

Natural Selections

A NEWSLETTER OF THE ROCKEFELLER UNIVERSITY COMMUNITY

Three Weeks in Australia

NATALIA KETAREN

After almost three years of being away, I was returning home for a summer Christmas. The last time I visited, my days were spent lazing in parks and beaches along Port Phillip Bay, dinners at trendy Melbourne joints with balconies where we could smoke and drink and of course, I did plenty of shopping. Coming home was all about catching up with friends and family, just... hanging out. However, this trip would be different. My American boyfriend was coming with me and he had never been to Oz. So this time around, it was fewer everyday indulgences and more sightseeing. Here's a little of what we did and saw.

Week 1: Victoria

Melbourne is the most populous city in the State of Victoria and the second most populous city in Australia, behind Sydney. Melbourne is Australia's business epicenter. It's the fashion capital and the music capital of Australia. It is a sporting city, home to major tennis tournaments, the home of cricket Australia and the birthplace of Australian Rules football. Australia was declared a Federation under a tree in Melbourne's botanical gardens. Five of the country's most prestigious universities are located here, not to mention numerous others. Thus, it's not surprising that the birthplace of Gough Whitlam carries a great worth in Australia and its citizens harbor abundant city pride. Whenever I visit my hometown, here are a few things I acquaint myself with:

Food and Drink

Melbourne is known for its rich food culture, thanks to years of global immigration. My staples every time I visit are:

A good parma at Mrs. Parmas on Lt. Bourke Street or the Leveson Hotel in North Melbourne. Pho on Victoria Street, just after Hoddle Street in Richmond. It doesn't really matter where you go, this street is lined with Vietnamese restaurants



The Twelve Apostles, Port Campbell National Park, Victoria, Australia. Photo credit: Natalia Ketaren

and you're sure to get good pho and spring rolls when you're here. Crispy pork at China bar near the corner of Exhibition Street. A souvlaki and chunky fries cooked in olive oil at Stalactites on Exhibition Street. Pizza at D.O.C pizza on the corner of Drummond and Faraday Street serves authentic Roman style pizza. Fish and chips down Acland Street in St. Kilda. Be sure to go to the shop closer to the Barkly Street end. Chips with gravy, dim sum, chunky spring rolls and potato cakes, available at Charcoal chicken chain stores all over Melbourne and coffee.

Coffee is a Melbourne institution, which serves some of the best coffee in Australia. The city is packed with little lane ways strewn with cafes and coffee houses, serving alongside coffee and tea, amazing desserts and delicious sausage rolls and meat pies.

Melbourne nightlife is forever changing. Drinks in Australia are expensive, where, on average, it's \$10/pint of beer and

\$20/cocktail. No tips required in the service industry, but the going is still quite dear. Rooftop bars in Melbourne can be quite fun. Our go to on the trip is Rooftop Bar on Swanston Street in the city center. They do very nice Pimm's cups and champagne cocktails in the summertime.

Shopping

Melbourne is home to some amazing local designers. I always venture down Brunswick Street, Gertrude Street and Smith Street, in the neighborhoods of Collingwood and Fitzroy where many local designers and vintage wares can be found. Flinders Lane and the little arcades off Flinders Ln, in the city are also home to some great shopping.

Yarra Valley Wine Region

Taking a trip down the Yarra valley wine region is a favorite pastime of mine. The grounds of the larger estates such as TarraWarra, Chandon and Dominic Por-

tet are breathtaking and I always pick up a nice Sauvignon, Rose and of course Reserve Shiraz when I'm down here. I recommend renting a car or taking a tour when exploring this region.

Ferntree Gully and The Dandenong Ranges

The Australian bush is a beautiful wonder. The air smells of eucalyptus and the sounds of native wildlife provide an amazing soundtrack to a day hike or walk through the bush land. You might even spot a few kangaroos or wallabies amongst the rich native flora. Birdlife is abundant when walking through these parts, spreading their colors across the backdrop of dense gum trees.

