

Sinclair Lewis  
300 Central Park West  
New York City

May 27.

Darling Joan.

I'm back, a little dizzy from so much whirling thru the air, like a gentleman who has inadvertently stepped out of an aeroplane, but happy to have my view of distant bright skyscrapers again, + more happy (yes, I think this will be a long sentence) in, despite the [clamminess] I found in all the (Addisonlewis?) + (Jefawilsons?), having discovered you --- and Winona.

I think probably you'll be happier to get here in June, not August. I think that for you mpls is finished. Come on!

Love,  
Red