

30 April 1945

LT (JG) R. E. BARRY
TOQ 7
ATB CAMP BRADFORD
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

Dear Miss Mc Glyn,

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.

Glenda is all my mother
claimed it to be & the same.

I reported at Camp Bradford on the 15th of March April.

I had expected to get another ship long before this.

For the first 2 weeks of this month I kept looking & hoping my orders would come. Now, though, I've become more acquiescent. It isn't too difficult to take life easy once you 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.

All of us have been aboard
 L.S.T.'s large 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. Person-
 ally, I'd like to put my
 feet on a good ship again &
 shove off. It's too bad
 we hit than mine in Cherbourg
 we might still be making
 shuttle runs across the channel.
 At least it's a good defense
 job.

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

me to your mother, Louis,
Pucilla, & Wally.

Sincerely,

Bob

Yash, I'm tired.