The Great Ocean Road

The Great Ocean Road is a breathtaking, scenic drive along the southwestern coastline of Victoria. The Road begins at the famous Torquay beach and winds its way across some of the most picturesque coastline in Southern Australia. You travel right along the cliff at times and then all of a sudden are surrounded by silvery eucalyptus trees. We saw a few native fauna along the way: a sleepy koala plonked in the center of the road, some curious wallabies and a light-footed echidna trotting across the road. A lot of the beaches that dot the coastline are made famous by Australia's surfing culture. At times the ocean can be too rough or too cold to swim. But just looking out onto the turquoise waters is enough to fill your senses with the beauty and wonder of the Victorian coast. The end point of this drive, in Port Campbell National Park, is two of the most breathtaking sites in Southern Australia. The first of the two is The Gibson Steps. The steps are a set of stairs along the cliff-wall that take you down to the stretch of beach at the base of the cliffs. Once you reach the beach, you feel the full force of the wind and hear the roar of the waves crashing and smashing about. It's a frightening yet exhilarating experience. The views are magical. Two limestone rock formations sit a short distance from the shoreline amongst the blue-green waves. Their size and the glow of the limestone is heart-stopping. We could have stayed for hours. A few minutes' drive from the Gibson Steps is the crown of the Great Ocean Road, the Twelve Apostles, limestone rock formations that jut away from the jagged coastline and rest in the ocean. There aren't 12 apostles. Years of erosion have seen many fall, but several still stand and the view from the numerous vantage points stretching along

the cliff-face are wondrous.

The drive along the Great Ocean Road to the Twelve Apostles is about five hours from Melbourne. We made a journey of it, stopping at a few beach towns and national parks along the way. The lighthouse at Cape Otway is a nice stop and so is Erskine Falls in Lorne. We chose to camp as we travelled and campsites are abundant. The app WikiCamps Australia was an invaluable tool, as we booked no campsites in advance. Camping in Australia in the summertime is expensive. It can be about sixty dollars per day for an unpowered site.

Weeks 2 & 3 - Sydney to Melbourne

When you're visiting the Eastern board of Australia for the first time, your visit would be lacking if you didn't visit Sydney. Arriving early morning in Sydney, we were still quite jetlagged. By the time we made it to the hotel, we accidentally slept till late into the afternoon. We spent one night in Sydney city, one night in Bondi and then a couple of nights with an old friend of mine in Stanmore before we made the long drive back to Melbourne. Here's a little of what we saw and did.

Circular Quay

Circular Quay is the postcard shot of Australia. Facing the harbour, to your right, you have the majestic Sydney Opera House, and to your left you have the Sydney Harbour Bridge. Ferry terminals sit at the base of the harbour, where you can take a ferry to many different coastal points in Sydney's outer suburbs. The hype is real. The Opera House and the Bridge are truly beautiful works of architecture.

Bondi to Coogee Beach Walk

The famous Bondi beach. The water is a perfect turquoise and the water is warm. The waves were rather choppy, but it was still fun being tossed about. The neighborhood of Bondi is super trendy, especially North Bondi and the people are from all across the globe. Aside from sitting on the beach and swimming, we decided to do the Bondi to Coogee walk. The walk begins at Bondi beach, and we walked along the coastline crossing beautiful rock formations, a cliff-side cemetery, and numerous smaller, equally beautiful beaches to Bondi. It was a great way to spend a day and we were thankful to carry plenty of sunscreen to combat the harsh Australian sun.

Manly and Pebbly Beach

Taking a ferry from Circular Quay to Manly beach is a great way to view circular quay. You get views, right from the bay,

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of the Opera House and Harbour Bridge. The beautiful beach was packed to the brim with beachgoers, but the waves that day were quite large and unforgiving. On advice from my Sydney-dwelling friends, we skipped the hustle and bustle of Manly beach, and walked a short distance to Pebbly beach. As the name suggests, the beach is covered in pebbles. The water was gentle and crystal clear that day. You could even see the fish swimming amongst the rocks and seaweed. Pebbly beach was one of my favorite swimming holes on the trip.

