

Class of 65 Newsletter

Bulletin d'Information—Classe de 65

Numéro 107



December/décembre 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

I'm pleased to announce a fairly full edition this time. **Richard Archer** entertains with an account of his meeting with Jayne Mansfield, and on a Naval Association of Canada (NAC) ceremony to honour **Jim Caruthers**. Courtesy of e-veritas, RMC Naval Cadet Gavin Omand has provided a report on his attendance at the annual NAC General Meeting in St John's, Newfoundland thanks to the generosity of the same **Jim Caruthers**. **Gerry Mueller** has provided Part III of his epic trip to South America and the Antarctic.

Before getting to those however, I would just like to note that Class Super-Sleuth **Georges Wilson** has located three more lost classmates—**6394 Rudy Jonasson**, **6411 Raymond Martin**, and **6413 Roderick (Joe) Manning**, all CMR entries. I don't know how he is able to dig up these long-lost comrades, but BRAVO ZULU to him for his dogged determination.

Janet and I have decided to join the Florida "rump" for its annual luncheon this year. We are going to take a two week sun break roaming around Florida and timed to include the luncheon. We look forward to seeing our snow bird classmates at that event.

Jayne Mansfield by Richard Archer



Now that I've got your attention, did I ever tell you the story of the time I shook the hand of Jayne Mansfield? It was 1966 and I was a sub-lieutenant on board HMCS *Mackenzie*, based in Esquimalt. One day, in the wardroom message log I saw a heads-up that the American actress would be visiting HMCS *Saskatchewan* later that day.

In the late 50s and early 60s, in terms of "bombshellality" she was second only to Marilyn Monroe (who had died in 1962). It's reported that Jayne's PR blurb claimed that she had a high IQ, spoke five languages and was a classically-trained pianist and violinist. But of course, Hollywood producers were more interested in exploiting her remarkable figure.

Apparently the idea of the visit to Victoria and the Navy was part of a wider effort to help refurbish her career, which after some less than memorable film roles had been in the doldrums. She had been appearing at the Cave night club in Vancouver, a stop in her career as a reasonably successful night club entertainer.



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Jayne Mansfield (continued)

Just before the expected time of arrival I headed over to *Saskatchewan*, berthed astern of us at A Jetty, and made my way to the quarterdeck. There, the ship's captain Cdr Peter Traves, many of his officers and a lot of sailors milled about smartly. In due course two large Rolls Royces cruised into sight and stopped at the brow. From the cars out came Jayne and her extensive entourage, including a photographer. She was dressed in a not-too-short printed sleeveless mini dress and calf-length boots. Her platinum blonde hair was coiffed in a simple style. Actually, she looked quite demure, with her iconic bosom safely and modestly tucked away—a huge difference from some of her earlier Hollywood publicity stunts. Nervously, she came up the gangway.

While she was being greeted by the captain, I was standing next to someone who appeared to be one of her drivers or security guards. Unsolicited, he was telling me about how great this tour had been around Vancouver and Victoria. "Experience of a lifetime," he said. (Come to think of it, he might've been a member of the PR staff....) I forget what my response was -- something like, "Oh really?" -- but then he asked, "Would you like to meet her?" My boyish enthusiasm led me to reply in the affirmative. The guy asked me my name, and with me in tow, he elbowed his way up to the star, calling out, "Miss Mansfield, Miss Mansfield, I'd like you to meet Richard!"

She turned to me, smiled and held out her hand. I shook it and mumbled, "Very pleased to meet you," and stood there awkwardly, not knowing what I was to do next. I was saved by the captain, who undoubtedly didn't like this alien sub-lieutenant barging into *Saskatchewan*'s day in the sun. The captain invited Jayne to meet the officers in the wardroom. Undeterred I followed along.

In the wardroom, the captain offered her a drink. "Well," she replied, "I'd like a martini." Since martinis weren't on the standard wardroom drinks list, the captain convinced her to have a gin and tonic. For someone in her line of business, she didn't look too comfortable being the centre of attention, in the middle of a closely bunched group of strangers in uniform. I do remember seeing a photo of the captain offering to give her a kiss on the cheek. I seem to remember that this was the photo published the next day in the local Victoria newspaper. Try as I might, it's one I can't find on Google. Whatever, a small part of me wishes I had photo-bombed it....



