

[Transcription begins]

#62 Monday night - November 6, 1944

The night before election & are the radio wires hot!

Dear Douglas - Not a word from you in almost a month so we are just imagine [sic] that you are pretty busy & that the mail carrying ships have other things on their minds or decks. A swell job is being done out there and we rather imagine you must know something about it.

Right now, election is the big thing and the charges and counter charges have been most interesting. Dad is at the Aquila Club tonight & is expected to be at the polls most of tomorrow, just why, neither of us know. I start out about nine in the morning, getting out the vote, having been assigned to Wheeler Ave. from the Park thru to the Blvd. & Grand Avenue as well. All Democrats I am supposed to bounce out of the car!

Marilyn, Daryl and I are going thru the miseries of a terrific head cold, everyone around seems to be having them but they do not last too long & Dad went to the doctor's tonight for a whole-sale load of medicine, so I expect to be all right tomorrow for my taxing job.

We have had some very lovely extremely warm days this past week, so much so, that Friday, when Bunny & May Millard called, I realized my ambition & served them "tea on the terrace." It really was lovely for the maple tree above was in full leaf, all of a most vivid hue & the sky was very blue without a cloud & Bing's presence kept the blue jay darting back & forth loudly protesting. Chip as a rule is not tied unless the smaller children are out without an adult & then he is apt to jump on them if they run.

Today the weather is completely changed, all the leaves are off the tree, severe snow flurries were in the air all morning & some parts of northern New England report 8 inches on the ground.

Saturday night Dad & I went to a bean supper at the Yacht Club. The entertainment was a memory stunt almost identical to my old one & I was much pleased to be able to memorize a pack of cards along with the entertainer (unbeknownst to him of course) and entertain our group later by repeating the list forwards & backwards.

Bill flew down from Bar Harbour Friday night on a 48 so Marilyn & Daryl were there for the week-end.

Dad & I went to Communion Service at Calvary--the interim pastor--Dr. Erbe--is very fine. The choir loft was practically full, how they do it, I don't know. Of course, young men are scarce but there are a few left like Dick Johnson & Florence Skoog Johnson's husband (now a fond parent). We sang the Navy hymn "Eternal Father, Strong to Save!"

After church the Jones, Redfern aunts & Dad & I went to Geo. Huston's restaurant for dinner. Dad sent back word by the waitress that the King of Siam expected service & soon came back a note saying that the King would be served like anyone else & "that

goes for FDR, too!" When George finally appeared in his cook's outfit to jolly with us for a few minutes, Dad bewailed the fact that there were no cigars for sale in the restaurant, that he always had to have one at the end of a meal, etc., etc. When we were ready to leave Dad stuck his head in the kitchen & was told Mr. Huston had gone out on an errand & as we left the front of the restaurant, he came tearing up in his machine, cook's outfit & all with four 15 cent cigars for Dad!

We had time to ride around by Jones' summer place & then Coles to be sure everything is shipshape for the winter.

Life is full of disappointments, particularly if you are in the Navy! John Brown now writes his mother that the "blues" can be kept in mothballs for a while longer & may be called for sometime in February! Saw a good snapshot of Bill Metcalf & John taken together at Hawaii.

Marilyn & I are making Daryl a coat, hat & legging set of pale yellow Botany flannel, it is all to be wool interlined & will make a lovely outfit for her.

I haven't any news this time of any of your friends in the service, perhaps you could give me more news than I can give you. Do you keep a fairly active correspondence going or are you too busy even for that?

We hope you are getting mail from us & we rather think there will be more than one letter for us when it finally gets through.

All our love and prayers and I think will plan for Christmas together in 1945!

Mother [Transcription ended]