

## Ingredients of Success

The job of Service Manager at The Forest tests one's cool. There are numerous demands to be met, usually focused on the hours of the evening meal. The manager is responsible for three dining rooms (the main, the café, and the healthcare center). But according to Roslyn Mickens, the job has its rewards and she enjoys it.

One challenging aspect is training the wait staff ("I try to be a mentor to them as well," she said.) She also appreciates "the wisdom and mothering I get from some of the ladies among the residents." She knows something about being a mother: her three daughters are at college and doing well. Nicole is a paralegal, Whitney is at Duke, studying computer science, and Karla is concentrating on graphic design at Virginia Commonwealth University. Roslyn met her husband, José Mickens, when she went to work one semester while she was at college. He has been at Duke Medical Center for 30 years and is director of network systems. Along the way she has developed a deft hand at computers.

Roslyn was born in Wake County. Her father was in the Army, so the family traveled to many places before settling again in Durham. She went to college at Virginia State in Petersburg. For 16 years she worked at Nortel Networks. Laid off in 2001, she examined what she wanted to do in life and settled on the hospitality industry. She recognized that she loved being with people and thought of perhaps opening a restaurant. Her decision led to becoming a hostess and supervisor at Washington Duke Inn and Golf Club. She took some time to help her daughters finish their last years in high school and worked in human resources for a nonprofit organization in Chapel Hill.

She has come to know more residents as she

has worked here, which she considers a benefit of the job. "We want to make sure residents have a great dining experience." I spoke to her on the eve of Lobster Night; she was maintaining an admirable calm but there were myriad details to be juggled. Many residents had reserved for the same hour. And she wanted to assure they would each be served in a timely manner.



Photo by Ed Albrecht

Roslyn enjoys the outdoors, walking, and exercising. She also enjoys cross-stitching and listening to music — classical and, particularly, jazz. Perhaps her favorite pastime is being with her family.

She talked of her grandmother, recently deceased at 93. "She shared some of the same memories over again, but I wasn't bored," she recalls. She said she realizes the loneliness of losing people. "I hope I never grow impatient with the resi-

*(Continued on page 3)*

**The Forester**

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## President's Podium

I want to welcome our three new members to the Residents' Board of Directors: Bruce Rubidge, Harry Whitaker, and John Blackburn.

I will assign committee chairs on November 2, 2006, so watch the Association Bulletin Board. Contact the committee chair if you would like to serve on a committee.

We have just completed a stressful period of time, where emotions ran high. I'm certain that Steve is as anxious as I am to return to other issues that need our attention. The Medicare issue caused a rift between residents and staff, and also between resident and resident. We must rebuild bridges of trust between all participants. My administrative will concentrate on that effort this year.

You will be receiving the "Employee Appreciation Letter" shortly. This is a semi-annual event where we show our appreciation to our salaried employees. In lieu of tips during the year, we collect donations from our residents and distribute them to our employees.

To help our new residents learn who we are, please wear your name tags, especially to auditorium events and social activities.

Jim Shuping

## In Memoriam

Mary Benedict Ward	August 12, 2006
Marie Russell	September 28, 2006
Vella McGee Johnson	September 30, 2006
Marjorie Ethel Fishwick Preston	October 3, 2006
Gertrude Elizabeth Merritt	October 4, 2006
Mattigene Palmore Holcomb	October 10, 2006
Ruth Ballantyne Smith	October 13, 2006
Donald George Ruegg	October 22, 2006

## LOVE YOUR LIBRARY



Like many libraries, the TFAD library has problems. A major one is lack of shelf space, even though we do keep sorting and selecting. Does anyone have suggestions for making more room, considering our safety constraints? If so, the Library Committee would be interested to hear them.

Some have inquired lately about taking a drink into the library to enjoy while reading. The Committee feels this practice would be unwise because of possible spills and attraction of insects. We are not equipped to clean up messes.