Sydney to Melbourne

With New Year commitments in Melbourne approaching, it was time to make our way back South. We decided to rent a car and drive back along the New South Wales (NSW) coast. We had a day and a half to accomplish this feat and the non-stop drive was estimated to take 12 hours. Once we had driven out of Sydney, we crossed many picturesque beach towns. One such town was Durras, just north of Bateman's Bay. South Durras beach was one of the most beautiful beaches on the trip. The waves collapse into a stream of bubbles at the shoreline. The glistening blue-green water laps gently at your body as you walk into the surf. The water was so clear that you could see the movement of sand at your feet even as you went deeper into the water. As we continued on, we travelled through beautiful bush land. The bush land was so dense, the smell of eucalyptus filled the car. We travelled through beautifully farmed land, the cheese region of NSW and by nightfall we had reached the state line of Victoria. After almost 14 hours on the road we decided to set up camp in the town of Orbost, a snowy river town in far Eastern Victoria. This is where WikiCamps came to the rescue; without it, it would have been much more troublesome finding a campsite in the tiny town at 11 pm. At our campsite,

we fell asleep under a giant eucalyptus tree to the sound of the wind and bush life. The following day, in less than three hours we were back in Melbourne and our last few

days were spent with friends and family. There was so much more I wanted to see and do. There is never enough time. But what we saw and experienced in the

three weeks there was enough to carry us through until our next visit to Oz. Whenever that may be.◉

Twenty-four visits to Stockholm: a concise history of the Rockefeller Nobel Prizes

Part VI: Fritz Albert Lipmann, 1953 Prize in Physiology or Medicine

JOSEPH LUNA

From Ra to Apollo to Huitzilopochtli, the ancients were onto something by worshipping the sun. Alongside water, no other entity was as important for the agricultural harvest or for predicting the seasonal movements of wind and life-giving rain. But the precise means by which the sun can be said to nourish took over two millennia to figure out, most of it concentrated in the past 200 or so years, when chemists began to ply their trade to biological problems. Why do plants need light? What happens when a caterpillar, a cow or a human eats them? In other words, how does “food,” for any organism, really work? The answers to these questions lie in the study of metabolism, and biochemists in the late 19th and the first half of the 20th century were wild about these problems.

Fritz Lipmann was among them. Born in the east Prussian capital of Königsberg in 1899, Lipmann came of scientific age during some biochemically exciting times. After receiving an MD in 1924, Lipmann changed course and joined the laboratory of Otto Meyerhof, the discoverer of glycolysis and 1922 Nobelist, at the Kaiser-Wilhelm Institute in Berlin. In the Meyerhof lab, Lipmann worked alongside Karl Lohmann (the discoverer of adenosine tri-phosphate (ATP)) and Dean Burk (the co-discoverer of biotin). Working upstairs was Otto Warburg, who in 1931 would win a Nobel Prize for his work on cellular respiration. And in Warburg’s lab was Hans Krebs, for whom the citric acid cycle is named, and who would later share the 1953 Nobel Prize in chemistry with Lipmann.

The driving question for these biochemists at the time can be summed up succinctly: what was the chemical basis for energy production and consumption in living organisms? By the late 1920s, it was increasingly clear that ATP was a major energy currency in the cell, but the precise means by which it functioned, as both a fuel and as a building block besides how it

was made in the cell, were unknown. After a year exploring this problem in P.A. Levene’s laboratory here at Rockefeller, Lipmann moved to Copenhagen to work with Albert Fischer where he studied the end product of Meyerhof’s glycolysis: pyruvic acid.

This “fiery grape” metabolite was interesting as a molecular fork in the road of sorts for an organism: in the absence of oxygen, pyruvic acid undergoes fermentation to make a limited but finite amount of energy before winding up as lactic acid. This is essentially what happens when yogurt or sauerkraut is made. But in the presence of constant oxygen, pyruvic acid does something different: it becomes oxidized and fed into the citric acid cycle to allow continuous production of ATP. In other words, energy production requires continuous breathing, or “respiration.” As a biochemical fulcrum between reactions associated with death (fermentation) or life (respiration), it’s easy to see how this molecule might’ve fascinated Lipmann in the 1930s. Most of the above was known by then but questions remained. Lipmann noticed that in order for pyruvic acid oxidation to make ATP, some inorganic phosphate was always needed and biochemically used up. Where did this phosphate go? Using radioactive phosphate and adenylic acid, a precursor of ATP, Lipmann observed that pyruvic acid oxidation resulted in radioactive ATP. He had traced the movement of an inert phosphate to the main energy molecule in the cell. This process, now generally summarized as oxidative phosphorylation, is the means by which any organism on this planet that breathes makes energy.

