

Mar. 4, 1919

Dear Mother,

I played badly this morning, and a little better this after-noon. I made 115. Mr. Hall and I stood Father + Mr. Wintringer - theoretically. Mr. Hall lost a ball on me - he bet that I would beat Father this morn-ing - and you should

see how I played!

I got a letter from Aunt Hattie today. She says this isn't a fair test of whether I'll be homesick next year. I think she is not at all optimistic

I was out for an hour with Mr. Wells tonight getting astronomy instruction. He surely knows a lot. He gave me a book on the subject to read. I think it is

very nice of him to be willing to be bothered with me.

Love,

Fannie

My dear Stella.

Fan just told me she was going to bed and I plan to follow her. 930 I have also made up my mind not to leave a call for early rising. We will get up when we feel like it, I know you will approve. We will see whether that improves my tired feeling and incidentally my golf.

The weather [crutnines] fine. [Otherwise] [there] is nothing to tell. Love

Marcus