

Fri., Dec. 1

My Dearest,

We're off on another month. They have passed pretty fast, all considered.

I started to fly today. How long I will stay here now is a question. Maybe days, maybe weeks. I'm trying to get out on my ferry time. There are two schools of thought on the matter though.

Tonight I have a
splitting headache. It
won't be long now and
I'll be in the sack.

After chasing around
the flight line this
morning and finally
logging an hour I spent
the afternoon getting
~~read~~ aid of my hard-
earned pay on Xmas
gifts. I had to sweat a
2 hour line for that.
I prepared some for

mailing today and
tomorrow I hope to
finish the job and
get them off.

Good night now,
Darling.

I love you,
John

Lt. John R. Cassidy, Jr.

O-716059

Cas. Det., C.R.T.C. F.E.A.F.D.

H.P.O. 713-1 90 P.M.

San Francisco, Cal.



Dec 1-44

Mrs. John Cassidy, Jr.
Box 474 Wilke Dr.

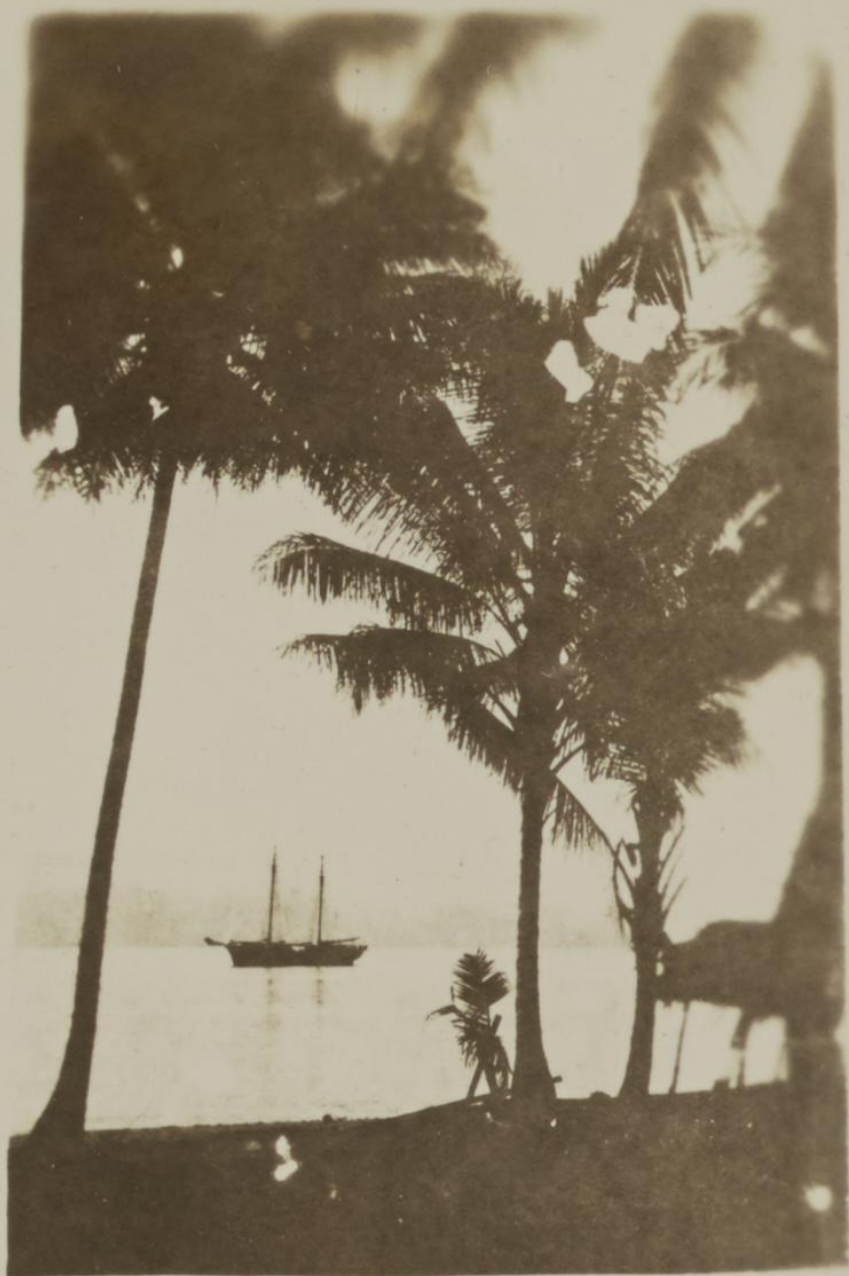
Delhi Hills

Cincinnati, 5

Ohio

John R. Cassidy, Jr.

A
MERRY
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S



from

NEW GUINEA

1944

Sat., Dec. 2

Hi Sweetie-Pie,

I'm writing this
amidst great difficulty.
Namely a hot session of
hangar flying. Very
distracting you know.
We just finished our
three cans of beer, which
may have something
to do with the boy lo-
quaciousness.

This morning I
finished the rest of my
X-mas presents. No doubt

by this time you have
discovered yours. More
about that later.

Well, as I was
saying Don, holiday
preparations occupied
part of my morning.
This A.M. also I reloc-
ated (P.P. hypnocation,
huh?) my sack & the
rest of my effects.
One of the boys left
for the north so we
re-arranged the tent

in order to gain full
advantage of the ad-
ditional room provided
by a 5-man quota.

He didn't get off due
to weather on the
route so tonight
we're back on a make-
shift 6-man arrange-
ment.

That, believe it
or not, kept me
busy all morning.
This afternoon I spent

on the flight line.

Strictly on the line —
no hop today.

