

CHARLES F. MORAN UNIT No. 475

American Legion Auxiliary



Downingtown, Penna.



Mrs. Wallace C. Pearson,
Downingtown,
Penna.

and he was an officer and a gentleman and a mighty good friend of mine besides. Sincerely

Dearest Barbara

Maj. James V. Pinol A/c
A.P.O. 887-8th AF Film Unit
90 P.M. New York

In case Mrs. Robert has not already been informed, I wish you would call on her and inform her that my good friend Joe passed on in London the night of March 19th. Unfortunately, it was only to-day that I learned about it, when I went to call on him at his office. His secty had tried to reach me ~~on~~ the day after he died, but my Hq. had moved so I would have known about it sooner. Following are the circumstances as I learned them from Joe's associates in the Trans. Corps:

On the afternoon of the 19th of Mar he complained of a severe headache due to sinus trouble. He went to the med. dispensary for treatment and returned to his office later saying he felt O.K. That night at about 11.40 he was found unconscious in the street about half way between his quarters and

the dispensary.

One of our apts happened to be passing at the time. He called another soldier and an ambulance was there in a few minutes, but he was dead when they reached the hospital. Subsequent examination showed that he ^{had} died of acute pneumonia, according to Capt Wood of his office.

Joe was buried on March 23rd at Brookwood American Cemetery in Brookwood, Surrey. The services were attended by the C. O. his associates and all of his many friends who could be reached by phone. There was some doubt about his religion but there was both a Catholic and Protestant Chaplain there, so I'm sure one or the other must have gotten in the right words. They prayed for his family too. And there were muffled drums, a bugle, a rifle squad and all the other things applying to burial with "full military honors."

From all circumstances, as nearly as ^{they} could be pieced together the authorities who knew Joe and looked after his burial figured that the congestion in his lungs began to weigh on him after he had gone to bed. That he was unable to get a doctor on the phone and had decided to walk to the dispensary which ~~was~~ is about three blocks. He was half way there when he keeled over.

Perhaps you have heard of someone refer to a highly esteemed man as a "good Joe". Personally, I think the saying must have originated with Doc Roberts. He was all of that and then some.