

Class of 65 Newsletter

Bulletin d'Information—Classe de 65

Issue/Numéro 102



July/juillet 2017

Disclaimer: This Newsletter is produced for members of the RMC Class of 1965 and is based primarily on inputs from members of the Class of 65. It is not an official publication of the Royal Military College nor does it purport to represent the views or opinions of all members of the Class. Unfortunately, the Editorial staff lacks the linguistic skills to produce a bilingual version. Items are published in the official language in which they are received.

Editor's Corner/Coin du rédacteur

The lead item in this issue is a sad one to announce the passing of our classmate **6386 Laurent Lord**, who will, among other things, be remembered for his hockey skills and latterly, his efforts to promote closer ties between the Ottawa and Montreal branches of our class.

I have included an excerpt from e-veritas announcing classmate **6475 Mike Houghton's** appointment as President of the RMC Foundation. **6601 Emie Cable** has provided some interesting insights as to why and how airports are assigned their three letter designations. Finally, we will continue **6559 Gerry Mueller's** Antarctic

6386 Laurent Lord 1941 - 2017



C'est avec une grande tristesse que nous annonçons le décès de M. Laurent Lord, le 29 juin 2017. Il laisse dans le deuil son épouse Diane (née Lemieux), ses enfants Dominique (Leah Silverman) et Sébastien (Laetitia Marteau), ses deux petits enfants Javier et William. Il laisse également dans le deuil plusieurs frères, sœurs, et amis.

Laurent a travaillé pendant 30 ans comme ingénieur de la ville de Saint-Lambert. Très impliqué socialement auprès de différents organismes, il a milité à la Fondation de l'hôpital Saint-Lambert et a été président de l'association des retraités de la ville pour de nombreuses années.

La famille vous accueillera pour les condoléances le samedi 8 juillet 2017 à partir de 9 h, suivie d'un service religieux à 10 h à l'Église Saint-Lambert, 41 avenue Lorne, Saint-Lambert (Québec) J4P 2G7.

Vos marques de sympathie peuvent se traduire par un don à la Fondation pour les soins palliatifs de l'Hôpital Charles-LeMoine.

<http://www.lenecrologue.com/canada/quebec/monteregie/longueuil/saint-lambert/collinsclarkemacgillivraywhite/R6uF/laurent-lord/obituaries/>



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6386 Laurent Lord 1941-2017

It is with great sadness that we announce the passing of Mr. Laurent Lord. He will be dearly missed by his wife Diane (née Lemieux), his children Dominique (Leah Silverman) and Sébastien (Laetitia Marteau), and his grandchildren Javier and William. He will also be deeply missed by his many brothers, sisters, and friends.



Laurent worked for 30 years as the engineer for the City of Saint-Lambert. He dedicated his life to many worthy causes in the community, in particular the Saint-Lambert Hospital Foundation and as President of the Association of Retirees of the City of Saint-Lambert.

The family will receive condolences on Saturday, July 8th at 9 am, followed by a religious service at 10 am at the Saint-Lambert Church, 41 avenue Lorne, Saint-Lambert (Québec) J4P 2G7.

In lieu of flowers, a donation to « la Fondation pour les soins palliatifs de l'Hôpital Charles-LeMoine » would be appreciated.

<http://www.lenecrologue.com/canada/quebec/monteregie/longueuil/saint-lambert/collinsclarkemacgillivraywhite/R6uF/>

Meet the Foundation President From e-Veritas Issue 23

6475 Mike Houghton entered CMR in 1960 and graduated from RMC in 1965 with a degree in Geopolitics. He was commissioned as an infantry officer and served with both The Royal Canadian Regiment and the Canadian Airborne Regiment.

