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Mrs. W. Hugh Seal  
Hotel Dennis  
Atlantic City  
New Jersey

W. HUGH PEAL  
~~Peckoland Road~~  
Greenwich, Connecticut

60 Gramercy Park  
New York 10, N. Y.  
March 4, 1946

Darling;

Virginia and I are making out as well as might be expected. We dined at the Hearthstone Saturday night, but let ourselves go for an expensive dinner at the Mansion House yesterday. The Mansion House is a restaurant in the fifties off Madison Avenue, which specializes in imitation Southern food. After the dinner we visited the Frick Collection where we saw Ralph and Cécile, Ralph was attending the concert and Cécile was visiting her "favorite collection". Virginia's comments were quite intelligent, I thought.

The Johnsons got back last night and Al telephoned, Mr. Cooley has another farm for us, three hundred and thirty-five acres on the road to Middleberg, four miles south of Round Hill. Eight room stone house, apparently with modern improvements, horses, cows, hogs, farm implements etc., \$45,000.

It seems to me that this, like the Dodd Place, is too much of an undertaking for us. Al seemed to be impressed. He says that he has let the contract for his house, cost approximately \$30,000.

Nothing has been heard from the Clarks yet unless a letter is at the house.

Dorothy Bark called to get your address. I apologized for you, having forgotten to call earlier. She was very gracious.

Today is so wonderful that I have spring fever. I might buy the new place if I were in Virginia.

The Hertz Drive-er-self card has come.

I hope that you are having a pleasant trip. We miss you.

Love,  
Hugh

5/16



Mrs. W. Hugh Seal,  
Hotel Dennis,  
Atlantic City,  
New Jersey

W. HUGH PEAL  
Pecksland Road  
Greenwich, Connecticut

60 Gramercy Park  
New York 10, N. Y.

May 4, 1946

Darling:

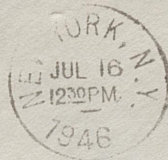
This is just a note to tell you that Dorothy has returned, a sadder but probably not a wiser lady. Her story is difficult to follow but apparently the employer wanted a first class maid and laundress and Dorothy couldn't deliver. She told Dorothy that she was just on trial anyway and bounced her this morning. She was pathetically grateful when I welcomed her back and has been working frantically cleaning up the house.

Dorothy Motter is spending the night with us.

Nothing has been heard from the Clarks.

Have a good time.

Yours,  
Hugh



STAT

Mrs. W. Hugh Seal  
c/o Mrs Sarah Watson  
Turon  
Kansas

W. HUGH PEAL  
Peeksland Road  
Greenwich, Connecticut

60 Gramercy Park  
New York 10, N. Y.  
July 16, 1946

Darling;

I hope that you got a good dinner on the strataliner, got a hotel room in Kansas city and otherwise had a comfortable trip, Also that you found your mother well and in good spirits, Don't forget to let me know when you go to Colorado and your postal address there.

After I left you I went to Luchow's with the speed and accuracy of a homing pigeon and ate \$2<sup>25</sup> worth of dinner. Sunday morning and Monday morning I prepared my own coffee and fruit, but this morning I resorted to the Dirty Spoon. Sunday at noon I sampled the Armenian cooking on Lexington Avenue and Sunday evening I had a luscious dinner of frog legs, reeking with garlic, at an Italian restaurant on 5th Avenue near 13th St.

Malcolm returned yesterday reporting a pleasant week-end. Clare is staying with Cécile for two or



Three days. According to Malcolm  
the carsons have a very lovely  
place. The children are well, and  
little Clare seems at least to  
be reconciled to the cruel fate  
of an exile.

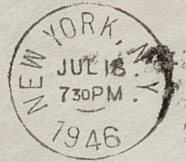
Sydney Stevens has just  
called to tell me that Mrs. McLen-  
shon died this morning, and that  
the funeral will be held at the  
Church of the Ascension on Thursday  
at 11 A. M. Bettee seems to be taking  
it very well, I shall send flowers.

