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Dear Joan:

No, you're wrong; I did think of you. I haven't been writing to you because after the novel and few short things following, I was (and still am) sick of all writing, of sitting before typewriters. And I've been deplorably busy getting this big house in order. But it's all done now; everything as shiny as befits a fussy old maid like me; the view of lake and hills gets better and better as the blizzards begin to let up, often for more than an hour at a time, and I have time to pick up a book, look fondly at it, and meditate that some day when I get the energy, I may read some of it. I have managed to explore on other people's gasoline in between crises of deciding about the mauve pillows and the wine cellay (one pint of Bourbon and one quart of Delaware sherry) and I know now all that is to be known about Chippewas. I defy your Oberkirch champion. I shall meet her whenever you say..... And I am beginning to think about a novel which, thank God, I shall not start till about next January.

Ever  
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