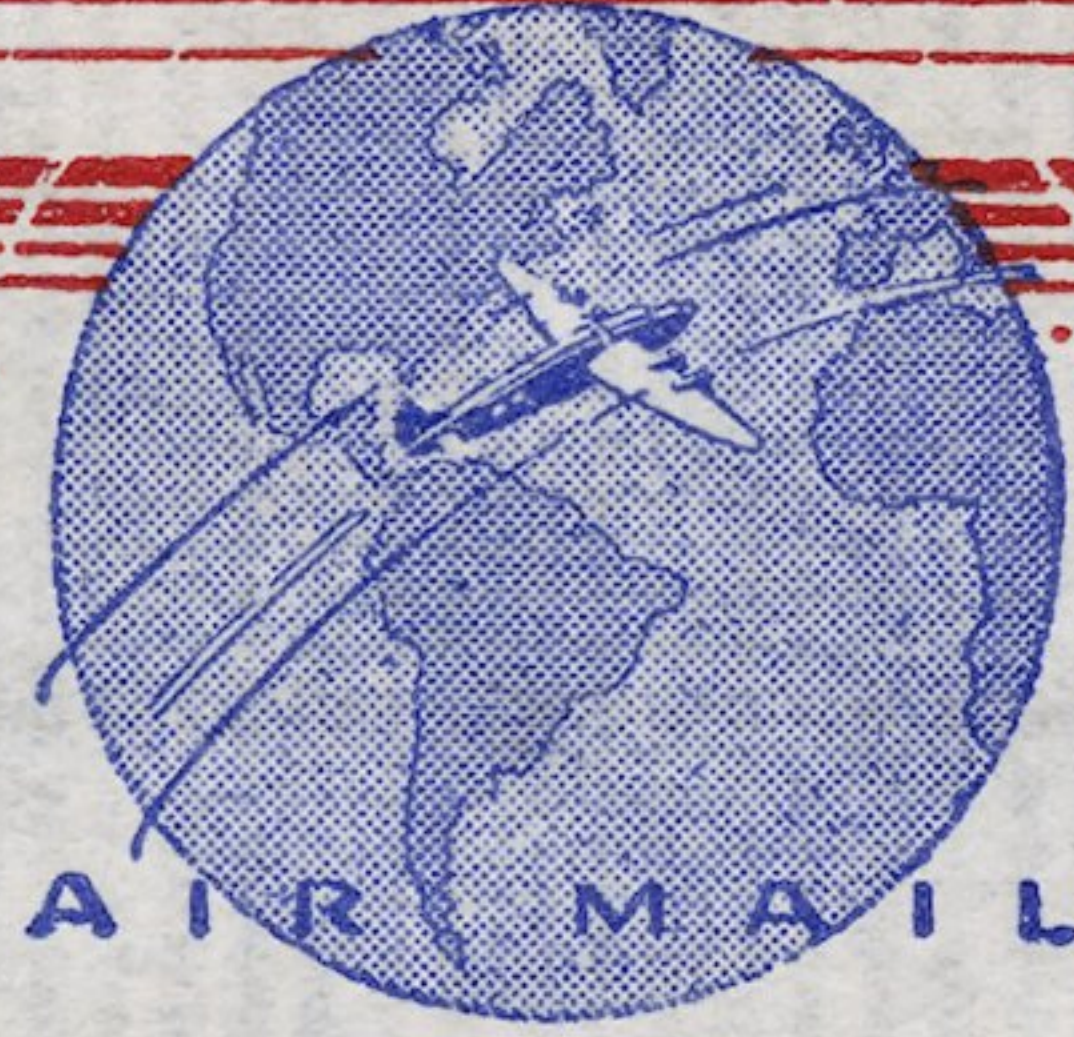


April 6 [1944]

Dearest Eleanor,

Today was a beautiful day, and I was out of doors for the most of it. We went on an hour's cross country run in the afternoon. The river, of course, is high at this time of the year, and there were wild geese on it today. The trees are all beginning to bud, and there is a certain bark (that they say grows all over Ireland) which has a beautiful red blossom now. We ran right smack through the barn lot of ~~an~~ a fine old Irish farm lot. I had been wanting to see the place at close range, but I'd not have had the gall to trespass alone. It is really a much more interesting place than the castle that's a lot nearer to us.



Castles in Ireland, you understand, are no more than great eighteenth century manor houses. The farm house is more indigenous. I imagine that its possessors represent - or once represented - the real Irish gentry. But this is only a guess. I have still not been able to get hold of a good history of Ulster, though the Catholic chaplain promises to loan me one day after tomorrow. I think I'll really have one for me, too, for he is borrowing it from a local priest.

Won't you send me some more snap shots. Never stop sending them. Can't one of the girls there in the house use her "Brownie No. 2" if you'll buy a roll of film.

I must stop now. I'll write you a long letter this week-end (Easter) if I have some free time. You are my love,
Peter

you can see by the blots what my pen has started doing.

Sgt. Peter H. Taylor, 34140393,
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