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File

411 North Church Street,
West Chester, Pa.,
September 9.

Dear Mr. Lorimer: Here's the check for a set of the Van Loan books
for Hergesheimer.

Sincerely,

Sinclair Lewis

September 10th, 1919.

My dear Lewis:

Mail, again. And
thanks to the Hergesheimer family.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis.

L-j

Full

411 North Church Street,
West Chester, Pa.,
September 10, 1919.

Dear Mr. Lorimer:

This has been a grand day.

First I wrote to Karl Harriman that he needn't expect that three-part story from me.

Then I started writing a short story for the Post.

A grand day -- foggy but salubrious.

Please ask your secretary to send me a couple VanLoan circulars to use in the drive.

Sincerely yours,

Sinclair Lewis

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

September 11th, 1919.

My dear Lewis:

God bless the West Chester
climate. It seems to be having a good
affect on you.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis.

L-j

1814 Sixteenth Street, N.W.,
Washington, D.C.,
September 30, 1919.

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

Dear Mr. Lorimer:

Here is another check for the VanLoan Memorial Edition.* I guess I'd better send any others that I may get straight in to Doran, and not bother you with them.

As you may cunningly deduce from the above heading, I am not in West Chester. I found the town was too darn secluded. I was going to sleep there. We came down here, and finally found a small house which we have taken till next June. We're happy to be here. I am not politely lying but a plain-faced and honest young man when I say that our only regret in leaving West Chester -- a regret which we have often mentioned -- is that if you finally did drive to West Chester to call on Hergesheimer, then we missed you.

I am just finishing a short story which I shall send you in a few days, and for work immediately after that, I have another short story, a series of two articles, and a real serial, all of which I hope you may like.

I wonder if you'll ever come to Washington, and if you do, if we won't have the chance to give you a steak? I like this town. And of the new people I've met, the ones I like best are a militant suffragette who has been to jail, and a major general who has been to France!

Sincerely yours,

Sinclair Lewis

* Name + address
pinned to it.

Wyncote, October 1st, 1919.

Dear Mr. Lewis:

I am writing this at home where the doctor has penned me up for a few days owing to a cold that is moderately grippy. Putting your letter to Mrs. Lorimer and this one together, I infer that there is something about the West Chester atmosphere that isn't "just quite."

The sentence about the work that you are projecting is very cherring to a sick man who is hog for that kind of good news.

I never go to Washington under any circumstances, but I'll run down there this winter for the steak.

The check is gratefully received. What a book agent you would have made if your lot had not fallen in lowlier lines.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis.

October 2, 1919

Dear Mr. Lewis:

What firm is bringing "Free Air"
out in book form and will the book be out on
the market as soon as the two final instalments
have appeared in the Post? One of our readers
has asked me for this information.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis

N/W

1814 Sixteenth Street. N.W.
Washington, D.C.,
October 3, 1919.

Dear Mr. Lorimer:

I hope you're beating the grippe good and plenty. It's hard for me to imagine you penned up by anything.

Tomorrow I shall send you a love story, of which I'm now making the final draft. The purpose of this letter is to query about the thing I want to do next -- I'm planning to start it on Monday, so I'd like, if possible, to hear from you about it.

Unless you call me off, I want to do next a series of two or three -- can't tell till I do them how long they'll come out -- humorous articles giving my own experiences in Free Air trips. I don't want to overdo the Free Air, motor-touring idea, and I note that Brother Blythe has paid his respects to it, but I think these articles of mine would be quite different from the story, and equally interesting to motorists. And in one of them I want to pay my respects to the garages, etc., who are not courteous to the passing stranger -- not namin' no names, but suggesting thoughts for garagemen and restaurantmen who want to succeed.

I've made one trip from Minnesota to San Francisco ~~in~~ via Seattle, four trips between New York and Minnesota, and several of seven or eight hundred miles, to draw from.

