

Sunday...March 26, 1944.

Dear George:

I feel guilty as hell that I don't write you more often, but at the end of the day, though the mind is willing, the body sayeth nay.

Yesterday I received your letter of the 21st, and was surprised that you hadn't received the letter I wrote you a week or more ago...either Thursday or Friday.....in which I dwelled on a number of the things you now inquire. I know there has been some delay in mail, but a lapse of ten days seems beyond reason, and as I always have my return address, I am wondering what could have happened to the letter. Of course, I wrote you last Sunday, but that you couldn't have received before writing your letter.

Ken left on Friday to enter the Army on Saturday. Don't know what camp he is headed for. That final good-bye is always a choker...it brings such a big lump in your throat that takes a long time to dissolve.

When you know definitely where you are going for your technical training, as soon as you let me know I will look up some of my friends to help you in finding quarters for Florence and Jimmy. I spoke to Florence a number of times during the week, and everything is oke. Jimmy is fine and dandy. It is superfluous to say how you are missed at home, but you could have been used to advantage the past week, as the kitchen and bathroom were painted. Florence says the job is all finished and everything back in order, so continue on with your railroad operating. We really are ashamed that we have been unable to visit Florence, but my wife and I have been continually alternating with illness since you left. My wife has been home all week with a miserable cold. Guess we are just an A.K. couple, but even A.K's. enjoy a span of good health, so we are hopeful we can well at the same time so that we can make the visit soon.

The market has been fairly good, and I don't see any reason why it shouldn't continue so. IS has been up to 17 where it naturally met some profit taking of a temporary type. IT had a burst of activity Thursday and Friday and got up to 14 $\frac{3}{8}$. JKL sent up word from the floor both days that it looked very good, but it didn't get very far, finishing yesterday at 13 $\frac{3}{4}$. MCK hovers around the 23 level and may have its day yet. The Street has the invasion jitters.

Peace rumors have disappeared. I listened to Churchill's speech this afternoon. Predictions were absent, but my hopes were buoyed by the fact that 65% of his speech was devoted to domestic post war problems and preparations of the English...my conclusion being that if the end of the war is so distant, he wouldn't dwell at such length and detail on post war matters. He did, however, revise his estimate on the Japs, saying that end would be cleaned up in materially less time than the long period he had previously calculated.

Under the impact of bombardment Germany is getting, her production

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Under the impact of bombardment Germany is getting her production

must be crippled. Without production, how long can a war be continued. It looks as if we have only started to pulverize them from the air, and the job may be done so thoroughly as to make an invasion unnecessary. At least that is my hope.

Strasburger's son is home on 30 days leave. He had been hospitalized for a few months, first with malaria, from which he recovered; then a vascular condition which is still under observation. The kid looks fine, and is having a helluva good time while the 30 days last. Al is still that part of the horse that has the most brains.

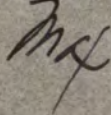
Before closing, I decided to phone Florence, and answer any of her questions. She was happy to hear from you, and everything is okay.

The new airmail envelopes won't be in my possession until tomorrow, so I enclose a few of the old to temporarily take care of your needs.

If you should be transferred, how would it be for me to arrange to have the Sun, Times or World Telegram forwarded.. I ask before acting because I don't know what army rules are on periodicals. Let me know if there is anything you need.

My wife joins in wishing you the best and loads of good luck.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be 'Mx' or similar, written below the word 'Sincerely,'.

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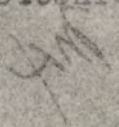
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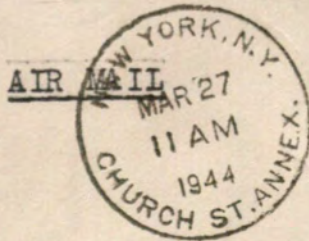
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Sincerely,


A. L. PINCUS
SEELEY STREET
BROOKLYN, N. Y.



CA.



Pvt. G. Stoff, 42050100,
Co. A. 735 Rwy. Opn. Bn.,
Camp Plauche,
New Orleans, La.

