

Thursday 1-13-44

Dear George:

I've become a jerk. Haven't written you for days, and without offering any excuse as an apology. The actual reason is I've been somewhat on the fritz. The bug finally got me, and I went to the Friday night and remained there until Monday morning. Each night after supper I flop right into bed. Am writing this immediately after breakfast to make sure I get a line off to you.

Everything at the office the same. We have been busy but it quieted down considerably. At least

it is less exciting. Haven't done very much with your accounts.

In so far as your own, the Argentine situation I think has been depressing on it, but I don't think the situation is going to seriously affect them. For the present at least, I'll make no change in your holdings. If and when I do, it will be on a basis of what I would do if it were my own. Isn't that what the doctors tell their patients?

Outside of probably missing

a day or two, I have my usual  
conversation daily with Florence.  
She is fine and so is Jimmy.  
We haven't been able to make that  
threatened visit. Outside of going  
to business, we have been out but  
one day since Dec 18<sup>th</sup>, and that  
was down the block to visit our  
in-laws. But the first opportunity  
will get over to visit your little  
family.

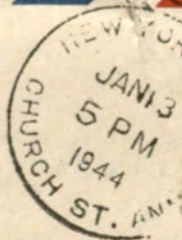
This really isn't a newsy letter,  
but I wanted to get a few words  
off so you wouldn't feel forgotten.

I'll manage to resume my  
regular schedule soon, and you  
will then be better informed of  
home doings.

My best and loads of good  
luck.

Sincerely  
Max

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HALF LETTER



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