



## Collection Information:

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1001 James Avenue, South,  
Minneapolis, Minnesota.  
February 24, 1919.

*file*

George H. Lorimer, Esq.,  
The Saturday Evening Post,  
Philadelphia.

Dear Mr. Lorimer:

I never got your letter of the eighteenth, saying that you would be at home, till I landed back here in Minneapolis. I had a lot of fun with my play.

The enclosed, just-finished tale is less than half the length of the stories I usually send you, but I hope that it may prove to be mildly amusing, and possibly a little out of the usual in plot.

As it is so short, I should not expect for it, if you proved to like it, more than a fraction of the price you have been paying me.

I hope VanLoan is all right now. Lord he's had hard luck!

Sincerely yours,

*Sinclair Lewis*

February 28th, 1919.

Dear Mr. Lewis:

The short story which you enclosed with your letter of the 24th is slight, but amusing and we shall be glad to keep it and to pay \$500.00 for it.

Van Loan is still ~~very~~ sick man. We gave him up two days ago, but since then he has had a turn for the better and we are rather hopeful about him today.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis.

L-J

March 6, 1919

Dear Mr. Lewis:

We note your request in regard  
to the book and dramatic rights of "Tree Air"  
and will send the assignment to you as soon as  
the story appears.

Yours very truly,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis  
N-7

Minneapolis  
Monday

Dear Mr. Lammie:

I'm so damn shocked by news in morning paper of Charley Van Loan's death. Actually, I've never seen him save 3 brief times in L.A. yet I seemed to know him so well. Why couldn't it have been some of the fools & rascals in the writing game, instead of Charley? Your letter about "Cat of the Stars" has just come. I think \$500 is more than generous.

In a week or less I'll send over story. "The Watcher across the Road."

My wife & I are writing Mrs. Van Loan but if there were only something one could do besides just write!

Sincerely  
Sinclair Lewis

*Yule*

1801 James Avenue, South,  
Minneapolis, Minn.  
March 10, 1919.

*mm*

Dear Mr. Lorimer:  
A story!

Sincerely yours,

*Sinclair Lewis*

George H. Lorimer, Esq.,  
The Saturday Evening Post,  
Philadelphia.

March 14th, 1919.

Dear Mr. Lewis:

Accepted.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis.

L-J

March 17th, 1919.

Dear Mr. Lewis:

There really ought to  
be some good fiction material in this  
Non-Partisan League movement.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis.  
L-J

1801 James Avenue, South,  
Minneapolis, Minn.,  
February 28.

The Editors,  
The Saturday Evening Post,  
Philadelphia.

Gentlemen:

As I am selling book-rights on my serial  
"Free Air," recently taken by the Post, may I ask  
you to be so good, at your leisure, as to let me  
have return of rights on that work?

book +  
dramatic

Sincerely yours,

Swiclar Lewis

April 17, 1919

Dear Mr. Lewis:

Your serial has now been  
definitely scheduled to start in the issue  
of the Post for May 31st. The reassignments  
will be sent you as soon as the last instal-  
ment is out.

Sincerely yours.

Mr. Sinclair Lewis  
N-W

1801 James Avenue, South,  
Minneapolis, Minnesota.  
March 11, 1919.

*Yours*

George H. Lorimer, Esq.,  
The Saturday Evening Post,  
Philadelphia.

Dear Mr. Lorimer:

Thank you for sending me Connolly's  
letter, which I herewith return for your files.

I have thought of the Non-Partisan League as a possible topic for fiction, but it seems to me still too controversial and too unsettled. The League is still so new that there is no telling what it may do.

I think that about May 1st I shall go up to a Minnesota town called Fergus Falls, for the summer. It is in reach of Dakota plains on one side, of Northern Minnesota big-woods and pines and Indian reservations and iron ranges on the other. I hope to get some good fiction out of it, and possibly a Non-Partisan story might come out of it.

I am now adding to the "Free Air" ms. for book-form. After that, I hope the gods will cause me to do a hell of a good Post story.

Sincerely yours,

*Sinclair Lewis*

1801 James Avenue, South,  
Minneapolis.  
April 22.

Dear Miss Neall:

Thank you for your letter. There is no hurry at all about the reassignment on *Free Air*. As a matter of fact I may postpone its book publication till next spring, because I want to add a good deal to it for book form. Consequently I hope no one will take any special bother to rush the reassignment.

Sincerely yours,

Sinclair Lewis

May 14, 1919

Dear Mr. Lewis :

How about a short story? I have been back in the office only a short time but looking over the list it strikes me that The Post has heard from you very seldom of late.

Yours sincerely,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis

W-L

Address till June 1:  
The Maryland,  
Grant and Vine Place,  
Minneapolis, Minn.

May 16, 1919.

*Wm  
Hunt*

George H. Lorimer, Esq.,  
The Saturday Evening Post,  
Philadelphia.

*Wm*

Dear Mr. Lorimer:

Here is a story, THE ENCHANTED HOUR.

June 1st we go down to the country, and from then till September I may be viewed in a flannel shirt washing the car and ardently discussing whether the Dundas road is better than the Watertown pike or not.