Another question is how to check out a recently returned item before it has been checked in. There it is—on the desk—and you would like to take it out while it is available. Some honest folks have been leaving a note on a slip of paper, but these slips create a problem in our file box. Please come back while a desk assistant is on duty. If you take the book out, just bring it back to be checked out properly! Desk assistants work a two-hour shift morning or afternoon. Recently returned books that are ready to go again are kept on the rolling rack near the large print collection, and recently processed acquisitions are available on the end of the big table.

Another reminder: be sure to give the date and your unit number on the card when you check out items. We “weed” according to usage. If a book hasn’t been checked out in a long time, its space has to go to something else. Also, we sometimes have to send out overdue notices for anything that has been out for two months or more.

We especially ask that library users not go into the drawers of the check-out desk. Only library assistants should use them. The telephone desk does hold public items like scissors or the hole puncher.

In browsing our collection, if you do not remember where you found an item, just take it to the

desk for the assistant to shelve. Sometimes we find things badly out of place and therefore essentially lost.

All libraries have some problems, but an all-volunteer one like ours needs everybody to help keep it in order and running smoothly. Then it's enjoyable for all.

Mary Ruth Miller

## Election results

President Jim Shuping led the annual meeting of the Residents’ Association before an overflow crowd on October 16. In addition to reports from chairs of the committees, elections were held and the results announced. For Secretary, Betsy Close retained office; Bruce Rubidge was elected Treasurer. Newly elected Directors were John Blackburn, Carol Oettinger, and Harry Whitaker. Perhaps by coincidence, the Dow Jones Average hit an all-time high that day.

## Ingredients of Success

*(Continued from page 1)*

dents. I expect to maintain good relationships with them. For every unkind or difficult situation, a pleasant one follows soon thereafter to keep you going.”

Mal Oettinger



## Ad Lib

My husband's first Foreign Service assignment was to French Indochina. In Saigon we lived in a villa just off the main street leading to the Governor's Palace. It was my first experience in running a large household, though I found that the household really ran itself. I was only a figurehead. In subtle ways the Chinese/Vietnamese staff took over. The first person I hired was the houseboy, Ming. With some magic wand he produced a French-trained cook, a number two boy, a laundry man, and a gardener, probably all relatives.

The cook was most important. He went about his business in an eye-popping way. We would consult daily about the menu and off he would go to market on his bicycle. There he and the other cooks would put their heads together about how much to charge their "Madames;" in other words, they cooked their books. By mid-morning he was back in the kitchen. Often his kitchen resembled a petting zoo ... chickens walking about, a fish flopping in a bucket of water, sometimes a rabbit or some semi-comatose birds. You couldn't say our food wasn't fresh! It somehow took my appetite away to meet my dinner well in advance of its being presented at the table.

The cook was a miracle worker. He could produce mile-high soufflés, coq au vin, and paupiettes de veau under the most primitive circumstances. All he worked with was a small charcoal stove, a tin box, a fan, and chopsticks. With the fan he regulated the temperature. The food was presented with elaborate garniture. The fish course would arrive with a small burning candle in its eye. One evening the finger bowls contained small goldfish. The British Consul who was seated opposite queried, "Don't American college boys eat these?" and promptly swallowed his!

The laundry man was another miracle worker. In the tropics, then, the men wore white linen suits. It was no small job to keep these immaculate. No washer. No dryer. He had the scrub board, the weather, a charcoal iron and a straw. He would blow water through the straw to spray the

clothes. He also helped washing dishes. To scrub the pots and pans he would use the sand in front of the kitchen ... no matter the dogs often tipped their legs there.

The houseboy ran the house, made drinks, and was in his element orchestrating a party. The networking between houseboys in the diplomatic colony was legendary. They were tuned in to all the social activities. They knew which hostess had two dozen finger bowls, which silver candelabra, which large tablecloths. They knew how to pool resources. If we were invited to a certain dinner Ming and a dozen dessert plates would go too. We would often go to a party and dine off our own china. This pooling the resources of twenty households or so made entertaining easy. We could cater any party, any size.

