

Wednesday

Dear George:

Everything is oke at home; so Florence tells me and I believe her.

"Donchiano there's a war on" is the stock phrase for anything one asks for, and when I asked for rubber-bands it was said as if was really meant. Therefore the few stingy sized ones enclosed.

Sorry you weren't included in that trip to Richard's location, as the climate has a lot of psychological invigoration; on the other hand, for more important reasons, I hope you stay where for the time being.

There isn't much peace talk going the rounds recently. But I think in the next four or six weeks there is going to be unleashed an attack on Germany with such ferocity that will make it impossible for them to survive long beyond it. No talk is heard, but I am confident it will be so determined that the end will be very clear.

At the office everything is the same as I last wrote you. The back office is quite busy, mainly because they are undermanned. I had to stay a couple of nights to do my own typing because only one steno. Kelly has been handicapped in his work for the last few days, because his brother is seriously ill. Ken Lyden feels very low about his induction call; I can't blame him. The war always did depress me, but more so since they began inducting married men with families.

Excuse me if I end this abruptly, George. I am doing it before going to work, and as the hour is late, I must get agoin'.

My best and loads of good luck.

Sincerely,

May

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