But this was not why Fritz Lipmann won the Nobel Prize. The fact that Lipmann observed transfer of an energy-rich phosphate to make ATP got him thinking. When ATP is hydrolyzed to release energy, essentially the reverse to what he observed happens: ATP loses a phosphate group. These ob-

servations led Lipmann to consider the phosphate bond, its creation to make ATP, and its destruction to release energy, as the key driver for energy requiring reactions. Lipmann formally introduced this idea in a landmark review article in 1941 titled “Metabolic Generation and Utilization of Phosphate Bond Energy.” His convention, to represent the energy-rich phosphate with a squiggle (~P) has been in use ever since. What made this written synthesis all the more remarkable was that it brought up the possibility that other molecules could pass around chemical groups as co-factors of enzymes, or “co-enzymes.” It is perhaps useful to think of a co-enzyme as a runner in a relay race passing a valuable baton. In the case of ATP, that baton is an energy-rich phosphate (~P). For the vitamin riboflavin, the baton is a single electron.

The reason Lipmann accompanied Krebs to Stockholm in 1953 was for discovering the first coenzyme, named coenzyme A (CoA), whose baton is an acyl group (~Ac). As it happens, acetyl-CoA is two steps down from pyruvic acid and is the key for making the citrate needed to get the Krebs cycle going.

By the time Lipmann arrived at Rockefeller in 1957, biology was starting to move away from the biochemistry of metabolism and into the new molecular frontier of DNA. Lipmann maintained an active laboratory at Rockefeller studying topics as diverse as protein synthesis and antibiotic production, well after his retirement in 1970. By then, scientific understanding of photosynthesis in the chloroplasts of plants and oxidative phosphorylation in the mitochondria of animals would allow him to trace how a photon emitted from the sun would spark a chain reaction of flowing electrons, phosphates, acyl groups and the like to create life. It must’ve been a slow and proud realization for one of the 20th century’s great biochemists: metabolism rules all.◉

Culture Corner

Book Review: *My Struggle Book 1*, by Karl Ove Knausgaard

BERNIE LANGS

For several months I had heard chatter about an extraordinary set of books written by an eccentric Norwegian chronicling his life in the minutest detail. There was even one nighttime commute home on New Jersey Transit where I sat and watched a man reading the book in the seat across from mine and I pondered questioning him if it was worth the effort and time to take it on.

My Struggle Book 1 by Karl Ove Knausgaard ended up being a fantastic book and the much-discussed overly detailed remembrances came across to me as the natural power of observation of an extraordinary, unique and creative mind at work. The dynamics of any family are complex, emotional for its members, and more often than not, extremely difficult, and the manner in which Knausgaard presents his family's relationships teaches harsh and true lessons while keeping the reader absolutely glued to the page. By focusing on nuances and detailed moments occurring decades in the past, one begins to sense the writer's blurring of fact and fiction, in this case, the loss of distinction between memoir and embellished storytelling. Knausgaard still remained true to the message he wishes to impart.

The landscape of obscure locations in Norway forms much of the backdrop to Knausgaard's recollections. Fjords, the sea, and even watering holes are present as are

the constant reminders of the cold and the snow of the Nordic region. Yet all of that is natural to its natives, while remaining fairly exotic to the readers of the book, who can marvel at names of people and places they can't even begin to try to pronounce.

Although this first book of many in the series of *My Struggle* focuses on periods of the author's time as a boy and teenager, he does jump to other times of his life and we see how the characteristics he displayed early on take on permanence as an adult, and not always in a flattering way. Certain insensitivities as a youth grow into a manner of emotional coldness and removal as an adult that Knausgaard is all too aware of and in some way, ashamed to have allowed to have blossomed.

The underlying key to much of this is clearly revealed to stem from the personality of his father and their odd and complicated relationship. The book moves along and builds to become a flood of emotions based around this man, whom we first meet in the early pages as stern and confident, physically alive but in many ways "not there" emotionally. We then learn of the author's father's devolution into a broken individual who becomes an obese, out-of-work alcoholic who has lost contact with his sons and who dies a miserable death.

Here is Knausgaard early in the book dis-

cussing his father and "how great the difference was between our days. While my days were jam-packed with meaning, when each step opened a new opportunity, and when every opportunity filled me to the brim, in a way which now is actually incomprehensible, the meaning of his days was not concentrated in individual events but spread over such large areas that it was not possible to comprehend them in anything other than abstract terms."

