

Here —

now —
July 6/32

Dear Doty —

What do you do when you are very tired? I thought at first I would go to bed but when I remembered the letter I recieved this afternoon, I decided to recuperate by writing a few of my sickly little sentences. You see I didn't even bother to find my pen. I've been working and reading. In fact I've read so many bill of sales and deeds that my eyes swim.

I was expecting a letter from Hazel with the snaps and their negatives. It was with some surprise that I found them in your letter. If you have the negatives it would be fine if I could get them. I'll send the snaps you would like in

this letter. If there are any
more just let me know and
I'll get them for you. I will
keep one of Gertrude and then
of the others which I send you
I will get more from the
negatives. I especially want to get
at least one or two of some of
them. Of course you will not
care for the one of Evelyn so
I'll keep that one & wait some
to get the negative for that one.
I think I'll keep one of the
ones of you so I can remember
you as a Tennis Player until
I get some of the negatives developed.
Of course I'm sending back
more than the ones you had
marked X on. But I'm sure
you'd like some more anyway.
The ones of Marv., Fred and Wilton
are pretty good. I'm surely glad
I took them. You'll like them
in your roguish gallery I
suppose.

I surely wish I could have been
with you on the 4th. I didn't do
anything myself. Oh, I believe I did
buy an ice cream cone and then I
played a short game of cards with a
friend of mine from next door.
I was wishing, however, that I could
be with you. It would have been
-OH- so much fun. I would
also like to have been with you
when you went on the hike up
City Creek with your younger sisters
& Brothers. It would have been
interesting to note the places we
have been together. It may be
we could have found some new ones
or at least visited the old ones.
Well, I guess I can wait a little
while. There is still a wonderful
Indian Summer and Fall coming.
There are places to go when the snow
is on the ground also, you see.

I haven't known you when we
could have gone skating, sleighing,
skiing etc. What fun will
have if we can get together
often enough. Well, now that's
requiring a long time ahead, but then
I like to dream of anything with
wish I may associate your
presence. No fooling.

Tomorrow I'm going to get up early
and help Dad with the work and then

When you write to Gertrude
tell her that I'm still kicking
and that if she never comes
back to dear Old S.P.C. I will
at least have a good snap
of her.

Isn't it funny how you make
friends and then they drift
away to other parts of the
country. I often wonder how
many of the Capital Hill Ward
kids I'll see from now on.
Such friends as Fred etc. I suppose
I'll make it a point to see, but
such kids as Arza Henckley,
the Ashton fellow etc., will
just naturally drift away.
That is, unless I go back to
the same word next fall.
I really would like it
better than than any one I know
of. (It's still within walking
distance of your present abode anyway.)
How is Bina Cropper coming
now? Does she still follow
Olinex? Oh! that Girl!

I'm going into the Hay field and do
a lot of Haying.

A little while ago I felt in
the mood of writing poetry. I
thought out a few lines of real
romantic stuff. Then a bit later
it began to get comic and finally
ended up by me getting an ode to
the little Round Table" (I took a look
in one today).

You should hear me on the
piano. I have gone back to a few
of my old exercises I haven't played
for years. Really I sound terrible.
I often wonder what the people
walking along the street think of all
the fuss.

Say, I have the funniest "old"
pamphlet with some information
about the Mormons in it. It's
a rare copy and I will want
to keep it. But I'm going to send
it to you and let you get an
earful about "ourselves". It's
quite a laugh. Some of the
unconstanties are amusing, to say the
least. I, as a descendant of a
Polygamous marriage, surely am
doomed. What about yourself?

I was going to get this letter off
on the fortnightly mail tomorrow, but
I believe I'll keep it about a day and
very probably I'll want to add a
little more of this gabble on the
Pure white sheets. - What if
paper could talk? - I hope it
would tell you how the shirt
I have on has a huge hole in
the sleeve, or how my 4 days
growth of whiskers look on my
face. I have written letters
in bed, too. Why don't you get
a television set? I'll get a Broad-
casting outfit and you get one also,
& then look out what you do.
no running about the house in
your negligee ^(? sp.), and I'll have to
be careful about how I looked
(that is, I'll dress up in my very
best before going on the air.)
I wonder if they can't arrange
some way of delivering a kiss
& hug. (By machinery by heck,
not by messenger) I don't believe
that would be such a good idea
strike that out. I'll try to do this
in person for such favors. That is if I
would be so lucky as to receive any
from the desirable lady.
About your idea on love.

It is very good and very idealistic
I might say that the love you desire
to attain some day will be a very
wonderful thing for a man. I
wonder how many women can keep
such an unflinching love though. I've
seen so many, seemingly perfect,
love affairs and marriages go on 'the
rocks' after a few months or
years. There are so many stumbling
blocks. Surely you are entitled to
a very good husband. You must
be very sure his is, before you
give him a love like that which
you say you desire to give. —
most flatter —

Later - same day 11:06 P.M.

July 6, 1932

Darling, I just couldn't resist writing a
few more lines before going to bed. You
see I think so much about you that
I just have to sit down and scribble a
few words to the sweetest pal in the
world.

I shocked myself today when I went
through a lot of my old letters. My! The
change is rather terrific was really as
barkful (and so were the ones I received)
that I wonder how I changed. I have
some from as far back as 1921. Carolyn
started writing when she left in 1923 &
so I have some from her from that
time on until March 1932 (since that
none) quite a pile. Then I read the

'mushy' letters Maude Kramer wrote
me last year. That goes to show how
fickle girls are. She must have
not meant a word she said or
else she changed a powerful lot.
Also of the ones from Binal were, rather
fussy in an odd sort of way
guess I'll know the whole 'shebang'
this getting to be a nuisance. I have
a nice little plan for them when
no one can get them, but it
seem desecration to let the ones I
receive from you to lie there by
themselves. You are the only ones who
seem to really mean anything to me
the others are just so much paper
and dried ink. You are you,
your thoughts, even your soul.
He! they mean a lot to me Dot.
Don't let anything stop one of them.
They are what I live upon up
here in the sticks.

Good night, for a while so
sweet. I'm going to have a dream
of Mike, Tenny, show, & wonderful evenings
with Doty Smith in Dear old Salt Lake City.
Just this before I go. (XXX).

Ellsworth.

More Later

7/7/32 10.A.M. think I'll post this this morning
instead of waiting. E.M.C.

Ellsworth Clark
Georgetown Idaho.

La Grange 34
Postage due 3 cents.



Miss Dorothy Smith
474 E. 4th South
Salt Lake City
Utah.