

Several parts  
of this letter used.

Balholm  
Norway.

July 28<sup>th</sup> 1903

My dear Clare,

I intended to write you  
a long letter in honour of your  
birthday, but find that the  
mail leaves soon and that I  
have only time to send you a  
few lines. In any case I fear  
this will not reach you until  
some days after the birthday  
— of which I wish you a  
great many happy returns.  
We came here from Fjarland on  
Monday and are resting for a  
few days before going further  
north. We and others who left  
Fjarland at the same time  
had a great send-off. The

landlady presented every ~~one~~ party just with lovely roses while she, the landlord & the children & porters all came down to the wharf. As we sailed away they all waved their handkerchiefs and hats in the most frantic way, and even the maids up at the hotel came out to the front and ~~to~~ <sup>wildly</sup> waved their towels and dusters — and dish cloths I suppose. The flag saluted and an ~~at~~ old man blew a long horn which is used in the mountains here.

The people here are very kind and polite, especially if you are polite to them and show them that you appreciate

their kindness. Conrad never  
 "enthusias" much to me but I  
 expect he sends some wonderful  
 accounts of his experiences to some  
 of his friends - his lady friend  
 at Toronto included. He tried  
 a waltz with a Norwegian girl  
 the other night. One girl told  
 him last evening that her father  
 was Norwegian, her mother German,  
 her grand father something else  
 - I don't remember what - and  
 she was just "mixed pickles".  
 They have a tennis court here  
 and the English & Norwegians play  
 together a good deal. Tennis is  
 comparatively new to the natives  
 but they take kindly to it and  
 some of them play quite well.  
 Conrad has play a number of games

and gets on very well. Yesterday  
 he went on an excursion up  
 the fjord with a party of about  
 24, got up by the English Church  
 Chaplain, who is very jolly fellow  
 and good tennis player. They went  
 by steamer and returned on foot  
 through the mountains, not getting  
 back until nearly midnight.

Near this hotel is a mound said  
 to be the tomb of King Bele of the Frith-  
 jof's Saga, which I regret to say  
 I have never read. Love up.

Your loving Father.