

R. N. Sick Quarters.  
Holyhead.

Tuesday.

Darling, Yesterday, found ~~I~~ ~~to~~ went  
to me, & all day today, since  
very early dawn doctors & nurses,  
conscious of their previous defeat,  
have been really entering into  
the spirit of the thing. They  
start with the same old questions  
"appetite?" - good. "Headache?" - no.  
"bowels open?" - yes, yes ..... etc. No  
change there. My personal dignity  
suffers horribly under these attacks

but I come out with flying - if blushing-  
colours. So far, so good. But there is  
to be more mass observation  
before they're done with me - however,  
they can watch til they're pop-eyed  
they won't be able to make an  
invalid out of me.

The irksome stage is  
settling in. The trouble is, I feel  
so damned well that I feel  
like an impostor, an intruder, in  
the ward. I chaff at the bit  
something, avoid a I fear for my  
temper if I stay here much longer.  
One just lies in bed all day,  
eating + drinking, (one good thing).



they give you big eat here), & if  
 it weren't for the well stocked  
 library I don't know what my  
 mental state would be like.

But enough I speak too much  
 of hospital. Let us turn to more  
 pleasant subjects.

I haven't heard from my  
 baby for some days now & I  
 think the mails are being held  
 up again. I have messengers  
 going down to the boat every  
 five minutes of the day to gather  
 letters but always they return  
 empty handed. So sad. The boat  
 by the way is just across the harbour  
 from the Sick Quarters.

I'm going to play this hand for  
all the rest to get that little  
jack-pot of leave they're dangling  
in front of my nose. Boy oh boy,  
what a time we're going to have -  
my jolly ol' emotions have been  
so jolted just lately that a  
few days (a week? - oh joy!), of  
heaven, complete with angel, will  
become an essential, & I mean  
essential.

When am I going to get that  
portrait? Now this is the time when  
~~I~~ really need it - more than any  
time before. I'd give a little  
backer beside me that it'd just  
fit - ho, hum.



You must read a Penguin called  
"Some Experiences of an Irish R.M."  
by Somerville & Ross. It's the funniest  
book of anecdotes I've read in a  
long while.

You may be interested in my  
ward rig - its pyjamas of short cut  
that reaches half way up one's legs  
& arms, a very revealing & a long  
blue flannel jacket, with slippers  
to complete the duckiest ensemble.

The day has been enlivened  
by the antics of a seal outside  
the window on the fore-hove - there  
looks something faintly familiar

about the scene - how long is it since  
I saw you swim, honey?

The Christian Scientist, (or  
something), has been again today.  
She looked at my chart, (I pleaded  
for a chart - they weren't going to  
give me one but it didn't seem  
right somehow), & seemed most-  
disappointed, (that's one of the things  
that made the doctors, etc, so mad -  
temp. & pulse normal), & she  
didn't stay so long this time. I  
believe she thinks I'm pulling  
a fast one - I wish, if they do  
think that, somebody'd say so; I'd  
enjoy the resultant conversation.



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Is the red terror made up yet,  
meety? I'm looking forward to  
that - yum, yum. How about red  
stockings to go with it - eh?

One thing, if you get a red  
nose in the cold wintry winds  
it won't show.

I lay awake thinking of  
you last night dearest. It seemed  
to me that there are certain times  
in a man's married life when  
the acquisition of a wife is the  
most wonderful ~~thing~~ thing that  
could happen to him. I don't  
mean that it is a wonderful  
thing at other times. I mean  
that it's ~~the~~ a man's biggest  
asset in dealing with adversity -

a man without a wife to love him  
must at times, feel the loneliest man  
in the world - I don't feel lonely  
at all even with strangers all  
around me - you're always there -  
I love you.

I'm going to ask if I can may  
go ashore tomorrow - there's no  
reason why I shouldn't. I want  
to start looking round for something  
sweet in the way of an anniversary  
present. Time marches on & I  
don't get many opportunities. The  
perfect time + place would be  
on holiday - I hope I can make  
it in time - if not I'll have to  
rely on naval ports which are  
notoriously barren of anything sweet.  
I'll write tomorrow, my love



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Mrs. J. Westaway

Co. Ministry of Supply

Can. 21 - R. 241

41 Westminister Ave.

Harrogate Rd.

S.W. 1.