

Thurs. Mar. 1

My Darling Wife,

At last some more mail
has dribbled through. Two letters
today, Feb. 5 + 7. I am coming to
the conclusion that you appeal to
me muchly. You tickle me so
pleasantly with just a pen.

That fellow Montague
was from Baltimore, Md. I
knew him only faintly, having
been with him only a day or
two, but he should be able to drop
a line to you and maybe answer
a question or two that I can't.

Last night we got our month's
combat whiskey and had a big
auger party. It was so much
fun I am still suffering.

I can't take it any more. As
soon as I get gay my inner
ear canals or some damn

things remain gay for quite
some time after I am ready
to forget the whole thing

Right now I'm about to
jump in the sack and give
my body at least six hours
of recuperation. I'll probably
fly in the morning, thus the

reduced session.

I flew my 100th combat
hour yesterday Am. Three more
to go. But now let me fly
to you in my dreams.

Goodnight Darling.

I love you
John

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A.P.O. 73- 40 P.M.
San Francisco, Cal.

MAR 1-45

Mrs. John Cassidy, Jr.
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Ohio

John A. Cassidy, Jr.

Fri., Mar. 2

My Darling Marilyn,

There is such a terrific paper shortage around here that I am forced to start writing on both sides. After six months with never a cut some beaverish censor will now no doubt cut paper dolls out of my letters.

Actually I am amazed that so far they have been coming through intact. I never have had a lecture on censorship over here. All I've had to go on is a few basic principles and common sense; that, as you know, is generally at variance with reg-

relations and directives. Of course some of the basic principles are pretty far fetched for common sense.

Lately I've just heard that we can generally tell where our missions are. Well, since we've been up here we have been running ground support (bomb, strafing, and fire bombs) on Batan, before that was cleaned up, Corregidor, and positions in the hills west of Clark Field and Ft. Stensburg. Also a few on Manila. The ground troops are in our ecstasy over the work. I believe comparison

of the casualties on Corregidor and Iwo Jima indicate the effectiveness of the type of ~~assault~~ assault we used on Corregidor as compared to the Marines way of driving right in.

Today's communique stating that we lost 136 dead with 8 missing with over 4000 enemy dead counted and unknown quantities sealed up in caves sounds like a lot of bull unless you see how the island is taken. A path was just about literally blasted for the troops. I've seen times when so many planes were waiting to plant HE and fire

bombs that the controller was actually swamped. Stuff like that makes more taxes for armament but makes it up in pensions.

A few more letters came in from 72 today but I didn't get any. I never have had any forwarded from Wadgat after those first half dozen or so. What's bothering me, so usual, is the picture. Maybe you never did get the letter. I asked you to send a wedding picture by air-mail. Don't address it here though. The postoffice has no local branch and we are not getting anything addressed here. If you have sent

it to 72 it will no doubt come through
O.K. If not told off until we get a
break on mail around here. Nobody
knows where it is going.

About that picture though -
fourth class is so slow and
often lost that to send another
picture that way would just
be asking for it. You can just
send one airmail without a frame
(when I give the word on mail ser-
vice) and that way I'll be sure of
getting it and in good time.

Tokyo Rose has just informed
us that our wives are running
around with the gay and easy
spending defense workers. Tak, tak!
Never would have thought it. We
are dumb suckers over here butting

our heads against the heat, disease,
deprivations, and indomitable Jap-
anese soldiers. Lo saith Rose!! Things
are tough all over this year Rose.

Much as I pray and
hope for a quick return I am
forced to laugh like hell
listening to her.

Goodnight, Honey.
Take good care of my most
beloved possession.

I love you.
John

Mon., Mar. 5

My Sweetest Beautifullest
Bestest Half;

How come I love you like I
do? Anybody can see it's utter-
ly impossible. But I do.

I have mail again. A lot
of letters from Nadzab and
a few late ones (Feb. 16 latest.)
I got one from T. Bourns written
last August, mailed to the
Temporary F.P.O. All that, includ-
ing the picture and camera, went
to Post Moresby. I guess the packages
will not there.

