

Thursday

Dear George:

Things have been coming my way so fast that I haven't been able to keep pace with myself, with the result that I have been neglectful of my mail to you. Busy as the dace at the office, busy with home preliminaries leading the wedding, and my in-laws have been ill, so we spent most of our evenings at their house.

Despite the above, I have managed to have my daily confab with Florence, and am glad to report all's well at home. Her voice is more cheefful, having lost that worried tone. Jimmy is keeping her occupied in pleasant duties, and I enjoy getting the daily earful of his progress, for that indicates Florence is in good spirits and Jimmy is fine, and makes me feel better in reporting the truth regarding your family.

The market....she is drunk. Liquor, Liquor...all the liquor stocks zooming, but in the stores you can't buy anything but cheap grade junk at high grade prices. Up to today, ADC stole the show. Today the whole group was on the hop, led by Schenley, which was up almost six points. Even MCK. sneaked into the parade, at 24 3/8. The other stocks just makring time, and while there is a quiet pessimistic feeling about the market later on, the present looks good to me. And I am afra id some of the pessimists are overlooking the fact that the price of gold is booming in South Africa and India....and that is of important significance. I have to admit being a little neglectful of your customers, but will knuckle down to giving them some attention from here on.

At the office, there isn't a thing new. No, Santa Claus has not been around, nor is there any murmur that he is on his way.

I hate to complain to any one in the army, but must admit tonight I feel pooped. I dñn't mind a dizzy pace, but when it comes in variety, I can no take.

Richard expects to get married Saturday night. His hours have been changed to the midnight shift. He was lucky enough to get a three day pass, so will at least enjoy that much of a honeymoon, although he is hopeful of a furlough in a couple of months.

Jack Frost chased away the mild weather we were enjoying, and while it has been cold for several days, it hasn't been as unbearable as last Saturday's frost-biting wind. The forecast is for the cold to subdue starting tomorrow.

Don't feel forgotten in not hearing from me with the regularity I would like to write my letters to you. Each day that I miss writing, I feel I have committed a crime, realizing that receiving mail is the greatest hunger when one is in military service. Only a good reason prevents my doing so, and when I do miss...forgive me.

My best....and loads of good luck.

Sincerely,

P.S. Expect to send a supply of
addressed envelopes tomorrow.

Max

M.L.Pincus,
176 Seeley St.,
Brooklyn, N.Y.



CHURCH STREET
ANNEX



~~CO A NOT A~~
Pvt. G. Stoff, 42050100,
~~Co. A. 8th Bn. (Comp.)~~
ASP-UTC-NOSA,
New Orleans (12), La.

Handwritten: HAS

Handwritten: \$ JWA

~~*Handwritten:* CO HAS of the Bin~~

Handwritten: NOPE set
@phucingtan
La

