

Dearest Marilyn,

I hope you haven't sued for divorce already or consulted Mr. Anthony or anything like that, even though I did miss writing four days. It seems I had a slight touch of yellow jaundice, so slight in fact that by the time I knew what it was I was all but over it.

I started to write on our anniversary but could get absolutely nowhere and finally had to call it a bad job. I'm sure that tonight too, I can't put on paper that elation, that we knew, that feeling of having something come true that's far too good to be true,

that we had that night just a little over a year ago. There we were, "Well I'm serious"; "Well so am I", etc. etc. I had a hard time understanding why you could think me anything but serious and in the light of subsequent contemplation I guess you were thinking the same of me. But I still can't understand it.

But talking about not understanding things, what puzzles me most is why it all didn't happen a couple of years sooner, when we were so obviously made for no one but each other. I guess the good Lord wanted us to prove that for ourselves.

Not much at all has been going on — just the same old things. On Easter I was scheduled to fly so I didn't get to go into town for Mass. In the end I didn't fly anyway.

Today I flew two patrols.

On the one this evening I had to land at another field and wait for the weather here to clear a bit before coming home. The rainy season has started. The first good rain since we've been here came — you guessed it — on Easter. What would Easter be without a downpour!

Tired as I am, Darling, the best thing for me to say now is good night. Pray,

Honey, that we may be together
again sooner than is possible.

I love you.

John

H. R. Cassidy Jr.
342 mg Ft. Sdn.
F.P.O. 73 90 S.M.
San Francisco, Cal.



4 Apr 45

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

John R. Cassidy Jr.

Sat., Apr. 21

Sweetest,

My morale soared off the chart this evening - but let me start at the beginning.

This morning I went on a big b.v.s. mission - 16 ships.

Yesterday one of our patrols (ground) stumbled onto a Japs bivouac area; therefore the party in force this P.M. We plastered hell out of the place and made everyone happy - but the Nips.

This afternoon I was on ground alert. So I spent six hours reading up on the latest Intelligence has on the new Nip fighters (as if I'll ever see one), tactics, technical

advances, etc. We had to stay
at the alert shack till almost
7:00, so by the time we got
back to supper our steak was
cold and ice-cream warm.
(No kiddin'!) This was is really
getting rough.

While I was dashing over
to get supper before darkness
fell someone mentioned that
I had a package. I thought
"Well, more paper pulp."

Self defense, you know,
so that if I did get one useable
thing I would be surprised
agreeably rather than disagree-
ably.

In that frame of mind
I collected your Christmas

package. Just seeing that it was from you made me start feeling good right away. What really sent me soaring was finding everything just as you wrapped it. I felt just like a kid under the tree on Christmas morning. I don't know how you packed so much in one box. It reminded me of the way our escape kits are packed - it looks impossible to get so much in.

Everything was right down the old alley too. As for the anchors and cariac - well I think I'll put those in a glass cage.

The cigarette lighter hit me right in two ways: a, prac-

tically, because I lost my other
one in the rush and hustle when
we were moving up from Leyte,
and, b., sentimentally because
we toyed with it one time when
I was in Cincinnati. Remember
how Abby had such a hard
time figuring out its operation?

Tues., Apr. 24.
Damn it, when I get
back remind me to have you
club me with a ball bat. I
don't know how the hell I can
act like I do about writing.
I'm not kidding about the
bat either. I sure as hell
deserve it.

We're still flying plenty

of missions. It looks like
our group will set a record
for bomb tonnage dropped for
fighter ~~or~~ medium and
light bombardment groups
for this theatre during this
month.

Today I was OD so no
doubt I'll fly two missions
tomorrow. I should be knock-
ing on the door of the 200 hr.
mark by the end of this
month.

Mail is still pretty snafu.
I heard from Davis yesterday
and everybody in the 38th
Grp is O.K. That includes
Burnett & Bilodeau. I guess
if Bilodeau had been in anything

but the 5th Ft. Comm. he would
have gone home but — well,
here we are in VFC.

All these early risers
are crawling in the sacks,
now Honey so I'd best do so
too. Got to get the old 8 hrs.
you know.

I love you with all of
my heart and soul, Marilyn.
Marilyn! What a beautiful
word. It means everything
that it is good in life —
and how much of it there
is.

Goodnight little Angel,
John

Lt. J. P. Cassidy Jr.
342 09 FS
7 P.M. 73 46 P.M.
San Francisco, Cal.



APR-21-45
APR-24-45

Mrs. John L. Cassidy Jr.
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John P. Cassidy Jr.