Her next stop was the main cafeteria, but I felt I had overstayed my welcome in *Saskatchewan*, and I headed back to *Mackenzie*. As far I could tell, the warm welcome of the officers and sailors of *Saskatchewan* had made Jayne's visit a success, but as to a wider contribution to her ongoing career, probably the visit had not made that much if any difference. I gather that she wasn't offered any further film roles that mattered.

In 1967 when she was 34 she was killed in a road accident, where her car collided with the rear of a stopped transport truck. She does have a legacy of sorts, though. After her death, transport authorities across North America mandated the installation of the anti-collision bar that one now





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Jayne Mansfield (concluded)

sees on the rears of all trucks. Truckers call this bar the “Mansfield”.

But for Jayne’s legacy, that is not all. One of her daughters, three years old at the time, survived the accident along with two other children in the car. This is Mariska Hargitay, who starred in NBC’s Law and Order – Special Victim’s Unit.



NAC Conference, St. John’s

By Naval Cadet Gavin Omand

This past weekend, myself and NCdt Monika-Isabel Pinto Lee, were chosen to represent the Royal Military College of Canada (RMCC) at the Naval Association of Canada conference in beautiful St. John's Newfoundland. Over the weekend, the two of us took part in a variety of social and educational events that gave us an incredible insight into naval culture, the marine industry, and the history of the RCN. For myself and Monika, opportunities like this do not come around often and any chance to leave landlocked Kingston, ON for either coast is an absolute treat.

At the conference, we had the opportunity to take part in discussions on topics such as human issues in passenger ship evacuation, training for maritime operations in the Canadian Arctic, and offshore safety and survival training at the Marine Institute of Memorial University Newfoundland. In addition to the excellent briefings, we received tours of the multi-million dollar training simulators at MI as well as their firefighting and survival training facilities.

As you can imagine, we found these experiences to be captivating and informative, however as I sit at my desk back here at RMC and reflect, what really made the trip special was the time I spent with the members of the NAC. Over the four days, myself and Monika had the opportunity to meet and speak with veterans and



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NAC Conference, St. John's (Concluded)

industry leaders, dine with four Battle of the Atlantic Veterans, and drink a special 75th anniversary brew in the time capsule that is the Crow's Nest Officers Club. For a fourth year naval cadet who is exactly 200 days away from his graduation (fingers crossed), getting to speak to those that have already seen and done it all gave me the kind of perspective that you just cannot get anywhere else.

Monika shared in my sentiments saying:

"Now a week back from our trip to the NAC Conference, it is easily the most memorable experience in the past year. Our interactions with the presenters, members and guests have given plenty of insight as to what the NAC does for the RCN. I, NCdt Pinto Lee, believe the most memorable quote of the experience was that "The NAC works for the betterment of the Navy, not under or for it, but for its betterment". This quote rings particularly true now, as both NCdt Omand and I will be leaving RMCC and joining the fleet next year. Our experiences this past weekend have given us a broader view at what it takes to keep our navy current and competitive. Having the experience of exploring the Crow's Nest and its history as well as St. John's gives deeper meaning to what it means to be part of the longest serving element. I look forward to visiting St. John's as a LogO in a few years."

We would like to extend the most sincere thank you to Capt (N). (Ret) Jim Carruthers and his lovely wife Gail. Without their generous donation, and interest in keeping naval cadets involved in functions of this nature, we would never have had an opportunity remotely like it. The both of us feel truly fortunate to have had the opportunity. We hope that the NAC can begin a tradition of having future naval officers from RMCC at this conference.



(From left to right: Gail Carruthers, NCdt Monika-Isabel Pinto Lee, Capt.(Ret) Jim Carruthers, NCdt Gavin Omand, Commander Steven Archer)

(Article and Photo courtesy of e-veritas)



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Jim Carruthers Wins Award

By 6585 Richard Archer

At a 24 November ceremony at the Naval Officers Mess, HMCS *Bytown*, the Commander of the RCN, VAdm Ron Lloyd, presented Jim Carruthers with a “shadow box” holding some significant mementos. The award by the Navy was on the occasion of Jim’s retirement from his position as national president of the Naval Association of Canada.