After supper I
sweated the line for
my 3 cans. I was
just about committed
to pass it up tonight so
I could write you and
hit the sack early.
I'll be up at 5:00 to
fly in the morning.
However 3 cans of 3.2
when you only get

6 cans per week is
hard to pass up. So - o -
I got the beer.

Which, includ-
ing downing the
beer and writing this
literary masterpiece
amidst multitudin-
ous interruptions,
puts me far along
in a busy day. Even
at the end of it, except
for a few more
words to you, Darling.

Honey this is not
at all what I want-
ed to give you for
Christmas. Ever since
I got here I've been
attempting to envis-
age something that
would in some way
represent a semblance
of my love for you.
After quite a spell
I gave up on that
and decided to give

you a rain coat along
the order of my trench
coat as something
classy and useful,
and another little
item from Farrel
& Lorists to ~~represent~~
my sentiment. The
latter, I hope, at least
will be carried out,
though so far I
haven't received an
acknowledgement.

I had to give up
on the storm coat
idea though, because
I couldn't locate
the manufacturer.

Then I reverted
to a straight cash
gift of a c-note as
my alternative.

The P.O. does not
allow money orders
to be paid on the 1st
of the month though,

and I had to ~~spread~~
spread my Novem-
ber pay to cover
all my tokens of
X-mas sentiment,
so Darling, I more
or less passed the
buck to you.

What there is
enclosed, however,
I want you to use
on something you
have always wanted

but couldn't quite
finance together
with any other
quantity of shekels
I have already sent.
Anything that would
make you a little
happier I want
you to have, Honey.

I could go on
and on, Darling,
but you have
probably had enough

of a job figuring
out this much
scribbling so I'll
leave you now
until I'm in Dream-
land.

And so, my
Darling, I leave
you for the present
with anticipatory
wishes of a very
merry Christmas
and a New Year
that may once more

find us in the
perfection of happi-
ness that we enjoy
in each other.

Goodnight,
my Dearest. All
that I have, my
very self, is yours.
John

St. John R. Cassidy, Jr.
D-716059

Cas. Det., C.R.T.C. F.E.
H.P.O. 713-1 90 P.M.
San Francisco, Cal.



Dec 2 - 44

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

John R. Cassidy, Jr.

Sun., Dec. 3

My Darling,

Up in the blue
again today. I had
some pretty good
dogfights with 38's
and 51's today. Only
the pilot of the P 51
turned out to be one of
our P 47 instructors
so I caught a lot of
hell. I shot hell out
of him anyway.

I haven't received
a letter from you for
three or four days now.
Getting anxious. Nor
have I received any
packages at all yet.
One other thing -
how about the rest
of those pictures of
you from the last
time we were home.
After all I'd like to
know the outcome

of my attempts at
photography. On
one point I know I
am perfect - my
subject material.

I just returned
from church a
matter of one hour
and a half ago. Mean-
time we have all re-
shot down all the
38's & 51's in the air
today. The more I fly
I know the more I

like it. These 51's are
duck soup for us.

We're beating them
down low, where they
are supposed to be so
hot, at that. The 38's
are better but we can
beat them at their own
game too. ~~But~~ Besides
all that the Monster
can take 10 times as
much punishment
as the other two put

together.

I've quite changed
my mind since
I graduated from
Advanced. Then I
wanted a 51 or 38, pre-
ferably the former,
and would rather
have flown an AT in
combat than Dumbo.
I had 40 hrs. in the can
before I would grudgingly
admit that it

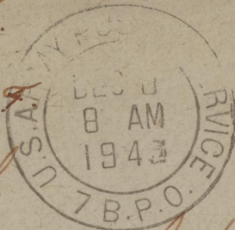
was an airplane, and
it has just been because
of my experiences over
here that I have had
a complete change of
mind. But definitely!

'Night now,
Honey. I love you
so much — well
Hon, you know how
that is: when I try
to find means of
expressing it I just

fill up to my throat
and I can't say any-
thing. All I can say
is I love you, but
you know I mean so
much more than
that. John.

Lt. John R. Cassidy, Jr.
O-716059

Cas. Det., C.R.T.C., F.E.A.F.
A.P.O. 713-1 40 P.M.
San Francisco, Cal.



Dec 3 - 44

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

John R. Cassidy, Jr.

Tues., Dec. 4

Happy Month-iversary,

Darling,

Just 3 months
ago today —. That
wasn't very long ago
was it? I will always
count that as the
most momentous
occasion of my life,
for it was from then
on that my idea of
life changed from

an interval of time
followed by death
to something that
defies description
for its attainable
happiness. A sort of
reversement from
the "tomorrow you die"
theory to tomorrow
you live.

You see, Darling,
you are all the hap-
piness of my life.

And I must be a
couple thousand
times happier, with
you, than anyone
else in the whole
wide world.

This afternoon
I wheeled old Dumbo
again for a while.

All the gears are up
in arms on us for
dogfighting, low
alt. acrobatics, mak-

ing passes at
bombers and every-
thing else that
fighter pilots nat-
urally gravitate to
so I couldn't have
much fun today.
I gave a couple of
these Issie Bomber-
angs a going over
though - you can
always say "they

look like Wipes till
you're right on top
of them.

Goodnight,
Darling. Sleep
tight - and if you
close your eyes
tight enough you'll
know I am kissing
you.

I love you,
John.

H. John P. Cassidy, Jr.
0-706054

Cas. Det., C.R.T.C., ~~FEAR~~
APO 713-1 90 P.M.
San Francisco, Cal.



Dec 4-44

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

John P. Cassidy, Jr.

