

Tawa Flat.

July 13. 1938.

Dear Ath,

I enclose a small document that may interest you. I thought I might as well cash in on my interest in some way, & may do more yet.

At present, (for what it is worth) my collection of Sabatini's works is more complete than that in any library in the country, and the biographical works are for the most part, I suppose, more or less unique here, as such. I mean, that the dope I have is either not to be found in N. Z. or is not known to be of use for data on Sabatini. I am trying now to get a line on Bellavion, and am

partly on the trail, I think.  
 I am chasing a book now on  
 "Milan under the Visconti", which  
 I think gives some indication.  
 I reckon Bellarion was a real  
 figure, but his exploits are partly  
 those of others pressed into service for  
 the character.

In a book I just got this week  
 I find that Capt. Blood was even  
 more a reality than I thought at first.  
 His name was Pitman, & his life  
 up to his escape from slavery in the  
 Barbadoes has been followed pretty  
 exactly, but thereafter ~~it~~ <sup>Capt. Blood</sup> is taken  
 from Esquemeling, i.e. Sir Henry  
 Morgan & Co.

- However, C'est assez!  
 How's the job going? Are you waiting  
 for the next floods? You could  
 have picked a better spot of weather,  
 I think. Fair hell of a night  
 here - real old man southerly.  
 The ground is absolutely sodden  
 for the last month or so, and it's  
 beyond contemplation to put a  
 spade into it.

The youngsters are thriving marvellously and are strong & happy kids, especially the younger chap. Dennis is talking quite a lot now - long yarns about all sorts of things, & even Bernick is starting in on a basic-English vocabulary.

I expect you know that Forrest Marriott duly landed a job on the Dominion, & he seems quite pleased about it. I put him on to Alan Mulgan when he was down before, & it should be a useful contact even if it couldn't serve them.

I took a trip over to Havelock last month to see the file of the old Pelorus Guardian. It is in the Town Hall & neglected by all but the rats. I saw the chairman of the Town Board (a typical butcher - which he is - named Burncombe) & one or two members & put a proposition up to them

to transfer it to us for safe-keeping. They duly agreed after mature consideration. Naturally we paid all expenses. So Dad will be able to live the old days over again. He spends a very great deal of time in the library now, generally all of every day, working on a history of the N. 2. Navy, i.e. Admiralty ships in the N. 2. service in the early days. Keeps him from going nuts anyhow, but I can't see that he'll get much return for it. It certainly is a good comfortable place to read these rotten days.

Well, I guess that's about all the high lights I can think of, so I'll leave it in the meantime.

With love to Vida & yourself  
in which I may join you.

Your loving brother,

Blyde