If this gets to you past the eagle eyes of the office, Smith, the maids, Mrs. Lorimer, the doctor, and Admiral Grayson, I wish you'd let me know -- and from your own experience, you might possibly have one or two points of the game you would like to suggest my taking up.

Meekly,

Sinclair Lewis

George Horace Lorimer, Esq.,
The Saturday Evening Post.

file

1814 Sixteenth Street, N.W.,
Washington, D.C.,
October 4, 1919.

[Handwritten flourish]

Dear Mr. Lorimer:

And here's the story.

I hope you will rejoice with me in an honor just conferred on me -- i.e., I have been asked for some stories by The Modern Priscilla. I haven't yet been solicited by Home Needlework, but I am expecting that recognition any day now.

Sincerely yours,

Sinclair Lewis

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

Walt

1814 Sixteenth Street, N.W.,
Washington, D.C.,
October 16, 1919.

My dear Lorimer:

You make it so hard for other editors. How do you expect Ray Long or Karl Harriman or this new editor of Collier's, rapidly crawling crabwise on your trail, to catch up when you've invariably grinned and left that trail six months before?

Here you go and give me the extremely appreciated raise on Bronze Bars; and then Danger - Run Slow comes out so beautifully played up. Somehow I'm afraid I shall have difficulty in playing much in the yards of Karl Harriman, Everybody's, and all the other amiable children. Karl has one story of mine yet to publish -- the same being one which you rejected many months ago -- and after it, I can't see where he's going to publish any large amount of my improving and instructive tales.

The series of motor articles is going swimmingly. For a while I really thought they were going to be humorous -- my wife actually was heard to laugh at a phrase in one of them. But she afterwards explained that she was laughing at a typewriter slip which (Y being next to T on the keyboard) turned out the name of a well-known family journal as The Saturday Evening Posy.

Sincerely yours,

Sinclair Lewis

George Horace Lorimer, Esq.,
The Saturday Evening Post,
Philadelphia, Pa.

October 17th, 1919.

My dear Lewis:

Thinking over all the troubles that I have had in my twenty-one years as an editor, I don't begrudge a few to my fellow-editors. I don't feel that we should hog everything in sight, so leave them have their share of the trouble.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis.

1814 Sixteenth Street, N.W.,
Washington, D.C.,
October 21, 1919.

Dear Miss Neall:

Your letter of October 2, after pursuing me through Minneapolis and Mankato, Minnesota, has just reached me, at the above address, which I shall have till next June.

Thank you very much for taking the trouble to find out about the book-form of Free Air (which will include Danger - Run Slow). It will be published some time this week, by Harcourt, ~~Mc~~ Brace and Howe, of One West 47th Street, New York City, and should, if the several hundred strikes don't prevent, be in the book stores some time next week.

price
#1.75

I hope this is the information your inquirer wants, and I'm awfully sorry to be so late in giving it.

Sincerely yours,

Sinclair Lewis

Miss Adelaide Neall,
The Saturday Evening Post,
Philadelphia.

1814 Sixteenth Street, N.W.,
Washington, D.C.,
October 25, 1919.

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

Dear Mr. Lorimer:

Here is the series on motor touring. Though I have cut them considerably from the first draft, they have come out as three articles of about 12,000, 9,000, and 8,000 words.

I have taken up so many facets of the motor game that it may be desirable to cut out a section here and there. If so, I hope you may care to have Mr. Bigelow wield that able blue pencil of his. In any case, where there is any criticism of towns or persons, I have concealed their location.

What I have tried to do in this is to interest and amuse every motorist who has ever taken as much as a day's drive out into new country.

My guess is that in your own touring you will have found less discourtesy than I have. That is not only because you are better at putting the fear of God into people than I am, but also because you roll in with a Pierce-Arrow and a chauffeur, while I creak in driving my own Hup.

