



Mrs. W. Hugh Deal
7-13 Washington Sq. N.
New York N. Y.

W. Hugh Peal
1900 Que Street
Washington, D. C.

March 2, 1943

Darling:

Frank Drohan got the job and is much delighted. He telephoned immediately on his arrival and was extremely grateful. The salary arrangement seems to have been even better than he anticipated. This gives me great satisfaction as I think that the relationship will work out well for both sides. In addition to the natural pleasure at having done a good turn for a friend, I hope that this will be the little extra weight, which when added to Clair Hughes's relationship with the company, will get us its New York business.

I dined last night with Jim Clark and a friend of his by the name of Lomb at the Metropolitan Club. As Jim said that he had some confidential matters he wanted to talk to me about, we are dining together again Thursday night. Tomorrow night Jerry Brophy and I are dining together, unless he has to meet Jock Frye (President of T. W. A.) who expects to arrive some day this week.

Do you remember Hugh Cox who married Esmeralda? A lad with a swarthy skin and a mouth like a squirrel's? He came to Washington in the early days of the New Deal, eventually became Thurman Arnold's assistant and now has succeeded Arnold as the Department of Justice's trust-buster. He

was supposed to have had a brilliant record at Oxford, and must have made himself felt here, but I always thought him a doctrinaire. I saw him at the Metropolitan Club last night, but didn't get to speak to him as he was in a large group. He will also get a judgeship, probably. Little Esmeralda didn't do so badly for a country girl - although most of us couldn't have foreseen the result ten years ago.

I am looking forward to the week-end my dear and I hope that you have recovered from your fatiguing trip.

Love,
Hugh



GIVE
RED CROSS
WAR FUNDS



Mrs. W. Hugh Deal

7-13 Washington Sq. N.
New York N. Y.

W. HUGH PEAL
200 Ave. St. N. W.
Pecksland Road
Washington D.C.,
Greenwich, Connecticut

March 9, 1943

My Dear :

In spite of my early arrival at the Station Sunday night I got a seat in an old car. It proved to be quite comfortable, however, and I arrived in Washington only 35 minutes late. I got to bed early last night, quite exhausted from loss of sleep in the four preceding nights.

If you have not sent my 1941 income tax return to Miss Mac Gregor, please hand it. Gluck figured out the prior years for me and sent me blanks which I can use for '41.

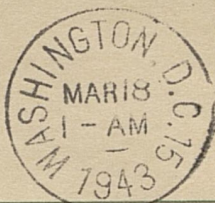
The fight at the farewell party for Frank Friday night has resulted in much chum-magging, but, so far as I have heard, in no official action. If the offending officer has any sense at all he will ask for a transfer. I don't see how he can ever expect to make any further progress in this Bureau. For instance, although my relations with him have been very cordial, I would hesitate to take him with me on a trip where we would be having social relations with other representatives of the Navy and with contractors.

My uncle, Terrell Wingo, is dead. Although he must have been in his sixties, his death is quite a

shock, I have always thought of him as one of the strangest specimens of manhood I have ever known. In spite of experience and pronouncements of the doctors to the contrary, we still expect the big florid fellows to outlive their pale and slight fellows.

Jim Bertolotti, one of the young lawyers in our facilities group, has asked me to dine with him and his wife Friday night. I wish that you could be here with me long enough sometime to have some of our associates to dinner. Some of them, like Whitridge, are not only good fellows, but are going to be important lawyers sometime.

I am looking forward to Saturday,
Love,
Hugh



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mrs. W. Hugh Deal
7-13 Washington Sq. N.
New York N. Y.

March 17, 1943

Darling:

From all accounts Pensacola is a hole in which a week-end would be wasted. Besides my travel orders are for Sunday, so I shall expect you Friday night. I'll save the holiday for a trip to California or Kentucky.

The magnolias and forsythia are coming out here.

Love,
Hugh

W. Hugh Peal
1900 Que Street
Washington, D. C.

STATION O



W. Hugh Peal
1900 Que Street
Washington, D. C.

March 16, 1943

Darling:

Today is very warm and I have had two large meals. As a result I have had to turn from Dodd's cases to a detective story. We are due to have a blackout at any time now.

