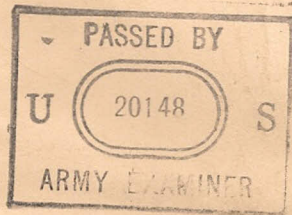


Priv. E. J. Thomas
A.S.N. 36576155
Service Co, PIR, 153rd Inf.
c/o Postmaster
Seattle, Washington
AUG 9 1948



Mrs Victoria Thomas
17457 Filer Ave
Detroit (12), Michigan



Alaska
Aug. 21, 1943

Dear Mom & Harry:

Another week has passed by and according to my schedule it is time for me to write you another letter.

In the past three or four days I received one package and two letters. One letter was from you dated Aug. 6 and 9 and the other was from Issy. The package contained those long lost bags which zigzagged almost all over the hemisphere before reaching me. I am making good use of them, especially the large bag which I am now using for my laundry.

When I first laid eyes on the words "Crystal Lake" in the heading of your letter, I immediately pictured a cozy cottage overlooking wooded hills and dales and a cool limpid lake. So you can see how disappointed I was when I found out that your cottage really was surrounded by swarms of chickens, kids, babies, cats and mosquitoes. It's strange how all those lake cottages so far away from Detroit could be all occupied. I thought that during gasoline rationing it would be a cinch, especially as far as you had gone, to pick out any kind of cottage you wanted. What gave me this impression was the great number of resort cottages for sale and for rent last summer. I wonder if you looked over the Detroit News ads before trying to find a cottage. Maybe you thought as I did that during times like these it would be easy enough to find a cottage around any lake without referring to the ads.

Harry, I guess, can claim to call himself an expert fisherman if he was able to catch a 12" fish in one of those inland lakes. That's something I can't boast about even though I had patiently dipped my hooks into lakes as far away as Free Soil, Traverse City, and the Upper Peninsula. I took great pains to prove that nothing larger than minnows swam in any of Michigan's inland lakes and Harry comes along and shatters my hard begotten proof. Was the fish big enough for one meal?

Talking about meals, I want to mention the big ones that are being served here. To eat up everything put into my mess kit I had to force myself to be a regular glutton. Soon I began to feel overstuffed. My cheeks felt as if I were continually trying to cool soup. In looking into the mirror I noticed that my cheeks really were puffing up. Therefore, yesterday I decided to start on a diet by missing lunches altogether. Today I weakened a little and had a lunch consisting of a steak weighing about a pound, two big heapy table spoons of canned corn, three slices of bread spread thick with butter and a big mound of some kind of pudding made up of bread, peaches, and raisens soaked in something tasting like sweet custard. However, I didn't weaken all the way because I refrained from taking soup with toast cubes, beans, and ground carrots mixed with raisens. I am firmly resolved, though, to stick to my new diet and intend to miss supper. Still I am afraid I am going to yield a little by eating some of the candy I have on hand and going to the PX for some icecream.

Yesterday I saw "Crash Dive". It was in technicolor. I intentionally missed seeing this picture back in the States because I expected it to be just what it was. The most interesting part to me was the submarine warfare. The remainder of the picture was an old worn out plot handled in the same worn out way about two men in love with the same girl and not being aware of it until the end of the picture. The day before that I saw "The Human Comedy" which was very good. It was somewhat similar to "Our Town" but concerning another generation. Tomorrow afternoon I am going to see "The Moon is Down". It looks as if I'll be able to catch up with all of the good pictures I missed in the "Old Country".

When I left Seattle one of my objects was to reduce my baggage weight as much as possible and I, therefore, threw away all of my coat hangers. Now I find that I could use about 10. Could you get a hold of that many and send them to me?

That Valet razor you sent me during my good old Army days in the "Old Country" has gone back on me by mischievously letting go ^{of} an important tiny corner hook which holds the

blade at one end and which covers the corner of the blade so that it would not dig into my skin. I can still use the razor, but the blade is wabby and one corner of it scratches my face. If it is possible for you to find a good Valet razor, send it to me. If not, I probably will get along very well with the Army razor which I bought today.

I would like to say something more about that deal that is brewing between us and Gladfelter regarding the purchase of a Black Cross mink. If Gladfelter won't reduce his price to \$700, I believe it will be better to buy this Black Cross mink from him anyway. Don't you think that it will be worth the extra money to make Gladfelter willing to take care of our herd for another year if necessary? By purchasing the mink from him it at least will make it much easier to influence him to continue taking care of our mink. If we should buy the Black Cross mink from Ingham, the \$200 saved would never replace the loss incurred if Gladfelter should decide to discontinue taking care of our mink too soon or refuse to take care of Ingham's Black Cross. Let me know what you both think about this. It seems to me that the extra money spent will pay for itself tenfold. Besides, I believe we can well afford to spend that much more if necessary, as our last batch of furs brought in a great deal more than we expected.

I have changed my address in all of my letters and I won't miss changing it in this one. It is as follows:

Pvt. Edward J. Thomas
ASN 36576155
Service Co., PIR, 153rd Inf.
c/o Postmaster
Seattle, Washington

With love,

Eddie

P.S. Could you send about 12 rolls of #620 films? If you can't send that many, send whatever you can buy. Half must be Verichrome and half Super XX.

Tell Issy & Mac that I'll try to answer their letter as soon as possible.