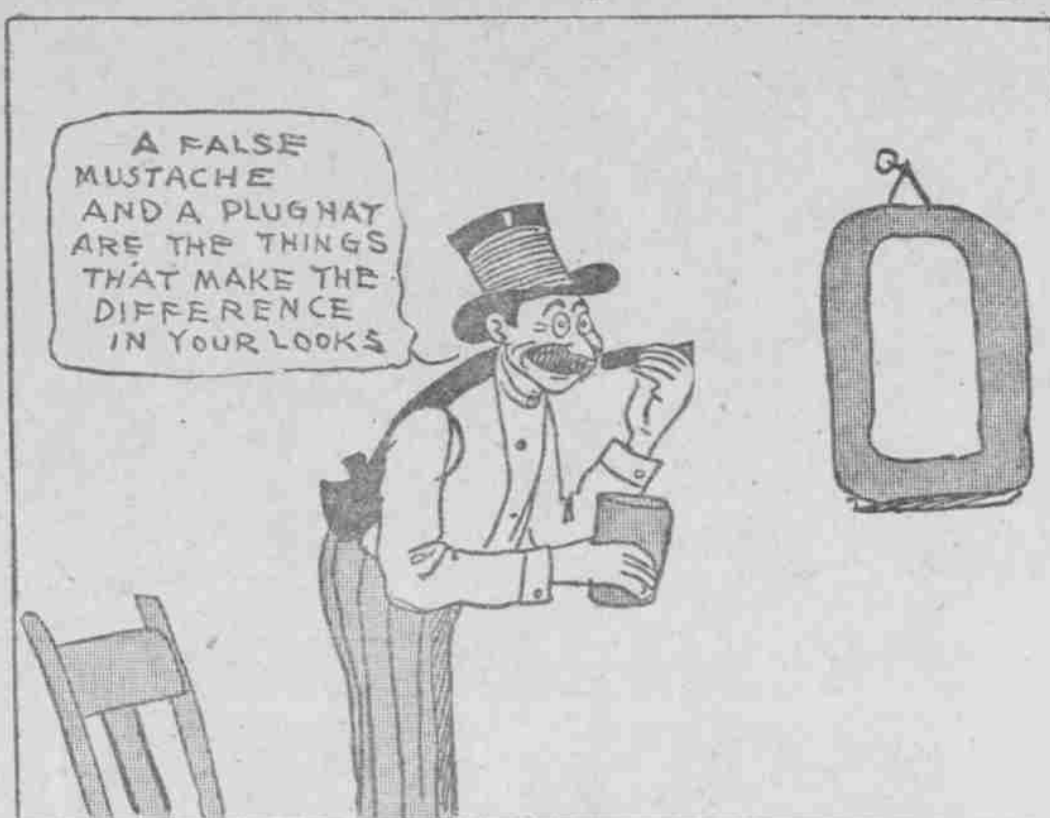


SHERLOCK HOLMES JR. DISGUISE EXPERT.



NOW FOR A GREAT DISGUISE
I'M GONNA VISIT A DEN OF THIEVES
AND IF THEY DISCOVERED WHO I
WAS I'D BE SHOT



A FALSE
MUSTACHE
AND A PLUG HAT
ARE THE THINGS
THAT MAKE THE
DIFFERENCE
IN YOUR LOOKS



THESE FALSE WHISKERS
AND A PILLOW TO MAKE
ME FAT WILL HELP SOME



NOW WHO WOULD
EVER BELIEVE I
WAS SHERLOCK
HOLMES THE
GREAT DETECTIVE?



