kindex®
< Scan QR to view this original record online, or visit https://smith-clark.kindex.org/s/27279

Title: **1932-09-11_Ells-to-Dot**
Provenance: **From Dorothy Jean Clark Chamberlain, who was given a box of courtship letters by her mother Dorothy Smith Clark.**
Courtship letters written from Ellsworth Clark to Dorothy Smith from 1932 to 1934.

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

Grants Pass, Ore.

Sept. 11, 1932

Dearest Dothy--

Here it is Sunday and and its my second day in this progressive little town on the Pacific Highway. We are here with some friends who used to live in Salt Lake, and believe me they are showing us a good time. It seems that if I get any writing done I just have to sneak off in the wilderness.

Gee, what a country. Perfect climate. Say, but I think I'll hire a small cabin & spend my remaining days here. There is Salmon fishing, deer hunting and soil that will raise the most beautiful flowers. I think I'd make a pretty good batchelor. Let my hair grow long & make my living by chopping firewood.

There is only one major drawback, and that is, that I don't know any young people here. Seeing that I haven't a pretty young girl along with me, it gets slightly boring to watch the antiquated members of the crowd here try to have a lot of fun.

The people, who are the friends here, own the Main Hotel in this little city of about 4600 inhabitants. They are, thus, very good entertainers. Tomorrow we go to a small national park near here. The next day we go up a canyon to an old German's place where we have supper. I guess ago about Thursday or Friday we will leave for a coast city, driving on the way through the 'redwoods' country. Boy, oh boy but I wish you were with me to take part in the fun. Just what you would like to camp & picnic, then climb a mountain to settle your charmer. Only I'd be afraid you'd get on top of a high cliff and then slip & fall off. I surely would of have hated to have kept an eye on you when you were real young and desperate.

I suppose it would be ducks-soup for you to put on hikers-trousers and climb Mt. Shasta or Mt. Hood. Some day, I'd like to see you try. No use saying I wish you were here now as that would only be supercilious and a bit trite. Anyway, Gee, what a lot of fun we could have if you were here. It is then, especially when you would outshine any girl I know.

I have a lot of snaps, photos & post cards to show you when I get to Salt Lake - if ever: I suppose I'll bore you to death telling you about things you've already seen.

While in Portland I went from the camp grounds (12 miles out) no only about 8 miles) to the center of town on the street car and proceeded to look the business section of the town over. Then after going through Kresses etc. I went to a 'movie'. Could have had a lot more fun if I'd had someone to enjoy it with me. Hazel stayed out to the camp.

When I think about school it seems so far away. It seemed so much closer two or three weeks ago than it does now. But, just think, two more weeks and then comes the grind, the fun and Dot (if she is not to busy with other friends to see me). Golly, but I get all thrilled when I think about seeing you again. I wonder if you have changed. How you will look with your hair done up differently, and how

far from the center of town you are. (Guess ([...] thought) I'll move out to my Uncle's place.)

I don't know whether you've written here or not, but tomorrow I'll go to the P.O. with the highest hopes. I have it all figured out. I sent you a letter while in Weiser Ida. & you should have received it about Thursday or Friday and if you answered it quickly I could hope to get a letter buy Monday. Well, if not Monday at least before I leave here.

I sent a card to Trudy & some to other friends at home, but I simply couldn't busy myself to try to say anything to you on anything so public as a postcard. However, If I'm in a big hurry in some of the towns down the line, don't be surprised if you get one, just to let you know where I am.

I've been doing most of the driving. The last drive, from the state of Washington line (Vancouver Wash.) to Grant's Pass was only 283 miles, but I drove all of it except 14 miles and day after day it begins to get wearisome. I really did not believe I could ever get tired of driving.

Went to a big baseball game here yesterday & sat & stood in dust just to see the home team win by one point. (I wanted the other team to win.) At night they held a Rodeo & Fair. They have been dancing every night too. But, all the girls look corn fed (too much so) with large ankles & moon baby faces. Oh for the dirty blondes also.

Here's to the end of this [...] letter and to the time not far distant when I shall be able to see you and have a good old 'gab' fest. Yours for better 'good times' together.

love

Ellsworth.

The moon is just perfect nights. Great big orange orb shining through the pines. If it were night instead of afternoon I might get poetic, romantic -or sumpin'.

E.M.C.