

Sunday May 21, 1944.

Dearest,

I recently had an opportunity to visit London. I wasn't able to stay there for more than a few hours, naturally you want to see everything about everything in the few hours. Though I fear I failed to succeed. I now realize that in the little time I had I did manage to see a great deal, although many of the places were closed to the public because of the war & also it was the wrong day of the week.

I went with Spence & we got off at [redacted] by the way, I like the English third class better than I like the American Pullmans

+ the American coach is out of the running altogether. They are little compartments, containing two ~~one~~ coaches facing each other, each one holding four people, + each compartment has its own door out onto the station.

Crossed the River Thames using Westminster Bridge + from the far end you could see the Houses of Parliament + Big Ben. The former impressed me much more than any picture I had seen of it while the latter is much like any ~~old~~ clock in New York.

The Houses of Parliament were closed, so we went to Westminster Abbey, it is really a beautiful place on the inside. The walls are lined with plaques of the greatest men of England. The

inscriptions are in a multitude of languages, you can look at any part of it & see in it a lifetime of labor. I believe that is where pictures fail they don't bring out the minute details to your attention in the same light as when witnessed in person.

We then headed for Piccadilly Circus. It is the part of London which compares to 42nd & 5th St. It ~~is~~ is the amusement part & has little of the diplomatic building that you find around Parliament.

We went into a local restaurant, and they served a pretty good meal. By that time it was almost time to go (home) back.

L.S.
J.W.