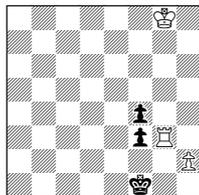
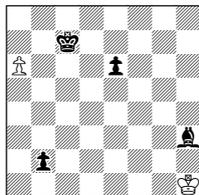


EH1 Dan Meinking  
Original



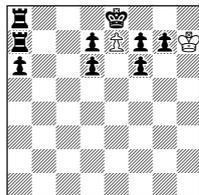
h#5 (3+3)

EH2 Dan Meinking  
Original



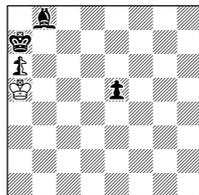
h#5 (2+4)

EH3 Theodor Steudel  
feenschach 1987



h#4 (2+9)

EH4 K. Begley, 1st HM  
SG 2nd Quick CT 2001



h#6 (1+3+1)  
♙ Neutral Pawn

EH1: 1.f2 Rh3 2.Kg2 Rh8 3.f1B Kh7 4.Kh3 Kh6 5.Bg2 Kg5#

EH2: 1.Bf1 a7 2.b1R a8Q 3.Rb8 Qa1 4.Kb7 Qxf1 5.Ka8 Qa6#

EH3: 1.Rd8 exd8R+ 2.Ke7 Rh8 3.Rc7 Kg8 4.Kd8 Kxf7#

EH4: 1.Ka8 a7 2.Kb7 a8nB+ 3.Ka7 Bh1 4.e4 Kb5 5.Ka8 Kc6 6.e3 Kb6#

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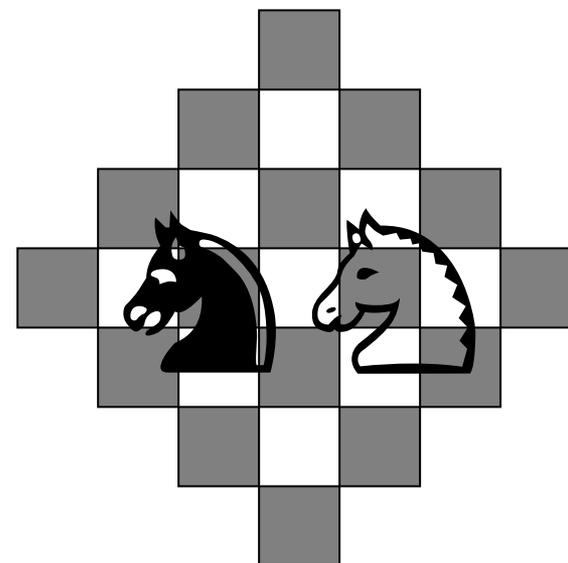
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# StrateGems

## 2004

## Edgar Holladay 1925 - 2003



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SG25S

U.S. CHESS PROBLEM MAGAZINE

The world of problem chess lost another giant. Edgar Holladay died peacefully in his sleep on September 8, 2003. Although he was ill for some time, his sudden death caught us all by surprise. After the news of his death was announced, the tributes started pouring in. Edgar had many friends and they all had kind memories they wanted to share with the rest of us.

Following the tributes, is a selection of eleven compositions which Edgar selected for *The U.S. Anthology*. The Holladay Memorial Tourney is announced at the end of this article.

### Tributes



Edgar Holladay in 1967 photo

America has lost one of its great foundation stones for chess composition. As Robert Lincoln had written, Edgar Holladay was a Problemist *Extraordinaire*: "Our problem heritage has been forever enriched by Edgar Holladay. He was truly an American original." Edgar was the first American FIDE International Master for Chess Composition (1977); the first recipient of The Good Companions Merit Award to honor his life-long dedication to problem art (2000), and first in the hearts of American problemists. The Good Companions (Society of U.S. Chess Problemists) also awarded him the title of Grandmaster of Chess Composition.

Edgar had an extensive knowledge of world chess composition. This knowledge covered the 19th Century as well as the 20th Century. After Alain White's death, Edgar became the world's foremost expert on American chess problems. He was generous with problem knowledge to problemists throughout the world; such standard British problem books as *Chess Problems: An Introduction to an Art* (1963); *The Two-Move Chess Problem: Tradition and Development* (1966); and *Chess Problems: Tasks and Records* (1995) acknowledged Edgar's valued assistance.

In *A Memorial Volume of Chess Problems of V. L. Eaton* (1970), G. F. Anderson wrote a specific appreciation to Edgar. Anderson mentioned that he "freely quoted Edgar's valued comments" on Eaton's problems. Edgar had a gift for extracting the essentials of a problem for *nutshell* comments. He, of course, could also explicate a problem's merit.

During seven decades, Edgar composed well over 2,000 problems with more than 425 awards. His first FIDE *Album* problem was composed when he was only 16. As late as the 2002 *StrateGems* Stalemates tourney, Edgar captured a well-deserved Third Prize. He told me that composing problems was the one thing he did continuously from his teen years onwards.