You have a small package  
from Elizabeth Dartsch. From its  
size and weight it might be  
a bottle of perfume, and I think  
that I had better not forward it.  
I shall acknowledge it for you.

Have a good time and write to me.

With love,

Hugh



Mrs. W. Hugh Deal  
c/o Mrs. Sarah Watson  
Turon, Kansas

25 Broadway  
New York 4, N. Y.  
July 18, 1946

My Dear;

After I had mailed the letter of two days ago to you I went to commercial where I learned that Charlie Wolff had dropped dead that morning on his way to N. Y. I went to Mrs. McClenahan's funeral at the church of the Ascension and am going with the Wells to services for Charlie tonight - at a funeral parlor in Brooklyn. I am glad to say that I feel well myself.

The crowd at Mrs. McClenahan's funeral was very small; I saw only Sid Mathews from the Bank, Sam Beale and I returned together. He says that they are enjoying the summer in the country.

I have trailed over Louer trying to get Miss Hatties affidavit ready. She didn't send it to me until Tuesday morning as she couldn't find a notary on Saturday. I hope to get it on its way tonight.

We have had two or three

lovely cool days but it is  
warm again.

Charlie Lauren leaves on his  
vacation tomorrow night. This  
will make me quite busy, I  
am afraid, for the next three or  
four weeks.

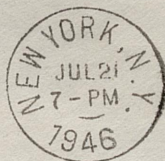
Clare returned last night,  
reporting that she had a  
good time. She says that Cicile  
has a lot of work on her case.

It seems impossible for me  
to realize that you are so far  
away. I find myself creeping  
about the bedroom and turning  
over in bed carefully to avoid  
noise.

I haven't had a chance to  
call the Johnsons yet but  
hope to tomorrow night.

Love to your mother and you.

Hugh



Mrs. W. Hugh Paul  
c/o Mrs. Sarah Watson  
Turon  
Kansas

W. HUGH PEAL  
Peckland Road  
Greenwich, Connecticut

60 Gramercy Park  
New York 10, N. Y.

60 Gramercy Park  
New York 10, N. Y.  
July 20, 1946

Darling:

Thursday night I went with the Wells to the Wolff funeral. It was a very hot night and a twenty minute train ride from the tube station in Hoboken. Foster was there and puts on an air about Anne as though were in the last stages of cancer. Woodie is still in the Navy.

Malcolm and Clare motored to the camp this morning. Clare seemed to me to be very tired and today has been very hot, but a week-end presents an opportunity for activity that can't be lost.

We had the Johnsons to dinner last night. Don McKenzie also. Al says that Philip has located and is delivering the metal for the ducts. Perhaps there will be some progress now.

Lunched with Don Vail at the Irving Trust yesterday. Don seems to be younger and handsomer since he left the law and began to lend money. There may be a moral there.

If you were away for two or three years, I might really learn to cook. I lunched today on two slices of bread and butter and a glass of milk. I think that I shall start on frog legs provençale with egg plant à la Normande and creme des Toulousienne. Perhaps, however, I had better practice on my coffee. This morning I beat close to it, but my effort was productive only of a weak colored water. I'm a good shopper, however; this afternoon I got two tins of V-8 juice and two tins of Vogt's scrapple.

Miss Scott has had a lowered lip this week. She discovered that another girl



got a larger raise. As I couldn't decide whether spouking or patting was the better technique I got out fast to fill a sudden and very important business engagement. I expect that an archid, skilfully placed, might be good economy there in the long run.

Bill, the elevator man, who keeps better tab on your activities than I do, says that he feels sorry for me having to do the shopping.

The Britannica is quite satisfactory. Perhaps we shall really get some education now.

I hope that you are having a good time at Lawsons and are keeping cool. Be careful about the heat, your description of a Kansas day alarms me.

With all my love,  
Hugh