

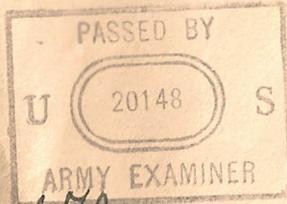
Pvt Edward J Thomas
ASN 36576155
Service Co, 153d Inf
APO #948, c/o PM, Seattle, Wn.

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AIRMAIL

AIRMAIL



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

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Aleutians
1 March 1944 (The Army Way)
2100 (Army Time)

Dear Mom & Harry:

I expected to write a sizable letter in answer to yours of February 6, but I kept postponing it so long that I began to get worried about my failure to find time. I solved the problem though by deciding to write something short--just an acknowledgement--which I believe is better than nothing at all.

Mom, your valentine letter was really a thriller. Here I was, doubtful about whether it would be possible to receive \$75 a pelt for our platinum and in black on white you tell me that we received \$136.66. It was so incredible at first that I almost convinced myself that the price might be for the entire lot of platinum pelts. This was disastrous, I thought--a complete washout. It wasn't very long, however, before I was relieved. By accident via "Time" magazine I came across an article concerning 2500 platinum pelts which were auctioned off for \$375,000. The article stated that platinum edged out Russian sable to become for the time being the highest priced fur in the world. Larry Moore was mentioned. In 1934 he had 100 mink and \$383, so the story goes. At the platinum auction he sold 337 pelts for the sweet sum of \$50,000. What a lucky man! The men who were most responsible for the platinum mutation (Whittingham and Ingham) weren't given any notice at all. I suppose they didn't have as many pelts for sale as Larry Moore.

Like all fur articles outside of fur magazines this one was quite off-key. It said that there were experiments with platinum ever since 1931, but without success because Mendal's law wasn't understood. Larry Moore, however, did understand it and told other ranchers how it could be used to breed platinum. This is what I call unconscious humor.

A couple of days ago I tasted my first beer in about eight months. All of the boys in my hut had to be transported by truck about 4 miles through dripping wet darkness to a mess hall outside of our area to get this beer. There was a piano there and the Irish organist in our hut played it while we consumed our quota of three bottles per man. As I probably told you before, this Irish organist has a wonderful ear and memory for music. He can play for hours without repeating himself. With this ability he was able to give the beer rendezvous some atmosphere of a civilian party. I don't know whether the beer was strong or whether I was weak. If it was possible for one bottle of Army beer to give me that woozy feeling, then I know that back in the States I shall have to dilute civilian beer with ginger ale and drink it as a highball.

Harry, I was pleased to read that intriguing letter you wrote to Mom from Atlanta. The experience you had in the upper berth was somewhat similar to my own. I too had difficulty in sleeping because of the train's pitching and shimmying. There was a slight difference, though, in our situations. For you it was cold, but for me it was too hot. I suppose it was queer to see the temperature go lower and the snow get thicker as you traveled farther south. In the "Newsweek" magazine I noticed that the Weather Bureau explains this weather condition as follows: "Drifting down from the northeast a less-cold-than-usual high-pressure air body of polar origin collides with a relatively weak but very wet low-pressure mass in the South or Southeast. This interaction of dissimilar air causes moderate to heavy rains in the Southeast, leaving the rest of the country dry. Ordinarily a winter high-pressure area makes Americans' teeth chatter, but the current type although chilling the East and Southeast and South is peculiar in that it brings higher-than-normal temperatures to the North Central and Northwestern States." Isn't the Weather Bureau doing a splendid job in disrobing the weather of

its deep mysteries?

Say, I forgot that this letter was only to be an acknowledgment of the last letters I received from both of you. I must stop now by all means.

Yours same as ever,

Eddie
Eddie

P.S. Mom, I held this letter in shorthand form for a couple of days before it was possible for me to typewrite it and in the meantime I gladly received another letter from you dated Feb 17. You wanted to know whether you should get a bred female from Woodall. It sounds like a good idea. It's hard, however, for me to say just exactly what should be done. I believe though both of you are in a better position to decide and whatever decision you come to, will be OK with me. There would be no advantage in purchasing anything cheaper than ^ashow-type female which could be returned if you find it unsatisfactory and which carries a guarantee of a couple of female kits that it will reproduce.

Tell Izzy, Mac, Gertie and Gene that I received their interesting letters and that I enjoyed looking at those excellent snapshots of Gene, Gertie, and Genie.

Also, I just received the latest copy of the American Fur Breeder which confirms in more detail the prices mentioned in "Time".