

ROSE LAWN,

KINGSCATE-ON-SEA,

KENT.

June 27th, 1949.

Dear Frank Snell,

Thanks for your cheery letter of the 26th,

last. If you saw some of my correspondence you would admit

that the Guardian has to be a little Grim! Sometimes six

in a day--all good fellows whom I should love to see: but

we have to walk warily on the way to 80! And really and truly

one is very busy these days now that paper has become more

plentiful, and the mere idea of being called away from the

typewriter causes the Oldest Inhabitant to assume an expression

compared with which, that of the Lord High Executioner was a

sweet and loving smile!

I quite understand your feelings about Timo.

I have been through it, and one's dog being lost, with the

apprehension of what may have happened to it, makes one feel

quite sick. I think I told you once about old Micky getting lost

at Montreux, when I had to take the steamer back to Vevey without

him--and lo and Behold! he turned up at Vevey the next morning,

though how he found his way back is one of those things that

only dogs understand. He was stolen once at Monte Carlo, and an Italian boy found him and got him back for me, for which I would willingly have given him the O.B.E., if I had had one handy. I still want to hang, draw, and quarter everybody connected with quarantine, on poor old Micky's account. Think of it-- I had walked him over nearly every frontier in Europe--but I couldn't bring him home without a set of danderheads butting in and worrying him. He never recovered from it, poor old chap. I think one of the tragedies of life is that we must necessarily outlive our dogs. Much as I should like one now, I feel sometimes that I couldn't go through that again. I am very, very glad that Time turned up safe and sound. Long may he flourish. And I believe more and more that God is good to such lovable animals, and that we may hope some day to see such dear old friends again.

I am very glad to hear about that cheque. Nothing like it as an encouragement.

With kind regards,

Always yours sincerely,

Frank Richards