



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

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

June 1, 1943

Darling:

I don't know just how an absent husband reminds his wife of a forthcoming wedding anniversary in the Emily Post manner. "Congratulations" seems to be the wrong word, and "condolences" or "sympathy" would be too coy. Anyway, it's been a fine eleven years, and I hope that by the grace of God we shall have many more.

When I got in last night, very tired after twelve hours of work, I found Mr. Frye in his carpet slippers, taking his ease. Somehow he seems more of a slug every year, you know I don't believe the man even bathes. At least he never seems to use bath-towels.

I saw Dick Kyle today and amused him greatly by telling him that Mr. Frye took credit for getting the two of us started in the right direction. Mr. Frye also claims the credit for sending the crippled lad (Peterson?) to a top office here "where he is doing very well, indeed".

The life of John Rice is extremely interesting. Some of the bits about the old plantation life,

with many details about his uncle
Ellison (now Senator Cotton Ed Smith)
are tedious if not phony, but the
descriptions of life in the Methodist
parsonages of the towns where
his father preached are great.

It isn't surprising that an intelligent
and sensitive lad should find the
indignities and shams of the cir-
cuit rider's world a bad memory
after fifty years. Nor that he grew
up to be a very difficult person.
Just think of a life of poverty, of
no privacy or permanency, of cast-
off furniture, of seclusion to the
small-town stewards and to the
villages sense of respectability!

It has been hotter, here today
and even more humid, than in
the Ganges valley.

Love,
H

The life of John Rice was ex-
tremely interesting, some of the
bits about the actual education life



Mrs. W. Hugh Deal

7-13 Washington Sq., N.

New York N. Y.

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

June 8, 1943

Darling:

Mr. J. Howard Ferguson, who so kindly bought me a breakfast at the Willard this morning and introduced me to Mr. Pogue, chairman of the C. A. B., says that he is not in the least disturbed because of the fact that you haven't delivered his brother's note. Pogue is still a young man and very charming. He comes from Nebraska, where he knew Howard, and practiced law in Boston with the famous firm of Ropes, Gray, Coolidge and Rugg. We had some good laughs about our mutual friend William Coolidge who went to afford a little after my time, practiced with Ropes, Gray, was in the brokerage business and now lends the Navy money with great misgivings to shady contractors sponsored by such impetuous people as that man Peal.

I am reading a rather confusing mystery story, one of the chief incidents of which is that a lady who had ~~just~~ divorced her husband for adultery followed up her advantage and pushed him down sixteen flights of steps, concussion of the brain is alleged to have resulted although it

is impossible to believe that a man
with any brain at all would have
allowed the lady to get a poke at
him while he was on such insecure
footing. I warn you that you will
never catch an old confederate in
such a position, not even if the
divorce had been granted for mental
cruelty.

I did write the note to Judge
James. I sounded as though it
had been copied from a 19th century
letter-writers guide.

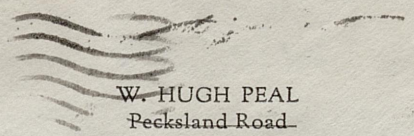
All Recours until Saturday,
Love
A



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



W. HUGH PEAL



W. HUGH PEAL
Pecksland Road
Greenwich, Connecticut
*1900 Que St. N. W.,
Washington D. C.*

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

June 16, 1943

My Dear;

Last night was so warm that even with all the windows open I had the greatest difficulty in sleeping. None of the three days since Sunday have been quite as bad as it was, but have been bad enough.

I am still hoping to get away early Saturday, but may not be able to make it unless Fashay returns. He is in Detroit on business. No one else in the office knows the facility work well enough to pick up quickly any difficult problem which might come up.