Thurs., Apr. 26
Dearest Marilyn,

The mail came through again, so once more I'm feeling much better. One thing certainly struck me: your comments on F.D.R.'s death. Our two great minds are still on the same track - working as double-headers on the same train for that matter. After 8 months of 10,000 miles distance we're still one in thought as well as in every other way.

With the batch of mail today everyone received home-front comments on Roosevelt's end. Those comments occasioned outbursts ranging from forc-

ibly restrained to thunderous
here. You'd think the damn
war was last from what most
people said. What really got
me was the opinion of some
radio commentator, obviously
100% true in the eyes of the
girl who transmitted it to
one of the boys, that if the war
in Europe had ended the day
he died, the people in the U.S.
would just go on in a state
of numbness because of
Roosevelt's death. When I
since when the hell is one
death even a speck in the
bottom of the bucket compared
to 1000 a day dead, 4000 wounded,
and millions undergoing the

hardest days of their lives!

As far as my own near-sighted mind can see, his service to the country had been rendered; he got us out of the "Peace forever" cocoon just about a year before we would have been knocked out of it.

I don't doubt that in another 25 years or so people will be saying, "If only Roosevelt had lived to see the peace made we wouldn't be having this war." They won't recall that the Atlantic Charter was scrapped, the vague principles of Dumbarton Oaks engendered more unfavorable

comment each time another
point came out of the fog ~~that~~^{in which}
the men who made it saw
fit to envelope it. Yalta
had flopped when it came
to its first test (Poland),
and the San Francisco con-
ference was torpedoed before
it was launched, — all
while Franklin was still on
the podium. No, they won't
remember the Muscovite
emery dust and rocks that
went into every bit of peace
machinery that ~~it~~ could have
had some durability, nor how
Roosevelt only looked on
while it was happening.
Whether it was through ignor-

ance or impotency that he stood in idleness I don't know, but the fact remains that he did nothing about it.

If he couldn't use the kind of diplomacy that Stalin understands, that propounded by T. Roosevelt, it was no-one's fault but his own. Four years ago it was still patriotic to detest Joseph & Co. It was F.D. and his numerous left-hand men who made anyone who expressed mistrust of Russia either a corrupt capitalist or Fascist-tinged.

What with all that I'd best give the old boy his due before I get off the subject.

He was equally with
Lincoln or Washington the
a man of the hour in the
nation's history. Had he not
fought, begged, and schemed
for our own re-armament and
support for England during
the days of appeasement and
the "phony war" there is no
telling where we would be today.
At best in England and
Australia instead of Berlin
and the Ryukyus. At worst?
Maybe condemning someone
else's "peace plan."

At this point Honey you
must be nearly as tired as
I, you from what I've been
scribbling on these pages, and

I from causes far removed
from you. I started out on
one of those ghr. missions
today. So last night I

cleaned up my emergency
equipment, borrowed some
things I've lost, and got
everything shipshape that
I have been neglecting on
neglecting on these local
bombing missions. It all
fizzled though — we got
over there to find the target
weathered in. We were supposed
to cover a rescue plane for
a strike on Hong Kong and
Canton shipping. The
drag out and back was
enough to wear me down

without spending a few
more hours. I think if we had
been over there as long as we
should have they would have
lifted me out of the cockpit
and carried me to the sack
when I got back.

Darling there surely
isn't much in this letter
in which you'll find enjoy-
ment ~~and~~ but the way you
feeling the more I write the
more more confuzzin I'll
become.

Now I lay me down to
sleep. S'night, Darling.
I love you. John

Lt. J. H. Cassidy, Jr.
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H.P.O. 73 40 P.M.
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APR. 26-45

John H. Cassidy, Jr.

Sat., Aug. 11
My Darling Marilyn,

Well Hon, by the time
you get this the powers that
be will have either called
this war to a bloody halt or
else led us into a more
literally "bloody" continuation.
It was 9 P.M. last night when
the news of the Jap offer to
surrender came over the air
here. The first reaction was
wild screaming and shouting
and then "it can't be true!"

Today we find that it is true, but that acceptance of the Wip proviso that the Emperor keeps his throne may cause us to reject the offer. Over here we never thought for a minute that such would be the case. Now we here that a poll in the States shows 62% of the people in favor of continuing the war. To tell you what we think of that, when the word first got around we thought it was a rumor

started by a Hip propaganda
broadcast. A lot of guys
still can't believe that it's
representative of the States
as a whole. It hardly seems
possible to me. With so
many families having
men either in or headed
for this theatre and warfare
no longer publicized as
a glory road in the States
a two to one majority in
favor of extending this

mass sacrifice for nothing
more than a petty ideology
is indeed hard to swallow.

