

April 16, 1943

Hello you lucky civilians,

When I say lucky civilians, I don't exactly mean that the Navy is the worst place to be, but I'd just as soon be back in Salem as here. I'm afraid I was never cut out to live in the South.

The purpose of this short letter is to thank you one and all for the two fine packages I received recently.

From a list of addresses I received from Miss McGlynn I can see that former [Salem Teachers College] students are all over the country. I don't suppose there are many men left

[Page 2]

at school.

For the most part, the weather is pretty warm down here. Once in a while it gets cool enough for a cold-blooded Yankee like me to live comfortably.

Every time I get near a music box, I play the tune called "Massachusetts" so that I won't forget that such a place exists and that's where I belong.

Duty calls so I guess I'll end here.

Sincerely,
Ray Barbarich