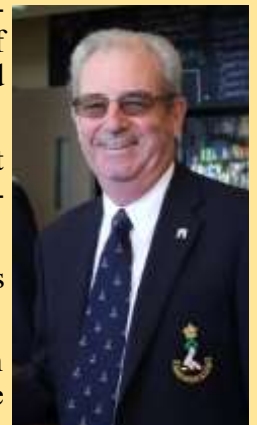
His 30 years of commissioned service included several command appointments from platoon to regimental battle group. When not on regimental duty, he was employed as a staff officer at the national headquarters level, and as a training officer both in Canada and abroad.

On retirement from the Army in 1995, Mike entered the corporate world as a management efficiency consultant working under subsequent contracts for Coopers and Lybrand, Pricewaterhouse Coopers and finally IBM.

The very fit retired Colonel, stood-down from full-time Consulting in 2006, but continues to support the School of Military Intelligence whenever requested to do so.

The son of the late 2428 James Houghton (entered RMC in 1934) makes his home in Kingston, Ontario (winters in Florida), while serving as a Director on three separate boards: the Canadian Airborne Forces Association, the RMCC Foundation and the Canadian Corps of Commissionaires (Kingston & Region Division).

The year-round athlete continues to be active in sports with emphasis on squash, swimming, boating, golf, and skiing. His pet peeve these days – the way ‘many’ of the cadets improperly wear the pill box.





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Airport IDs by 6601 Ernie Cable

ICAO

After the Second World War civilian aviation grew exponentially with countries around the world developing their own aviation regulations. The plethora of divergent regulations and terminology made air travel, particularly for airlines flying international routes, complex and confusing. Clearly, national air regulations had to be harmonized into a worldwide standard. Consequently, the International Civil Aviation Organization (ICAO) was formed in 1947 under the auspices of the United Nations. ICAO established Flight Information Regions for controlling air traffic and coordinated unique four letter identification codes for airports around the world. The comprehensive ICAO codes generally have a regional structure and are not duplicated. In general, the first letter is allocated by continent and represents a country or group of countries within that continent. The second letter generally represents a country within that region, and the remaining two are used to identify each airport. Within ICAO guidelines each country developed ICAO airport codes by modifying or expanding existing national codes for their airports.

Canada

Airport identification codes in North America were based on code letters used to identify nearby non-directional radio beacons, weather stations or commercial broadcast radio stations. For Canada, the International Telecommunications Union (ITU), also an United Nations Organization, had previously assigned the prefixes CF-CK, CY, and CZ to identify Canadian radio stations (i.e. CJCH-Halifax, CHUM-Toronto, and CKWX-Vancouver) with CY and CZ being reserved for transportation. Since the letter "C" had already been reserved internationally for the first letter for Canadian radio stations, it was logical for continuity purposes to reserve "C" as the leading letter for Canadian airport ICAO identifiers, i.e. Cxxx.

To provide further continuity to the CY identity for its radio stations, Canada lobbied ICAO to reserve the letter "Y" as the second letter for Canadian ICAO airport codes, i.e. CYxx. This allowed Canada to create unique three-letter national airport identity codes commencing with the letter "Y", i.e. Yxx. This had the advantage of Canadian national codes being identical to the last three letters of the four-letter international ICAO codes. Therefore, the ICAO, CYxx code, abbreviates to Yxx for domestic flights within Canada, i.e. Halifax's CYHZ abbreviates to YHZ. Although, the majority of Canadian airport codes begin with the letter "Y", not all "Y" codes are Canadian and not all Canadian airports start with the letter "Y" (for example, ZBF for Bathurst, NB). Some Canadian airports simply append a combination of letters in the city's name to the "Y": YOW for Ottawa, YYC for Calgary, and YVR for Vancouver, whereas other Canadian airports append the two-letter code of the radio beacons that were the closest to the actual airport, such as YQX in Gander, NL and YXS in Prince George, BC. While certain codes are not obvious to the airports' identity, some codes have become popular in daily usage, particularly two of Canada's largest airports, YYZ for Toronto-Pearson (YZ is the original radio transmitter code for the village of Malton, which is where Toronto Pearson International Airport is now located) and YUL for Montreal-Trudeau (UL was the identification code for radio beacon in the town of Kirkland, QC now the location of Montreal-Trudeau). Calgary International, Canada's fourth busiest airport, has begun using its airport code YYC as a marketing brand and name for the airport authority. YVR is also used for marketing in Vancouver, and is sometimes used by city residents to refer to the airport.



