

March 3, 1942

Dear Frank,

Honestly, I don't know what else to do but forgive you, only, heavens knows what for. With all that work plowing you under I could hardly say a word to you. You just didn't give me a chance. I mean! and here I was stewing for days. Oh Well -- next time, maybe - huh?

I really would enjoy the skate Saturday night --- or am I being optimistic when I say, skate. I'm afraid this is one time we're in the same boat. We certainly will look a happy pair - holding each other up -

or knocking em down. So at
Saturday, at 7:30

Now lets see -- since I've
seen you last nothing really
exciting has happened. I went
to an opera Thursday night
"Iphigenia in Tauris" at the
Juillard School of Music. It was
beautiful. Friday night I went
to our singing club - Saturday
Virginia (another girlfriend) came
over and we completed our
class prophecy. (from St. Francis)
See you more about it Sat.
night.

Sunday, Eileen, Peggy, and I
roamed around New York --
Riverside Church - Grants Tomb -
St. Patricks - a ride on a 5th

Avenue bus. - 2nd round up.
in the Putnam as usual. We
enjoyed ourselves, too.

Almost forgot, Peggy got
a job, Tuesday, in the Fidelity
& Casualty Insurance Co. - 80 Maiden
Lane. She's terribly happy about
it.

Well times a fleecing' or as
we say in shorthand (2

Until Sat. Mite. then
Bye.

2
Fidelity

P.S. You figure it out I can't.



Mr. Frank J. Shields

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