Besides being an outstanding problemist, Edgar was also an author, judge, and editor. He wrote *Sheppard Two-Movers* (1963); *Wurzburg Artistry* (1974); and *Hassberg Ingenuity* (1978). His many contributions to other books on American problems cannot be covered here. Edgar was awarded the title of FIDE International Judge for Chess Composition in 1956. He was problem editor of the *Cleveland Chess Bulletin* from 1943-1948 and the *American Chess Bulletin* from 1949-1963. Edgar told me that Herman Helms (*ACB*) was an ideal publisher; he never changed any of Edgar's copy on problems. Edgar was the principal founder of the *U.S. Problem Bulletin* and its editor from 1963-1984.

I know that the problem world sends its condolences to Edgar's wife Rita and their three children: your husband and father was loved by many problemists.

--Bob Moore

He is the common thread of chess composition in America since the time the original Good Companions faltered until the reborn Companions stumbled into the 21st century. Appearing as if from nowhere, he continued the dialogue of Alain White, finding a forum at Herman Helms's *American Chess Bulletin*, and there focusing the talents of the mid-century Americans Vincent Eaton, Julius Buchwald, Eric Hassberg, fanning newcomers into flame, such as Dan Meinking and Dave Brown. Like Newman Guttman, I seem to have known Edgar forever, but in my case it's only an illusion, and the better for it. If I tell as much about myself as about Edgar in what follows, it's because that's the only way I can convey his singular strength as an artist and a man.

Imagine this scene: a dowdy Philadelphia hotel where the highlight of the evening is a trio playing 1930s songs in the bar. It's 1956, May. The Homasote Company of Trenton, New Jersey is holding its annual sales convention. Eighty-five men in coats and ties are gathered for breakfast in the hotel's dining room. As soon as coffee is poured, a gentleman in a straw hat named Vaux Wilson ascends the podium and shouts, "Boys, let's hear it!" In good humor everyone rises and joins in with their sales manager in a rousing song, "Homasote! Homasote! Big sheets, big sheets, big sheets, big sheets... Hom--asote!"

At the back of the room, Edgar Holladay, 30, looks up from his pocket chess set, winks at me as if to say, "Who are the real kooks here?" and bellows out "Hom--asote!" For he has recently been hired by Vaux to sell this marvelous building product in Western Pennsylvania, and I have come down by train from New York to represent a Madison Avenue advertising agency, among whose clients is indeed the Homasote Company.

George Laflin Miller did not want to hire me for his agency, and I did not want to leave the graduate school of the University of California to write copy for his agency. But Vaux Wilson wanted both. Just as he figured Edgar would have a more secure future with his company, so he thought I would leap at the chance to become a man in a grey flannel suit. Well, Miller was retiring to Jamaica, and he had to have a guy in New York to look after his business. So he made me an offer I couldn't refuse. After he met Edgar and me for the first time, he imparted these words of wisdom: "Just remember, boys, man does not live by chess alone."

Edgar turned out to be a real sleeper as a salesman. He was over-qualified, but he respected the building trades. Mr. Peepers in appearance, he had that lovable stutter, an "imperfection" that's usually a non-starter for a salesman, but it turned out to have rhetorical effect. He looked awkward, as if he had never swung a hammer in his life. To his credit, Wilson gave him one fine piece of advice: just solve their problems and you'll be OK. And he did, and he was.

It was during this period of two and a half years that I had the rare opportunity to discuss chess problems with Edgar on a regular basis. He needed to compose, he said, as a form of therapy. I knew what he meant. Because he didn't fit the mold of hard-drinking, cigar-smoking salesman, he bore the brunt of jealousy from his fellow workers and wise-cracking from many of his customers. What I didn't tell Edgar was that along Madison Avenue I needed the therapy, too.

So we led a waking dream life, in which fantastic creations, emanating mostly from composers in the Soviet Union and Germany, sustained us above the daily grind of the commercial world, Edgar on the firing line of merchants and me polishing words for ads. And of course Vaux moved in and out of our lives, providing the latest problem columns, and frequently visiting Adolph Buschke's bookstore in lower Manhattan to supply us with definitive publications.

During the first year of our meeting, FIDE for Composition was being organized, but we had to turn down invitations from Ing. Nenad Petrovic to attend the first conclave in Yugoslavia. There would be other opportunities, we thought.

Edgar was six years older and many years wiser about problems than I was -- and that ratio seemed to maintain to the end. How had he become the problem editor of *American Chess Bulletin* when he was in his early twenties? Where did he soak up his knowledge of Shinkman and Wurzburg and Henry Bettman and Gamage and Howard? Going back to those early issues of *ACB*, I found the answers.

In the September/October issue of 1945, Edgar published both a two-mover and a three-mover. He was twenty years old. He had already been editing the problem section of the *Cleveland Chess Bulletin* for two years. Two years before that, his first problems had been published in that magazine (and perhaps elsewhere). Among other composers noted in that 1945 issue were Joe Youngs (still very much with us) and Richard Cheney, of Washington, D.C. Not that Dick Cheney.