Behind our villa was another world—our kitchen, laundry room, and small houses for each staff member and family.

\* \* \* \* \*

### A New Restaurant in Chapel Hill

#### Bonne Soiree

The newest really good restaurant in the vicinity is a secret of sorts. Only a good friend will tell you about it and where it is. Remember the late Pyewacket? Well, Bonne Soiree is in the courtyard just behind. The restaurant is small, only seating thirty-four, but its elegance strikes you the moment you enter. The place twinkles with candlelight. A dapper gentleman conducts you to the place you have reserved. The tablecloth is white and starched. The goblets gleam. The chairs are comfortable. God is in his heaven. You sense it will be a memorable evening. The waiters, the wine steward, everyone cossets you. The menu is a problem. What to choose from among such goodies? I start with a mushroom tart followed by quail. Two others have

lamb and one, chicken. We are all happy with our choices and end the dinner with decaf cappuccinos. It was a big-city, big-time experience. You pay for all this, of course. The entrees were about \$24, wine by the glass, about \$5.

Restaurant Bonne Soiree  
Suite 10 in the Courtyard at 431 West Franklin  
Street, Chapel Hill Tel. 928-8388  
Proprietors: Chef Chip Smith, Tina Vaughn

\* \* \* \* \*

### Hints

Put your perfume in the refrigerator. It keeps its strength better.

Bothered by fruit flies? A friend tells me to mix about a half cup of equal portions of liquid soap (Dawn) and cider vinegar. Put it in a saucer near the fruit and watch the flies drop.

## Memories of Our Dog, Kee

He made us laugh  
when we were blue,  
He made us dance  
when he pulled through.  
He made us play  
though we were drained.  
He brought us out  
in sun and rain.  
He warmed our hearts  
and feet and toes,  
And nudged our hands  
with his cold nose.  
His coat was gray,  
his mood was bright.  
He had no worries,  
guilt or guile.  
And yes, he always  
made us smile.

We miss him!

Ruth Phelps

## A Plea for the Hearing Impaired (Apologies to Lewis Carroll)

"You are old, Father William,"

The young man said,  
"And your hair has become very white;  
But yet you incessantly stand on your head!  
Do you think, at your age, that is right?"

"In my youth," said the sage,

"I could hear fairly well,  
But found it to be quite clever  
When people spoke softly, to hear them at all,  
Upside down is better than never!"

Where there is a "mike," alas, folks can't wait  
Until it reaches their place  
Though the rest of us ask, politely and clear,  
"Won't you please consider our case?"

At meetings and lectures we miss quite a lot  
As most people think it quite choice  
To keep their tone down, which it really is not  
For those who cannot hear their voice.

If you get them to face you  
It helps quite a lot.  
If you have the question repeated,  
The audience then can hear what is asked  
Before the asker is seated.

Though some of us have hearing aids to be sure,  
They don't do for every occasion.  
The batteries may die at a critical time;  
They never consider location.

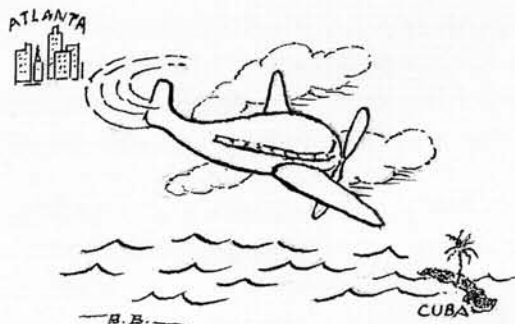
The theaters know well  
What a struggle we have  
So their microphones blast very loud.  
The best we can do, until time to leave,  
Is to laugh or applaud with the crowd!

A Resident

## Hijacked to Havana

Fall, 1970. I was on the way from Raleigh-Durham to a professional meeting in Atlanta. David T. Smith, a friend from the Medical Faculty, happened to be on the same plane, so we were sitting together.

