Hello there,

Somewhere in New Guinea.

Your letter of December the 8th arrived here yesterday, so before I let any more time grow under my feet, I'm going to get off an acknowledgment.

Noted that you've been kind enough to remember me with a Christmas package—thanks! It hasn't arrived here yet due to poor mail service to the point, but it will be something to look forward to. I'll let you know if and when I get it.

Don't think you'll particularly care for the piece of geography... don't understand why the Japanese expects this place, but they everyman to his own taste. It's better than—and there are a million and one different types of insects which look as if they were drawn up by Kubrick. Of course, there are the beaches, palm trees, moonlight and, but I'd much rather take it from a seat in an air-cooled theater... Hollywood always does a better job than the original.

As for the local ladies, well just give me Dorothy Lamour, she at least means a strong and leaves a little to the imagination. As for the men they wear a combination, daily and tablecloth and they lead the parade, both fashion and otherwise.

You'd almost swear from what I've written that I didn't really love the place, well you're not wrong, either. I do more hope or ability to put words together to describe it. Take care for now.

Les