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Title: **1932-07-14_Dot-to-Ells**
Provenance: **From Dorothy Jean Clark Chamberlain, who was given a box of courtship letters by her mother Dorothy Smith Clark.**
Letters written from Dorothy Smith to Ellsworth Clark from 1932 to 1934.

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

474 E 4 So

S.L.C.

July 14/32

Greetings Penny'sworth!

After these many days I am at last free for a few minutes to take the ink for an airing.

This week has flown so rapidly, I can scarcely account for it. Writing only once a week isn't so convenient for me. Stacked up to be sent to you, are negatives, pictures, poems, charts and more pictures. I'll have to send them by installments if you can patiently wait for their arrival.

I've been swamped with every kind of a job until I'm wondering whether I'm a carpenter or a toe dancer. Last nite I survived a weiner roast in East Mill Creek Canyon with a group of the young N.D.A. members & some of the Directors.

Today, I have been canning fruit, sewing and printing - sustained a tooth-ache in the eyebrows tonite, so decided to cut an appointment that I had.

Monday some Leth people came down to visit their relatives & are returning this Sat. I have been half-planning to go back with them, but when I consider the proposition a dread of homesickness hits me – for once up there I may have to stay some time before getting a ride back. In short I'm almost shaky about taking a chance, altho I think I could work at the store where I had my former job. Besides, (you'll wonder which one after reading enclosed chart. Well, the most romantic one.) (No you guessed wrong.) this old flicker of mine has been writing to me again and if he sees me in the home town alone he's liable to take out a monopoly on my time. This would be Ole Kale too, but there are others who would have to be considered on my program. I'd feel safer to wait & see if Marv goes up later but then something may decide me to go suddenly, even yet.

Tues. evening Marv and another fellow drove three girls and me to Black Rock where we all went for a float – and what floating – sailing I'd call it. A sudden storm arose – wetting us before we got into the Lake but the Lake was warm & billowy as a feather bed. The rain ceased but the thunder & lightning played at a distance and the wind drove huge waves that came in with a splash of foam & pulled us out with them as they withdrew. Honestly I've never had more thrilling sport in my life. We floated out far beyond our depth – we stood upright but could not feel bottom – a queer sensation to be held up bodily by the water's weight. As the waves came they lifted us atop their crest & down we rolled as the wave passed from under us. From Black Rock – Saltair is plainly visible – some day I'd like to walk over (that's where you can walk 'on' or 'in' the water). I could take a lunch & floating fire along with me. Another thing I want to try is floating on a raft or even a plank. Gosh the water is exhilarating. On the way back to S.L. the storm came down in honest fury altho the lightning did no damage.

I read tonite of severe electrical storms in south western & eastern Idaho today & yesterday. Did it strike you very noticeably? Say we are having a

change from last July's weather – speaking of variety.

Bravo! For making such a commendable score in your years work at "U". It almost surprises me too.

Those early snaps you sent were hilarious in their effect upon the observer. You look especially cunning in a sunbonnet – and where is the of that budding acrobat? Make me blush why don't you? Darling of your mother.

Mind if I return these next time?

Heard from Gert on Mon. She is on that gov't job in Leth now but will leave for Carlston in a wk. or two. She may be there 2 or 3 years – asked to be reminded to you kids & asked concerning you. I gave her your message.

Ahem! Your endings are emphatic at times. We ought to construct a code of our own – then if our (especially your) letters got into court – there would be no recognizable signs & the joke would be on them.

Yes, I earnestly warn you against masticating everything you read in my letters. I am often affected in my sentiments by impulses which when passed, leave me no reminder of what I have so hastily said. Best to take what a girl tells you with a handful of salt and then there will always be room for more surprises – if things turn your way.

The other day I ran across a booklet by James Allen "Out From the Heart" which you will probably enjoy reading next Fall. I would mail it to you but it is somewhat dilapidated.

All those things you are expecting to collect at my place in Sept. – I will have ready in a bundle on the front porch for you if you will only instruct me as to the day you'll call. I can't let you get too smart for me.

A tooth for a tooth and an eye for an eye. Now you've started something. You see I went ahead and calculated a few figures too. I had never tried rating them in black & white before – it's a real low-down on things isn't it. All my contestants are close – what I mean – sometimes I feel like squelching them all with a bucket of cold water – but then, only new ones would come along to pester me, so why not hold my own & stand it to the finish. You'll notice that in most everything I gave higher ratings than you did – this because I know every fellow personally & can figure him out pretty exactly. In your case there may be miscalculations – I can only act on my own knowledge & I haven't known you as long as I have the others. Otherwise this is as honest a chart as I could figure – no prejudices or fancies neither sugar coatings. Well I must conclude this & attack a little packing if I consider that trip.

Here's to the hay-dust and sunflowers.

Bon jour, Dorothea

More negatives later, D.