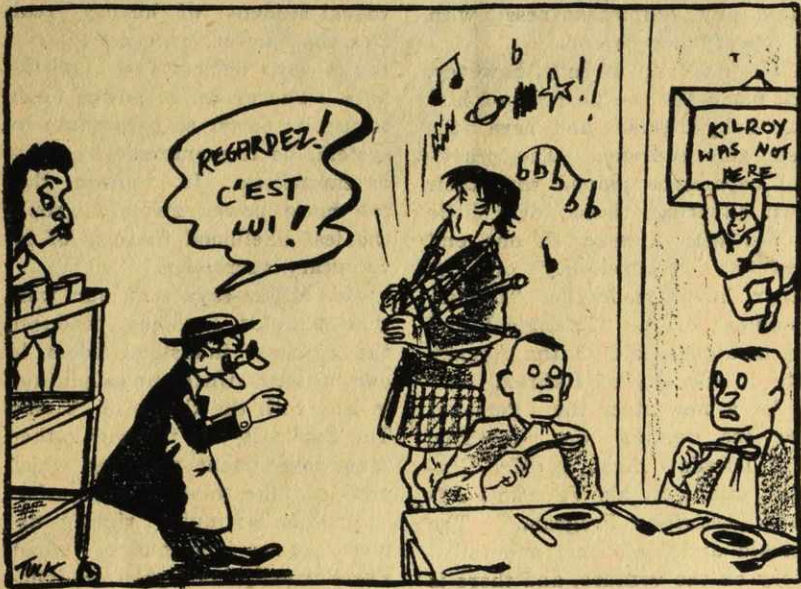


# ... FEATU R E S



## The Case Of The Wailing Bagpipes

Across the mist-enshrouded moore of Studley there comes an eerie, forlorn wailing as of a lost soul in torment. Strangers passing by on the Highroad bless themselves and hurry past with many a furtive glance into the funereal gloom. Beginning with low, discordant shriek and then trail off into a murmuring chant of tortured notes. The pupils of Mr. Walker's Residence School for Young Boys are terrified. Their traditional school spirit is chilled by the mysterious sounds. No more does the football team exercise at 7 o'clock in the morning, for it is still dark and who knows when the wailing monster may strike from the gloom.

Each night without fail the sounds were repeated. Gathered in their chill, uncomfortable garrets the King's students discussed the enigma and various theories were evolved. Some schools of thought were of the opinion that the noises were produced by a strange Cape Breton musical instrument, constructed of cow-hide and hollow reeds, called Bagpipes. This theory gradually increased in popularity, and a ways and means committee suggested that the perpetrator of the noises was a member of the student body who became bewitched at nightfall. They advocated that search parties and posses be formed and that they diligently search the grounds for the menace of the shadows.

From the garrets, a window, latticed by the pale glow of the moon, squeals and shivers open and a raucous voice gives forth with a derisive cat-call. (This to draw the attention of the spectre while the searchers surround it.) Vague shadowy forms dash from every doorway into the night in search of the elusive piper. Much later, as dawn and the kitchen staff steal onto the scene, the searchers, disgruntled and baffled, return to admit failure, while the horrible wail of the pipes mocks them from the depths of the woods surrounding Shirreff Hall.

Night after night the mystery continued. The searchers caught glimpses of their quarry only to have him slip away into the fog. Bear-traps and snares were tied but to no avail. The piper ignored these attempts to catch him, and continued to ravish the nights with brutal stabs and darts of noise.

Finally, tired of their efforts to trap the mad musician, the student body wired the French Surete for assistance. It was fortunate that they did so for on the staff of the Surete there was one Inspector Sac-Pipe, who was an authority on that type of musical instrument much used in Normandy, which is made with goat-skins and hollow rods and closely resembles the Cape Breton instrument. On being told of his mission, the Inspector said, in his own native tongue, "J'irai".

With the use of those cunning methods known only to the French, the famous inspector tracked down the scoundrel of the night, and saving his entrance for the most dramatic moment, tramped into the dining hall, dragging his captive behind him.

There he stood, the villain, bony knees protruding beneath a short, dirty, weed-entangled kilt. His matted, filthy hair hung over his face. The weird instrument with which he tortured Mr. Walker's Boys was clutched under his arm. With a gesture worthy of some great tragedian, Inspector Sac-Pipe flung back the hair from the monster's face and pointing dramatically said, in his own native tongue, "Regards, c'est lui".

Great was the surprise of the students, for the mysterious specter was none other than an erstwhile divinity student, George (Mc Bagpipes) Burchill. At a meeting of the governing body it was decided that the offender be allowed to live if he abandon his nocturnal excursions for something less irritating. One suggestion was that he take up checkers.

