

Mar. 14, 1919

Dear Mother.

We were going to sleep this morning, so Mr. W. called up the room at 7:10. There is us real going to sleep in the morning here - the slight is too strong.

Before I forget, will You or Same meet me at the station Monday evening? Of course I won't object to seeing you.

This afternoon Father + I played Mr. Newberry, (called by the caddies Blueberry) and Mr. Car-penter. Mr. N. plays ab-

solutely the most im-possible game I have ever seen. I could stand that, but his 700 practice shots, and fussing and stamping around, drove me half crazy. We surely trimmed them. We gave Mr. N. a strike a hole. His stance is more for batting a baseball than for golf. Mr. Carpenter had me two up and I'd have had him more up than that if I hadn't putted so impossibly. I don't think I had less than three putts on any hole, and I had four on some! With it all, I had 111. My long game was wonderful. Father

had 93.

I took two letters on the typewriter from Father, to both Gdpas. I wrote as he talked!

I'll pack now, so I won't have to rush tomorrow. It surely has been a wonderful trip, and, outside of the physical benefit, I think I have really acquired a little con-fidence in meeting people.

Love,

Fannie

Give Marse my love.