

Mar 3, 1919

Dear Mother,

Yesterday afternoon father and I followed four professionals around for four holes. They weren't first class professionals but it was very interesting neverthe-less. They surely had some gallery.

I finished my

sweater, collar and all, and wore it today. Father surely seems to like it, because he said so without my asking.

I typewrite this morning - incidentally I woke up at ten o'clock too late for breakfast.

This afternoon Father and Mr. Win-tringer + I played. I made 110 on No. 1 course. That is my

best score up to date and with it all I lost two shots in a bunker-trap and two by driving a ball into the water. I started out miser-ably. My driving was off. Something is always off.

Mr. Wells informed me that I look like + resemble Elaine Rosenthal. I hope someday my game will

resemble hers. That concerns me much more. Mr. Hall says it will be better when I am her age. You should hear them jolly me! I am glad I have sense enough not to believe them.

Father + Mr. W. played some more, but I thought, in view of my vacation, I had better quite after eighteen, so I came back and slept an hour before

dinner.

My eight year old colored caddy [found] a cigar on the tee. His eyes got as big as saucers and he showed it to father. Father said, "Don't you smoke?" He said, "No, sah, not yet." "You don't chew, do you?" Sometimes" What do you chew?" "Tobacco." Sure

enough later on he was chewing away and spitting like a veteran. He told me he was going to give the cigar to his eleven year old brother who smokes!

I got a letter from Grandpa tonight informing me that [Marse] had put my speech away somewhere in a drawer and he had just come across it. I had

typewritten a copy, but not sent it yet.

I'll play with Mrs. Brumbaugh tomorrow if it suits her. I'd like to [trim] her - the governor's wife. ha ha!

Mr. Wintringer is awfully nice I like him since he stopped calling me Miss Fannie a la kitchen me-chanic.

Otherwise nothing new.

Love,

Fannie