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Airport IDs (continued)

Shearwater

The airfield operated by the RCAF at 12 Wing Shearwater and its former incarnations, RCAF Station Dartmouth, Royal Canadian Naval Air Station Dartmouth and Canadian Forces Base Shearwater, is assigned ICAO identification code CYAW. The first two letters "C" and "Y" follow the ICAO conventions described above. The last two letters AW are derived from the non-directional radio beacon installed years ago during the RCAF Station Dartmouth era. Following the convention of incorporating the identification letters of the nearest radio station or beacon into airport identity codes, Dartmouth was given the ICAO designation CY-AW or YAW in the Canadian domestic context. In colloquial aviation parlance CYAW is often contracted to AW. For voice communications, ICAO **acrophonically** assigned code words to the 26 letters of the alphabet so that a letter's code name begins with the letter itself. The English language code words are pronounceable by most nationalities whose mother tongue is not English, i.e. Alpha=A, Bravo=B, Charlie=C.... Whiskey=W, X-ray=X, Yankee =Y, Zulu=Z. Hence, using the ICAO phonetic alphabet AW becomes "Alpha Whiskey" in voice conversations. The ICAO phonetic alphabet facilitates the understanding of critical combinations of letters and numbers in radio or telephone voice communications regardless of language barriers or the quality of communications. The curious might well ask why the letters AW were chosen to represent the Shearwater beacon and why wasn't some mnemonic selected that was more closely aligned with the spelling of Shearwater or Dartmouth, such as SW, DT? The likely answer is that the identification letters in Morse code (A=dot dash, W=dot dash dash) would not conflict or be confused with the Morse code identity of other radio beacons used by aircraft returning from seaward to their home bases along the North American eastern seaboard.

United States

In the embryonic days of commercial aviation, airport codes were developed by the airlines as a convenient means to identify locations. Initially, pilots in the United States used the two-letter codes from the National Weather Service (NWS) reporting stations for identifying city airports. As airline service exploded in the 1930s, airports near towns without weather station codes required identification, leading the government to develop the three-letter system, giving a seemingly endless 17,576 (26x26x26) different combinations. To ease the transition from two letters to three letters, some existing airports such as Los Angeles placed an "X" after the LA weather station code. Therefore, airports such as Los Angeles became LAX and Portland, OR became PDX. Many station codes were simply the first three letters of the city name: ATL for Atlanta, BOS for Boston Logan International, and MIA for Miami. The letters for airports serving paired cities form other codes: DFW for Dallas/Fort Worth, Texas, MSP for Minneapolis/St. Paul, Minnesota, and GSP for Greenville/Spartanburg, South Carolina. Sometimes the city name lends itself to one letter for each word, such as Salt Lake City, SLC. The International Air Transport Association (IATA) eventually implemented three-letter airport codes worldwide. The IATA codes were in use long before the advent of ICAO and formed the basis for developing the ICAO airport codes in 1947.

The identification letters for Chicago's O'Hare airport are one of the few codes in the United States that do not reflect the name of the city it serves. In 1950, Chicago chose to name its newly expanded airport "O'Hare Field" in honour of Lieutenant Commander Edward "Butch" O'Hare, the United States Navy's first



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Airport IDs (concluded)

“Ace” and Medal of Honour recipient in the Second World War. Since the original quiet little airstrip was formerly called, Orchard Field, O’Hare was given the airport code ORD. Some groups successfully lobbied the government to obtain their own special letters. The U.S. Navy, for example, commandeered all the new “N” codes. The identity of the Naval Air Station at Pensacola, FL where Naval aviators learned to fly became NPA and those who went on to the famous "Top Gun" fighter school attended Marine Corps Air Station Miramar, CA identified as NKX.

