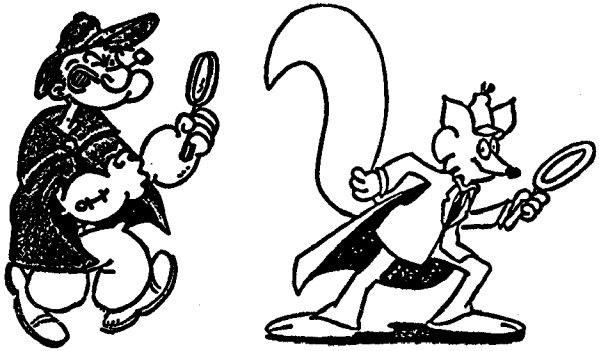


"Sometimes a shilling just doesn't seem to be enough!"

OLmes 'N WaTSo
The first meeting

You have been to Afghanistan, I perceive

Jim Vogelsang 10-9-89



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