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Letter, Sinclair Lewis to Edwin Lewis [March 26, 1924]

Sinclair Lewis

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58 Elm Park Gardens,
London,
March 26.

892

1924

Dear Dad:

I got back to London yesterday, a little tired after three days of traveling from Seville, but fundamentally rested. Grace dropped off at Biarritz for five or six days, after which she will join me here --- I would have stayed with her, but I had to get back to work. It makes a nice break in the journey for her, as Biarritz, at the foot of the Pyrenees, is just about half way between Madrid and Paris, so that she can go up one day, have a good sleep in Paris that night, and skip over to London in only eight hours the next day.

I think I wrote you just after we got to Seville. We stayed there ~~minum~~ about nine days. There was a good deal of rain, but that wasn't entirely a bad thing for us because it led us to sleep about ten or eleven hours a day. Seville is a charming place, with a glorious cathedral --- huge soaring arches inside, and outside the famous Giralda, a tower first used by the Moors --- and with the famous Alcazar, a royal palace all in Moorish style, with amazing delicately interwoven Moorish decorations. Then there were several interesting churches, with some famous Murillos, a lot of narrow winding streets just about wide enough for the donkeys which, in wicker panniers, carry milk, fruit, eggs, vegetables, a street --- Calle de Sierpes or Street of the Snakes --- in which no traffic is allowed and along which, in and out of clubs and cafes, night and day the men ~~romantic~~ wander in a comfortable lazy way, a dancing school in which girls are trained to do real Spanish dances for the stage, a Kuursaal in which rather aged and port-bellied ladies bounce about in what they consider dancing, and, always interesting, the shipping --- ships of about 2000 tons, freighters, mostly Spanish, come 50 miles up the Guadalquivir from the sea.

I called on the American consul, a very nice chap named Burdett, from Tennessee. He was a mining engineer, got badly shot up in the war, and went into the consular service. He made us very welcome, and the whole American ~~colon~~ colony in Seville --- which contains about eight persons! --- turned out to receive us and gave us teas and dinners and told us about Spain. There is in Seville a library of original documents dealing with the Spanish colonizations in America; there you can see documents signed by Magellan and Cortez; and there work several American women who are getting their degrees in Mexican or Central American history.

But the nicest person to whom the consul introduced us was Dr. Dalebrook, an Englishman who has been practising medicine in Spain for over 25 years --- he's about sixty. A great reader, a man with a ~~n~~ sense of humor, a beautiful companion. He lunched and dined with us, and one evening we motored out to the little village of Dos Hermanas and dined there in a little inn, with an amazingly good soup and a shrimp omelet, and cheese and quince jelly to finish off.

We had a fine hotel, excellent food, and in general, despite the primitive character of some parts of Spain, as much comfort and cleanliness as one could find anywhere in the world.

(in June)

The Canadian wilds trip seems to be quite definitely decided on for both Claude and me. I may not be able to be with you for more than three days or so before we leave for Saskatchewan, because the trip starts unexpectedly early --- we'll have to be in Prince Albert on June 7 or 8 --- and I shan't

be able to come home, with the book done, till about the end of May. But if this proves to be the case, I'll make up for it by a longer stay with you in August, after the trip, and then we can have a lot of good motoring. Thank Heaven, I have no lecture engagements ahead to bother me this year!

Love,

h

Harrys last. You do not
need to return it.

Miserable weather
Compared to March

Dad.