Dearest Sweetheart;

It has been almost a week now since I first set foot on New Guinea and the realization of just how far I am from you is coming to me. It’s a terrifically 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 I eat I shower and make up my bed, complete with mosquito net and pajama pants laid out. Then I put on my sun tans and go to the Red Cross building, dressed formally, to get some cold drink. One 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 reciprocate. 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, I am given to understand that we get the rest of the day off and also get tomorrow off. If so Redmon and I are going to go down to the beach to do some swimming. I guess we can go swimming in our under shorts 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, white ones, 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 always best to start out for there at about 6:00 A.M. of a morning. The invitation is presented at an MP gate where after careful scrutiny and much conference you are admitted successively to two more MP gates at each of which the examination is stiffer and the consultations 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 peer out, looking over the prospective date. Finally the date comes tripping out, if rather oversized women can trip, looking over the prospective date. Finally the date comes tripping out, if rather oversized women can trip, to meet the victim. The next step is to take the date out on the beach under a clear tropical moon and the eyes of hundreds of alert MPs who covers the beach more closely than the Dean of Women patrols Pinetum. It sounds positively thrilling doesn’t it? Of
course everything that I’ve told you about dating WAC is purely hearsay so don’t quote me. You know that I wouldn’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 darn about the 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 I gave you but I thought I’d get this since they had it here. They don’t have a very great choice here so I get them as they come. Before, all they had was “The History of Greece”.

Every night I 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. I guess that if I’m going to school and you’re working that we’ll have to do most of our eating out though. At noon I will be able to meet you and we’ll eat together. Just like last term at MSC. I don’t ever want to be separated from you though. Maybe you’d better go to school with me so we can take courses together. I’d be jealous of everything that keeps us separated at all Darling. We’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 I’ve just stayed on my bunk writing and talking for a couple of hours. There’s nothing quite so nice as just loafing 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 design worked out and make a lot of them. They should bring about a shelving a piece. 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.

Freddie