In the March/April, 1949, issue of *ACB* a photo of a young, seriously thin, bespectacled man appeared in place of the problem column, under the headline, "Edgar Holladay Succeeds Kenneth S. Howard." Mr. Holladay was described as a recent graduate of the University of Virginia, a respectable player, having tied for 2nd in the Northern Ohio Championship of 1943 and come a full 4th in the Virginia Championship of 1947. His other great love was said to be music -- and therein lies a tale. But his first column did not appear until January/February, 1950. One of the first problems he quoted was a first prize from the Chess Correspondent of 1948, by a gentleman identified with lots of extra consonants as "Newmann Guttman."

From my background in San Francisco, I was out of the loop. Only Adolph J. Fink was there, coming in daily to the Mechanics' Institute to post a new problem on the display board. A.J. came back whole, in 1918, from the Great War to settle briefly in Philadelphia, near the Good Companions' den. Soon he was again in his native Frisco. In the late forties, I saw one of his problems at Mechanics', and tried my hand at a two-mover. George Koltanowski published it in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, as usual without the least bit of comment. But A.J. saw it and wrote to me. Soon he was showing me the problem section in *ACB*: and thus Edgar Holladay!

About this time, Edgar announced, in his *ACB* column, the "Edgar Allen Memorial Tourney." I won first prize with a trifle of a problem that showed an echo from try to solution. The judge was Eric Hassberg. A trickle of correspondence with Edgar ensued. I felt honored, not knowing that this was how he treated everyone. It was self-evident that this was a man who knew himself well. From that moment until the last time I talked with him, in early 2003, he remained the same person.

In 1954 I was in Chicago to marry Theresa Dunne. Minutes before we left the Dunne house for the church, a telegram arrived: "Dear Bob and Theresa. Stop. Congratulations as you join in marriage. Stop." /Signed/ Eric Hassberg, Julius Buchwald, Edgar Holladay.

Jump ahead to 1982. Newman is hosting, at his home in Evanston, Illinois, the first meeting of what we daringly called the Good Companions. I have seen Edgar only briefly in the last ten years. He is now in an entirely new career, financial forecasting. His position at Northwestern University is prestigious. After breakfast on the second day of our confab, we take a walk along the shoreline of Lake Michigan. His mind is always on his lifelong goals: to create the complete book of American composers, perhaps to sum up his own accomplishments in a book, and at the same time to continue the tradition of American composing by bringing another U.S. problem magazine to life.

We struggled with a magazine for a dozen years in the 'sixties and 'seventies -- the *U.S. Problem Bulletin* -- a sort of successor to *ACB*, which missed a year of its problem column here and there and finally gave up in 1960. I say 'struggled' because Edgar's ideas of form and precision were colliding with my openness to risk. But it's daunting work, sitting in a darkened office building in downtown San Francisco late at night picking little lead slugs out of a type-case one after another, 64 of them for a diagram, of course, then locking four of them, with borders around each, into a 'chase', packing 'furniture' around them so they're correctly spaced, tapping them down with a wooden mallet, inking them with a roller, then mounting the chase on the bed of an 1885 Challenge press, then running a test page, and finally 'kissing' the inked form onto an 8-1/2" x 14" flexible plate. If you're successful, you do this four more times for a total of 20 diagrams, four to a page. You don't dare break the type down before striking four more diagrams on the same plate, for if you under-ink or otherwise foul up the second set of diagrams, the whole plate is spoiled. When you make your way home some time after midnight, you have plates drying for the next phase, which is to type in the copy around the diagrams.

"California Chess Reporter" for a full 25 years, ten issues per year. 'Mac' knew nothing about chess problems, and preferred it that way, but he did get to know Edgar Holladay. Frequently Edgar would call the office of "Cal Muni," when he couldn't locate me, to inquire about the progress of printing his magazine. Mac took it all in stride "There are some people you just like from the start," he said.

In the same fashion, we had previously produced the Charles W. Sheppard book in 1963. Despite delays and misprints (the errata page has a glued-in errata page!), Edgar was proud of the professional feel of this book. Price: \$1.50. A classic of his style.

On this walk Edgar listens patiently to those details of production that he could only imagine before. "And then I foisted the same process onto Dave Brown!" he says.

Over the years since that long walk, there have been numerous times, generally on Sunday afternoons, to ramble on together by phone about various fine points of problems. But only on that walk, in the give and take of our reminiscing, did I get a feel for Edgar's religious ideals. Yes, there were the well known conjectures about what one had been, *been*, in a previous life. When physicists eagerly embrace 'dark matter' to balance the cosmic equation, I don't find such theories of transmigration so very spooky. But the lasting impression he left was of his understanding of people, especially of the problemists in our small circle. Further meetings of the Good Companions, especially one at his home in Carmel, Indiana, four years ago, confirmed his unerring humanity.

We will all miss the annual Christmas card, with hand-printed diagram. We will miss his outpouring of finely wrought positions of Euclidean neatness. We will miss that dry humor, as when once, at Dave Brown's house, he taught me how to distract a fly in order to capture it. We will miss the lists he loved to create, as typified in those light pencil marks in the margins of books he gave all of us, grading problems from A (a handful) to D. We will miss those musical Sunday afternoon phone conversations of "heavenly length," as Mendelssohn said of Schubert's Ninth, one of Edgar's favorites. And we will most keenly miss the smile in his voice.

