

4/7/42

Dear Frank,

Before it slips my mind allow me to return the greeting of a Happy Easter to you all -- a little late I fear but the holiday spirit still lingers on. Things have been so rushed and muddled up about here that Easter doesn't seem to hold that certain ring. It passed by us "just another day" -- in fact a lonesome one at that. Dad and I grope around like two lost sheep without snow. But I suppose we can take it (no maybe) knowing that she is enjoying herself to the 5th degree witnessing that wonderful event. Then too maybe I'm just a little bit disappointed that I'm not there with her.

3. but as you say, "you can't have everything."

Perhaps, I think you can express yourself better in writing than when you have crowds to contend with. But there I'm afraid we differ. Expressing myself in writing has always been difficult. [I always fear being immature.] The thoughts I have and the way I'd most enjoy to delineate them don't flow like water from my pen. Even in speaking, I'm sometimes at a loss [(Oh, it's one thing to ramble on in unimportant matters [as I do] and another to expound what you really feel)]. Joan after told me if the ideas which I created could be **put** down in writing equally as beautiful and effective they would be something - but I was never any,

3.

literary, genius and then too
I always selected something so
abstract that it was [always]
extremely difficult to interpret.

So having broken down
the two greatest assets to
personality, i.e. writing & speaking
elegantly, the only things left
are my, exuberant actions - [and
there I face out best. -- Am I
wrong?] - [It takes little to
change my mind & opinions].
Enough. --

Well after I left you
Wed. - suite. --- went to bed,
naturally. Early Thursday
morning, [after snow left] my
aunts and myself took grandpa
to Aunt Elias in Jersey. From
there we went shopping in
N. Y. Take it from me - never
go shopping with a bunch
of foreigners. - They insist upon

going to far-fetched places
and knowing impossible things.
That evening, they took me to
"Jack Dempsey" - Its nothing
to rave about. Some Hindu
told my fortune - Well
Frank Ill either be dead by the
end of the year - or - a Ins.
What is worse?

Monday Morning [slept 3 in a bed
in Jersey] took my Great Fox
to Grand Central Station, from there
to Jersey again and then back
to Bklyn. - where I more or
less collapsed. - The first time
in my life I have ever been
"downed."

Sunday, Dad & I went to Jersey
to dinner - It was nice, but
so went my holidays. Now its
back to the old grind.

Its surprising how things
crop up in bunches. Lister to
this for a weekend I thought

was going to be free & I was determined to make it that way too.

- Wed. - to see Katie West.
- Thurs. - opera "Don Giovanni"
- Fri. - Celestis - (her birthday)
- Sat. - Ill keep it open - for a (priviledged) charter.

Sun. - Celestis again.
 Beside that one had already been postponed in order to keep it free and look what goes and happens - - "Ina vie - interessante non?" Notes are against one. - but I love it.

Sure its O. K. with one if you two call for one Sunday. In fact its an honor for one - whom. BUT - what about Helen S.

Right at this moment I don't know what time you should call though - - Ill have to get in touch with Celestis first. Then Ill drop you a line - and I mean - as if its too late Ill

9. call. - (Should Doris Blake appear
cheer you - don't shout -)

I'm surprised to hear that
Gil Beshap is being inducted.
He's such a happy-go-lucky
fellow I'm sure he'll make
life easy for his mates.

As far as that black
party goes, you can consider
it closed. - It's a swell
idea and I'll bet we have loads
of fun, especially, with a crowd.
Can you tell I'm getting weary
- I'm writing in snatch phrases
now. -

Well I hope I've covered
pretty near everything "contained
herein."

So. - All remain
your friend
Helicity



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