

## Rheta Skolaut Stays Busy

Rheta Leverett was born at home in Parrott, Georgia, as were her siblings. When she began first grade she had a sister in her first year of college, a brother in his first year of high school, and another sister at home. Her father said he paid tuition at some school or other for twenty-eight consecutive years.

One of Rheta's earliest memories is of painting her little chair red, with the result that her white-blond hair got painted red in the process. Her mother was not pleased; there was no such thing in those days as water-soluble paint. But she was given free rein in cooking, which she began when she was six, and for which she was always given family approval. In adulthood she became a gifted cook; she entertained constantly while her husband was at the National Institutes of Health and at Duke University.

Her father owned a store and she remembers huge stalks of fifty bananas and barrels of little dried, salted fish. They lived on a 528 acre farm complete with horses, pigs, cattle, goats, sheep, chickens, and dogs and cats. She rode bareback on the big grey horse named Jack. He was a biter but she escaped that and was never thrown.

She told of climbing the fig trees, pear trees and plum trees for the fruit, of endless jars of jelly, canning of beans and tomatoes, making peach sweet pickle and cucumber pickle, burying sweet potatoes in a pit beneath straw for winter harvest and the resulting sweet potato pie. Her mother dried apples also. Rheta gathered blackberries, and on the path to the patch there might be a rattlesnake as big as your wrist, so she took a dog with her as an early warning device. When she mentioned persimmons gathered after the frost had set them, I felt I was in danger of keeping her the whole day talking of the wonderful fruitful landscape of South Georgia.

When she was ten years old her school burned to the ground, and the school moved to the big old Bap-



tist Church. When she was close to finishing high school the pharmacist at the drugstore, who was a friend of the family, asked her what she wanted to do after high school. They talked about the years of training for the medical and veterinary professions, the possibility of pharmacy school, and she later enrolled as a pre-pharmacy Freshman at the University of Georgia, with a big workload of chemistry, physics, and math. When she enrolled in the physics class, a requirement for application to pharmacy school, the professor said to her, "Miss Leverett, I want to tell you right now that I have never had a girl who has made it through the first week of this class." The all- male class was scandalized by the professor's statement and offered to study with her whenever she needed it. She got the only A in the class

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**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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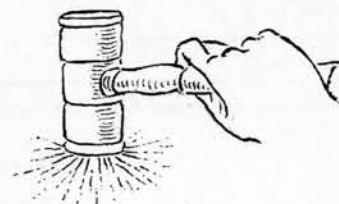
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**President's Podium**

A few months ago the Residents Association made a thoughtful proposal to the Forest at Duke Board to reduce monthly service fees for the last six months of this fiscal year and then advocated vigorously for it. However, the TFAD Board, after carefully addressing the budgetary request, concluded that granting approval would not be in the best long-range interest of The Forest. People of good will, when confronted with the same data and related variables, may reach differing conclusions.

The next major task of The Forest is to produce a budget for 2009-10. We recognize that The Forest Board of Directors has the primary responsibility for financial matters. The Residents Association, however, has the obligation to provide advice and input from our perspective. Of course we are strongly influenced by the compromised resources of many residents during the current economic recession. Residents, management, and staff all share a common goal: that The Forest be the best CCRC possible.

We were pleased to learn recently that representatives of the RA Finance Committee have been invited to join The Forest Board Finance Committee in the selection process for a new financial adviser.

The Resource Conservation Committee chaired by Jim Thompson met last week. Jack Blackburn presented data accumulated over the last four years regarding electricity and natural gas consumption at The Forest. Through conservation efforts The Forest has reduced consumption of electricity by 6.5% with savings of \$26,400. Natural gas consumption has been reduced by 2.8% with savings of \$5,700.

*(Continued on page 3)*

**In Memoriam**

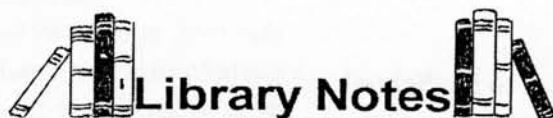
Halton, Eva April 7, 2009

Mason, Jean Smith Coward April 9, 2009

Busse, Ortrude "Ort" Schnaedelbach  
April 18, 2009

Peirce, Ethel April 21, 2009

## Library Science 101



Have you noticed changes in the Library in the past month? Some of these have come about because of suggestions made by our patrons. We welcome any ideas you have for the improvement of our Library and will see what we can do about them.