--Bob Burger

I was born, encountered an unwanted life-changing event, learned chess, and met Edgar Holladay. According to him, all this was by design. The myriad wonderment that naturally arises from such a far-reaching conclusion became Edgar's litany for my next 35 years with him. He believed in a predefined purpose for every living creature, and he dearly lived the opportunities to fulfill one's meaning. His was a not uncommon admixture of religion and philosophy, with an emphasis on reincarnation. And everyone who crossed his path heard his beliefs. Chess problems, of course, was the safe medium in which his forum thrived. I say "safe" since we (all problemists) have little effect on the world economy or society's children. Like raindrops falling into one of life's many rivers, he believed we were destined to meet and evolve as individuals, and as a whole. Our life-river was called "chess problems." We all *could* have been musicians or mathematicians or whatever, which perhaps we once were or will be next time around. Of all our many lifetimes, he'd explain, *this* one is just another webbing on our journey toward a higher presence.

Edgar was a true gentleman and a towering advocate of chess composition. He had an extraordinary talent for nurturing the best from everyone. As an editor and advisor, he could appraise junk from a new composer, or unearth flaws missed by veterans, and still make one feel good and hopeful about their efforts. Criticism by itself is easy, but Edgar always left one with a sense of progress. Regarding life itself, he and I often discussed the general failings of our species. He could find diamonds in the rough, be they problems or personalities, and shape them into something better. There were countless times he would correct or revise others' problems, taking no credit. This act of selfless help (as I've seen mirrored in all of you!) has spread to be a common nature for our art and community. And without Edgar's obsession to detail, the rest of us might not have shared the goal of striving for perfection. No doubt, we all acquired at least a percentage of that aim. I personally, and in the reflection of others whom he touched, have seen that kindness, patience and support were the spreading fruits of Edgar's life.

He enjoyed a good laugh too - even at his own expense. For an "old timer's" soul, gadgets of our modern era bewildered, even terrified him. Everyone he met eventually heard of his

inability to negotiate new devices. Like his new VCR, which he was unable to configure, had flashed "12:00" ever since he plugged it in years ago. And, there was his Tale of The Mouse incident: referring to the time just after he "upgraded" to his new PC, and didn't quite get the hang of the mouse.... Over the phone, during the installation of Alybadix, he tried at length to explain to me what he was doing. We've all done really inept things during our baby-steps into computerland, and Edgar wasn't alone. Turns out, he was waving the mouse around MID-AIR! To Edgar, the mouse possibly *could* have emitted a radio-signal or invisible light, why not? They DO now. He only wanted to run Alybadix, and thought he needed to know nothing more. Once he understood the mouse-thingy, he sighed a long "Ohhhhhh....." and chuckled. Years later, by now having understood more about computers and "viruses," he told of an old lady who feared she could actually catch the biological version off the Internet! True, cartoons of new PC users' misadventures have flourished ever since the days of the Apple-II. Still, intent on using his PC solely for testing problems, he never ventured onto the Internet, or ever stored a single problem on his hard drive.

At various times, he investigated health topics such as biorhythms, miracle vitamins, home remedies and magnetic bandages, among others. This he did, with ardent belief, to help improve the lives of those he cared about. On planning one of his visits to Rockford, he asked if I'd like to meet his brother, John Holladay, from California. Why not, I thought. But it wasn't until they arrived that I discovered Edgar's true intention. Unknown to me, John had developed some effectiveness in faith healing, and now wanted to "help" me. Together, they performed a ritual of sorts, all disquieting to me, and nothing happened. But to me, this action, as with all of Edgar's other hopeful pursuits, showed a modest and relentless desire to give aid at any price. I know that he wanted to somehow emulate the work of Cayce, but sadly, Edgar was not *Edgar*.

**Obsession.** His real gift, after all, was composing. Alone, Edgar's works stand well with all the top composers. Bob Moore hopes to soon publish Holladay's own compilation, one of Edgar's wishes. Since the passing of Alain White, Edgar has been our best historian and researcher. His *U.S. Anthology* will also be published soon. Although I've never seen his personal library, I know it's a goldmine, not only in rare books (often in duplicate, since he'd often loan and sometimes give extras to others), but also in containing boxes of passed-on correspondence, some of which dates before he was born! His many visits to the Cleveland library unearthed many more treasures as well. All this is documented, as he always did, in numerous black folders.

Edgar loved to talk about this mountain of data and the rich history of our fellows. Whenever he'd phone, two hours was the minimum dialogue. Once, while discussing themes, and rocking back and forth in his chair, totally absorbed in a chess idea, I heard a loud crash. A few minutes later (it seemed), he collected himself and bashfully admitted how he had gotten carried away, lost his balance and tipped over backwards! And, when he'd visit Rockford (always in suit and tie, neatly groomed, and carrying his briefcase full of folders and chess pieces), the day was so packed with exchanges that I was always exhausted at day's end (2:00 a.m. was not unusual). Once, so tired, I had to excuse myself and take sanctuary in the bathroom. But in moments, he had followed me and continued his discussion, standing in the doorway. I said I'd *be awhile* and insisted on privacy. Actually, I *had* to take a much needed and relaxing shower before resuming our chat. Yes, he was *that* intense. Yes, that was Edgar.