After a while I glanced out the window and saw the Atlantic Ocean and the coastline below — not the way I remembered the air route to Atlanta. “David, I think we’re being hijacked!” Following the good advice of the Prince of Wales, I went back to the facility and returned to the seat.



Sure enough, the pilot came on the intercom and told us that there was a gentleman in the cockpit who wanted to go to Cuba and that we were going to take him there. Also, he said, we would need to land in Jacksonville to refuel.

On the ground in Jacksonville, we could see several men with rifles crouched behind service vehicles and fire trucks, but they apparently never got a good shot. We took off again and in an hour and a half or so landed in Havana, much relieved to be still among the living.

The hijacker left the plane, accompanied by Cuban authorities, and disappeared into the airport building. Then we were told to leave the plane and go inside the terminal building. This was not the first hijacked plane to Cuba, so there was apparently some routine worked out to handle the situation. We were seated in the restaurant of the airport — nearly deserted except for our party. Lunch was

served — something and yellow rice is all that sticks in a blurred memory.

Everyone was also offered rum (don't remember the mix — don't think it was coke). As the afternoon wore on, the party got louder. I declined the rum, but did take a long Cuban cigar. Finally, after several hours, word came that we should re-board the plane.

As we left the ground, a huge cheer went up. The pilot took us to Miami, where we were to make our continuing flight arrangements. As we went through customs, gallons of rum were confiscated, but a sympathetic agent let me keep the cigar as a memento of the trip. My sister and family lived in Miami, so I just turned the trip into a visit with them, and returned to Durham the next day (my session in the program had long since passed)

My colleagues, resourceful as ever, somehow located a large poster picture of Che Guevara, had it framed and sitting in my office chair with an inscription to come back soon.



John O. Blackburn

## Welcome New Residents

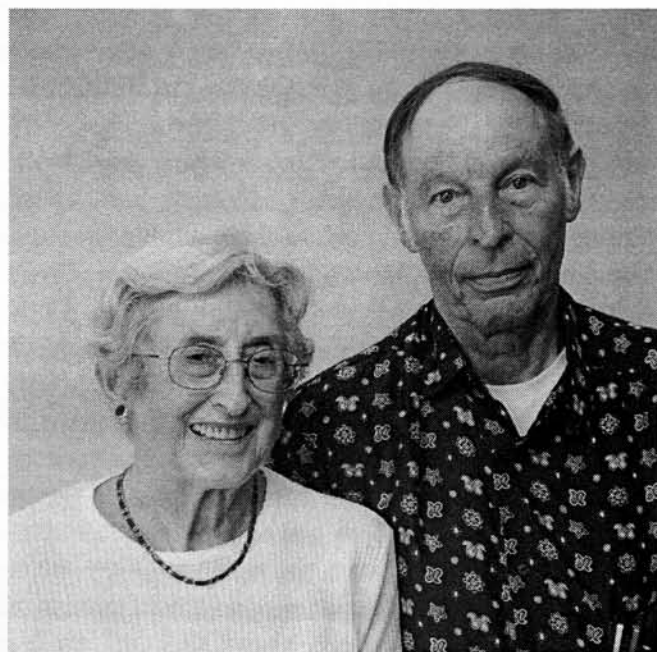
Photos by Ed Albrecht

Harriet Moorhead

Apartment 4003

489-7167

Harriet "Hatsy" Moorhead was born in Durham and never lived anywhere else. She literally grew up on Duke campus, as her father was Vice President and Dean of Trinity College and later of Duke. She majored in English at Duke and taught kindergarten until her husband, John Moorhead, to whom she was married for 68 years, and their children demanded all her attention. She has three happily married daughters: Lynn Petch, a retired equestrian and trainer of horses; Mary Ball, an antique dealer; and Joanne Taylor, a lawyer. Among her many community activities she was a member of the Junior League, served as a scout leader, and was active in garden, book, and bridge clubs and the First Presbyterian Church. Other interests include cooking, home decorating, and golf. She is well known as a grower of roses, and proof of her expertise in this area will be evident to anyone passing by the display of roses on the shelf at the door of her apartment.



