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Dear Mom & Harry:

I have decided amidst the usual confusion in the hut to write another letter. The radio is blaring away some jive, some fellows are arguing as enthusiastically as old men at a beer party, others are meandering around in the aisle like people in a department store on Christmas Eve, and the remainder are climbing and parking on bunks (including my own) like chickens getting ready to roost. In spite of this I am still determined to write this letter as long as I have one small portion of my bunk left to write on.

Mom, I was glad to receive your two letters of Dec 30 and Jan 17. I read your last letter while holding a card Harry sent me from Atlanta. You wrote that you also received a card and that Harry told you it was quite cold down south. I believe Harry had the same impression about the south that I had before I landed in Alabama. Strange as it may sound, some of the March Alabama days were colder than some of the days up here in winter. So I am not very much surprised to hear that it is cold in Atlanta at this time of the year. I guess you would have to go to the southernmost part of Florida to find summer warmth during January and February. It was interesting, however, to know just what the present weather conditions were down in Georgia. I suppose I'll hear more about it from Harry.

Being here surrounded most of the time by a thick white landscape, I find it hard to believe that Detroit hasn't had any snow since the first snow fall in October. I am pretty sure though that Detroit isn't missing all of the onslaughts of winter because your letter says it gets cold enough to stop you from going to a show. Also by the newspaper I

found that in December the temperature once fell to 5 above zero.

That's pretty cold even for a weather-beaten Aleutian like me.

To make a funny situation funnier, that carton of gum from Mac arrived a couple of days ago. Give Mac my thanks and tell him that I wasn't disappointed at all in receiving it because, no matter how much of it I have on hand, some day in the distant future it will all wind up for a good purpose between my lower naturals and upper phonies.

According to your report you have received my third war bond. You will very shortly receive another bond which is an extra one that I bought here with my pocket money. This purchase was made during a war bond drive. We have them here the same as you back home. You will be able to distinguish this extra bond from the others as it is made out in your name.

The total results of those films you sent me are enclosed. They are numbered from one to eleven. I am present in all of them. I am telling you this because it will be hard for you to recognize me in some of these snapshots.

#1 was taken back in October while I was coming back from the mess hall.

#2 and #3 were also taken about October at a rocky cliff by the beach.

#4 was also taken quite some time ago in fall. It came out poorly. You will, however, be able to make out a pet caribou in the foreground and a lake in the background.

#5 and #6 were taken recently inside and at the entrance of my hut.

#7, 8, 9, and 10 were taken during the holidays while I was skating on the lake.

#11 was taken in the deep snow near my hut.

There were quite a few snapshots (probably over a dozen) which didn't come out at all because of improper lighting and handling of the camera. I shared about half of my film with the boy who owns the camera and this I suppose should account for all the film I had with the exception, of course, of those that I can't send because of censorship regulations.

Harry, when I received your thick envelope, I thought there were several magazines and pamphlets in it, but found myself gaping at a letter of 17 pages, all of which were filled. I believe it's the longest letter I have ever received in or out of the Army.

It seems as if I shall always ^{be} here of Portz as long as I shall be in the mink business. I can just picture myself 20 years from now listening to his desires to purchase fisher, chinchilla, or platinum marten and I suppose I'll chew the rag with him for hours the same as ever and then later wonder why I did it.

Did you have enough time to help Gladfelter skin and flesh his mink? If you did, I don't suppose it was possible to do very much because I can see quite a bit of time involved in just traveling to and from his ranch. Anyway whatever help you did give Gladfelter would make him even more willing to do the best he can for us. Right now I don't really know who is getting the best part of this deal. Both sides, no doubt, are benefiting by it, but who is profiting more is something that is difficult to estimate. I suppose only time will tell.

(Right here I was drawn into an argument with the organist in my hut who was born in Ireland. We tangled ourselves with everything from Christians and Jews to astronomy. He being an Irishman, you can readily

imagine how long the squabble lasted. For this reason the valuable time I had left for writing this letter was cut down considerably.)

For the present our mink situation seems to be pretty cheerful. That report of yours on our mink status was a thriller to me, but I am forced to believe that you are too optimistic about the estimated values of our pelts this year. It is almost unbelievable that it will be possible for us to raise enough money on the pelts to pay off Gladfelter the balance due on the Silver Sable and Black-Cross and still have \$570 remaining. Considering what we received on our last lot of skins, it seems that your estimations may not be so far off at that, but even then they sound too good to be true.

To know that we can make a large profit on mink without taking care of them ourselves proves what a gold mine the business is getting to be. The more I think of it, the more I realize how lucky we were to have entered the business in 1938 just in time for all of these mutations. After the war we shall have a pretty good foundation of the important mutations with the exception of pure white mink. The latter, of course, can be added later when we re-establish the business on a farm outside of Detroit. Quite some time ago I noticed in the rotogravure section and interesting picture of a model wearing the first pure white mink coat valued at \$25,000. I cut it out and pasted it on my wall together with the picture of the first platinum mink coat. I noticed that in the latest American Fur Breeder magazine there were several more photographs of fur coats. I presume they'll eventually end up on my wall to enhance the beauty of my hut which needs plenty of enhancing.

Your 212 game in bowling was a corker. I understand it's your second game above 200. Right now I admit I'm unable to match your achieve-

ment. My alibi is that there are no bowling alleys here, but I'll have a different tune in the States where bowling alleys are available. Then I'll be able to say that I can match you but the alleys aren't good enough.

You wrote that your work has developed into something routine and clerical tangled up with useless bosses and rules and regulations, but your postcard from Atlanta proves that your work is not as bad as I imagined. I hope to hear more from you about this trip;

I have quite a few Detroit newspapers which I have to look over. I think this time I'll pick out a Sunday paper from my barracks bag and look over the farms-for-sale ads and if I see anything good I'll take a trip out there in my dreams.

With love to both of you,

Eddie

PS - If it's possible for you to buy standard size flashlight batteries, I would appreciate any reasonable amount you can send me. If you can spare two standard white pillow cases include them in the package. Also I wouldn't mind receiving two more boxes of Rexall's Foot Powder. I have a supply still left but it may run out in a month or so.

Thank Izzy for the last letter I received from her.