Bill Webster, a direct descendant of Noah Webster, died on September 24, 2001. In his last letter to the editor, written only three days earlier, he noted “I expect to improve on this, when I get a broader word base. Seems know won nose of a compleat list... Have well over 200, and adding continuously.”

Fill was two meat Surely at sics. Their was know weight. She war read open-towed shoos, blew hoes. Quite uh site!

All ready overwait, she eight stake, bred, benes, bury pi. He had fische, beats.

They went out sighed for sum knight heir, and uh bus. His arms reeched al most a round her waste.

He had a sell phone but did knot ewes it.

"Sew what’s gnu?"

“Herd from Ant Sera. She rote, Hairy went aweigh oversees, butt dyed in Grease. Aisle morn. He’d bin thru the Check Republic, to. Went buy plain.

Wain had the wurst reign storm.

Deer Mell mite merry sis Marryin’.

Franc has uh hoarse—grate gate.

Jo might cum too sea mi. He’s in the quire.”

Bye eaves end, Surely had her Phil.