

Rose Lawn
Kingsgate
Broadstairs
Kent,

Chalet des Courlis
Wimereux-sur-Mer.

May 21st, 1949.

Dear Frank Snell,

I was rather amused to read in your letter that things are coming along so swimmingly that you see complications ahead. The same applies to the Oldest Inhabitant! Having undertaken to write Bunter books and Tom Merry books ad lib., I have also undertaken "Felgate", --my new school---which is to appear later in periodical form. With my activities divided, like ancient Gaul, into three parts, I wonder whether they may clash. Already I have had to excuse myself from writing two Reekwood books, so poor Owen Conquest is loafing disconsolately in the

offing, while Frank Richards and Martin Clifford tussle for the typewriter! But even the Oldest Inhabitant has his limit in the matter of output.

I hope you will have a jolly time at Worthing, my dear boy. But my house-keeper gives everybody the "bird" when they call to see Frank Richards: otherwise, I should be seeing visitors every day and never writing a line. I would just love to see every individual old reader, but we have to keep to "pen pals".

Long live the Western Morning News. Cash is encouraging: and the beginning is half-way to the goal.

With kind regards,

Always yours,

Frank Richards