Horst and Ruth Mary Meyer

Cottage 56

489-9207

Horst Meyer was born in Berlin and was educated in Switzerland. He earned his bachelor's degree at Geneva and his PhD in physics at Zürich. Ruth Mary was born in Ann Arbor, Michigan, grew up in Portland, Oregon, and graduated from Wellesley College, also with a major in physics. The Meyers were married in Oxford, England, in 1953. Their son, Christopher, is a physicist at the National Institute of Standards and Technology. Horst, a retired Duke professor, places particular emphasis on teaching, mentoring, and collaborative research, and has served as the editor of the *Journal of Low-Temperature Physics*. He has been a member of the boards of Duke Gardens and the Chamber Arts Society. Other activities include the counting of bald eagles, other birds, and foxes. Ruth Mary has been active in, among others, the League of Women Voters, the North Carolina Council of Women's Organizations, and the Durham Regional Hospital Board, and she has served as an Elder at the First Presbyterian Church. Her interests include travel and languages.



## My Brush with Fame

The year was 1954. Johnny and I were married in Duke Chapel in February, drove to Florida for a honeymoon, then set sail from New York for England, where Johnny had a teaching appointment in physiology at St. Mary's Hospital and Medical School in London. In mid-Atlantic there was a call for a doctor, and Johnny stepped forward. We diverted our course by 100 miles (it seemed longer) to pick up a German sailor who had acute appendicitis. Since there was no anesthesiologist on board, Johnny had to administer ether by the open drop method. The result was that our clothes reeked of ether for the rest of the journey, but the German sailor walked off the ship when we arrived in Liverpool on March 1<sup>st</sup> in a snowstorm. We were surrounded by the Jamaicans who had hastily purchased beach towels in the brief stay in New York and were now stunned by the snow. They wrapped up in their towels against the cold, joking happily about their first snow.

We located a mews in Paddington where we lived in the coachman's quarters on the top floor of a coach house within walking distance of St. Mary's. I looked around for employment, having just finished house staff training in internal medicine at Duke.

I had a series of appointments: the result was simply, "You need to repeat your house staff training in England to be able to practice internal medicine; after all, we take in physicians from all countries in the world." I thought about looking for laboratory work in the medical field, a decision that brought me to the Wright-Fleming Institute, a separate entity housed under the same roof as the St. Mary's complex.

My interview with one of the co-directors, Dr. Robert Cruickshank, went extremely well. He seemed almost enthusiastic, but cautioned me that he would need to confer with the other co-director. Certainly, I saw no harm in this.

The "other director" was Sir Alexander Fleming, the discoverer of penicillin, for which he received the Nobel prize in 1945. One of the first

consignments of penicillin during World War II had been sent to the South Pacific in 1944, and my brother Edward was the marine guard on the supply ship that carried it. He was told it must be kept refrigerated and locked. The refrigerator had to be located topside where a plug was available. Edward devised a long chain with a padlock to safeguard this valuable new miracle drug.

I soon found out that I would be offered the opportunity to work in a laboratory. And, not only work in a laboratory, but set up a new laboratory for the study of viruses, a just emerging field. Well! My training in medical school at Johns Hopkins had inspired me with the confidence that I could enter any chosen field.

The two directors decided that I should be sent to Colindale for six weeks of training. Colindale was the English equivalent of our CDC (Center for Disease Control) in Atlanta and was a large complex located in north London. It took 45 minutes on the underground, with two transfers, to reach there. I decided I could tolerate anything for six weeks.

At Colindale I worked with a small group (there were three of us) on the characteristics of the poliomyelitis virus using cell culture techniques. The unit was large enough to have support personnel who prepared all the glassware. In other words, I was treated royally.

At the end of the six weeks, I knew a considerable amount about polio virus. Upon my return to the Wright-Fleming Institute, Dr. Cruickshank informed me that the new virus laboratory would be set up in the very large space opposite the yeast and fungus laboratory.