"How can a book be overdue, when there is no due date?" asked several people.

True! So obvious! So in response there is a sign by the basket for checked out cards that says a RETURN REMINDER will be sent when a book has been out for two months. That should be long enough for it to be read, not so long that it might be lost.

Others have stated, "I know I returned that book! I put it right here on the desk! Someone must have picked it up and walked off with it."

Unfortunately, that could well be true. Someone sees a returned book and thinks, "I've been wanting to read this! No one is here to get the card for me to sign, so I will just take it and bring it back in a few days." Then it is forgotten, and the person whose name is last on the card is asked to return it.

In response we have installed a new Book Return, located just to the right of the desk, at the doorway. It has a swing top to accommodate any size books, and the bottom is cushioned by foam pillows so books aren't injured by the drop. Clever Heather-in-Activities has decorated it appropriately for us. In the first week it was already being used enthusiastically. Magazines, donations, and audio-visual materials still go on the desk as before.

"In large-print books, how can I tell which are mysteries without picking up each one and reading the book jacket?" was another question.

Now mysteries—still shelved with other large-print fiction—have a green label at the bottom of the spine. Biographies and non-fiction have new labels of their own and are located at the end of the large-print fiction books. We are very soon going to run out of space for our large-print collection, which is ever-expanding, thanks to many new acquisitions.

The history section, on the back side of the large-print books, is being cataloged by the Dewey Decimal System, so books on a particular country can be more easily located. We hope to be able to move them elsewhere and use those shelves for large-print. It is not too late to ask the Strategic Planning Committee to help us out!

Carol Scott  
Librarian

### Podium continued

*(Continued from page 2)*

Gradually staff are replacing incandescent bulbs with fluorescent bulbs, and older equipment and appliances with newer energy-saving equipment. We residents can contribute to the cause by being more attentive to these issues and by conserving our own use of energy. This has been a good opportunity for residents, administration, and staff to work together towards a common goal.

Bill Anderson



**Rheta Scolaut** continued*(Continued from page 1)*

and when she had been safely accepted to the School of Pharmacy, she went to the physics professor and told him if he ever said that to another woman she would give him a hard time.

After pharmacy school she went to the Augusta University Hospital where she was in charge of buying supplies, and eventually became president of the Georgia Society of Hospital Pharmacists, vice president of the Southeastern Society of Hospital Pharmacists, and the list of memberships and honors is far too long to include in this newsletter. She is a registered pharmacist in Georgia, Florida, Maryland, Illinois, and North Carolina.

She and her husband Milt met frequently at pharmaceutical meetings and were married in 1965. He, as president of the American Society of Hospital Pharmacists, was the one who installed Rheta as vice president of the Southeastern Society of Hospital Pharmacists.

Milt was a participant in Project Hope, an enterprise started by a cardiologist in Washington, DC, who in 1964 bought an old navy ship for \$1.00, fitted it out with an emergency room and operating room,



and took doctors to South America and various other ports to function much as Doctors Without Borders does today. Later on, during the iron-curtain years, doctors, nurses, and pharmacists were flown to Poland and other countries to perform the same functions. Milt made 14 trips to Poland as well as Swaziland, Grenada, Malawi, and the Soviet Union, including Kazakhstan, Turkmenistan, and Uzbekistan; Rheta often accompanied him as a Hope Volunteer.

It was in Grenada that Rheta and Milt found a non-functioning Otis elevator in a hospital. Patients being taken to the second floor operating room had to be carried up the stairs on stretchers, so Milt and Rheta saw to it that someone was sent to fix the elevator.

When Milt came to Duke University Hospital he and Rheta were as valuable there as abroad. In 1983 they were both honored as North Carolina Society Pharmacist of the Year. Rheta was for many years on the board of the Duke Children's Classic Golf Tournament, and was in charge of the program for spouses (400 people for 4 days), helping with transportation and housing for about 1200 people, every year arranged the dinner seating for 1200 in Cameron Indoor Stadium, and published the Children's Classic Cookbook. Perry Como was the Grand Marshal of The Classic for at least a quarter of a century and brought with him celebrities like Chet Atkins, Bob Hope, Frank Sinatra, Arnold Palmer, and Jack Nicklaus.

