

Phillipine Is.
Tues., Jan. 9

My Darling,

at long last!

We are here. Yesterday
was quite a great
day. We pulled in
around noon, then
spent all afternoon
riding around this
island. Any stories

you have heard about
Phillipine rain are
not the slightest
bit exaggerated. All
of my belongings
are still soaked.

Luckily H.Q.
assigned us to the
group on this same
island so we found
our home yesterday

evening. Two others
and myself, that
is. Peterson and
Pederson, two boys
I have known since
Prov. R.I. Burnett
is in another group
and Davis is still
at C.R.T.C.

This is the 342nd
Squad, 348th Reg. Best

damn group in the
world, best damn
squadron in the group.

No kiddin'; this
really is a great
bunch of boys, Honey.
They have far more
than their share of
Nips and they welcomed
us like long lost
brethren instead of
saw bottomed recruits.

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I'm far from settled
down. The sack I am
currently occupying
belongs to a guy who
is in Sydney on a
rest leave. Even here
we have a housing
shortage. Soon,
however, we hope to
beg borrow or steal
a tent. Hardships.

It seems that

every time I travel
I dream of going
home. It must be
a subconscious
association of some
sort. When I first get
home I'll probably be
afraid to ~~long~~ touch
you for fear you will
disappear. I guess
you have never
rolled over to hang

a lollapalloozi kiss
on me and banged
your mouth on the
side of a cot. I assure
you the experience
isn't worth the dis-
illusionment.

Remember that
one you told me about
in which I came home
and didn't pay any
attention to you? It

sounded so crazy to
me when I read it
that I didn't pay
enough attention to
remember exactly
what it was. I had
one that went about
the same way: I came
home - to Wyo. Ave.!!
First thing off I
called you up for a
date. No soap. Pro-

lunged efforts. No
soaf! Then just
before I awoke, "Hell,
she can't do this to
me, we're married!"

If dreams are
machinations of
the subconscious
mind we must
be subconsciously
nuts.

(Subconsciously?!?!?)

I've been peicing
this letter together all
afternoon and evening;
checking up on one
thing or another all
afternoon off and on,
and this evening we
saw "Atlantic City."

The variations in
script result from a

multitude of poses
while writing. Some
flat on the sack, some
sitting on said sack,
some at a table. Poor
you have to take the
consequences. I hope
you can decode enough
to get a little sense
out of it.

Well it's about
that time Honey. On

paper I'll leave you, but
that's as far as it goes;
paper. My heart is
always with you. And
I mean always. Quite
a few gallons of water
have gone under various
bridges since we last
saw each other but it
hasn't worn the sharp
longing cut in my
heart for you. You see,

the Lord cut quite a
good sized place for
you there. How large
it is, my darling, on-
ly you and I and the
Lord Himself can
understand.

Thank God He
so blessed us!

Goodnight, Honey.

I love you,
John

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

342nd Ft. Lgdn. - A.P.O. 72

90 P.M., San Francisco, Cal.



Jan 9 - 45

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

Delhi Hills

Cincinnati, 5

Ohio

John R. Cassidy, Jr.

Phillippines

Sun., Feb. 11

Dearest Marilyn,

I had a fairly busy day for a change. Two hops, which is usually three or four days flying. One of them was even for two hrs. Extree-eeemly long. Most of our missions are just outside the traffic pattern, bomb and strafe, and back. Damn nice missions but they don't give you much time. I suppose its the equalizer for those fruitless four hour patrols and recess we were pulling so

endlessly at the last place.

It seems like Sunday is always a business day. I missed Mass again. We were going to the church in town this morning that would really have been something - to be inside a church again.

Bilodeau has had quite an experience. The ack ack knocked on him down over one of the islands in an area as full of Nips as any could be. When I heard he bailed out there I just gave him up for worse than dead.

As soon as he hit the sod though he ran like hell for an

hour. He finally ran into a
Filipino boy who hid him in
the bush. About an hour later
the sun set and it was during
that night that he really had a
hard time. The Jap patrols came
so close he could hear them
while he crouched there with
his .45 debating whether to
shoot it out or take his chances
as a prisoner if he were dis-
covered. Since his adventure can
be told, though, you know he
was not discovered. At length
the boy came back with his

father and some other men
and what happened from then
on is unmentionable until he
finally arrived home. There are
some pretty slick organizations
in these islands. The Japs know
it too. They hate the guerrillas
as much as us.

During the occupation
they massacred this near-
by town because the guerrillas
there killed a captain. So
they thought they would kill
everyone in the town. They're
to damn dumb to do anything

effective.

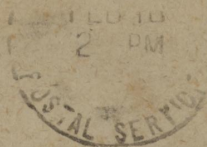
Still no mail from. I sure
am getting mighty impatient.
I hope nothing like this has
happened to you. It's been a
month and a half now.
When this mail starts catch-
ing up I'll be the happiest
man in the world. In fact
I think just one letter from
you would qualify me.

Must needs I hit the
sack now Honey. Good-
night.

I love you
John

X X X X X X X ad.
ins.

H. John Q. Cassidy, Jr.
342 nd St. N. S. Fran.
A.P.O. 73, 40 P.M.
San Francisco, Cal.



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

Feb 11-45

Delhi Hills
Cincinnati, 5
Ohio

John Q. Cassidy, Jr.

