

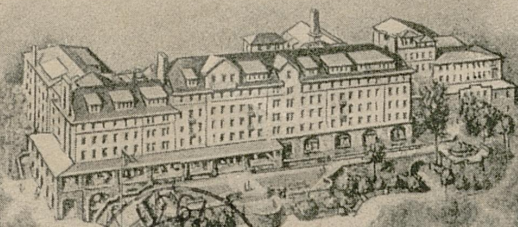
IF NOT DELIVERED IN FIVE DAYS RETURN TO

10 A



Miss Margaret Watson
71 Washington Square So.
New York,
N. Y.

The INN at
BUCK HILL FALLS, PA.



REGISTERED
OR
INSURE
VALUABLE MAIL



OPEN THROUGHOUT
THE YEAR

CHARLES N. THOMPSON
General Manager

The INN at BUCK HILL FALLS, PA.

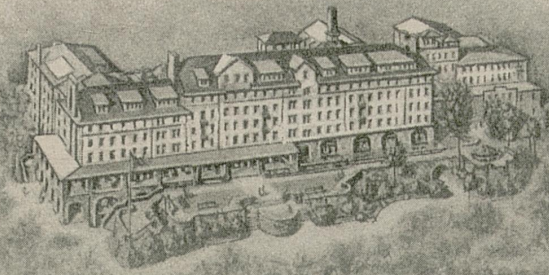
Darling:

Sunday, June 29th

The Inn is quite satisfactory. I feel a different man already. The natural beauty of the place is somewhat inferior to the Bear Mountain country; but the service, the food and the general comfort of the place exceed anything I have found in America before. My waitress is a fat, jolly, young Pennsylvania Dutch girl who keeps my plate full of fried chicken, lamb chops etc and my glass full of whole milk. I am eating as a farm hand eats, in spite of the terror with which the head waiter inspires me. In fact I have found that I can get in and find my table myself, by watching my chance. No matter how far away he is,

when he sees me he tries to cut me off before I can get to the table. I almost fell on the polished floor this evening in my hurry, but I made it; and was deeply engrossed in Othello when he got to the table. I think I heard some bridge work break when he went away gnashing his teeth. Anyways, head-waiters have no business to be more handsome and better dressed than the guests.

The Inn is enormous; and also magnificent. I judge from the conversations that I hear that its clientele is steady - all repeaters. Most of the guests are old, a circumstance which would be boring under usual circumstances, but which is just right for one seeking a rest. I went to bed last night at nine-thirty and slept until seven. This afternoon I got in two hours more. The Dutch girl's insistence on that last helping of baked sweet potatoes was responsible for that



OPEN THROUGHOUT
THE YEAR

CHARLES N. THOMPSON
General Manager

The INN at BUCK HILL FALLS, PA.

For exercise I walked about
a quarter of a mile,

I have finished "Brief
Candles" and thoroughly enjoyed
it. I think that Huxley is
sweetening a little, however, as
he gets older. He is laughing
more and sneering less at
us common mortals, who
clutter up this germ-infested,
lecherous, ridiculous world.

Gore is the fierceness of
"Limbo" and "Mortal coils."

Huxley is curiously enough
the fruit of that very Victorian
spirit that he despises. In
fact his credo is that they
were wrong on every question.
They respected dull honesty
more than intelligent roscality.

his most persistent theme is the unattractiveness of stolid virtue. They deplored the fatal effect of the charms of illicit love. He harks on the dreaminess of passion. His characters are not only wicked; they are bored with their wickedness. In Dickens the reward of little Emily's ^{viciousness} is a magnificent and impressively tragic death. In Huxley's books she would have married an American millionaire and gradually expired of too much food and soft linen. Little Nell fades away with a beautiful, touching fatal consumption; Huxley's heroines die of stomach poisoning caused from eating putrid fish.

