

53 Waiwara Ave.,

Waikanae.

My dear Phyllis, 16.5.77.

At last I hope I can
get a letter written to you without
delay & hinder.

The photo of Sir Wm. en-
closed is for you to keep. This is
the one I had to wait for the negative
to come from Eng. I think it is the
best & shows well his face &
hand. To me the old chap really
lives & I feel sure that carving was
done from life or a mask.

We are very much enjoying the
quince products - the jelly is delicious
& luckily I pulled off the delicate set.
Maud greatly appreciated hers, &
showed me her row of small
bottles (she bottles in nescafe jars)
& then she made jelly of peels &
cores - I guarantee there wasn't

a pip wasted.

We had a markful thing happen but nothing that couldn't be got over at a cost. Found we needed a new soak pit for septic tank. I learnt from this that a pit has a limited life of 15 to 20 yrs. The chap had to get his digger (huge) & lorry (huge) on the lawn, so that meant ^a span of fence down & much shrub shifting which was a sick-making prospect. Well, luckily he had a feeling for gardens & said to leave the bigger shrubs & he'd lift them with the bucket which he did & that meant all roots came out too. He & his very pleasant Maori help, had the job done in 6 hours — which proves what a digger can do & some.

He left all as tidy as he could
 but not the plants put back
 for I wanted to do that myself to
 see it was as well as possible
 in their interests. Well, we're
 still replanting & it's almost done.
 A Waratah (which I believe ~~is~~^{is}
 unshiftable) doesn't seem to have
 batted an eyelid for having been
 out of ground 24 hrs. Likewise
 a very precious magnolia seems
 to have settled back well, tho.
 I guess it will delay its flowering
 some years. We're supposed to
 be getting on to sewerage in a
 couple of three years, so it was
 a pity soak pit didn't hang
 out a bit longer.

We've a shrub out you'd
 admire. I think it's a tree Salvia
 but not sure. It's a solid mass
 of pale purple - most regal.

It was a dead looking thing tangled
in the fence, & some pruning
& shaping & bit of care has
produced this.

We need a new front gate
& I decided when we get one
we'll have it in a different place.
Damn me, yesterday, leaning over
to open it, the ~~best~~ bottom hinge
broke & threw the gate at my
feet which plunged me over it.
Well, I was lucky & did no
damage but ended up with
a very sore foot. Gate is iron
& looks its spite on me for
wanting to get rid of it.
I must get the lunch, finish
this later.

The day has turned very dirty
on us - well, it's just raining,
so I'll get on with letter writing.
I've meant to write to Kath. for

5
The last 6 months, I still don't
get round to it - give her my love,
& I hope she is well.

Don't know if I told you but at
last I've persuaded John to have
some one to cut our grass, & do
the odd job. Got a Dutchman
who, with family have recently come
to live here from New Plymouth. He's
60, he's as active as a mountain
goat. Was obsessed with our bush,
ferns etc., & gives talks to Hort. Societies.

So, we'll see how we get on with him.

Can't think there's any news.

Do hope you all are well.

With best love from us
both.

Luiff.



Wairarapa
10-AM
18 APR
1977
N.Z.



Mrs. P. E. Taylor,
7 James St.,
Rotorua.

*See item de Prouty
within*