

Mar. 9, 1919

Dear Mother,

I was just on my way up to the room to write, when I discovered this se-cluded desk. It's the only one in the hotel not taken.

I slept till nine o'clock this morning. It poured all night, but today was beautiful. This morning Father, Mr. Gage (sis) and I whacked around nine holes with one club. The less said about it the better.

This afternoon we followed a match con-

sisting of Chick [Evans], Mr. Alec Ross, and and two men named Stiles and [Whittamore]. The gallery was enormous. A man that has charge of a lot of the club affairs, says he has never seen such a large one here. They surely play a wonderful game. I think every picture caught Mr. Ross in his characteristic pose - spitting.

Mr Wells slipped and sprained his ankle, but he followed the match anyhow. He hobbled along on a cane, right up in the front line.

I got 4 shirts + 1 waist from F. + Simon.

Love,

Fannie

Mr. Hall + Mr Lawrence [lian Meoday]

My dear Stella -

It is very of good of you to suggest that we lengthen our stay. If you were here, I would do it but it is out of all question under the circumstances. If you will join us in such a [trip], [I might] be easily persuaded to go to [Ashville] or Hotsprings [Va] later on for ample weeks. Think it over. We will [have] had enough by next Saturday. We took it easy today; played [9] holes with one club this morning and this afternoon we [were] part of the "biggest" gallery that [ever] followed a golf game. Four stars played [- little old]. Fan was all eyes. She isn't missing much. I [have] not

[encouraging] horsebacking [times] etc for I know it would but add to the exertion and [exercise] of which we both have enough [more than enuf,]

Love and kisses and all sorts of best wishes from

Marcus