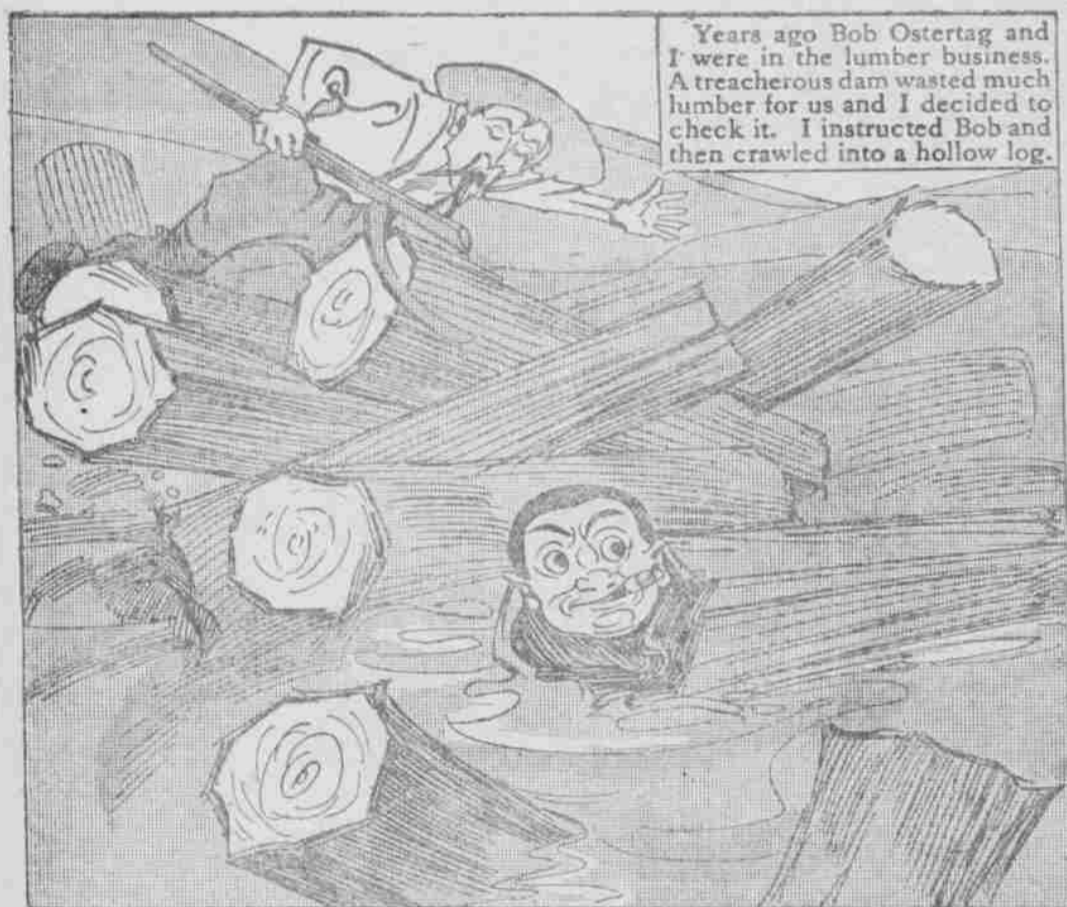
WELL! WELL! WELL!!
THE SAME FACE—THE SAME
NOSE AND EYES—
YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A
BIT AND I AIN'T SEEN
YOU IN TWENTY YEARS



IT'S MY OLD FRIEND
SHERLOCK HOLMES

SIDNEY SMITH

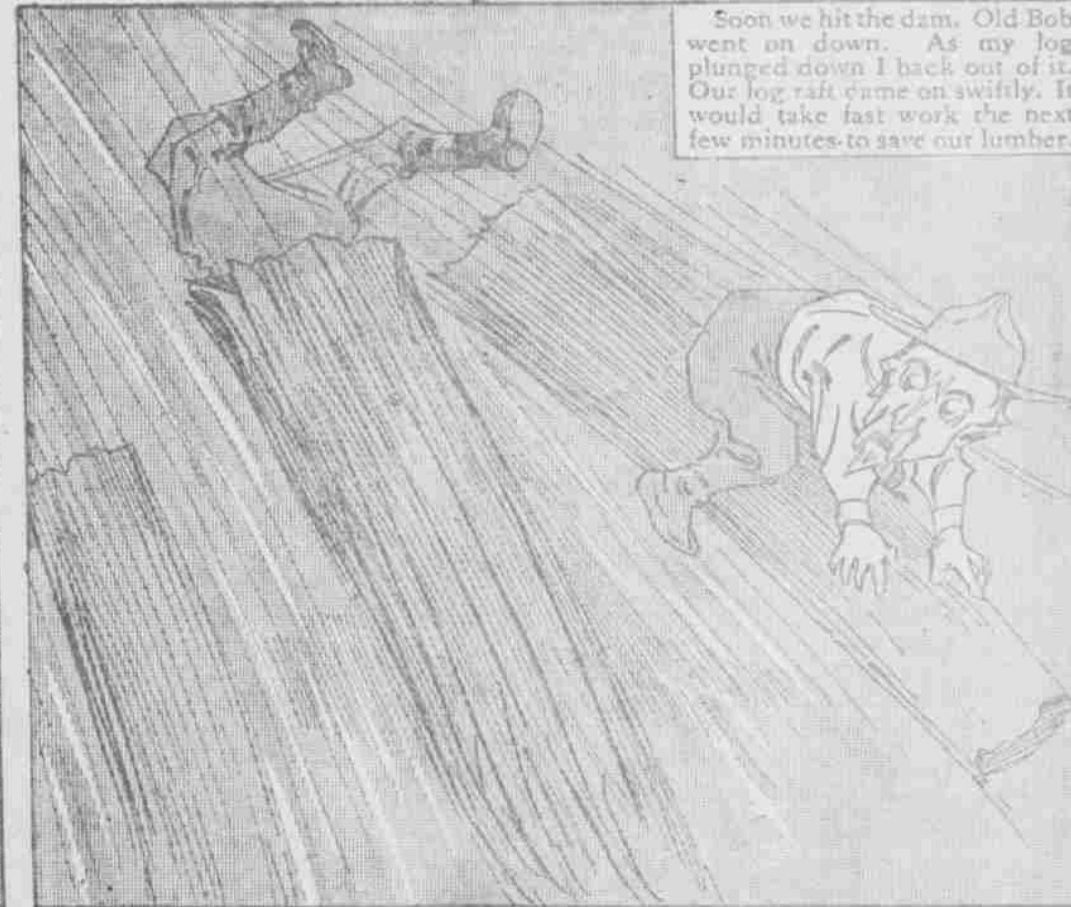
OLD OPIE DILLDOCK'S STORIES.