I'm enclosing some pictures taken on my own trips which may or may not be of value. If the articles (if you take 'em!) should be illustrated with Underwood and Underwood pictures, one or two of mine might be available. Or if you should have them illustrated as Tony Sarg is illustrating Cobb, my pictures might give the artist some ideas. I have captioned them all.

Now I'm going to quit writing about these-here motor cars entirely. Done enough of it. I want next, starting in three or four days, to do a plot story that may be exciting and that I hope may interest you.

Thank you very much for wiring me about H.W. VanLoon.

I hope your grippe is all over, and that the damned coal-strike won't too much inconvenience you or the Post.

Sincerely yours,

Sinclair Lewis

72

Proof room,
Saturday Evening Post.

Please note that my address is
1814 Sixteenth St., N.W.,
Washington, D.C.,
and NOT 814 Sixteenth, etc., as on last proofs.

Sincerely,

Sinclair Lewis

Miss Wood
Miss Jones

October 29th, 1919.

My dear Lewis:

Thanks for the copy of
Free Air. If I told you what our readers
were writing in about the sequel, it might
cost me money.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis.
L-J

October 30th, 1919.

Dear Mr. Lewis:

As I have just wired you, the articles got here and got over. I like everything about them except your legs. Miss Jones and I have decided that they are far from beautiful.

There is just as much, if not more, discourtesy shown to a Pierce-Arrow as to a flivver, because a good many honest, God-fearing garage-keepers think that anyone who owns a Pierce-Arrow is a profiteer, and that they must, in their manner, show their contempt for him and his practices.

You may write 'em fast, but we can print 'em faster.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis.

J.

1814 Sixteenth Street, N.W.,
Washington, Nov. 3.

Dear Mr. Lorimer:

As the Curtis Publishing Co. and the Post are not mentioned in the enclosed, they may not come to you, so I forward them.

Exhibit 1, which I haven't got and hence don't send, was a story by Small to the effect that the President et al. had received through the mail a scurrilous pamphlet from Germany. *in Wash'n Post*

Exhibit 2, enclosed, seems to me in the marked paragraph of the letter from Burleson, to contain what the law would regard as a libel on the Curtis Publishing Co. If the company chanced to care to sue him, much joy would be had by all beholders.

Exhibit 3 is today's follow-up story on the pamphlet, and a letter from Small answering Burleson. I was charmed when I discovered that Scheffauer, whom I once met and thought an excellent chap, was the author of the pamphlet.

Please don't trouble to answer this letter. It's merely my contribution as a lover of Brer Burleson.

Sincerely yours,

Swidan Lewis

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

File

1814 Sixteenth Street, N.W.,
Washington, D.C.
November 3, 1919.

The Proof Room,
Saturday Evening Post.

Gentlemen:

The enclosed proofs were sent to me at my old address, in Minneapolis. Please put the address above in your address-book, as I shall have it till next June.

I just got the proofs this morning, and have hastened to read them. I very much hope that they are not too late.

Sincerely yours,

Sinclair Lewis

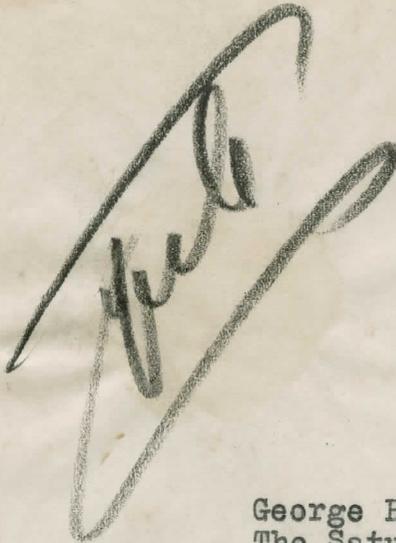
November 5th, 1919.

Dear Mr. Lewis:

Thanks for letting
me see the exhibits. The gentleman is
always making both exhibits and exhibi-
tions.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis.
J.



