

Fri, Aug 25

Darling Marilyn,

I don't know what to say, Honey; I know no words that express my feeling. All I can say is I love you, I love you, I love you. I live for you. I will not start living again till I am with you once more. Till then I am just existing; only the warm glow of ~~two~~ burning memory and the flame of future promise, make being alive bearable.

Before we were mar-

ried, even while we were engaged, the idea of one person being so integrally a part of someone else as I am of you would have struck me as impossible. My soul is with you always, Honey. I pray God that I may never be separated from you again, either on this earth or in Heaven, for all eternity.

You must be on the train now - it's 11:25. If you left on the 6:30 train you are probably in Washington now. Wherever you are

I hope my heart isn't too heavy for you to carry.

You must have called me this evening. There was a phone call for me while I was at supper.

I waited around the barracks till 8:00 for you to call again but you must have left on the 6:30 train. I went to the P.X. for some razor blades, toothpaste, shaving soap, & Quinsana.

I called home tonight after that. Mom was the only one there. I talked to

her for quite a while, or
rather she talked to me,
mostly, since I couldn't
say much. Told me how
much she likes your
family. It's really unusual
for her to be so nuts about
somebody.

I told her to try to get
Spinney's camera for me
so you can check on that
before you start scouring
the rock shops.

I better say goodnight
now, Hon. I hate to say
goodnight like this but



it's the only way possible
for the time being. Still,
it seems like I can feel
your warmth.

Goodnight now, Honey.

I plan to visit God and
you immediately.

Your loving husband,
John

(So infinitely loving)

Sat. A.M. - Leaving this evening.

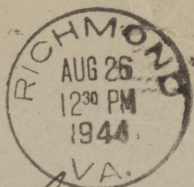
I love you.
John

St. J. R. Cassidy

0716059

Sec. J., 120th A.A.F.B.U. (F)

Richmond, Va.



Mrs. Marilyn Cassidy
Box 474 Wilke Dr.

Delhi Hills

Cincinnati, 5

Ohio



UNITED STATES
ARMY AIR FORCES



New Guinea, Sept. 8

Darling,

Two months ago, Honey, we both said "I will." Honey I was so proud and happy, happy as only you can make me. In all my life I never hope to see a more beautiful event than that. You looked even better than usual, if that is possible. Probably it isn't.

I love you more every day. I didn't think I could love you any more than I did then but I certainly do. I love you in a wider and deeper way. Anything I do has you in it. I am living my life just for you. Honey I love you with a love that comes from the innermost sanctum of my heart and soul.

We pulled in here yesterday afternoon. My good intentions of writing were disrupted by a sudden blackness at



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5:00. Night falls with a jolt around here. We have no lights either. At least we didn't last night but we are bettering things today and may have light in the future.

The trip over wasn't bad. Just monotonous. Lots of water in that ocean. Losing a day was the oddest thing that happened all the way. Rather peculiar isn't it. It's not quite ^{yesterday} ~~today~~ yet in Cincy. Finally figured it out; it is yesterday, 1:25 a.m. (I think).

We don't have anything to do around here but eat and sleep. I don't know when we will start flying. I should be about a month, maybe more. We'll get about 25 hrs. here. Situation is tattered in general.

I don't know how much it takes to make 13 oz. but this has to be under that to go on one stamp so I better sign off. I just have 2 stamps and can't get any till the day after tomorrow.

I love you, Marilyn. I can hardly
exist without you. Pray God to shorten
the days till we are together. Sorry I
couldn't send a cablegram.

With all my love,
John.

St. John R. Cassidy, Jr.
0-716059
A.P.O. 16441
90 Postmaster
San Francisco, Cal.



Sept 8 - 44

Marilyn Cassidy
Box # 74 Tulke Dr.
Delhi Hills
Cincinnati, 5, Ohio

John R. Cassidy, Jr.

Marilyn
Cassidy



New Guinea
Sat., Sept. 9

Darling,



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I'm writing at night again now; we got some candles today. We were supposed to get one to a tent but were able to procure a few more than that. Lighting is pretty scarce around here. We have electricity but no bulbs. There are some around so we may be able to appropriate one of those in the near future.

I spent all morning censoring mail. It's a pretty dull job. You don't realize how uninteresting letters most men write till you read them. The intelligent ones are few and far between. I'm afraid I overestimated the degree of education of the average S.I. Of course being in this place makes it unusually difficult to write; there are no enticing subjects that are in the clear.

Dick and I just went down to

the orderly shack to get some more candles. Hope we can corner the supply officer tomorrow and hit him for a mazda.