Accuracy was another of his passions. In my editing the revived *USPB* in 1981, he always insisted that the copy be exact. (Remember, we didn't use word processors in those days!) He would correct my typing and diagram errors using erasures, razors and various pens. Those of you who still have old *USPBs* will appreciate his artwork. Maybe it wasn't pretty, but it was right!

In his final years, new ideas became fewer for him. Nor could he muster schemes for major tourneys, including even team-FIDE events. Edgar therefore turned to his library and reexamined many oldies. With the computer, he was able to find hundreds of better versions, either in twinning, adding important try-play, or correcting cooks or duals. (Many of these will be seen in his *Anthology*.) Very rarely did he consider taking even partial credit for any of these revisions. Also, he loved to test thousands of "likely" positions which would result in ideal-mates. Here, he created (or as he put it, "fed his experience" into the computer and let IT do the hard work) many elaborate settings. Their output was staggering, to the point of overwhelming most readers.

Edgar described himself as conservative. I think this was one of his few misjudgments. There'll never be another like him....

--David L. Brown



Edgar Holladay was the first recipient of the Good Companions Merit Award [ photo MP]

Edgar had been chess-problem editor of the *American Chess Bulletin*. After the demise of this long-running publication along with the death of its editor and publisher Herman Helms, Edgar felt impelled to start a new problem magazine. He recruited Bob Burger, Julius Buchwald, Eric Hassberg, and me. What would the title be? He probably burned many ears on the telephone about the title; with me, he argued that he wanted a continuation of his previous editing, hence the "Bulletin" part of the *U.S. Problem Bulletin*. For many years, it was a cottage-industry effort, with Bob as the typesetter and printer, and me as the stapler and mailer. (At least it was a step above the novel-industry effort by Eric Hassberg as editor and Raymond Tump as publisher of *American Chess Problemist*, 1949-1951.) Edgar held the editorship 1963-1984, in two phases. Nos 1-20 ran 1963-67. Edgar resumed in 1981, completing Nos. 21-37 into 1984.

He handed over the editorship to Eugene Rosner, writing, "Having realized for some time that I am unable to bring out *USPB* on a timely basis..." Edgar remained as "consultant" through the editorships of Eugene Rosner, Russell Rice and Stefanos Pantazis.

To me, Edgar was admirable, awesome, lovable. I loved my long phone conversations where he ran on about problemistic niceties, UFOs, reincarnations, Edgar Cayce. Connecting reincarnations and the problem world, he was "fairly certain" that he previously was John Nix, the 19th-century American composer. He found corroboration in composing styles and personal data he found by researching Nix's life and descendants. He saw incarnations of Alain C. White in two recent American composers, one of whom died at an early age. Taking advantage of his trip to the FIDE/PCCC in Canterbury, England, as my deputy, he took time to visit the port of departure of Francis Drake, since he felt Drake was a precedent. Sure enough, he experienced an event or two there to confirm his feelings.

He truly used the computer as a collaborative composer. He would set up a promising position; sometimes the emerging solutions from skilled changes in the positions produced legitimate problems. I use the plural, since he learned to milk a position for twinning and more. He was otherwise inept with the computer. He refused to connect to the Internet for fear of viruses. For composing, he used Alybadix, clumsily, but, in the end, highly effectively.

Edgar admitted often that he was a procrastinator. His associates agreed, but when we look back, how productive he was!

--Newman Guttman

With the untimely passing of Edgar Holladay, our Chess Problem Family has lost a true legend. Many of us who knew Edgar personally have lost a good friend and mentor. His passion for problems, and their authors, was singular. Edgar was as much a problem historian as he was, and is, a part of problem history. For those who only knew him only as a composer, I'd like to share a few affectionate reflections of Edgar:

**Edgar and Milan:** Just before the 1995 Good Companions Meeting in Rockford, Edgar and I had co-authored our one and only joint, a nice h#4 that eventually got a 3rd Prize. On Sunday of that GCM, we were all lounging at Dave and Pam's place. Edgar and I decided to show Milan our creation, as a little solving challenge. So I set up the board and explained to

Milan, "This is a helpmate in four, with two solutions." Edgar and I sat back and observed. After pondering about 20 seconds, Milan, in his most gleeful, Slavic tone, proclaimed: "Vot, is DIS for CHEELDREN or zumthing?!" as he rattled off the solutions! All three of us got a good laugh out of that.

Edgar continuously dwelled upon his favorite topics, problems being the most prominent, of course, then UFOs, reincarnation, Sai Baba, etc. in no particular order. I always teased that he was in an "infinite loop", endlessly bouncing back and forth between those subjects so dear to him. Dave Brown and I could tell many stories about providing "technical support" to Edgar, once he'd purchased his new computer a few years back. He truly disliked Windows, with all its complexities, and yearned for the old, simpler DOS days when he could just run Alybadix.

