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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 booed 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

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of an airfield under the RAF and 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 Rigoletto and the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company in The Yeoman of the Guard also.

But it is a problem to keep busy and happy over here now. Recently I saw a USO Campshow (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

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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 Iolanthe 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 Ginger and Pilot? Have you got any 620 film stored up\? Etc.?

Love,

Lee