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BY AIR MAIL . PAR AVION





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U.S.A.	1

Dear Folks,

This is our holiday message from Adelaide on the Australian continent where Christmas comes with heat, swimming, and surfing, and plum pudding on a hot day; also artificial snow made of cotton on the Christmas tree.

Our summer in Palo Alto (after a wonderful trip returning via Mesa Verde, Grand Canyon, and Bryce Canyon from Colorado following a most enjoyable year at the University in Boulder) was a rush of house remodelling to make a study for Norman's research and writing, and many details to prepare the house for Catherine (Muriel's sister) and Collis Bardin to live there while we are away. Norman had a high-pressure spell of work with his book and finished it (the last touches at the Birdsells' in Malibu) at 1.30 a.m. the day we were to go to Los Angeles to deliver it to the University of California Press. You can see why we saw so little (much to our regret) of our California relatives and friends.

Ten days after the book was delivered we were on one of those monstrous 747's, bound for Honolulu. There we had five days, seeing Wahiawa where Muriel was born, and many sights of Oahu, including Waikiki Beach which, with its skyscraper hotels and apartments and opulent shopping centres (all pointed toward the tourists' pocket books) is a far cry from the tranquil stretch of sand and waves, overlooked by the picturesque Diamond Head crater, that Muriel's parents enjoyed on their honeymoon, at times without another soul in sight.

Thanksgiving and several days before were spent with Dr. Herbert Bowles, Norman's lifetime friend, and Gertrude, who drove us around Oahu to see familiar places, and ones new to us, including their cottages at Sunset Beach, where, had the world champion surf-riding been in progress, we would have had private "ring-side" seats. After a delicious Thanksgiving buffet with the Bowles clan we boarded a Qantas 707 at 1 a.m. on a flight to Brisbane where, after over nine hours in the sky over the Pacific, climaxed by a gorgeous sunrise viewed from the clouds at 37,000 feet, we landed at 8.00 the next morning, having lost out the 27th November which vanished as we crossed the 180th meridian. Ninety minutes after taking off from Brisbane we were over Sydney, coming in with a wide glide over the harbour and city center (over the bridge and opera house) and landed at Botany Bay airport, across the Bay from where Captain Cook stepped ashore 200 years ago. We were welcomed by Norman's brother Clifton, and Edie, and part of their family. Later they took us to Murray's, another brother, to meet his family, and that evening we met others of the family at Clif's and Edie's daughter, Ruth!s home. In the 24 hours we were in Sydney we were entertained royally by the Sydney Tindales, and by 9.00 a.m. Sunday we were on our way by air to Adelaide. After another ninety minutes' flight we were being welcomed by Norman's own family who spotted us and waved as we came off the plane: Tony and Geraldine with Grant (7), and Andrew (2); Beryl and Ron with Sanya (12), Karen (10) and Gary (7), and their Auntie Eva. We came right home to Blackwood in the Adelaide hills, and after a visit and dinner the George family left for their home at Loxton on the Murray River, 167 miles away. We will be spending We are visiting now with Tony's family. Christmas with them at Loxton.

A Holden Chevrolet wagon is being obtained for us for the research trips and after the holidays we will start for Canberra and points north, to complete some anthropological research. Norman is working here at the museum, preparing for the field trips.

When you are shivering we will be warm. Norman has planned it so that we will be in places between here and Queensland at the best seasons. We will be home (at 2314 Harvard Street, Palo Alto, Calif. 94306) some time next summer and will hope to see some of you then. Meanwhile we wish you a happy Christmas season and the best for 1972.

Aloha from the Tindales

Normand Hunel

SENDER'S NAME AND ADDRESS

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POSTCODE 5051

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Mr + Mrs Don E. Crabtice

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