

Friday evening
July 6, 1945

Dear Shirley,
How are you this
fine summer evening?
I have just returned
from a three day pass
to London but still there
is no news of shipping
home.

While in London I saw
Churchill booted and hissed
in a last minute tour
of the Socialist Labor center
of South London. The people
are extremely bitter about
the vested interests and
titles in the Conservative
National Party and vote
Socialist because the
only alternative is liberal,
and the Liberals do not
even have enough candidates
to control Parliament.

I attended a very
fine British movie, *The
Way To The Stars*, the story

of an air field under the
RAF and the AAF. It was
a very well done and
true picture. British
pictures, when good, have
a freshness and sincerity
not often achieved by
American but much of
their production would
not interest us.

I saw the play
Jacobowsky and the Colonel
which was tops, a
pleasing English production
of Rigolotto and the D'Oyly
 Carte Opera Company in
The Yeomen of the Guard
also.

But it is a problem to
keep busy and happy
over here now. Recently
I saw a USO Camp show
(fair entertainment, as usual)
and Music For Millions
(good). I have read the
July Reader's Digest (good
as usual) and am now
attempting The Republic of

Plato.

There has been no letter from home since I last wrote. I hope that my mail is still being forwarded.

How are you doing in your driving lessons? How is Solentle shaping up. Have you a job yet? Has your nose peeled yet this summer? Where is Fred now and what are his prospects? What is the gossip back there? What are you doing in your time off? Have you weeded in the garden? How are Ringer and Pilot? Have you got any 620 film stored up? Etc.?

Love,
Lee