Dear Lee —

How's everything? Your letters are scarcer than letters and that's 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 helping me up or getting on. They're now going to start training pilots with gliders over there. I think it's the first school of its kind. Some fell upon fly over from the Air Force a long time ago. Two seaters, silver ships. They call them P-76. 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 search of WVS officials at the base. He is on duty as a soldier last Saturday afternoon from 2:00 to 3:00. He really enjoyed it.

Yesterday the band had the same large group of saxophones as in the past. In addition, there were two electric violins, or something. We were tickled to death just to hear his voice through the loud speaker. What do you think of Frank's still be fixed up, though?

What do you think of Frank? Didn't I tell you last summer when I heard he's that he was wonderful? Is that the word for it?
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 news are giving the "Godshers" this week or Thurs., Fri., and Sat. and next. The reason I couldn't be is it is lack of transportation. The pleasure driving bar is still in full force, here, you know. We're going the record Thursday night. They're having it at the Drama League this year. The Clayborne cost entirely too much. Mr. Wyatt said:

Well, paper running out. I'll write soon, to do you if you have time.

Lots of love —

Shirley