

Monday 11-22-43

Dear George:

Your card was welcome.

I try to keep in touch with Florence, because I know she is the type of woman that would be reluctant to impose on anyone, and I want her to know it would be favoring me if she would allow me to do anything to take care of any need that may arise for you or her. When I phoned today she was quite happy, having spoken to you ten minutes previous to my call.

Things were quiet in the market and around the office today. But last week there were happenings. First G. B. called me on Thursday and told me M. W. phoned him asking that the firm bear the cost of his trip to California. Heard nothing further, but he was in

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Saturday, and although I heard nothing definite, I think a compromise was reached. I think he started on his way yesterday.

Miss Bonnet is no longer with us. Complained she couldn't get along with her jade kick. But this time she stuck her neck out an inch too far and the guillotine snapped before she could draw back. So far no replacement.

Bill Fowler returned today on the margins.

I speak to your friend Harris daily. Also spoke to Storch a couple times. They each asked if I heard from you.

We had a phone call from Richard Saturday. He is at Camp Swift, Texas. I don't know whether

it is the contrast from the manurever
 swamps of moist and cold to the
 warmth of the Southern climate
 or some other reason, but he
 sounded as if he loved the new
 location. Coming out of the wilderness
 where he couldn't spend a dime, the
 PX at Camp Swift so attracted
 him that he did his Xmas shopping
 there and there, leaving himself
 a little pended for \$4. He first
 asked for \$1⁰⁰, then raised it to 2⁰⁰
 and when we told him how tickled
 we were to get his call, he said
 "better make it 5⁰⁰." And I
 don't mind telling you I couldn't
 get it in the mail box quick enough.

He doesn't expect his furlough
 until January, so it seems his
 girl will go down soon and they
 expect to get married.

↓

He expects to be at Swift about
3 months and then?

Not much else to write
just now, George, except to
empirically repeat that I am at
your command for whatever your
needs may be.

Until my next, which will be
soon—

Loads of good luck.

Most sincerely
Max

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