When reading *My Struggle*, I began to think to myself, "This is why I read." Trying to explain why one chooses to read a difficult book for pleasure can be likened to trying to explain why one walks. You just do it. But it's more akin to why one takes on a difficult walk or a hike through tough terrain for no real reason except to "get there" and "there" not being a physical destination, but an exhilarated or even spiritual state of mind. While reading books by writers like Knausgaard, Kraznahorkai or Vladimir Nabokov is a struggle, it is somewhat comforting in that they ponder the big questions that dog us all with impassioned urgency and dazzling creativity. The urgency is often driven by the belief that life is fleeting so we better get to pondering and figuring it out as soon as we can. The creative portion remains, oddly and ironically, the fun and the adventure of it.◊

What is Traditional Irish Soda Bread for \$100, Alex?

AILEEN MARSHALL

Saint Patrick's Day is coming up and that means there will be sales for corned beef and cabbage and traditional Irish soda bread. I myself, of Irish decent, only became aware of Irish soda bread as a young adult. I went through several recipes given to me by friends and family, before I settled on one that got many good reviews from the recipients. Most of the recipes I've come across over the years call for raisins, caraway seeds, nuts, eggs, butter and sugar. I knew that the

real Irish soda bread was very plain, that the sugar was to cater to American tastes. But as I did the research on the history of traditional bread for this article, I was surprised at how far off what we eat on Saint Patrick's Day is from the original Irish soda bread.

Why is it called soda bread? This bread, and others known as quick breads, use baking soda instead of yeast to make them rise. Most recipes today use buttermilk, but the traditional recipe calls for sour milk. The

sodium bicarbonate, which is the chemical name for baking soda, and the lactic acid in the buttermilk or sour milk combine to form a gas, carbon dioxide. The released gas bubbles are what cause the bread to rise.

The early American colonists during the 1700s noticed the Native Americans using what was known as potash to make bread. Potash is actually potassium carbonate, which works the same as sodium bicarbonate. This is the first recorded use of a carbon-

Continued on p. 6



INTERVIEW BY MELVIN WHITE

How long have you been living in the New York area?

I moved a lot before the age of 5, all within New Jersey. However our last move was to New York when I started kindergarten.

Where do you currently live?

Only the best borough of course! Queens baby! Jamaica to be exact.

Which is your favorite neighborhood? Why?

I enjoy walking aimlessly in Forest Hills especially in the spring months.

What do you think is the most overrated thing in the city? And underrated?

Carriage rides. Those things are cruel to the horses at the expense of looking “romantic”. I don’t get it.

What do you miss most when you are out of town?

Noise! I try to visit my family out in Pennsylvania a few times a year. It’s obviously slow motion out there and very enjoyable when I need a break from the bright city lights but I couldn’t entirely quit the daily, fast paced morning commute.

If you could change one thing about NYC, what would that be?

That would have to be minimum wage. Every day, NY gets more expensive to live in.

What is your favorite weekend activity in NYC?

Now that depends on the season and whom I am with. Believe it or not, I enjoy shopping.

How do you feel about Metrocard fare hikes?

The metro card price hike still hasn’t affected me the way majority people would think. The way I use public transportation, I break even. Sometimes I go out of my way by lending it out to others.

So, bike, car, or subway?

If I could, I’d bike to work but it’s just not possible. The whole idea of bike rentals is pretty awesome though. Any way to save money.

What is the most memorable experience you have had in NYC?

It was during the winter when I was in college out in Harlem years



ago. An apartment building was on fire and I freaked out because I’ve experienced a house fire when I was 13. I ran to the scene and was informed that a movie was being filmed on that corner and that I might be in the movie. Maybe that was said for me to calm down but I spaced out for the moment.

If you could live anywhere else, where might that be?

I really don’t think I’d want to move out of NY. The sports scene, the Broadway shows, the pizza! It’s incomparable!

Do you think of yourself as a New Yorker?

