

arate cover a verse-brochure published in collaboration with two friends of mine; the three of us are directors of the Cambridge Poetry Forum here. The booklet, because of the purpose indicated in the title, contains none of my Kansas verse; this is just as well, though my Kansas is the Kansas of listers, windmills, barbed-wire, bankrupt farmers, silos, wheat-fires, threshing-machines, harvest-hands, alternate drought and flood--in short quite contemporary and agricultural--instead of your Kansas of Cheyennes, buffalo-grass, freighter's wagons, scouts, and the rest of the Santa Fe trail atmosphere--though the place where I was born and reared is only a few miles from that trail, in the same country with *the site* what is supposed to ^{have been} ~~be~~ the kingdom of Quivira, and in the region where some of the Texas cattle-trails terminated, to say nothing of being on the direct line of Vachel Lindsay's route!

Very truly yours,

Kenneth W. Porter