

when at rest on the ground they seemed quite shy. On the wing they were prone to come quite close, screaming all the time. They would dash along close to the ground sometimes going between the parked planes as though there had been right there for ages. Once, two of them had a little spat and then they really showed what agility they possessed. What fun.

There's an ice cap up there too. We saw the southern extremities of it where it thinned out and melted away to form cascades of water over the brink of half a dozen hanging valleys. There were several waterfalls, quite nice too. The ice there looked pink in the sun; maybe Greenland's ice cap would look pink, in sunlight too. The snouts of the glacier cap on Iceland were weak looking, seemed only to be retreating though I naturally can't say not knowing more of them.

In great contrast were the purpled heather covered hills of Scotland and Wales. Each crest had its velvet blanket welcoming us to the United Kingdom. Of course, the mountains of Wales are not of such hospitable nature at all. Instead they are a somber brown and barren to see. The few pines and firs (there's a fir here that very closely resembles our Douglas Fir except in stature. Haven't found any cones yet either) are confined to the sheltered valleys as is the nearly constant off-shore winds all too much for them. Couldn't see Scotland's uplands because of an overcast hanging there.

Well, we were in Wales just one day and night next to salt water so I managed to taste it and get my feet wet (a mistake) while I chased shorebirds and gulls. There were a whole mess of terns there too and I have no slight idea what they were. I was amazed to see that, aside from the pinnacles, the Oyster-catchers here had the same call manners, flight, and all such that our Blacks have 6000 miles away. And to think I had seen both in just three weeks!