

Pongrácz János Vérmező-ut 6. Budapest, II.

My darling boy,

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My dear son!

I've written to you a couple of times without being sure whether you'd get the letters. This is especially the case now, according to the Italian papers. But this time I will not say goodbye to you, as you know everything I have to say. If the postal service really does break down, business is finished anyway, even if you manage to get the visa permits. So, without much hope, just for the sake of order, I'm going to talk business this time too. On the subject of graphology, I will refer you to what Mum says overleaf, and I will mention that I have received from the graphologist a shoddy English writing work, which is nothing more than a translation of the Hungarian key booklet you have in your possession. There is nothing else to get out of the scholar, but he says he doesn't need to. The important criteria are the same, no matter what nation the perpetrator of the handwriting tests may belong to.

I don't know if I wrote last time that a locksmith only gives samples for money. The cost, including postage, would be 16 pence, which, in view of the considerations involved, I do not wish to touch at present."- If, in spite of expectations, the matter should take on a serious aspect, I shall of course be willing to bear the expense.

The promoter of the railway case says that at the moment the people in London are busy with other matters and that his case is suspended. He says that he has a more detailed description of it, which he will send me and I will forward it to you, if there is still time. I have sent you a package of business papers the other day, containing, besides some newspaper clippings, detailed material on the physiognomy case, two copies of newspaper articles, graphology, the above-mentioned English key, and finally the letter from the lock factory to me, which I have already described, and which I only expected to be addressed and signed, in order to avoid any accusation of mail fraud by over-zealous public opinion. I have subscribed to the Robinson book.

For the time being, however, I will not send any books until the border is clear. Inside the border, thank God, order and calm continue to reign. Only certain things are getting more expensive or running out. From tomorrow, for example, bus tickets are going up by about 10%, last week the taxi fare went up, etc.

I met Feri Bekény, who is still doing the carpet farm, Gyurka is working at the Horthy Miklós hospital, the old lady is fine - István says, that he will write next time when he is over his troubles. I also think he'll pass his matura, and I'm happy to say that he's gradually shedding his fancy dress, so much so that he'll be as busy around the Amalek as you were. I kiss you a thousand times, my son APU