When Rheta and Milt retired and joined The Forester they traveled often in their motor home, covering 200,000 miles in the 48 lower states, Alaska, and 10 Canadian provinces, and Mexico. Rheta has been a dynamo at The Forest. When we first moved in I was somewhat puzzled about how all the activities came to be. I later discovered that the Skolauts were originators of many of them, and Rheta has been going strong ever since: six and a half years on the Residents Association Board and is in her fifth year on The Forest at Duke Board. It is impossible to list everything, but we wouldn't be the same without her.

Joanne Ferguson

## DUKE 1943

### THE BATTLE OF THE CHEMISTRY BUILDING BASEMENT. II

In the first chapter of this saga I told a little bit about one of the war research activities carried out in the old Chemistry Building at Duke back in the 1940s, and specifically I described a problem with artillery rockets fired at high ambient temperatures such as those in North Africa. It was hypothesized that the high ambient temperature weakened the 6" long grains of cordite propellant to the extent that the strong inertial forces produced on the grains by the rapid acceleration of the rocket caused the grains to break up and then to explode before the rockets reached their target. This scenario is highly plausible; nevertheless, our group investigating the problem in the Chemistry Building basement was assigned the task of providing some experimental evidence.

Our research group was headed by Dr. Marcus Hobbs, and I was a low-level member. Dr. Hobbs designed an experiment to provide evidence about the behavior of powder grains under high stresses. We had a 20' length of copper pipe with an internal diameter of 1", and close to one end of the pipe two segments were cut out of opposite sides of the pipe to make rectangular slots 8" long and 1/2" wide. The slots were located 6" from the end of the pipe, and this end was closed off by a heavy steel backstop plate firmly attached to the wall of the building. The pipe was mounted on the floor by appropriate supports. The other end of the pipe was enclosed by a removable cap, and just down the pipe from the cap was an opening which was connected by appropriate tubing through a quick-opening valve to a compressed air tank.

A rocket emulator was made by constructing a carriage for the powder grain such that the grain could be mounted on it; the carriage was of such dimensions that it would serve as a piston in the pipe;

and the grain was mounted against a sturdy spring at the front end of the carriage. The idea was that the carriage would be shot down the pipe by compressed air from the tank, and at the end of its travel it would slam into the steel plate at the far end of the pipe, thereby undergoing a largely instantaneous deceleration. Because the spring cushioned the blow, the powder grain would undergo a rapid, but not instantaneous, deceleration and one that might be expected to mimic the inertial forces experienced by powder grain in an accelerating rocket.

The apparatus was completed by mounting a high-speed motion picture camera (3600 frames per minute), in such a way that it looked through the slots and observed the powder grain at the time of impact. The experiment was made as follows. I was at one end of the pipe to operate the valve to the compressed air tank; a colleague ran the camera at the other end of the pipe. The carriage with a grain of powder mounted was loaded into my end of the pipe and the pipe closed; my colleague would start the camera; give it 10 seconds to get up to speed, and when it did he would give a yell; I would open the compressed air valve; and the carriage and powder grain would go flying down the tube. The release of air whooshed; the camera screamed; and the carriage slammed into the backstop plate with a loud crash. Exciting! If we timed everything correctly, which we occasionally did, we would get a motion picture of the powder grain as it underwent its rapid deceleration. Sure enough, the grain distorted and wriggled somewhat like a belly dancer. Our experiment was a success.

Frank Field

## Odds and Ends



Two things no resident should miss this spring: The iris blooming near the pond and **John Henry's** display windows featuring blue and white china, centered on a plate collection owned by **Elaine Sandahl**.

Here is a test to see how well you know your fellow residents. Answers follow.

Now on display at Massachusetts Institute of Technology is a retrospective of the architectural work of the late **Felix Candela**. For thirty-five years his wife, **Dorothy**, also an architect, assisted and worked with him on many projects.

