Hi There,

Somewhere in New Guinea,

At my last writing I was in the lead of a group of people for the past few months.

I’ve been studying the wildlife of New Guinea, and cow mostly. Our work is purely research, and our work week is six days a week.

The work is long and the day is long and the day isn’t too much if the work is good and you can stand on end, and if you’re paid off in self-satisfaction in the knowing that our job is well done and is having a direct effect on the outcome of this war. If time and space would permit I’d send along to the thesis of the ants and other insect life here, and the Lord only knows how they clean and how each and every variety known to mankind, however the results of their efforts on the private and public are much better.

The native here, or Fuzzy Trougian, call them what you may, seem to have some sort of mania towards the cultivating of a real heavy, long, bushy head of hair that any chance I get is bright to show off or later.

In some places, the heads of the female are clean shaven and they also seem to be the beasts of burden, now are being furnished with the necessities by long hair and good-quality cigars.

The rest of the letter was not legible.