July 13, 1943  
Sunda

Dear Lee —

How is everything? Your letters are scarcer than letters and that is going some. We understand though that you are very busy so we don't mind too much. Have you started your flying again, yet? My job is keeping me up or available. They're now going to start training pilots with gliders over there. I think it's the first school of its kind. Some fellows fly over from the Air Force in long, two seater silver ships. They call them PT's. I guess that means...
Tonight the band from the Air Force is going to play for the base. I don't know whether I'll go over or not, but I'll probably hear just as well sitting on the porch.

Yesterday Bernie and I heard a band from W7B officials sit in. All the other day with a group of dancers and a soldier band, or Saturday afternoon from 2:00 to 2:30. We really found it swell and his band had the same large group of saxophones in it. We must have the same arrangement, or something. We were tickled to death just to hear his voice though.

What do you think of Alaska still to be fixed up, though? Is it going to be fixed up? Is it going to be fixed up.

We'll be fixed up, though, is maybe by the time you get home it'll be fixed up.
This really is the big time now and sounds just as wonderful. Maybe you don't hear much about him but he's really going strong according to all the New York reports.

The Broadway are giving the "Godfather" this week or Thur. Fri. and Sat. and kept big. The reason I couldn't be is it is lack or transportation. The pleasure driving bar is still in full force. Sure, you know. We're going the record Thursday night. They're having it at the Drama League this year. The Clayhouse cast entirely too much. Mr. Wyatt said. Well, papers running out. I'll write soon, so do you if you have time.

Lots of love —
Shirley