

Mar. 13, 1919

Dear Mother,

I didn't play particularly well today. Father and I played this morning. I didn't add up my score. This after-noon.
<Father> Gov. B. and I beat Father and Chan-cello McCormick eight up, counting best ball and the sum of each side divided by two. The chancellor plays and looks like a [sawed]-off-hammered-down choppy butcher. He almost cries over

his game. I trimmed him. Father suggested that he and I play Gov. B. + Mr. McC, but the Gov. saw my first drive + he decided he wanted me as a partner. Father told him that I thought perhaps I had no business to play along. He said he didn't want to hear any more of that kind of talk from me, that I should know I was always welcome to play along. When he picked me; I couldn't quite make out if he was ditching [the Chan-cellar], or if he really wanted me.

I slept an hour before lunch, and shall rest now.

Father went with

Mr. Wells to the [Tin Whistle] banquet at the club last night, so after dinner, I came up and finished up my type writing.

I fogot to say that I had 109 this after-noon, I won several holes that we would otherwise have lost, + I helped on the other point in score-keep-ing so I didn't feel that I was superfluous. I missed a lot of putts - I don't seem able to

get under 100. I hate to go home without realizing my Pinehurst ambition.

I got a letter from Helen Hirtz. She said she saw you one day, and you looked "sad and lonesome". I hope it wasn't true. It's a nice thing to write.

The chamber-maid told me today she has one room that the persons who have it always take sick in. (excuse the grammar) She said there has been sickness in it all winter. That sounds funny. She said, "One of the finest looking young men I ever saw ied of pneu-monia there." It was Lester's friend, Louis Rothschild

Love,

Fannie

My dear Stella

Papa is tired just having finished a days work but so that you will have a word from us Saturday here goes the word.

We had a good time at the dinner last night + Fan did not miss me - she finished her typing. Fanny read a letter from Helen in which she said [she] saw you and that you looked "sad and lonely." I [am sure] that she did not take a full look. I pray so anyway. Cheer up we will be home soon and [Blair]

me I am as [anxious] to get back with you as I was to come here for the golf and exercise.

I think it has done Fannie good. I am not satisfied with myself. I tire too easily but with better sleep at home than I get here I hope too to show the [bright resulting] from my [ontring]. Lots of love and kisses from

Your Old Man