December 19, 1930

My dear Mr. Sturgis:

I regret that I have so long neglected your interesting letter of October sixth. It was good of you to take the trouble to tell me that you liked "All in the Day's Work" and that your day's work runs parallel to mine though our fields are so different.

I have a feeling that the work of a good architect is more severe, requires a more thorough preparation, closer application, than that of a writer. You can get away with more things in writing, I am afraid, than you can in architecture.

And how interesting that you are making a success of farming. I once had a notion that I might do something myself with farming, but circumstances were a little too much for me. My little piece of land turned out to be a summer sanitarium where keeping people in health instead of raising things from the land became the main object. I am playing with the idea now that I shall soon pull up roots here in New York and transfer myself to the country where I have never been able to stay more than ten days or two weeks at a time. Once there, even though I am pretty shaky on my feet just at the moment, I have an idea I will do something with my little piece of land, doing something that would be good for me and my interests. However, that is all for the future.

This is simply to tell you that I did appreciate your letter in spite of my long absence, and that I wish you and your New Hampshire farm the happiest of holidays.

Very sincerely yours

Mr. R. Clipston Sturgis
The Martine Cottage
Portsmouth, N. H.

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