landlords on our first visit to Karlsruhe and now dear friends. There were also last goodbyes in Karlsruhe at the restaurants we frequented, one (Turkish) very tearful, another (Italy! Italy!) punctuated by a bottle of private stock red wine from the owner’s home town in southern Italy.

There was also a delightful dinner in Prague with Slava Cerveny and his wife, Eva, preceded by a daylong tour around town with their daughter, Lucy. Last year, Norm accepted a lifetime achievement award for Slava who could not travel to accept it himself. Both Slava and Eva are world-class scientists of highest regard. We treasure the time we spent with them. The Cerveny’s are no small factor in making Prague a high priority destination for us.

A workshop in Hruba Skala was a highlight of the year! Norm met one of his heroes from graduate school days, Yurii Kravstov; they punctuated their first meeting with a big hug! The camaraderie among the participants and spouses at that meeting was not to be missed: it ended with a songfest around the piano in the bar on the last evening, running two hours past closing. Einar Iverson (Norway) knew all of the Beatles music and Alexander Shuvalov (Bordeaux via Russia) knew all of the lyrics and sang in a wonderful baritone. Martin Tygel (Campinas, Brazil) knew the classic melodies of Eastern Europe and the Russians, Brazilians and Czechs took their turn at singing their native songs with gusto. Martin also gave us an opportunity to Samba. Only three Americans: Norm, Judy and Lou Fishman. Oh, yeah, the technical side of the meeting was great, as well, of more value to Norm than the international meeting in Madrid the week before. Many thanx are due to the meeting organizers, Ivan Psencik and his colleagues at the Geophysical Institute of the Czech Academy of Sciences for choosing a place and creating an environment in which we could all flourish. This is the latest in a series of meetings that began in 1978 when Czechoslovakia was one of the few places where scientists of the East and West could meet.

Earlier, at Rothenburg, we took a delightful night tour with a guide who explained the history and culture of the town. The town was prosperous in medieval times, located at the cross roads of major routes east/west and north/south. It was repeatedly ravished for its wealth and supply of salt(!) during the Thirty Years War—the one in which Christians killed Christians because they were Christians. As a result, time stood still thereafter and the town was rediscovered as an architectural anachronism in the nineteenth century. It has survived ever since on tourism. However, it has now been given over so much to year-round local and national chain Christmas shops that it has become monotonous.

Ah, Paris! We will never tire of Paris! The motivation was a visit by Norm to the Institut Français du Pétrole, which, in turn, was the catalyst for a one-day workshop and exposure to a good deal of fine research in seismic exploration in France…and then there were the delightful wanderings around Paris. We think of the Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame and Sacre Ceour as near architectural perfection in each of their genres. One has to