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AIRMAIL

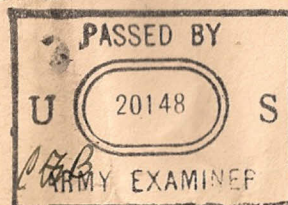


AIRMAIL

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

Supp



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November 25, 1943

Dear Mom & Harry:

This is Thanksgiving Day. A couple of hours ago I finished eating my Thanksgiving dinner. I didn't enjoy it as much as the Thanksgiving dinners at home, but it was good enough under my present circumstances.

While standing in line with my empty mess kit, I was curious to know just what would be dished out here for Thanksgiving. When I reached the counter of the mess hall, three or four slabs of white meat from a turkey were put in my pan, then a pile of dressing, gravy, sweet potatoes, carrots, one biscuit, ice cream and pumpkin pie. On the table there was some additional food such as pickles, olives, bread, jam, butter, chocolate layer cakes, apples, and oranges. When I walked away I was pretty sure I wouldn't be able to eat any supper. Now it's only about an hour and a half away from supper time and I am slowly changing my mind about not eating any more today. When 5:30 comes along, I guess I'll be in line again with my mess kit, waiting and wishing for more of that turkey if there is any left.

I don't know whether I told you this before, but the food is more plentiful here than it was in some of the Army camps back in the States and consequently I am eating more. At the same time I am not as active as I used to be down in Alabama. Under those conditions you can just about guess what the result is. It's more weight. A couple of weeks ago I made a bet with one of my friends here in the hut that I wouldn't tip the scales over 155 lbs with my coat off. I made this bet because back home I hardly ever did weigh over 150 lbs with the same amount of clothes. The only available scale around here is at the dispensary; so we went there and when I stood on the scale, I could hardly believe my eyes. I lost the bet by a very large margin. I saw that for the first time in my life I reached the weight of 168 1/2 lbs. I may have continued gaining weight after that

and at the present time may be 170 lbs or over. This clearly solves the mystery of my difficulty in jumping over 2-foot fences. I don't know whether to worry over it or not. I know I'm not so concerned about it as I should be. Maybe it's because I am depending on the winter to wear my fat off.

Mom, I received your letter of November 8 and was surprised to know that one of my letters made you think I felt hurt when you asked why I didn't write more often. That wasn't the way I felt at all. I guess I was a little ^{unconsciously} careless in writing that letter and/gave you a wrong impression of the way I felt.

It looks as if I can expect to see a batch of good films in the future. Judging by the actors in "This Land of Mine", "Young Mr. Pitt", and "Hers to Hold", I can safely hope to find them three or four-star pictures. It'll probably be another month, though, before they will come here. There have been so many poor pictures shown since I arrived here that it seems as if Hollywood is folding up. Most of the war pictures are the worst. They are so bad that it's almost unbearable to keep my eyes open looking at them. From now on I believe I'll have to miss them.

Before I forget, Mom, I want to mention that I received your last letter with an Army Post Office stamp on the envelope saying that I should notify the sender to use APO #948 when addressing letters to me. I believe you forgot to put it on. Without the APO number it's possible for the letter to travel all over Alaska before it reaches me.

The censorship regulations now allow me to give you my approximate location. From your letters it seemed to me as if you had the idea that I was on the Alaskan mainland. I wish I were, but such is not the case. I'm on one of the Aleutian islands. I wish I could give you a description of the place, but I can't. All I can say is that when I'm on a high hill it's possible for me to see two big bodies of water at the same time--the

the Bering Sea and the Pacific Ocean.

Just to avoid some misunderstanding, I'd like to say that the list of articles I gave in one of my previous letters ~~wasn't~~ intended to be a list of things I need. I merely meant them to be suggestions for Christmas, but since I've already received my Christmas presents I have no need for the things I've suggested except the Hill's cold tablets. They'll always come in handy.

In one of the fur magazines which recently came to me (I believe it's the September Black Fox), I read something about karakul sheep. I was interested in knowing about the small supply of lambskins being produced in the United States. I think it's only 2% of the demand. Do you know if raising these sheep is profitable? If you do, let me know what we could expect to make if we entered the business. If the profit is satisfactory, I suppose it would be all right to think of having this as a sideline together with fisher and marten.

I'm sending you a copy of my reply to Stanley's letter. I thought I'd send it in case you may be interested.

I hope I'll hear from both of you soon.

With love,

Eddie

P.S. Harry, I don't believe I've ever asked you what you are doing now at Hudsons. I'd be interested to know what it is.

Mom, tell Izzy & Mac I rec'd their letter of Nov 8 and have filed it away in my active file.