1. **Jean Anderson, Sheila Mason, and Helen Wharton**

- a. Have competed in the Iditarod Sled Dog Race
- b. Play and win at table tennis
- c. Are champions at tiddlywinks

2. **Paul Bryan, Norman Greenberg, and Bruce Pennybacker**

- a. Fly kites together
- b. Frequent the billiard room
- c. Play musical instruments

3. **Betsy Close, Barbara Smith, and Betty Ketch**

- a. Use the pool regularly
- b. Attend the painting class
- c. All are Mac users

4. **Ned Arnett, Tom Gallie, Ed Bloch, and Frank Sargent**

- a. Are forming a barbershop quartet
- b. Wear out the walks at the Forest
- c. Play a lot of bridge

5. **Tynette Hills, Carol Oettinger, Frank Melpolder, and Hildegard Ryals**

- a. Walk their dogs
- b. Love their cats
- c. Enjoy Netflix

6. **Peter Wharton, Ruth Phelps, John Henry, and Bud Parmentier**

- a. Work in the wood shop
- b. Like to play poker
- c. Play the piano

7. **Elisa Nijhout, Terri Bronfenbrenner, and John Blackburn** all

- a. Are fluent in two or more languages
- b. Like to ride motorcycles
- c. Grow tomatoes in their garden plots

8. **Don Chesnut, George Chandler, and Ned Arnett**

- a. Are trying out for the Duke Chapel Choir
- b. Are fans of Tiger Woods
- c. Write poetry for The Forester

9. **Marion Gilbertson, Sarah McCracken, and Sylvia Arnett**

- a. Paint "purty" pictures
- b. Are gourmet cooks
- c. Sing in the Forest Chorus

10. **Bob Ward, Frank Light, and Bruce Burns**

- a. Take a lot of great photos
- b. Play a good game of bridge
- c. Travel occasionally on roller skates

Answers: 1.b, 2.c, 3.a, 4.b, 5.a, 6.c, 7.a, 8.c, 9.c, 10.b

Mary Gates



## Who Are They?

From child to adult



Dressed to enter contest to see which little boy looked most like Jackie Cooper in "Skippy."  
Won first place--\$50 prize!



She grew up in Kansas but did not go to the Land of Oz with Dorothy



Living in the Big Apple after World War II



Graduate of Kansas State University

## **"Do You Want to Be in the Movie?" or how Nashold became a movie actor**

Those were the words uttered by Director Milos Forman in his thick Czech accent on a hot summer day in Memphis. I didn't hesitate a second. My answer was a quick "Yes."

Let me explain. Milos Forman was directing the movie *The People vs. Larry Flynt*. Oliver Stone conceived the idea and produced the movie, which is based on the legal conflict between Larry Flynt and the Reverend Falwell. Larry Flynt may not be in your crosshairs; he is a pornographer who publishes the magazine *Hustler*. The trouble began when Flynt wrote a satirical parody about Rev. Falwell. It was outrageous and Falwell sued Flynt for libel and inflicting emotional distress. Flynt initially won the libel case. The issue of "inflicting emotional distress" eventually ended up in the Supreme Court. The press called it "God vs. the Devil." The movie is about the first amendment of the Constitution and freedom of speech. It was timely, and all the court scenes used the authentic legal transcript from the Court.

Milos Forman began as a movie director in Czechoslovakia but soon came in conflict with the Communist government. He came to America, where he began directing and won two Academy Awards, one for *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and a second for *Amadeus*. The Flynt movie was nominated for an Academy Award but pornographers don't win these awards. The movie and the actors won many other awards including the Golden Globe.

How did Nashold fit into this scenario? In the mid 1980s, Larry Flynt was shot from ambush in Georgia. He was rendered paraplegic and in severe pain, which is not an uncommon consequence of gunshot wounds to the spinal cord. He tried to control the pain with drugs and became addicted. He eventually ended up at Duke and was operated on, was relieved of his pain, and was drug free.

The Flynt movie was to include a scene in the

Duke operating room and I was asked to give the director technical advice on the surgery. The scene was to be filmed in a Memphis hospital with the equipment used at Duke. On my last day in Memphis one of the young directors said that Mr. Forman would like to see me. It was then that the historic words



"Do you want to be in the movie?" occurred, and so began my movie career.

Milos Forman said that I would not be playing Nashold from Duke, but would be "Dr. Bob," a drug-dealing doctor from Beverly Hills. Dr. Bob did exist and supplied Flynt with the drugs that addicted him. The scene takes place in Flynt's bedroom in Los Angeles. Woody Harrelson played Flynt, Courtney Love played his wife Althea, and Edward Norton was the lawyer for Flynt. At the time, Harrelson was a well-known actor, but not Courtney. She was from the punk-rock scene and had been married to Kurt

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## Do You Vant ... ?continued

*(Continued from page 8)*

Cobain, the famous rock star, who had recently died from a drug overdose. The Hollywood insiders thought Courtney was a bad choice since she had never acted in a movie. Milos Forman was criticized for choosing her, but he had the reputation for selecting non-actors in key roles. Why did he ask Nashold of all things?

