

Heiser, Idaho.

Sept. 7, 1932.

Dear Wandering Jew —

Smith is not a Jewish name but you have the habit anyway. I'm glad I heard from you before I left home so I could write to you at your new home. I know just about the spot, I believe. I've walked it many times while on my way out to Stratford Avenue.

at present I'm two miles, more or less, from the Oregon border. Tomorrow I'll drive as far as 'The Dalles' Oregon, & then go on into Portland the next day. From there I'll go down the coast to Grants Pass & then stay there for about one week & then go home via Sacramento Calif., Reno, back into Idaho & then from Idaho into Utah for dear old school etc, especially the etc.

By the table near where I am writing is a young High School girl. Her father has told her all his business and age about her. School started for her and she is now slaving over a theme. She is a junior and 15 years old, but looks more like 18. Maybe if I were not so foolish I could go over & help her out. She also runs the little camp store.

Hazel & Andrew are out sitting on the lawn and they keep looking over here. I guess they wonder who I'm writing to. I wonder if they can guess.

We drove from home Monday morning to Indian Falls. There we stayed ~~at~~ the camp ground & then this morning we came to the present place. I hope this letter reaches you so that you can get a letter of the Grants Pass Oregon. It would tickle me pink to get one while there. Sort of make me remember you and good times past ~~at~~ in the future. Goodness only knows I think about you a lot anyway. Sometimes I wander along funny lines of thought. Especially when I did not hear from you for so long a time. Believe me I was glad when I came home from work last Friday and your letter was waiting for me. I surely thought you had forgotten me.

A whole book while I was lonesome & the days were rainy. I wrote to Gertrude, at Carleton. I hope she was there to receive the letter. I would be a good one ~~and~~ me if she had been in S.L. at the time. I guess I'll

drop her a cord and tell her
I'm on my way to Portland & then
will go into Canada. Would it
be mean to lie like that? No
I guess I hadn't better do that.

Good, I'm home to hurry
this letter. If I write much more
before it gets so dark I can't
see. I will write a lot more
when I get some place where I
either have more daylight, or a
good electric light. Too bad
for me & the letter.

Good night & lots of pleasant
dreams for the best little gal in
the world.

Ellsworth.

Elsworth Clark
Weiser Idaho.



Miss Dorothy Smith
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