

Robert Ward Muses on Music

A Forester Interview

Forester: There are some individuals whose illustrious careers continue for years after the normal retirement age. One of these is Bob Ward, our live-in composer who conversed with us about his busy life.

Bob, you are still composing but you've had secondary careers as conductor, teacher, administrator, and publisher. How did you manage all these and provide for a large family?

Ward: Composing is essentially the craft of presenting musical ideas in the form which will best communicate their emotional content. Conducting does the same. Teaching instructs the pupil



in the craft. Administrators organize and lead institutions to accomplish the same and publishers provide the written directions. Since writing symphonies, operas, chamber music, and so-called serious music doesn't earn a large amount, I chose the other careers to provide a more stable income.

Forester: What in your early life prepared you for these varied activities?

Ward: As a boy it was singing, then two years of harmony in high school, four years of rigorous training in composition and the Presidency of the Student Association at the Eastman School of Music. Then three years of graduate work in composition and conducting at Juilliard where I first made contacts in the professional world. Finally in the Army during World War II, I wrote songs for a musical and led a fine military band which included three hot jazz groups.

Forester: During the war you met and married Mary Benedict, a Red Cross Recreation Worker in Honolulu. How has she influenced your life?

Ward: She has been a wonderful mother to our five children and made a fine home and social life for all of us. She is a perceptive critic and was an invaluable collaborator on the texts for several of my large choral works.

Forester: What events and musicians were most important in advancing your career?

Ward: At Eastman my first orchestral work was broadcast on NBC by Howard Hanson. At Juilliard my debut as a conductor was the premiere of my First Symphony. Leon Bargin and his N.Y. Orchestral Association premiered my "Jubilation, an Overture" which was then programmed by orchestras and bands all over the country and resulted in recordings by William Strickland in Europe and Japan. Hans Kindler commissioned and introduced my "Second Symphony" in Washington and the next season Eugene Ormandy toured it with the superb Philadelphia Orchestra. Then in 1961 "The

(Continued on page 4)

The Forester

The newsletter of the Residents' Association of The Forest at Duke, Inc., 2701 Pickett Rd., Durham, NC 27705-5610. Published monthly except July, August, and September by and for the residents.

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President's Podium

A few weeks ago a resident stopped me and started to report a problem. I immediately replied that they should submit an Event Report. I was surprised when they said, "What's an Event Report?" It must be time to re-educate our residents on, "What's an Event Report?"

The Event Report procedure was implemented two years ago so the residents would have a channel to report a problem or ask a question. This is not an instantaneous response system. The event:

1. must be documented, and
2. submitted to the Residents' Association Office (via the drop box in the mail room), where
3. it is logged into our tracking system, and
4. assigned to a resident committee, where
5. the committee chair assigns the Event to a committee member, who
6. does the research and prepares a response, that
7. comes back to the Association Office, and
8. the resident is informed of the answer.

There are Event Report forms at the reception desk—no more excuses.

Thank you for your quick response to our request for Association dues. To those of you who have not submitted your dues for this year, we would like to have them by February 4th. Dues are \$10 per person. Drop your check in the Association box in the mail room.

Those of you who use the parking lot that is east of the front entrance have noticed a new sign as you exit the lot toward the front entrance. Please observe the "STOP; Right Turn Only" sign. Sev-

(Continued on page 3)

In Memoriam

Mary Evelyn Sinclair Stewart	January 6, 2006
Jean H. Juer	January 15, 2006
James T. T. Chen	January 20, 2006
Marie Walling Bremer	January 25, 2006

eral near misses lately were caused by cars continuing straight across the front entrance the wrong way!

And while I'm talking about the front entrance, there are NO parking spaces there. You may drop-off, pick-up or wait for someone while remaining in your car, but make only temporary stops.

Jim Shuping

Guess Who?

Two more good looking residents to identify. Here are some clues to help!



Excels in a sport played at The Forest



Was Professor and Chairman at Duke Department of Health Education, Physical Education, and Recreation

The January *Forester* featured photos of "youngish" Ann Kirkpatrick and John Henry.

Blooms Etc.



