

A PUZZLING CONCLUSION

by Ken Weber



A Game of Rummoli

When a raging snowstorm swept down on Amaranth Township, the Browns decided that instead of going to a movie in Orangeville it would be safer to stay home and play rummoli. Out came the round brown table and six brown chairs and everyone took a seat. Rosemary Brown sat down first, followed by Tom Brown who sat next to her. The Brown who sat next to the Brown who sat opposite Dorothy Brown, sat opposite Dorothy's sister. Billy Brown sat opposite Rosemary, who sat next to the person who sat opposite Dorothy. Sean Brown sat opposite the Brown who sat next to the Brown who sat opposite Dorothy's sister. Cecile Brown was last to take a seat.

Place each of the rummoli players at the round table.



Running For Lunch

Precisely at twelve noon, a whistle at the sawmill in Hockley signals the lunch hour with three short blasts, each lasting one second. On warm, sunny days, Adrian rushes to put his tools away, grab his lunch and then run to get a seat at the picnic table just outside the main door. He always tries to get there before the third whistle blast. The whistle blasts are seven seconds apart and it takes Adrian thirteen seconds from the beginning of the first one to get to his seat at the table.

How many seconds are left before the beginning of the third whistle blast?

Foley's Dozen

The year is 1927. You have applied to be a proofreader at the Orangeville Sun and the publisher, John Foley, challenges you with the following test. It is an editorial into which he has deliberately inserted three spelling errors, three punctuation errors, three words used incorrectly and three errors of fact.

A good proofreader would catch "Foley's Dozen." Can you?

In Defence of Warden Donaldson

It is the position of this newspaper that criticism being levelled at Dufferin County's warden, W.A. Donaldson, for his failure to attend a meeting in the Region of Peel held at Inglewood last week, is entirely unwarranted. A number of citizens have complained to the Sun that by driving west from his home in Mono Township instead of east last Wednesday, Mr. Donaldson was derelict in his duty to Dufferin and has embarrassed the county. We at the Sun beg to differ.

When a public figure like our prime minister, Sir William Lyon Mackenzie King, appears in this county as he did in Grand Valley last Wednesday, it is not just Warden Donaldson's privilege but rather his duty to welcome the man. In situations that present a scheduling conflict, a municipal official must always choose to go where his presence will have the greatest affect. It is indeed unfortunate a meeting with Peel was scheduled on the same day as the prime minister's visit, but whatever the portent of the gathering in Inglewood (it's agenda, we have learned, was a discussion of reforestration along the border of the two Townships, Caledon and East Garafraxa), our warden made the appropriate choice in going to Grand Valley and everyone of his critics should be silent.

In the Rafters at S.S. #15

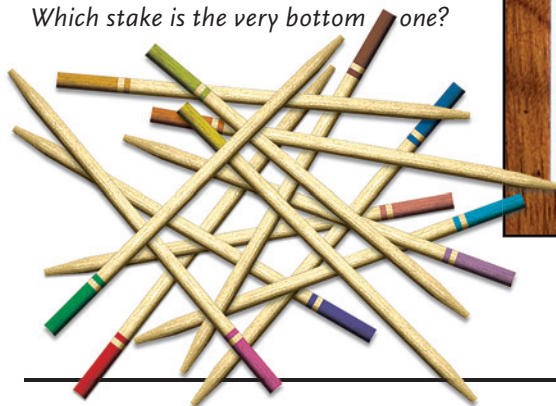
Carpenters continue to find puzzles hidden in remote corners of Alton's old school. This time they found an arrangement of numbers. There appears to be a relationship among these numbers and if you can figure out that relationship you can probably figure out what the missing number is.

15 2292	29 9569	21 2298
27 6696	12 4512	? 8837

Pile-up at Fraxa Junction

When the surveyors working for the Toronto Grey and Bruce Railway pulled up stakes (literally) at Fraxa Junction just west of Orangeville in 1871, they left behind a large pile of them next to the tracks. All the neighbours nearby wanted the stakes for firewood, so to prevent disputes the stationmaster decided that whoever identified the very bottom stake could take the whole pile.

Which stake is the very bottom one?



AN IN THE HILLS MINI MYSTERY

The Case of Enigmatic Emerson

The grandchildren were not a bit surprised when the lawyer from Erin opened an envelope containing Emerson's will and pulled out a worn electrical plug with a frayed length of cord dangling from it. They knew Grandpa's will would be unusual, even weird, for with good reason he had always been known as "Enigmatic Emerson." His neighbours called him that. So did his family and the people at the grist mill in Bolton where he'd worked for almost forty years. Even the Orange Lodge members thought him odd, though they never referred to him that way in public.

Emerson's reputation was reinforced by what came out of the envelope along with the plug: two crumpled strips of paper. On one of them he had

traced the outline of a key. Inside the outline he had printed "52 Caledon East" in ever so tiny script. The grandchildren got that one right away; the image was a safety deposit box key. But the strip also sported a string of capital letters:



"Got to be an anagram," the oldest granddaughter said immediately. "Grandpa Emerson never wrote an ordinary note in his life."

"Well, then how come these aren't anagrams too?" The youngest granddaughter had just picked up the second piece of paper. "Cause this note says 'TullamoreOrtonAltonStantonTottenhamErinRelessey' and those aren't anagrams, they're towns. Or used to be, some of them anyway. No spaces either. What's that about?"

The lawyer spoke up. "Seems to me Emerson's instructions are in safety deposit box #52 at the bank in Caledon East, and the key, if you'll forgive the pun, is to figure out where he left the key. I'd say the clues to that are in those two strips."

Tell Enigmatic Emerson's heirs where to find the key to the safety deposit box.