

Georgetown Idaho
Aug. 1st 1932.

Dear Pal Doty

Here it is August. Soon it will be September again. After all it seems as though the summer is slipping right along.

Well, you got it back on me last Friday. When I went to the P.O. for the mail Mrs. Bacon, asked me if a letter was worth 3 more cents. I had a very good idea it was so I produced the necessary dime and then with the 7 cents remaining I bought Lickovic big Lickovic. (How do you spell it?) Imagine how I looked in about 10 minutes. Just like any little kid whose dad has given him a nickel.

You remember in a recent letter to you ~~you~~ I mentioned that there was still snow visible on our peaks. Well today I looked and could just make out one small streak on a deep north slope.

I did not work today. It rained yesterday and wet the hay so that we will not be able to start until about noon tomorrow. This morning I stayed in bed until almost eight o'clock. (lazy thing) When I did get up my mother and sisters Iris and myself went out into our old home and cleaned it up. Its funny how things get accumulated. Old clothes, school books & papers, newspapers & magazines, mail etc. seemed to have piled up in the last year. We made a bonfire and got rid of most of it. There was also a lot of odds and ends which we removed from our store before we sold it.

I'll bet there were a million sawtoys, pins, lots of snips & hooks & eyes. a gross or so of shoe laces. a few old fashioned shirts and Oh so many old Hair nets.

Yesterday we went to Sunday School & got into an argument with Mildred Munk on predestination and also on what constitutes a Master Mind. We couldn't finish it in class so I went down to her place, (about next door) and we finished it and

also had a good dinner. Mrs Munk had just started to pick her second crop of strawberries. I never ate so many strawberries in my life, I believe. Mildred asked me about School at the U. of U. she has almost decided to not go to the A.C. at Logan next year. I really believe it would be better for her to keep going where she has started. She mentioned she would like to know you and wishes you could come up here and then you & I and Leonard Brown & herself could have a very good time.

I wish you could have gone to Colorado this time, as you would have been pretty sure to get back before school started. A rest and change of climate would do you good. You could miss the hot weather of S.C. and then get back when it has started to cool off. You and Marv. could see a lot of old friends & have a regular good time.

Now you mention it, I remember that you have, once or twice, called Gert. 'Grady'. Sometime this summer I believe I'll write to her. Surprise her I'll bet. She wouldn't expect such a thing from me.

When you mention your trip to mill creek, I feel like I've missed out on something. I really believe I know the cabin you speak of. When our Botany class went up there we found one just like you describe. It was up a small branch of the canyon. After going up (ah about 2 or 3 miles I guess) you stop in a slight opening in the canyon & then there is an old road go up the left side of the canyon. Then up this branch about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile is such a cabin with two of the sides knocked out. However, I didn't notice any upper story. But then I didn't look very closely.

When you mention how you climbed hills and steep cliffs etc. I could just tell it was you for sure. I'll bet you were the ringleader and just a bit daring. I'll not forget how you stood on the points of rock while we were on the way to 'Timp' cave.

Honestly, you just about scared me when you stood out there. It hurt if you had slipped. What would I have done then. No Dat next year and well what would have been the use of anything.

I think Hazel is coming up for about two weeks. Very probably it will be in about 3 or 4 weeks. She is getting a months lay off and a 10% cut in wages. Tough! eh what. She's lucky to hold her job I guess. There have been so many laid off ~~intensely~~ completely.

16 of the waiters were 'canned' just at the time she wrote. She is going to have one of her girl friends come up here with her I guess. She is one silder than herself. And I believe a Widow. And oh! so uninteresting. I should think she would find an exciting one to bring up. You for instance.

I think Andrew will bring her up, as he has his vacation at about the same time. I wonder how Helen will get along all alone. She really should have someone to stay with her or else go and stay with one of her friends. I am inclined to think she will do the latter.

I can tell by the wild flowers you sent that you were quite high in the mountains, as only these grow there at this time of the year. They were still beautiful.

Who says you are not a poet?
It sounds like you and is good enough so I

wonder if I should ever try any more myself.
I wish I could believe that you ever
thought of me slightly, when you wrote
it. If I thought that were true I'd be
just about the happiest fellow in this
little old universe.

See, if I could step into some
stolen league boots I'd be seeing you
in about a jiffy. I'd just quilt this
old letter and tell it to you personally.
Somehow its not apt to get twisted as it
might on paper. I often get it into
so world of fantasy while going about
my work and when I do I think
up some of the queerest and amusing
situations. Sometimes I am a fellow
with a sudden gift of \$5,000.00 and I
figure out what I'd do with it. Then I'm
in S.S. and talking with you. Then I'm
going on a hike somewhere or I'm seeing
you home after a perfect evening.
Sometimes I'm a successful Dr. again I'm
a School Teacher. Oh. I guess I'm somewhat
of a dreamer. Anyway, most of my dreams
cluster around a certain little girl at 474 E.
4th St. She is to me the sweetest girl I can imagine
and just sensible enough not to be too flippant and
just romantic enough to be interesting and
extremely desirable. Oh Dad, I think of you
in all my work. You just seem to pop up whenever

I am and what I'm doing. Even though I'm busy and not able to write quite so often as I did I think of as often and with more real appreciation. At first it was sort of a dazed feeling I felt mostly because of my many evenings & days with you. It was a direct change in my way of living. Now I'm somewhat over that I still am lonely, but I'm realizing what it means to be a pal to you and be in your company. A deeper appreciation I believe. It's surely the foundation for a very close friendship. I realize now that it is not a common infatuation or a short romance. If it were ever that it has changed into something which I want to keep and which means everything to me.

Holy Mackerel, I was going to write to Weldon and still I haven't. It seems you take all my extra time besides my extra thoughts. You shouldn't be so interesting and then I could write to some one else. Oh I can I guess, but I just seem to never get around to doing it.

Are you getting acquainted around your Neighbor hood now? I suppose you will be

staying here in your present place all winter.
Wont you? I wish we could back here in the
Capitol Hill Ward again. I'm not sure, but
I think will try to get an apartment in
the same ward as last year.

There was something important I was wanting
to ask you yesterday, and now for the life of
me I cant remember what it was. If I
think of it I'll write again soon.

Now for the old bed and dream of you.

Ellsworth.



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