We are a community of Residents who love flowers and plants, so it is a plus that we have a Greenhouse to assist you. It is a place you can temporarily store plants and is used to recycle the plants found in the hallways, offices, and pool.

The Greenhouse has automatic watering (three zones) and temperature control. This provides a good environment for storing your plants when away from home or for warm-weather outdoor plants during cold weather months. The Greenhouse Committee does insist that you call one of its members before leaving plants there; this is to protect other plants from potential infestations. You are still responsible for providing tender loving care and for fertilization of your plants.

Greenhouse Committee members are:

Bruce Burns, Chairman

Bob Blake

Betty Gray

Crystal Machemer*

Carol Oettinger

Molly Simes

* Crystal has years of experience with orchids

Each week one of the Committee members inspects plants, picks up leaves, etc. Bruce daily checks to insure that there is no malfunction of the heating and ventilating systems.

Bob Blake donated the plants, big and little, that you see in the main building. After 13+ years, he still does the watering, grooming, fertilization, and transferring to another location or to the Greenhouse for rejuvenation. Bob takes care of these 180+ plants on every Monday and Thursday. This takes about two hours. He would like to have a helper—if interested call Bob at 490-6750.

You are invited to visit the Greenhouse—there is no watering on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, so no need to wear a raincoat. Come see!

Margie Burns

Robert Ward

(Continued from page 1)

Crucible," Bernard Stambler's and my second opera won the Pulitzer Prize and the N.Y. Critics Award.

Forester: You headed Galaxy Music Corp., a publishing firm, for ten years and for the next seven were the President of the N.C. School of the Arts, a new and innovative state school. Did these responsibilities take a heavy toll on your composing?

Ward: Yes, but the owner of Galaxy was as interested in my music as in my administrative abilities and provided the legal and business assistance which were needed during our rapid expansion.

The NCSA Board shared this view and before signing on I warned them that if the school was as successful as we all felt it would be and the drain on my energies became such that my composing was suffering I might ask to step down to the faculty after five years. They accepted my caveat and we plowed ahead.

Actually, the school was a revolutionary concept and could not have been established at a more appropriate time. Following "Sputnik" our national educational establishment became hysterical and replaced arts and music classes with science and math courses. My own children and their friends who were strongly interested in the arts were the unhappy victims. Consequently the chance to lead the new NCSA was an opportunity and a



Mary and Bob Ward

social obligation I could not refuse.

Our hopes and expectations for the future proved to be well founded. After five years the organization envisioned by Vittorio Giannini, the first President, was in place and our enrollment had almost doubled. But my composing time had been greatly reduced. The Board understood my dilemma but asked me to stay on until our building program was passed by the state and my successor chosen. Two years later I stepped down and three years later accepted a chair professorship at Duke which gave me ample time to compose.

Forester: Many of Robert Ward's recordings are still available. He is particularly pleased by the technical strides taken in a remastering of the Compact Disk of his Pulitzer-Prize winning opera, "The Crucible". Because of soaring expenses of orchestras, Bob sees a trend to chamber music. Besides, he says, "It may not be as loud, but it can be more subtle." He is currently working on a piece for the Ciompi Quartet. Later this year the N.C. Symphony will premiere one of his recent works. This keeps him not only busy, but fulfilled.



Ad Lib

"But wait a bit the oysters cried, before we have our chat, for some of us are out of breath and all of us are fat." Lewis Carroll

RESTAURANTS

BIN 54. My antenna always quivers at word of a new restaurant in our area. This time it is one with a sidekick. Where Giorgios Bakatsias has his finger in the pie, one is apt to find he has twinned the restaurants. Examples: Vin Rouge and Grasshopper, Parizade and Vert, and now Bin 54 and Jujube. This duo has risen from the ashes of The Grill at Glen Lennox. Bin 54, the senior partner, is all about white tablecloths, dim lighting, an expensive menu and a quiet atmosphere. Only three other tables were occupied the evening we were there. This is not a place for students. Their pockets aren't deep enough. That said, I must extol the quality of the food. It was superb - the caramelized scallops, the hanger steak, the crab cakes. Executive Chef Dale Ray is going to give Magnolia Grill a run for its money.