With the United States having already established IATA mnemonic codes for many of its airports, existing American broadcast radio station codes provided the rationale to give American airports their international identity. The Federal Communications Commission had previously reserved “W” and “K” as the leading letters for commercial radio station codes east and west of the Mississippi River respectively (i.e. WFEZ-Miami FL, WJBQ-Portland ME, KSDS-San Diego CA, KOMO-Seattle WA). Since more than half of the radio station codes in the United States began with “K” the ICAO codes were formed by simply prepending a “K” to the existing IATA airport codes. Thus, the ICAO airport codes typically became: KLAX at Los Angeles, KORD at Chicago O’Hare, KNPA at Pensacola and KBOS at Boston, etc.

Europe

Most ICAO codes outside the United States and Canada have a stronger top down geographical structure. The first letter in the ICAO identifier represents a region or country, for example, “U” refers to Russia with the last three letters denoting the specific regions within it, i.e. Moscow’s Domodedova airport being UDDD. Europe had too many locations for only one starting letter, so it was split into two regions “E” for northern Europe and “L” for southern Europe. The second letter was more specific such as, “G” denoting the United Kingdom (G for Great Britain) with London Heathrow airport being EGLL, “D” denotes West Germany (D for Deutschland), with Frankfurt airport being EDDF, ETxx was assigned to East Germany but the ETxx code was re-designated for military airfields in Germany after the reunification), “E” denotes Spain (E for España), with Madrid airport being LEMD, and France is designated “F” with Paris Charles de Gaulle airport being LFPG and so on.

IATA

ICAO codes are separate and different from IATA codes. In the contiguous United States and Canada most, but not all, airports are identified by three-letter IATA codes. These are generally the same as their ICAO codes, but without the leading “C” or “K”; e.g., YHZ and CYHZ both refer to Halifax’s Stanfield International Airport, IAD and KIAD are used for Washington Dulles International Airport. ICAO codes are commonly seen aircraft in flight plans and on airport or airline flight tracking websites, whereas IATA codes appear on airline timetables, reservations, and baggage tags. In general, IATA codes are derived from the name of the airport or the city it serves, while ICAO codes are distributed by region and country. For example, the IATA code for [London's Heathrow Airport](#) is LHR and its ICAO code is EGLL and Paris’ Charles de Gaulle IATA code is CDG but its ICAO code is LFPG. Globally, ICAO codes are more widely used than IATA codes, and to add to the confusion IATA codes are sometimes assigned to railway stations.



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Christmas & New Years 2016 in South America and Antarctica
(Part 1 Continued) by 6559 Gerry Mueller

Cape Horn! The morning started early, at about 5:45 a.m., but this far south in broad daylight, with the Captain announcing over the PA, “Wakey, wakey, we are at Cape Horn, and we don’t want you to miss it!” (Wakey, wakey brought an instant Stone Frigate flash-back!) No shower, no shave, get dressed in layers and onto the deck.

We were told how unusually benign the weather was, for Cape Horn. Yes, it was cold, and the winds gusted from all direction, at speeds up to about 50 km/hr, and one minute there would be bright blue skies and sunlight, and then dark gloomy overcast, but the sea was almost totally calm. We were reminded just how treacherous these waters could be, and how many sailors had lost their lives here carrying cargo for our ancestors, with a small memorial ceremony based on reading a poem inscribed on a monument of an albatross, on land just to the east of the Cape:

I, the albatross that awaits for you at the end of the world ...

I, the forgotten soul of the sailors lost that crossed Cape Horn from all the seas of the world.

