

ROSE LAWN,
KINGSGATE-ON-SEA,
BROADSTAIRS,
KENT.

February 10th, 1959

Dear Maurice McLoughlin,

Thank you for your letter this morning. It is a pity if the Bunter film turn out to be only a flight of journalistic fancy. Bunter certainly will be on the films some day. As long ago as 1945 my telephone,--then in London---rang with the good news that Rank's were taking up the idea. I was told later that it had been dropped owing to difficulties in casting: but such difficulties, evidently, were overcome at the Palace. So far as I could judge by reading the script, your play was admirably suited for filming: though it is true that my experience so far has been only on TV. Let us hope that some unusually perspicacious producer will discern that it is too good to be missed!

Too late for that "weekly ration" of Greyfriars that you mention. In pre-war days I used to produce a million and a half words a year: but Father Time has marched on since then: though I won't complain of him so long as he continues to forget his scythe! But we old boys en route for ninety have to slow down: and three or four books and half-a-dozen TV plays per annum keep me busy enough,---though of late I have been trying out a new idea: a Bunter play in Latin for the behoof of juvenile students of that language. But did the BBC jump at such an unique prize-packet? You can guess the answer to that one!

With kindest regards,

Sincerely,

Frank Richards