This was accomplished over time: all the glassware was purchased, including a small still to prepare distilled water for the final rinsing of all glass (petri dishes, pipettes, measuring cylinders, etc.). I had to conquer the pesky intrusion of yeast from across the hall, in fact, twice.

After about two weeks, I walked Dr. Peter Cooper. He was returning from Australia where he had been sent as an apprentice to Dr. Christopher Andrewes, a person known world-wide for his studies in influenza viruses. Peter Cooper had



achieved some fame already as he had published in *The Lancet*, England's premier scientific journal, his ideas that viruses should be classified on the basis of the nucleic acid, either ribonucleic acid (RNA viruses) or deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA viruses), a classification that is still valid today.

I think Dr. Cooper was pleased to walk into a laboratory newly set up just for viral studies, and he jumped at the chance to arrange a huge experiment requiring over 50 petri dishes that completely filled the incubator. Much to my delight and surprise, his first experiment, performed before he was entirely over the jet lag from his travel, turned out to be successful.

During this time I had no face-to-face contact with Sir Alexander. He maintained his dourness and communicated through Dr. Cruickshank. I never knew whether he was pleased or not. By the time I returned from Colindale, Sir Alexander had become involved in a lot of travel to dedicate new statues, to re-name several streets to carry his name and such events all over the world, but especially in countries which had bullfighting, since his discovery of penicillin had saved the lives of so many bullfighters. He maintained his dour manner, even at the four o'clock tea where he socialized primarily with Dr. Cruickshank.

I think it was the spring of 1955 when the news spread that Sir Alexander's home had been robbed. The thieves took all his medals from many countries, leaving behind the family silver. About two weeks later, he died of a heart attack.

Johnny was offered a position at Duke University Medical School in Physiology, and we returned to North Carolina.

Since then I have set up two other virus laboratories: one in 1964 in San Jose, Costa Rica, for the Pan American Health Organization (PAHO), the western hemisphere's unit of the World Health Organization (WHO). The other, set up in 1968, initiated the study of virology in the Department of Epidemiology in the School of Public Health, UNC-Chapel Hill.

Caroline Long

## At the Peak

Among the many walking holidays that Marjorie and I enjoyed in Great Britain was one offered by the Countrywide Holidays Association. We spent a week one summer at their house in the Peak District National Park in Derbyshire.

One afternoon our walking group stopped for a tea break on top of a small and rocky outcrop that provided a broad view over country largely devoted to quarrying, mining, and sheep farming.

Our walk leader, a woman in her sixties, pointed out a large house that, she said, had once been the CHA walk center for the area. She had stayed there shortly after the end of World War II.

One of the walk leaders then had been an undergraduate at Oxford. He was spotted every morning returning to the house at about 6 a.m. The house manager, a straightlaced, Methodistical kind of woman, immediately assumed that he had been out having his way with one of the local farm girls. He said he was out for an early-morning run, pointing out that it was midsummer and that the sun was up by 5.

The manageress couldn't believe that someone who was going to spend the whole of a day walking over rough country would voluntarily go running for an hour before breakfast. She never did concede that he might be telling the truth.

The woman who was telling us the story, and who had been there, did believe him, however.

His name was Roger Bannister.\*

George Chandler

\* Roger Bannister broke the four-minute mile record on May 6, 1954 at 3.59.4.



## Resident Ramblings



November is a short month, but one with some things to do that can't be done at any other time. These include voting in the general election; watching the trees lose all their leaves; getting the Christmas list organized; enjoying more light in the morning; and best of all, we can anticipate that wonderful Thanksgiving dinner with family or friends.

Some birthday celebrations are more than candles on a cake. **Mildred Fuller's** son-in-law, Bob Grabarek, celebrated his by taking his family, friends, and other "railroad buffs" on a private train ride. Luncheon was served during the trip between Aberdeen and Star (near Pinehurst). **Paul and Ginny Bryan** were among the "railroad buffs" at this birthday party.

