



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

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

April 7, 1943

Darling;

When I arrived in Washington, after a relatively easy trip although the train was cold, I found Mr. DeLofield Jr. at the apartment. He stayed over last night also and we dined together at Pierres. He is really quite a good conversationalist and we talked together very pleasantly until bedtime. He is now working on the matter of a test case involving the right of the Federal Government to tax the interest on the Post of New York Authority and Tribora bonds. It must be pleasant to be able to do such work as that.

I am tired tonight, having put in a large part of the day trying to explain to a very dumb lawyer the workings of the Navy's self-insurance and maintenance programs. On the whole Government contractors want only reasonable terms, but occasionally I run into one who makes me want to adopt General Johnson's policy of the "crockdown".

I trust that you are staying at home this week and getting plenty of sleep. It seemed to me over the week-end that you were very tired. And don't forget that I shall expect you Friday night if you can possibly make it. The cherry trees seem to be holding their bloom well.

Noble Gregory called yesterday to say that Zellner had arrived in town Saturday; that failing to find me he had stayed with Noble Saturday night; and that Noble and Marion had driven him to Quantico on Sunday. He was a day late and caught the devil, I understand. Noble and I agreed that he was about to get his first taste of discipline.

Congress is as busy as a hive of bees investigating the War agencies - especially the Navy. An enormous amount of the time of Secretary Knox and Mr. Forrestal is given to dancing attendance on the committees. The House Naval Affairs committee and the Truman committee are threshing the old straw. one of the things that particularly irritates the rusties is the group of lawyers. They could get plenty of lawyers for \$2500 per year. Anyway two lawyers are enough for any Bureau. Somebody should investigate Congress and get Mencken to write the report.

Good night, my Dear,

Hugh

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Mrs. W. Hugh Seal  
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TRINITY  
STATION



W. Hugh Peal  
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April 12, 1943

Darling:

After the Mount Pleasant street car had returned me to the bosom of the Anchoage yesterday I amused myself by making out my New York income tax return. The bite was \$1582 <sup>47</sup>. Fortunately the 25-90 cut saved more than \$500, I said that you were a non-resident and had not filed a return. This was on the theory that the Bank had withheld the tax on your salary. Was that correct?

Something, perhaps the terrific amount of duck I ate at lunch, gave me a poor night and I awoke this morning with a great aversion to useful employment. I managed to get in at nine, however, and did a hard days work.

While I was having a haircut this afternoon I heard the end of a blurb on the radio about the new rulings on selective service. I hope that it's definite this time. Even men who are convicted of murder are glad when the suspense is over.

I have a nice long letter from Mamma. Quite cheerful and full of interest. She enclosed a letter from Bernice in which she tells about the clothing you sent Virginia. Apparently the size was just right and Virginia was delighted. Bernice says that a cold spell killed most of her early garden and that it has been too wet to replant. She has

a lot of chickens, however.

Not feeling quite up to the initiated mys-  
teries of constitutional law tonight, I picked  
up a Mr. Talefree murder story on my way  
to dinner. "A Corpse by any other Name." The  
Talefree stories are not as full of sus-  
pense as some, but they are all charmingly  
written. This one has a stirring account  
of the bombing of an English provincial  
city. one can almost feel the terror of  
it coming from the printed page. The  
R. A. F. must have quite a different  
emotional attitude toward their  
raids from anything that would be  
possible to Americans. Just think  
how we would feel, for instance if  
Washington, Louisville and San Fran-  
cisco had been destroyed.

I hated to see you go yesterday,  
My Dear. Good by until Saturday.

H.



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



W. Hugh Peal  
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Washington, D. C.

April 20, 1943

Darling:

It is evident that there is much wickedness in this capital city. When I got here Sunday night, after an easy and comfortable trip, I found a light rain falling. By yesterday morning it had developed into a real "Nor-easter". Today tried to be sunny but we are now, 9:50 P.M., having a combination rain, thunder and lightning program and hail storm. If we don't repent soon, ours will be the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah.

I have spent the last two days writing a letter to the Comptroller General, i.e. preparing a draft for Mr. Knox. I think that I reached a high point when I said that no responsible public official would think of taking a certain course of action - which is apparently the one the Comptroller recommends. And the sad thing is that my observation is true. After dealing with these bureaucrats for a few months I can see why France fell. In this particular case the comptroller thinks that we should have closed a shipyard soon after Pearl Harbor in order to stick certain corporate sureties \$500,000 because the yard was late in

delivering some ships. I also pointed out tactfully that although American lives would be expended if necessary we didn't sell them, of course it's terrible to have to spend so much time on the internal problems of Government, but I suppose that that is necessary in any democratic system.

Mommy has sent me a short letter from Zeller. Apparently he is having some kind of a preliminary course before proceeding to his definitive training.

I do hope that you can manage to come down Friday night.

Love  
A



Mrs. W. Hugh Deal

7-13 Washington Sq., N.

New York N. Y.

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

April 28, 1943

My Dear;

This has been a gay week. Bill stayed three nights, leaving on the Congressional this afternoon. We dined at the Parrot last night and the night before. I tried unsuccessfully to get Serry Brophy to join us last night. Bill is in good spirits and seems to be genuinely sold on the Surety.

Today I lunched at the Willard with Henri Binet and John Lovett, old Oxford friends. Henri was with the League of Nations for years and is now with the International Labor office which has moved to Montreal. He is a French Canadian with a lively manner and agreeable conversation. John was a bean companion of Beverly Smith and a compere in the pranks which have furnished so many stories for old Rhodes Scholars. They trailed over Europe masquerading in all roles from American gangsters to English dukes. John is a partner in the Ballard Firm in Philadelphia and is on a leave of absence from there to work for the State Department.

Tonight I am dining with Bill Hardy,  
one of our financial officers, who was  
with Manufacturers Trust company before  
the war. He was delighted to see me  
show up as he found most of our  
group unfamiliar with financial matters.

I hope that you get to come  
down Friday night.

Love,  
Hugh