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we approached Greenland at earliest dawn after watching the northern lights softly playing over the heavens. The effect was one of hazy blue curtains high overhead just hanging in easy folds. It wasn't very spectacular but still awesome. We saw land as a flashing light which we could later see was a marine beacon barely shining through a ground fog some hundred or so feet thick. As the light kept coming gradually we could see a great long fjord (spelling) running several miles into the island until it met the high plateau. Of course we couldn't see the water because of the clouds but the sides of the channel rose above the fog to show glacier rounded tops. To make a short story - she was beautiful. We went across the cap at thirteen thousand because you need awfully clear weather to fly over at 9 or 11. We could tell we weren't very close to the ice but couldn't tell that we were terribly high either. It's about as confusing as water. Some places we were able to see the huge wrinkles on the cap and once or twice we saw the tops of mountains - all but submerged. Dawn didn't come till we passed over into the Atlantic past Cape Adelaide. As we crossed the divide though we could sense the steepening of the slope and the more frequent ice-falls increased the tempo sort of. Finally the ice split a couple of times and came snorting out into the sea - rather in the way it had carved in more vigorous days.

The icebergs were not very large on the east side and we were unable to see many on the west in Davis Strait. However, those we did see were obviously not very small. A couple looked huge. Seeing some small areas of pack ice I clearly remembered the night we stopped on the bridge and became hypnotized watching the black Columbia tug that pushed ice down stream. Wasn't that a sight? We had to run to catch the bus too.