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Title: **1934-01-23_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: **Ellsworth Marion Clark**
Date:

Colorado Springs, Colorado

Jan. 23 1934

Dear old Prune,

Here I am at home at 10:30 am trying to get Elder Howell & the Sisters off to Denver. They are leaving at 11:00 A.M. In fact they are leaving right now. I will drive a car up this afternoon with a few of the people who work + cannot get off so early. I'll leave at 5:00 P.M. + get up there in time to attend Mutual — the purpose of our going. 15 of the Officers + teachers are going and the expense will be .60¢ a piece. Not bad for 160 mile trip. Uh, what?

Received your letter yesterday + was so glad to hear from you again that I figured I'd better write back as soon as possible + let you know how glad + happy I was.

Well, Old Dear, The Mrs. Mayfield has quit coming to church, guess she figured she couldn't convert us to dances + shows on sunday. However just when we got rid of one then another shown up. This time its any 18 year old girl, a Miss Hel Helen Huff. We visited her Mother, father, herself + friends last evening, had a fine supper + played checkers with the old man + Elder Howell play some kind of a long drawn out dice game with Helen, her mother + other young people. Before leaving Helen gave me a [...] of herself I'll send it to you if you'll send it back. I might want to blackmail her some day. Who knows? This is what you get for sending the picture of the Canadian Boy friend. How's about [...] now? Give up yet?

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Your [...] Darlinka, I wouldn't have even accepted the snap only that you had sent me the one you did! Couldn't resist the temptation. Helen says that she is going to wait until I'm released + then go home with me. "Well," I told her "that's news." She answered "Just remember" I told her my wife in Salt Lake might have something to say to them + I believe she almost believed me until Elder Howell told her I was a single man.

Forget it!?! I love only one sweet little Smith girl who dabbles in paint + goes to Big bad Wolf's Den. She's really the only one I'm really interested in. Hope I can do a lot of good out here, and that means being freindly + helpful, but not intimate.

Houza about a lil kiss + hung-a-moonin'.? About next June? [...] you save a big fat date for about that time?

How rude I am, [musical note], tra la, my hair on the lip is gone + I just about caught cold. The people in My tracting district will say when I come to the door + [...] hear them before.

"Well, I really don't remember you. There was a young fellow around here about a week ago and he wore a black mustache. Well, Thanks anyway for the literature, I probably won't read it, but I always like to make you people feel good by taking it." This I say.

"Howza 'bout perusing the sheets of said list + letting me know what you think about Baptisms for the dead" + they say, "Not Interested" + I say

"Howza about facing a list of questions about the Mormon Church + they say "Okey Dokey" Then I'ze retorts What's on your cranium + they's syas, "Howza about a Man with six wifes—+ hoza about the way he beats hits kids." Then I say to

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ze old boy (or woman as casse might be) I've 7 wives + never beat em much. And anyway, how do you treat your old man. (as case might be ditto — [see first parenthesis])

An she says "Well, then the Moral of the whole story is to never count your chickens before the rats in the belfry tower have twelve —+ visa versa — as rolling stones never gather any more but they put on a fine polish. The think I really meant to point out was that, early to bed + early to rize keeps the big bad wolf from the door. In other words let me quote you a little poem:

Lives of great Men all remind us

we can make our lifes sublime

Of the things we should have learned

That ne'eer on parting. leave behind us

Love letters that we should have burned

—apologies to Longfellow's "Psalms of Live"

By that time she says, "well, I guess your right because I can't seem to follow you. Come back again some time."

Upon that I turn upon my heel and Whist myself asunder, I mean away, and trudge my weary way tot he next door. But always on my lips, the cry you'll find — Excelsior —

Hope you never spoil me like Elder Howells wife has him. He won't eat things until he feels just right, but wants to have special [...] + I have to go around + pick things up after him or the place would look like a cyclone had hit it. He tries to find something + says "That's funny" It should be right in its place, but I've forgotten where it's place is. He is a correspondence course fiend + has spend hundreds of dollars on fake "Mind Cures" such + Psychology courses + High School courses, in 1 year etc. Otherwize [otherwise] he is the

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he is the very best Missionary Companion I've ever had while in the Missionfield. You couldn't Make him angry if you tried + he has a heart as big as they make + would give you his shirt of [off] his back. —that is if he had two better ones to put on —. Hat has a temper, however + the other day got mad at his typewriter because it wouldn't work so he threw it down on the floor + broke a leg off it. Then when his fountain pen wouldn't write he threw it across the room violently + since has used mine. Good old Howl C. Howl. (Middle initial stuck for celery) Well enough of this crazy stuff or you'll think I'm a fit subject for the insane asylum or else that the water was spiked with gin last night. Neither is the case and I'm really serious about my work + will work on do anything in my power to make you happy. Being somewhat inclined to love you to the fullest extend of my poor humble self I feel that nothing is too good for the certain little S.L.C. Girl who slaves away at home so that papa can be out [...] trying to do a little good in the world.

Heaps of love + kisses to you sweetheart. Hope you can feel the Love I have for you and not be too lonesome. I'll I'm with you often in dreams + thoughts + like a hold of yours hand + walk along the paths + byways planning a future life together when love + kindness will be paramount.

Good bye, Sweet.

Ellsworth

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Ellsworth M Clark

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