

The God-Forsaken Aleutian Area  
January 21, 1943

Dear Mr. Eiche,

I was very glad to receive your letter of December 10. No, the weather is not exactly the warmest in the world up here. However, the [ ] (thought) of mosquitoes, bedbugs, fever, and one-hundred degrees in the shade doesn't sound so enticing to me either. It is a lot healthier here than in the tropics.

Some parts of Alaska are very pretty, but the Aleutian Area, where I am now, would not impress you very much, I'm afraid. It certainly doesn't impress me very much, I know.

The new highway will no doubt do a lot to open up Alaska after the war. It will be quite a thing to drive from your home town clear up to Fairbanks or Nome.

Christmas was not much to brag about, compared to last year when I was home, but I had at least one thing to be thankful for, as I had just got out of that hole where I had been having such a miserable time of it. It certainly felt good to be at a place again where you can take a shower when you get dirty, go down to the P. X. when you want some candy or stationary, and go to the Post Office when you want to get a money order. Enclosed is the money order for ten dollars that I promes (promised) you and the school for the student loan fund.

I'll tell you this much about the Aleutian area: it isn't a fit place for man (man) nor beast. The worst thing is the weather, which is quite notorious, and it is just as bad as it is cracked up to be.

Fraid I'll have to close, as it is getting late. Many thanks to you and A.U.C. for the papers and the new addresses.

Respectfully,  
Richard N. Balthaser

