

A PUZZLING CONCLUSION

by Ken Weber



Adding Up to 15 in Melancthon

MELANCTHON

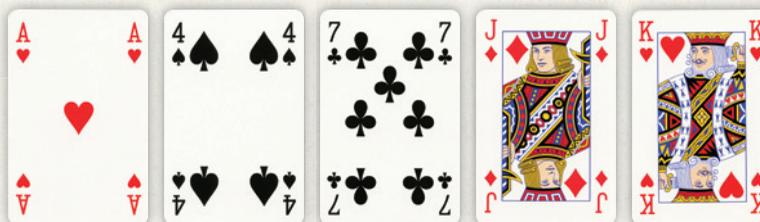
- a) Add the number of three-letter words in MELANCTHON that begin with H to:
- b) the number of four-letter words that begin with the letter O.
- c) To this sum add the number of five-letter words that begin with E,
- d) plus the number of six-letter words that begin with L,
- e) and finally, add the number of seven-letter words that begin with C.

In this anagram challenge use only the letters that appear in MELANCTHON and only as often as they appear. (For example, your words may have two 'N's, but only one 'e'.) Proper nouns (e.g., ALTON), non-English words and slang words are not acceptable. *The results of the tasks at right should add up to 15.*

Power Point in Amaranth

Cameron developed a sore throat on the morning of the Amaranth Township Annual Public Speaking Contest. By noon it was worse and by mid-afternoon he had lost his voice.

Rather than withdraw from the contest, Cameron made a Power Point slide. First he scanned these five playing cards into the top half of the slide.



In the bottom half, Cameron typed the following challenge:

"These five cards sit one on top of another, somewhere in the middle of a deck where you can't see them. Can you use the three clues below to tell which one of the cards is on top, which is the next one down, and so on?"

1

2

3

The face cards are separated by one or more of the other cards.

The top and bottom cards are not red.

The ace is somewhere above the diamond and somewhere below the club.

In this way Cameron took part in the public speaking contest, but because he didn't actually speak, the judges didn't know what to do. (They couldn't solve his puzzle either. *Can you?*)

On the Floor at S.S.#19 Caledon

In September of 1884, when students arrived on the first day of the brand new school at Forks of the Credit, they noticed their teacher, Mr. Boyle, had put letters on the floor at the points where the pine planks fit together. In one corner of the room the floor looked like this:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| A | B | C | D |
| E | F | G | H |
| | K | | |
| I | J | L | M |
| N | O | | P |

"I just want to see if your minds are still working after a nice, warm summer," said Mr. Boyle to the older students, pointing at the pattern in the corner.

"How many rectangles do you see?"

The Spoons at Dufferin County Museum

Matt stepped back to look at the museum shelf where he had just set down six spoons in a three-up, three-down pattern like this.



A grade-five class was due shortly and Matt had designed a puzzle for their visit. Beside the spoons he put a card which read: "In just three moves, inverting two **adjacent** spoons at a time, create an alternating pattern, so that the first spoon on the left points handle down, the second one handle up, the third one down, and so on."

Can you solve Matt's puzzle?

AN IN THE HILLS MINI MYSTERY

In Albion Mulmur's Harness Shop

Hattie reached for the thumb latch on the battered old door but stopped to take a deep breath. It wasn't going to be easy to bring this off. The lawyer from Orangeville was waiting for her inside but he wasn't the problem. Her two stepsisters were inside too and they'd be ready for a fight. A tiny smile briefly overcame Hattie's anxiety. They had good reason.

She took another deep breath and reached out to flick a paint scab off the door. The door, indeed the old harness shop itself, was done for. So was Albion Mulmur. Not that his death bothered Hattie. Years ago, when she'd been adopted out of a foster home by

Albion and his wife, her life had turned into a replay of the Cinderella story, but without a handsome prince and certainly without a fairy godmother.

Until now. Two weeks ago, her stepsisters' applecart had been overturned by the surprise discovery of a will in Albion's harness shop. It appeared genuine and was more recent than the one in the Orangeville lawyer's office, the one which gave the stepsisters everything. Old Albion, mean as could be to Hattie in life, was now going to be generous to her in death. If... if... her plan worked.

One more breath and Hattie grabbed the latch,



pushed the door open and stepped in. Two pairs of eyes bored into her, but she faced the waves of hate head on as she backed against the door, giving it an extra push until the latch clicked.

"So this is what the harness shop looks like!" Hattie said brightly, moving her gaze to the ceiling and then into a sweep around the walls. "I was never allowed in here. Kinda dingy, huh? Smells a bit too, doesn't it?"

Hattie was about to say more, but took a deep breath again. She'd made a mistake and was frightened that someone had noticed.

What is Hattie's mistake?