Within the realm of problems, one of Edgar's favorite sub-topics was his Grading System. (Told him once that "Edgar" was an anagram for "grade", but he probably knew that already...) Of course, he rarely gave out an "A-" grade, and even less frequently an "A". There may have been 10 problems in existence that earned his highest distinction. And Edgar *loved* to talk. He could converse -- uninterrupted -- for minutes on end. I remember fondly that, whenever Edgar rambled on about the merits of this or that problem, I could always grab his attention by interjecting: "But Edgar, this is *at least* an 'A+' problem!" Of course he would chuckle, and remind me how few "A"s existed.

Edgar, the man, was equally rare...

--Dan Meinking

I went to two or three Good Companions meetings at Dave Brown's house when I lived in Madison, Wisconsin. One of these times, Milan was telling some of us that Edgar always complained that Milan's problems were too busy. So Milan said he'd decided to play a little joke on Edgar, and he submitted a =3 to a tourney Edgar was judging, namely wKf6, wBf7, bKf8. A while later, off in another room, Edgar told us that he suspected that one of the problems in this tourney was composed by Milan as a joke. So a bit later we told Milan that Edgar had figured him out, and Milan told us he was getting the last laugh, because he'd submitted a *second* three-piece problem! Unfortunately, I don't recall this other problem.

I was very glad to be able to meet both Milan and Edgar in person, and I'll never forget those meetings (thanks, Dave!), but I feel like I got to know them as well through their problems. Milan always liked to execute some nice and surprising, but logical maneuver. And Edgar would get some amazing variations with sparse arrays. I'll miss both of their problems a lot.

--David P. Moulton

I first met Edgar Holiday at the 2000 Good Companions Meeting which was held in Indianapolis. On the first day, an informal dinner was held at Edgar's house in Carmel. I quickly realized that Edgar had been composing chess problems before I was born. At the end of the meeting when almost everyone had gone home, I got a chance to do something special. Along with Dan Meinking, I went to visit Edgar's 'chess laboratory' on the second floor of his Carmel home. Edgar was learning to use a new computer and notebooks, chess diagrams, paper, and chess mementos were scattered everywhere. I have often thought about that room and pictured Edgar working late at night on some elegant chess problem.

Edgar and I seem to like each other instantly. We exchanged Christmas Cards every year since we met. Edgar always included a chess problem in his Christmas Card. After returning home, I began to see Edgar's name everywhere. For example, I was surprised that 'One Hundred Years of The American Two-Move Chess Problem' published in 1962 contained eight of Edgar's problems. I soon realized Edgar was something special in the world of chess problems. He remained an active contributor to *StrateGems*. I will never forget his Q0106, a beautiful h=6½ which received third prize in the 2002 awards. I will miss his chess problems and his Christmas cards process to Edgar as we proceed along the shoreline of Lake Michigan, and now for the first time he realizes why I was frequently late in getting his issues off the press. ~~Or any other~~ anything else, the press was in the office of California Municipal Statistics, where a gentleman (and I use the word advisedly) named Guthrie McClain and I produced the

I could not find the words which could express my personal sorrow when I learned my friend Edgar Holladay left this world. He and I associated many days at Dave and Pam Brown's house during a couple of Good Companions meetings. We spoke over the phone, probably an hour per "session". He believed in reincarnation, the plausibility that most of our technology today derived from aliens (he once worked for the NSA), and the list goes on. Its odd... we never seemed to touch base on chess when we spoke, but he always included a chess problem in the Christmas cards he sent me, and he never missed a year. I suppose he and Vukie are arguing right about now, as they always did when they were together. Edgar believed in symmetry and beauty. Milan boasted complex themes and the rewards inherit any problem that didn't have to do with a letter shape. We lost two if the greatest this sad year of 2003, but, they will never die in our memories or our hearts.

Good-bye Edgar. I'm going to miss you.

--Alex Markevitch

Edgar Holladay was a very strong supporter of the ideal-mate program for these past 40 years, and a large fraction of his total composing output has been within this genre. More than 1,000 of his compositions were published in the past 20 years in *Ideal Mate Review*. And of the 5,000 problems selected as the best of their types in Volumes 1 and 2 of the *Ideal-Mate Encyclopedia*, 425 were by Edgar. We will miss him greatly.

--Eugene Albert

For many years I looked forward to receiving Edgar's Christmas card. He would always enclose some recent originals. For him, every new position was an adventure, pushing the boundaries of imagination. His passing is indeed the passing of an era, but the abundant body of his work will continue to inspire generations of problem lovers to come.

--Bob Lincoln

I'll miss Edgar's enthusiasm. The longest letters I ever received were from him--one was forty pages, filled with hand-stamped diagrams. On the phone he wanted to talk for hours--with no apparent self-consciousness for stuttering--about chess problems of course, but also about the photography of Ansel Adams, reincarnation, whatever. I got the impression that he faced his failing health with calmness--with a laugh, he said that in his younger days he used to run up stairways taking three steps at a time.

--Mark Kirtley

I am very saddened by this news. I was in touch with Edgar soon after I came in the U.S. with my family in 1997. We exchanged letters and phone calls. The subjects we touched upon were not only about composition. I found him to be a very nice and amiable person. God bless his soul.