I've flown my last combat
in the jug. We'll now a tin

whistle outfit. I have two hours
in the thing now. It's probably
a good ship for the E.T.O. but over
here gimme a jug. The inline
engine is okay when you're fight-
ing a war miness oceans and
where the other guy believes in
taking prisoners. But we are
stuck with it so from now
on we'll have to make the best
of it.

From your last letters I
see the first touch of spring
had come and gone. About the
time you get this maybe you
will be getting the last touch
of winter. Cincy weather is

wonderful that way isn't it. Especially about this time of the year; never a dull moment.

Whatever the hell that surprise is I wish you would let me in on it. You certainly have aroused my curiosity. And the way I figure, you'd best enjoy ~~or~~ what you have today because tomorrow is a highly unpredictable projection of thought.

I hear they are moving so fast in Germany they have had another news blackout. A week ago they were 12 mi. from Cologne and now they are only 6. I guess some guys in trenches have differ-

ent ideas from those putting pens
into maps.

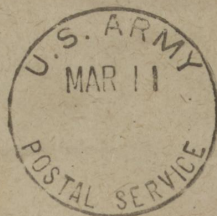
I sent you the negatives of
those pictures in a separate
envelope. I hope the film
makes it even if the pictures don't.
On this end, though, first class
mail is uncertain of delivery
only in time. Sooner or later
it seems like everything turns
up - like that letter from T. B.

Well Honey I think I'll
say goodnight now and think
about the day I turn up in Cincy.
Gosh Halleluiah!!!

I love you Darling.

John

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Mar 5-45

John R. Cassidy, Jr.

Tues., Mar. 6

My Darling Marilyn,

Another day, Hon. I flew
two hours of patrol today; period.
Dammit I'll go nuts if I don't
get back to you soon. You keep
pounding through my brain.

You are a perfect something or
other. I don't know what but it's
beyond the people who dreamed up
The English language. Thank
God in all His glory it's not
beyond me. If there ever were
chosen people it's us. Mostly
me. Not that I want to be hoggish
or anything; you just didn't get

Right now we have more than ⁽³⁾
three times as many pilots on hand
as we had a while back. Sydney
leaves have been temporarily
cancelled and that is responsible
in part too. At any rate the 50 hr.
a month minimum I have set for
myself looks like a pipe dream
this month. But never say die.

This is a sad damn excuse
for a letter Marilyn but all
I can think of tonight runs in
the same track. For that matter
it's quite a well worn track at
this point. I guess all that
really matters in the end is
God's decision on whether next

the breaks.

⁽²⁾
We are getting new pilots
like we want to get beer. One of
our latest additions accompanies
a guitar. So tonight a bunch of
the new arrivals, who are all out
of the same school in the States,
are making like Roy Rogers and
friends. We have the Texas at-
mosphere all right.

The way replacements are
coming over here it looks like the
300 hr. & 1 yr. deal might go into
practice. Accent might though
Hon.

The kick back is that we
are getting so many pilots we
won't be getting so much time.

Christmas will be the way we
want it or not. So as our old
parish priest used to say, let's
"work as if everything depended
on us and pray as if everything
depended on God."

Good night Honey,

I love you.

John

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MAR 6 - 45
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John R. Cassidy, Jr.

Wed, Mar. 7

My Darling Marilyn,

Tonight the squadron is in the throes of a beer(?) bust. If you didn't divine that from the heading you surely would have soon even if I hadn't mentioned it. Should I not have committed myself to you in the form of this letter I also would probably be going "bust."

However the hell those words "committed myself to you" fell into sequence I'll never know. But you know what the term implies in military parlance;

so; and I'm sure of "life" not "death."

Ah hell, Marilyn, I never could express myself and I never shall. All I can say is that what feeling for you I once thought I transmitted to you through an indefinable medium when we ~~to~~ were together I would like to be able to communicate now when we're apart. I know I can't, Honey, but if you'll think of those moments we knew together, when Heaven seemed already accomplished, — then, if you take my love

it's a general's way of saying, "this is it." Actually the U.S. has not been committed in this war. We've always had something to fall back on — no do or die stuff for the nation as a whole.

