



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



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

July 7, 1943

Darling;

It seems there was a man who was allergic to dogs. His uncle died and left him two hundred St. Bernards - but no money to feed them. The man and his partner - they were bookagents - went to view the estate. The rest is in the fascinating murder story which I hope just laid by to pen these few lines to say that I am well and hope you are the same.

I dined at the Allied Inn last night where I had the good fortune to meet Paul Christopherson, an old Oxford friend of Malcolm's and mine. He came back with me and we talked until a late bedtime. Paul, who is quite a successful lawyer in Minneapolis, has had quite a war career. He tried to get a commission in both branches, but was rejected because he has only one eye. He was then inducted and spent several months in uniform. When the thirty-eight year old rule was adopted, he got out and is now doing work here in the Surgeon-General's office. Paul is a bright fellow but a little of a sourpuss.



undoubtedly because <sup>he is</sup> ~~that~~ a bachelor.

Howard Ferguson has sent his payment and interest to me. \$300<sup>00</sup> principal and \$15 interest. Money earns very well at 5%.

Pot is going to Pearl Harbor with one of our naval officers to look into the ship repair facilities. I suspect that the whole thing is a junket, but Pot deserves a trip. I'm not quite sure that I would feel easy about the long sea jump.

The only interesting news here is the Wallace-Jones fight. The general impression is that the administration is boiling with trouble and that this is only the first of the battles. It looks as though they are trying to make the world safe for Tom Dewey.

I am looking forward to Friday night, my dear.

Love,  
H.





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July 13, 1943

Darling;

I looked about anxiously for a wheel chair when I finally left the Navy Building at 7 P. M. Not finding even a taxi I hoofed it to the Albee Inn where I had a modest dinner of smoked sausage, spirock, chocolate cake and milk. The heat is very bad and my work is piling up in the most exasperating manner.

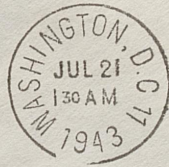
The seams of the apartment almost ripped out last night. When I got here I had a letter from Harry and a telegram from Mr. Frye. The letter said that Harry's Brother Dave, now a Lieutenant Colonel, would soon be in Washington and asked whether I would mind moving into the smaller room so that Harry could be with his Brother. The telegram was from Mr. Frye, asking if he could "bunk" with me. I immediately moved into the small room. About ten P. M. a Mr. Peterson (I should think a Swede) arrived, I installed him in the large room. Mr. Frye came about twelve and provided company for Mr. Peterson. Mr. F's bag is still here. Nothing further has been heard from the Morris Brothers.



I am reading another Mr. and Mrs.  
North mystery, "Death Takes a Bow";  
much the best part of these books  
is the conversational vagaries of  
Pamela and Sergeant Mullins. Life  
couldn't produce such a character as  
Pamela, but it has tried on a few  
occasions. Getting in on the ground  
floor of a few juicy murders might  
help some.

Good by, Darling, until Saturday.  
Love,  
H





Mrs. W. Hugh Seal

7-13 Washington Sq. N.

New York N.Y.



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

July 20, 1943

My Dear:

Colonel Marris has been here almost a week and hasn't seen his wife and children yet. Don't you think that unusual? She is marooned on a farm on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, many miles from a railway station, and won't get to see him until she joins him in N. Y. at the end of this week.

My trip home Sunday night was a relatively easy one, but I was very tired yesterday. Eight hours of sleep last night restored me greatly.

The newspapers seem to think that Sicily is in the bag. I hope that they are right, but it is still possible for the Italians, with a little stiffening from the Germans, to put up a nasty fight. Did you notice that Spofford from Davis, Calk, now a lieutenant colonel, was to be a prominent figure in the military government? He was a little junior to Malcolm and his admission to the Firm was a severe blow to Malcolm.

Had lunch today with Daniel



Hunter McAlpin who is now a lieutenant commander in the Bureau of Aeronautics. I had met him when I first came to New York and renewed acquaintance when he came to dine with Colonel Morris last night. McAlpin is a very intelligent chap, somewhat on the serious side. In civil life he was a partner in Clark, Dodge & Co.

Did I tell you that Marie Fisher had called and left her number last week? I called her last night. Bud was inducted into the Army last week month and Marie is waiting, Bud is at a camp down in Virginia and Marie spends her weekends with him. He hopes to get some leave in August, however, and Marie and I planned a party for the four of us at that time. Apparently he doesn't like the soldier's life very much.

Love,  
H





Mrs. W. Hugh Seal  
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New York N. Y.



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

July 27, 1943

Darling;

By nine o'clock Sunday Evening the venezia beef, which should have been more, was entirely gone. I consumed a quantity of the potato chips which you bought some time ago and they got me through until breakfast. I hope that you weren't too hungry by the time you got home.

While you and I were quietly showing the joys of peaceful domesticity, the new Roman leader was banging up his armor. I expected the wass to kick him out - but not so soon. Italy seems about to make one of her lightning switches again. The war will leave a lot of distaste around in Europe. I predict that no two peoples will have <sup>more</sup> ~~more~~ contempt for each other than Italy and Germany. In fact I would enjoy having the opportunity to hear the commander of the German forces in Sicily on the subject.

Tomorrow night I am dining with the Alexanders. They have invited me twice before, both times on Saturday nights I had to be in N. Y.



I found an old friend yesterday,  
yellow hoardest apples. I hadn't seen  
any for years although I had often  
longed for them. They were good  
but not quite as much so as I  
had remembered. Perhaps, as the  
English say about Punch, they never  
were. Aside from those I have  
not been eating too well. In fact,  
the trouble of getting food and the  
quality of it after it arrives, leads  
me to think that Gandhi may  
have the right idea after all. My  
dinner at the Fireside Inn was sup-  
posed to be broiled mackerel, only  
heroic self-denial saved me from  
an attack of stomachics, I fear.

Good night, My Dear,

A