

April 17, 1942

Dear Frank,

Will you beat me to it again. - Just when I was going to break down that seemingly impregnable barrier concerning my letter writing. Yes, I was actually going to write first - against my better judgment and personal philosophy. I was needless.

When I received your letter it veritably floored me. In fact I had to think for three solid days before I even dared to attempt answering it. But here I am perhaps a trifle at a loss of what to say but trying my best to put it over.

First of all Frank [to jump off the deep end - and I hope, not over my head.] you must realize that I could never find it in me to tell anyone what was wrong with them. I'm in

no position myself, to donate such things, for in order to help someone to be perfect I'm afraid I'd have to be perfect myself and I'm far from that - believe me.

Another thing - that which I would probably consider a disadvantage and maybe even a defect would be to you one of the highest of virtues. Basically that could never be, but speaking from a social standpoint it often happens. For instance your seriousness - It's just your nature to be so and heaven as hell could never break that trait in one snap.

I know Frank, that, as you say, coming into contact with other people and conventions, will undoubtedly be the only remedy for what you believe you need most. Perhaps if we could all take life less seriously we would be far happier, instead of groping for what we can't

explain and existing that
others grasp too.

Perhaps Joe is your greatest
example. - Why does everyone
like him - because he's natural.
Sometimes he doesn't realize
he aggravates people but it's
this unconscious thoughtlessness
that makes you like and enjoy
him. You can forgive him for
practically anything. - But
as far as you're concerned Frank
you are one of those few fellows
[and there are many] whom I know
I could believe wholeheartedly.
Doubting your word would be
rather difficult. It's this sincerity,
which is a rare trait in a fellow,
that endears you to us all.

However I'm almost afraid Frank
that you will be hurt. Has
hasn't it always been those
whom you think most of
that do the hurting. I should
hate like the devil to ever have

think less of me but serious
thinking seems to have harbored
itself inside of me and that's
where I should like snast to keep
it at present. I hope and pray,
that pedestal you've erected (^{with} ~~unwillingly~~)
crumble.

Perhaps the best thing for me
to say is not to be such a worry-
some guy over how you are
striking people. It's the greatest
asset in the world to be
natural. And thank if you really
proved irksome, do you think
that I'd continue seeing you?
How that matter, all of us?

Try to understand when I say
writing what I did, was rather
difficult. I never before have I been
called upon to write so seriously.
I hope I've not made a mistake.

Well at this point I believe
going to a lighter trend is
rather forceful on my part.
Little did I think that I would

ever permit myself to become
"knee-deep" in letter writing.
It has always been, more or less,
a policy of mine to write a
light and humorous letter - Oh,
well!

To begin where I should have
begun, I must say that I could
have choked you for writing
that little story about your
cousin Alfred the way you did.
You had me gasping & whoa,
aring & gushing all the way
through. I even said to myself
"Hub, you think you have troubles
wait till you hear this." - Some
relief when, the true course of
events came to light. Cummet
that you are for leading an
innocent girl on!

Don't believe I'll ever forgive
you for falling asleep during
that Giants - Dodger game. Now
that I'll drag you to the park

with one someday and snake you
sit through one of those those
games. O.K. what punishment.
Buy. O.K.?

I saw Peggys mother get married
Wednesday. It seemed strange
calling her Mrs. Halloran. He
went to the reception afterwards
and had a swell time. I sat
beside a senator. Same class
Am. Invader now, and I goop my
pawp. One thing like one
though I didn't catch the bedes
banquet - I guess that fortune
teller was full of snarky -
or something.

Chet went back Wednesday
afternoon. So had a holiday
In fact I took two, Tues. & Wed.
Tuesday we went bowling -
Now hold your hat & don't
get excited. I was the most
unhappy person about it
all. Lexter now Chawled a

splendid 72 & an excellent 81 -
While man fire did 176 - 193. -
Quick - how that hurt. I remind
the worse pecking of my life.
But I grit my teeth & agreed
with everything. For what else
could I do. Some degree.

He was really very anxious
to meet you people. Everytime
the doorknob would ring he'd say
"Is that those bunch of jittersburgs
& they feel disappointed when
Peggy would, so see this is
someone else. But he said
if you fellows were all right
with me (they) you were O.K. with
him. So I guess your in solid.

He's coming up again some time
in June. & he claims I had better
have you over or submit myself
to a broken neck. There's just see
away out. - he's some tough
customer.

Well I've been at this now
for two solid hours and

My hand is rather weary
So until I see you soon
I am

Your friend
Helicity

P.S. Come around anytime
you feel the urge. You're always
welcome. Thank. I should say
that all of you are welcome.

Bye again
Hel.

P.P.S. - again. - I hope nothing I've
said has offended you. I would
be an miserable person if I ^{thought} ~~thought~~
that I had sniped you up. - Let's
hope not.

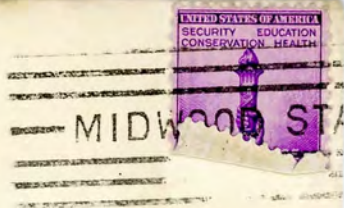
Your friend with the pen
and the drop.

Helic. or Helix
or Spastic or
Necessity or

Philadelphia or

Some your own

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