Tues., Dec. 5

My Darling,

One more day gone
by. Nothing much hap-
pened — as usual. This

A.M. I got in some
formation buzzing
and dogfighting. Sure
feels good to be back on
the stick again.

We've had 3 crack-
ups in the last two
days so now all the

gears are P.O. ed at us.

Seems like 3 months
of aging for jungle
jolliness hasn't made
the boys any sharper.

I don't know what the
hell could dull a man's
brain more.

No mail has come
in for about a week -
and still no package.
I'm also still waiting
for my foot locker.
The only important

thing in it is those
three jugs we bought
in Richmond. Maybe
you could put some
of that stuff in a
grape-juice bottle
and send it over. I'm
not kidding either.

At this point I
have frittered away
most of the evening
between playing
Hearts & shooting the
breeze with the G.I.'s

at the P.X. Maybe I'll
have a huge supply
of mail in the morn-
ing to start the day
off right. I hope so
anyway.

Well, Honey, -
Goodnight. I love
you with all my
heart and soul.

John

Lt. John R. Cassidy, Jr.

O-716059

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F.P.O. 713-1 910 P.M.

San Francisco, Cal.

Dec 5-44

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

Lt. John R. Cassidy, Jr.



Wed., Dec. 6

Good Morning, Honey,
(But very)

And a nice cool
morning it is, too; cool
because we have been
having a ~~saca~~ rain
every night lately, and
nice because I just
got 5 letters from
you.

One was from
way back in Sept.,
one from Oct., and the

remainder of the latest
date line. The answers
to all queries - letters,
packages, etc. remain
the same as before.

However I note that at
last you have received
acknowledgment
for the Psary.

Let me know, Hon,
if the whole family
gets the Christmas greet-

ing so I can make
recovery if the Post
Office snafu's one
or two - which they
will no doubt if the
mail going your way
is the same as it is
coming in.

Since I started
writing it has warmed
up about 25° and it's
getting more uncomfort-
able by the minute now.

Late morning is the
most uncomfortable
time of all here. By
then it has heated up
to what seems the cor-
rect temperature to
roast pork and there
isn't a breath of air.
About noon time a
refreshing breeze
starts and during
the afternoon the

otherwise stifling
heat is neutralized
by a regular 4th St.
skirt-blower. See where
my mind is? — where
you are, Hon.

— Truer words
were never spoken.
It's now later on
in the day — 7:30 P.M.
in fact. I just start-
ed this paragraph
with the seemingly

dangling thought
because I just read
the last few lines I
wrote this morning,
as everyone must
do when they write
in stages.

If you make
sense of that it's only
because all great
minds run on the
same track. Or did
fate put our two one
track minds on the
same track? In any

case we are not like all
those wedded couples
who have one track
minds on the same
track but head-on.

You know, living
with three other
married men has
occasioned daily wonderment
at what I've realized since July 3,
the unapproached perfection
of our marriage.

The thought dawns
on me that the combined
effect of the

two preceding paragraphs reflects unfavorably on my three acquaintances' matches, which was a very inadvertent insinuation. To obtain the combined effect of the two that I intended, read a short novel between them.

They only seemed to be related because the origin of both was comparison with our

heavenly union.

([↑] Adjective used after
much consideration.)

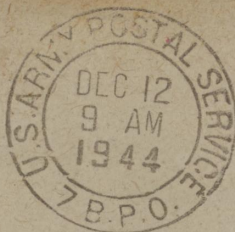
Well Hon, here
I've been just about
driving you nuts, I
~~guess~~ guess, trying
to make something of
the ramblings of my
decrepid brain so
I'd better give you a
rest. Please take
care of my heart,

Darling. Only for
you does it beat.

Goodnight, my
Dearest. I love you.

John

Lt. John A. Cassidy, Jr.
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Cas. Det. C.R.T.C., F.E.A.F.
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San Francisco, Cal.



Dec 6 - 44

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

John A. Cassidy, Jr.

Thurs., Dec. 7

What a date, eh Hon!

Remember three years ago.

"Hell, will have a parade in Tokyo in 6 months or less." I was one of the ~~many~~ many too. Well, at this point I am setting no time for our little shindig. People who know more than I say a year and six but I think they are very optimistic.

You know if it weren't for the fact that we get our news from the States I wouldn't even know that the Yanks are giving the Japs a sound trouncing. It seems like the fellows up in the hot spots don't read the newspapers. They seem to be very ill informed. From

the way they talk I think they must read the Jap news releases.

The P.X. hasn't had any more American writing paper lately so I'm back on the Aussie staple. Even in Townsville this is all you can buy. Maybe you could send me some decent stuff, Ym. Of course my getting it seems to be another matter, judging by past performance. If that camera was insured I think it would be a good idea to send a tracer.

There doesn't seem to be much to write about (as usual). This A.M. I got a couple more hours in the blue. A little formation and acrobatics. It's a good thing

I have a job I can enjoy anyway.
Wheeling the old T-bolt around is
a great release from a pointless
existence.

There sure is one a lot greater
though, Honey. That is allowing
my mind to play with thoughts
of you. Darling if everything in
the world were to vanish - even the
world itself - it would mean little
or nothing to me as long as I had
you. You are all that means
anything to me. You are my all.

Goodnight, Dearest.

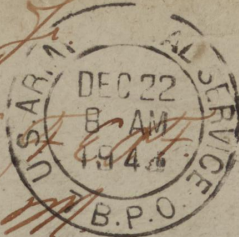
I love you,
John

Lt. John R. Cassidy Jr.
O-716059

Cas. Det., C.A.T.C.

A.P.O. 713-1 4th P.M.

San Francisco, Cal.



