Henry Baush, S.K. 2/c
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% Fleet Postmaster
New York, New York.

Thursday
8/3/44

Dear Miss McGlynn,

Well, the fighting I wish have rallied to the call. And lo and behold… Said result, a letter. All I can do is apologize for not writing before this and try excusing myself through a combination of plenty of work, a S.A [Special Administrative?] leave and a tendency to let my mail pile up. I did start a letter to you about 3 weeks ago, but got sidetracked and never did finish it.

I got back from a weeks leave about a week ago, I thought I might bump into John McLaughlin, but such was not the case.

I left on leave 2 weeks ago today by plane (gov't trans.) and had a nice all-day ride. Something new in transportation for me, and it proved to be a tiresome means of travel, come the end of that day. However, the result was more than worth the ride.

While there (you guess where) we stayed at a hotel right across from the beach. What a life… Can you imagine me having breakfast in bed in the mornings? A while later, I'd stroll over to the beach and soak up the morning sun.

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About routine, myself and the fellows would get dressed and roll into town for our mid-day meal… And what meals I had. I was especially partial to steak, and lady, such steaks I haven't seen since before meat rationing… long before. About ½ inch thick and tender and rare. So tender, that all you had to do was lay your knife on the meat and it would practically cut itself. So rare, that when you cut the meat, the juices flowed like an open cut. Oh, they were done to perfection. Similar dinners in the states would set you back 75% to 100% more. By the way, if you're now hungry, you can excuse yourself to go make yourself a peanut butter sandwich. I apologize for that remark; it sounds a

little too cynical, and I did not mean it as such. I know you people back home are going without a lot of things… So we fellows can have them.

I have never in any one locality at any one time seen so many beautiful, well dressed women as I did in that city (with all due apologize to the former sex at S.T.C.) [Salem Teachers College]. The scenic beauty of that city, and the sum total of its beautiful women has certainly given me an entirely different picture of this country.

Our evenings, of course, were spent in meeting a small percentage of these beautiful women.

Luncheon is up, so I'll be signing off. Hope to hear from you soon- as ever-
Henry