

12 August 1945

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USS Amphitrite (ARL 29)  
Fleet Post Office  
New York, N.Y.

Dear Miss McGlynn,

It's been some time since I last wrote, so perhaps we'll find a little more than usual to talk about. I left Camp Bradford on June 26th and my days have been crowded with activity ever since. They offered me a job as Gunnery Officer aboard an ARL and I grabbed it. The commissioning ceremonies for our ship ever held in Baltimore, M.D. on June 28th and it's been rough going since. This is a good sized repair ship and "gunnery" includes ordnance repair as well as ship ordnance. We put in as much as 15 and 16 hours

[Page 2]

of work a day for the first 3 weeks. Things are just now settling to a normal routine. We have only 3 qualified watch standers underway, so I fit 4 on 8 and off regularly.

This letter won't be mailed for another week. We're well and to sea, where the air is fresh and clean. My watch is the 12-4, which means I don't get to bed until 4 o'clock in the morning. We had beautiful weather last night; the sky was generously pin-pricked with thousands of stars. To make steaming even more pleasant, we had the ocean all to ourselves. We strip to the waist during the day and get full benefit of the bright sunshine.

[Page 3]

We have 250 men and 16 officers aboard this ship, Edna. My roommate (the navigator) was transferred a few days ago. He was a young single fellow who took life much too seriously. Money was no object in the existence since he was worth 3 ½ million dollars. The American Laundry Machinery Company was left to him by his father. I have my own room now, which is much nicer than sharing one.

Officers aboard are a great bunch and the gunner's mates are as happy-go-lucky as they are efficient. We all put in long hours, but you don't hear much complaining.

Chow is good and there's plenty of it. Everyone is satisfied on that score.

[Page 4]

Word just came over the radio that Japan's cabinet has met to accept or reject our peace terms. Most of us here of the opinion that the war will be over within 24 hours. Our orders would undoubtedly be changed if that occurred. However our chances of seeing the East Coast again during the next year are remote. I'd like to get back to civilian life by next summer.

Here's something I've been wondering about, Edna. My folks have a fine technicolor movie of Joe Hancock, taken on Graduation Day in 1943. The old red-head is laughing and fooling; it's just typical of him and very very real. Do

[Page 5]

you suppose his mother would like to see that film? Personally, I feel that it would only tend to renew her sorrow, but perhaps you disagree. What do you think, Edna?

Your last letter was very much appreciated. Forgive me for not having answered sooner.

Remember me to your mom, Doris, Priscilla, and Wally.

Sincerely,  
Bob