

Mar. 6, 1919

Dear Mother,

I had 111 this morn-ing + 109 this afternoon I should have had an easy 100, but the rain interfered with my grip, and glasses. That made me take them off, and misjudge distances.

We were moved to the third floor tonight. Some fun packing.

I had 1/2 hour lesson with Mr. Alec Ross this morning. He surely is a wonder, but you

should hear some of his expressions. I couldn't keep a straight face when he told me my swing was "slick" and "select."

A friend of Father's, Mr. [Gage], played with us (Father, Mr. Lawrence and me) this aft. He wasn't much He carried a silk umbrella when it started to drizzle. The great big overgrown caddies were laughing their sides off. When he got a bad shot, he would say "By George". He is a perfect siss. I guess he was afraid the rain would take the curl

out of his moustache. I suppose he is from New York.

Mr. Wells was well supplied tonight, judging by his fool remarks to the waitress, also by the fact that he told me he liked my dress. Mr. Hall agreed, repeating it several times. When I wear it, it makes me feel like commencing again

I do wish I knew somebody that danced.

I am sick of writing letters to the [tune] of a one-step. When Mr. R. Harker was here he waltzed, but that is all.

Have you ever seen Gov. Brumbaugh? I can't swallow him. He's too nice. He introduced me to someone with the statement "She's Mr. A's daughter, and she plays darn good golf."

I haven't slept before dinner the last few days, and I have slept almost one hundred times better at night.

I got a letter from Phyllis today. She leaves

for Winter Haven, [Fla.] Saturday night. Her parents bought a bungalow, and expect to spend their winters there. Inasmuch as she can't come for four years, they want her now. She won't be back till May!

Love

Fannie

She sent me one of the pictures she had taken at Jarrett's.

I just [repuched] + am now dead [tired]. Dr Becht wrote that the legislation is dead set against taxing corporations. + I am mad [all through]. [but how] is to you. Love kisses

Marcus