

October 31st, 1947.

ROSE LAWN,
KINGSGATE-ON-SEA,
KENT.

Dear Mr. Snell,

What a jolly letter! And what a jollier enclosure
theresin! I should think that Herbert Leckemby would like your article,
for it made me chuckled all the way through, from beginning to end. Do
you want me to return the copy? If not, I should like to keep it for
a time, as I think there are one or two people who would like to see it.
I am very interested too in Timo. You describe him as a rough-haired
terrier, without further particulars, ---Aberdeen, Yorkshire, or what?
~~xxxxxxwithentx&zxix&xpaxzixuk&rx&x~~
I have outlived so many dear old dogs that I don't feel now that I
can have another, yet without a dog life isn't complete. I wish you
could have seen Mike, an Aberdeen, a fierce little imp, but so lovable ;
and Micky, who adopted me one day in the park at Marseilles, one of the
innumerable stray dogs you see knocking about continental places: he
was half-collie and half mystery, and the dearest dog that ever was.
He nearly drowned me once on the Lake of Geneva: I had taken him out
on a rather rough day, and he persisted in standing with his paws on
the port gunwale, throwing all his weight to port, while the boat was

tossing like a cork, and I had my hands more than full to keep it from capizing. You can bet that I was jolly glad when I got back to the quay at Vevey. I could write a 60,000 word book about Micky. His intelligence was really human--he could almost talk. Once I took him on the steamer from Vevey to Montreux, and at Montreux he cleared off for one of his rambles, and I had to take the steamer back without him. But the next morning he walked in at Vevey, as I knew he would---though how he found his way along miles of lake shore I just don't know: it was not a case of scent, as he went by water and came back by land. He was with me in Austria in 1914, and you can guess added to the difficulty of getting out after war was declared, but of course nothing would have induced me to leave him behind, and we emerged into Switzerland together at last. However, I mustn't run on about dogs, or you won't be able to read all this letter in a single day as you did Bunter.

I was really delighted to read both your letter and your article. I have had a good many letters since the Bunter book appeared, and all of them are very pleasant reading; but I must say that yours was a prize-packet. Don't I wish that your remark about the Government making one of their many mistakes and issuing paper, would prove prophetic! The second Bunter book has been written for some weeks now, and gone to the artist; but I fear that it won't appear till next summer---still, you never can tell! It is called "Billy Bunter's Banknote"--but chiefly features the Bounder. If we only had enough paper, there would be at least two volumes every year. Still, in present circumstances we are rather lucky to get away with one, under the Wet-Blanket Government. These people mean well, I am sure--but what a clog they are on everything.

"Billy Bunter's Birthday Present" will appear early next year, but you wouldn't be able to read it, as it is written for Braille, and I shall not be able to read it myself. But I like to think of poor fellows who have lost their sight, getting a Greyfriars story, which they can read with their finger-tips. An old Greyfriars reader at Leeds put me in touch with the National Institute for the Blind, and so it came about.

Thank you for your jolly letter, my dear boy, and for the good laugh that your article gave me.

With kind regards,
Yours sincerely,

Frank Richards