Mon., Feb. 12

①

My Dee lish Plum Pudding,

As we kids used to hear
from ye olde folks (way back
ante memory), "You're so sweet
I would like to eat you up."

I definitely do not wish to
be cannibalistic about this,
but that statement doesn't
sound the least bit silly to me
now. You, angel, have changed
my conceptions of alliterate,
and literate, so called trite
expressions a great deal, if
not more so. I might even go

so far as to say you influence ^②
me like a volcano influences
a level plain but that would
be such an inadequate state-
ment that you can just forget
it.

What you wrought on me
Marilyn was not a change,
but a beginning.

— Damn, I don't see how
I do it. I can start off as
lighthearted as a town drunk
two hours after pay call and
in ten lines I'm shaking the
foundations of the earth.

③

If you're as baffled as I am listen to this offhand diagnosis — and tell me what you think:

Humor, it is said, consists of the truth told unexpectedly. (I just read that somewhere.)

Alright, I start off being jocular about you and me, which is to say, from the aforesaid premise, that I am going to tell the truth. Therefore in making an intended joke, I tell the truth. Afterwards I subconsciously realize that the statement made so light-heartedly contained

⑥ anything that I did today ⑥
so that the thought cannot
be destroyed "on both sides."
There was nothing momen-
tous at any rate.

Goodnight now, my
darling.

I love you. When I
say that middle word, only
you and I know its mean-
ing. By this time you and I
have seen what "love" means
to other people. I think I
have good reason to say 'only
you and I know its meaning.
I love you. ~~John~~

a truth, and my mind fol-
lows it up with an elaboration.
And so suddenly from the light-
hearted to the cataclysmic. ④

Apparently!!

Now what do you think?

I suppose you have had
cause to notice by this time
that when I sit down to write
a letter to you that I have no
idea from the beginning
what will come off the end of
my pen next. I write just
like I talk. There is only one
thing that I make a point
of in my letters: way back

⑤ when I was supposed to know something about writing I got the idea in my head that the last sentence was the "punch line." So that's always the same, Darling, because in every minute that my heart beats, and for as long as my soul exists, that will be the most important thing outside of the existence of God and His Graces.

The paper shortage once more has me stymied, Hon, so I'll refuse to tell

Lt. John G. Cassidy Jr.
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Feb 12 - 45

Marilyn Cassidy
Box 444 Wilke Dr.
Delake Hills
Cincinnati, 5
Ohio

John L. Cassidy Jr.

Sun., Feb. 25

My Darling,

Just a few short lines tonight Hon. I've had a long, but not busy day. Up at 0630 and off immediately to the line. After much ado, we took off a little after 8:30 and flew 1:45, with the net results of a lot of bombs dumped in the ocean. The situation continued naffa all day. I spent it at the alert shack, waiting for a mission which never

came. So for my ten hours of
discomfiture I accomplished
the dubious result of dropping
2 bombs in the ocean.

I went to Mass at 8:30
this evening, at a nearby bomb
group. Our group does not have
a Catholic chaplain. We've been
borrowing one for a Sunday
morning Mass from a bomb
wing. He's a Jesuit, and there-
fore quite a right guy with
me. I have yet to meet one
that wasn't.

I've been praying so
fervently for us, Don, and

Lt. John R. Cassidy, Jr.
342 1/2 S. H. Stan.
H.P.O. 73 90 P.M.
San Francisco, Cal.

Via Air Mail

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

Duck Hills

Cincinnati, 5
Ohio

Feb 25-45

John R. Cassidy, Jr.

Via Air Mail

Mon., Feb. 26

Dearest Mookums,

I love you. This happens to be one of those frequent moments when that's all I can think of for the time being. I can't even elucidate either. All I can do is sit here fat, dumb, and happy and say, I love you, knowing full well that I couldn't be so happy if you didn't know what I mean. When I start thinking like this I just feel glorious. Nothing on earth can touch me. It's just as though you

were up there on top of the moon
and I am on my way up to
you. I love you.

These pictures were taken
the day before yesterday. Our
foto man happened to be
around with some film and
two of us got him to take a
few pictures. The other fellow
is a guy who just came into
the squadron, from McAllen,
Tex. With the terrific sun
it's a wonder they came out
as well as they did.

I flew two more bomb-
ing missions today. This fighter

bomber deal is getting accentuated
on the wrong syla-~~able~~ if
you ask me. But as long as
there is no aerial combat to be
had ground support is a
damn site better than nothing.
They are really making this
close support close too. Next
thing we'll be taxiing in on
the target and tossing hand
grenades around. The infantry
is all the time telling us how
wonderful it is though, both
on the radio as we finish
with the target and through
channels, so I guess it's well

worth it.

If you've already sent some packages to me at this F.P.O. don't send any more, Hon. Mail is tarfu here. There isn't even a post office. I don't know how the hell we are supposed to get any at all. So far we haven't, except that which was forwarded from 72.

This is all supposed to be a temporary affair, but so is the whole damn war so you know what that's worth.

Please, Honey, send me some pictures of yourself. The last I have the summery

landscape and sleeveless
dresses are much in evidence.

Also yours truly, but I
started this off gaily and
so help me I'll finish it so.
I'm all the time crying in
my beer (?) for you anyway.

Goodnight Hon. Close
your eyes and give me a
great big kiss tonight and
I'll be right there pitching.

I love you.

John