

Georgetown Idaho

- June 13, 1922 -

met Dorothy Jan ?  
1922

## TO YOU about Me

I walked along the road of life;  
'Twas strewn with souls both good and rife.  
My path had been both straight and sure,  
By good example, made more sure.

Now came a turning in that road,  
It grew more rough and widened more.  
I left my home--No guiding hand  
No voice to tell me where to stand.

I traveled North in search of Strength.  
I sallied South more truths to learn.  
I meandered toward the setting sun,  
To get the gold to help me on.

Now I'm working, wishing, hoping  
Thinking I may get some good  
From the school which was my choice,  
And thereupon my life make sure.

{ In this quest I wonder often,  
If my foot may slip unnoted  
Into untruth or disaster  
Or be content with nothing noted. }

*Just a thought.*

.....  
My quest was started with full vim.  
I studied hard, then I grew thin.  
I thought I loved a girl--then near,  
But later learned--SHE was no dear.

My second year I started grim,  
To fight off every little whim.  
My work was good, but lacked the vim  
Which sets it off in right good trim.

In the third year I settled down  
And made my school work fairly hum,  
But life seemed empty--What! No goal?  
I was traveling fast--But where?

A party, dance, a friendly word.  
She came like morning fresh and sweet.  
Strangers?-- Sure--but thoughts alike,  
We found companionship discreet.



June 13, 1932

Dear Mr. [illegible]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

Yours truly,

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]



The days passed on. I saw her often.  
First a tango, then poor excuses,  
To get to see her I used ruses.  
She hurt me once 'Twas soon forgotten.  
And I found her sweet; enthralling.

Now I've found a goal in life,  
Instilled by thoughts she gave so freely.  
And if I heed their gentle warning,  
I hope to find my child of "Morning".

E.M.C

This is my very first attempt at poetry  
I know it does not rhyme and that the  
meter is wrong in places, but, - Will  
don't show it to anybody. It just  
happened to be the way I felt a little  
while ago.

Ellsworth.

It seems good to get back to my  
+ typewriter.



June 1932  
Ells' first rhyme

Jan 25/33 Birthday Wishes  
Happy Day, Sunny Skies  
Laughter in your blue-grey eyes,  
These & other things I've found  
Since with you I've strolled around  
Lazy days, starry starry nights  
All have ~~the~~ had their own delights  
Can't express my love to you  
But this little wish I jump true -  
Merry Birthday Japs to you Dorothy