Hi There,

Somewhere in New Guinea.

At my last writing I was in the lead of some underfooters for the past few months. We've been studying the area of New Guinea pro and con mostly today. Our work is purely original, and our work weeks of the seven-day variety. However, one doesn't mind too much if the work day is long and the day is spent in the knowledge that our job is well done and is having a distinct effect on the outcome of this war.

Time and space would permit me to send along a thesis on the ants and other insects, but I'll pass on the subject.

Life here is hard and the Lord only knows that every man, woman, and every variety known to mankind, however the results of their efforts on these lowly creatures would aid or alter their social standing. The natives here, or Fuzzy Wuzzins, call them what you may, seem to have some sort of mania toward the cultivating of a real heavy, long, bushy head of hair and any thing that is thought to bring power or later to be clean shaven and your lips may seem to be the beast of burden now we're being furnished all the necessities by the saw and we're finding the best article of clothing can be glad to throw away.

Ray Foggarty