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Title: **1932-07-06_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:

Here-

good I'm sure glad I took them. You'll like them in your rogues gallery I suppose.

Now-

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July 6 / 32

Dear Dotty-

What do you do when you are very tired? I thought at first I would go to bed but when I remembered the letter I received this afternoon, I decided to recuperate by writing a few of my silly little sentences. You see I didn't even bother to find my pen. I've been working and reading. In fact, I've read so many bill of Sale's and Deed's that my eyes swim.

I was expecting a letter from Hazel with the snaps and their negatives. It was with some surprise that I found them in your letter. If you have the negatives it would be fine if I could get them. I'll send the snaps you would like in

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this letter. If there are any more just let me know and I'll get them for you. I will keep one of Gertrude and then of the others which I send you I will get more from the negatives. I especially want to get at least one or two of some of them. Of course you will not care for the one of Evelyn so I'll keep that one and won't bother to get the negative for that one. I think I'll keep one of the ones of you so I can remember you as a Tennis Player until I get some of the negatives developed. Of course I'm sending back more than the ones you had marked X on but I'm sure you'd like some more anyway. The ones of Marv, Fred and Weldon are pretty

I sure wish I could have been with you on the 4th I didn't do anything myself. Oh, I believe I did buy an ice cream cone and then I played a short game of cards with a friend of mine from next door. I was wishing somehow that I could be with you. It would have been -OH- so much fun. I would also like to have been with you when you went o the hike up city creek with your younger sisters & brothers. It would have been interesting to note the places we have been together. It may be we could have found some new ones or at least visited the old ones. Well I guess I can wait a little while. There is still a wonderful Indian Summer and Fall coming. There are places to go when the snow is on the ground also. You see I haven't known you when we could have gone skating, sleighing, skiing, etc. What fun we'll have if we can get together often enough. Well now that's figuring a long time ahead, but then I like to dream of anything with wish I may associate your presence. No foolin'. Tomorrow I'm going to get up early and help Iris with the washing and then

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when you write to Gertrude tell her that I'm still kicking and that if she never comes back to dear old S.L.C. I will at least have a good snap of her.

Isn't it funny how you make friends and then they drift way to other parts of the country. I often wonder how many of the Capital Hill Ward kids I'll see

from now on. Such friends as Fred etc., I suppose I'll make it a point to see, but such kids as Arza Hinckley, the Ashton fellow etc., will naturally drift away. That is, unless I go back to the same ward next fall. I really would like it better than any one I know of. (It's still within walking distance of your present abode anyway.)

How is Bina Cropper coming now? Does she still follow Oliver? OH, that girl! I'm going into the Hay field and do a list of Haying.

A little while ago I felt in the mood of writing poetry. I thought out a few lines of real romantic stuff. Then a bit later it began to get comic and finally ended up by me getting an "ode to the little Round Tub" (I took a bath in one today).

You should hear me on the piano. I have gone back to a few of my old exercises I haven't played for years. Really I sound terrible. I often wonder what the people working along the street think of all the fuss.

Say, I have the funnest "old" phamplet with some information about the Mormons in ID. It's a rare copy and I will want to keep it. But I'm going to send it to you and let you get an earful about "Ourselves". It's quite a laugh. Some of the inconsistencies are amusing, to say the least. I, as a descendant of a polygamous marriage, surely am doomed, what about yourself?

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I was going to get this letter of on the forenoon mail tomorrow, but I believe I'll keep it about a day and very probably I'll want to add a little more of this gabble on the pure white sheets. -What if paper could talk? - I hope it would tell you how this shirt I have on has a huge hole in the sleeve, or how my 4 days growth of whiskers look on my face. I have written letters in bed, too. Why don't you get a television set? I'll get a Brood-casting outfit and you get one also, & then look out what you do. No running about the house in your negligée (?sp.), and I'd have to be careful about how I looked (that is I'd dress up in my very best before

going on the air.) I wonder if they can't invent someway of delivering a kiss & hug? (By machinery by [...], not by messenger) I don't believe that would be such a good idea strike that one out. I'll try to be there in person for such favors. What is if I would be so lucky as to receive any from the desirable lady.

About your idea on love.

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It's very good and very idealistic. I might say that the love you desire to attain some day will be a very wonderful thing for a man. I wonder how many women can keep such an unfailing love though. I've seen so many, seemingly perfect, love affairs and marriages go on the rocks after a few months or years. There are so many stumbling blocks. Surely you are entitled to a very good husband. You must be very sure he is, before you give him a love like that which you say you desire to give. - More later-

Later - same day 11:00 p.m. July 6, 1932

Darling, I just couldn't resist writing a few more lines before going to bed. You see I think as much about you that I just have to sit down and scribe a few words to the sweetest girl in the world.

I shocked myself today when I went through a lot of my old letters. My! The change is rather terrific was really as bashful (and no win the ones I reasoned) that I wonder how I changed. I have some from as far back as 1921. Evelyn started writing when she left in 1923 & as I have some from her from that time or until March 1932 (since that none) quite a pile. Then I read the

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'mushy' letters Maude Kramer wrote me last year. That goes to show how fickle girls are. She must have not meant a word she said or else she changed a powerful lot. I like the ones from Bina were raking funny in the odd sort of way guess I've known the whole 'shebang' this getting to be a nui-

sance. I have a nice little place for them where no one can get them, but it seemed a desecration to let the ones I receive from you to lie there by them. Yours are the only ones who seem to really mean anything to me the others are just so much paper and dried ink. Yours are you, your thoughts, and your soul. See! They mean a lot to me Dot. Don't let anything stop one of them they are what I live upon up here in the sticks.

Good night, for a while old sweet. I'm going to bed & dream of hikes, tennis, shores and wonderful evenings with Dotty Smith in dear old Salt Lake City. Just this before I go. XXX

Ellsworth

More later

7/7/32 10A.M. I think I'll post this this morning instead of waiting.

E.M.C.

[envelope]

Ellsworth Clark

Georgetown Idaho

Postage due 3 cents

Miss Dorothy Smith

474 E. 4th South

Salt Lake City

Utah