Absolutely! 1,000%. I mean, I have the accent.☺

Quotable Quote

Natural Selections is adding a new feature—you are cordially invited to send in interesting quotes to be included in future issues. Quotes can be philosophical, funny, clever, or anecdotal—but NOT too salacious or outright unpublishable—and short enough not to need copyright permission. For example:

“The most exciting phrase to hear in science, the one that heralds new discoveries, is not ‘Eureka!’ but ‘That’s funny...’” Isaac Asimov

ate in cooking. The first known soda bread recipe was published in the United States in 1796. The book, *American Cookery*, noted it as a way to make fast and inexpensive bread. In 1817, an editor of a London magazine was challenged to come up with a recipe that used poor wheat flour. Poor wheat flour is also known as soft wheat flour or cake flour. The flour mostly used in this country is hard wheat flour, which has higher gluten content than its counterpart. The London editor's recipe called for soft or poor wheat flour, mealy potatoes, salt, water, baking soda and muriatic acid (hydrochloric acid). Without the potatoes, this is a basic traditional Irish soda bread recipe. Yet it was an Englishman who first published it.

The earliest reference to a soda bread in Ireland was printed in 1836 in the *Farmer's Magazine of London*. It said a writer from the *Newry Telegraph of Northern Ireland* had sent in the recipe using, "wheaten meal, salt, super carbonate of soda, cold water and sour buttermilk." The instructions were to make it in a covered Dutch oven or frying pan, over a moderate fire, putting some coals on top. This is the way most Irish remember traditional soda bread being made. So it seems it may not have started in Ireland, but it had developed as a means to make an inexpensive bread. It is very plain compared with the version most of us know today. Around 1840, baking soda became cheap and easily accessible in Ireland. In 1850, the *Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medicine* stated "Due to the failure of the potato crop, a large quantity of bicarbonate of soda

was employed by the poorer classes in the preparation of bread." The version we know today would more likely have been made for company and was called a tea cake. The addition of raisins make it what the Irish would call "spotted dog."

If you are so inspired as I have been, here is a recipe for traditional Irish Soda bread, courtesy of the Society for the Preservation of Irish Soda Bread. A bastible pot was equivalent to what is known today as a Dutch oven, a large heavy pot. It was meant to be placed directly into the coals, since in those days very few Irish had an oven.

White Soda Bread

4 cups (16 oz.) of all-purpose flour

1 Teaspoon baking soda

1 Teaspoon salt

14 oz. of buttermilk

Preheat the oven to 425 F. degrees. Lightly grease and flour a cake pan.

In a large bowl sieve and combine all the dry ingredients.

Add the buttermilk to form a sticky dough. Place on a floured surface and lightly knead (too much allows the gas to escape)

Shape into a round flat shape in a round cake pan and cut a cross in the top of the dough.

Cover the pan with another pan and bake for 30 minutes (this simulates the bastible pot). Remove the cover and bake for an additional 15 minutes.

The bottom of the bread will have a hollow sound when tapped to show it is done.

Cover the bread in a tea towel and lightly

sprinkle water on the cloth to keep the bread moist.

For our American tastes, here is a recipe that while not traditional, is more familiar and appealing to most of us.

4 Cups Flour

¾ Cups Sugar

1 Teaspoon Baking Soda

3 Teaspoons Baking Powder

1 Teaspoon Salt

1/8 Teaspoon Cinnamon

¼ Pound Margarine

2 Eggs

¾ Cups Raisins

1½ Cups Buttermilk

Sift all dry ingredients together.

Blend in the margarine until it's like a fine breadcrumb.

Stir in the raisins.

In a separate bowl, beat the 2 eggs. Then add the buttermilk to the eggs.

Pour in the dry ingredients from the first bowl. Mix with a wooden spoon until it's like soft dough.

With wet hands, (dough is sticky) knead the dough lightly on a floured surface until smooth.

Form into a round flat cake. Put into a well-greased 8" or 9" cake pan. Make a cross on top with a sharp floured knife to vent.

Bake at 350° F for 1 hour, then at 325°F for ½ hour.

Cool on a rack.◉



Baby, It's Cold Outside

GEORGE BARANY AND MARCIA BROTT

George Barany is a Rockefeller alum (1977). Marcia Brott is a human genome researcher by day, wordsmith by night. Both are currently at the University of Minnesota. For more about this specific puzzle, including a link to the answer, visit <http://tinyurl.com/wonderlandpuz>. More Barany and Friends crosswords are at <http://tinyurl.com/gbpuzzle>.