Filet mignon (10 oz.) \$34.00, grouper \$26.00, hamburger (10 oz.) \$14.00 AND Kobe filet mignon (60z.) \$65.00! potatoes \$6.00, spinach \$7.00, mushrooms \$8.00 .

BIN 54 - Glen Lennox Center 201-M Raleigh Road, Chapel Hill Tel. 969 1155

JUJUBE. Jujube shares a common wall with Bin 54 but Jujube is a different sort of fish. The contrast is amazing. This place is for the young who really don't care what they eat as long as they are having a good time. They are fun to watch. It was noisy and crowded and conversation impossible. No white tablecloths here and the food, which made a stab at the Oriental, was just this side of awful. The Kung Pao chicken was unrecognizable. If you want a good Kung Pao go to Neo China. This is the place to rub elbows with the young. It's easy on the wallet but hard on the ears.

Won ton soup \$8.00, dumplings 4.00, Kung Pao chicken \$10.00.

JUJUBE, Glen Lennox Center 201-L Raleigh Road, Chapel Hill Tel.960 0555

CHRISTMAS AT FEARRINGTON



If you don't want to spend Christmas at home go for the Christmas weekend at The Fearrington Inn. Four of us did just that. Did you know that the orange barrels that decorated 15-501 for an interminable length of time disappeared just before the holidays and the drive out on the new four-lane was as smooth as Dorothy's dance up the gold brick highway? Our rooms at the Inn were elegant with every imaginable convenience though I could have done without the bathroom scales.

Our weekend package included: tea the afternoon we arrived, a champagne reception, a nine-course tasting dinner Christmas Eve, a full gourmet breakfast, Christmas Day lunch, tea, a buffet supper and another full gourmet breakfast the day we left. Between events we played bridge. The nine-course dinner was quite an experience, a parade of every conceivable dish, miniature helpings. The soup course we had trouble finding and ended up scraping the bowl in search of liquid. Dinner ended with small crème brûlées and doll-sized slices of assorted cheese. This elaborate dining experience involved three very attractive and attentive young people, two Croatian girls and a Dutchman. Who says the world isn't flat? Add the chef, Graham Fox, is British and the housekeepers Mexican.

I cannot end this article without commenting on the Inn's beds. I have never slept so blissfully. I would sink into bed without ever landing and next thing I knew it was eight in the morning. No harps, no twenty seven virgins, I want to spend eternity in a Fearrington Inn bed. Fearrington Inn, 2000 Fearrington Village, Pittsboro Tel. 542 2121

Libby Getz

People Who Do Not Chew Gum

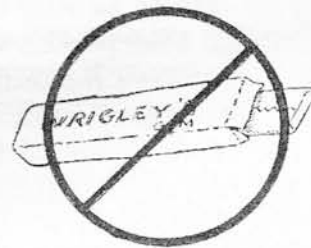
When I began to study history it was the record of the written past. Since we worked with documents, the top 3% of any society—the people who could read and write—got all the attention. On very rare occasions the mob became visible, as in Wat Tyler's rebellion of 1381, but not for very long. Over time, mobs have a tendency to lose. What we did not try to work with was called anthropology, or archaeology, suspect fields both of them. Sociology, like sex, was not mentioned in polite academic society. My father called it an intellectual slum area, and while he was President of Williams sociology was not taught there.

Nowadays we are happy to use the tools of anthropology, archaeology, and anything else we can get our hands on. This makes it possible to study, however inaccurately, people who were far lower on the slopes of the economic and social pyramid. Some of the new work that has come out is merely wrong, some of it is anachronistic—imposing the current fads of 2006 on the events of the Sixteenth Century leads to bizarre results—and some of it is useful. Some of it is probably correct, too, but it is all still guesswork. See the guesswork in the currently fashionable book *1491*.

