

Sinclair Lewis
Stockbridge, Mass.

July 19, 1937

Dear Virginia:

If you have a job in Minneapolis I do think it would be extremely foolish (since you do me the honor of asking my advice!) to try to find something in Boston. The town is at least as jammed as New York with all the ambitious girls from New England, to say nothing of the fact that there are several women's colleges in Boston which yearly pour out a flock or applicants for jobs in the city.

You sound as though you were pretty comfortable in Minneapolis and I would stick to it there, particularly as you have just started the new job only the first of April.

And then, if John Martin is really going to work hard at the Harvard Business School, however lonely he may be, perhaps it may be just as well for him not to have you around to play with. But this is none of my business and I say it only because you asked me.

Perhaps I shall see you in Minneapolis some time this winter. I shall be lecturing and only just now in my agent, William B. Feakins, arranging my tour.

This is a little cottage which I have taken to be off by myself while I am writing a novel. I run between here and Vermont.

-2-

Dorothy had a slight operation and is now at the Roosevelt Hospital in New York City, but she will be out about the time you receive this letter. I went down to be with her while she was there but it was so hot that we didn't do anything more important than cross-word puzzles.

Isabel was mistaken—I wasn't feeling ill. It was just that I fell and had a slight fracture of a rib which was all right in a couple of weeks. It was just a matter of having to be quiet for a few days.

My love to all your family.

Ever,
Sinclair Lewis