

February 26th. 1960

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

Dear Chapman,

Very glad to see your first again on a letter, and to hear that you have been keeping so active: in spite of Arctic weather, east winds, and all the ills that flesh is heir to as we get on in years. I keep as well as usual: and must conclude that Father Time has left his scythe somewhere and forgotten where he left it. What a day we are having to-day! As Shelley remarked, recklessly disregarding his subjunctives, "If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" And as Shakespeare nearly said "Now is the winter of our discontent, made glorious summer by the sun in Kent!" But really and truly, a spring day like this does make one feel that life is worth living after all ----- and if one happens to be on the shady side of eighty, who cares? In fact the sunshine this morning inspired me to a parody of Tennyson:

What shall I be at ninety,  
As I do my daily chore,  
If I find the world so jolly,  
When I'm barely eighty-four?

Yes, you are right about the one and only Billy: what should we do without him? The Johnny in the opera asked "Che farò senza Eurydice?"----but a more pertinent question would be "Che farò senza Bunter?" May he live for ever, as his author appears to be going to do!

It must be just lovely up the river on a day like this. O for the days when one used to mess about in boats! But if we count our blessings, we find that we still have quite a lot left. I spend a lot of leisure turning popular songs into Latin rhyme, and have accumulated quite a stock, ready for a rush of publishers. The rush has not yet set in---but who knows?

I hope you are enjoying this lovely spring day as much as I am.

With kindest regards,

Always yours sincerely,

*Frank Richards*