

VIGNETTE

SAN FRANCISCO CHAPTER AMERICAN
NATIONAL RED CROSS
1625 Van Ness Avenue
San Francisco, 9, California

Mr. George Koltanowaski
San Francisco Chronicle
Fifth and Mission Streets
San Francisco, California

Dear Mr. Koltanowski:

We want to express to you our thanks for your kindness in giving of your time to instruct our boys in the game of chess.

This was a very thoughtful and generous gesture, which is deeply appreciated by us all. We are looking forward to having you again.

Sincerely yours,

THELMA ARNEY (Signed)

Administrative Assistant
American Red Cross
U.S. Marine Hospital

Of the many commendations and expressions of appreciation received in the last few years, this recent one makes me happy in more ways than one.

When I arrived at the Marine Hospital for the first time, I learned from the patients who played chess that Joe Miller, who was a bed patient on the 3rd floor, was by far the best player in the place. I asked to be taken to his room. He was a pleasant fellow about 35, slowly recuperating from a very serious operation. He really did play a tough game and just managed to lose the game to me. Lack of practice was obvious.

"Well", Joe confided in me: "no one plays me any more since that unfortunate incident."

"Incident"? I repeated.

So, he told me the story!

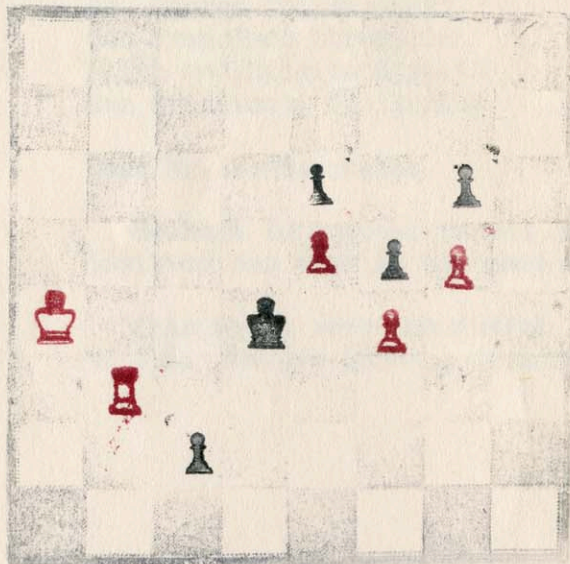
For months players came to his room enjoying a game of chess daily. One day a Philippine sailor came to play him. This sailor, named Sanchez turned out to be quite strong and the game took a serious turn. Both took time to ponder over

their moves. Slowly but surely things took a turn for the worse for Miller.

Due to hospital regulation, the time arrived when it was necessary to quit and the following position was written down by both players.

Black: ~~Joe Miller~~

Sanchez



White: ~~Sanchez~~

Miller

and in a loud voice he explained to them that Miller had not resigned in this position. As he showed the position, all at once he clutched onto air, gulped, fell forward. He died of a heart attack there and then.

"And," said Joe, "No one has been to play me since then as the consensus is that I had no right to continue the game." I shook my head in silence and looked at the final position again. "Eureka," I shouted, "Do you know the game is a draw!" "Oh no," wispered Joe, "If you could prove that they may forgive me yet."

And so, I showed it to the players downstairs. That's what makes me so proud of this last commendation. Miller has opponents again and I have one more good friend. And by the way.....CAN YOU FIND A WAY OUT FOR JOE?

If you cannot find a way out for Joe....send a self-addressed postcard and I shall be more than happy to mail you the solution.

George (alias Dr. Watson)

Sanchez claimed a win. Miller insisted upon looking the position over before resigning. This caused bad blood. It was fortunate that the nurse was present. Sanchez left and while on the 2nd floor, he showed the position to a friend. Was he furious! It was an insult to his intelligence not to resign such a position. When Sanchez left his friend he was really hot under the collar. When he reached the ground floor, a group of chess fans met him