The Inn isn't as liberal with its writing paper as it is with its food. That is a break for you. I had a lot more to say about Dickens and Huxley. The fact that I can like both proves that I am neither good enough to be approved by Dickens nor intelligent enough to be approved by Huxley. Regards to Catherine.
Love, Hugh

IF NOT DELIVERED IN FIVE DAYS RETURN TO

~~Hugh Deal~~
~~26 E 11th St~~
~~New York N.Y.~~

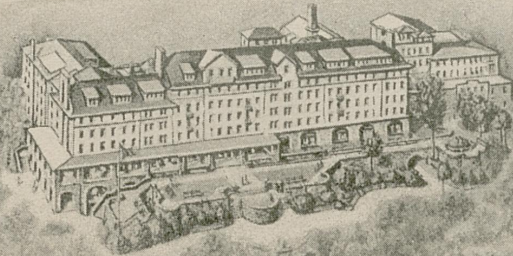
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1930

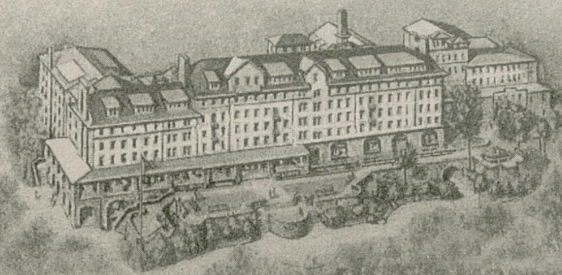


Miss Margaret Watson
71 Washington Square So.
New York N.Y.

10A

The INN at
BUCK HILL FALLS, PA.





OPEN THROUGHOUT
THE YEAR

CHARLES N. THOMPSON
General Manager

The INN at BUCK HILL FALLS, PA.

Darling;

~~Thurs.~~ July 3, 1930

Your letter was very welcome. I had a presentiment that I would hear from you today. But I am much annoyed that you will not be able to get away for the week-end. Mr. Frye is certainly a louse in human form - a true louse, loathsome and parasitic. I hope that you don't have to contend with him much longer. You can expect me Sunday, although I don't know exactly what train I can get. Probably I shall be there about 6 P. M.

Miss Haeffler turned out to be quite a good bridge-player, although overly fond of making positive statements about matters

of which she is quite ignorant. In spite of that, however, and her unvarying brightness of manner, I enjoyed the evening. Her friends were rather faded spinsters without personality or attractiveness, but good-natured and simple.

I wouldn't be too alarmed about small disagreements between C. & M. Remember they have just entered ~~that~~ attrition stage which is inevitable in marriage. After the rugged edges of their respective individualities are worn down a little, they may come to like the same things.

When I first came, I was too tired to take any exercise. The last two or three days, however, I have explored the countryside. Just now, about Five-Forty P.M., I am both tired and hungry. The walks along Buckhill Creek are lined with rhododendron and mountain laurel, both in



OPEN THROUGHOUT
THE YEAR

CHARLES N. THOMPSON
General Manager

The INN at BUCK HILL FALLS, PA.

gorgeous bloom, the air is really perfumed. Don't you like that expression, "the perfumed air"? I wonder where it originated. Burns is the first poet, to my knowledge, to use it. I have no doubt however that both Chaucer and Shakespeare have the same thought somewhere if not the same words.

Speaking of Chaucer reminds me that I have been re-reading some of the tales. It is wonderful how some of them have retained their freshness. How he loved to ~~use~~^{apply} figures drawn from the month of May - spring's downing in England - to youth.

And then, at the opposite pole,
I have read the parson's
tale, a condensed statement of
medieeval ~~philosophy~~ ^{theology}. He devotes
several pages to "accidia" as
one of the seven deadly
sins. Apropos of this you
will remember the Huxley
essay (or was it Saltus?) we
read some weeks ago about
"accidie", or as Beatrice Lillie
would say "world weariness".

Somehow I don't think
that the head waiter would
be much influenced by the
F. F. U. stuff. He doesn't impress
me as a young man who
would be interested in genealogy.

Your school of philosophy doesn't
sound very exciting. People who
are too well balanced are not
amusing enough. Give me
the unruly seekers "of
passion and of mirth". You
know the old stuff about being
beated with wine rather than letting
your liver cool with martifying
groans?
Love, Hugh

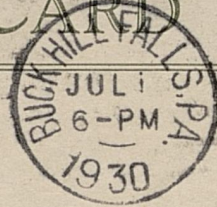


THE FALLS

POST CARD

10-A

From
BUCK HILL FALLS
PENNSYLVANIA



Have met a mutual
friend- the little
black-haired woman
who is head sten-
ographer at your
place. Have forgotten
her name. Am to
play bridge with
her and some of
her friends tonight.
You can't keep a
good man down.