We had some Aussie tea for supper tonight. At least that's what it was supposed to be. I like strong tea but if that was actually what the jolly old Limeys drink 10 times daily they are better men than I. Or maybe I drank too much of it. At any rate when I stood up after drinking it I was like the guy who sat down and drank 3 Lomnies, collected the bet, got up and walked out the window.

Well, Hon, it's 10 till 4 ~~it's~~ and it seems like midnight. They really have the clock fouled up in this joint. The first morning I woke up I thought it must be close to noon and decided to get up; put on my watch and it said 5:30. I started to bleed and moan about my watch stopping the first day I got overseas when Dick said it must be 5:30 since he had the same time. Then I remembered about the 5:00 nightfall that took us by surprise the night before.

By the time you get this, Honey, your birthday will have come and gone. How does it feel to be a woman? Before you know it you'll be a grandma, eh? Keep me up to date on all developments along



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this line. One Joe in this tent is positively so blessed and I am jealous. God certainly knows what's best so I won't be too dissatisfied if our hopes are delayed for a while.

You call Mom when you get this if you haven't already and tell her everything is O.K. - a lot safer here than 5th & Vine. I'll write tomorrow and tell her to call you. Never can tell in what order letters get to the States.

Darling I hope you are well and having no great worries. Don't worry about me because there's nothing to worry about. The "Down Under" edition of "Yank" recently compared the sight of a Jeep here with Hitler in Brooklyn. Jeep drivers are the chief menace.

And now for the sack. My nightly consultation with Him, my appeals to His Mother (I figure a pull with one of the big gears can be a lot of help with the C.O.) and then I'll day dream about you till Morpheus steals me away; away from here to an unbelievably beautiful girl (yet) in Cinny. I love you, Darling. I hope you can hear me saying that a few hundred times a day. If there is anything to mental telepathy I know you can. Bright, Dear
I love you. John

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Sept 9-44

Mrs. Marilyn Cassidy
Box 474 Wilke Dr.
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Cincinnati, 5, Ohio
U.S.A.

John R. Cassidy, Jr.



UNITED STATES
ARMY AIR FORCES



New Guinea
Sept. 13, 1944

Darling,

Another day, another dollar. To be more specific, 3 dollars. He played cards again all day, venturing forth from our palatial tent only to eat. (And other necessities.) It has been raining all day and the entire area is a quagmire.

The 3 dollars are the profits from the day-long session of black-jack. I was the high winner. All you can hear all day is are the yells and moans when somebody has a very good hand or makes a 10 or 4 or craps out. Needless to say most of the games are for higher stakes than ours. Since we are in a territory of Australia only Australian money can be used here.

However most of the boys are loaded down with the U.S. variety. This occasions frequent discussions on the relative value of the two types of lucre. The fact that U.S. coins cannot be changed to Aussie except at the Finance Office (which must be lost in the jungle - nobody has found it) has engendered much bitter name-calling. Nobody wants it and anyone who has it ~~dem~~ demands acceptance.

Just as a matter of interest, here are the relative values:

3 pence = 4 cents

6 " = 8 "

1 shilling = 16 "

1 florin = 32 "

They also have a coin about as big as a half-dollar which is one pence. Their paper money starts with a half-pound which is ten shillings.

shillings. The only unit I have heard
for paper is the pound; no guineas.

I still don't have a letter, Honey,
and no mail at all came in today
so I won't have any tomorrow. Damn,
I hope it gets here soon.

Right now I guess you are
sweating out the proposed new
addition. Well so am I, Honey, but
all we can do is hope.

Honey I wanted very badly to
get you something for your birth-
day but there is just nothing at all
I can get. Can't wire to the States for
a damn thing. I should have taken
care of it before I left, but no, I
thought there would be plenty time.
I am sorry, Hon, and I promise
to make it up to you.

I wish you a happy birthday

way. Let's pray I can help
you celebrate the next one.

I love you, ~~dearest~~ Darling,
in a way only you can understand.
It seems like I miss you more
every day, and pray harder every
night. Goodnight, Hon. I love
you.

Yours till the ocean gets a
permanent wave,

John

St. John R. Cassedy Jr.

0-71605-9

St. Det. C.R. & C.

24. & 25. Jan. 8th. 1944

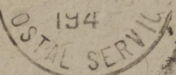
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Sept 13 - 44

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Cincinnati, 5, Ohio

John R. Cassedy Jr.