If we take a look at *The Forest*, it is likely that all of us are in the magic 3%, by one way of counting or another. Admirals, chaired professors, physicians, heirs, successful business types; if we want to be polite we can call ourselves **THE PEOPLE WHO DO NOT CHEW GUM**. (At least we don't in public.) As a group we are clean and sweet-smelling, unlike the French of 1950, when I first saw them at home, who drank very much more often than they bathed. Now they drink half as much and wash twice as often, because it is so much more fun to be nasty to Americans.

Thus the first thing about us is that we are not representative. The second is that we are all people of riper years. You have to be 65 to get in here, unless you are a cat. Since I am allergic to cats, I would like the 65-rule applied to them, but that is one battle I shall not win. As a group we do

not bother to dress well, (on the theory that there is no one left to impress?), but there is a strange Cheshire cat called a dress code about what to wear in the dining room. Women, dressed often more simply than the friends who clean our cottages, insist that there is no dress code. Then they complain when men go to dine without ties or even (gasp) in Bermuda shorts. We have one drink, not two, before dinner, eat a main course, which sometimes consists of corned beef, a hot dog, or a tofu medley, and go away to bridge or the television set. We march, and we march in lockstep. In the summer months, when the pressure to conform becomes intolerable, the wiser ones escape abroad or to the Adirondacks.



None of this is unusual. There are lots of people out there who don't chew gum. But in one way we are worth a group study. Here we have subgroups in their 70s, their 80s, and their 90s. As we would expect, the younger groups have a few liberals and the older ones fewer of them. My father always told me that after 80 all rules are off; but he had to deal with potential donors, who have their own fantasies. Donors argued that Joseph of Arimathea converted the Irish to sound Protestantism in 200 BC and that, centuries later, they were forced into idolatry by the nasty Romans, and in the 16th Century reverted happily to the True Faith, the Church of England. This was an actual case—an American named Williams had gone down to Argentina and done so well there that its government let his wife write a new national anthem for them, in the hope of inheriting their fortune. He was the last member of the Williams College's founding family to retain the name, and it was hoped that he would set up some kind of Rhodes scholarships so

What the best Argentinean youth could come north for a good education. The two of them came to our house once for a grand luncheon, punctuated by special "trustee wines" and followed by brandy and cigars. After enduring a recitation of the Gospel according to Mrs. Williams, my wife and I were happy to learn that Peron eventually got their money. There was none left to spare for those scholarships, and I don't know what anthem they sing today in Argentina.

"Over 80" is a rather vague term, especially in a community where the average age is 84. Those of us whose minds were set in stone by the 1930s, with memories (however fanciful) of how nice the world of the 1930s had been for them, are one community; the rest of us lead much simpler lives and do not notice today's absence of a servant in livery standing behind each guest at dinner, in case someone wants more tofu.

In the first great social change of American history, freed slaves took their women out of the fields. Then, with Social Security, the workers could take their wives out of domestic service. In our time bright women have gone to college and then the professions, and are doing well there. Machines do the drudgery and soon will do more of it. What next? So far, elite ladies have succeeded in spreading the gross lie that they are the cheated ones, victims of persecution, second class citizens. That of course is why they live so much longer than men do. Look around you; there aren't all that many men at The Forest, and as a group we look tired. The ladies, after a sheltered and privileged life, are still out there—on the golf course, at the tennis court, in the garden, commuting to their summer places by private jet while we, very likely, sit cramped in the tourist and get embolisms. Why do you think that the most successful bookstore in the country calls itself Amazon? Today we live in Amazonia, and it is time for a third revolution.

Stephen Baxter

Welcome New Resident



Dorothy McCall

Apartment 2049

490-9803

Dot McCall was born and raised in Montezuma, Georgia, and earned a degree in nursing at Emory University. After her marriage to Dr Denny Moffett, a urologist, and the birth of her first child, she did no more professional nursing. The family lived briefly in Atlanta, then in Daytona Beach, Florida, and finally in Ardmore, Oklahoma. After Dr. Moffett's death in 1973, Dot returned to Daytona Beach where she married Dr. Joel McCall, a pediatrician. She has a daughter, a therapist in San Diego working largely with substance-abuse patients, and two sons, one a senior bank officer in Minneapolis, and the other a lawyer in Tulsa. Another daughter, a statistician, lives in Carey, and it was this that led Dot to come to the Forest at duke. She describes her career as primarily that of a homemaker, but for a time she was also the proprietor of a needlepoint shop. Other interests include gardening, puzzles, and reading.

