

BROOKLYN TRUST COMPANY

MEMBER OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

225 MONTAGUE STREET
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

IN REPLYING REFER TO

FK

May 26 1942

Dear Frank:

Believe me when I say that I've really tried to get this letter out--Oh more than a dozen times. I've written part during my lunch hour--bits here ~~in~~ there between trips (this has been going on for days now). Saturday I sat down and piked up my trustworthy pen only to find--I just wasn't in any writing mood (shows I thought of you any how). Sunday was a busy day, a rather hectic one at that. One of the feats accomplished was the seeing of "Fantasia" with Peg and Eileen. By way of comment, it certainly was a barrage of fine color and splendid music although it wasn't altogether what I was pent up for. As they say, when something is lauded to a great extent, perhaps just to the peak of the other fellow's enthusiasms you expect to be hit with a ceration which is super--super collosal. And there you have it. Aprè^s le théâ^tre we caromed over to a dainty soda store and order^d marshmellow frappes only to have our appetites actually "swiped" from us via the house cat and his sensational catch of a squirming RAT (mouse to you).

(Darn these industrious intelligencia who continually interrupt me. ^(tanque tuid) Fel--thake this--Fel--where is that?)

omit
()w) (Whatcha doin?)

(Err nothin)

I should have told you that I'm writing from my very

but very private office, everybody's here but the janitor and his pet fish. Sure--I know your sayin'--"Cheatin' on the bosses time huh." But in response I might add that anything as important as this can't wait. Ahem!

By the way congratulations on the neat job you did in

chizzling a piece of moms heart. Any one who praises her cooking
(have a cold here)
lids that deserves some sort of "eulogy". Right now you are the

(I was just chased from the machine and given to understand to "Scam." So on I continue in longhand.)

essence of perfection. "Why Frank Shields?" - "Oh isn't he a lovely fellow." (Seems silly to me callin' any fellow lovely - maybe I'm just not appreciative or then could be I can't see further than the end of my nose.)

Well now that my apron is on I will say - the chicken was a broiler. First fried in deep fat. (to brown it) then placed in a pan and roasted. Unis - salt - it.

I hope you've noticed (naturally any narrow would that I tried to type this letter. I was trying not to take any more chances. Slips of the tongue are bad enough but when I can't even draw a straight line without putting my foot ^(one T please) it it - I can't ^(two o's) ⁽¹⁴⁾ ^(one o) (for now anyhow - I'll be back in the groove again next week. It hunk all reminds me of a comical incident which happened yesterday. Heasler told that written so I'll leave it until I see you again. (one of those heart flippers Calum and peg ^(Capital P) get pale at). Seems I'm always a victim of circumstances)

Remember the Sunday you were showing me the reactions of the nerves in the arm - well I bare (there I go again ie. bear) scars as a result of my brave battle. Two small cuts & were they swollen! I'll never learn (to be a lady and take things for granted.)

Well before I leave I may say enjoy yourself at Conn. & please come home with enough rest to hold you for a long time. Bye until then I am as always
A Long Time. Bye until then
A. J. Shields
Assistant to the Assistant
(you know how)
executives
scrawl.



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