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My Dear Boys,

Nice to receive your telegram in Honolulu. Hope you received ours. Your mother is writing the girls separate. I cannot explain all the different colors of the saris, decorated with half moons and the star of David or Siam. Sorry to hear of Pete Grafslund freezing to death. We certainly enjoyed Honolulu. We met a Hawaiian soldier parachutist jumper. Funny how we meet nice people. This chap jumped a week at Thule, Greenland, also in Alaska. He won a U.S. scholarship, attended some U.S. college. He looks like Phillip Umpherville only much darker. He drove us all over the Island in his Auntie's new little car. We visited his parents 45 miles across the Island. I know our north country right up to Arctic Bay is sprinkled with improved Scotch. This Hawaiian father (real nice old chap - 75 years old) is half Scotch and half Hawaiian; his old mother is half Japanese and half Hawaiian. Dad often told us about Wallace the Bruce, who had yellow hair on his legs; how his gang would sneak down into north Yorkshire and steal cattle and chickens. Now I do know the Scotch stop at nothing. We could not locate Jimmie Moores or Jack Miller in Honolulu. They could be shacking up on another part of the Island. We did not stop at Canton Island this time. The old Britannia Hammered along steady for 8 1/2 hours. The island we are on here is Viti Levu. We have been at a lovely cabin some 60 miles from Nandi. I was laid up one day trying to encourage my toes to grow new skin. I was spear fishing with four Fijians and I should have worn canvas shoes instead of my Hawaiian sandals. I sure skinned my legs and feet on sharp coral. I dunked Mom's color camera, also got my Lica wet, so will not be able to take any more pictures until I get them overhauled in Auckland. Your Mom would wade along the beach with waves slopping her, gathering shells. I could float around all day with my snorkle on, watching the thousands of beautiful colored fish; some bright orange with black rings, others vivid blue, then black, etc.

The natives carry two bundles of Tuva roots wrapped in meshing. They beat this with a stick, then dive down and squeeze it under the overhanging coral. In about four minutes, the fish start to pop up, some dead, others only stunned. Then the other three people start spearing. One man gathers the fish on long whips, threading them through the gills. Seems too bad to see them spear these beautiful colored fish about the size of a goldeye, some like large jumbo whitefish. These canals between the coral are deep. You will step off a coral bank into ten feet of a canal, loaded with black star fish with sharp long needles. I loosened him off a rock and he gathered himself up into a darning needle ball about the size of a football. Then you see small three-foot sharks. The natives will not spear a ten-foot shark (because you make him mad).

One Fiji shilling is about 12 cents. We bought our grub at an open native market - (what fun), for one American Dollar, we buy the following -- about 10 lbs. lovely large yellow Bannoos - ripe and sweet, one banna leaf packet of shell fish something like small oysters, (you boil them a half hour in half sea water, half rain water with some kind of a spice root - they are delicious); then you also get two bamboo sticks of cooked prawns (about 60 prawns packed inside the bamboo with a yellow powder and other spices, (one end of the bamboo is naturally plugged or stopped, the other end is plugged with a green leaf - they are cooked over the fire or steamed as the green bamboo will not burn). I have never tasted such lovely big prawns. We both have a pile of heads and clams sky-high on the table; cucumbers, paw-paws, green tomatoes, knobby lemons -- all for one American dollar.

We got some good movies, but no stills. One has to have your camera overhauled every year, whether you use them or not. Our clothes are never dry, yet the sun is strong - temperature around 88 to 90. I am growing a new hide right now.

It costs us about one dollar a day for the two of us, providing you don't get tired of crabs, prawns, shellfish, snails, bannoos, mandarin, grapefruit, avocado, watermelon, breadfruit, yams, tapioca and rice. When we go visiting a village, we have to take a bundle of Kava with us. Our friend, Don Cameron, the airport manager at Nadi, was a neighbor of ours for a week at Singatoka. The last time we were here, we stayed at Kordievu, about ten miles down the beach -- no Whites around, just native villages one after the other. Don Cameron has 100 natives working for him, repairing runways, pitch holes, etc. His wife Molly and two boys come from Rotorua, New Zealand, same place as Mrs. John Inglebrigton at Churchill comes from. We will be going there tomorrow at 7 a.m.

Your Mom has some glowing reports of the geysers, boiling mud, hot pools, etc. She also has the address of some doctor who specializes in arthritis at Rotorua. We may be there some length of time. Every time we come to these islands, we like it so much more, sitting under big trees on the beach, wandering or trying to see Robert Louis Stevenson resting here as he did not so long ago; how Captain James Cook sailed among these islands, his son later liberating pigs, which today is good sport hunting the wild boar. There are 320 islands making up the Fiji Islands - most of them are inhabited by Fijians; some islands have no one living on them. I think the fresh water problem keeps them off. I certainly was surprised when getting settled on the plane leaving Honolulu, Hank Vorie tapped me on the back, saying "I boost you two bits". The last time I saw Hank was at Tavani or Chesterfield Inlet in 1951. We lived together for two months, played stud poker every night. He is going to New Caledonia to prospect for nickel which occurs in the mud.

Paddy Lane, who was at Wabowden, has been in New Caledonia for five years; has his wife and family there with him. Samoa Islands and Tahiti, also the Cook Islands are east of us. There are thousands of islands north of Australia and New Zealand. Can you imagine those early Trans ~~oceanic~~ Oceanic flyers hammering their way across this shark-

Rickenbacker floated on a dinghy for weeks; dear old Amelia Earhart did not make it - the old girl's engine ran short of oil I guess.

It has been raining all morning, otherwise we would not be writing. It is now all sunshine. We are going to the beach. We drove past the Queen's ship Britannia anchored at a miserable dock. Our The Pas dock is a better dock than they have here at Loutoka. The Queen and Philip will be here day after tomorrow, however we have to leave our regrets, as our C.P.A. leaves for Auckland tomorrow a.m. The natives have a miserable looking arch made going onto the dock. I am sure my cousin, Jimmie Partridge, could make a better one. These islands love the Queen. I think if the truth was told, Her Majesty would be pleased to relinquish Fiji. Something like our Indians costing us 90 million per year, however there is New Zealand and Australia across the way. Seems Australia and New Zealand strongly opposed McMillan's free or open market - they were really mad. Funny how our old girl holds us all together. They are flying from Sydney to here, then on to Suva and over to Auckland on the Britannia. We just love our Queen no matter what happens.

Must ring off. We have to go down to check if there is enough grub on the boat for Lizzie and Philip. The dock is just a few yards down the road.

Heaps of love to you all.

Dad