But die they did not in the fierce waves, for today towards eternity in my wings they soar in the last crevice of the Antarctic winds. (Sara Vial)

For symbolic purposes, the ship crossed the (imaginary) line between the Atlantic and the Pacific from the Atlantic side, and then back from the Pacific side, loudly blowing the ship’s whistle, much to the annoyance of the thousands of seabirds that nest in the rocks at Cape Horn. And then, heading south!

Drake Passage. 645 km from Cape Horn to the northern most tip of Antarctica, this body of water has the reputation of huge swells and rough seas. The Antarctic guide book we consulted notes points of interest include; seasickness bags, and, the ceiling above your bed, but also notes that at times it might be called “Drake Lake”. That’s how we got it, both directions. Southward, that meant the ship made better time than scheduled, and arrived in the Antarctic 6 hours earlier than planned, which translated into extra scenic, and I mean scenic(!), cruising.

Antarctica! By definition, this is any land south of 60° South. **Part 2** of this epic will focus on this fascinating part of our world, as it deserves far more space than is available here. Let me just name-drop all that we visited (all of it near the Antarctic Peninsula and the South Shetland Islands): Schollaert Channel, Gerlache Strait, Neumayer Channel, Palmer Station, LeMaire Channel (our southernmost point), Paradise Bay, Cuverville Island, Deception Island, Hope Bay, Antarctic Channel (aka Iceberg Alley), King George Island-Admiralty Bay. From there, northward again.



Drake Passage, Again. A day at sea, over the very calm Drake Lake, and a day to regroup from an overwhelming sensory experience. Of note was a talk by one of the ship’s engineering officers, filled with ship details, but also fun facts – such as, the bridge can tell which side the spectacular scenery is on, or where the whales are passing, or whatever, from the very slight tilt as all passengers rush to one side or the other. Also the head-shaking question from an (American) passenger – “What are your plans in case of a terrorist attack?”- to which the obvious answer was “**Obviously**, I can’t tell you that!”



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(Part 1 Continued) by 6559 Gerry Mueller

Port Stanley, Falkland Islands. This port of call also deserves more space than is available in this summary report, so I will write more extensively about this little piece of England in the South Atlantic in **Part 3**. But, a short summary ...



Another tender port, with a 30 minutes ride to the docks. Stepping ashore was like stepping into a village in the south of England, complete with red phone boxes, pubs, a village church (although called a cathedral), flowered gardens, and rain. We'd left lots of time to explore before heading out on our visit to yet another penguin colony, this one of Adélie and King penguins, and involving not just a mini-bus ride, but half an hour each way in a 4-wheel drive vehicle through a very swampy peat bog (and getting stuck). There was also lots of time to speak with locals (who are more English than the English!) and get a lot of information, and opinion, about this outpost of Empire (whose current population of a total of 4000 is 25% Royal Marines! – plus occasionally the crew of a Royal Navy frigate that is on permanent patrol there.) Wait for it.

Punta Tomba, Argentina, Penguin Colony. Before arriving (late) in Puerto Madryn, Argentina, the departure port for this visit, we had a day at sea, during which we were awarded a bronze medallion by Holland America, for more than 100 days at sea with them – which seemed like an achievement until later, when another couple, younger than us, was given a platinum medallion, for more than 1000 days! We're not going to make that!

Punta Tomba is a 2-hour bus ride from the port, through Argentinian Patagonia semi-desert, made more interesting by some of the towns driven through, with Welsh names! (Our box lunch included pasties!) Apparently, another settlement oddity. (Why another penguin colony? The itinerary for this voyage had a cautionary rider on almost every shore excursion "Weather and Conditions Permitting!" " We wanted to make sure we would see penguins, so we booked every possibility – as it turned out, we saw them all!) This was the largest penguin colony we visited, down to 159,000 breeding pairs, and chicks, from a maximum of 165,000 pairs. These were Magellanic penguins, but, breeding further north, they scratch out their nests under low bushes. The area covered is huge, and the perhaps 3 km walkway open to the public only scratches the surface. Also, the penguins pay no attention to walking restrictions placed on humans, and so you often find one in your way, and you hear yourself saying "Excuse me!" to a bird, as you walk around them!