It all amounts to the same thing; (perhaps I'm staggering around so much you can't follow me); — I am committed to you. You know what I mean; just as though it were a matter of what life and death means to the pagan mind that conceived that as the absolute. It's the same thing, only more

now for what you took it then
I am a happy man. Please tell
me, Darling, that you do.

Honey, I'm a sad sack,
writing all this and never
getting the idea across, even
getting close to it I guess. I
just hope two - minds run
in the same track.

I love you.

I feel helpless as hell right
now because I'd like to put at
least an ending appropriate to
my feeling. But bat my brains.
I love you. John.

Thurs., Mar 8

My Darling,

After I left you it got pretty drunk out last night. There was no flying at all today and the stuff we had was the type that sneaks up so the stage was set. Anyone who tried to go to bed early just had hardships. They would suddenly find themselves on the floor if they showed signs of resistance.

One big "happy" family - or else.

We had some beer - much beer. The only thing is that it was carted from the brewery still rather green. Even at that it

Bonds are a good investment and
red white and blue but I'm not
looking for investments just yet.
I'm looking forward to a bungalow
for two long before ten years
roll by. That's for damn sure.

I think cashing the bonds
early only makes up for a fouled
up situation. It costs the govern-
ment more money than its worth.

I think that if the B & L. won't
take any more we should put it
in a bank. One with the \$5,000
government insurance; I have
just enough concern for banks
after the war to specify that.

may (or may not) have tasted
something like beer. But then it
was hauled over 100 miles of
road in water cans and in the
100+ heat. It didn't taste much
like beer. However we had it cold
and that alone forgives a mul-
titude of sins. We had no trouble
consuming enough to become quite
jolly. In some cases even more so,
which always goes to improve
movement among the ones who
are not quite so bad off. Laugh I
thought I'd die!

Well old lady Moneybags
I don't know what the hell to
do with all our money. War

I believe all of them have it anyway.

That's a pretty poor solution to the situation but under the circumstances it's the best I can think of. What do you think Hon?

Did I come close last night? If so I'll have to drink more often. I think myself I made a scratch. No doubt I missed the core.

I love you Darling.
G'night.

X
John

If I know anything the semi-anniversary was celebrated today and not whenever you read this. How about it? X X X John

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Mar 7-45

Mar 8-45

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John A. Cassidy Jr.

Fri., Mar. 9

Darling Marilyn,

Four letters today, from the 9, 10, 11, and 22. Consistency, eh? But the fact that I have those pictures we took at home made the letters even more welcome than usual. You're a darling. I love you.

As far as your qualifications for "pin-up" pictures is concerned, you have everything but a let's-go-to-the-sack expression. And let's have no more cracks about me. After all look what Sinatra did by singing that way.

on a combination bomb and
strafe and patrol mission. Take
off, drop the bombs on these
poor dumb Nips who are trapped
on a little island, patrol an
area, and strafe on the way home.
Why in the hell they haven't got
sense enough to quit I'll never
know. They can't do a damn thing;
they ~~se~~ are of no effect; all they
know is "die for the Emperor." This
is war and we cooperate. For
myself though, only because it's
not a matter of choice. Fighting
is a worth while affair, but
these Nips don't make it a
matter of fighting. It's only a

No kidding Hon, your letters
make me happy. Know what
I mean? you make me happy.
You give me a full feeling in my
chest that no one and nothing
else can. I just wish I could
take my heart in my hands and
hand it to you.

I can look at a picture
of us two together, like the one
I got today, and go to places
a million miles from where my
feet place me. Not just the first
time I pick it up but any time.
I should not have said "I can";
I do.

Today I flew three hours

even desperately,
matter of fighting so far, like
we were on Bataan; there comes
a time when the issue is decided
and there's no point. The Japan-
ese mind doesn't seem able to
comprehend that though. It's
just as in everything else; the
Japanese mind is a distasteful
thing.

