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Dear Mom

Well, today almost clinches my fears about the leave. Tomorrow, I expect to hear it definitely canceled. Who would have thought that the little ole faps had it in em?

I hadn't expected any thing to happen for at least two weeks but Bango. The little Radio chirped out trouble this afternoon.

I hope and pray that Dolly is O.K. The radio reports came so shockingly and so vague — I guess it will be a few days before the straight dope is put out. I haven't listened to the radio at all. It is too crowded up there. I just sit back in the compartment and piece together the dope as the fellows bring it back.

It seems tonight that everyone knows that something has happened but nobody knows how serious it is.

As I said ^{before} ~~nobody~~ ^{no} nobody knows what's going to happen to us or when. We will probably go into the regular routine tomorrow and stand by for any thing at any time.

Last week we were detached from the 15th Naval District in Panama and now take our orders from the Atlantic Fleet. We are attached to the "Special Service Squadron" of the Atlantic Fleet.

Well, God bless you all and keep you in tact until I get there.

Love Harry