--Rauf Aliovsadzade

It is really sad news about Edgar. I met him two or three times. He was a very kind man.

--Bedrich Formanek

I received this sad news about Edgar's death. I am truly sorry, even though I never met him. However, as a lover of ideal-mates I enjoyed his problems. The Chess-problem World has lost another giant. My condolences to his family.

--Radovan Tomašević

I present my deep condolences about the death of the great American composer Edgar Holladay! His problems are an eternal "Echo" in the history of the world composition!

--Petko A. Petkov

Condolences from the Finnish chess problem friends on the passing away of Edgar Holladay.

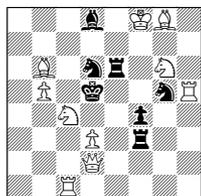
--Jorma Paavilainen, Chairman of the Finnish Chess Problem Society

I remember having a nice chat with Edgar in Canterbury in 1978, when I urged him to go and visit Mansfield because he might not have another opportunity to do so; and I believe he was glad he did. After that we lost touch. I gave up chess problems for a while, and when I resumed our paths did not cross. So there's little I can say, except that Edgar's death makes a very sad year for problemists even sadder.

--Chris Feather

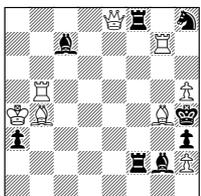
### Selected Problems

**No.1** Comm., *American Chess Bulletin* 1946(v)



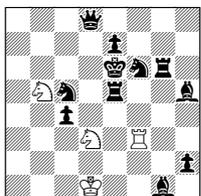
#2 (10+7)

**No.2** 1st Pr., *American Chess Problemist* '51-52(v)



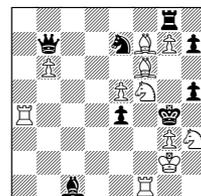
#3 (8+8)

**No.3** 1st Prize *Problem* 1957



h#2 3 solutions (4+11)

**No.4** 2nd Prize, BCPB 40th Anniversary 1960



#2 (11+8)

**No.1** 1...R~ on rank 2.Sxf4, 1...Rxd3 2.Qxd3; **1.Qxf4!** (zz), 1...S~ 2.Qxf3#, 1...Sf5 2.Qe5# (Qd4? Qd6?), 1...Sf7 2.Qd4# (Qe5? Qd6?), 1...Se4 2.dxe4#, 1...Sxc4 2.dxc4, 1...B~ 2.Se7#, 1...Bf6 2.Qxd6# (Qe5? Qd4?), 1...Bxb6 2.Sxb6#, 1...R~ on file 2.Se3#, 1...Rxf4+ 2.Sxf4#. Including the set-play, there are eight black correction moves.

**No.2** 1.Bd7? Sg6! 2.Qxg6 Ra8+!; **1.Bc8** (2.Rg4#), 1...R8f5 2.Be7+ (Qe7+?), 1...R2f5 2.Be1+ (Qe1+?), 1...R8f4 2.Qe7+ (Be7+?), 1...R2f4 2.Qe1+ (Be1+?), 1...Sg6 2.Qxg6. Black Rooks interfere with each other on two squares (f5/f4).

**No.3** 1.Re2 Re3+ 2.Kd5 Sb4#, 1.Sg4 Rf8 2.Sd7 Sf4#, 1.Rg4 Rf2 2.Sd5 Sxc5#

**No.4** 1...Sxf5 2.Sf2, 1.Bc4? (2.Be2#), 1...e3+ 2.Bd5#, 1...Qa6!, 1.Rf3? (2.Sf2#), 1...Be3 2.Sxe3#, 1...Qxb6!, 1.Sd4? (2.Sf2#), 1...e3+ 2.Sc6#, 1...Be3!; **1.Sf4!** (2.Sh6#), 1...e3+ 2.Sd5#, 1...Sxf5 2.Bxh5#, 1...Kxf5 2.Be6#, 1...Bxf4 2.Rxf4#

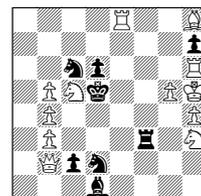
**No.5** 1...Se5/Se7 2.Sf4+, 1.Rd8? Sxb4!, 1.Rc8? dxc5!; **1.Se4!** (2.Sf4+), 1...Se5 2.Sf6+ (Sc3+?), 1...Se7 2.Sc3+ (Sf6+?), 1...Sxb3 2.Qxb3+.

**No.6** **1.Kh5!** (2.Gh6#), 1...Gb5+ 2.Gf5#, 1...Gc5+ 2.S4f5#, 1...Gd5+ 2.Bf5#, 1...Ge5+ 2.S6f5#, 1...g4+ 2.Ghf5#, 1...Gf7+ 2.Rxf7#. The first three black checks are interferences on the masked lines a6...f1, a7...f2, and a8...f3, respectively.

