

Henry Bausch, SK 2/c
U.S.N.A.F., Navy 119
C/o Fleet Post Office
New York, New York.

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Dear Miss McGlynn,

Received my copy of the Salem News-Letter this evening, and it has gotten to the point where I'll have to demand a retraction by the editor-in-chief. You see, I'm still down here in Brazil, still waiting for that day when I will be back in the states for reassignment -- preferably stateside duty, even if it is only for a few months. I was home on a fifteen day leave (January 28 to February 12), and that more than likely has led to the mistaken impression that the reason I was home was the fact that I was awaiting reassignment. No, my eighteen month tour of duty isn't up until June 20th, and it will probably be several months after that before I do leave here.

There aren't enough words in the dictionary to describe the fifteen beautiful days that I had at home. I only wish it were possible for other fellows overseas to get the break I did, I honestly do. It is a new lease on life, heaven on earth -- if it is possible to call it such. The day I left here, the temperature ranged well over a hundred degrees, and the thermometer was pushing zero five days later when I arrived in New York. Was I downhearted -- no! That cold air just seemed liked a breath of pure rarified oxygen. The snow on the ground looked so darn good that I just felt like diving head-first into a pile of it. Sounds silly, doesn't it -- but it was New England in the winter as I remembered it -- and not having been able to be there, I could easily have gone to that extreme. I traveled back and forth via plane, landing in Miami, and taking off from Washington. I really appreciate your transportation problems back in the states now -- it took me two days before I could get transportation north out of Miami. Coming back, I had much better luck, making from Springfield, Massachusetts to San Juan, Peurto Rico in twenty-nine hours flat. I was held over in San Juan for two days, and two days after that I was back here at my home base. I was away from the base a total of twenty-five days on a fifteen day leave. Comparing that with Jack McLaughlin's time of seven weeks, I don't feel I did too bad.

I've been receiving your news-letters regularly, and a copy of the 'Log' more or less regularly. I know I've been rather lax in dropping you a line, and the only excuse I can offer is -- good intentions gone wrong. There is so little to write about, and after I read what some of the other fellows have to write about, I just give up. You probably won't believe this, but it is true -- over ninety percent of my time down here has been spent in an area not larger than a quarter of a mile square. The town has so little to offer -- in fact, I think the last liberty I had in town took place sometime in the early part of last November. I don't think one could ask for better duty as far as the station is concerned -- it is just the idea of life being centered around one spot that really makes one yearn for a little of that good stat-side duty.

By the way, I am enclosing a copy of the fleet newspaper under separate cover. It will probably give you a better idea than I can of life down here in the different parts of Brazil as far as the Navy is concerned. Of course, the paper isn't as (shall I say Professional) as the 'Log', but you might find it interesting, if not entertaining. If you find anything that interests you in it, let me know, and I'll send along future copies.

I was very shocked to hear about the president passing on, no more so though than the rest of the fellows on the base. Of course, it was known that it might happen, but it was the unexpectedness of it ~~was~~ ~~was~~ was really felt the most. It seems that it couldn't have happened at a worse time, but history will write the answer to that.

Time for me to go to the movies ~~so~~ so, till later then
As ever,

Henry Bausch SK 2/c