Dec 7-44

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

John R. Cassidy Jr.

Fri., Dec. 8

Good Evening, Darling,

It's already 9:00
and I'm just getting
started. Davis and
I have been having
a huge bull session
and the time slipped
by. I suppose what
has really made
the evening so short
was starting it by
going to Mass. That

moved my supper
back an hour and a
half. Then we went
to the P.X. (note high
class stationery again)
and talked to the S.S.
down there a while.
They call us the F-2
officers - we've been
in this hole so long
we know more about
it than anyone else
on the base.

I had two letters
from you today. Don't
you ever tear up one
of those letters, Son.
You threatened to do
it with one of them
today and it was just
one of those letters
that catch, between
the lines, a feeling
that cannot be caught
in the written word,
a feeling of our trust.

Well, Hon, the rest
of the boys are back
from the show now
and all rushing me
to douse the light. So
I'll leave you now,
but not in my mind.

Goodnight-

I love you, Marilyn
John

Lt. John R. Cassidy Jr.
D-716059
Cas. Det., C.R.T.C. F.E. cat
D.P.O. 713-1 90 D.M.
San Francisco, Cal.



Dec 8-44

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

John R. Cassidy Jr.

Sat., Dec. 9

Happy monthiversary,

Darling,

As I write we
two have been one for
five months already.
If the last three were
like the first two it
would seem more
like five days or
minutes.

The memory of

your beauty as you
walked down the aisle
is still just as fresh
as if it happened a
second ago — but
it always will be;
that was the most
precious event in
my ~~for~~ life. The only
precious event, for
that matter; nothing
could ever approach it.

But, to get back to
the locality of my
physical presence, ex-
cepting my heart, I
got in a few more
hours today. If things
keep going the way
they have for the past
week I hope to move
up in about 10 days. The
sooner I get out of here
the sooner I get home

so if I leave tomorrow
it's not too soon. The
fighters are getting
a lot of time in up
north at present and
getting up there one
month earlier right
now would probably
mean getting home
2 or 3 months earlier.
Getting my job
over with over here

and getting back to
you, Marilyn, is my
life's ambition at
this point.

Outside it's
thundering and start-
ing to rain. Just a
good time to have you
to snuggle up to. Just
give me time to close
my eyes and I will.
I love you,
John

St. John R. Cassidy, Jr.

D-716059

Cas. Det., C.R.T.C., F.E.A.F.

A.P.O. 713-1 4th P.M.

San Francisco, Cal.



Dec 9-44

Mrs. John Cassidy, Jr.

Box 474 Wilke Dr.

Delhi Hills

Cincinnati, 5

Ohio

John R. Cassidy, Jr.

Sun, Dec. 10

Good Evening, Honey,

A very busy evening, too. As soon as I got back from the line I dashed right up to the chapel for Confession, Mass, and Communion. And, to go all out for the "blue out yonder" stuff, prayed God to let us fly on His wing.

after that I dashed
up to the mess hall
for supper, then
dashed off to the show
early to get a seat for
"Kismet." So now I
have just sat down
to dash off my night-
ly - and I'm dashed
if I'll dash around
any more this even-
ing.

I didn't fly at all today. In the morning though, I'll be up at the crack and probably thundering off not long thereafter.

I just can't seem to organize anything here so I'd best end my struggles immediat-

ely.

Goodnight, my
Darling.

I love you,
John

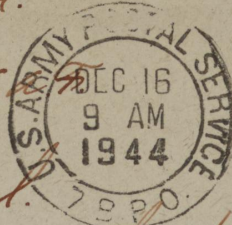
H. John R. Cassidy Jr.

O-716059

Cas. Det., C.R.T.C. F.C.

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

San Francisco, Cal.



Mrs. John Cassidy Jr.

Dec 10-44 Box 474 Wilke Dr.

Delhi Hills

Cincinnati, 5

Ohio

John R. Cassidy Jr.

Mon., Dec. 11

My Dearest Plum Pudding,
And don't ask me
why Plum Pudding.
Any title would be far
inadequate so we'll
just let you go for
Plum Pudding.

No letter today,
no package, no
flight; a very well
wasted day. Pretty
soon comes da rev-

solution maybe.

I had another wonderful dream last night; wonderful, that is, until that rogue, Reality, spoiled the ending again.

The beginning of the dream, as far as my memory is concerned (I am also much P.O.'ed with

my memory for
not remembering
what I dreamt before
this) was waking
up and finding
you at my side.
This seemed the most
natural thing in
the world, as it
truly is; no surprise,
no return from the
war - just as things

should have been,
we had always been
together.

I was feasting
my eyes on your
beauty, enraptured
by your heavenly
face. It seemed
that I asked no more
of Fate than that,
not even just to
touch you.

Then I became aware
of a myriad of
gorgeous drapes in
the background. This
prof was undoubtedly
furnished by "Kismet."
The grandeur of
everything caused
my mind to strag-
gle for comprehen-
sion; I thought
perhaps I had

reached the ether-
eal world! But the
struggles of my
mind shattered
the spell; you
disappeared; my
open eyes, now in
the hangover stage,
looked not upon
precious drapes but
on my everpresent
mosquito drape.

This may sound
funny as hell to
you now, but I
assure you I didn't
find it so this
morning. I res-
olutely buried my
face in my winter
flying-jacket-pil-
low in a determined
effort to return to
you. But I recall

no success. That
is another thing
that disgusts me:

I very seldom re-
call my dreams
and I know that
because of that I
am foregoing a
lot of your compa-
ny since all those
that I do remember

star Mrs. John R.
Cassedy, Jr.

