

MR. JOHN FARRAR
16 EAST 96TH STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10028

June 22nd, 1970

Dear Rex:

It was so good to hear from Pola that you were feeling better -- every day in every way, I hope. I don't mean to press you for a quip about the crosswords, but just felt I didn't want Series 100 to go to press without you or Nero aboard. Tell me, is Nero at all sorry that he tore up his Webster III? And consigned it to the flames? Frankly, I came to scoff and have remained to praise, although I am well aware that this neither implies nor infers that it's the best dictionary ever compiled. It leaves out the Lord's Prayer^v for heaven's sake, and includes in the Denver Sandwich.

We think of you because we have been reading your books by the dozen. And they make us feel we've just spent an entertaining afternoon with you, as we used to do in the Good Old Days -- they were old, all right, and good too -- gooder (I mean better) than the days we have around now. John is not as chipper as he used to be but he still gets to the office five mornings a week. His message for you is: Is there a Nero Wolfe (via Fritz) cookbook -- and if not, why not? You make our mouths water. And you must know a publisher or two who would be interested in such an opulent opus.

I should go back to proofreading the galleys of Series 100, spread all over the bable. I repeat that we think of you, and send you and Pola and all the family many blessings and warm words of friendship that go back to the time when we were young and gay.

Love to you, dear Rex,

As ever,

Margaret F.