1814 Sixteenth Street, N. W.,
Washington, D.C.,
November 14, 1919.



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

Dear Mr. Lorimer:

A story! In order to be sure that the
deportation stuff was correct, I went over it with Cam-
inetti, the commissioner general of immigration. Much
regards.

Sincerely yours,

Sinclair Lewis

November 17th, 1919.

Dear Mr. Lewis:

The deportation story is fine, and a check for it will be returned by the Treasurer tomorrow.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis.
J.

1814 Sixteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C.,
November 15.

The Proof Room,
The Saturday Evening Post,

Gentlemen:

The fact that I have received the enclosed, the third of a series of articles, without getting proof on the first two articles, makes me wonder if they can have been sent to a wrong address. Anyway, they haven't arrived, and I think it best to let you know. Of course I understand perfectly that they may not have been sent out at all, because of lack of time in making up; but if they have been sent, and you want me to proofread 'em, please send me duplicates.

still

Sincerely yours,

Sinclair Lewis

November 19th, 1919

Dear Mr. Lewis:

You are quite right, the
revises of your first and second articles
never were sent to you because the stories
were ~~revised~~ as quickly as they were set
up.

Thank you for getting the third
back to us do promptly.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis

N/W

1814 Sixteenth Street, N.W.,
Washington, D.C.,
December 2, 1919.

W.L.

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

Dear Mr. Lorimer:

I hope you won't think I've turned lazy if there aren't any MSS coming in from me this next six weeks or so.

I want to finish up now the long novel of Minnesota small-town life regarding which I talked to you last May. I am not at all sure you will like it as a serial, because of the amount of description rather than dramatic detail. But even if it does not prove serializable, I think I'd better get it off my chest, because the damn thing has been bothering me for three years.

Twice now I've started it, and I keep thinking of it. Once it's done, there'll be nothing to interfere with the dozens of short stories and the one serial which I have definitely planned, and which, I think, you may like.

I'm going ahead with the novel in what seems to be the natural way to do it, and when it's done, before I do anything with it for book-form, I'm going to see if by cutting, etc., it makes a serial worth bothering you with.

I've also got to take a week or so off this month because my father is coming East. I want to drive him from here to his old home, near Harrisburg, and if the weather permits, we may return by way of Philadelphia. If so, I hope I may be able to get hold of you for a lunch with him. I'll phone or wire ahead if we come that way.

I'm writing this Bookman Chitchat Colyum on my activities not because I have the delusion that without my sparks of genius the Post couldn't possibly stagger along, but because I know you ride herd on these lazy scuts of writers.

Karl Harriman and Everybody's seem to have faded totally. The American Magazine has been lustily after me but (except for a short personal thing, to go with a portrait of my startlingly handsome face, which I took a day off to do, on the chance that the publicity may be worth something) I have declined to do anything for them. What's the use?

Hoping that I am going to see you for a lunch-hour some time this month, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Sinclair Lewis

December 3rd, 1919.

Dear Mr. Lewis:

You've been pretty well
for an amateur since you went to Washing-
ton, but we are still a lot of stuff.

Wire me a day in advance of
your turning up and we'll get together for
luncheon.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis.

J.

file

Washington,
December 26.

Dear Mr. Lorimer:

We were delighted by your Christmas-
eve telegram wishing us good luck for the New Year.

I've been working like the devil on the long novel,
but it will still take me some time to finish. Then
for some Post stories!

Apparently, I'm not going to make the trip up into
Pennsylvania with my father, so I shan't have the pleas-
ure of trying to get hold of you for lunch, some time
this month.

Isn't the dear old Cosmopolitan a bear! They've been
after me, and the chief argument they offered was that,
contributing to the Cosmo, I would "be in such good
company"! Verne Hardin Porter is doing the angling,
not Ray Long.....I don't like good company, Cosmo
style. I prefer low-lives like Lorimer, Hergesheimer,
Cobb, Hershel Hall, and the rest.

