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Title: **1934-03-12_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:

2368 Hy. Drive

S.L.C. Utah

March 12/34

Dear Mr. Minister:

One of my friends informed me that you were a first-rate cracker jack weaver of destinies and tier of knots, so being as I was specially concerned I was been writing you to ask if I could arrange with you to do for me some favor.

Now the mans what I am so much in love for is most anxious to make me his wife (that is, he gives me that impression) but he is so backward in his speeches that he has never durst bring himself down to business and come to the point.

I am so desperate of him to cook and dew and devote my attentions (what ones I have) that I can hardly stand the suspenders any longer. So I have come with you to my plea hoping you can give me some advice and maybe urge the old crow on. Am including our latest pictures in case you won't recognise us when we drop in on you. My cherub (I call him that in private) has a bad cold & can't talk or I'm sure he would have written this letter for me.

Wishing you much success in your screwy business - don't put the screws in too tight in case the parties want to unravel the document. Hoping to be your next customer.

Strategically yours

Miss Wanaman

Now you have heard my proposition how about marrying me next time. You're certainly getting the low-down & experience on every angle of activity n'est-ce pas?

I remember some marriages of Dad's I have witnessed when I have felt sorry for the frightened couple who had to kiss. Then I have shook their hands & congratulated them - but never was I privileged to kiss the groom.

How did your Sun. program turn out?

Mr. Burbidge was telling me that Smith has been for the most part writing out checks, caring for the house in general, tending 2 kids, has the limousine at his disposal and in general just huckleberries about the place with another Elder as Burby puts it. He is supposed to talk at 9 AM Sun 18 over the radio. Hope I can tune in.

Say, why don't you send me that letter you just rec'd from C.S. It's as safe in the mail as yours are and I'll promise to guard it. I'd like to see how a hot mash note reads and if you knew how I need excitement!

If you don't send it, don't expect any explanation from me about that night I spent out a month ago. Maybe you'll never get all of that anyway.

Well this Sat is St. Pat's day and I'd like to go over to the ward dance with you, al in my green dress, but I'll forget I'm Irish and be Scotch or awhile until

the affair passes.

Ruth B. is going quite steady with Chris Gudmanson a nice fellow working at Z.C.M.I. and says they will take me riding some Sun. See, I'm getting sympathy already.

Ruth isn't working at present. Another gleaner shower next week. 'Dot' Petroe this time. If I had one (I mean later) I'll bet they'd be surprised - most of them.

Zola Brown is going steady again with that tall dark missionary she left so abruptly on his return, Rulon Jeffs - so wedding bells may be their music before another year passes.

Last night I went to school, but only 4 students were present out of 15 or so. None of my boyfriends were there, not even T.K. Before school while he was helping me thrash out a picture for Kress (in his studio) he brought me a hot tamale root beer and a choc. bar to eat - but it was simply friendly business occasion.

Shivers! I gotta drop off before my head beats me to it. I feel like a dead man for want of some blinking. Today & yesterday have been summer indeed. I'm going horseback one of these evenings. Will you meet me half way between S.L. & G.J.? OK. 9 PM next full moon.

Oh yes, the earth quake. I was strotting [strutting] up main to work during the worst one at 8. 6 AM Mon & didn't feel it much other than to notice the signs tossing about in the stores.

At 11.30 AM I was on 3rd (floor) with Burby & got fairly seasick if you can imagine the 'sen'. The piled-up heavy cartons, fixtures & piles of lumber all but tumbled on us & I was wondering which of my wills to make out. All in all it was a sample of a grand thrill & I'm looking forward to really enjoying the next - when it comes & they'll soon be the 'dish' along with other important 'signs'.

A little girl in the yard after the disturbance, playing with her neighbors, said, "Let's make mud pies & earth cakes."

Well dearest of dears I'll be paying my respects to Mr Sandman & visiting you again real soon.

Best of my best,

Your

Dorothy xoxoxoxoxo

Will 5.00 be ok this week & 5.00 next? Here's some lily-of-the-valley for your lapel.

[envelope]

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