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Title: **1932-09-07_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:

Weiser Idaho

Sept 7, 1932

Dear Wandering Jew,

Smith is not a Jewish name but you have the Habit anyway. I'm glad I heard from you before I left Home so I could write to you at your new home. I know just about the spot, I believe. I've walked it many times while on my way out to Stratford Avenue. At present I'm two miles, more or less, from the Oregon border. Tomorrow I'll drive as far as The Dalles Oregon, & then go out into Portland the next day. From there will go down the coast to Grants Pass & then stay there for about one week & then go home via Sacramento Calif., Reno, back into Idaho & then from Idaho into Utah for dear old school etc, especially the etc.

By the table near where I am writing is a young High School girl. Her father has told {me} all his business and age about her. School started for her and she is now slaving over a Theme. She is a junior and 15 years old, but looks more like 18. Maybe if I were not so bashful I could go over & help her out. She also runs the little camp store.

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Hazel & Andrew are out sitting on the lawn and they keep looking over here. I guess they wonder who I'm writing to. I wonder if they can guess.

We drove from home Monday morning to Twin Falls. There we stayed at the camp ground & then this morning we came to the present place. I hope this letter reached you so that you can get a letter of to Grant's Pass Oregon. It would tickle me pink to get one while there. Sort of make me remember you and good times past. I'm the future Goodness only knows I think about you a lot anyway. Sometimes I wonder along funny lines of thought. Especially when I did not hear from you for so long a time. Believe me I was glad when I cam home from work last Friday and your letter was waiting for me. I surely thought you had forgotten me.

A while back while I was lonesome & the days were rainy, I wrote to Gertrude, at Cardston. I hope she was there to receive the letter. I would be a good one and If she had been in S.L. at the time. I guess I'll

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drop her a card and tell her I'm on my way to Portland & then will go into Canada. Would it be mean to lie like that. No I guess I hadn't better do that. Gosh, I'll have to hurry this letter if I write much more before it gets dark I can't see. I will write a lot more when I get some place where I either have more daylight, on a good electric light. Too bad for me and the letter. Good night & lots of pleasant dreams for the best little pal in the world.

Ellsworth