**No.7** 1.Rc3? Bb7/Be4 2.SxB=, 1...Bc4!, 1.Qd6? Be4 2.Qf4=, 1...Ba8!; **1.Qc8** (zz), 1...Bb7 2.Qb8=, 1...Be4 2.Qg4=, 1...Bc4 2.Rg4= (Qg4?), 1...Bb3 2.Rb2=, 1...Ba2 2.Rxa2=, 1...Bg8 2.Rxg8=, 1...B-else 2.xB= . In solution, four pins of bB and four unpins of Rg2.

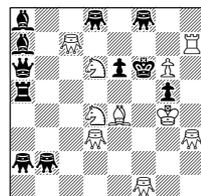
**No.8** 1.f1B Kg1 2.e1S Kh1 3.Sf3 gxf3 4.d1R fxe4 5.Ra1 exd5 6.Ra7 d6 7.Ba6 d7 8.Bc8 dxc8Q# AUW with asymmetry.

**No.5** 1st Prize, British Chess Federation '60-61



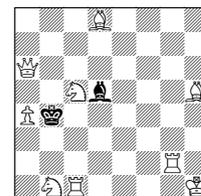
s#2 (12+8)

**No.6** 2nd Prize, *British Chess Magazine* 1971



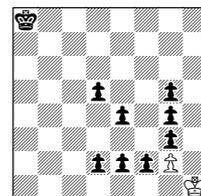
#2 Grasshoppers (10+11) =2

**No.7** Honorable Mention *The Problemist* 1977



(9+2) h#8

**No.8** *Problemblad* 1978



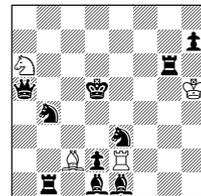
(2+9)

**No.9** 1.Kd4+ Sc5 2.Sbd5 Sa4 3.Sg4 Re4 (2.Sed5? Sa4 3.Rg4 Re4?) and 1.Kd6+ Bf5 2.Sed5 Bc8 3.Rg4 Re6 (2.Sbd5? Bc8 3.Sg4 Re6?). Pinning and unpinning of white pieces on the 5th rank and unpins of the Re2.

**No.10** a) 1.Re4 Sa2 2.Be5+ Kd2 3.Kd4 Sc1 4.Qd5 Sb3#, b) 1.Qd5 Sa6 2.Rb4 Sc7 3.Kc4 Sb5 4.Bd4 Sa3#, c) 1.Qd3+ Kb3 2.Rd4 Ka4 3.Kc4 Sd5 4.Rc5 Sb6. The cross shape is deliberate.

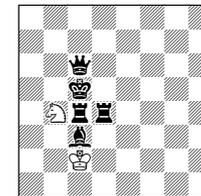
**No.11** a) **1.Se4!** Kd5 2.Rb6 Kd4 3.Sb2 Ke5 4.Rf6 Kd4 5.Kf4 Kd5 6.Rd6#, b) **1.Ke2!** Kd5 2.Rb6 Ke4 3.Kd2 Ke4 4.Rf6 Kd4 5.Sb6 Ke4 6.Rf4#, c) **1.Kf5!** Kd5 2.Sb7 Kc4 3.Sa5+ Kd4 4.Se5 Kd5 5.Sb7 Kd4 6.Rd3#, d) 1.Kc7? Kd5 2.Kd7 Kd4 3.Sc1 Ke5 4.Rf3 Kd5 5.Sb3 Ke5 6.Rf5#, 1...Ke3!; **1.Sc5!** Ke5 2.Rf3 Kd5 3.Sf7 Kc4 4.Rb3 Kd5 5.Kb5 Kd4 6.Rd3# Five exact-echo ideal-mates.

**No.9** 1st Prize *Problemblad* 1983(v)



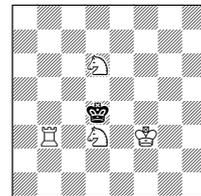
h#3 2 solutions (4+10)

**No.10** 1st Prize *Boletim da UBP* 1986-87



h#4 b) Kc5↔Rd4 (2+5)  
c) Qc6↔Rd4

**No.11** Original



#6 b) Sd6→a4 (4+1)  
c/d) Kf3→g4/b6

### Edgar Holladay Memorial Tournev (EHMT)

*StrateGems* hereby announces a formal tournev, in 3 sections, to commemorate the life-long contributions of Edgar Holladay. Entries to Ryan McCracken (address and email on back cover) must be **received** no later than October 1, 2004. Judge: Dan Meinking.

**Section 1** calls for orthodox h#3½-n where a White unit, X, visits square Y which is unoccupied (EH1,EH2) or was previously unoccupied (EH3); later, the bK, standing on Y, is mated by X. X cannot be a Pawn, except where Y is a promotion square (EH2,EH3). X may be the rear unit (EH1,EH3) or front unit (see PDB P0578315, part (a) only) of a battery-mate. Multiple solutions and normal twinning permitted; no duplex or zero-positions. For other valid examples, see PDB P0500961, P0559462, P0564398, P0576790 (part (a) only), P0578101, P0578663 and P1006337.

**Section 2** calls for h#3½-n with fairy unit(s), showing the theme of Section 1 (EH4). No fairy stipulations (Circe, Madrasi, etc.) permitted.

**Section 3** calls for orthodox directstalemates (=n) with free theme.

Please turn to the next page for examples.

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