Biography Edited by George Chandler
Photo by Ed Albrecht

Duke Women Will Ultimately Rule the World

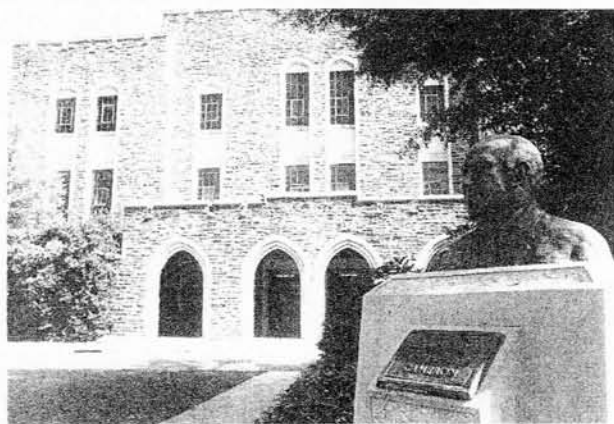
My prediction above is not the real title of this article. It may well be true, of course, but it was merely to attract your attention.

The accurate title is "The Hidden Charms of Duke Women's Basketball." But how many readers is that title likely to catch? Exactly. An explanation is obviously called for.

I've been attending and enjoying the Duke women's basketball games for the past six years. Now I know they're not for everyone. I've often asked my friend, John Gray, to join me. His answer was always, "Why in the world would I want to spend my evening in that small, noisy, gymnasium?"

Now John is smart, so it started me wondering: "Am I somewhat abnormal? Perhaps lacking on the intellectual side?" I refuse to think so, but my case clearly needs defending. So pull up a chair and as Henry the Eighth said to all his wives, "I won't keep you long."

Since the average age at The Forest is 84 and rising, it is not unreasonable to assume there is a younger, more diversified world out there that should not be overlooked. Our management understands this better than anyone and has provided the fullest activities program in North Carolina to get us out of the house. And to insure it, they bus us



Cameron Indoor Stadium

everywhere. (Long live Robin Harper!)

So here is my point. Cameron Stadium, a stone's throw away, houses the women's basketball games. And they provide a remarkable microcosm of that younger life awaiting you just beyond our fences. Look at it this way; you're trading an 84-year-old world for an 18-year-and-up world, which provides vim, vigor, verve and vitality by the bucket. Dr. Galanos insisted that these qualities are contagious. So for a moderate price, you can become an intimate member of a group which will supply some of the missing ingredients in your life.

An added bonus: you're home by 9:00 o'clock.

If you need more evidence, consider this: the minute you enter the stadium the age level drops dramatically. Young, nubile cheerleaders come racing out, prancing and back-flipping up and down the court. They exude enough energy to last you for a month.

The players, of course, are the centerpiece of this brave new world. A word of warning: they inevitably will become a separate, younger family for you. But happily they require no expense, no counseling, no Christmas or birthday presents. And you will enjoy sharing their ups-and-downs, but from a distance.

For example, our group nodded approval when six-foot-eight Alison Bales, somewhat lavish of bosom, returned as a sophomore with a new sleek and svelte figure.

We cheered when Monique Currie, arguably the best college player in the country, decided to play one more year and get her master's degree instead of turning pro.

And Mistie Williams, one of the most popular players, gave us added pleasure with her luxuriant summer wedding in Duke Gardens, with all of her teammates in attendance. Expense was no problem. Her devoted father is Chubby Checkers, famous as the originator of "The Twist." At one of the games, he obligingly delighted the crowd by singing the national anthem. All a part of the hidden charms of women's basketball.

It's probably best to attend the game in a small group of five or six. Our leader, Helen Cor-

bett, without whom we would all be rudderless, arranged to get us seats overlooking the team's benches, so we can hear the advice Coach G. is giving the players. We are now looking for a lip reader to join our group.



