

Sunday

Dear George:

Everything does finally end — even my silence. Refraining from writing you really has been punishment, but I had been so 'foreffish' that I couldn't do much of anything. I had been home with stomach trouble from Saturday to Wednesday, after battling cramps for two weeks. Yesterday was the first in a good while that I went without a bellyache. So it looks like I'm out of 4-F.

Therence assures me all is well with her and Jimmy. Her time is mainly occupied with Jimmy, which I think is the grandest occupation.

The Argentine turnaround has changed the picture to the favorable again in I.T. I never thought it would be different, but there is always a question mark about foreigners. The market generally has been quiet. This condition

being attributed to the War Bond Drive.

Following are Saturday's closing prices of your holdings: IT - 13 $\frac{7}{8}$ - LS - 15 $\frac{1}{4}$ - MCK - 22 $\frac{3}{4}$. No change in outlook.

Getting back to the Bond Drive, my total is running about par with the last, but more in number. I could go into a long fan dance about the heroism of civilians buying bonds, but think I'd better skip it. I wonder who the genius is that planned for the boys in the service to be obligated to buy bonds. In other words not only fight the war, but help finance it as well. I know there is no compulsion, but I also know the army meaning of voluntary. For a married man with a family, he hardly has enough left to buy himself aspirin to relieve himself of that headache that worrying about his family back home must give to many a service man. George, I was of the belief that the war was going to make people more conscious and considerate

of their fellow beings but there is greater evidence to the contrary, and selfish individualism is more rampant than at any time in my memory. Of course, like the guy who bet on the wrong horse and blamed it on Roosevelt, everybody seems to be aiming the responsibility for all evil in that direction. I don't think any one individual is to blame. The world simply has gone nuts.

It was only a short while ago the Republicans were blowing the bugle about their glowing prospects in the coming election, with general good psychological effect. Then with one little wheeze from the opposition in the form of the Green-Lucas Soldiers' Vote Bill, the Republicans lose their heads and in a jiffy destroy any confidence that had been built up. Their real trouble is they haven't got

a strong contender if FDR does run again. The Republicans don't want Wilkie, so next comes Dewey. As Governor of N.Y. I think he is in the right job and doing a good job of it. But as President of the U.S. - that's another thing. That job requires an international statesman, and what experience has Dewey had in international affairs. On Bricker you can reason the same as Dewey. MacArthur I don't think would run even if he were drafted (they're not serious about him; it just makes good newspaper copy). So you can make up your mind its FDR if he runs again. And when I think how Nye, Vandenberg, Taft, etc. love the Stoffs, Pinchus, Ahrens, Rosenbergs, etc. I think you get what I mean when I say maybe I'd rather the outcome

be thus.

Getting back to business, only yesterday I learned Ken has been called for Feb. 4th. The office is having stenographer trouble; they seem to be able to get better jobs. Also Miss Davis has been alone on the bookkeeping machine. Otherwise things are status quo.

From Leonard Case I haven't had a single word. Have written him only twice, and will do so again some time soon. Why he should be busier than any one else in the army is a mystery to me. Or maybe he's one of those guys who feels everybody should write him, but he can pick the ones to answer.

The Post office has been short of small envelopes for almost two weeks. Those I sent you last were

from my on-hand supply, which is exhausted. Hence, the new type enclosed.

I hope there'll be no further reason for not being able to write, and expect to do so with former regularity.

Wishes of best wishes and good luck.

Sincerely
Mf

P.S. Rubber-bands in next letter.

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