Raining today
Love, Hugh

Miss Margaret Watson
71 Washington Sq. South
New York N.Y.

H.D. TERM. ANNEX N.Y.C.
SEP 8
7 30 PM
1930



Miss Margaret Watson
Turon Kansas

W.H.P.

ROOM ¹⁶⁵⁰ 2702

25420 BROADWAY

New York N.Y.

25' 120 BROADWAY

September 8th, 1938

Darling:

The last three days have been quiet, indeed. It is impossible for me to realize that you are gone. I am always just on the point of calling you up or making plans for the evening. I am afraid that it will take me more than three weeks to get adjusted to a loose-end existence again.

I saw *Lysistrata* Saturday afternoon, and thought it excellent. Isn't it strange that such an old play should have such a modern theme? I can't help suspecting

that the translation has been more than usually free. Some of the wise-cracks sound more Shavian than Greek. Anyway it proves that women have had their own minds and their own manners of expression before - unless of course Aristophanes was fictionizing.

I suppose you are having a great time with Crinra (spelling?). The manners of our ancestors: good out-door exercise in the daytime, good liquor and conversation at night. of course I am not so certain about the Tulsa liquor, but I think that there can

be no doubt about the conversation.

As I went to breakfast yesterday morning Catherine and her mother were returning from a trip to the grocery. Mrs. Garritson is still insisting on a two weeks vacation for Catherine - who doesn't seem very anxious.

Darling, I do hope you are having a good time - and much sleep. I miss you a great deal

with love
Hugh

W. HUGH PEAL
25 BROADWAY
NEW YORK



ADDRESS
YOUR MAIL
TO
STREET AND
NUMBER



*Miss Margaret Watson
Turon Kansas*

W. HUGH PEAL
Counsellor at Law

DIGBY 7630

25 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

September 14, 1930

Darling:

I was delighted to get your flattering letter. You are such a comforting person: quite a necessity when my store of good spirits is as low as it has been this week. Today, for instance, I have had a bad headache.

Mary Ruth arrived Monday. She has grown quite stout, or as we phrased it pleasingly plump. She didn't seem to think much of my distinctions of language as: men are fat, old ladies are stout and young girls are pleasingly plump. We saw "Strictly Dishonorable" Tuesday evening. I think it is great. The heroine is new, they say, but is not inferior, I should say. For all her anxiety to see Jimmy, Mary Ruth would have preferred to stop in New York. She and Clare even went job-hunting.

Herb's sister comes Tuesday. I suppose that I shall live at the Hotel Albert until I can move into the new apartment.

Part of this last week I spent in Delaware. We have won several victories over the other side by now, and they are very angry. I understood that they refer to our tactics as those of cheap New York Jewish attorneys. My answer was that the word "cheap" was misleading,

that we intended to collect handsomely for
our services. Tomorrow morning at 9:30 A.M.
the Board of Directors will meet and depose
the President, vice President and Secretary
and elect others in their places. Last
week we found them completely asleep and
held a stockholder's meeting which they
had called and then forgotten. I suspect
that they are as angry with themselves
as with me. They don't feel so much
resentment towards Stryker.

Catherine and her mother are away for
a week. She insists that you are negligent
about writing to her.

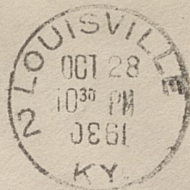
Darling, I can't tell you how much
I am missing you. It seems as if my
whole life had been wrenched aside. Do
have a good time and come back full of
life and good spirits again.

Love,
Hugh



The **Kentucky**

WHERE KENTUCKY HOSPITALITY GREET'S YOU
LOUISVILLE, KY.



Miss Margaret Watson
2 East 12th St.
New York N.Y.