Is this idea worth a hang? (It's not a thing that I
could do.) Wouldn't an extremely complete article on
making out 1920 income tax returns, a How To article,
with all the latest twists, written or vouched for
by a Federal authority, be of great value and interest
to Post readers? Doubtless this comes to late, however
-- and doubtless you've already thought it over.

A bully New Year to all of you!

Sincerely yours,

Swickard

Lewis

1814-16th St N.W.

December 31st, 1919.

My dear Lewis:

And what, may I politely inquire, is the destination of the long novel, though, as Nina Putnam would say, not wishing, Gawd knows, to seem prying.

I don't know Porter, but I had two or three letters from him about a year ago, reproving me for my rotten editing and telling me that the Post was going plumb to. Incidentally, he pointed out the road to salvation - himself as my assistant and understudy.

It's too late now for us to handle the Income Tax idea, as the boys start making out their returns tomorrow and we couldn't present such an article until well on in March.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis.

1614 Sixteenth Street, N.W.,
Washington, D.C.
January 3, 1920.

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

My dear Lorimer:

And what, says you, is the destination of the long novel? The primary destination is book-form. It's a thing that has been bothering me, and planning itself, these four years, and I have to get it off my chest.

I wrote, ^{you} at first, ^{that} I wasn't sure at all that it would be serializable. It's too long, too plotless, and too critical -- it's about life in middlewestern small towns, and it's rather impolite. And the farther I go with it, the surer I am that it will not be serializable. I'm not even sure that I shall send it to you.

But one thing is certain and positive -- I am not planning it for any other magazine; if I decide not to send it to you, I shall not send it to any other magazine, either.

My father and mother have now gone, after a two weeks stay (we did not get up into Pennsylvania, after all), and I'm back at work, getting the thing out as fast as I can, so that I can get at a lot of short stories and things I have planned for the Post. Which is, despite them cruel words V.H.Porter said to you, the only magazine existent.

Ray Long is still using himself as Hearst's heavy artillery. Mr. Porter having failed to convince me, somehow, that writing for the Cosmopolitan was much fun, Ray himself send me a sweet note letting me know that, though they didn't think I was any hell of a writer, they'd be willing to help a bright young fellow along. Gee, it's wonderful the neighborly help one gets -- after Lorimer has flashed one up. Ain't it encouraging to optimism to think how easily these editors find the bright young fellows -- in the pages of the Post!

Sincerely yours,

Sinclair Lewis

January 5, 1920

My dear Lewis:

I am afraid you are in danger of getting into your old bad habits of publishing books without serialization. I hesitate to tell you how many thousands of dollars this vice has cost you.

Yours sincerely,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis

L/M

1814 Sixteenth Street, N.W.,
Washington, D.C.,
February 2, 1920.

York

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

Dear Lorimer:

Working like the devil on the novel, but
it keeps going on forever.

The Dominion Trail Association of Canada is planning
its first annual Canadian-American ^{motor} tour from Winnipeg
to the Canadian Rockies -- to Banff -- for next June,
and they are eager to have me go along. I suspect,
tho they have delicately not mentioned it, that they
could stand up under the shock of having me write a
piece about it for the Post. It ought to be a good
subject -- this first formal opening of a trail thru
Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta -- and equally interest-
ing to motorists and Canadians generally.

in the U.S. and to

If I should make the trip and write a good piece about
it, do you think you might be interested? I'm asking
now to see if I can decide whether to take 'em up or
not.

Sincerely yours,

Sinclair Lewis

February 4th, 1920.

My dear Lewis:

That sounds like a nice party, but it cannot be - at least not for the Post. - I have a rule here that we will not use articles that grow out of personally conducted trips by corporations, railroads, cities, associations or governments, even though we might use an article on the subject if we planned it and financed the trip. Please turn your eyes towards something as intriguing, as we novelists spy, but less press-agenty.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis.
L.