



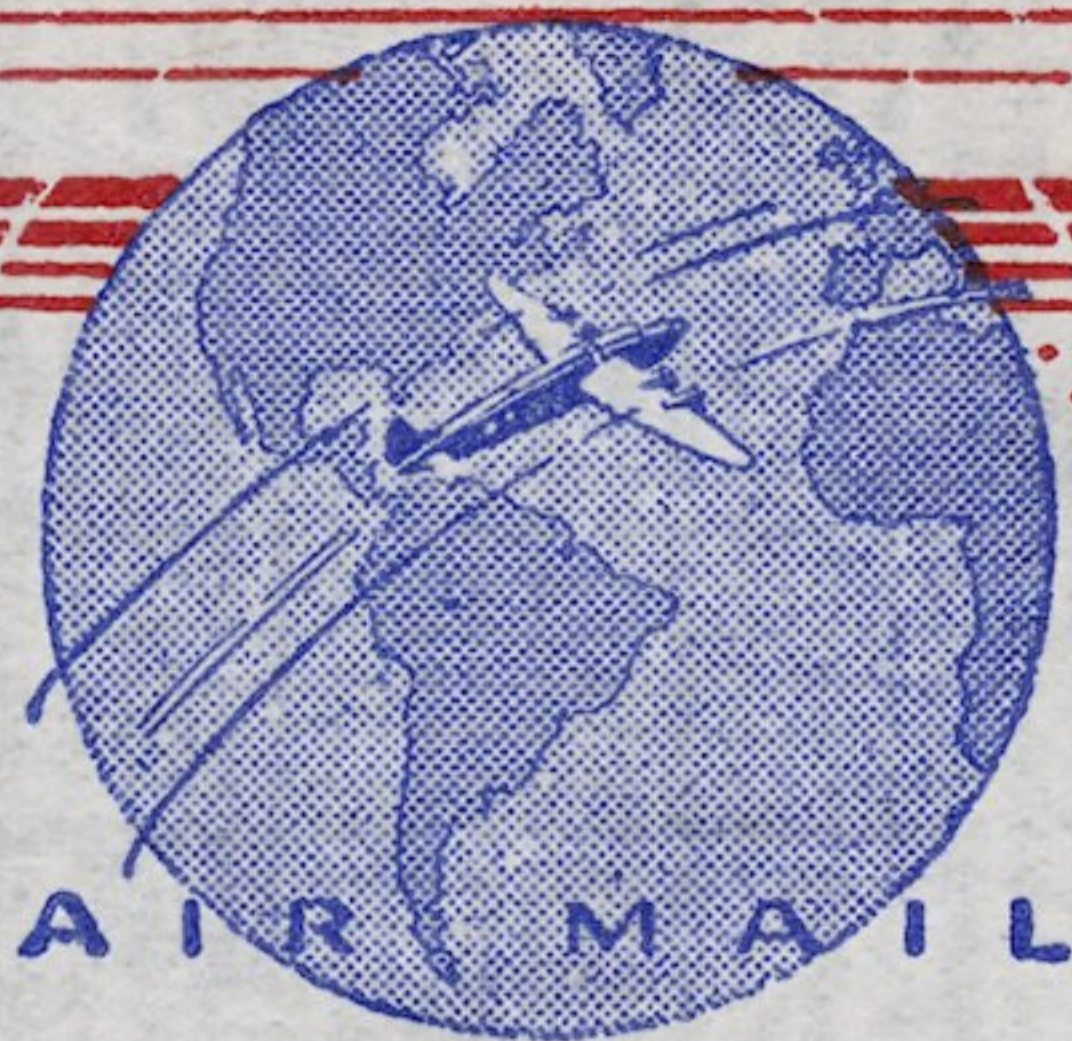
April 7 [1944]

Dear Girl,

Today I had a letter from you that was written on that first Sunday after you went home. You said that you had been reading in Time magazine about the submarine menace. I hope that you did not worry a lot about my voyage. It was for that reason that I sent the cablegram the first minute I had a chance. When did it reach you?

I had a notion that you had caught my cold and sore throat, and it distresses me to think that you suffered so from that and from that ungodly trip back to Norwood. I really believe that beside your train ride my voyage over was comparatively comfortable. At any rate I slept a lot and got rid of my own cold.

Bill Eason's letter made me quite as



homesick for The Ridge as my story did you. His whole letter was very nostalgic, as was Tom White's. But theirs were both good letters and not, like one we had from Gid, a trifle sentimental. I think that when ones friends go overseas one is inclined to be somewhat sentimental about it, but Tom's and Bill's sense of humor saved them. Tom wrote, "I see you bewildered, humble, prostituted. You must have foreseen this eventuality and simply taken ~~as~~ a chance on it. The pity of it is that you have to suffer the indignities of an enlisted man without being able to forget them as before when you went home each day to your rooms in town." Tom's pride really suffered when he was an enlisted man, and he has told me frankly that that was the reason he wanted his commission. He is terribly eager for you to visit them.



This is Good Friday, and tonight I am going to church at the little chapel here on the estate. It's quite a pretty little church, and the services are Episcopal (Church of Ireland). The minister is much better than one finds in the small churches in America. I shall say a prayer for you, my sweet, for I love you above all else.

I agree with you that the last section of the story needs smoothing out. But I think it would be impractical to send it over here and back again unless you think I'll really regret not having revised it when I see it in print. I'm ~~not~~ for turning it over to the agents as it is. For some reason I just don't want to deal with further revisions now. And until I tell you differently don't send me any of the novella. I don't think I'll be able to work on that again until after the war. That last chapter has to be good, and I'm not up to it now.

That night that we went to Riggs was wonderful. But the nights when we went to 830 Vine Street were the perfect nights. May I tell you again that I love you?
Peter

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~~VIA AIR MAIL~~



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