NOTICE

LETTERS MAILED IN HOTEL ENVELOPES
IF NOT DELIVERED, WILL BE SENT TO THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE
UNLESS THE WRITER GIVES A RETURN ADDRESS

IF NOT DELIVERED IN _____ DAYS, RETURN TO



WALNUT STREET AT FIFTH

THE KENTUCKY
HOTEL
"WHERE KENTUCKY HOSPITALITY GREET'S YOU"
LOUISVILLE

Tuesday, Oct 28, 1930

Darling:

Have started my vacation by putting in three hard days work here and am leaving for Paducah tonight. Have a days work in Paducah tomorrow. I will be home tomorrow night. The next night I return to Louisville for a closing on ~~Saturday~~ Friday. I have to go to Lexington Saturday for the annual home-coming and the Kentucky-Alabama football game.

I called Mrs. Garritson when I went through Cincinnati. She reported herself and her sister as being in good health and spirits.

Have to have a letter awaiting me when I return to LaCenter.

With Love,
Hugh



REGISTERED
OR
INSURED
VALUABLE MAIL



Miss Margaret Watson
Turon Kansas

J.H.P.

1600

ROOM ~~2702~~

25 120 BROADWAY

120 BROADWAY

Darling:

I can match your sleeping for once, yesterday, just before I left the office, Clair gave me two stiff drinks of Kentucky rye. I was so sleepy after dinner that I lay down about 8 P.M. for a little nap. Herb awoke me at 11³⁰ to suggest that I might want to undress. I slept until 7³⁰ A.M., and I feel very well indeed today.

Am leaving at noon today for the long-postponed Long Island trip. I find that we are not going to ~~Long Island~~ Southampton after all, but to some much more remote spot. The end of the Island, I believe. We are anticipating a pleasant week-end.

Your activities in Turon, if

one may judge by your last letter, are not very exciting. Don't startle the natives by any heresies about evolution or prohibition. Remember that the State of the Vice President must have a breath that is above reproach. And this is in spite of the fact that the illustrious Mrs. Gonn's Brother is himself figuring in the newspapers at the present time as the friend and protector of illicit alcohol dealers.

The fires are still merrily crackling under the Phyllosan Pat. My attempts at a settlement have so far been unsuccessful. The next step consists of an argument before the N. Y. Supreme Court on an injunction which

the other side is attempting to secure
against us. If we win that (which is
doubtful) I think that they will crumple.
In the meantime more and more
pressure is being put on me to
go to Kentucky to try to negotiate
the Keystone company out of some
of its troubles there.

Only one more week,
Darling. It seems that you have been
gone for an age.

With Love,
Hugh



Miss Margaret Watson

2 East 12th St.
New York N.Y.



PENDENNIS CLUB

Darling:

I had the wildest dream last night. It seemed that you and I were going somewhere for a holiday. We decided that it was necessary to take some pets, so we put the gold-fish in a fruit jar and gaily set forth. That would be very satisfactory, don't you think?

I suppose that I told you in my last letter that Caldwell had been taken over by the Nashville Clearing House. I certainly feel sorry for Swase and Bradford, who will find it very difficult to get decent jobs in New York now. Bradford is really a salesman and

a charming old lady who was his sweetheart about forty years ago. She happens to be a friend of my Mother, and is eminently satisfactory to the Family; but the idea of my uncle, the most matter-of-fact and plainest soul alive, as a suitor is exasperatingly funny. I think that I can safely say, however, that there has been a complete lack of the ludicrous romantic aspect that so often attends such courtships.

I find my chum Roy comfortably, I might almost say fittingly, ensconced in the City Judge's office in Codruck. He always had a flair for criminal practice of the less important sort. And he now has a surfeit of this type of thing. A swarm of men and women come in his office daily to swear out warrants for breaches of the peace, petty assaults and the like. An enormous number of men seem to be beating their wives; and the wives seem to think that a few days in jail would reform them. Roy says that I am endeavouring to corrupt the pure fountains of justice. One injured wife began her tale with the statement that she and her husband had had a fight that morning. I told her that she must say that the man had brutally attacked her. Roy says that her own imagination will

has no business in the buying side of an investment banking house, but Swase has the temperament and the ability of a buyer. He is newly married, too, and will injured very much, I fear, by the crash.