UNITED STATES
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New Guinea
Thurs., Sept. 14

Darling,

Today marks the beginning of the second week in New Guinea. My, how time drags. I hope this goes faster than the first one but I know it won't. It seems like I haven't seen you in years, Hon.

Nothing to do but play cards again today. Rain - mud - cards. Today I lost what I won yesterday. It doesn't make any difference, since the only reason we play is to kill time.

For some reason I just don't seem to be able to write tonight. Must be monotony. Darling I guess I'll say goodnight right here. Ordinarily it's difficult to write any thing here but tonight I better stop before I get a withering mess.

Goodnight, Honey. I love you with my whole heart and soul. You are my only reason for living. John

Lt. John R. Cassidy Jr.
0-716859
St. Det. C.R. & D.C.
2d. & 4th. Sq., 8th In. Gr.
A.P.O. 713-1 C.S.P.M.
San Francisco, Cal.



Sept 14-44

Mrs. Marilyn Cassidy
Box 474 Wilke Dr.
Delhi Hills
Cincinnati, 5, Ohio

John R. Cassidy Jr.



Sat., Sept. 16

Darling Marilyn,

a rough day today, for a change. We spent the day in the jungle learning the rudiments of survival. It really doesn't take long to learn how to keep alive. He spent a great part of the time walking, and the rest of the time on our feet. Tonight we had a lecture, from which I have just come. The outcome of the day's doing is that I am pretty tired and it is pretty late. Tomorrow we will spend the whole day & night in the jungle so I will just write a short one tonight.

No mail has come in yet. This is really taking a lot of sweating out. I won't be able to get any tomorrow so I'll have to hope for Monday. I am wondering if you are still waiting for my first letter from here.

Note the address is changed a little. A little more snafu.

Good night, Honey. I love you.

Your Husband

Lt. John R. Cassidy Jr.

O-716059

St. Det. CRTC, FEAF

P.O. 713-1 40 P.M.

San Francisco, Cal.



Sept 16-44

Mrs. Marilyn Cassidy
Box 474 Milke Dr.
Delhi Hills
Cincinnati, 5, Ohio

John R. Cassidy Jr.

New Guinea
Mon., Sept. 18

Dearest Marilyn,

Good evening, Darling. Your favorite husband has returned from the jungle. Just call me Tarzan. The day in the bush was very uneventful. All we did was construct a hut. Of course this is no light day's work. Nature decided to test the fruit of our efforts with a rain that began during the night. Very little water came in. Had we not discounted the possibility of rain while we were building and left a large ventilating overlap we would have had none at all.

We came back in trucks this morning, arriving in time for breakfast. The rest of the day we conducted our normal activities - eat, sleep, read and play cards. We are so terribly busy, Honey. One guy is sitting here right now complaining about the letter-writing situation: "Anyplace else I can tell her (wifey dear) I am too busy to write. She won't be able to bleed about that any more. All I can tell her now is that there is nothing to write and all day to do it."

I wish I had had the camera out in

the jungle. The native villages are quite different from anything you have ever seen. The men are fine specimens, the women just the opposite. The men, however, are far above any work. You see the ugly women walking along with a load that would burden a mule, while a beautifully proportioned young buck follows her at about 10 paces carrying only a stick.

They know no love and buy a wife only to work and have children. The standard price for a wife is one pig. Even at this, the man who gets the pig is getting the better of the deal. Until I saw it I didn't believe it, but the women actually nurse pigs from their breasts.

All the blacks around here are definitely on our side. The Gaps treated them badly, and they are very glad to have the white man back.

It's getting about that time, Honey, so I guess I better. Good night, Darling. I love you. Pray I can be with you soon.

John

L. John R. Cassidy, Jr.
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Sept 18-44

Mrs. Marilyn Cassidy
Box 474 Wilke Dr.
Delhi Hills
Cincinnati, 5, Ohio

John R. Cassidy, Jr.

New Guinea
Thurs., Sept. 22

Darling Marilyn,

I'm not quite sure of that date. It makes no difference anyway - yesterday, today, or tomorrow, who would quibble. Eat, sleep, play cards, read, and wish it would dry up - the schedule is the same in any case. My own personal schedule also includes wishing you were here - pardon me, John, that I were there.

We still haven't got any mail. The first arrival will call for a great celebration. It will be far and away the most glorious event since our arrival.

Darling it is pretty late and I am keeping everyone awake, or at least that is what they keep telling me, so I hope you will excuse me for cutting this short. He went to the show to-night - that's the reason for the mid-night oil.

