

Notes on a conversation with Miss Carrie Lee
Hathaway with Churchill Newcomb's
Comments in the margins. F.S.S. about 1926?

Aunt Mayme tells me by the way that Captain Hathaway was one of Morgan's Men, and was in college, in the army and in prison with her father. He was the possessor of the most marvelous store of fine old whiskey that tasted like devine syrup but had a most potent after-effect. He always offered the young ladies a julip, but not the youngmen, as he thought the latter lacked discretion!

He was simply wonderful to Miss Carrie Lee, and as she was the only child, he took her every where with her. Miss L.C. says that John Fox, jr. was much amused at her father and herself when he came on one of their fox hunts ^{at Olympia Springs} that he intended to write up as a story (I have read one ^{of his} about stationary hunting). Every time there was a halt in the chase her father would call in his sweet way: "Daughter, daughter, where are you"; and then would appear to look over her horses girths. (I wish you could have heard her imitation of him). John Fox had brought with him an artist named Max Klepper; and every-time who had some trouble keeping up; and everytime that Captain Hathaway would call "O daughter", John Fox would call loudly with much English accent, "O Kleppah, O Kleppah!"

Miss H. doesnt think much of stationary hunting as she calls it. I asked her if the women every went on that kind of a hunt and she said that she had never heard of it. She said that it seemed to be, however, in spite of the strenuousness of it, an older mans sport- that few young men ever came on the hunts.

There was an old farmer at one of the hunts who refused to mount and follow saying that he was "goin' from pint to pint" and watch, The second day out "Uncle" Sam failed to appear to take up his perrigrinations. "Where is Uncle Sam?" I asked;

Good!

Can be too

Give hell to the
Stationary Hunters.

Put this