Returning to the ship, the temperature was definitely up from what we have been used to, and there are people swimming on nearby beaches. Tomorrow, another lazy day at sea, and then ...

Montevideo, Uruguay. From the Antarctic summer cold; the Falkland Islands, rainy and cool; Argentinian Patagonia, coldish and dry; to Montevideo, low 30s, humid; definitely back into the sub-tropics.

I didn't know much about Uruguay, except where it was, and some vague memories from a 1950s film about the Battle of the River Platte. Which wasn't all that much of a battle, apparently, and ended with the deliberate scuttling of the German cruiser (or pocket battleship – I am not certain of the distinction) *Admiral Graf*



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Spee in the River Plate (separating Uruguay from Argentina) not far off Montevideo, and the subsequent suicide of her captain. One is reminded of that story walking off the ship to the end of the dock, as there is a very nicely arranged display of one of the anchors of the *Admiral Graff Spee*, and also a rangefinder, with an optical base of about 8 metres. These are the only remaining artifacts of that ship, the rest has apparently disappeared into the river mud and corroded away.

We did a bus tour of Montevideo, a very modern city, and, we were told by our guide, the capital of “South American Switzerland”. Not because it has mountains and snow, but because of its relative wealth and progressive social systems, and a long-time social-democratic government. Uruguay has free (which I will define as no user fees, because it obviously is paid from taxes) health care, even for visitors, free education at all levels including post-graduate, equal marriage before we in the North even thought about it, a stable national currency, and a political system relatively free of corruption. We did a walk-about in a local market, and locally produced food stuffs, and beer and wine and liquor were far below what we pay in Canada (perhaps half), while what we might call luxury imported goods (Nike shoes and the like) were perhaps more. Also of note was the legislative building; far larger than anything in Ottawa or Washington, but characteristic of others in Latin America, but this one involved a lot of imported marble. (Is it just me, or is there a negative correlation between size of country and size of chief government building – although Argentina seems to not conform?).

We ended our tour visiting what I can only call a “Temple of Meat”, an indoor and outdoor concourse of restaurants devoted to grilling – beef, pork, lamb, chicken, goat, sausage, whatever – over wooden fires, and serving it in huge portions. As we learned earlier in the day; high cholesterol, heart disease, sudden cardiac death are endemic in Uruguay! Comforting thought as we set sail for Buenos Aires, and the evening feature was a traditional Uruguayan BBQ around the pool, of everything meat you can imagine, including a whole pig and a whole lamb on spits.

Buenos Aires, Argentina. The journey from Montevideo, in a straight line, is minimal, but takes most of a night, because there is a very narrow and not straight line navigable channel in the River Platte, which at times is one-way. However long it took, we woke next morning, docked in Buenos Aires, the temperature predicted to hit 38° (it did!), with the ship our home for another 24 hours (we had an entire day, plus a night’s accommodation, before being booted off to go home!). And, again, Buenos Aires (and Montevideo) deserve more than I can write here, so, God willing I live that long, there will be a **Part 4**.

Given we had all day, we booked two shore excursions, plus one more the following day. First was a city tour and culinary walking tour. To begin was a bus drive through important parts of this city, with commentary – we learned that Spanish and Italian immigrants equally settled BA, and thus is a cultural and culinary mixture of those. After getting an impression of this large city, we de-bussed, and began walking from restaurant to restaurant (a sort of progressive lunch). Starting with appetizers; a very large selection of mostly empanadas (interesting and tasty fillings wrapped in pastry) with interesting variations of sauces all called *chimichurri*, and fizzy waters, lightly flavoured. Then, after a not so far walk to our next restaurant, steak, two ways. For each table of six came four sirloin and four strip loin steaks, done to various degrees of “doneness”, for us to



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divide as we wanted. And wine, red and white, two bottles of each per table. The desert course was a short (for very full people) distance further, a *gelateria*, an Italian ice cream shop, serving only about 60 flavours! Mercifully for our waist lines, we were restricted to picking two flavours only, in a cup or cone!