Sincerely yours,

*Sinclair Lewis*

May 20, 1919

Dear Mr. Lewis :

The Enchanted Hour is accepted for The Post. Thank you for a good one. A check will be forwarded by our treasurer.

Hope you enjoy your flannel shirt vacation. And try us again soon please.

Yours sincerely,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis

W-L

June 2nd, 1919.

Dear Lewis:

I hope when you reached Minneapolis you didn't jump to the conclusion that your wife had gone with a handsomer man - that would be too easy.

We were all delighted to meet you on Friday and hope that the Pennsylvania germ planted in your system will increase and multiply during the summer.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis.

L

*File*

315 South Broad Street,  
Mankato, Minnesota.

June ~~May~~ 4, 1919.

George H. Lorimer, Esq.,  
Saturday Evening Post,  
Philadelphia.

Dear Mr. Lorimer:

A day and a half after I left Wyncote I was plowing through scores of miles of black-mud roads, oozy with several days of rain, driving much family and luggage down here from Minneapolis; but now I'm settled and ready for work on the new novel, Main Street.

It may possibly be because my head is so full of that, but anyway, I couldn't, in all my thinking about it on the train and since, seem to formulate any good stories about the maid business -- eight hour day and so on -- and, as I promised, I'm hastening to let you know that fact, so that you won't be held up in giving it to some one else. I wonder if Wallace Irwin wouldn't do it well; he's done such darn good satire of late. Hang it, I can't seem to make the story come with any of the zest that satire ought to have -- though I do have a million ideas for Main Street, and shall be actually writing it tomorrow (in my office in the Kruse store, you remember, not Kruse Bros, Klassy Kollege Klothes, but Fred Kruse's -- the building with a real elevator).

Please thank Mrs. Lorimer for her hospitality. I must say that your peonies and Dutch colonial houses make this land of wheat and red barns seem rather pioneerish by contrast, but I do love it, and hope to get a good yarn out of it.

Sincerely yours,

*Sinclair Lewis*

315 South Broad Street,  
Mankato, Minn.  
June 6.

Dear Mr. Lorimer:

Thank you for forwarding the telegram. As a matter of fact it proved that my wife was waiting for me in Minneapolis, despite the casual air of her telegram; and after fifty miles of Free Air mud on second, she admitted that the plain and humble but vryyle male had his uses in the cosmos.

I remember the country round Philadelphia as a dream and when you want a thrifty tenant -----  
Say! Can a typewriter be attached to a tractor?

Sincerely yours,

Sinclair Lewis

June 6th, 1919.

My dear Lewis:

Will you write Mr. Davis  
a soothing letter based on your personal  
experience? I know nothing, from experi-  
ence, of the Minnesota roads.

I should like to have  
Mr. Davis' letter back.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis.

L

315 South Broad Street,  
Mankato, Minnesota.  
June 10, 1919.

*copy*

Harry G. Davis, Esq.,  
The Minnesota Highway Improvement Association.

Dear Mr. Davis:

Mr. Lorimer, of the Saturday Evening Post, has sent me your letter about my serial "Free Air," and asked me to answer for him, since he knows little, from experience, of Minnesota roads.

First of all please understand that I am a Minnesotan, by birth and present residence; and that I want tourists to come here, quite as much for their own sake as for Minnesota's sake. And it is my hope -- and belief -- that Free Air is much more likely to bring them here than to turn them away. Please note the descriptions of scenery -- particularly that at the beginning of instalment two. And note that I do not, as you say to Mr. Lorimer, say that the roads are impassable; simply that there is mud after rains -- which there is. The fact that Claire finds mud will have far less effect on tourists than the descriptions of the glory of the prairies.

Second, I believe that just because we are campaigning for the better roads amendment, it helps rather than hinders to call attention to the fact that our roads are not perfect. If they are perfect, why spend \$100,000,000 on them? Why spend it if they're anywhere near perfect? And you know and I know that there's a whole lot of ~~mud~~ opposition to the amendments among the farmers.

Third, as to whether they are especially good, I need not talk to you -- you live here. But let me say that I have driven from one end of the state to the other, and do know the roads. The hole which I describe as the one in which Claire was stuck is the actual hole in which I was stuck, with my wife, and the cashier of the First National Bank of ~~Minneapolis~~ Sauk Centre. This hole was near Freeport, and we were stuck in it for four hours, in 1916 -- which is the exact date of Claire's being stuck there, as I point out in the story (I say that it's the year before America entered the war). It is true that the whole road from Minneapolis to Sauk Centre is better now, but just two weeks ago I drove over it, and I noticed that that same hole had been pretty bad this spring, also that the whole road is rough. Also beyond Sauk Centre it gets bad. Also it is badly marked -- it's extremely easy to get off it at Avon, St. Joseph and just beyond Sauk Centre.

About other roads I've noticed recently. The semi-main highway from Taylor's Falls to St. Cloud is rotten in any weather. The road from Minneapolis here to Mankato (I drove it one week ago) is almost impassable after rains, whether you go by way of Shakopee -- which the T.I.B. book gives as a main highway -- or by way of Faribault. Between Faribault and here a friend of mine recently was stuck three times and had to be hauled out. Then take the ~~road~~ Jefferson Highway just south of St. Paul -- just after you get off the ~~highway~~ pavement. Very bad.