Now look
at all this, and I
had no idea how
I would be able to
write three pages
without filling
at least one page
with those three
little inadequate
words. As the

great someone once
said, "Love always
finds a way."

Goodnight,
my Darling.

I love you,
John

St. John R. Cassidy Jr.

D-716059

Cas. Det., C.R.T.C.

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

San Francisco, Cal.



Dec 11 - 44

Mrs. John R. Cassidy Jr.
Box 474 Wilke Dr.
Delhi Hills
Cincinnati, 5
Ohio

John R. Cassidy Jr.

Tues., Dec. 12

Good Evening, Hon,

I am feeling
pretty bad at present—
have been all day. The
food is getting the
better of me again.

So, Honey, I hope you
will excuse me if I
procrastinate on my
writing tonight. I
didn't do anything today

anyway, didn't even
go down to the strip.

So, Darling, I'll
just say goodnight
now. And I mean a
very good night.

I love you,
John

Wed., Dec. 13

My Darling,

Back again, and
in the meantime one
full day has passed.

Yesterday I got
my first package.

It was a Christmas
box from Spinney's.

I am now the proud
possessor of three
rolls of film but

still — no camera.

I am much P.O. ed
with the parcel post.
Everyone else has
had at least five
packages. If I
would just get the
wedding picture
and the camera I
would be satisfied.

Today was a
very busy day. This

morning I put a
couple hours in
strapped to the
thunderjag; strafed
hell out of some island.

This afternoon
Davis and I visited
one of our comrades
who is presently
hospitalized. Then
we sweat out the

beer line and chow
line, and went to
the show. "Barbary
Coast," w. W. Beery.
Very enjoyable.

The beer is the
worst stuff I ever
drank, Fort Pitt,
naturally from Pitts-
burg. Nevertheless
it is still valued at
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound (\$1.61) per can.

In the States I
couldn't be made to
drink it for that
much.

Once again,
Honey, I'm burning
the midnight^{*} oil
while the rest of the
occupants of this
mansion are invit-
ing sleep.

^{*} actual time: 2115.

So Darling, I must
say goodnight now.
Take care of my
heart.

I love you,
John

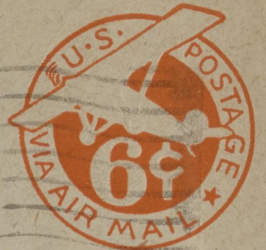
Lt. John R. Cassidy, Jr.

D-716059

Cas. Det., C.R.T.C. F.E.A.F.

F.P.O. 713-1 C/O P.M.

San Francisco, Cal.



Dec 12 - 44

Dec 13 - 44

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

John R. Cassidy, Jr.

Thurs., Dec. 14
(already)

My Dear Raspberry
Pie w. Whipped
Cream,

How's my baby
this fine evening?
No doubt not nearly
as warm as I am.

Don't neglect to
send me a few pic-
tures of yourself in

a Lake Placid
setting. I hear tell
that snow is beauti-
ful stuff. Would
that I were where I
could enjoy it -
mostly in Cincinnati.
I can just see you
and I snuggled up
with an eighth of
beer or two while

the biting wind
vainly pounds the
windows of our
little shack with
snowflakes. Only
if such were the case
I wouldn't be con-
scious of anything
beyond you.

Today I got
~~three~~ ^{two} more boxes.

One from Wyo. Av.
and one from shoe-
makers. The mail
room is still ~~late~~
stacked with pack-
ages so I'll have
one from you any
day now. I have
three more rolls of
film, raising my
total to six. I think

the camera went to
another part, along
with my footlocker,
so there's no telling
when I will get
that. I don't know
when, if ever, a boat
will come up from
there. The joint is
just about aban-
doned.

This was another
day of loafing. I
have flown just
once in the last
five days. At this
rate I'll still be
here for Christmas.
Of course this is a
much nicer place
to spend Christmas
Eve than a foxhole
but hanging around

here is getting me
no closer to you.

You see, peace and
quiet are the worst
dishes on the menu
at present; what
I crave is combat
hours because that's
what will get me
back to you where
I can enjoy peace

and quiet. Or —
storm and thunder
uproar and furore —
what have you; as
long as I am with
you I will have
the utmost possible
happiness.

Well, Hon,
Goodnight

I love you,
John.

St. John R. Cassidy, Jr.

Cas. Det. C.R.T.C.

H.P.D. 713-7 C.R.T.C.

San Francisco, Cal.



Dec 14 - 44

Mrs. John Cassidy, Jr.

Box 444 Wilke Dr.

Delhi Hills

Cincinnati, 5

Ohio

John R. Cassidy, Jr.

Fri., Dec. 15

My Dearest Marilyn,

Today, for the most part, was occupied with Bridge.

For free so my valiant efforts netted no financial gains.

We were grounded this morning by weather. In the last week I've logged

just about enough
time to get me
across the street.

But worse yet I am
going to have to fly
a P40 up north.

Setting up there and
getting back will
just take long en-
ough for me to
miss the next
shipment, so I'll

probably be around
this place for another
month yet. Well,
as someone once said,
"golden gate by '48."

The food, or
whatever it is, still
has me down. I
think I'll try to sleep
it off tonight, pro-
vided I can get
enough quiet. 2/2-

usually the P.H. starts
blasting at 5:00 A.M.

This limits our
usual sack time to
8 hrs. Hard on a man!

No mail today.
A little birdie tells
me I will get some
letters from you
tomorrow. So I'll
go to sleep tonight

hoping that this
little birdie has the
straight stuff.

Goodnight,
my Darling.

