

Monday

Dear George:

I try to write you daily because I know how welcome mail from back home must be when a fellow is away and amongst strangers. Please stop patting me on the back, for I know if conditions were reversed, you'd be Johnny-on-the-spot in trying to be helpful. Welcome as your letters are, any time you are handicapped, don't feel obligated to reply, for I fully realize that one's will cannot be satisfied under army pressure.

I do hope you stick out the 21 days in order to get that 36 hour pass, for it would be a tonic for you and Florence to see each other and a big lift for you to get Jimmy in your arms.

Regardless of J. J. L.'s sincerity, I think you're going to get further paddling your own canoe. I fully

agree with you that your general qualifications and that high I.Q. is going to lead you in the right direction.

Florence was shocked when I told her Whitman had gone to Calif. She said they had been so friendly she surely thought they'd at least call to say good-bye. I always contended that one makes many acquaintances in a life time, but if he acquires friends in the true definition of the word to the limit of the fingers on one hand, he possesses the most fortunate wealth.

And I never was impressed by guys with that lullaby expression of sentiment.

The market - she stinks. It has me a little distorted. At this time of the year tax selling could be a convenient excuse, but to me it starts to appear like outright liquidation.

Rumors are more numerous than bees in busiest hive. It is one big guessing contest as to what is going on behind the political scene. The situation is too massive and complex for any one, no matter how big, to venture a guess as to what will culminate and when. It is buzz buzz from every where, but no statement with foundation of fact from anywhere.

Since I wrote you about Richard's needing an operation, he has dropped all further comment on the subject, and instead has written his girl to arrange to get to camp by Dec 11th, presumably to be married. The poor girl is dizzy because she can't get train reservations. I surely thought he would write us some details of his plans, but

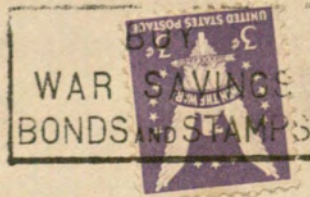
not a word about it in his letters,
and we are in the dark as to what
it's all about. He usually phones
on Wednesday night, and we will
then learn more about it.

Don't worry about the cost of the
stamp. It only ran into pennies
and is not worth talking about.
Are all your needs provided for?
Can I send you some reading matter,
or something to 'nosh'?

More tomorrow and until then —
my best and loads of good luck.

Most sincerely
Max

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