

October 27, 1926.

My dear father:

I hope that my last letter to you was not so severe that you have decided not to write any more. We missed you on our last visit and hope that when we come again you will not be performing the part of the "chief cook and bottlewasher". You no doubt had a fine time and I am glad that you were able to go, for it is surely relaxing, or refreshing, to get away from the surroundings you constantly dwell in, especially when all those whom you meet are cheap politicians, gamblers, bootleggers, ad infinitum. How encouraging it is to have concrete proof that there are in the State some men who at least profess to be honest and are truly delightful to work with.

The purpose of this letter is really to ask for some information concerning the political situation. This being the age of specialization, I find that the art of politics must escape my study. Realizing that that is your "meat", it is but natural for me to ask for your opinion concerning the whole situation. As usual there is a good deal of mud slinging and for one who is not versed in the affairs of the political phase of the Republic it is hard to separate the gold from the common earth. In as much as I have applied for a ballot to vote by mail, I feel that it is my duty to mark it intelligently. Of course I expect that you will be true to the Republican faith in preference to the other, but perhaps you will have something to say concerning and splits there may be. For all these favors perhaps I can give you some advice on the theory of differential equations or the mathematical theory of oscillating circuits.

This month has sped quickly. I have a little to show for it however. My research work is surely something that requires a good deal of time but with the aid of time and patience some results must come. It is a decided contrast to be able to have the best of apparatus when it is truly necessary.

Have been able to get in several long walks about the town. Harrison and I went on a long one yesterday and today. We are now acquainted with all the cemeteries and have seen the fifty odd factories that

✓ gathered some big nests first time in 10 years.

in generations past made Middletown a very industrious-center. Many of them are now unoccupied, a bleak memorial to typical old fashion New England business. It takes but a minute to be out in the true country and the walks have afforded an opportunity to commune with nature and to observe the handywork of her hand and brush. The Conn. valley is a treat now, moreso than at any other time of the year- a delightful contrast to Boston.

May I urge that you write immediately concerning the request, for the ballot must be in the hands of the tellers before the polls close on election day.

My love to you both,

William