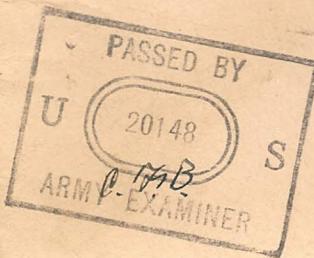


Pvt. E. J. Thomas  
ASN 36576155  
Service Co., ~~P.I.M.~~  
153rd Infantry  
c/o Postmaster  
Seattle, Washington



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



Alaska  
4 September 1943

Dear Mom & Harry:

It's about time for me to write another letter because I have received three from you which I so far haven't answered.

Your letter, Mom, of Aug. 15 reached me about six days ago. I see that you are still wondering about those bags you had made for me. I believe I've already written you that I had received them. By now you should have this letter.

I was interested to read about your visit to Gladfelter and what you thought of his Black-Cross mink. I wasn't surprised to hear that you like them much better than Silver Sable. There is no doubt that so far they are the most beautiful mutations out.

You asked me whether it would be a better idea to buy a bred Black-Cross female. It's hard for me to decide whether it would be better to do this because I don't know what Gladfelter would charge for a bred female. Wouldn't it cost above \$1000? If there is no difference in price, then I could say it would be advantageous to us to buy a bred female rather than a male.

I bet Gladfelter feels pretty bad about his misjudgment in selling his pelts too soon. His loss is terrific. From the price we received it is reasonable to assume that he could have gotten at least \$5 more for each pelt. Altogether he lost about \$5,000. It's a real headache, isn't it?

So my newly discovered cousin is in England! That's a surprise to me. I don't know whether I should envy him or not. There is no doubt that he is seeing much more than I am and probably at the same time enjoying the conveniences and amusements of civilization.

Your other letter of Aug. 25 was delivered to me Sept 2. In it I found a letter from one of the boys who occupied the same hut I did down in Alabama. I thought that he had been shipped to Australia, but from his letter find that he is in the same part of Alaska as I am. I'll have to drop him a line and let him know my address. He's a Detroit boy about 21 years old. His folks live near Medbury and Chene. He is Polish and attended St. Stanislaus School. His father is Secretary-Treasurer of the D.S.R. If there is anybody who can beat this boy in drinking beer, I'd like to know who it is. He told me down in Alabama that his mother used to buy him a case of beer each week. At Ft. McClellan, when he ran out of money, he used to spill into his glass left-over beer which customers failed to finish, and then drink the stale mixture with smacking lips.

Harry, I received your letter of Aug. 16 four days ago. Apparently you feel as if you are writing for nothing. In your first paragraph you say that it doesn't matter how often you write because I'm not receiving the mail anyway. I want to report that all of your letters are being received, read, and acknowledged. I am just making this report to be sure that you won't eventually quit writing altogether on the grounds that the world has swallowed me up and that I no longer exist.

I was again filled with pride at the sight of another of our letter-heads. I'm trying very hard not to feel like a Babbitt. But I think it's too late because I am already anxious to meet Rotarians, Elks, and members of the Chamber of Commerce with whom I could smoke cigars and talk about my letter-head and the million dollar business I'm building up.

I compared the two different types of letter-heads you sent me and believe the latter one has a slight edge over the first in symmetry.

In your second paragraph you have asked some questions regarding my work. I'd like to answer them but do not believe it is permissible.

Your hectic golfing experiences seem to be spreading over more and more courses. Are there any courses in the Greater Detroit Area that you haven't played on? I'll be glad to take you on when I get back; so keep practicing. Perhaps, by then I won't have any choice between tennis and golf. It will have to be golf because of old age. You described your comical match with Gene and the bumblebees but did not tell me the final scores of that game. I am interested to know what they were and whether you believe you are showing any improvement.

My first copy of the American Fur Breeder arrived about a week ago. I haven't read all the articles in it yet because I am saving them until I finish a couple of library books which soon will become due. I couldn't help noticing, however, an article about Chinchillas. It seems as if the Chinchilla breeders feel pretty uneasy after selling their first crop of 2000 pelts. The article, though, doesn't mention what the price was. I wonder if you know. It must have been pretty low if it actually caused some breeders to offer stock at reduced prices.

This is about all the time I have for this letter; so I am closing with the wish that both of you are enjoying the same health I am.

So Long,  
*Eddie*  
Eddie

P.S. I'd like to have the Readers' Digest sent to me. How about making out a subscription for me?

Mom, I'll have to leave your questions about the weather unanswered. Make your guesses and let me know what they are.