I find an amusing, although essentially serious, situation at home. My uncle, who is about sixty-nine, lost his wife about sixteen months ago. His children are married and only one lives here. He has had a housekeeper for the last year but has found that unsatisfactory. Under the circumstances he has decided to marry again, and is paying determined, although somewhat calm, court to a spinster of sixty-three,

PENDENNIS CLUB

Produce a good enough story without any expert help.

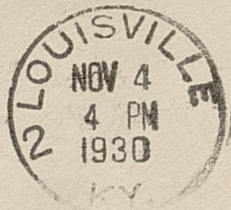
Lacenter has never had an especially inspiring appearance. It looks sadder than ever now. The unemployment problem is acute, even here. I know everyone here so well and am here at least one month each year, so I feel that I have a small-town personality. And it here that I get closest to the ultimate consequences of the economic order. We have our hard times in New York; but our hardships are purely relative. We are cramped because we can't have the luxuries we want. Here the fight is, in many instances, for pure necessities. We take it for granted, for instance, that one must

have good shoes and a good warm coat. Many a man here has neither. Most of the businesses here are on the ragged edge, the slightest push would send them into bankruptcy. One of my Father's oldest friends, once the wealthiest man here, is expected every day to go under.

Darling, my vacation would be wonderful if you could just be with me. I miss you more each day. Do take plenty of sleep and be completely rested when I return.

Give my love to Catherine. Tell her that I am expecting her to give you and Clare a little instruction in bridge against my return.

With Love,
Hugh



Miss Margaret Watson
2 East 12th St.
New York N.Y.

PENDENNIS CLUB

Nov. 7, 1930

Darling:

Your very good letter was awaiting me when I returned from Louisville last night, and another arrived this morning. I am glad that you had a good week-end at the Matthews place; and I heartily agree with you that Henderson is stuffy. Malcolm and I have had many an argument about his personality. Although he is in many respects a good fellow and I have a certain general liking for him, I find him too much of a bore for any extended

intercourse. John Dunlop used to share my opinion, but I think that he has been convinced by the potent argument of a pleasant country home and comfortable income.

Caldwell has finally been pulled under. I am certainly sorry for Bradford and Swose. If they are let out in New York now, they are going to find it very hard to get as good a job in the near future. I may also say that the future of Phyllosan now seems far from rosy. I spent several days in Louisville investigating the possibility of a deal whereby Caldwell could have postponed some of his large liabilities. Unfortunately he was too far involved

for any compromise to be successful.

The result of the election has produced great delight here. The man whom the Democrats have elected in Kentucky for the long term seems to be very small fry, however. Barkley is not a giant by any means but he seems so in comparison with Logan. The Kentucky which produced Breckenridge and Clay seems to have vanished.

Darling, I miss you so much that I try to keep my mind on other things. If I could only be there for a day once each week.

I am sorry to hear about your cold. Do take good care of yourself.

Give my regards to Catherine.

Love,
Hugh



Miss Margaret Watson
2 East 12th St.
New York N.Y.



LA CEN
NOV
112
1630P
1880
KY



Miss Margaret Watson
2 East 12th St
New York, N. Y.

Nov. 12, 1930

Darling!

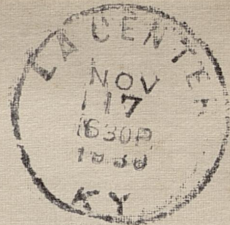
I think that I shall be entitled to a big Polish kiss when I return, because I have written so much. I have been going on the principle that it was better to spoil the pen than spare the girl.

I haven't found a riding horse yet, but I can depose to the fact that I am getting plenty of sleep. Ten hours a night or more; and I would take more if I could keep my eyes closed.

Darling, I want to see you so much that I am afraid that I would bite you if you were here. If you only had Aladdin's lamp you could transform yourself into a pigeon and fly here for the week-end. Your plumage might be ruffled by Sunday night, however, I suppose that I got started on this line of thought by some obscure memory of Leda. But, as I remember it, swans don't fly.

I hope that Catherine is settling down a little now that she has a job. I expect a circumstantial account of her daily - or rather nightly - activities when I return.

With kisses
Hugh



Miss Margaret Watson
2 East 12th St.
New York N.Y.

November 17, 1930
Lucerne, Kentucky

Darling:

I fear that you grow frivolous while I am away. The recital of your activities sounds like that of a debutante's.

