

35, Westholm,

London, N.W. II.

May 15, 1945.

Dear Mr. Gander,

I have just received your letter of May 8. It is too bad that I sent you a Xmas in mistake for a Spring PIE. It is my deplorable eyesight that makes me do these things. I note that you have now received a Spring Pie from another quarter; however, I am sending you, herewith, the one I had put aside for you; and I hope I have got it right this time!

The Autobiography is now in the publisher's hands: but what the outcome will be, is still on the knees of the gods. I think however that it will appear as soon as the paper shortage eases, which should not be long now that Brother Hun has taken the knock. I shall hope that you are right in thinking that it will have a good sale. I am quite surprised sometimes to see how many old readers there are, who are still interested in "Frank Richards". It seems that F.R. is quite a live topic "down under" at the present moment. I have not yet received your letter referring to the controversy in the ABC. But this morning I had an airgraph from Leon Stone telling me about it, and asking me to testify to these doubting Thomases that I do exist. He had sent me a "quote" which will enable me to do so. This affair rather reminds one of Mark Twain saying, when his death was reported, that the report was "much exaggerated". The report that Frank Richards has never lived at all, is still more exaggerated! I am sending an airgraph to Australia, which will, perhaps, convince the doubters that I really do exist --- at least to the best of my knowledge and belief!

Isn't it gorgeous for the War to be over? There have been very great celebrations here; and I suppose you feel the same, at your end. The Hun seems to have collapsed even more utterly and hopelessly than last time. This time the job has been well.

"Frank Richards"

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and truly done, and the brute will never get his ears up again. I hope and believe that there is a decent Germany that may now come to the top: but that will take time--perhaps a very long time--and in the meanwhile Brother Hun requires a careful eye to be kept on him. My last visit to Germany was thirty-five years ago: but I don't think nations really change much: the average German at that time seemed to me pretty decent, especially in the south: but on some subjects their minds seem to be quite impenetrable. Obedience to orders seems to be bred in their bones, which, when some damned rascal like Hitler gets to the top, makes them a danger to the whole world. I don't think that Parliamentary institutions will ever take any real root there, for a German without somebody to give him orders feels like a lost dog. It is a big problem, which I am glad there are wiser heads than mine to solve. Anyhow the war is over, and there will be no more casualties, which is the chief thing.

Yes, I remember the series you mention, about Lochmuir, though it is a very long time since it appeared. As I have written over fifteen hundred "Magnets" I do not remember them all: but immediately one is mentioned, the whole story comes back clear in my mind.

I think I mentioned that I have an article in the SATURDAY BOOK this year, in which a sort of kaleidoscopic view of Frank Richards is given from the age of seven to seventy. I can never quite get it into my head that people like to read about me: but the editor was kind enough to tell me that my article was a "valuable acquisition", and I shall hope that he is right. But as the price of the periodical is 15/-, ---which is about four dollars in what Fisher T. Fish used to call "real money", ---I generally advise my correspondents to wait till they can get the book at the libraries. I shall never believe that it is worth four dollars to hear Frank Richards talking about himself!

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

Frank Richards

"Frank Richards".

W.H. Gander, Esq.,
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Canada.