

The incredible Dr. M may be in trouble!

It all started when his neighbor, Mr. Stewart, noticed the mail overflowing in Dr. M's mailbox. It was not unusual for Dr. M to receive fifty fan letters a day (and a few from detractors), but he was known for his prompt replies, and it was not like him to let the mail just pile up like this. After Dr. M failed to answer the door, Mr. Stewart decided to inspect his mail, in case it might hold a clue.

He found long missives containing homemade puzzles, reminiscences about intellectual awakenings, and one irate letter from a homeopathics salesman, but what most interested Mr. Stewart was an unsigned postcard with nothing on it but Dr. M's address and a grid of letters with the caption "KEY: ARTICHOKE."

Now, not everybody knows that in his old age, Dr. M had kept his mind sharp by encoding his shopping lists in just such grids (Dr. M was always an enthusiast of all kinds of square arrays). Even Mr. Stewart had never learned exactly how he did it, but he suspected it was some kind of advanced -- one might say *highly permuted* -- word search. Artichokes were always one of Dr. M's favorite foods, so no one would be surprised to find them on his shopping list.* In spite of the clue, however, all of Mr. Stewart's attempts to unlock the grid have failed.

That's why we need your help. If it matters, Mr. Stewart recalls that Dr. M would always buy 28 items on their shopping trips together (he was a bit of a perfectionist). But then, on their last outing, Dr. M had made the cryptic remark, "It's what's *not* on the list that counts" ...

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Y E O C N N C P W M I X
X K W Y K T K N K Y K O
S Z E S O S W O K O Z D
G K I S S P X T O K T O
P Z G T W I I U U C S Z
P K I M N K O C E X S I
I X I I Q N X X W V X X
H O O M C O I F K I S X
B L W Z F I Z K X P N K
S W D Z I L R K O K K J
N I E W X B L W N F I T
I D D X I Z O C N R C R
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* Dr. M also loved a certain kind of meat, and would sometimes mention that he had written it on his list twice (possibly because he wanted to be absolutely sure of picking it up, but more likely, it was just absentmindedness).