

Mar. 13. 1919

Dear Mother,

We had 36 holes today, starting at 8:30. The reason for writing now is that there is fifteen minutes wait for tea.

We played with a man named [Harrie] this morning. He comes from Wisconsin. Father has met him here before. He is very nice. I was playing terribly, so badly that I didn't even try to use a driver. He persuaded me to, and, after the first shot with the old

wooden club, I got one peachy shot after the other. Then my game improved.

This afternoon I started out very well. Then on the elbow hole, the one I got a three on the other day. I got in the woods and deep in the trap, and ended up with an eleven. I butchered some more holes, so that I had 108 where I should have had 98 very easily. Nevertheless I played the best golf I have ever played.

Gdpa. sent me a clipping recording Elaine Rosenthal's best score, 86.

Me for some tea.

Love, Fannie

I forgot to tell you that on the last holes plainly visible from the club-porch, I got a wonderful drive, an approach, a long putt; and a lot of applause frp, s[ectators on the club-porch.

My dear Stella -

We got in early from our afternoon round - I made a 88. [Hurrah!] Fan wants tea so we must [till] 430 when they serve it gratis. [Three more] days + we begin our hike [homeward]. I think I told you in my yesterdays latter but I am not sure that Fannie [will] come home from Harrisburgh while I keep my engagement at Phila. We will not interfere with Lester You may write Friday to The Raleigh and on Sunday [/y] The State Board of Education. Tonight I go to a golf [dinner] as Mr. Wells guest. Fan [dont] mind being alone at dinner after which she will finish her typewriting. + get that off her mind. She is doing it [very nicely] Love + kisses

Marcus