That is a sad way to bring
a letter to you to a close. Now
forget that. You are in my arms.
We're kissing. Our hearts beat
together. Now just close your eyes
and think. —

I got that feeling Honey.
I love you. S' night. John.

Sat., Mar. 10

My Darling Wife,

This has been a very uneventful day. I played some bridge the morning and this afternoon for a while, got off a letter to W. J. R., and had a slight meeting this evening. For a day's doings that doesn't make much conversation.

All this time on our hands is occupied by many and variegated arguments. Today we haven't had any, which makes it a unique day in that respect anyway. They cover anything from religion to the price of eggs

I'm not using the latter as a figure of speech, either; we've argued it. That one finally became involved with the national economy of the Philippine Commonwealth and inflation. It passes time though, and to a certain degree you might say it's broadening. You hear at a lot of things and a lot of outlooks.

If you feel a breeze brush your lips tonight Hon, don't be surprised. It's the only way I have of delivering a kiss. On second thought look out for a tornadoe.

Good night, Honey.
I love you. John

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MAR 9 - 45
MAR 10 - 45

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L. M. Cassidy, Jr.

Thurs., Mar. 15

My Darling

Got more mail again, Honey.
I even started getting them sent
to 73. I guess the main trouble
was that mail didn't get out of
here for quite a while after we
came in. From 72 it had started
going direct to the States just before
we left and from here it has to
be sent down to there for the plane
to the States. Now that things are
organized around here I trust
there is nothing like a two
week wait just to move mail
a few hundred miles.

2

I also got Martha's letter today. Now that all the dish-washing trouble has been solved I can breathe much easier. My entire problem of readjustment to life in the United States has been adequately coped with.

Darling it's funny how thinking of the same thing can make you feel happy one time and empty another. Last night when I hit the sack in the wee dark hours I closed my eyes and started living in Providence again. For no especial reason — it was just

3

there. Sometimes when I do that it makes me feel sort of warm and trustful of life in general and just a little bit sad because right at this moment things are different. Last night though it only made me feel more sharply the empty place inside of me that is your place. It made me feel rebellious in a helpless sort of way. While writing this I suddenly realized that the reason I was affected that way was because I didn't put the providence of God in the picture. I guess I

deserved to suffer.

Today I passed the time by playing Bridge and reading part of "Life with Father."

You see, you can talk me into doing anything, even if I do procrastinate. I picked up this book from the Chaplain's library. He is an Episcopalian or something so it took me this long to find out he is the caretaker of one. I must say I like the book though; would be tyrants are such intriguing people when you don't have to put up with them yourself.

15

About packages again:

SUBJ.: RECEIVING SAME

I still haven't got the camera
or any of your packages at all.
After all the trouble you went
to I can understand that you
are veritably P.O.'d. And with
good cause. If it were just a
case of "No packages will be
sent" it would be bad enough,
but going to all the trouble to
no avail is something that
really gets under one's craw.
The only reason I got any at
all was because of another
~~plus~~ thing in which the Army
was fouled up, that I spent

6
four months in a replacement
post. That I will ever see any
of those sent to C.R.T.C. or the
temporary A.P.O. is scarcely
within the realm of possibility.

Some congressman has
proposed that the Xmas packages
which are piled up all over the
S.W. P.A. be distributed among
those who didn't get any. Write
him a letter and tell him the
same purpose would be
achieved by delivering them to
the men they were addressed to.

the ones you sent to 72,
Honey, have a good chance
of being delivered. They seem

to follow the outfit, much as ²
mail does. Our 72 letters came
right through. That which had
to be forwarded from 713-1 and
go through 5th Ft. took two
months.

I don't want to you to
send packages here because,
(theoretically at least) this is
a temporary base. When we
came they told us we would
move into one of the many
pre-war fields as soon as
they were cleaned up. Well,
they have and we haven't so
it may or may not be only
a couple of weeks till we

go into a possibly semi-per-
manent ^(focus) base. Therefore I
think it wisest to wait for
the move before sending
anything.