In his remarks, the Admiral expressed the great gratitude of all naval personnel for Jim’s sometimes difficult but always successful efforts to move the Association into the 21st century, and make it much more of a home for all ranks and a force for educating Canadians on the value of a strong and capable Navy. Examples mentioned were the high profile annual Battle of the Atlantic Gala, the annual NAC naval conference and the effective way the Association made its arguments to parliamentarians in the recent defence review.

The shadow box holds a folded naval ensign and folded Canada 150 flag. Both were flown by HMCS *Calgary* on deployment overseas. The wood for the frame and stand came from the taff rail (a rail on the stern of a vessel, a vestige of the days of wooden ships) from the RCN’s last Tribal Class destroyer, HMCS *Athabaskan*. The connection with Jim’s Albertan roots was very evident.



The brass plaque says the following:

Presented to Jim Carruthers

**In recognition of your exceptional leadership and dedication
as President of the Naval Association of Canada
from 8 June 2013 to 21 October 2017.**

**This Canada 150 Flag and Naval Ensign were flown
by HMCS CALGARY, and are presented on a stand from the
Taff Rail from the last RCN destroyer, HMCS ATHABASKAN.**

**On behalf of a grateful RCN
“Fairest Winds and Following Seas”**



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Christmas & New Year's 2016 in South America and Antarctica Part 3-The Falkland Islands: An Outpost of Empire!

by 6559 Gerry Mueller

Forty hours sailing from King George Island in the South Shetland Islands, northward across the again very calm Drake Passage into the South Atlantic Ocean, brought us to anchor in a long narrow inlet, about a 30 minute tender ride from Port Stanley, the capital and only significant town of the Falkland Islands.

Background Located at roughly 52° South, 50° West (approximately 480 km east of South Patagonia), the Falklands consist of 2 large Islands (East and West Falkland) and an archipelago of more than 775 small islands. Politically, they are a British overseas territory, internally self-governing, with Great Britain responsible for foreign policy and defence. It is of course well known that they are claimed as *Las Islas Malvinas* by Argentina, based on, in my humble opinion, fairly weak historical evidence. Argentina's forcible assertion of that claim in 1982 led to the Falkland Islands War, which cost 910 lives, only three of which were Falkland Islanders. This is of course not the forum in which I would want to debate the legitimacy of Argentina's claims, nor the necessity of fighting a war over them, except as side observations to this travelogue. One of those is that in the aftermath of the 1982 war the population of the Falkland Islands has been increased by 25% by a permanent station of about 1000 British Army personnel, a small number of Royal Air Force personnel operating early warning radar stations, and occasionally by the crews of a Royal Navy Patrol Vessel specifically based in the Falklands, and other Royal Navy assets operating in the South Atlantic. (The last, 2012, census enumerated 2931 Falklanders, with just over 50% born there, and 75% living in Stanley.) One other, geological, note; the Falkland Islands have never been a part of the South American mainland; geological evidence shows that they broke off the South African mainland millennia ago, and have drifted westward since.

First impressions; it rains, it really rains! We had booked ourselves onto a noon departure tour to (yet another) penguin colony, which left us lots of time prior to explore the capital, Stanley, which is, after all, a village of about 2,300 people. After the 30 minutes ride on a ship's tender (aka lifeboat), we were decanted onto a very wet dock, with the most prominent building being a tourism centre, dedicated to all things visitor; souvenirs, clothing (raincoats! T-shirts, polos, sweaters), maps, guides, etc., and the ever-present Falklands Tourism logo, advertising the main attraction of these islands, penguins. These six Gentoo penguins are everywhere, on clothing, mugs, scarves, you name it, pointing out that tourism is one of 3 major foreign currency earners for the Falkland Islands, the others being fisheries and sheep's wool products.



A later conversation with an islander yielded some data; fisheries, wool, and tourism bring in about £10 million annually, which works out to north of £3,000 per inhabitant, leading to very adequate health care, social services, education, and infrastructure. Defence of course is taken care of by Britain! As are foreign affairs. A very high standard of living is obvious; houses are in good repair, roads (such as there are), are



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are well-maintained, and the most common cars on the road are Land Rovers and Range Rovers. As we later discovered, these, and four-wheel drive vehicles in general, are a necessity in these islands; roads (such as they are) are only paved in and around Stanley, most are unpaved gravel roads, which, with the wet climate, are more mud than gravel, and the roads leading to small villages and farmsteads are roads only in the sense that cars have defined them. An additional observation; clean vehicles are a rarity, and rain serves as a car wash.