Suddenly I was a member of the Screen Actors' Guild. I had a trailer with my name on it, and I was being paid. During my short acting career, I was impressed with the professionalism of the filmmakers and crew. They worked six days a week from 7 am till 7 pm with a one-hour lunch break. I can't relate to you all my new and wonderful experiences except for my first day on the movie set. I was told I was not going to have any make-up but that I was to go to the make-up trailer. As I sat in the make-up chair not knowing what was coming next, a young woman came up and said, "Dr. Nashold, you're going to have a Beverly Hills hair cut." I replied, "I just had a Durham North Carolina hair cut." No matter. For the next hour, she clipped and snipped and, "voila," a Beverly Hills hair cut. Next came an Italian silk suit with Gucci shoes and a Gucci handbag to carry the drugs to Flynt and the cash out. The scene was short and simple. I bring a bag full of drugs and leave with the cash. At the end of the scene, I comment that there is a new operation for spinal pain at Duke. The next scene is in the operating room but no Nashold in sight.

So ended my movie career. It was one of the most exciting and interesting experiences of my life. Since then Larry Flynt and his wife have become my close friends, and Flynt makes generous contributions to our research efforts to solve the mysteries of pain. I still belong to the Screen Actors' Guild but the phone is silent. Yet I am comforted with a twenty-five-dollar-a-year residual payment from the movie. Hope springs eternal in an actor's heart.

Blaine Nashold

## Fashion Lemmings

First as farmers' useful bibbed overalls  
Curious indeed are today's blue jeans,  
Ranging from super big to baby small,  
Differing in pockets, sequins and seams.  
Now the styles seem to change with the season  
Each so-called new is but a reborn old.  
Longer, shorter, holes torn for no reason,  
Rises that are so low the butt gets cold.  
There is the boot cut, straight leg or relaxed fit,  
Bare flesh and body parts are easily seen.  
Fit so snug, it is impossible to sit.  
With this uniform of the masses  
All decorum, even beauty passes.

Penelope Easton

## Wandering in The Forest

At 4pm on April 17 the restrictions in The Health and Wellness Center were lifted. A long awaited moment had come! The independent living residents were overjoyed, but surely the Health Center residents were happy beyond overjoyed. **Peg Lewis** says that by 4:30 she met **Ruth Patterson** in the mail room happily carrying three library books. The long ordeal was over.

The first case of influenza was reported to the Durham County Health Department by **Leslie Jarrema** on February 10, and restrictions were put into effect. (One case is considered an outbreak.) When it became obvious by March 3 that GI complaints might be more than a reaction to the influenza prophylactic everyone had been given, the health department emailed 30 pages of instructions that included restrictions to Leslie to cover the Norovirus, which was abroad in Durham County at large. Thus began the long and intimate connection to the health department. Leslie talked to or emailed with the department every day, and the department made several visits for consultation and environmental investigation. Buckets of Clorox water were kept covered and in the dark (it loses its potency in the light) for washing down the environment; precautions were many and varied. **Diane Long** was one of the first staff members to succumb. There were eventually other staff members affected, including Leslie herself, along with many of the residents. Consider how during your worklife at a desk, you spent days of recovery quietly doing little work at all, and compare that with the demanding routine of nursing staff here, and I'm sure you will join me in giving three cheers to our hardworking and dedicated staff.

And remember, in our battle with viruses that have cleverly evolved beyond our defenses, our best defense is frequent washing of hands in hot water and soap for at least 15 seconds. They tell small children in kindergarten to wash as long as it takes them to say the alphabet or sing "Happy Birthday."

So now we can return to the general trivia of this column. I'll begin with what **Tom Frothingham** might not consider so trivial. He lay down for a nap several weeks ago, took out his hearing aids for greater comfort, and while he slept his dog **Winston** took the hearing aids off the bedside table and ate them, all except the batteries, which he spit out. Amid general laughter at the Breakfast Table, Tom was told that he should train Winston better. I was of the opinion that Tom should train himself not to be so careless with things. He has yet to find out if his household insurance might cover such a bizarre case.