All we can see is fear of
the \$30 week, and RED.

Darling I can only
pray God in His mercy
to guide those in whose
hands this decision lies.

From the more selfish
viewpoint, Honey (90% of the
time I think of this purely
selfishly in spite of what
I have written) & there is
no way of telling yet

when I'll be home if the war is over. There isn't even any basis for speculation, so I can't say anything about about that.

If it isn't over, then I have an insult to add to the injury. Tomorrow I return to C.R.T.C. This time for six weeks as an instructor. I packed all my bags earlier this evening and leave early

tomorrow.

I got so damn mad
when I heard about that
that for once I was just
about ready to turn in my
wings. I have already
wasted four months in
that place and now more.
I've had my heart set on
getting my time in by the
end of next month and
starting on the road home.
God, Marilyn, this war
has to be over. I can't
go on being away from

you interminably like
this. Darling please pray
to God to allow us to be
together very very soon.
You are my life and I
can only stand being
away from you for so
long.

I'm going to have
to say goodnight now
my darling. Know that
I love you with all that

is part of me.

John

P.S. Keep sending my mail
to the same address - I'll
have it forwarded.

Love & Kisses

John

By the w., how about a
few more kisses like that?

*H. J. Cassidy Jr.
342 1/2 St. Louis
P.O. 245 in PM
San Francisco, Cal.*

Aug-11-45



OPENED BY



*Mrs. John R. Cassidy Jr.
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Cincinnati, 5
Ohio*

John R. Cassidy Jr.

Philippines
Thurs., Aug. 23

My Dearest Wife,

I haven't the faintest idea what I'm going to write about. I am doing absolutely nothing except eating, sleeping, and reading anything I can get my hands on.

Luckily magazines are much more plentiful here than in front areas. All we ever get in the outfit is Time. They print a "Pony Edition" in Hawaii that

is flown over and delivered
to us usually less than a
week after printing. It's
the only fresh reading
material ~~in~~ we ever do
see. We get one copy in
the squadron and its arrival
is quite some event. The
boys go after it with
everything but their .45's.

Here though we have
a July "Esquire"; several
June "Lifes" and a few
other assorted and sundry.

The good stuff doesn't
last long so I'm already
driven to the "assorted and
sundry" — detective
stories. Never did I think
I'd do it.

Books are also more
in evidence here, but in
limited quantity — and
quality. Eugene O'Neill's
plays and a Lloyd Doug-
las novel are all I've
found so far.

You can imagine, Honey,
how much of the time I
do Nothing when I can
thus cover ten days
activity in some detail.

It's utterly wasting
so much time like this
that really P's me off.

All the time I think of
what a crime and what
bitter irony it is that
precious time that I could
be with you is destroyed.
Sometimes I think it's

the best years of my life,
but then I realize that
only two months of the
best years of my life are
past. The rest are yet
to come — beginning the
day I next see you and
hold you to me never to
part again.

Goodnight, Marilyn.

I love you.

John

J. J. Cassidy, Jr.

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San Francisco, Cal.



Mrs. John P. Cassidy, Jr.

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Aug 23 - 45

John P. Cassidy, Jr.

Tues., Sept. 5

My Darling,

Last week I wrote two letters but tore both of them up. There was absolutely nothing in them, mostly because I haven't been doing a damn thing but eating and sleeping.

Tonight though, I have the hottest bit of news of my year old career as an overseas correspondent.

Hold on to something.

My orders for return
to the CONTINENTAL
UNITED STATES have
come through!

It seems like
something out of a dream.

Here's the dope, made
much more specific since
the relaxation of censorship.

I'm now at Clark
Field. I'll clear through

C. R. T. C. to my outfit,
re-join it at Se Shima
to pick up my orders and
clear, and then go to
a replacement battalion,
probably at Manila, to
sweat out the long voyage.
If I'm ~~was~~ able to get
transportation without too
much trouble I'll be
back in Manila in two
weeks.

From what I've

heard lately it will take
one month of waiting
there for air transpor-
tation home. Then in
another week or two
you'll be in my arms
Again.

I love you with
all my heart, Marilyn.

Anything more
would be superfluous.

Good night, my
darling. John

Lt. J. R. Cassidy, Jr.
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A.P.O. 245 C.O.M.
San Francisco, Cal.

Sept 5 - 45

AIR MAIL

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