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~~S. L. G.~~
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Miss Dorothy Smith
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Georgetown, Idaho
June 30, 1932

'Dorly'

When I finished reading your letter (the one written Sunday) I thought of so many things to say that I felt like sitting right down and doing it then. Then I thought it would be better to finish reading the whole letter so I read the one you wrote Tuesday. Now all those things I was going to say seem rather blunt, harsh and in all very undeserving.

I'll give you a hint of some of the things I tempted to write.

First of all I wondered why you had made a resolution not to write for two weeks. Then you tell me that you just had to write to an old 'flame' of yours, but that you said so many nice things that you were afraid. (Afraid of what?) Then you ask me a lot of questions about love and friendship I'll try to answer them later. I don't feel in the mood now.

Then to wind up you say you wonder
if all the dreams about strange fellows
will come true, and that 'maybe'
the 'I' dream will come true, and if it
didn't, because you took pity on
me. (I feel like saying "If another
has to be kicked out so that someone
may take pity on me. I — well
I won't say it.) If all the rest has
to be taken away before you could
care for me. What am I?
Then you say for me to keep on
wondering about things until you give the
signal to stop. (You remember the poem
I wrote about being a follower 'my
heart stumbled after you' or something
to that effect.) Well, I guess I got
out of the wrong side of the bed
this morning. — I hat Palmer
& the others were really from my
heart, but my heart may wonder if
I should stumble along when I
am led by a string — a mouse
on the end of a string.

Now I was ^(Past) going to say that
if you felt that way, to keep your
resolution ^(about two weeks) and break all we had made
and see if I cared!

I wondered if I had made a fool
of myself by writing 2 or 3 times
a week. (you see that about the only
recreation I get and it means so much
to me.) Naturally, if you decided
not to write you would not want to
hear from me.

I felt like saying 'Go find
your excitement' but now I feel
more like coming to see you and
having a good talk. - Hah! the funny
how words react on one.

I suppose that if the other letter
had not been in there this letter
would have ended very sarcastically
and I would have mailed it in
anger and then been remorseful
because I had offended the
dearest friend I have.

You must understand that being
in the frame of mind that I was in,
that I felt as though you were
playing with me and had ~~got~~
tired of me so 'vamoose big boy'
where have I met you before?

So much for that. It was just
the way I felt like writing before
I counted ten so I could cool
off. You remember the time you

laughed at me. Well, my face
burned first as red and I then
felt sort of empty and ~~flush~~
I know I went pale.

That does not last, however,
especially when I had let a little
time elapse and read your other letter.

at this point medred munn (Lewis's sister
& Vivian Welken dropped in to say Hello. I haven't
seen medred for 7 months but we talked
a few minutes. Now they are gone and
~~and~~ I can write to you which is
much more interesting.

→ I'm glad I'm doing this on paper
I'm afraid I couldn't have said such
mean things to your face.

Now I can answer your questions
about Love & Friendship- I mean I
can attempt to, and then they
will be very poor. I might
say that in Love there is, I think,
a great understanding even if the
first stages run pretty rough.
I think that Love is not all pleasure.
There is painful love as well
and it is just as fierce and fierce
as desirable. Surely a ripe love is
often spotted with hardships and
trials. I really believe love exists
although its usage is often made to

covers many meanings. If love lives
it certainly brings (especially in absence of the
things loved) a craving for the loved
object. When we desire something
and it is not granted we are just
a little primitive about things. We
sulk, how the blues, wonder, and
sometimes makes things miserable for
our immediate & then present friends.
Some can be caufre at times. But,
if we care for something, how can
we be Care free.

About friendship. We have
our acquaintances where we find our
friends. Many seem like friends
but are not true. Sometimes our closest
associates are not 'real' friends. They do
not last. I would hate to give a
specific test for a friend. There is
the best test. Next to time I would
judge that the friend whose helpfulness
in times of plenty is no different from than
in times of stress. A good friend is
the best asset we have. To him we
can talk and even though we disagree
sometimes there are no ill feelings, although
at times it seems our friends deal us our
most cutting blows. (Some sentence I hope
you can chop it up like it should be)

In your Tuesday's letter you say that you were up at 5:15 am. Well, I was up this morning at 4:45 am. To help get my grandmother off to Logan on a Temple excursion. After that I watered the Garden, did a few odd jobs around the house and then after eating breakfast went up town (Paris) to find a way to Georgetown. I succeeded at 12:30 and went as far as Montpelier and then waited until 5:30 when I caught a ride to Georgetown with friends. Well, now I'm here and what's next?

I'm not sure about coming down to S.S.P. I have not seen the two boy friends since I left, but will tomorrow and if anything promising comes up I will hurry and let you know. I hope they will decide to go. but you can never tell. I do not build too much hope for fear that all will come to naught.

Now, don't I feel ashamed of myself when you write such a letter as the latter one. You make me see how 'brood' you are and I

wonder if I can be so myself.
You told me to not take the other letters
seriously. I didn't you really mean
what you say in last one. Please
forgive some of the things I say
also. we cannot always be our
smooth selves. As I re-read your
letter I am warmed through and
through. It seems that I am
permeated with a feeling of your
goodness when I feel like that
I could do anything and would do
most anything for you Dot. It is
then that I would like to whisper
things in your ear. OH! She!
I'll be getting poetical if I'm not
careful. If you are what I
think you are I would use many
nice expressions and then what
if a letter should be read in
court. Wouldn't they be a 'scream'
to the spectators.

I hope you excuse the
length of my letters and the rapidity
at which I send them. I get
more 'kick' out of sending them and
receiving them than I have ever
done before. Boy you surely must
be potent stuff.

If I have been too sentimental
in my writing, it is because I really
put down my thoughts - even
if they were somewhat bizarre
and crude. I guess I'm just a
little in love with the sweetest
girl I've ever met and just can't
keep from telling her about it.

Believe me Dot.

Ellsworth.

Ellsworth Marion Clark.