The other week **Pat Gallagher's** computer went dark, as they sometimes do. She and I were discussing the possible virtues of Control-Alt-Delete when **Briana Jackson** passed by the front desk on her way to clock in for work in the main dining room. "Trouble with the computer?" she asked. In a flash she was down underneath the desk fooling with the plugs and switches and the computer sprang back to life. Briana is a fine, competent server in the dining room, but I couldn't help thinking she would likely make a fine trouble-shooter for all of us who struggle with computer malevolence.

**Reminisce** was atypical this month since **Karen Sarine** was on vacation and many of our usual participants were under restriction in the Health and Wellness Center, so **Ibby Wooten** and **George Chandler** and I sat and talked about theater experiences. Ibby spent her UNC junior year abroad in London to study theater. She told of her delight when **Ann Barlow** moved here and she recognized her as one of the chaperones on that trip to London. George told of singing the role of Counsel for the Plaintiff in *Trial by Jury* when he was in high school. Since we were so few, we grabbed **Peg Lewis** when she came in to wait for the café to open, and she told us she had heard Benny Goodman when she was young and that her children sent her and her husband to *Hair* for their 25<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary.

Editor

## Only a Matter of Time

When I was about six I heard that  
in a billion years the sun will go out.  
I couldn't sleep for a couple of nights worrying  
about it.

When my brother Jack was five he heard about  
tsunamis.

He was so upset that it spoiled his vacation  
at Seaside Park, New Jersey, as he just sat on the  
beach  
looking out to sea, waiting and worrying.

A hundred years ago a rock the size of a large  
house  
exploded in the atmosphere over the Siberian  
taiga.

Although none of it hit the ground, it leveled and  
burned  
hundreds of square miles of forest and made a  
terrific noise.

If it had arrived a few seconds earlier, just a di  
vine tweak,  
it would have exploded over the Pacific. No  
problem.

If it had arrived a few seconds later it would be  
remembered  
as one of the greatest disasters in history,  
as it leveled the heart of western culture and  
colonialism;  
Paris (area ca. 40 miles sq.), Berlin, or London,  
throbbing with vitality and excitement; modern  
ism, relativity,  
Freud's psychiatry, the Bloomsbury Group,  
Schoenberg's  
quartets, quantum theory, and the great arms race  
preceding the  
great blood bath called The Great War.

A week ago, another rock about the size of a  
large house  
sailed by 40,000 miles away, only a bit above the  
stationary

commercial satellites. Asteroid watchers were  
taken by surprise,  
but said "don't worry." Although it was the big  
gest near miss  
in recent years, the news barely made it to the  
morning paper.  
If the angle of approach had been different by a  
fraction of a  
second, last week's rock could have flattened any  
of today's  
largest cities. They say it's only a matter of time  
until a REALLY  
big one hits and does some exterminating.

Out in California they keep waiting for "the BIG  
ONE"  
as the tectonic plates along several faults  
crunch past each other about as fast as your  
fingernails grow,  
storing up energy like a gigantic spring  
waiting for the trigger to be pulled.  
They say it's not a matter of **whether**,  
It's only a matter of time until it happens.

I know it's only a matter of time for me;  
probably not by an asteroid, earthquake or  
tsunami,  
more likely from an accident, cancer or some  
nasty organism.  
But, to get serious about it: if nothing else takes  
me off,  
I'm programmed to terminate soon, like every  
cell in my body.  
It's only a matter of time, so why worry about it.

Ned Arnett



Bob Blake's  
**Puzzle**

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

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

**In a Greenhouse**

AFRICAN VIOLET	COMPOST	GRAVEL	ORCHIDS	SHOVEL
ANTS	DEBRIS	HEATER	PALM	SPRAYER
APHIDS	DIEFFENBACHIA	HOSE	PEAT	SUCCULENTS
BENCHES	FAN	INSECTICIDE	PERLITE	SLUGS
BLOWER	FERN	IVY	PESTS	THERMOSTAT
BONSAI	FIG	LEAVES	POT	TRASH
BULBS	FICUS	LOAM	POTHOS	TWINE
CACTI	FERTILIZER	MALATHION	RAKE	VERMICULITE
CHINESE EVERGREEN	GERANIUM	MANURE	SAND	WATER
CLAY CONTAINERS	GLOVES	MOISTUREMETER	SCHEFFLE	