Good night now,
Darling. Be a good girl and
let me kiss you. Oh sew!!
More!!! *

I love you,

John

* Just thinking about it is
enough to "send" me about 10,000
miles. Close your eyes and see
if I made it.

I love you.

John

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MAR 15 - 45

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Ohio

John A. Cassidy, Jr.

St. Patrick's Day

My Sweet American Beauty,

Really, I should have dark green paper and light green ink and a green ribbon tied around the whole deal. Better I should have you in one arm and a keg of rock beer in the other. Wouldn't we have fun! We could load the keg in the rumble seat of an A model and buzz around raising hell. And in the wee small hours split a thick steak and eggs and return to our bungalow for two. In case of emergency scratch everything but the very last.

Only because this is St Pat's Day I suddenly remembered that

its time for the trees to start showing a little green and for claims to be staked for the sight of the first robin. The chill blasts were still blasting when the last letter I got was written. Spring-time is beautiful; it's almost a reincarnation of nature. How I wish I could enjoy it with you this year Darling.

One of the boys was down to the 58th Bsp. and saw Burnett. He and Davis are still O.K., but he said they are pretty P.O.'ed with their outfits. That 58th Bsp. is really a sad affair, both in regard to combat and the way things are

run. They never get into fights (I think Davis' squadron has 1 plane to its credit (342-145, 1 pending film ~~also~~ development for confirmation) and they enforce every wild hair order that ever came out. They are even worse on going home and on promotions than we are. Things could always be worse.

I don't know whether I am flying or not tomorrow. If I have the morning off, and it's very likely, I'll go in town to church again. Churches and choirs are much nicer than a table in the grass no matter how it looks in newsreels. I

don't know why we don't have a
group chapel. Probably because
we have a Protestant chaplain.
Everywhere else something of
native construction has been
erected.

Goodnight Darling.
Take care of my heart. It's
entirely dependent on you for
support. You can keep it very
very high too.

I love you,
John

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Mar 19 - 45

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John R. Cassidy Jr.

Thurs., Mar. 22

My Darling,

More mail has come in, Hon., and with it the question about that letter I wrote. One thing that left a lot of room for misinterpretation was the last sentence you quoted; "For me there will be only a gap between the time I get back but with you life goes on." I meant to say, "between the time I left and the time I get back."

The only thing I can do for the the rest is say I really did not mean it and I'm sure as hell sorry I ever wrote it. I guess what made me write it was a combination of circumstances. Just previous to the time I hadn't had a letter from you for about

a month and a half and at that time we had some bad luck in the squadron. Then it so happened that in the luck of the draw the first letters I got happened to be some of those where you just can't get into the mood to put your mind on paper. It just seemed like everything had got into the hands of the evil gods. Why I ever went so far as to write like that to you I don't know. I didn't mean it as a criticism of you. It was just that at that moment with everything going haywire Old Nick slipped me the bait that maybe, (advisedly & accented) ~~we~~ we were no better off than many other couples, realizing that many other couples can be "all wrapped up in each other"

and be vastly happier together than they ever were before. So I nibbled and wrote that letter; more just because I was looking for reassurance than any thing else.

Naturally the mood I soon forgot and the letter too. It is impossible that something like that could stay in my mind. But now because of it I have hurt you. I cannot begin to say how sorry I am; there is nothing in the world I would rather not do. There is nothing as important to me as your happiness and it makes me so miserable, well, it makes me miserable exclamationpt.

Fri., Mar. 23

Last night I was interrupted by a Nip. We've had a few red alerts before

but last night was the first time one of them came over this place. He didn't drop anything around here though.

Tonight we're having a party for our ops. off. who is departing for the U.S.A. tomorrow. He's been over here about 18-20 months & has 700 hrs. combat so he is well ready. Now we'll have 3 captains and 3 firsts as our ranking pilots. Our flight has 9 shavelairs and an F.O. Show me more cartoons about rank in the H.F.

About the wedding picture, Hon. Send me one air mail. There is no probability of ever seeing the one you sent last Sept.