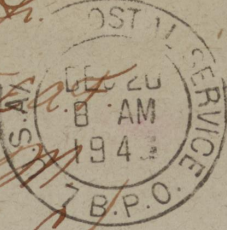
I love you,
John

St. John R. Cassidy, Jr.
D-716059

Cas. Det., C.R.T.C., F. & A. C.

F.P.O. 713-1 96 P. M.

San Francisco, Cal.



Dec 15-44

Mrs. John Cassidy, Jr.
Box 474 Wilke Dr.

Delhi Hills
Cincinnati, 5
Ohio

John R. Cassidy, Jr.

Sat., Dec. 16

My Darling

Today I finally
got in the blue again.
Dive-bombed some
little island.

Tomorrow F.M.

I'll probably get a
little time in Peter
4-0 before the ferry
job. It should be fun
wringing out that

can again.

No mail today.

The little birdie
must have been
wrong last night.

I am so thoroughly
P.O.'ed with this place
I don't know whether
I'm coming or going.
About one more
month here and

I'll be home on a sec-
tion 8. I think I'll
see the squadron C.O.
tomorrow about getting
out of this ferry job
and going out on
the next shipment.

Goodnight, my
Darling. I love you.

John

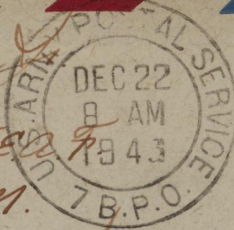
St. John R. Cassedy Jr.

0-716059

Cas. Det., C.R.T.C. # 809

A.P.O. 713-1 140 P.M.

San Francisco, Cal.



Dec 16 -44

Mrs. John Cassedy, Jr.

Box 474 Wilke Dr.

Delhi Hills

Cincinnati, 5

Ohio

John R. Cassedy, Jr.

Sun., Dec. 17

My Darling,

I think I am
on my way out of
here at last. I talked
to the C.O. of P47 Sq.
today about it. He
didn't give me an
answer but 10 min-
utes later I was off
the ferry mission.
I also got in a little

more time. I still
don't meet the official
requirements but as
far as I can see I'll
go out on the coming
shipment.

Don't send any
more packages till
you get another F.P.O.,
Hon. They would just
sit around here for
no telling how long

waiting to be re-shipped.
Just like the
camera.

Absolutely no
mail today, but some
came in for distribu-
tion tomorrow so I
hope to connect.

This afternoon
I read a "Saint" story
from a book I
received in a pack-

age from W. A. V. Very
poorly written, it
seemed to me; but
who am I to crit-
icize, eh? Then I
went to Mass and
Communion. That
always brings you
so close, Hon. —

Well you know what
I mean.

It isn't really

difficult to explain.

We two are bound
with such an insup-
erable bond because
we realize our place
as creatures of God.

And now good-
night, my dearest.

I love you,
John

The sustained
streak I had on
mail has finally
been broken. But
I just thought of
something I have
been wanting to
tell you for a
week or two. Just
let the income
tax stand as is. If

St. John R. Cassidy, Jr.
D-716059

Cas. Det., C.R.T.C., F.E.A.F.
R.P.O. 713-1 40 P.M.
San Francisco, Cal.



Dec 17-44

Mrs. John Cassidy, Jr.
Box # 74 Wilke Dr.
Delhi Hills
Cincinnati, 5
Ohio

John R. Cassidy, Jr.

Mon., Dec. 18

My Darling,

Today I was the
overjoyed recipient
of three (3) letters
from you. Nov. 7, 8,
and Thanksgiving

By some coin-
cidence I received
Ranney's address
from you and a let-
ter from him in the

same mail. I note
much secrecy is
involved in the sit-
uation. — So I
won't tell him you
have one of his letters
to Sean, nor any
other info that might
possibly spill some-
body's applecart.

I also note
that you feel sorry

for the poor Japs
who are getting
bombed. Well, the
next time you get to
feeling that way
remember what you
have heard of the
Germans doing to
girls in countries
they have conquered,
then take my word
for it that if the

Laps conquered us
(which they came
a lot closer to doing
than anyone in the
States knows) what
they would do to girls
like you would make
these stories of the
Germans sound like
the life of a saint
by comparison.

The first news-
papers also came
today. It sure seems
funn reading an
October newspaper
stating that we had
Leyte all but
mopped up. Over
here we would hardly
consider that true even
today. Now comes

the news that we have
landed on Mindoro.

I know that we won't
have much trouble
with the Japs there,
since it is the most
disease ridden island
on earth they
haven't occupied it
very heavily.

I hope your
ears are healed by

this time, Don. If the
Doc used penicillin
they should be. I
didn't realize the
trouble was that bad.
I sure has lasted
long enough.

It's now about
time ~~for~~ for me
to hit the sack, Don.
I flew this afternoon

and I'll be up again
in the morning.

They're trying to get
me as well up on
time as possible
before I ship.

And now I'll
fold up, Darling,
say my prayers,
and dream myself
to sleep with you.

I love you with all
my heart and soul,
Darling.

Goodnight

John

Lt. John R. Cassidy, Jr.
2-716059

Cas. Det., C.R.T.C., F.E.A.F.
F.P.O. 713-1 40 P.M.
San Francisco, Cal.



Dec 18-44

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

John R. Cassidy, Jr.

Tues., Dec. 19

Good Evening, My
Dearest Darling,

The enclosed
page will doubt-
lessly add intelli-
gence to yesterday's
letter. I just found
it in my tablet
tonight.

The long await-

ed has finally
arrived. Tomorrow
is the day (scheduled).
Knowing this place
as I do I have no
doubts that the event
~~should be postponed~~
will be postponed
for a couple of days.

