

Georgetown, Idaho  
June 16<sup>th</sup> 1932.

9:30 P.M.

Dear Dorothy -

Last night you were here all dressed up to play tennis. You had your blue wool skirt the bright orange sweater, tennis shoes and short white socks. You drove up in front of our place, you were alone and the car you drove was the old Chevrolet you drove while I was in S.S. You sneaked past a bunch of yellow rose bushes which are in front of our home and went around to my bedroom window. (I guess it must have been early in the morning) you scratched against the window and made a commotion. Seeing I was all ready up (as it seemed) I opened the <sup>front</sup> door and walked up back of you and grabbed you. You seemed quite surprised, but oh! so nice. Well, I heard another scratch on the window and this time I woke up I was in bed, had my arms about the pillow and a nice tame Holstein cow was eating grass below my window.

See! but that was a ~~disappointment~~ disappointment.

Honestly I'm so lonely I could go "nuts"  
If it were not for the radio and my  
friends, Lewis Munk and Seanord Bacon, I  
believe I would. Seanord Bacon is a fellow  
who teaches school in Heber City, Utah during  
the winter. Other than these two fellows  
all my other friends are gone away, or like  
married — that's about as bad.

I have been doing quite a little  
work around the house, however, I am  
chopping wood like I meant business,  
and clearing things up a bit. I am  
balching it, as my sisters and brother  
are away. Today I cooked some  
rhubarb — now if you were here to make  
some good pie crust — and then  
cooked a small piece of meat. I've  
also got back into the habit of bathing  
in a round zinc tub (I suppose you've  
seen the kind).

This evening, some of the town fellows  
got together and we played baseball.

That's something. I surely hope I get  
a job soon. If I don't I think I'll  
start on a walking tour. There are  
certain places I would like to be.

For Example — Memory Grove at about  
this time tonight.

Say, but I surely got a huge kick out of the snaps. I didn't know before that I had such an extremely long neck. Your letter so thrilled me I just had to sit down and read it over then look at the pictures again etc. on & on. It was some surprise, however, as I expected Hazel to either get them to you or else send them to me. She did send me the rest and I will get the ones developed you want and send them as soon as possible.

You are in the "news" right enough right in the middle of the picture, Alona at the Right, Son next and Fred in front of him. Fred looks fine in the new Panama. Mrs. Thompson isn't so brilliant as she could be.

- Dam ——— @!X! The <sup>town</sup> kids they just turned my lights off & I had to go out and turn them back on. There about eight or ten kid out in front, they are on horses and out playing like little devils. Some are girls. Only about 13 — 15 years old too. They had better get home or the folks will be out looking for them. Still I remember doing the same thing myself about 8-10 years ago.

The rose petals still had a very nice perfume. I could smell them as soon as I opened the letter.

I've been spending some of my spare time practicing on the piano.

I've some of my old exercises out, and if I have much longer to wait for work I'll try to get back some of things I used to know. I really would like to

learn to play well enough so I could play some of the simpler tunes, anyway.

If wishes were horses, I'd have you ride one up here and spend a week rambling around the mountains and fishing, shooting etc. Spring is just in full

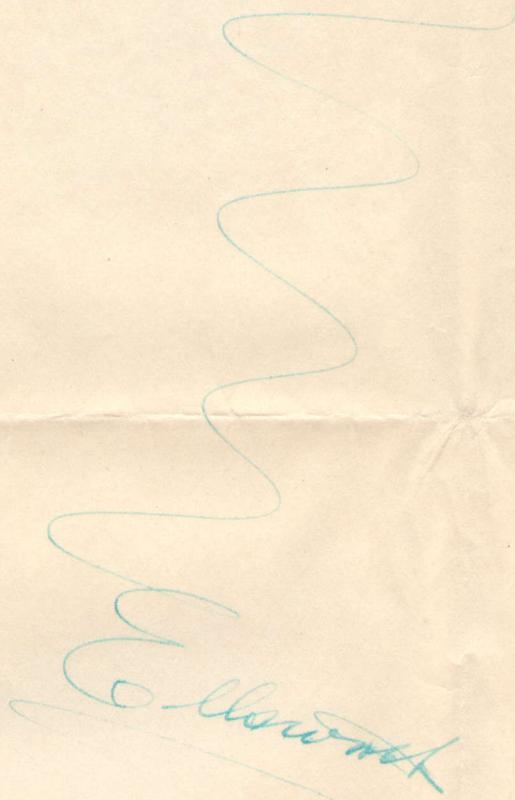
swing here. The lilacs are just coming out in bloom so you see how far along we are here. By the way, have you noticed how

large the Moon is. It looks like a tub tonight. Somehow the Moon is larger here & the stars brighter. It seems as if you could reach right up and take hold of the Dipper handle.

I surely had to laugh yesterday when I went after the mail. A girl I used to go out with but who now is married ~~to~~ give the people their mail. As soon as I entered the post office she says, "Hello Elwood, you've a letter tonight and it's from the same place as the one you got the other day. — Well that's a small town for you. —"

If the record doesn't quit playing  
some of the tunes it does I will turn  
it off. They are too reminding of people and  
places

Really I'm lonely  
for you ~~So~~



~~Ellen~~

E. Clark  
Georgetown Wyo.

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Miss Dorothy Smith

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Utah

To N. D. Association  
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