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Title: **1932-07-10_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:

P.S. Please excuse the misspelling of your name. I have a habit of spelling Clarke.

Ditto, Ditto, Ditto &/Date

Dear Marion, -

Comment-allez vous? You see I get tired of Ells... sometimes and just have to have a change. Do you mind if I pick around at leisure with your names?

Parlez-vous francais et ecrivez-vous francais maitenant? Looks like I'll have to begin checking up on your linguistic accomplishments and see that you don't get too far ahead for me to keep trace of you. How long has your friend studied French? You're like everyone else learning a new language. The first thing the do is search the vocabulary for the 'nice' expressions they can use. Why not have a few phrases on hand to use for a reprimandation some time as fernez la bouche or in espanol – cierra see bood.

Something I'm gonna burst out in some sp. Slang but the interpreter has got to be a very personal friend & explain its meaning in Inglais 'cause I want to know the interpretation but daren't take the chance of ruining my rep by saying anything shady.

When does Weldon expect LaRue back? Has he rec'd more news from her yet?

Well, life in the city is still the same. Either very boring or very tempting which mean the same to me. I have an invitation to visit on a ranch some 200 mi from here where I can ride, fish, shoot rabbits, hike in the mountains & have a real outing. If I ever get out there – ah boy! Oh boy!

Sat July 9/22 1 P.M.

Well, well, well, you big chunk! I had to pay 39 on you letter yesterday so I hope you had to do the same on mine. I think mine was pretty fat too, so I guess we're even.

I just put in a big days work so though I'd relax by having a little fun with you. I started this last night but the 'pater' has put an end to my late hours so I had to finish it today.

I got up at 6:15 from which time till 11 A.M. I worked off and on at my day! What a job! It's getting worse instead of better. I can't remember what you look like, the touch of your lips not the look in you eye. It's sad but I can't help it. I'm ready to slam it on the floor any day now. The sculptor keeps asking me to come there and work but I've been doing such a rotten work I daren't. Besides, my most dreadful weakness is leaving a job before it's completed and although this head is only the beginning to look real, I am already wanting to start another one. I blame it on my restless nature and my desire for variety. Patience without pleasure becomes exhausted. Not that I haven't enjoyed working at it but the going is so difficult without your live model at your side 'specially when the model is as live and interesting as the one I've had.

Since I put the clay away I've been picking a uke till my arms are stiff and my nails are worn down. What exasperating labor!

On Thurs. I shelled peas along with some other girls for the N.P.A cannery from 8.15 AM to 5. PM.

I never want to see another one. And cherries – we've been bottling them, making maraschinos and what not?

We're having it pretty soft in N.D.A. now. Can get theatre tickets to the Star and Sun theatres on N.D.A. coupons to say nothing of root beer on main street. Now if we could only get a Cadillac, Spanish bungalow and private swimming pool___

Yesterday my cousin and I tried the pool at Liberty Park. It's a wow. About 5 ft under the diving board and so small you can't swim two strokes without smacking into someone. I made three shallow dives which brought be nearly to the opposite end of the pool.

But life is great in Norway if you only have a sense of humor.

Did you say you would skate with me next winter? Hot dog! You're the 1st in a thousand I've asked that has been on ice before. (And I don't mean in cold storage – I'm there right now.)

I'm kept in cold storage during summer to prevent me from becoming over-heated during the winter. Not bad sense in that at all.

Tomorrow is Sun. again and with it comes my usual lonesomeness but somehow I'm going to forestall it this time. Capitol Hill ward is now 2 ½ miles away and I haven't been there since we moved. Marv. However has been there the past 2 wks to S.S and church. I presume he is attracted there by the girls, also there aren't many in 0th ward for him to associate with. Last Sun. I went to Old Test. Dept. (the only girls class I could find) and most of the girls were younger but despite their age they were the giddiest. I almost felt in their presence, that for once I knew something myself. At least I could answer questions when I hadn't studied half as much on that course. All the older classes of boys meet separately for the purpose of having Priesthood lessons during class time. Hence I have no chance to know the fellows, tho there are but a few my age that I have so far seen.

I have made one friend there so far – the only sensible girl I could see in the bunch.

She's from Grantsville or some burg and is here with her sister with intentions of going to school next Fall. "U." I suppose. I don't know her name for sure – but I hope we can find something in common so I won't have to be alone all summer.

I don't like 'gang', they standardize too much – I want just one or two personal friends, and then any number of acquaintances with whom I can associate if I desire.

I don't know Bina's whereabouts. Would kinda like to talk to her again tho. I'll bet she'd quiz me to death about you kids, and this and that.

