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Letter, Sinclair Lewis to Joan McQuary [June 7, 1943]

Sinclair Lewis

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SINCLAIR LEWIS 300 CENTRAL PARK WEST NEW YORK CITY

Monday, June 7

now by God when Delta Phi Lambda can produce writers like Monica Krawczyk and Marchete Chute, it is now for you and me to make snoots at it, can you write like a Krawczky, can you ratiocinate like a Chute, you cannot

today some freedom of vacation seems really to dawn. I have finished up, this morning, some changes I had to make in the novelette for Good Housekeeping — it's called "All for the Children" and will appear before long, and the reading of seven different damn novels for the Readers Club and unless before night I am drafted or sign a contract to play Romeo or to teach mechanical drawing in the University of South West Virginia, I am a free man for a couple months. I shall celebrate it by starting the first of my somewhat vague trips up into New England day after tomorrow; trot up to Vermont, but not to be gone for more than ten days, then here...awaiting a letter from you.

it has been hot as hell here, and Joseph has finally been drafted, but your letter of June 3 is unusually darling and God is good and your inamorata, Dr. Anna, still has never even acknowledged getting a Gideon, maybe she didn't.

yes, final exams are sadistic and idiotic -- as though just when he completes his four-years term, a President shd be compelled to pass an examination including the questions:

Was that girl you met with the Minister from Belgium three years ago really his niece? Give your reasons.

Whom did you appoint postmaster at Eagle Grove, Minnesota, two years ago, and give his wife's middle name.

What are your theories of politics now?

Off to green hills. What a silly thing writing is -- to create a person and then make him unhappy! No more of it. I shall change my name of Robert Rabbit Warren and teach and ----

Of course you will come to NY before August!

love