Miss Weiss' hysterical row with the other girls in the office last week culminated in an anonymous note on her desk Monday morning. She went into a state of great indignation and said that she wanted to resign or be transferred. Before she could change her mind - and to her great amazement, I think - I had a transfer request sent through immediately. Everyone has been reproaching me for a long time for being too soft. Now they all think I am cruel, I think. Anyway, a clean severance is the only solution in such matters.

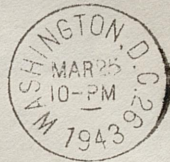
My present plan is to leave for Columbia by train at 1:30 P. M. on Sunday. The plane trip would have kept me up all night, including five hours in Jacksonville from 3 A. M. to 8 A. M. I do hope that you can come down on Friday night. I am tired of being a bachelor. In fact I am getting so careless that I forgot to turn on the alarm last night, with the result that I overslept by an hour this morning.

If you do not have your bag full

on the week-end, it would be helpful
if you could bring my raincoat. It isn't
very important so forget it if it isn't
convenient.

As agreed I gave twenty-five dollars
to the Red Cross here so you could give
fifty in N. Y.

Good Night, My Dear,
H—



Mrs. Margaret W. Seal
7-13 Washington Sq. N.
New York N.Y.

W. Hugh Peal
1900 Que Street
Washington, D. C.

March 25, 1943

Darling:

We had a dull but restful trip to Pensacola where we arrived at 7 P.M. Monday. True to good old traditions we were met by a large party and hustled off to a good dinner at the San Carlos Hotel. As Bill Taylor would have predicted, the most inescapable member of the party was named Goldstein. The next morning we breakfasted at 7:30 and went to work. In the afternoon we lunched at the officers club, ~~then inspected~~ the shipyard, talked taxes and reorganization some more and drove over to see the bay and the air fields. That night we dined at the home of Mr. Smith, the Receiver, and started back to Washington. The high point of the return trip was a five-hour wait in Flamaton, a station in Southern Alabama which reminded me of Turon. Very tired, we fell on the train at 5:15 A.M.

I'm sorry that I didn't get a chance to write from Pensacola. As a matter of fact I never had a minute alone.

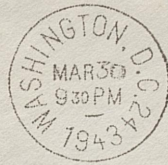
The weather in Pensacola was

sunny but quite cold. My topcoat would
have been welcome. It is warm in
Washington, however.

We saw the Naval Hospital from
the road and I thought of young Gregory,
but we were in too much of a rush
to stop.

I shall be home Saturday Night,
but I doubt that I get to stay over
this Monday. A C. M. P. meeting is
being held that day which I ought
to attend.

Love,
Hugh



GIVE
RED CROSS
WAR FUN

Mrs. M. Hugh Deal

7-13 Washington Sq. N.
New York N. Y.

W. Hugh Peal
1900 Que Street
Washington, D. C.

March 30, 1943

Darling:

My train was an hour and a half late Sunday night, but otherwise the trip was an easy one. It was not crowded and for half the way I had a seat to myself. My salad dinner failed to fill me very well so that by 10 P. M. I was reflecting at length on hot corn muffins filled with butter.

I hope that by this time you are fully recovered. If not, you should try to be in bed every night not later than 8.

Because of Charlie's situation I have been trying to follow the draft news. The entire situation seems to be in hopeless confusion and draft boards are left to their own devices without any central control. The result is that I don't know whether Charlie is in an entirely exempt category or whether he is apt to be called up immediately.

Nothing at all has been heard from Zellner. I am afraid that this means that he has been called up again and deferred again. It wouldn't be above the politicians to get him some unfavorable newspaper publicity over this shilly-shallying.

Did I tell you that I gave \$25⁰⁰ to the Red Cross to be credited

to the D.C. chapter. This was on the assumption that you were going to give \$5000 in N.Y.

Little Tom Davis is about to be transferred to the Pacific coast. As he and Hodgson have never been on good terms, his departure will be cheered. For my part I think that Tom has done very valuable service for this Bureau, and that his loss, following that of Turney and Whittledge, our two other engineers, will leave us very weak on the technical side of the work. Most of us know nothing about the complicated material covered by our contracts. On many occasions Tom and Bob have saved us from bad errors in our paperwork by pointing out impracticable or silly results from our language when applied to specific situations.

I am looking forward to the weekend, My Dear, and hope to find you in the pink again. That doesn't mean what it meant to Mr. Jordan's friend.

With love,
Hugh