Duke has been most fortunate in its coaches. Of course for the men's team there's Coach K., a Duke icon, slowly approaching sainthood. But the women's coach, Gail Goestenkers, is much younger, equally talented, and prettier. She is blessed with an appealing ladylike quality, unlike many of the sharp-faced opposing coaches who tend to look like the Queen of Spades. We non-reality parents give her our stamp of approval.

Finally we come to a most important item of the Cameron world, the spectators. You'd be hard put to find a wider span of ages, starting with the cheering section of Duke Crazies rising all the way up to the top age level of our Forest contingent. And there is a special advantage for us. As long as we care to look ahead, they will always be there, unchanged. For as George Bernard Shaw had Caesar say in one of his plays, "I keep getting older, but the Appian Way is always the same age."

So it is our good fortune to have right at our doorstep the ageless world of Cameron Stadium.

Lest you forget, I was worried that my interest in women's basketball might label me as intellectually deficient, or at worst, an athletic nerd. For my defense I am calling two reliable witnesses.

The last president of Duke, erudite Nan Leohane, attended all the women's games, and at

the end of the season climbed aboard our bus to thank us profusely for our support.

Let the record also show that the new president, Richard Brodhead said in his inaugural address that a woman student accused him "of abandoning Yale for someone younger and more athletic." He went on to say, "Well, these things happen!...Today I solemnize my new union." And the first step on his arrival was to attend a game and to walk the length of the floor, shaking the hand of everyone in the first row.

I rest my case.

A final thought. We do not expect all of you will be running out to buy season tickets for the women's basketball games. But they can serve to remind us that there is a universe outside of The Forest campus that should not be abandoned too soon. And when we do join it, we'll probably be saying with renewed wonder, along with Miranda in *The Tempest*, "O brave new world, that has such people in't."

Pete Seay



It's the Heart that Counts

Said a beaver with fur thick and fine,
Who was loved by a young porcupine
"On top she's quite frightful,
But at heart she's delightful,
And she says she's my true valentine."

George Chandler



Bouquet of the Month

EDITOR'S NOTE: The awarding of this month's Bouquet is most unusual. It honors the 2475 grandchildren (roughly estimated.) of our 330 residents.

The Forest's grandchildren are the brightest and most talented in America. No need to verify this; our period of observation has not been negligible. We like everything about them, even the unearthly names they often give their grandmothers. (GaGa, Boom Boom, Mucci, Oma,...) And hardly a week passes without some of them brightening and enlivening our dining room.

We are *not* soliciting letters from all of the 2475 grandchildren; but have decided to let the letter to the right express our appreciation of one of life's most precious relationships.

My Grandmother, Dot Logan

My Grandmother is Dot Logan. We call her GaGa. She is so funny. Even though GaGa is 92 years old, she goes to parties and works out in the gym and goes out to dinner with her friends. She is my mom's mom. I am very close to GaGa. We used to go to her house when we were little and we would spend three weeks at a time there. Some of my favorite memories of growing up are from the time that I spent at GaGa's house. She has brown hair and hazel eyes. She is barely five feet tall. She is tiny but she is strong and in great health. She used to walk three miles every single day but now I think at 92 she only walks about one mile. GaGa raised three daughters. She likes to play pool, checkers and croquet. Actually, she is very good at pool and she is really the one who taught me how to play. She also enjoys playing a game called Runicube and she works a lot of crossword puzzles. She is very good to us and a lot of fun to be around. She loves God and going to church. I am grateful for GaGa.



W. A. Mozart Born January 27, 1756

Young Mozart was such a wee fellow,
He said, "I can't handle a cello.
I'll play the clavier
To pay for my beer,
And write operas when I'm feeling mellow."

George Chandler



Resident Ramblings

Will February bring snow and/or wintry weather? If there are cold evenings, we can curl up and watch the Winter Olympics.

