

U.S.S. LST 744
Care of Fleet Post Office

Ray Barbrick
U.S.S. LST 744
Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, California

Southwest Pacific
4 October 1944

Dear Miss McGlynn:

This is our second day in port since our most recent mission. I received your post card dated 18 August and was very glad to hear from you.

I have had the good fortune of being a member of a couple of beach parties to visit the native villages. Here we saw the primitive way of living ~~at its best.~~ The children wear little or no clothing. What clothing they do wear is the result of trading with American sailors. These young natives smoke American made cigarettes at the age of two on up. The natives really go for our cigarettes. They also climb coconut trees as well as monkeys do. Quite a few of these natives can speak a little English. You should hear them singing "God Bless America"- Their homes are crude structures

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with thatch roofs; built on poles out in the water a catwalk running back to the beach.

One day quite a few natives came down to our ship to trade such things as Japanese cigarettes and Japanese money. With this particular group was a small girl of about 3 years age. Her father wanted to trade her to the sailors aboard our ship for 7 lap-lap (7 mattress covers in English). The boys got a neckerchief and made a little skirt for her. Somebody else made a kerchief from a piece of red cloth. She'll be able to pass for Aunt Jemina in a few years. She really looked cute. So much for the natives.

It's terrifically hot down here. We have to take a pill every day except Sunday. These pills are for Malaria control.

By now, I presume that you and

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all other loyal [Salem Teachers College] rooters are getting back into the swing of another college year. With us out here, time passes by with no special consideration for any day. We have had no liberty for 3 months therefore, we have practically no reason for keeping track of the days.

Well, I can't think of anything to say, but will write and let you know what I have seen as long as I stay within Censorship Regulations.

Sincerely,
Ray Barbrick