But we are interested only in the solving of the case rather than the punishment of the culprit. As Inspector Sac-Pipe returned to his native Paris, he was heard to say to the President, in his own native tongue, "Il ne fait rien."

"Walter," Roy yelled in a rather reproving tone, "why did that man down the counter get up and leave so quickly?"

Walter raised his hands helplessly. "I dunno. I told him the frankfurters weren't cooked yet,

that he'd have to wait for them."

Roy asked what was wrong with that and Walter said: "I dunno. I went to the kitchen. Accidentally I stepped on the cat's tail. The cat yelled and when I came back the man was gone."

## Diary Of Samuel Peeps

Nov 13. This morning I began a practice which I find by the ease I do it with that I shall continue, it saving me money and time; that is, to trimme myself with a razor, which pleases me mightily. At breakfast I was informed of a most malodorous state of affairs by my serving girl from the hall. She was pleased to tell me that Miss Fairlee Prowse has again added infamy to her name by putting another engagement to her already over-long list. So to bed, alone, as my wife after bathynge must needs sleep by herself.

Nov. 14: Up and walked with my boy (whom, because of my wife's making him idle, I dare not leave at home). Walked first to the Hall, to Mrs. Turner. She was dressing herself by the fire in her chamber, and there took occasion to show me her leg, which indeed is the finest I ever saw, and she not a little proud of it. Here she did trust me to the extent of telling me of her dis-satisfaction with the conduct of my Lord Foster who, as she says, has been acting in a most ungentlemanly fashion toward one of her wards, a young girl called Anne Tompkins, whom it has not been my privilege to meet.

Nov. 15: Up betimes and to the office, where all the morning sitting, and did discover three or four fresh instances of Sir R. McDougall's old cheating dissembling tricks, he being as false a fellow as ever was born. Thence to dinner at Atwoods', where I was shown a fine rarity, of fishes kept in a glass of water that will live forever: and finely marked they are, being foreign. Here whilst conversing with Sir Roy I was grieved to hear that a gay young blade called Flynn, calling himself rather Sir Peter, has been guilty of forcing his attentions on that young (too young, I am told) Miss Jean Parker, whose music so pleased me at the last festival. Hence home and to bed, having got a great cold I think by pulling off my periwig so often.

# LAW

Well, its here . . . the big "do" of the year . . . the Law Ball. By the time you read this the legal lads will be setting aside all those dull and dingy volumes on the walls of the Law library, and donning "the one with the press in it" in preparation for the evening's festivities.

No doubt many of the less dignified of our number will be found indulging in sweet (and powerful) nectar to boost up courage for the ordeal. Of course, such people as these constitute the minority of the Law School, and of course do not write for The Gazette . . . hic! ('scuse me).

However, it should be a gala affair for all those of you who are fortunate enough to attend.

The Law football team is still up on top, and, I might add, intends to stay there. Dave Churchill-Smith, coach, manager, star, etc. of the team, says his boys are in fine shape.

Law intends to make its mark in Basketball this year. The team has already held practices and has a game planned with the Varsity squad. Better get going if any of you other faculties don't want to be shown up!

course in laboratory technique due to their success in quantitative analysis. But who turned that water on with the air hose open—Kilroy?

The basement of the Med. Library has been the scene of much activity lately. It seems that Pharos is collaborating with Rogues' Gallery and "Who's Who."

Sufficient has been said for this week but as MacArthur said: "I'll be back."

"I say," called the English omnibus driver to the passengers below. "Is there a macintosh down there big enough to keep three young ladies warm?"

"No," came an eager voice from below. "But there's a Macpherson doon here that's willin' to try."

## MEDICINE

The Medical Society ascended to new heights of accomplishment last week. At the regular monthly meeting sandwiches and coke were served, a film on surgical anatomy shown with the evening ending at the Med. Dance.

Best wishes to Chuck and Pat on their trip to the National Convention. Good show and lots of fun, but Curly was glad to be back.

We hear Kilroy and Aggie are quite chummy—he left his calling card in her hypophyseal fossa last week!

The Hallowe'en parties at each of the Robie Street wig-wams were very successful. Charlie, Jim, Eppie and Harmony paid a visit to 348 to look the situation over. It seems that the Phi Rho's can do interior decorating on the side and are masters of the pumpkin pie art too.

Hoppy, Phyl and Boud. are planning to conduct a summer

HEAR YE!  
HEAR YE!  
HEAR YE!

Come To The  
**Gazette  
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## Pause for Coke



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