Goodnight, my darling. I love you.
John

New Guinea
Sat., Sept. 23

My Darling Wife,

I was wrong about the day yesterday, which proves something or other. I didn't mail the letter of yesterday, so I am hereby saving six cents. Niggardly Thrift, eh?

Nothing doing again today. This morning I reread your letters again. What a Godsend they are! I treasure every word, cling to every sweet phrase interminably; reading them over dozens of times has detracted no enjoyment. You are the happiness of my life.

This afternoon I conducted a personal clean-up and beautify campaign. I dusted off and re-stacked everything, cleaned up odds and ends and polished my shoes. I even cleaned and shined my mud bogans, though I don't know why except for the satisfaction of having accomplished some-

thing.

Night before last I ended the letter just short of discussing what I can do in the way of employment after the war. As I told you before I intend to go to work at Eng. Ker again. Of that I am positive for practical consideration. For a short while after the war there will be more opportunist employment; automobile salesman for instance, but they are certainly not as promising as C.K. A definitely meager salary at first is the drawback.

I can not tell now what our financial status will be. That depends on our parental status (I pray we are better off in the latter). We may kick off with a few thousand or a few bucks. When I start getting mail I will soon know, I guess.

If a blessed event is in the offing
I will work at night to make up
the difference in part. I think I
will do it anyway. By watchmak-
ing at home I could augment
both a meagre salary into
something respectable and
my skill, which can't be improv-
ing by stick & rudder experience,
to my satisfaction. As long
as I am going into the business
I might as well go in with
"everything firewalled."

The boys just returned from
the show; news is bad. Some
Marines cut of in the Palau group,
& Germany administering
set-backs. Of course the Palau
show is comparatively unim-
portant. And here we sit, ~~was~~
waiting for those guys in Europe
to get it over with, in New
Guinea. What a crack!

The olde clock as been ticking
around while I have been writing

and through several interruptions,
(which can not be denied around
here) Time really flies when I
am writing to you. It's the only
part of the day that does.

Darling you know that
all my thoughts are of you. You
know I love you, but it's nice
to hear it again and again. I
love you to a magnitude that my
soul could never reach, even
approach without you. Without
you there is nothing. You contain
all.

Goodnight, my darling.
I am yours.
John

Lt. John R. Cassedy, Jr.
B-716259
St. Det. C.R.+T.C. F.E.A.F.
F.P.O. 713-1 90 P.M.
San Francisco, Cal.



Sept 22 - 44
Sept 23 - 44

Mrs. John Cassedy
Box 474 Wilke Dr.
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Cincinnati, 5, Ohio

John R. Cassedy, Jr.

New Guinea
Sun., Sept. 24

Darling Marilyn,

A new week has started. Good riddance to the old; I hope to hear from you this week. Let me know if you are having any trouble with the mail. You should have a letter for every day I have been here except the one in the jungle. I surely hope you are not having the trouble I am, Honey. This is the 17th day sans epistoli.

Today Dick and I went down to another base about 30 mi. distant to buy at the P.X. We left here at 8:00 this morning and arrived in time for 10:00 Mass. No need telling the object of my prayers. God is with us, Darling. He will take

care of us. I am sure of that. Each day I grow more sure of it. I discovered something very important this morning. An attempt to explain it would take page upon page but I intend to set it down for you some time.

After Mass we had a look around the place, any description of which would be a violation of censorship. The P.X. opened from 12 to 1:00; we ~~so~~ sweated half a dozen lines and emerged laden with food. I bought 2 cans each of peaches, pears, and sausages and vegetables, and one can of orange juice; two boxes of cookies and Machiavelli's "Discourses" and "The Prince" topped off the

spree.

The canned sausages and vegetables consist of 2 or 3 English peas, potatoes, and sausages made from corned beef, which is known locally as bully beef and often served three daily. I knew none of this at the time of purchase; I intended to eat late to-night and the boys came back and made me heat the can, meanwhile congratulating and glorifying themselves on the fact that they had saved me from an alleged poisoning at the hands of the mess ~~sargeant~~ sargeant. (19 mos. in the Army, too) It was enjoyable chiefly for the fact that it was the first time

since my arrival that I have eaten other than de-hydrated potatoes.

I still have time to write to Wyoming Ave; it has been, in the ~~term~~ terminology of the Aussies, a fortnight running since I dropped a line there, so I will say good-night a little earlier than usual.

Know that I love you with all my heart and soul, with each drop of blood coursing through my veins and each thought that runs through my ~~mind~~ mind, my Darling, and that each day I pray God that I may but love you more and become a worthy husband to you.

Yours,
John

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Sept. 24-44

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