Goodnight now Honey. I love you with all my heart and soul.
John

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MAR-22-45
" 23 45

John R. Cassidy, Jr.



Sun., Mar. 25

My Darling,

Today I got your letters of the 1st + 2nd. They seem to be coming in reverse order. Now a new cycle is about to begin so the next one I get will probably be from about the 15th.

I trust you will receive this before you depart for Rome. In which case give Jean my best regards and wishes that I too could repay her sojourn into the great north-east. But eventually I will.

Outside of going to Mass and Communion this morning I accomplished exactly nothing today. Just puttered around feeling restless. Not so yesterday though. That party Friday night turned

out to be the "best" (myself I would say worst) in the annals of the squadron. We really gave the Captain a send-off. As a result I had the worst hang-over of my alcoholic career yesterday. I am through with the poison we get over here henceforward.

We had a lot of missions yesterday so everyone had to fly notwithstanding. I avoided the trouble that some had by flying on an empty stomach. I came through the ordeal alright - in fact I started feeling better from then on. It was a divebomb mission and our guy dropped both bombs outside the target area and we're still waiting to find out what damage he did. He's

one of the new pilots and I shouldn't be surprised if after the report comes in he'll be an ex-pilot. It was really a pin-point though and couldn't be called completely his fault. If I had known what a close job it was I wouldn't have been dropping any bombs around there myself, nor would anyone else.

Since I didn't fly today I may tomorrow if we have enough missions. We have started to get enough bombing missions again to get a flight about every other day. We have so damn many pilots now and with leaves to Sydney cancelled there's no chance of 50 hrs a month any more. I'm all in favor of these Sydney leaves because I can just pass them up and rack

up time. They are evidently all but
pass now though. We are allowed
to send one man a month. There
used to be a dozen down there at a
time.

Goodnight, Honey. Pray
muchly. He is our hope.

I love you Darling.
John

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John R. Cassidy, Jr.

Mon., Mar. 26

Good Evening Darling,

It's only 2200 but already I feel like I'm well on my way to Dreamland. Last night the damn radio was on till midnight this morning I flew a local patrol and a short bombing mission this afternoon. It was good for 3 hrs., bringing my total combat hrs. to 128. If I could just get 22 more hrs. this month I would be up to my quota. ^{Two} ~~One~~ of these 8 hrs. missions would just about do it if only there were a chance of that. If I can keep up with $33\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. a month I'll have 300 by the time I have a year overseas and then I'll have a basis for argument

anyway.

All these "ifs" are probably proving quite boring Honey but for the past week or two I haven't been able to think of anything but a blind desire to get back to you. For a while I had some interest in what I am doing but now the only interest I have in my work is what it means in terms of c.m. time, since that is all that has anything to do with getting back sooner.

I'm so tired I must be writing with the benefit of 50% vision. A little more and I'd need toothpicks.

Goodnight, Honey.
I love you.
John

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MAR-26-45

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John R. Cassidy, Jr.

Eyo lao yew.

Tues., Mar. 27.
Same Time
Same Station

Honey-bunch,

One more day is scratched off the old calendar and with it not much else. I flew a 1:45 bombing mission so something worth while has been accomplished anyway.

Yesterday and today I read "Tappie Takes a Trip." It disappointed me muchly. The only other two Thorne Smith novels I've read, "Skin and Bones" and "The Stray Lamb" I thought very pitiarious, if somewhat vulgarly so. This one I just thought very vulgar.

For some reason or other the main topic of conversation has

lately been food. People all a time
talking about steaks, fried
chicken, fresh eggs, etc. At
present I am the proud possessor
of one not so proud chicken and
enough eggs to furnish three
breakfasts anyway. I don't know
exactly what to do with the old
hen; it would properly be classi-
fied a stower. The Army is
notorious for "fry" cooks and
I'm afraid of the results of ask-
ing them to stew it because of
the cooks and to fry it because of
the chicken. It all adds up to one
more reason, though relatively a
very insignificant one, why I
am lost without you.

