

~~Monday~~

Monday.

Darling,

They cant do this to me!
It's an outrage! It's - it's, well
it's an imposition that's what it is.
Do you know what they've been
in your 'n done to your old man?
eh? I'll tell ya - they've put
him in hospital. As from today
I lie in Ward no. 3 of the
Royal Naval ~~Hospital~~ Sick Quarters
at H — I + sleep my bloomin'
head off whilst doctors + nurses
vally round with instruments of
torture. I'm "under observation".

I told you, didn't I, that the
pundits knew only of the effect &
not the cause of my throat trouble.
They dillyed & dallied, recommended
that & this, gave me X-rays
& generally floundered in a fog
of ignorance. Not that I criticize
or blame them in any way - if
my ailment is of the mysterious
kind, well I suppose it all
adds to medical knowledge to
probe deeper. But why make
me the guinea pig?

Anyway here I am & I
suppose I must make the best
of it. You know how I feel
about hospitals - brrr. I don't
know how long I shall be

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here - not more than a couple days,
I hope, but that's enough for me.
They're going to probe my chest
now to look for signs of weakness
there - I've had 3 x-rays of the
chest + each one showed absolutely
nothing - I saw em. + the doctor
could find nothing wrong, but
their motto is try, try again.

Actually they can't believe that a
vocal chord can become
damaged + inoperative without
any reason + maybe they're right.
All I know is that I know,
+ they're all agreed, that there's
nothing obviously wrong.

so there you are, honey,

Your everloving husband has gotten himself in a jam - but at least it'll be up to better people than him to get him out of it & so you don't have to worry. Another thing sweetheart, you know I've always been honest with you, keeping nothing back, well I'm carrying on that way right now & whether it's good or bad news you shall hear it. This I can tell you - the doctor who admitted me to this hospital has said "I believe there's nothing wrong with you" (speaking of my chest), but it's just as well to be sure.

As far as my throat is

concerned I ^h really believe that
will improve whilst I'm in here
- it's awfully peaceful & quiet. I'm
in a very small ward, 6-8 patients,
& it's all very nice & nicey.

16.00

The jolly old chest specialist
has had a go at me. They're
really doing their damndest to
find something amiss. But he
couldn't. They're still going to
observe me - they're going to get
to the bottom of it if they have
to get all the specialists in
England on the job. This bloke
mentioned I'd be in here about

10 days but then again, he says,
it might be two days! If
ever a man suffered!

I suppose you'd better
send my mail to Royal Naval
Sick Quarters, Holyhead (Ward 3).
Cos! You're one & only's Chocca.
Nice nurse tho'.

I've had one hospital
visitor to see me. A Christian
science, or something, lady with
stacks of bible & advice. She
jauned to me for an hour - at
the outset I explained that I
couldn't speak for very long
but that didn't matter, she
could. The most boring hour
I've ever spent in my life.

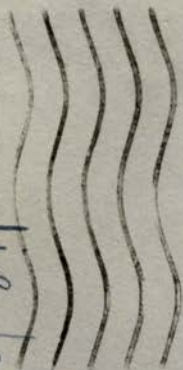
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It's early to bed early to rise
in this establishment so it'll soon
be time for me to go bye-bye - at
least the lights 'll go out &
there's nothing else for a bloke
to do but sleep - in this place
anyway. Tomorrow I shall write
of more pleasant things - you.
The thing you will get plenty
of mail from me. AHO

I'm so much in love with
you.



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