Stanley is very reminiscent of an English village, perhaps in Devon or Cornwall, in the rain. Houses are brightly painted, in enclosed gardens, with lots of flowers, generally lupins. (June, who is the gardener, tells me that there are lupin colours here that she has not seen elsewhere.) Notable are the old English telephone boxes, that are becoming a rarity in England, but are still the norm here. Also notable, licence plates on cars are exactly as in England, with, of course, the “F” prefix indicating municipality, all displaying the same round “road tax paid” disks on the windscreen. And, of course they drive on the left.

Prominent in Stanley is Christ Church Cathedral, the only Anglican church in the Parish of the Falkland Islands, and strictly speaking, not a cathedral, as it is not the seat of a bishop. (But, in typical Anglican compromise, if there were a bishop, this would be his seat! Indeed, there is a *cathedra*, a bishop’s chair, and a *crozier*, a bishop’s staff, on display.) Of course, there is history behind this. Until 1982, the Falkland Islands were part of the Anglican Diocese of Buenos Aires, probably not happily, but quietly. Then in 1982 the then Bishop of Buenos Aires thought it fit to issue a pastoral letter to the Anglican faithful in the *Islas Malvinas*, instructing them in their



Christian duty to submit to the authority of the Argentine occupying forces (although I was told he used the term “rightful authority”). The Anglican faithful thereupon petitioned the Archbishop of Canterbury (who in fact has no authority in such matters) to remove them from the jurisdiction of Buenos Aires, and in the aftermath of the 1982 war, the Parish of the Falkland Islands became “extra-territorial” to the Diocese of Canterbury, and under the episcopal oversight of the Archbishops of Canterbury, none of whom have, of course, ever shown up there.



Christ Church Cathedral is really not much more than a typical English parish church, with a very traditional interior, except perhaps for the emphasis on having a *cathedra* and a *crozier* on prominent display. Also prominent was a very proper, “English” gentleman, he was born and bred in the islands, but sounded exactly like a villager in the south of England, who was there ostensibly to provide information and guidance, but, obviously, was guarding the silverware and other treasures



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from the alien invaders. After I identified myself as an Anglican priest, he became quite friendly and helpful. And shared a great deal of his views of Falklands history and present conditions with me. It was from him that I learned the laid-up colours visible in the picture above are those of the 2nd Battalion The Parachute Regiment (probably laid up in the 1980's, as all the battle honours are from WW2), one of the units heavily involved in the liberation of the Falkland Islands, whose CO was awarded a posthumous Victoria Cross for his valour in the Battle of Goose Green. (The Battle of Goose Green was nearly lost because the BBC announced it as a victory before it actually started, giving the coming attack away to the Argentinians!) He also showed me the Book of Remembrance in the Cathedral, which records the rank and name of every British soldier killed in the 1982 war. And answered my questions about the names displayed in large white letters on a long hill across from the Cathedral; they are the names of the Royal Navy protector ships assigned to the islands since 1982, including the current River class patrol ship, HMS Clyde (ship's company about 45).



After a quick walk around Stanley (quick, because the heavy rain continued), noting that the only other church buildings we encountered were St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church (the only church serving about 320 Roman Catholics in the islands, and itself peculiar in being an apostolic prefecture, and directly subject to the Holy See), and a Kingdom Hall of Jehovah's Witnesses, we met up with a very well organized excursion to Bluff Cove Lagoon, on the south coast. Bluff Cove Farm is home to 35,000 Perendale sheep, from whose wool is woven Bluff Cove Tweed, a Gentoo penguin rookery of over 1,000 breeding pairs, within which is a growing rookery of King penguin pairs, as well as visiting Magellanic penguins from a nearby island. It also offers the Bluff Cove Museum and Gift Shop, and Hattie's Sea Cabbage Café, of which Wanderlust Magazine writes, "[it] serves the best cream teas south of Torquay; home baked scones, farm fresh cream and jam made from locally harvested diddle dee berries. Where else can you eat and gaze through picture windows at a penguin panorama?" (All this, and more, for the low cost of US\$159.95, per person! But it was worth it.)