At any rate
(compare with your
'at this point') we

celebrated our de-
parture tonight by
putting a dent in
the few bottles
we escorted here
personally. That
is, Dick, Collins
and myself. Collins
is a boy from the
neighborhood of
Sandusky. He,

along with Davis
is currently rated
a ferry pilot. Erv
is out on a job
right now so we
can't enjoy the
pleasure of his
company "at this
point."

You seem to in-
fluence me all to
hell don't you. And

if you think that
is kidding just
change one word to
"heaven" and you will
have a true statement.

Now, all I can
think is how won-
derful it would be
if I were going
back to you. Darling
that's all I think

of, you. I love
you so fully that
whatever I happen
to do on any par-
ticular day you,
and you alone, are
the overriding sub-
ject of my thoughts.

Sometimes, too,
it may seem to
you from read-

ing the letter of my
words each night
that the occurrences
of each day as it
passes me are of
interest to me. But
what really in-
cites these words,
Darling, is a des-
perate desire to
keep you so close
to my heart. My

whole life depends
on you. All I want
to know is your life—
each little thing
that is of no import-
ance but still—to
me—is of all import-
ance. I am not
really living ~~my~~
own life at all; you
are my life. You,
Marilyn, are all

that matters to me.

And I pause for
a moment and re-
alize that I could,
and would, go on
proclaiming in

my own futile
way my love for
you forever. It is

truly a pity that

I am incapable

of expressing my

love for you, for the
expression of my
love would fade the
greatest works of
literature into the
absolute darkness
of space.

I continually
scorn myself, Dar-
ling, for my fail-
ure to approach a

Description of my
love. I can only
desperately hope
that you may un-
derstand that
I am completely,
wholly, and irres-
ponsibly dependen-
dent on you for the
slightest ray of
happiness that

may enter into my
life.

Goodnight, my
Darling. I love
you.

John.

Lt. John P. Cassidy Jr.

O-716059

Car. Det. L.P.T.C., 9 EAT

A.P.O. 713-141 P.M.

San Francisco, Cal.



Mrs. John Cassidy Jr.

Dec 19-44

Box 474 Maple Dr.

Delhi Hills

Cincinnati, 5

John P. Cassidy, Jr. Ohio

three times.

I guess I'll
hit the sack now

Hon. 0300 is roll

out time in the

morning. So now

I'll roll over and

bury my head in

soft dreams of you.

Goodnight,

Honey. I love you.

John

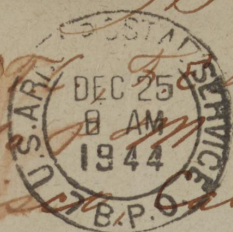
St. John R. Cassidy Jr.

0-716059

Cas. Det., C. & P. *Frank*

F.P.O. 713-1 *Frank*

San Francisco Cal.



Dec 20-44

Marilyn Cassidy
Box 474 Wilke Dr.
Delhi Hills
Cincinnati, 3
Ohio

John R. Cassidy Jr.

Wed., Dec. 20

Good (Morning; Af-
ternoon; Evening)

Darling,

I just got
your letter of the
30th of November.
It's a tribute to your
genius. You can
write so much in-
to a few pages. My
emotions ran the

Dec. 21
N.S.

My Darling Marilyn,

Still here. As was
to be expected some-
one around here has
the detail well fouled
up. My 66-2 has been
lost. So to hell with it.
I'm going out of this
damn place tomorrow
if barring only Jube
Pluvius.

gamut while reading it. I love you
dearly, my darling.

At this point
I am all packed
and raring to go.
I was rather glad
that we didn't leave
this morning as
the Three Feathers
were tickling my

It looks like the
mail has finally
regained regularity.

I had two more
letters from you

today - Dec. 1 & 3. If I
could get a bouquet
of orchids I would
send them to you.

You have an unbeliev-
able capacity to
give me happiness;

stomach. I'll be
much pleased if
we get off tomor-
row though. I
want to be in my
squadron on Christ-
mas. One of these
damn tramp camps
would be the worst
place possible.
Probably get bully

in view of the dis-
tances involved, a
boundless capacity
in more ways than
one.

My, my, Honey,
you must indeed
be getting aged.
Failing to remember
the names of our
dining & dancing
spots in Richmond.

I must confess
that I too feel symp-
toms of approaching
petrified arteries.

My first stab at
the restaurant was
"Continental," but
that I rejected
quickly; Then came
"Oriental," but the
more I dwelt on
that the more firm?

became my resolve
to delve further.
At long last my
musty brain un-
folded "Occidental,"
which I hereby
submit for your
approval.

The scene of
our wild soiree I
definitely remem-
ber as the "Fantilla."

For ready recollection
associate it with
tantalizing memories.

And now
Goodnight, my
Dearest. I love you,
John

P.S. 1. It is hereby
directed that closing
statement be consid-
ered in effect indef-
initely, infinitely, &
forever. By order of
Your Snookums
Loving Hubby

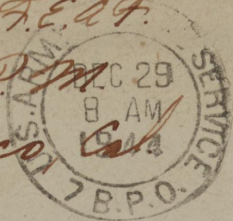
St. John R. Cassidy Jr.

0-716059

Cas. Det., C.R.T.C., F.E.C.F.

F.P.O. 713-1 90 P.M.

San Francisco Cal.



Dec 21-44

Mrs. John Cassidy Jr.

Box 474 Wilke Dr.

Delhi Hills

Cincinnati, 5

Ohio

John R. Cassidy Jr.

Dec. 23

New Guinea

My Darling,

Yes, still here.

Now that I have been
forced to remain
this long I'll probab-
ly leave tomorrow
so I can spend
Christmas in a tramp
camp. Of course I'm
doing my best to

avoid it. I have
advance word that
another spread like
the one on Thanks-
giving will be put
on here.

