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Title: **1932-08-01-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:

Georgetown Idaho

Aug 1st 1932

Dear Pal Dorothy,

Here it is August. Soon it will be September again. After all it seems as though the summer is slipping right along.

Well, you got it back on me last Friday. When I went to the PO for the mail Mr. Bacon asked me if a letter was worth 3 more cents. I had a very good idea it was so I purchased the necessary dime and then with the 7 cents remaining I bought lickoric liq licorice (How do you spell it!) Imagine how I looked in about 10 minutes. Just like any little kid whose dad has given him a nickel.

You remember in a recent letter to you I mentioned that there was still snow visible on our peaks. Well, today I looked and could just make out one small streak on a deep north slope.

I did not work today. It rained yesterday and wet the hay so that we will not be able to start until about noon tomorrow. This morning I stayed in bed until almost eight o'clock. (lazy thing) When I did get up my mother and sister Iris and myself went out into our old home and cleaned it up. It's funny how things get accumulated. Old clothes, school books, papers, newspapers, magazines, mail etc. seemed to have piled up in the last year. We made a bon fire and got rid of most of it. There was also lot of odds and ends which we removed from our store before we sold it. I'll bet there was a million safety pins, lots of snaps and hooks and eyes, a

gross or so of shoe laces, a few old fashioned shirts and OH so many old hair nets.

Yesterday I went to Sunday School and got into an argument with Mildred Munk on predestination and also on what constitutes a Master Minds. We couldn't finish it in class so I went down to her place, (almost next door) and we finished it and also had a good dinner. Mrs Munk had just started to pick her second crop of strawberries. I never ate so many strawberries in my life, I believe, Mildred asked me about School at the U of U. She has almost decided to not go to the JC at Logan next year. I really believe it would be better for her to keep going where she has started. She mentioned she would like to know you and wishes you could come up here and then you and I and Leonard Bacon and herself could have a very good time.

I wish you could have gone to Canada this time, as you would have been pretty sure to get back before school started. A rest and change of climate would do you good. You could miss the hot vacation of SLC and then get back when it has started to cool off. You and Marv could see a lot of old friends and have a regular good time.

Now you mention it, I have, once or twice, called Gert. trudy. Sometime this summer I believe I'll write to her. Surprise her I'll bet. She wouldn't expect such a thing from me.

When you mention your trip to Millcreek, I feel like I've missed out on something. I really believe I know the cabin you speak of. When our Botany Class went up there we found one just like you describe. It was up a small branch of the canyon. Af-

ter going up (about 2 or 3 miles I guess) you step in a slight opening in the canyon and then there is an old road go up the left side of the canyon. Then up the branch about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile is such a cabin with two of the sides knocked out. However, I didn't notice any upper story. But then I didn't look very closely.

When you mention how you climbed hills and steep cliffs etc. I could just tell it was you for sure. I'll bet you were the ring leader and just a bit daring. I'll not forget how you stood on the points of rock while we were on the way to Timp cave.

Honestly you just about scared me when you stood out there. What if you had slipped what would I have done then. No Dot next year and well what would have been the use of anything.

I think Hazel is coming up for about two weeks. Bery probably it will be in about 3 or 4 weeks. She is getting a months lay off and a 10% cut in wages. Tough! I what. She's luck to hold her job I guess. There have been so many laid off completely. 16 of the waitresses were canned. Just at the time she wrote. She is going to have one of here girl friends come up here with her. I guess she is older than herself and I believe a widow. And oh! So uninteresting I would think she would find an exciting one to bring up. You for instance. I think Andrew will bring her up, as he has his vacation at about the same time. I wonder how Helen will get along all alone. She really should have someone to stay with her on the go and stay with one of her friends. I am welcome to think she will do the latter.

I can tell by the wild flowers you sent that you were quite high in the mountains, as only those grow there at this time of the year. They were still beautiful.

Who says you are not a poet? It sounds like you and is good enough so I wonder if I should even try any more myself. I wish I could believe that you even though of me slightly, when you wrote it. If I though that were true I'd be just about the happiest fellow in this little old universe.

Gee, if I could step into some summer league I'd be seeing you in about a jiffy. I'd just quit this old letter and tell it to you personally. Somehow it's not apt to get twisted as it might on paper. I often get of into so world of fantasy while going about my work and when I do I think up some of the greatest and amusing situations. Sometimes I am a fellow with a sudden gift of \$10,000.00 and I figure out what I'd do with it. Then I'm in SLC and talking with you. Then we're going on a hike somewhere and I'm seeing your home after a perfect evening. Sometimes I'm a successful Dr. again I'm a School Teacher. Oh. I guess I'm somewhat of a dreamer. Anyway, most of my dreams cluster around a certain little Girl at 474 E 4th S. She is to me the sweetest girl I can imagine just sensible enough not to be too flippant and just romantic enough to be interesting and extremely desirable. Oh Dot, I think of you in all my work. You just seem to pop up wherever I am and whatever I'm doing. Even though I'm busy and not able to write quite so often as I did I think of us often and with more real appreciation. At first it was sort of a devoid feeling I felt mostly because of my many evenings and days with you. It was a direct change in my way of living. Now I'm somewhat over that. I still am lonely but I'm realizing what it means to be a pal to you and be in your company. A deeper appreciation I believe. It's surely the foundation for a very close friendship. I realize now that it is not a common infatuation or a short romance. If it were ever that it has changed into something which I want to keep and what means everything to me.

Holy Mackerel, I was going to write to Weldon and still I haven't. It seems you take all my extra time besides my extra thoughts. You shouldn't be so interesting and then I could write to someone else. OH I can I guess, but I just seem to never get around to doing it.

Are you getting acquainted around your neighborhood now? I suppose you will be staying there in your present plan all winter won't you? I wish we could both be in Capitol Hill Ward again. I'm not sure but I think I will try to get an apartment in the same war as last year.

There was something important I was wanting to ask you yesterday, and now for the life of me I can't remember what it was. If I think of it I'll write again soon.

Now for the old bed and dreams of you.

Ellsworth.