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Title: **1932-06-13_From-EMC_To-You-About-Me**
Provenance:

Category: **Document**
Person: **Dorothy Smith**
Date:

TO YOU about Me

I walked along the road of life;

'Twas strewn with souls both good and rife.

My path had been both straight and sure,

By good example, made more sure.

Now came a turning in that road,

It grew more rough and widened more.

I left my home--No guiding hand

No voice to tell me where to stand.

I traveled North in search of Strength.

I sallied South more truths to learn.

I meandered toward the setting sun,

To get the gold to help me on.

Now I'm working, wishing, hoping

Thinking I may get some good

From the school which was my choice,

And thereupon my life make sure.

In this quest I wonder often,

If my foot may slip unnoted

Into untruth or disaster

Or be content with nothing noted. Just a thought.

My quest was started with full vim.

I studied hard, then I grew thin.

I thought I loved a girl--then near,

But later learned--SHE was no dear.

My second year I started grim,

To fight off every little whim.

My work was good, but lacked the vim

Which sets it off in right good trim.

In the third year I settled down

And made my school work fairly hum,

But life seemed empty--What! No goal?

I was traveling fast--But where?

A party, dance, a friendly word.

She came like morning fresh and sweet.

Strangers?--Sure--but thoughts alike,

We found companionship discreet.

The days passed on. I saw her often.

First a tango, then poor excuses,

To get to see her I used ruses.

She hurt me once 'Twas soon forgotten.

And I found her sweet; enthralling.

Now I've found a goal in life,

Instilled by thoughts she gave so freely.

And if I heed their gentle warning,

I hope to find my child of "Morning".

E.M.C

1 Georgetown Idaho

- June 13, 1932 -

met Dorothy Jan ? 1932

2 This is my very first attemp [attempt] at poetry I know it does not rhyme and that the meter is wrong in places, but —Well don't show it to anybody. It just happened to be the way I felt a little while ago.

Ellsworth.

It seems good to get back to my typewriter.

3 Jan 25 / 33 [Jan 25 1933]

Birthday wishes

Happy days, Sunny Skies

Laughter in your blue-grey eyes,

These + other things I've found

Since with you I've strolled around

Lazy days, starry skies nights

All have the had their own delights

Can't express my thots [thoughts] to you

But this little wish rings true.

Many Birthday Joys to you

–Dorothy