

30 April 1945

LT (JG) R.E. Barry
TOQ 7
ATB Camp Bradford
Norfolk, Virginia

Dear Miss McGlynn,

The latest edition of The Log came this afternoon. That was quite a trip that Joe Ferry enjoyed this past summer. Believe me, I'd love to have been there with him.

I really don't recall whether or not I've written to you since coming back from leave. Chances are I haven't, so let's assume that to be the case.

My 30 days at home were certainly wonderful. Glendale is all my mother claimed it to be and then some.

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I reported at Camp Bradford on the 1st of April. I had expected to get another ship long before this. For the first 2 weeks of this month I kept looking and hoping my orders would come. Now, though, I've become more acquiescent. It isn't too difficult to take life easy once you have become accustomed to it. Time passes far more quickly, though, when a person has just a little too much to do.

For the past 3 weeks we've been doing nothing but going to school. No one takes much interest in the courses.

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All of us have been aboard LST's enough to do the talking instead of the listening. The base here has orders to keep us busy while we are compelled to wait.

Most of my old shipmates are getting shore duty. Personally, I'd like to put my feet on a good ship again and shove off. It's too bad we hit [that] mine in Cherbourg. We might still in making shuttle ruins across the channel. At least it's a good defense job.

Not a bit of news!!
Isn't it awful! Remember

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me to your mother, Doris, Priscilla, and Wally.

Sincerely,
Bob

Gosh, I'm tired.