Say, you didn't give that statement about the 'countrified boy' the same interpretation I, myself had in mind. I didn't mean his appreciation of, and love for, the country. City-raised children can have that if they have ever noticed the beauties of nature. I referred to a certain characteristic in farmer's boy until perhaps he has reached a certain age where he mingles continually with other types. That characteristic is hard to express by words, unless you could call it a lack of sophistication, absence of that conglomeration of 'bored' and self-assured expression. Of course there are those who live on farms and never care to leave- who don't look for culture; then there are those who are unhappy there and continually struggle to change their environment or to graft some other into that which already surrounds them. It is the former type that is always recognizable, that has a permanent label on his nature and person.

So much for that – I love 'em all and would rather have modest country fellow than a balloon-chested "know-it-all".

Glad to hear you have work to insure your completion of school next year. Now that I know you're

coming back I can start gathering material for our forthcoming debates – taking the supposition for granted. That reminds me of a fellow who once took me for granite – you wouldn't believe I could be so cold would you.

You ask if I have read 'Kathleen Norris'. Not the story you mention, the last one read of hers being "Girl Alive", a serial running in "Good Housekeeping" last year. However if I run across the other I'll read it too.

Say, I certainly would like to see you hay-haying it – but before I'd let you dirty my face up we'd have fencing match with pitch forks to test your skill and worthiness of remuneration.

Even if you won you could at best only make reservations for 'that something' to take place in the future. I'm not 'spontaneous' you know. I'll bet you're not either. I'd faint if you did what you suggested. But a faint in your arms would be a change for you- and a break for me. All's well in heaven.

Oh! Oh! I'll bet you're having it hard trying to find coherence in this letter. I am answering 2 of yours at the same time and I read from one, then another, so everything is probably juggled liberally.

As I glance at you recent salutations and endings I cooberate your supposition that if you once wrote bashful letters you certainly have changed. Talk about flattering phrases, you letters are the most contaminated I've ever received from the make of the species. I've got correspondences dating back to 1921 lying around, I mean a few rare old specimens. From 1927 till the present I've had at least 5 male correspondents in more recent years as many as 8 at a time but do you think I ever allowed anything like you write? I held them down till they were afraid to take the chance of being so daring. Before we moved from 1st North I burned about 200 of those old letters but kept at least one sample of each of them to read over and smile at in my old age. Sometime I'll get them out and let you see them – and if you haven't destroyed those of yours keep a few to show me. We'll stage a court scene and see who can get the most evidence against the other for breach of promise, pretending some of these letters are more recent than they really are. Now I don't know – I'm afraid I'd lose, but then what have I promised? Still free, am I not?

Thanx for the snaps you sent. I think they're fine with the exeption of those of me. They're just a little too natural, but at any rate, afford a good laff.

Last nite I read the account of the 'Mormons" in that pamphlet. It was just too amusing. It made me wonder if they were intentionally trying to spread slander and untruth, or if they were innocently and ignorantly publishing such reports for the purpose of enlightening and saving others from the supposed deceitfulness of such a fanciful and law-breaking religious party. I can see how an horrible account such as that could easily shake a persons testimony, were he not dependent on his own common sense and efficientness in finding out the real facts in the matter for themselves. It is natural that people who cannot see into eternity are unable to comprehend many parts of our belief. Believing it to be insane doctrine they stretch it further to make it appear almost putrid in its inconsistency – hence they interpret things according to their own knowledge and to suit themselves.

Poligamy does suggest something perhaps carnal, but the fact that only men of the finest caliber were chosen to participate in their practice is proof that it was not a general belief doctrine but in those times was considered a necessity to provide for the many pioneer women also converts from Europe. My grandparents on both sides were participants in this practice and I don't see that I have sustained any physical or mental loss. Instead I feel particularly fortunate in my inheritance.

All that is of the fast – but we have trials equally as severe to pass thru in the future (or rather we are having them now). We haven't had our test yet and it will take a lot of struggling & sacrifices to prepare us for these.

The young everywhere, and the old are dwindling in their belief just as the B of M characters & races.

Gee, Ellsworth I've enjoyed so much our conversations by mail. At times when I have so much unrest of feelings and am want to wonder what decisions the future holds for us I question the right's and informalities I have used. When I think it over I can see how a crude and unsatisfactory a 'stinted" friendship would be, and I want to give of my best to you as a friend. Now is our only chance to cultivate those rich and lasting associations – I want to get the most I can out of ours and be prepared for the utmost requirement that may be made of me. Ellsworth, I appreciate you. You have shown tolerance & understanding and afforded happiness whenever I have been around you. I think of you continually

Till we meet,

Dorothy