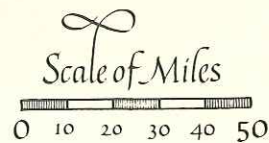
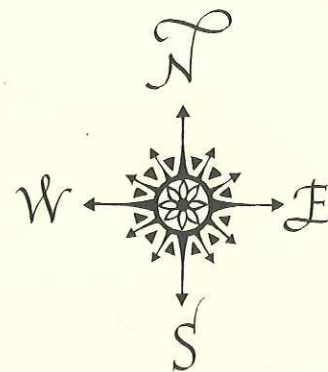


A Map of  
KANSAS  
Literature



**• DOWNS •**

John Ise  
*Sod and Stubble* 1936

Joseph Stanley Pennell **JUNCTION CITY •**  
*The History of Nora Beckham* 1948

Kenneth S. Davis **• SALINA •**  
*Morning in Kansas* 1952

**• STERLING •**

Kenneth Wiggins Porter  
*No Rain From These Clouds* 1946

**• CIMARRON •** Paul Iselin Wellman  
*Bowl of Brass* 1944

Margaret Hill McCarter  
*A Master's Degree* 1913

Charles Leroy Edson  
*Prairie Fire* 1924

Charles Sheldon  
*In His Steps* 1899

Evan S. Connell, Jr.  
*Mrs. Bridge* 1959

Edgar Wolfe  
*Widow Man* 1953

Mateel Howe Farnham  
*Rebellion* 1927

**• ATCHISON •**

**• KANSAS CITY •**

Frederic Wakeman  
*The Fabulous Train* 1955

**• SCRANTON •**

William Allen White  
*A Certain Rich Man* 1909

William Lindsay White  
*What People Said* 1938

Edgar Watson Howe  
*The Story of a Country Town* 1883

Dorothy Canfield Fisher  
*The Bent Twig* 1915

Helen Rhoda Hoopes  
*ed. Contemporary Kansas Poetry* 1927

Langston Hughes  
*Not Without Laughter* 1930

Ed Blair  
*Sunflower Siftings* 1914

**• LAWRENCE •**

Dorothy Canfield Fisher  
*The Bent Twig* 1915

Helen Rhoda Hoopes  
*ed. Contemporary Kansas Poetry* 1927

Langston Hughes  
*Not Without Laughter* 1930

Ed Blair  
*Sunflower Siftings* 1914

William Stafford  
*Allegiances* 1970

**• HUTCHINSON •**

Willard Wattles **BAYNEVILLE •**  
*Sunflowers* 1914

**• WELLINGTON •**

May Williams Ward  
*In That Day* 1969

Marcet & Emmanuel Haldeman-Julius  
*Dust* 1921

William Inge  
*Picnic* 1952

**• INDEPENDENCE •**

Laura Ingalls Wilder  
*Little House on the Prairie* 1935

Eugene Fitch Ware  
*Rhymes of Ironquill* 1899

Gordon Parks, The Learning Tree 1963

**• FORT SCOTT •**

Harold Bell Wright  
*The Printer of Udell's* 1903

**• PITTSBURG •**

Vance Randolph  
*Hedwig* 1935



EUGENE FITCH WARE  
1841-1911

"Deeper grows the soil and truer,  
More and more the prairie teems  
With a fruitage as of dreams;  
Clearer, deeper, flow the streams,  
Blander grows the sky, and bluer.

We have made the State of Kansas,  
And to-day she stands complete--  
First in freedom, first in wheat;  
And her future years will meet  
Ripened hopes and richer stanzas."  
--from "Quivera--Kansas"  
1542--1882, *Rhymes of Ironquill* (1889)



WILLARD WATTLES  
1888-1950

"This book goes from me to the people of Kansas. It is no longer my property. There is on it no copyright. I shall feel fortunate if I sell enough of these copies to pay my printer, an editor and my friend--Mr. W.C. Simons and Mr. J.L. Brady, for there are two of 'him.' They, too, have made this collection possible because they believe in me and in the people of Kansas. These are your poets and your poems. What will you do with them?"  
--from the introduction to *Sunflowers* (1914)



EMMANUEL and MARCET HALDEMAN-JULIUS  
1889-1951 1888-1941

"What have I been sweating about--nothing. What is anyone's life? No more than mine. We're all like a lot of hens in a backyard, scratching so many hours a day. Some scratch a little deeper than those who aren't so skilled or so strong. And when I stand off a little, it's all alike. The end is as blind and senseless as the beginning on this farm--drought and dust."

--*Dust* (1921), p. 236



WILLIAM LINDSAY WHITE  
1900-1973

"In the twenties well-to-do people in Oklarada, when they thought about it at all, were glad that in this country we didn't have a lot of high-brows or parlor pinks or paid agitators stirring up the laboring class of people, as they did in the Old Countries, preying upon their ignorance to make them discontented. In America we had just two parties and when it got down to it, why, both of them were equally safe."

--*What People Said* (1938), p. 49



JOSEPH STANLEY PENNELL  
1908-1963

"Maybe the hypnosis of summer-time held the mind more tightly, nothing ever seemed to move; Fork City was like a small boy or an old loafer sitting beside a horse-hitching ring, or the stone in which it was fixed in the kerb, at the edge of the wheel-tracked pulverized dust, looking down the street, wondering what to do or where to go--or forever balancing in the hypnotized and stupid mind whether to walk up to the next corner or not."  
--*The History of Nora Beckham* (1948), p. 5



WILLIAM INGE  
1913-1973

"FLO: Madge, now listen to me. I can't let you. . .  
MADGE: It's no use, Mom. I'm going. Don't worry. I've got ten dollars I was saving for a pair of pumps, and I saw ads in the *Tulsa World*. There's lots of jobs as waitresses. Tell Millie good-bye for me, Mom. Tell her I never meant it all those times I said I hated her."  
--from *Picnic* (1952), Act III, sc. ii