

ROSE LAWN,
KINGSGATE-ON-SEA,
KENT.

November 18th, 1949.

My dear John,

Frank Richards, Martin Clifford, and Miss Hilda Richards all very pleased to inscribe their autographs on the dust jackets, which I return herewith duly done. Certainly it is no trouble to any of the three, my dear boy: and even if it were, they wouldn't mind.

That is a very interesting story about your Corner. I cannot help feeling a little flattered, for I had not the remotest idea that my old typescripts would be regarded as of any particular value.

Just at present I am writing a cricket story for the Tom Merry books: and I get so deep in it, that I am quite surprised, when I look up, to see the sea ballowing and tumbling under a November gale. There is a north-easter now nearly blowing the chimneys off, and an almost Arctic cold---

while Tom Merry and Co. on the typewriter, are disporting
themselves in flannels!

Cheerio,

Always yours sincerely,

Frank Richards