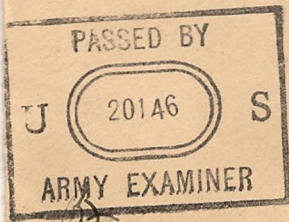


Pvt. Edward Thomas
ASN 36576155
Co. L, 138th Infantry
APO 948
c/o Postmaster,
Seattle, Washington



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



Alaska
July 24, 1943

Dear Mom + Harry:

I arrived at my destination yesterday. It's somewhere in Alaska.

It seems as if a couple of years have gone by since you visited me at Shenango. The time seems so long because each day was crammed full with different places + strange scenery.

Now that I'm settled down for a while it's hard to believe that thousands of miles separate us. But I guess the vast distance between us

will seep into my mind
when I find out how long
it will take to get your
replies to this letter.

I don't see how it will
be possible for me to spend
my money here beyond a
few dollars a week. Cigarettes
are 50¢ a carton, candy 3
bars for a dime + the movies
15¢. So you can see I'll
have quite a bit ^{of money} left over.
When I receive my next pay
I'll send you a money order.
+ then after that arrange
to make out an allotment
which will be automatically

deducted from my pay ^{each month} & sent
to you in the form of a check.
In that way I won't have to
bother making out ^{any more} money orders.

You'll probably be interested
in a coincidence that I
experienced at Shenango. I
intended to write about this
before leaving the States, but it slipped
my mind. In my hut at
Shenango a boy sat down
on my bed to read a letter.
I was sitting opposite him
reading a paper. Suddenly
he exclaimed, "What the hell?
There is a man by the name
of Edward Thomas at Shenango."
He turned toward me & asked

You are Edward Thomas
aren't you? I nodded.

"Do you know John Zergoski,"
he asked. "Sure," I said,
"he's my uncle." He was
just as surprised as I.

"He's my uncle too!" he
exclaimed. "The letter I'm reading is
from him."

His bunk was right next
to mine all the while I was
at Shenango and I had no
idea that a cousin slept
only a few feet from me until
he received the letter from ^{Uncle}
John.

He was a blond boy + his face
had looked familiar to me
& reminded me of someone I

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knew before. I couldn't recall whom it was until I found out his relationship. It was Charlotte, his aunt & his mother's sister. He even resembled her in his tone of voice & manner of speaking. His name was Szymozak. I don't know whether the spelling is correct. He told me that he went ^{hunting} quite a few times with John & visited Grandpa's farm in Freesoil. He was the fellow whom Charlotte wanted to visit at Ft. McClellan.

I haven't received any mail ever since I left Shenango.

The Detroit News must be piling up for me somewhere. When it reaches the post office here I believe I'll have to take a cart along to haul the papers to my hut.

Let me know how everything is coming along over there. Now that I'm so far away everything connected with home is of more interest than ever.

As far as I'm concerned there is no need to worry. I couldn't wish for better health.

Tell Issy + Marc + Bertie + Gene that I'll drop them a

⁷
line as soon as I can.

So Long

Ed

Address me as follows:

Pvt. Edward Thomas

ASN 36 576 155

Co. L, 138th Infantry

APO 948

c/o Post Master, Seattle, Wash.

vast distance between us