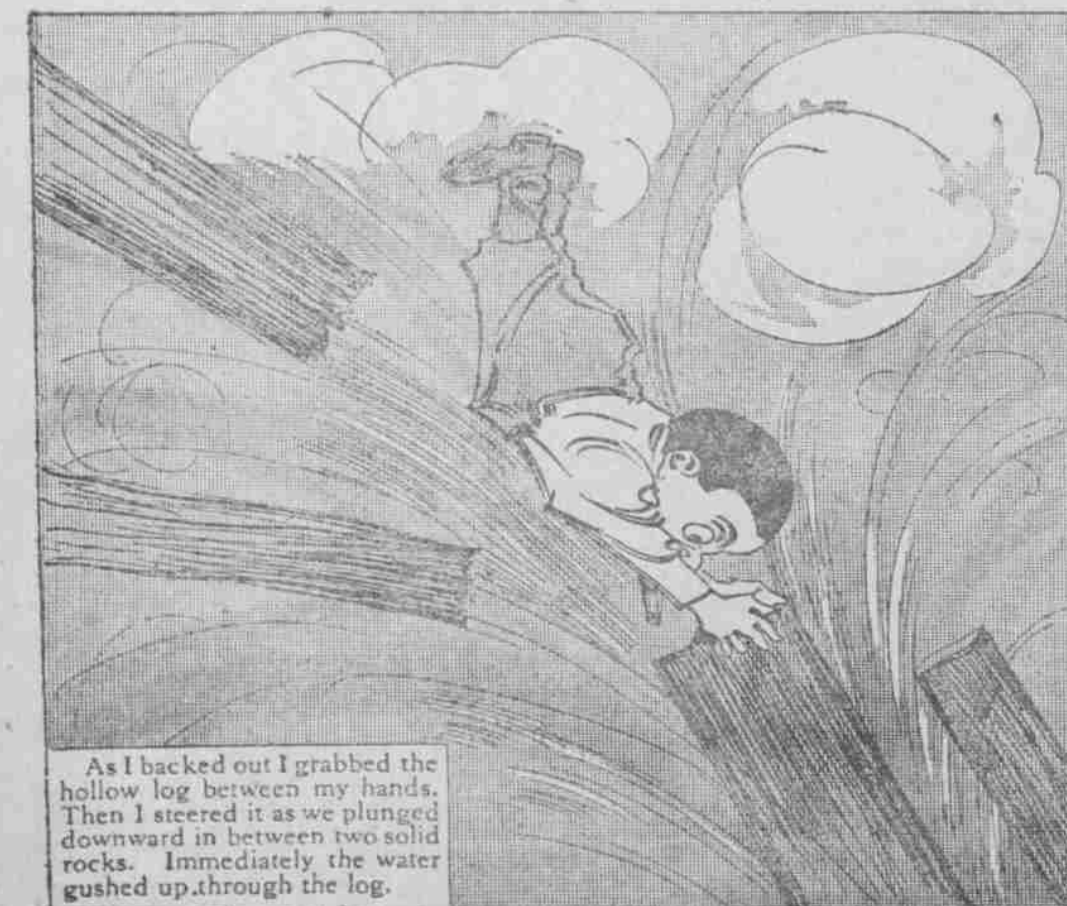
Years ago Bob Ostertag and
I were in the lumber business.
A treacherous dam wasted much
lumber for us and I decided to
check it. I instructed Bob and
then crawled into a hollow log.



This dam shot logs beneath
rocks and into crevices and lost
them. Floating down stream in
my hollow log and with Bob
astride another log, we went
over our scheme thoroughly.



Soon we hit the dam. Old Bob
went on down. As my log
plunged down I back out of it.
Our log raft came on swiftly. It
would take fast work the next
few minutes to save our lumber.



As I backed out I grabbed the
hollow log between my hands.
Then I steered it as we plunged
downward in between two solid
rocks. Immediately the water
gushed up through the log.



As the great stream flowed up
through the log, so swiftly did it
come that I stepped upon it and
balanced myself while I shoved
the thousands of logs in the di-
rections in which they should go.



That spring we floated seventy
thousand logs down to our mill,
and as I steered each one in its
proper course we didn't lose a
single log. Bob wrote Sen Lewis
that I was a perfect wizard.