Our evening excursion was to the *Esquina Homero Manzi "tanguería"*, an authentic (meaning one attended by Argentinians) tango show – not meant to involve food, but nevertheless because it would not be hospitable to leave guests dry and hungry, with empanadas and beer or wine. The show was amazing, because it was obviously not “put on” for the 40 or so foreign visitors – the small ensemble band was good, but also “we’ve done this a thousand times” bored, and the dancers were men and women of all ages, not just energetic young things. And, while exploring the roots of the dance, in some sense also “pushed the (current) envelope”, with some numbers having men dancing with men (apparently common in the early days of this dance, which, like a lot of “art” started in the “lower” classes), and women with women.

Next morning, we were booted off not much after 8:00 a.m. (Sorry, disembarked, but with short ship turn-around times, it does feel like “here’s your hat, what’s your hurry”.) Our flight home wasn’t leaving until 5:30 p.m., so we had booked a city tour with transfer to the airport. Which, we thought, might duplicate what we had seen the previous day, but as it turned out, added more, and gave us the opportunity for some “walk around” time. After an hour or so of seeing parts of the city we had been through the day before, we de-bused at *Cimitero Recoleta* – Recoleta Cemetery, a necropolis which is the last resting place of Eva “Evita” Peron. Typically Latin American, this cemetery is one of streets and avenues of mausoleums owned by families, with only a small portion actually above ground. Eva Peron’s remains are in her family, Duarte, mausoleum (Juan Peron went on to marry another, third wife). Notable, there are still fresh flowers on the door to the mausoleum, which are brought every day, by representatives of trade unions, and social agencies, whose secular patron “saint” she has become.



Another memorable stop was in the *La Boca* neighborhood, a district of brightly painted houses formerly settled by Italians. It is also home of the *La Boca Juniors* and their stadium *La Bombonera* (The Candy Box). The team of the legendary Diego Maradona, and, apparently, considered holy ground (translated, you can’t get in), plays here. Even from outside, it is a little jewel of yellow and blue, which colours dominate all over this neighborhood.) As we were walking around, and it was near lunch time, we couldn’t help but notice that in backyards large fires were roasting large chunks of meat, or birds, or sausages, reminding us that Argentina too was a meat culture.

Then the transfer to the airport, quite far out of the city. Observation; the security staff at EZE are by far the rudest encountered in all our travel! Took off, landed at Santiago (again), went through the charade of de-planing with all luggage, and getting back on after a full security check – I think it is a sovereignty contest between Argentina and Chile! After a half-decent supper, a fitful overnight sleep, and a totally disgusting breakfast (probably boarded in Toronto more than 24 hours earlier and over-heated), we were back in Canada, and not much later, back in our home. (Which was warm and at normal temperature – 36 hours before I had



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got an email from my high-tech Nest thermostat telling me that it was 7°, and was able to call my son to get there, diagnose, and get a technician to replace a failed fan motor. North of 800 bucks, but ... Yeah for technology!)

Afterword! All this is just a summary, and, as promised, I will write more detailed parts for some of the areas we travelled. (God willing and Mike the editor not getting tired of me!)

But, if any of you are considering such a trip, or simply want more information, feel free to contact me, gerry.mueller@sympatico.ca, and I'd be happy to get into correspondence with you.

Closing Notes

On behalf of all of the Class of 65, I would like to extend our condolences to Laurent Lord's wife Diane and to all of their family for his loss. He will be greatly missed.

As usual, I would like to thank the contributors to this edition with the hope that others might be encouraged to share some thoughts with us in a later issue.