

June 15, 1928

Miss Jane Culver:
Spink Arms Hotel
Indianapolis, Ind.

My dear Miss Culver:

I was shocked this morning to discover that I had allowed your letter of April 20 and its enclosure to lie so long unacknowledged. I was away from town when the letter arrived and have been away a great deal since. Nothing but imperative mail was attended to and your letter, of course, had to have my personal attention.

I remember meeting your sister Josephine at the Pen and Brush Club, and I am glad that you are willing to let me see your verse. It seems to me unusually good - at least, I should most heartily encourage you to go on and write, and write. It is not publication that makes a poet, my dear Miss Culver, it is writing poetry, and writing it over years, if necessary, until you are more and more able to gather out of yourself and out of the blue the subtle things that are the material of poetry, and more and more mastering of the forms and words which crystalize these subtle things.

Do not bother about publication. I have known many a person ruined by publication. They wrote half a dozen things and they thought they had arrived when they were hardly started, possibly not started.

I like these verses, hence I write you as emphatically as I do. I don't mean by what I have said to discourage you from submitting what you write. I think you should do that. I think when things are as good as yours you certainly should submit them, but don't be discouraged if they come back. You will find some day, if you go ahead for a few years, that your things will not come back - unless I am greatly mistaken.

With best wishes for your success, and with renewed apologies for my delay in writing, believe me

Sincerely yours