

E.N.S. R.E. Barry  
USS LST 391  
Fleet Post Office  
New York, N.Y.

1-29-44  
1915

over

Dear Miss McGlynn,

I received your two V-mail letters this past week and, needless to say, was more than pleased to hear from you. Lena sent me the last two copies of the Log. [Salem Teachers College Student Newspaper] Those, together with your V-mail and newsletter, just about bring me up to date on "Salem" news. Thanks a million!

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Bob Barry in England

Begin \*

This is a great ship! No kidding, I'd love to have you aboard some-time. Living conditions are A1; each officer has his own private cabin. This wardroom is as desirable to me as any in the fleet. The ship is 329 feet from stem to stern. The tank deck is about twice as long as Salem's gym and, of course, closed in. We may use it for a basketball court as other L.S.T.'s [Landing Ship, Tank] have done. (temporarily)

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If it isn't inappropriate for ex-students to judge or their instructors, perhaps I can tell you that you're a "peach", o.k.?

Just to be mean, I won't tell you anything about England. I'll bet a rusty nickel that Miss Ware could fill in all the blank spaces concerning Britain's geography that my contemporaries may have failed to include in their letter-writing.

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My job is that of Gunnery Officer. That, Miss McGlynn, is precisely what I wanted most. Great stuff! Guns always did fascinate me!

We have a nice phonograph with all the latest recordings. It's going now, shall we dance?

Here I am Officer of the Deck, and writing letter. The skipper is ashore-sh!

Remember me to the family; and do write again.

Sincerely,  
Bob

P.S. How's Doris's morale now?