

As we approached the east coast of Greenland the cloud cover disappeared completely and we had a good view of the coastal mountains, the long fiords, the Glaciers flowing into the fiords and the huge ice cap which covers the interior of Greenland.

Dad's new camera paid off with some excellent photos of this rugged terrain. Dad was most impressed with the sight, and I must admit that although I had crossed Greenland a number of times, this was one of the best views I had ever enjoyed.

In the neighborhood of Greenland we could see tiny white specs in the sea, which in reality were huge icebergs. It is difficult to judge size from seven miles up, but it is quite possible that some of those icebergs could have been a thousand feet, or more, in length.

*{Note: I have a slide of the icebergs but they are so tiny from this altitude that they are only unidentifiable white specs on the sea.}*

The balance of our journey took us over Goose Bay, Labrador and the barren Canadian northeast. Much of it was still snow-covered in August with thousands of small lakes freckling the rocky landscape.

Both of us were working on our memoirs of the trip and the time passed quickly. Soon we were passing Toronto, then Detroit and in over Lake Michigan for our landing at O'Hare International Airport. Contrary to many Friday evening arrivals we were not delayed in landing and pulled right up to the terminal to disembark.

We had listed all our acquisitions on the Customs Declaration form and after a quick glance through my briefcase the inspector passed us through without delay. It didn't take long to find a cab and we were on our way back to Northbrook. We had completed a most eventful and interesting 18 days in which we visited seven countries, covered 12,159 air miles and 980 miles by automobile.

We were greeted by Gladys and Jim as we arrived at 1532 Chapel Court and the excitement exhibited by Dad was beyond description. For almost an hour he was trying to relate all our experiences in a mixture of French, German and sign language. All this was embellished with the "Three Kisses" tradition of Europe.

It had to be the happiest day in the last several years of his life and the three of us felt



Dad in his French Beret and Scarf as he was relating some of our experiences for the benefit of Gladys and Jim. The picture on the wall between us is a hand painted rendition of people on a bridge over a canal in Amsterdam painted by our draftsman at Culligan S. A. in Diegem as a going away gift when we completed our three years in Belgium.



Dad relating his visit with Gladys' Aunts and Uncles in "Jolly Old England" as she reads some notes they sent along with us.

privileged to be a part of it. It was a true privilege for a son to accompany his father on such a meaningful experience for both.