April 1st [1945]

Dearest; This was a dark and dismal Easter day, the only pleasant part of which was the walk to church and the subsequent trip back by rail and hitch-hiking. The church is in a village some three miles away and is not a bad walk if you set out in time - and that I did. Coming back I thought I might get to camp in time for lunch if I took a train to a town which is about a mile nearer. And that I did. The town - village, rather - where I detrained has more thatch than I've seen anywhere. I wrote you about it several months ago and I plan to go over and take some pictures of some of the prettier cottages one day this week. I'm also going to try to get some pictures the Cathedral. Here and there I'll try to include my self (That sounds very much like the language of a Brooklyn Jew who is talking to me now about what some girl wrote him concerning the scarcity of girdles.).

My life here would be relatively comfortable if I could only stop trying to write. But I cannot. The only compromise I can make is that of being satisfied with making notes on stories instead of writing them. Heaven knows if I shall ever go back and write all the things I make notes on, and

I suppose it doesn't matter so long as I get it off my chest. But will I ever, ever, ever be able to really write something again? I must have a year after this war is over in which to do nothing but write. I intend to read no book, listen to no music, regard no painting. That, at least, is how full I feel of things I am unable to write in a place where there is always a radio or chatter. I don't dislike those or any other sociable pastimes for themselves, but it's a real nuisance never to be able to escape them. Only in Salubary on an occasional pass can I really get to myself in the library there, and what writing can I, the slowest of mortals, accomplish in one day..... Forgive me for complaining, Gil, and forgive me for fussing at you about not writing me more often when I'm so bad about it myself. I do love you so tenderly and have spent this day remembering our first Easter, the first day we ever spent together, and the walk we took down Fiery Gizzard and across the log. I loved you so much that day that I was filled with sadness thinking that you were Sullivan's betrothed. My life began all over again that day and it does seem appropriate that it should have been on Easter. I'll never forget how youthful you seemed to me. You are the pride and joy of my life, you pretty, pretty creature. I love you and will forever. Peter.

Sgt. Peter Taylor 34140393,
Hqs. Co., 12th Replacement Depot,
APO 551, c/o Postmaster
New York, N. Y.

U.S. ARMY POSTAL SERVICE
551
APR
4
1945
A.P.O.

U.S. POSTAGE 6¢ VIA AIR MAIL

PASSED BY
U 27028 S
ARMY EXAMINER
Capt

Mrs. Peter Taylor
Norwood, North Carolina
U. S. A.

April 1, 1945