Saturday, Nov. 4, 1944

Dearest Sweetheart,

It has been almost a week now since I first set foot in New Guinea and the realization of just how far I am from you is coming to me. It's a terribly long way Darling, but each mile multiplies my love for you. You are the dearest person in the world and I love you.

Today we have a parade coming up. I hope it cools off a little so it will be bearable. It always seems hot during the day. I do a lot of sweating which does me good because it really cleanses the pores. We have been told to drink all the water we can over here so that we sweat that out instead of sweating out body liquids. This is in direct contradiction to the training in the States where they stress water discipline to the point where the men just sweat out all the body liquids and suffer heat exhaustion. The policy here seems much more sensible.

Our showers feel good at the end of the day. Right after Tent & shower and make up my bed, complete with mosquito net and pajama pants laid out. Then get on my sun tan and go to the Red Cross Building dressed formally to get some cold drink. On my way back to the tent I stop in at the Education Building to read the daily news. I suppose it all sounds as if I'm getting in a terrific rut but I really am not because there are always new faces here and there's always something doing.

One thing I am honestly coming to believe and that is that one of the primary reasons for marriage is so that each partner may have someone to scrub his or her back when taking a shower. That's something you'll have to do you know. Of course I'll recogonize I almost throw myself completely out of joint in trying to soap my own back under a shower.
We're getting ready for a nice parade this morning.
If we pass it, Sam given to understand that we get the
rest of the day off and also get tomorrow off. If so Rodman
and I are going to go down to the beach to do some swim-
ing. I guess we can go swimming in our undershorts
here because there are no women around anyway
and if there were they probably are adult enough to
have seen men in their undershorts. You wouldn't
mind would you, Sweetheart? Of course women, while
men, are the most inaccessible creatures there are
around here. To get a date with a WAC you must
first be invited by her—how you get to know them in
the first place is still quite a mystery—and then,
armed with the invitation you're all set to start trying
to get in to her. If you have an evening date it is al-
ways best to start out for there at about 6:00 AM of a
morning. The invitation is presented at an MP gate
where after careful scrutiny and much confer-ence you
are admitted successively to two more MP gates at
each of which the examination is stiffer and the
consul-tations longer. If by any chance you are not
screened out at any of these gates—and the odds are
all against passing—you are led into a large room
where you sit and wait for your date. Millions of eyes
peel but, looking over the prospective datee. Finally the
date comes tramping out; if rather oversized women can
strip, to meet the victim. The next step is to take the
date out on the beach under a clear tropi-cal moon
and the eyes of hundreds of alert MPs who cover the
beach more closely than the Dean of Women patrols
Piment. It sounds positively thrilling doesn't it? Of
course everything that Sir told you about dating was no purely necessary so don't quote me. You know that I shouldn't go fooling around. Darling I'm just going to wait till I get back home to you. You're the only person I know who I care a damn about way a man should care about a woman. I love you! Understand? Don't ever forget that Darling you are, and always will be, the only one. Hi, Beautiful!"

This morning I bought the book "Moby Dick" illustrated by Rockwell Kent. It's one of the books on that list of Pocket Books. Squeeze you but I thought I'd get this advice they had it here. They don't have a very great choice here so I got them as they came. Before all they had was "The History of Greece."

Every night I've read about 25 pages in one of my books. This way they should last me until you send me some. Poor Dolores! With all these things I keep asking for, you're really going to be a very busy little girl aren't you, Darling? I only wish there was some way for you to send me some of those nice brownies or other cookies that you make but I'm afraid they'd be rather stale by the time I got them. They would taste swell though, sweetheart. Are you practicing your cooking these days? You know you want to be an expert at it so you can cook all our meals. Guess that if I'm going to school and you're working that will have to do most of your eating out though. At noon I'll be able to meet you and we'll eat together just like last term at WSU. I don't even want to be separated from you though. Maybe you'd better get school with me so we can take courses together. I'd be jealous of anything that keeps us separated at all. Darling I'll have to have a nice long vacation before starting for school.
It's very nice to just lie around doing nothing. The time now is 2:00 PM and we just stayed on my bunk writing and talking for a couple of hours. There's nothing quite so nice as just lazing around. Of course if you were here it would all be very much nicer and worthwhile. Won't you come out and spend the rest of the afternoon with me, Sweetheart?

I will close now and try to whip up a few Christmas cards. Most of the fellows want to buy some from me if I make some. I'll probably be able to get some simple designs worked out and make a lot of them. They should bring about a shilling apiece. Maybe two for a shilling. I can make them on regular V-Mail forms.

Be a good girl now, Honey and take very special care of yourself especially for me. When you go to bed tonight just think of me real hard because I'll be right there with you in my thoughts until I can actually be there. Until then I send you all my love and kisses and tell you that...

I love you with all my heart.

Freddy.