The trip to Bluff Cove is in two parts; the first, 16 persons in one mini-bus, for about 30 minutes, to a parking lot, where 4 4-wheel drive vehicles take the group to the actual location. Once out of Stanley, the mini-bus is very quickly on gravel, but our driver guide reminded us that in 1982, even that road was not present, and what we are travelling on is the route of the final push by British forces in the liberation of Stanley. We are driving through a battle-field. The fenced-off fields to each side of us are not fenced to denote ownership, they are uncleared mine fields. The ruins on hills are Argentine fortifications. Mine clearing is happening, but it is slow progress, and mines are often found by wandering sheep. Our destination, Bluff Cove, was the site of significant





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landings by British forces in the final push for Stanley, including units of the Gurkha Rifles, Scots Guards, and Welsh Guards. As our driver/guide tells us, by that time the Argentine defence was so disorganized, that the CO of those landing forces was able to telephone Bluff Cove farm from his ship, ask if there were any Argentine forces in the vicinity, to determine if it was safe to land. Apparently, by that time, Argentinian conscripts were abandoning their weapons, and surrendering to farm women. (Listening to the half-dozen or so Falklanders I spoke with about these events, if it were not for the tragic loss of nearly 1000 lives, and serious loss of ships, and land still unusable from mines, it is tempting to picture this 1982 war as straight out of Gilbert and Sullivan.)



The 2nd part of the trip to Bluff Cove is in 4-wheel drive vehicles, four passengers each. There is no road, there is, basically, peat bog with ruts. The vehicles travel as a convoy, and if one gets stuck, and they do, the others are able to winch them out. Each carries duck-boards, to assist in getting across open water. And again, this is all very well organized, the mini-buses are carefully timed to meet with the 4-wheel drives, and once at the farm, there is very little time unloading the arriving group, and boarding a group that arrived 2 hours earlier, and taking them back to the mini-buses. And, similar logistics are happening at many other destinations all over this part of the island, managing somewhere north of 1,000 visitors.

Once arrived at Bluff Cove, there is equally good organization. The penguin rookeries are carefully fenced off, and there are “wardens” to ensure order. Not that the penguins care about that, the fences and wardens are intended to keep humans away from the penguins, the penguins can freely walk under the fences and inspect the humans. By this time, Gentoos are familiar birds, but King penguins are new to us. These are the 2nd-largest penguins, only the Emperor penguins are larger, but look just about the same. I am not sure of the evolutionary directions involved but am sure there are some. (Note; Charles Darwin visited this area in 1834, and collected data for his *The Origin of Species*.) Both Emperor and King penguins



lay two eggs, one of which is small and inevitably dies, and incubate the larger egg by holding it on their feet, and covering it with a fold in their lower belly. The Emperor however leaves that task to the male alone, during the depth of the Antarctic Winter, while the female goes off and feeds in the ocean beyond the sea ice, and eventually (with some luck) returns to feed both the male and the chick. The evolutionary upside to that is that there are no predators able to attack the brooding bird or the egg during the incubation period. The King (at left) breeds in more temperate climates, and both male and female are able to incubate, while the other hunts and returns to feed the brooding one, and eventually the chick. And, the evolutionary downside is that the one brooding is very vulnerable to predators. I am not an evolutionary biologist, but I suspect the jury is still out on which is the better strategy, especially when climate change is entered into the equation.



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Once tired of penguins, the Sea Cabbage Café is next, and indeed, is as advertised. It is obviously a cooperative effort of farm women, and the only problem is the wide selection of baked goods, and jams. There is no limit, except what one can reasonably get onto a (large) plate, and seconds are welcomed. One gets the feeling that one is a welcomed guest, not a paying customer. Not having managed to get lunch while in Stanley, this is all very welcome for most of us on this excursion! The “Gents” is notable for only having two urinals, with pipes plainly going to a pit outside, and a notice that if one needed #2, to enquire at the Museum. Which is next door, and does have some interesting historical artifacts from the 1982 war, but is mostly a gift shop. I did not “enquire”, nor did I ask what the “Ladies” options were!