I thought that our session

the other night put an end to parties for a while but a small one is in progress tonight. This squadron is a well oiled machine. Almost any evening you choose.

Sitting down this long has made me come to realize that there is some sleepiness in me tonight. Right now I could just yawn and squeeze you a little tight and listen to something soft and kiss you and just keep on feeling sleepy and happy and cozy. Maybe if we both close our eyes we can do it.

I love you Darling.

Good night and

God bless you.

John

St. J.R. Cassidy, Jr.
342 ~~nd~~ 7th. St.
P.O. 73-96 P.M.
San Francisco, Cal.



MAR-27-45

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

John R. Cassidy, Jr.

Thurs., Mar. 29.

My Darling,

I'm not sure of the day but I am fairly positive of the date. My how time flies. Just think, on the third of next month I will have 7 months overseas.

I have come to the conclusion that I have lost all my night owlish attributes. It's only 10:40 and already I feel woozy. I went to the show for a change tonight. I heard it was a good one - also for a change - so I broke down. It was good; Hollywood Canteen.

I flew twice yesterday and once today, adding thereby 7:15 to my c.m. time. If I had been flying all month like I have the past 10 days or so I would really have a

1 e
2 h
3 a
4 a (h)
5 d (h)
6 c (d)
7 a
8 h (a)
9 a
10 h (d)
11 d
12 d
13 d (a)
14 h
15 h

16 h
17 d (a)
18 h
19 c
20 t (d)

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fat month.

Just for the hell of it I went to the trouble to count up my missions today and found I have 61. Now if only that 50 mission deal were in force around here—

I feel like doing nothing but repairing directly to the sack, Am, so I think I'll do just that. So until tomorrow, my darling, goodnight and sweet dreams.

I love you always, allways.
John.

Fri., Mar. 30

My Darling Wife,

Even our mess hall remembered Good Friday. We had French (?) toast for breakfast, powdered eggs for lunch, and fish for supper. None of it was very bad, except the ~~the~~ French toast, which never changes. They put a little onion in the eggs which takes away, or rather camouflages, their inherent soapy taste.

Today I got your letter of the 14th and with it the pictures of the Beautiful River and the Beautiful Lady. I don't know whether I am right or not in turning your costume a ski suit but whatever it is absolutely absolute on you. As what wouldn't be!

Today I flew. I could say I had dealings with an aircraft and make it a slightly more qualified statement. These dealings proved highly unsatisfactory. It was a bomb + straf mission, but as far as I am concerned that was merely theory. Both bombs hung up, the guns wouldn't fire, - and the air-speed indicator was out. Thus the mission became solely one of returning my questionable physique to terra firma intact. In that it was a complete success.

Tomorrow I'll be O.D. so I'll have to be up early to arouse the boys for the first mission. I don't know yet what time that is but 99 4/100% of the time it's 0500. Ba-

rootle, wot?

I got a letter from Paul Haggerty the other day. (I can never remember whether something happened yesterday or a week ago so as you have no doubt noticed by this time I am making great use of "the other day.") At any rate, I received this letter, much to my surprise. It was all apology and "don't let it interfere with our longstanding friendship" concerning the last time I was home, and being as how Hag is Hag, how could it? What a boy he is! If that guy turns serious I'll feel that I've really lost something in life. He asked

about you and wished you well.
I think I'll be safe in telling him
that we are both chiffer as can
be except for a small matter
of 10,000 miles.

Damn that's a lot of zeroes!
Just about 4 too many plus
one one. Actually the one is the
only thing that matters though.
That ~~does~~ doesn't make much
difference though. It's only 3
days as the great iron bird flies
and as the heart flies, instan-
taneous. Not that I want to infer
that my heart ever made the
trip; it never wandered so much
as an inch from you. And it
never will. You might just as
well resign yourself to having

with you for eternity. It's yours.

And by that I don't mean
just my heart Darling. I
mean everything that is a part of
me. I can't exactly say that
my soul is yours, but it will,
I am sure, be united with yours
through all eternity.

Goodnight, my Darling.

I love you.

John

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MAR-29-45
MAR-30



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