1. Exclamation appropriate to the theme of this puzzle
5. No-brainers?
11. Soupçon
14. Girl's name that means "friend" in Hebrew
15. Snapple competitor
16. Gram or tome opener
17. Weather condition causing shivers in unusual places this year
19. Complete
20. Get by somehow
21. Icy 7-Eleven drink
23. Jason of "How I Met Your Mother" and "Forgetting Sarah Marshall"
26. Wimbledon winner Edberg
27. Whistle-blower in a striped shirt
30. 60-Down, in France
32. Ring holder ... or ring receiver
33. D.D.E.'s wartime command
34. Smears in print
36. Lively folk dance
39. One who knows his beans?
41. City on San Francisco Bay
43. Memo abbr.
44. How a freelancer may work
46. The White House's is 20500
47. "You betcha!"
49. Trig. function
50. Airport abbr.
51. Home of famous tar pits
54. Profundity
56. Old film stock material
58. Cyclops' defining feature
62. Ice-loving org.
63. Atmospheric phenomenon that can bring on 17-Across
66. "Yabba dabba___!"
67. Kind of inspection or delivery
68. Mouse catcher
69. What to do with wild oats
70. One who holds all the cards
71. Absolute ___ (temperature at which all molecular motion ceases)

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69					70						71			

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Down

1. "Dracula" author Stoker
2. ___ avis
3. "Casablanca" cafe owner
4. Hotel posting
5. Operating under a false name, perhaps

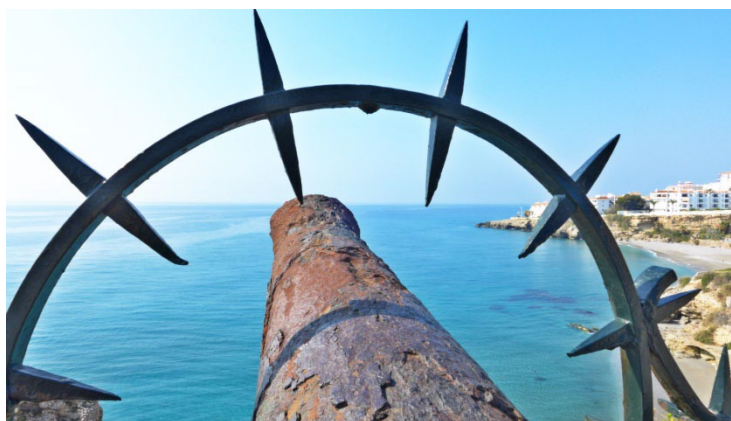
6. Present time?: Abbr.
7. Sort of: Suffix
8. Big name in elevators
9. Giveaways at the poker table
10. Show some major respect?
11. Walking outside may feel like walking inside one during 17-Across
12. It might keep you up at night
13. Cheney's successor
18. Lofty principles
22. Provide more weapons to
24. With all judges present
25. Fort ____, New Jersey city that recently had a traffic problem
27. Musical McEntire
28. "L'___ c'est moi": Louis XIV
29. Point at which the Fahrenheit and Celsius scales meet
31. Slip away, as time

35. Pajama party
37. Polish writing
38. "The Shield" force
40. Hard to get a reaction out of
42. Info on a personal check: Abbr.
45. Cover some ground?
48. Chinese restaurant veggie
51. Hits the deck
52. Blessed exclamation?
53. Observe Yom Kippur
55. "No. 1" in rental cars
57. "Bride of Frankenstein" star Lanchester
59. Vital French verb
60. Once around the sun
61. World's fair
64. Have a bug
65. 66, e.g.: Abbr.

Life on a Roll

QIONG WANG

A year ago, I took a road-trip in Spain, a beautiful country with rich culture and cheerful people. Nerja, a pearl setting on the Mediterranean shoreline, is the one I chose to document first.



Nerja is known by another charming name, “Balcony of Europe.” A balcony hangs off the cliff and reaches into the Mediterranean. The view is absolutely stunning and peaceful.

Nerja is a typical Mediterranean town, decorated by crowded white houses sitting irregularly at the waist and foot of mountains. It has beautiful shorelines, evergreen palm trees, abundant fruits, and pleasant temperature. Nerja is so lucky to have it all, thanks to the fabulous Mediterranean climate.



In Nerja, I couldn't see traffic or feel any stress. Life just seems so simple and content. Although I have never been to the fictional Shangri-La, I imagine living in Nerja must be like living in that earthly paradise.