

Armstrong Cork Company

INCORPORATED

295 Fifth Avenue
New York City

March 29, 1943

Dear Frank:

Hope you don't mind me typing this letter, but I want to at least look like I'm working, (you can also read it this way). So your down in the land of the Hill-billies (wrong spelling, I know), at least my father said they were real moonshiners during the last war. You know he was at Spartonurg for a hole winter in 1917.

You'll probably be hearing this in every letter you receive for the next month, but we, need I mention names, paid our overdue visit to the Shields' residence, and to the Dem----ski clan. Yes, on that memorable day of Our Lord, March 28, 1943, Misses(Yes we are still single) Margaret G. Doyle, Felicity T. Kazalski, and yourstruly, Eileen P. Moran approached the corner of 87th and Third Avenue, at approximately 7:02-7/120. We glanced down the block, and decided unanimously that we were in the wrong place. We discussed the matter in order to determine how we had made such a mistake, after all your block has no school on it, and we had never seen any brick houses across the street. Finally we decided we would walk down past where your house would be if we were on the right block, and low and behold there it was!!! Don't look now Frank, but according to the Gals from Flatbush, their favorite Bay Ridge house has been moved. Honestly, none of us ever saw the school before or the houses across the street. Of course, we have never been there in the day time (it's still daylight at 7:03 at night).

We, of course, were only going to stay for a few minutes, and at 11:31-119/120 we bade farewell to the Chief, your mother, and Vi. But you should know all the dirt we heard about the two of you in the meantime. We got all the gory details of Joe's scalping at the age of four, the day the two of you were missing for about three hours, and the Chief found you following the German band that played in the streets, and oh dozens of things that we will be able to throw up at the two of you via mail for the duration.

No kidding, though, we had a swell time visiting your folks, and we again promised faithfully that we would

call on them in the near future. We also told the kids that we would take them out some place special on June 12, Ronee's birthday.

We stopped off at G.D's house on our way, Mrs. Den--ski has been quite ill again. You've probably heard from Gene, and know that he is in--oh heck, I don't know where he is, and I haven't my address book here, well, you know anyway.

Nothing's new with me, I still see Vince at least once a week. He was in the hospital with tonsillitis last week, but I dare say he'll recover. He was supposed to work this week-end but he got out of it because he was sick, so it was worth it.

We went dancing at the Knights of Columbus at Prospect Park the other night. Vince brought along this South American who was very friendly with his sisters when he was in St. Louis. There are sort of a delegation of South American diplomats touring the country, and he is one of them. He is 25 years old, and comes from Columbia. He does not speak very good English, and boy, did we have a time talking to him. And Oh! can he dance. Was I in my glory with two men all to myself in these hard times.

Anyway, enough about myself, how are you doing. Are the dogs holding out alright? How do you like taking orders, not much I'll bet.

Well, Frank, write us soon. I'd better get a little work done or I'll find myself in the Army-----of Unemployed. So long, now, be good, and don't fall for any of those Southern dames, after all we Brooklyn gals want to have some eligible men left after the war.

Love,

Eileen

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, INC.

295 Fifth Avenue

NEW YORK, NEW YORK



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OR
INSURE
VALUABLE MAIL



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Co A 37 Bat.

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South Carolina