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Title: **1934-04-06_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:

947 Crandall Ave.

Salt Lake City

April 6, 1934

Hello Funny Face!!!!

"April fool"

You're not a very good schemer-you don't pick a reasonable theme for your story-you don't make the date of writing correspond with your date of mailing-you don't make sense in connecting your story and you aren't wise enough to give your folks the necessary hush money.

In short, one yarn is the length of your spinning for you're no smarter than I am and we've both come to the end of the string.

Give up?

Sign on the dotted line

1. Dorothy Smith
2. Ellsworth M. Clark

{music notes} I love you truly..... [music notes]

Because you're so darn quick-(when I give you a reason to be) and you don't let anyone put anything over on you-I hope, I'm glad you can display spunk.

Tell me now, do you think it very nice to cause me

to give vent to all my womanly emotions and bare my most tender thoughts and feelings before those who are strangers to me (strangers to sight) Will they mock, cheer or console? Never worry I think the last laugh will be on your own dear self when you have to write to Pres. Daynes and do some tall explaining to extricate yourself from this mess.

The letter I sent him was a conglomeration of ambiguous sentiments and he'll think the m. order is a personal gift as I filled it out in his name with my sig. I just hope you have to fare on beans for a week to pay for this. Elder Sadler too. And you might tell him for me that I am anxious to meet the fellow who has the courage & audacity to write such bare-faced falsehoods to such a believing and devoted maiden. I won't be waiting with a rolling pin either-but an outstretched hand.

And if the Pres. does condescend to give you the undeserved lucre I want you to refuse it, inviting him to accept it as a congratulatory presentation for having two such wide awake missionaries within the bounds of his jurisdiction.

When I rec'd word of the fake divorce I thought "Let that be a lesson to him" and I repeat, "Let it" because husbands (devoted ones) are angry wolves sometimes, you know.

Do I love you? Don't ever ask me again. When that tragic news came, I pondered thus & if this affair should come to a head, reflecting any harmful effects upon Ellsworth or the church I guess my decision as to whether or not to stick by him will be one of those proofs of honest or shallow devotion-as the cast might be. Well-as you have the evi-

dence to justify the facts-I finally gave in to sharing the dastardly disgrace along with my delinquent hero. ha! ha!

What else? when I promised "I'll be faithful-
Forever and ever dear."

I've got an idea to pull a similar one on you every five years after were married just as a test. And to think you doubted my word when I told you I was going to Can. for my job.

You can begin worrying now. Howard Jensen, (Leth) has come to U.S. to live & may be in S.L.C. now for all I know.

Sat. April 7, '34

Tonite when I got home I found another letter from C.S. I shed big tears of joy as I read of your sad plight! I do hope "Josephine" gets her divorce & grabs you before Helen gets a chance. She would be so good to you. ha! ha! Decided I'd better hurry & mail this before you waste any more stamps on round trips. Who's the "postman" in Denver that returns your mail?

Guess I'll go in to conference tomorrow. Dad came in tonight for Sunday.

A few Canadians are down. Shall I go back with them? Might as well, since you're going to get wound up with another dame anyway.

'Pipe this 1 cent receipt.' I was going to send you my last cent but decided you weren't worth it. ha! ha! You can keep the stub as a souvenir.

My mouth waters for the chocolate bunny you didn't send. I wrote & told Ellen she could eat it. Did you like the egg, old egg?

Now to get my Sat. nap & a refreshing beauty sleep. It's grand & balmy tonight. Wish we were going to one of the reunions.

Love and kisses Your foolish sweetheart,

Dorothy

P.S. Please pardon the ink. I ran out of lead. D.S.

Will you write me a Real letter now? Dot.

[picture of a winking man-"we're both wise guys now] April 8, 1934 To Grand Junction