

Andover,
New Jersey,
September 18, 1955.

Dear Kit,

You did wonders in recruiting me a class. Thanks mightily. Many bright-faced friendly talents. Only insofar as I am beaten down by the cult of the ironic do I hesitate to say that I dare look forward to a most pleasant season.

But I'm the one that has to play hookie when I/wend ~~me~~ next along the West Road. The class is to have a set of papers in my box for me when I arrive on Monday. Also, I have to do something about a meeting on Tuesday. So I won't be able to stop en route on that particular anabasis.

Any chance that you might come to the litry ~~z~~ swahray on Tuesday evening? My stint, I guess, will be the reading of a few poesies, plus some new Flowerishes.

7 What about you and Tommy having dinner with me beforehand, as my guests - to make up somewhat for the many times I was at your place? You could stop first at Shingle for a drink, while I sat Buddha-like with my Serpasil pill. (Last week I had one bottle of beer and the equivalent of about one good shot of whiskey; otherwise I was sans alky. I don't know whether Serpasil has this effect upon others; but with me it reduces the interest in alky almost to zero.)

Hope to see you soon. This week we drive up to Boston, to ~~to~~ deposit Butch and his belongings. (He is now a sophomore.) Rest of the week, guess what. Reading students' papers. I started with my plan of asking for brief papers. May not get around to a lengthy project until the second term. Am going to see if it's possible to keep them all tugging without having any of the ropes snap. I wonder ...

Meanwhile, thanks again for your invaluable professional aid.

Sincerely,

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