



" A pure case of malingering, Doctor. We can't possibly send him home until he's really ill !!!"

'Deduction' was heard many times. Truly, Sheerluck Jones was an amazing man.

"So now, as the plot unfolds itself, I feel sure that you gentlemen will excuse Dr. Sotson and myself. We will conduct a search of the Colonel's quarters for a possible clue. Come along, Sotson."

And the great detective went out into the night.

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For several moments, Jones stood, chin in hand, surveying the Colonel's quarters.

"Foul play?" queried Sotson.

Jones strode over to the disordered bunk. "No," he cried, "but a self-inflicted wound - observe this mosquito net -- do you not see anything strange about it?"

"Only that it is an American one."

Jones passed his magnifying glass to the Doctor. "Study it more close-

ly." He ordered.

"By Jove," said Sotson, standing up - "A cigarette burn."

"Precisely, my dear Sotson. Proving conclusively that the Colonel smokes in bed, and burned the hole himself. As you will observe, the hole is just in a position to have been burned while reading a book."

"I'd never have thought of that."

"Elementary, my dear fellow. If the Colonel smokes in bed, he must have an ash tray, or a waste-paper receptacle handy - Ah! Here we are." Jones picked up a waste paper box.

"But" ventured the doctor, "it's empty."

"Yes" agreed Jones, it's empty. And now back to the mess where we will conduct an investigation of the suspects."

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Read next week of the connection between a mosquito bite, a waste-paper basket and the missing Orderly Room.