I wish that I had the leisure and the talent to write. The life of a village is the real scene in this country for fiction or drama. It is the only place where one can study life both by cross sections and in perspective, which, as I understand it, is most nearly approximate to Aristotle's principle of dramatic unity. Many of the English novelists get the perspective and some of them, like Dickens, use the cross section scheme. The Forsyte books illustrate the peculiar strength of the perspective method.

All of this rather pedantic speculation springs from the fact that I have heard my mother and uncle comment on the insanity of a man I know well. He is about fifteen years older than I and none of his Brothers and Sisters are in the least affected. My amazement was still greater when my Mother told me that his insanity was really hereditary; that his Father was not the small farmer whose name he bore, but a prominent man in the county who has himself

long been insane and whose family offers
many similar cases, you have no
idea how much family history, how
many dusty sins and forgotten
tendencies of our fathers are carried
in the minds of these old families,

Darling, I am terribly sorry about
the stock market. It seems likely
now that it will improve. Don't
you think so? The newspaper accounts
seem to be more optimistic.

I don't think that I shall
be back until about November 30th.
Do get out of town and have ^{some}
rest and a change of scene.

Tell Catherine to watch her
step. These country girls can't be
too chary of these "city slickers".

With Love
Hugh

LA CE
NOV
21
630 AM
1850
NY



Miss Margaret Watson
2 East 12th St.
New York N. Y.

Lancaster Kentucky
November 21, 1930

Darling;

My last few days have been quite gay. The first part of the week I spent in Paducah, where so many of my former Ballard County friends are now collected. Some of them have an extraordinary flair for office. They pant for a title as the hart pants for the water-brook. Roy is city judge, Jack Nelson, commissioner of Public Safety (Police), Holland Bryon is County Attorney, Eaton, city solicitor, Middleton, county judge and so on. I suppose that this craze for office depends on two things: it means a fairly easy existence and a certain amount of prestige. Certainly, I should hate it like poison. The dullest people hang around Roy's office and talk interminably about trivial matters. The politicians themselves, however, are almost ^{always} witty and interesting men. The profession is that of genial entertaining.

Part of one day was spent at the United States District Court. It was extremely depressing. There is one deep, nether strata of ~~country~~ ^{society} which touches western civilization at only one point - its political institutions. The church, the schools, the economic institutions and the civilizing influence of the thousand agencies of human intercourse fail to touch these isolated dwellers

in river-bottom cabins and lonely barren
farm-houses. But uncle Sam's drag-net
brings them in for liquor-making, narcotics-
smuggling and the like. They huddle,
men and women alike, in the court room,
as alien to the bustling city-dwellers and
prosperous former-jurymen as if they
were newly-arrived Lithuanians at Ellis
Island. I thought of the buckets of
tears which have been shed by country
people over the books relating to city
slums. I don't believe that the ghettos
of the Middle Ages ever saw any
social degradation worse than our country
slums. Polygamy and incest are not
unknown in our bottoms. I have heard of
both in our country - and have heard
the incest - and rape - charge aired in
the courts.

I can hardly wait to see you
Darling. I think of you the last thing
every night and the first thing every
morning.

With Love,
Hugh

P. S. Regards to Catherine.



Miss Margaret Watson
2 East 12th St,
New York N. Y.

Lucerne Kentucky
November 24, 1930

Darling,

Your good letter came this morning. I am very sorry indeed that Catherine has been laid off. She should by all means take this opportunity of visiting her Mother and Aunt. They no doubt get very lonely without her.

So Mr. DeLofield has struck back at last! I hope that he hasn't delayed too long. What malice and cunning work has been carefully done, and he may have procrastinated until it is too late for him to recover his position.

Darling, don't try to meet me when I return. I haven't the slightest idea what connections I can make. It may be late at night. I shall try to get there during the day, however, and shall call you immediately.

Aside from visiting, I have had little recreation except reading. I have finished several plays of Shakespeare and numerous miscellaneous tales. At present I am immersed in Tacitus. I have played bridge two nights, but the bridge was stupid.

Darling, I am wild to see you. I would crack every rib if I had you here,
Hugh