

(Transcription begins)

**B W R S**

November 3, 1942  
Election Day—did you

vote?

Dear Douglas:

It's real Democratic weather, drizzle rain and chilly North East wind. Both Dad and I are planning to cast our vote after work tonight. Marilyn has the day off because it is a bank holiday. She has been waiting patiently for word from Bill that his boat is in so she and Mrs. Schmid (without the T) can down before Marilyn gets a new job, but because two of the boats have been disabled, I guess his is doing double duty.

Dad has been calling on the Every Member Canvass for the church and had Ethel Miller's name among others. We went to church Sunday morning, very fine service, with a full sized choir and remarkably many male voices considering the war.

Saturday we went to a very good party at the Donle's. Hallowe'en decorations and a dancing skeleton on the wall gave plenty of atmosphere. We walked down but regretted not having the automobile for Dad won first prize, a large basket (*sic*) of Fruit, I won second, a gallon of cider, and Dad won the table prize, a carton of Cocoa (*sic*) Cola, but the Dicks were kind to us and took us home in their machine.

I hear that Gordon Hurt has gone with the fleet—Helen Hard called on his mother the day he left. I don't know what service Dick Sayles landed but think it is the amphibian service. His mother (I mean Mrs. Hurt) did not go on for graduation but we are looking forward to coming at that time and think that if there is any reason to plan to stay overnight that we had better reserve room early.

How are chances of your being home for another week end before then? Even if you get the chance suddenly come without notifying us for your (*sic*) have your house key and we never stay out all night!

Gilbert and Sullivan are playing at the Metropolitan as well as at Brown this week and I had thought I might get to one of them but the weather is pretty bad so will pass it up for this time. Somehow there hasn't been a good picture at any of the theatres lately so Dad and I have kept to the home in the evening. One night the Marbles were over—she is selling War Bonds in the Outlet every day.

Somehow I haven't much today. Have I told you that Betty Gorton is married—some out of town soldier.

Love from Mother (Transcription ends)