



WHERE EAST MEETS WEST

Lora-Locke —HOTEL—

LORA-LOCKE HOTEL COMPANY, OPERATORS

DODGE CITY, KANSAS

11 P.m.

Dearest—

I have been trying to call you
since seven - keep thinking any
minute I will hear your dear
voice out of the night.

We did about 450 To-day - had
one blow-out but George handled
everything fine. I curled up in
the back seat and slept across
the Kansas prairies - the
dust was bad - to-night is better. What
a way for Spring to come!

Spring comes in a dry birth in Kansas.
The dust bowl opens no flood -

The sky offers no aid -

The earth is not willing - nor soft -

From a hard dry winter - - -

A Spring is born -

But I love our Connecticut springs
best of all — all wet and yielding
and full of promise — yes — yes.
Now I must sleep and not take
spring on my shoulders — nor Kansas.
altho' it is in my mind — how very
stark and bare it is

The Kansas farmer
Looks across his world —
There isn't a ship on the horizon —
not any.

The sea and the sky are grey and empty.
Now a skipper can follow the dippers
Out into the blue —

But the Kansas farmer
Can only batter down his shutters
And lock himself in
Against the dust —

Enough of this — one must
sleep. Where are you, I wonder? Do we
touch somewhere — or are you surrounded?
I am not — I am alone — Goodnight
John, dear one — the you that I love
sleeps on my shoulders regardless —
M.