^{under} Frank Drohan invited Jack Alexander and me to lunch Monday with him and Mr. Bennett, the Treasurer of Goodyear. I have that I am not deluding myself in thinking that Frank thinks that he ought to do what he can to move the Goodyear business to our office. We had a good lunch at the Hay-Adams and some jolly talk; our office could really do a good job for Goodyear. We have no competitor clients and are thoroughly familiar with just the type of problems such a company has; labor, trade-marks and fair trade, anti-trust matters and

general contract work,

It appears from the news in the morning papers that fathers may be about to be given still a further respite. Perhaps Charlie will get cold feet again. At any rate I have heard nothing further from Pat or John Kenney. That is perhaps explainable on other grounds as both of them are tied up in some new and perplexing problems just now.

John Dunlop has just called me up and I am going down to the Mayflower to see him.

Lowe,

H



Mrs. Withugh Peal
7-13 Washington Sq. N.
New York N. Y.

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

June 22, 1943

My Dear:

I had a comparatively easy return trip Sunday night. In fact the coach was almost comfortable after about 9:30 and I got to the carousel about 12:15 A.M. I do hope that you had a reasonably good night. You seemed very languid when I left you.

I am reading Lloyd George's War memoirs with great interest. Either he or his ghost writer uses English very well. The book by its episodic style betrays the fact that it is based on newspaper writing, but that makes it all the easier to read. Just now I am reading of his efforts to steady and save the English money market at the outbreak of the war. As London was then the banking center of the world, it was in somewhat the same position in August 1914 as the country bank which suffers a run because all its customers became frightened at once.

Washington, always mercurial, seems to be in the dumps this week. War production has dropped a little for the first time in many months and no one seems to know where

the new labor difficulties will lead us. If Roosevelt dodges this issue, he will deal a severe blow to the confidence of the business community.

The serious race riots in Detroit, where twenty negroes had been killed is another example of a silly policy coming home to roost. I doubt if as many ~~of~~ ^{as} twenty negroes have been mobbed in the entire Southern States in the last fifteen years. For a hundred years now politicians and fanatics have been trying to force white people to accept negroes as equals in social, political and business relations. Whenever the issue is really forced, as it has been from time to time in Baltimore, Chicago, Washington and now Detroit, the whites rebel and the blood flows. The real murderers of the blacks in Detroit are the people like Mrs. Roosevelt who love to meddle in explosive situations with no conception at all of the forces involved.

Am impatient for Saturday.

Love,
H



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

W. HUGH PEAL
~~25 Broadway~~
~~New York~~
1900 Que St N.W.
Washington D.C.

272.30
5.00
45.75
315.00

438.05

9-1366

10

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

My Dear;

June 29, 1943

The rumor that we were to get a holiday on July 4th seems to have been unfounded. At least I have heard nothing further to indicate that it was true.

Tom Murrell came in yesterday to say good bye, and we had a long talk. He is going to a brief schooling before taking command of a squadron of six destroyer escorts, quite an assignment for a man who has had no sea duty in important command. He was offered his fourth stripe to stay on at the Bureau, but is thoroughly sick of desk work.

The more I have thought of it the more it appears to me that our best bet is to renew our present lease for another year - or if possible to get an apartment of similar size and location on the fourth floor. With conditions as unsettled as they are, I fear that we might find a large and expensive apartment a drag on our resources if I didn't get back to N. Y. A smaller apartment is always easier to sub-lease. And even if we had to carry it for a year the cost is only \$1020.

After I left Sunday I thought about the form. Don't you have it there? It ought to be useful these hot nights.

Tonight is fairly comfortable here

and I am enjoying the fresh air. No cooling device will ever seem as cool to me as a good breeze!

Inspired by reading the little book on the history of Hebrew literature which I brought back with me Sunday night, I read last night the book of Ruth. The story used to puzzle me when I was a child - and isn't clear yet in all respects - but a great deal of it is understandable. Ruth made her advances to Boaz when he had eaten and drunk and was merry. But why did she uncover his feet? It seems to be a mixture of universally standard technique with some peculiarly Semitic practices. I used to ponder over the gift of "parched corn" to her at meal-time. "Parched corn" meant scorched maize to me, and I knew that to be a difficult diet. I doubt whether anyone in Bondana, even the preachers, knew that corn was the general term used by the British for grain.

I do hope that you get here Friday night.

Love,
H.