Friday evening
July 6, 1948

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 aboard and lashed 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 it is the only alternative in liberals 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 airfield 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 me.

I saw the play Jacotovsky and the Colonel which was tops, a pleasing English production of Rigoletto and the DCgly Tarte 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 VSO Tampshow (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
Pluto.

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 Polanke 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 goose back there? What are you doing in your time off? Have you waded in the garden? How are Things and Pilott? Have you got any 620 film stored up? Etc.

Love,

Lee