

Georgetown Idaho  
June 13, 1932 -

met Dorothy Jan ?  
1932

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 unnoticed  
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.

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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, - Well  
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.

Jan 29/39

Birthday Wishes

Happy Day, Sunny Skies  
Laughter in your blue-grey eyes,  
Three & other things I've found  
to tell. These & other things I've found  
since with you we strolled around  
Lazy days & sunny starry nights  
All have ~~the~~ had their own delight  
Can't express my ~~the~~ to you -  
But this little wish hangs true -  
Many birthday drops to you Dorothy

June 1932

Ells first rhyme