Three more let-
ters from you came
today. Did I ever
tell you I love you?
I do, only more so.

I've just been lying
around alternately
reading and dream-
ing of you all day.

I often wonder how
it is possible that
we could have had
so much happiness
in less than two
months. It seems
miraculous — and
it is. Our oneness

is truly a miracle.

But thoughts
of the future are
equally intriguing.

(I started to say
more so but that
would be impossible,
wouldn't it?) Just
the thought of being
with you again
fills me with
ecstasy. To live

happily forever
after, at your side
constantly! Imagine
just brushing our
teeth together again,
that is one of the
greatest joys my
mind can conjure.
The slightest every-
day occurrence
becomes a heavenly

joy with you. But
I am mad, utterly
mad, about you,
my darling, my
wife, my all. All
that I desire of life
is you, nothing
more.

Be good, Hon.

I love you,
John

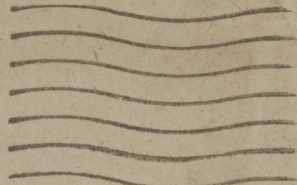
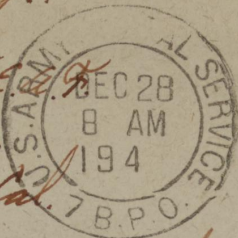
W. John R. Cassidy, Jr.

D-716059

Det., C.R.T.C., F.A.M.

D. 713 40 P.M.

San Francisco, Cal.



Dec 22-44

Mrs. John Cassidy, Jr.

Box 474 Wilder Dr.

Deerhi Hills

Cincinnati, 5

Ohio

John R. Cassidy, Jr.

Sun., Dec. 24

New Guinea

My Dearest Marilyn,

Yes, Darling,
it's Christmas Eve.

Dammit, even
to write just that
makes my heart
revolt. In plain
words I feel just
like hell. I'd do
anything to be with

you now. Being so
far apart makes me
feel like there is
a whirlpool inside
me.

I started this
letter with my mind
made up not to go
off my nut—that's
what I feel like
I am doing.— As

I wrote the first
sentence, though,
I remembered that
by the time you
read this Christmas
will be long past.

As I lie here
writing a thunder-
storm is approach-
ing. I think thun-
derstorms are lucky;

They can rage and
rant and spend
their turmoil. But
I can do nothing
about the turmoil
that boils inside
me, and my help-
lessness only makes
it boil more wildly.

It's starting
to rain, Hon. Excuse

me while I close the
tent flap. —

→ Ba-roo-oom.
Sound effect. 3
3 3 3 ← local
color.

J. Pluve is popping
his bluish flash
bulbs as though
the peace treaty
were being signed.

Merry Christmas!

Christmas

My Darling,

Tonight I feel
a lot better than
I did last night.

To take up
where I so rudely
interrupted last
night: one of
the boys came in
and announced a

moonlight request-
ion of some of the
permanent officers's
stocks. So last
night we had
steaks, brandy,
and bottled coke.
It was the first
time I had any of
this in New Guinea.
I must say, the

permanent officers
set themselves up
well. The steaks
were as good as
any I have ever
eaten. I'd give
ten bucks for
another one.

The brandy
was not so good
but that did not

prevent voluble
consumption. Some
of the boys paid
dearly for it today
though. I imbibed
only lightly my-
self - in fact I
had the rare honor
of being announced
as the "only s-sober
man around here."

I left the party
early for mid-
night Mass.

that is when I
started feeling
better. The real
significance of
Christmas struck
me then, deeper
than ever. After
Christ has done so

much for us it is
indeed small to
pity ourselves for
our current griev-
ances on His birth-
day. A stable
didn't prevent
Mary's joy.

We, Marilyn,
are truly God's
chosen people. He
has given us more

joy already than
the allotted amount
for a whole life-
time. To bemoan
ourselves now
would be equiv-
alent to deserting
Him under trial.

It is still His
birthday. Compared
to His coming

our difficulties,
which seem so
all-enveloping, are
trifling.

Let us rejoice,
my dearest, in
the knowledge that
we are under His
care.

Goodnight,
my darling. I
love you with all

my heart and
soul, with every
drop of my blood
and every thought
of my brain.

John

Lt. John R. Cassidy, Jr.
0-716059

Cas. Det., C.R.T.C., D.O.D.
A.P.O. 713-1 40 P.M.
San Francisco, Cal.



DEC 24 - 44
25 - 44

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



John R. Cassidy, Jr.

Tues., Dec. 26

New Guinea

My Darling,

Today I went
up to Headquarters,
raised a little hell,
and got put on a
manifest for the
morning. I was
never so glad to

be packing (again)
in my life. I also
recovered my 66-2 so
I ~~am~~ have at least
one less reason to
recall unpleasant
memories of this
place. I still have
enough.

I spent this
evening stringing

the bull with the S.D.'s
at the P.X. "How
rough it used to be
around here" and
all that. Right now
it's 21:25 hrs. Hit
the deck at 02:30.
I sure hope the
weather isn't
snafu tomorrow.

Goodnight, my
dearest. God bless
you!

I love you,
John

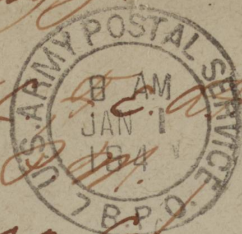
Dr. John R. Cassidy Jr.

0-716051

Cas. Det., C.R.T.

F.P.O. 713-1 96

San Francisco, Cal.



Dec 26-40

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

John R. Cassidy Jr.