**Ginny Jones** received a trip to Venice, Italy, as a birthday present from her daughter. The two had a wonderful time, stayed on the Grand Canal and took in all the sights. **Barbara Smith** and a Raleigh friend took an English friend on a tour of the wilds of South Dakota, and shortly after her safe return Barbara flew to Wales to help her sister celebrate her 91<sup>st</sup> birthday.

**Jim and Susan Shuping** were in the mountains for a week with two friends. It was too early for the height of color but everybody had a good time. **Jeanne Blackburn** was in Salt Lake City to visit her son. **Ellen Dozier** was at Emerald Isle for a

family reunion. Four generations were present. **Sylvia and Ned Arnett** took a trip down the Rhine. **Paul and Ginny Bryan** enjoyed five weeks in Vienna visiting old friends and hearing some great music. They had once lived there. **Jean Tanner** made a ten-day visit to New England and saw her three brothers and other family members.

Did you recognize **Betty Gray** and **Peter Wharton** in the October *Forester*? Next month look for more "young" TFAD faces.

What fun it has been to see **Joan Englund's** golf trophies and pictures. **Molly Simes** and **John Henry** now present "Snoopy!" Don't miss it.

Mary Gates

## Angus Beef....Special Order

As I was leaving the parking lot of Harris Teeter, the bagger flagged me down as he waved a package—"You forgot this," he shouted. I got home to discover the bread (reason for the shop) was not in the bag, but a packet of meat was—\$26.00 worth of steak—three 3.4" Angus beef steaks! I called the store. "No problem," said the clerk, "just bring it back at your convenience." I did the next day and handed the now-frozen steak to the store manager. As I turned to go, she said, "We can't do anything with them—can you use them?" That evening my family had a delicious dinner! Only downside to this story—the family that must have arrived home without their "special order" steak.

Sheila Mason

## Limericks for the Light at Heart

An agile, athletic young Basque,  
Interrupted while hot at his tasque,  
Said, "This game's called jai alai—  
Why not give it a trai?  
As a sport it is all you could asque."

A western hitch-hiker in Me.  
Said "I really don't want to comple.,  
But—gosh, it's no joke—  
Unlike down-east foke,  
I can't walk on that rocky terre."

*Un vieux concierge de Paris*  
Had trouble in bending his knis,  
And remarked *l'apropos*,  
"It is not *comme il fos*  
To stumble to such a degris."

A luscious French maid from Bordeaux  
Had never been out in the sneaux;  
She said, "Now the sleigh  
Is all right in its weigh,  
But the ice skeights will just have to  
geaux."

A middle-aged man of Duquesne  
Raced after the eight o'clock tresne;  
At the very last minute  
He somehow got inute,  
But nearly expired from the stresne.



There once was maiden named Cholmondeley,  
In appearance exceedingly colmondeley,  
But her small mental freight  
Put her life in a steight  
Of confusion from doing things dolmondeley.

A chef when he blended a roux  
Recited a sonnet or toux;  
When whipping meringue  
He most often singue;  
And he whistled when making a stoux.

Edith Borroff



Bob Blake's  
**Puzzle**

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

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

ABILITY	DENTIST	HUSBAND	MEMORIES	SOCIAL SECURITY
BED	ELECTRICITY	HOME	MONEY	SON
BOOKS	ELEVATORS	INSURANCE	NURSE	SWIMMING POOL
CAR	EMPLOYMENT	JOB	PEACE	TELEPHONE
CAT	FAITH	JOY	PETS	TELEVISION
CHILDREN	FAMILY	KISS	PLANTS	THE FOREST AT DUKE
CHURCH	FRIENDS	LAUGHTER	RAIN	TIME
CLOUDS	FUN	MEDICINE	SHELTER	WIFE
COMPUTER	HEALTH	MINISTER	SKY	WITS
DAUGHTER	HUGS		SMILES	