

Mar. 7, 1919

Dear Mother,

Played eleven holes this morning before a half hour lesson. Played eighteen this afternoon with Father and two Pgh. Field clubbers named Campbell + Mortimer. The latter looks like Mr. N. Spear. I beat both. I made 108.

Father likes the upstairs room better.

I shall rest this evening before din-ner, but not sleep. I'll save that for tonight.

The chocolate I am eating is very good.

Love,

Fannie

The [boobs] called me Miss Aaron. Father is improving - he didn't laugh.

This morning Mr. Ross said "That's slick, that's a pippin of a shot (4 times). yes, sirree, no kiddin (twice), it's a peach of a shot (twice). He surely has some expressions.