

ROSE LAWN,
KINGSGATE-ON-SEA,
KENT.

July 10th, 1947

Dear Mr. Snell,

So I had not replied to that letter after all?
Now I will make quite sure of not missing the "bus!"

Not much like Dr. Locke, I fear! The real never quite comes up to the ideal! But like him, perhaps, in all but what Dickens called the "light externals". Inwardly there is an unlimited fund of benevolence!

I liked reading the nice things you say about Herbert Leckenby. He really is a good chap, and the C.D. is a little masterpiece. The bothers of production in these days are enough to turn a man's hair grey!---that is, like Gilbert's sentry, "supposing that he's got any!" The C.D. is a credit to all concerned. It happens that I have just read a quite delightful article about myself in the Manchester Guardian of May 27th.--and I should never have heard of it had not the kindly Herbert told me about it. Luckily they had a back number which they sent in response to my inquiry.

Yes, it was rather a shock to me to hear about

that bad character who has been diddling collectors of Gems and Magnets, and I am very sorry indeed to hear that you were among the victims. 322 old Gems are worth at least £15,0,0. in these days. I was surprised when I first heard that old numbers were selling at 1/- each, but I have since learned that a pre-war Magnet, if it could be issued now at all, could not be put on the market under 10d. or 1/- a copy, owing to the fantastic rise in costs of production.

About the song I mentioned, it is a duet called "Tell Me, What is Love?" It was originally published by Ascherberg's in the long, long ago, and they are now about to issue a new edition.

Words by Frank Richards, music by Una Hamilton. I used to write a good many songs at one time: but Tom Merry and Billy Bunter crowded them out. I see that you remember Claude Hoskins---not by any means an imaginary character.

If you do amble along to Clovelly, I should be delighted to receive a card from that unforgotten spot. I have only to close my eyes to see again the "coombes of the far west"--- 'tis fifty years since! I remember how we pushed our bikes up the hill at Lynton---couldn't do it now! Still, it is something to have seen Devon, and to remember it.

With kind regards,
Yours sincerely,

Frank Richards