Leaving was basically the reverse of coming, 4-wheel drives back, with several getting bogged down, several times. (This becomes relevant later.) Then the mini-bus back to the dock. As we went over a largish hill our guide/driver remarked that our ship was still there. Why wouldn't it be, several asked. Apparently about two years earlier, our sister ship Amsterdam had come in, sent about 1200 passenger ashore by tender, whereupon a strong wind came up, the ship began to drag its anchors, and the captain decided to go out to sea and come back later to pick up passengers and tenders. Later was two days later! Meanwhile, the Falkland Islands, having only about 85 hotel and B&B beds, billeted everyone as best they could, and threw a party, at the end of which there was not much beer, or other libations, left. They negotiated a suitable bill with Holland America Line, which apparently was paid without complaint! We were not so lucky, our ship left without a problem. Just before our, supposedly last, tender departed, we saw this (left above) sticker in a car, which kind of summarizes how we came to see this very small bit of land, all alone in the South Atlantic.



A closing note on cameras, keeping track of same, and good staff work. By this time in our journey, one of my interchangeable lens camera bodies had failed (pointing out the wisdom of having two bodies), and I was relying on the 2nd, less versatile body, as well as a very good fixed lens, and waterproof, camera. That 2nd camera is small enough to keep in a coat pocket. Because there was so much rain on the Falkland Islands, I seriously relied on the latter. Getting back to the ship, and stripping off the many layers of waterproof and warm clothing, I found (actually, didn't find) that camera. It had fallen out somewhere on the way, probably in the vehicle bouncing across the peat bog, or the minibus on a not much better road!

Very quick run to the ship's Front Desk, which took details of what I'd lost, then sent to Shore Excursions manager, who took details of the vehicles we'd been on, descriptions and names of drivers, which, because they had been so personable and informative, I remembered. Then a quick email with that to that shore excursion's HQ. But also, an explanation that we had come back on probably the last tender. The camera would likely be found, and turned over to the next Holland America ship to call, and then would work its way to the Seattle head office, and they would work with me to get it back to me. Probably months.



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So, I mounted my longest telephoto zoom on the remaining body, and went on deck to get some shots of what there was to see. At left you have Wireless Ridge, which was the scene of one of the last battles in the 1982 war fought by, with others, 2 Parachute Regiment, converging on Stanley. While I was doing so, I noticed one tender chugging towards the ship, which was already beginning to move. Nothing much to see here (below), so went back to our cabin. Whereupon the phone rang. And the Front Desk informed me they had my camera. Seemingly, one 4-wheel drive on one shore excursion had gotten

seriously bogged down, and needed more extraction than the other vehicles could provide. Because shore excursions booked through the ship guarantee that you will not be left behind, no matter what (if you book on your own you are on your own!), one tender had been left behind to bring those remaining four passengers to the ship. And my camera; not that they had waited for THAT. But, within that extra time, the shore excursion operator had contacted the relevant drivers, they had searched their vehicles, one of them had found my camera, and because all their vehicles are connected with walkie-talkies, had known there was a waiting tender. Then rushed my camera to the dock in time. That's good customer service, good staff work.



Needless to say, that evening I followed my usual routine of backing up pictures taken that day with exceptional fervour!

If any of you want more information, feel free to contact me at gerry.mueller@sympatico.ca, and I'd be happy to get into correspondence with you.

Photographs The small photographs in this report (they are scaled to 10% of full size) are not adequate. Full size versions are in a Microsoft OneDrive folder, *RMC '65 Newsletter*, accessible via <https://tinyurl.com/yb4td2lv>. There are three folders, named for the current parts of this travelogue, as well as explanatory files.



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Closing Notes

Thanks as always to our contributors. Your efforts are much appreciated. In the introduction, I failed to mention the recent Ottawa area class munch, held as usual at the HMCS Bytown Naval Officers' Mess. Always a convivial opportunity to share a few tales and a couple of ales. The usual crowd of about fifteen in attendance and we were pleased to welcome Ed Kingsbury for what might have been his initial attendance.

This evening Janet and I are meeting with the other members of the Gatineau five (Braham, Cale, Carruthers, Houlston and Spence) and their spouses for dinner at a local restaurant. It is always fun to maintain this particular closely related group to share stories of our early service careers and life after Jerry Hill (inside joke).

Jan and I would like to wish all of you a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year. We are looking forward to seeing some of you in Fort Myers in February.