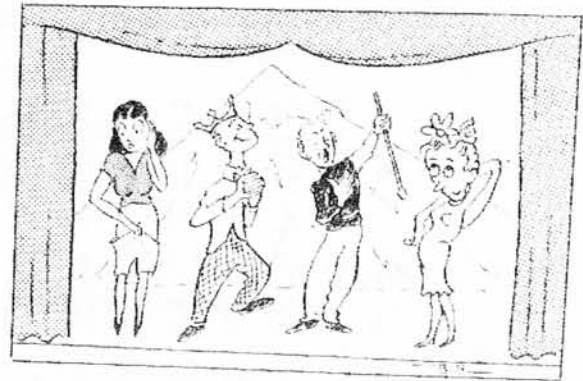
College basketball is now in full swing too. Are you a Dukie? Probably. Or do you root for the Tar Heels? Possibly.

Way back in 2005, did you hope for a White Christmas? Some residents found one including **Art** and **Lois Watts** who found beautiful snow in Vermont at their family Christmas. **Ann Campbell** was in Massachusetts with her family where there was also plenty of snow for skiing and sledding--or just looking. **Bob Guy** celebrated the holidays with his family on a cruise. **Tina Land** had private transportation courtesy of her grandson for the holiday trip back and forth to Chevy Chase, Maryland. **Ann Kirkpatrick** had a call to pick up a present at the front desk. The present turned out to be her daughter who made a surprise Christmas visit!

Jeanne and **John Blackburn** left for a three-month stay in their apartment in Orlando. **Lois Bateson** went on a Bridge Cruise. **Dot Heroy** was in Ohio to see their talented grandson appear in *Beauty and the Beast*. He played and sang the Beast. **Penelope Easton's** cousin, Ruth, was here for a visit. **Evebell Dunham** spent some time last month in California with her son and family.

Mary Gates

At The Mt. Olympus PTA



Marian hitched up her panties—
The elastic was wearing loose,
She said, "I'm the goddess of wisdom,
I sprang from the brain of Zeus."

Tim wore a cardboard diadem
Tucked rakishly into his curls,
He piped in a wee soprano,
"I'm god of the underworld."

Win had the wings of the morning
Attached to his sneakers with paste,
He flourished a snake-decked drum stick
And tripped on the stage in his haste.

Now my own plump Annie,
A garland of blooms in her hair,
"I am the goddess of beauty,"
Upright in a stiff-backed chair

Sat I, the proud mother of beauty,
Great gods were cavorting above;
Laughing aloud, the pagans,
Loving Olympian love.

Lola Williams

Bob Blake's
Puzzle

Each word below can be found by reading either
up, down, forward, backward or diagonally.

Q F R A C S K F R A E B R A L O P F
N T G S L P E C A L P E R I F G S R
I S E E N L H S N E T T I M B H K E
U J E K J O L E V O H S C U R J A E
G T M V C W W V C G L A C I E R T Z
N P U K O A X M O I I K S Q T X E E
E B E F L L J U A Z S P B L A C S S
P Y E Q D J G S T N A L L Q E F R K
L W P C R M N E T R A D I G W D K J
L O U H A E J H K N Y C A P S K L T
I N O J Z N O A K A I C H N P L M E
H S S O Z L R E P C L R I Z A E U S
C V R E I K T U L K Q F P B Z V R X
D F R D L F M E F J F H W T M F P Y
N O A V B O O T S L A O Z O O L G I
I Y T L I U Q R E T N I W P N O J Q
W J F L U R R I E S K H S U L S F X
Y K E L F F I N S N A G G O B O T Y

Wintery

BLANKET	FREEZE	ICICLE	QUILT	SNOWBALL
BLIZZAARD	FROZEN	ICY	SCARF	SNOWFLAKE
BOOTS	FURNACE	IGLOO	SHOVEL	SNOWMAN
COAT	GLACIER	JACKET	SKATES	SNOWY
COLD	GLOVES	MITTENS	SKI	SOUP
FIREPLACE	HAT	PARKA	SLED	SWEATER
FLURRIES	HOCKEY	PENGUIN	SLEET	TOBOGGAN
FOOTPRINTS	HOLIDAY	PLOW	SLIPPERY	WIND CHILL
	ICE	POLAR BEAR	SLUSH	WINTER
			SNIFFLE	ZERO
