

CONNEMARA FARM

FLAT ROCK, N. C.

June 30, 1958

Dear Rex Stout:

When a fellow like you will take the time to write that kind of a January 10 letter to me, I feel beholden somehow. There is a lurking affection undeniably there in some of the sentences and to this I cannot be insensitive. We must have a tall glass of beer over this sometime in an old fashioned place where they have sawdust on the floor... I enjoy the fellowship of craftsmanship that goes with membership in the Author's Guild. Looking back at the last sentence I notice I have three ships afloat... Anyhow your letter haunts me a little and one of these days I hope to get to a piece for the Authors Guild Bulletin.

Your well-willer

Carl Sandburg