

35, Westholm,
London, N.W. II.

April 16, 1945.

Dear Mr. Gander,

Many thanks for your letter of January 21. I was very interested to see my little article in S.P.C. I think very likely in present circumstances PIE may fail to reach you by the ordinary channels: so I enclose a copy of SPRING PIE, in which you will find Frank Richards and Carcroft: also a cross-word puzzle by the same. This, as you will see is in English. I have made a really good set of cross-word puzzles in five languages: but the editorial fraternity seem not to like them. There is one thing that seems common to all editors: every editor seems instinctively to guard with his left, if any new idea comes along. However, I hope soon to have little time for such things, as Carcroft ought to get going when the war is over: and that happy date cannot be far away. Hitler may have gone the same way as the paper he used to hang, by the time you get this letter.

I have recently completed the 'Autobiography' of Frank Richards, and given it its final revision--the umpteenth. As a publisher has paid an option fee on it, I shall hope that this will be an inducement to him to spare a spot of his quota. I was rather dubious about the idea when Eric Hiscock suggested it to me: but now that I have done it, it does not seem too bad. The length prescribed was 60,000 words: but Frank Richards got away from the mark so full of beans, that he discovered that he had used up half his length by the time he got to 1905. So yards and yards of good copy had to go into the discard, to make it fit the bed of Procustes. However, perhaps the readers--when they get it----will ask for more, like Oliver Twist. In

which case the morefulness, as Hurree Singh used to say, will be terrific!

I have sorted out a copy of my old football song. I am afraid it is a little musty with age. I don't recall the date of publication, but it was a long time ago: I remember that Hamilton Edwards gave it a nice little notice at the time in the 'Herald'. Yes, I did like your article on Edwards. He comes into the early chapters of the Auto / I used to see a good deal of him at the Carmelite House, about thirty-five or forty years ago. I used to write serials for him: the best I think was "King Cricket", which you may have come across in old numbers of the Realm. He was a good chap, in his own way, and an interesting chapter or two could be written about his wild adventures in Ireland in the War time, which I never could understand. In London he was a man of solid common-sense; but he seemed to have dropped all that into the Irish Sea when he went over to John Bull's Other Island. I am speaking, of course, of the last War: poor old Edwards passed out a good many years before this one started. If Frank Richards continues to adorn the earth much longer, he will soon be the last left of the old crowd: the outlook is already a good deal like what the estate-agent described as "Charming View of the Cemetery". When poor Hinton went last January, it gave me a real shock: he was a good many years younger than I---not much over sixty, and a sort of Goliath. We were always good friends, in spite of some little difficulties: only one row in the course of many years and that was about those shady scribes who got my goat so sorely. However, Down is still going strong: he was the youngest of the lot, as well as the best. I nourish a hope that he will be editing 'Carcraft' when the time comes.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

Charles Hamilton