

R.N.S.O.

Wed.

Darling,

I've been so engrossed in "50 years of Ghost-Stories" today that I've very little time left to write a letter. However as, in this place, there's nothing worth record in the way of daily happenings you're not missing much in that direction.

Every day I stand on the balcony + watch the boats go out + come in + as I told the doctor today, they'd better hurry up + finish their observations before they have a mental case on their hands. I'm exaggerating, of course, but it really is tiresome.

I asked him point-blank for what period they intended to keep me & he said that until they find the cause of this larynx trouble they can't say - "maybe 10 to 14 days" - !!! Also I enquired about the chances of shore leave - he was sorry but I was here for observation, (how I hate that word) & he couldn't observe me ~~was~~ whilst wandering round the streets of Holyhead. There is one ray of sunshine that they've allowed to pierce my storm the doctor did say that he didn't see why I should miss my leave that I would have got from the boat, & he's going to try & arrange sick leave.



On Saturday the No. 1 Chest-man is to try the tricks of his trade on me - an ordinary, common Lt. Commander Surgeon has diligently searched but, as I told you, without positive result. The throat is - till at horse at ease but otherwise I'm perfectly O.K. - they could lay a plank on my chest + let all the nurses in the Bay walk over me - tick, tick. Anyway by Monday I should know what they know but I have the feeling that we shall be right back where we were. Incidentally I have recently thought of a theory that might account for the trouble - whilst at the "Dolphin" I

had to keep under the most appalling  
atmospheric conditions & I wonder if  
I caught anything there - altho',  
my vocal chord trouble does it  
appear to be ~~the~~ caused by any  
disease, it seems to be nerve -  
I think I'd let the docs work it  
out.

Boiled with my operation,  
darling? Writing about it all  
at some length helps me to keep  
affairs in their true perspective  
else I should get a little too  
imaginative & that would lead  
to a lot of mental trouble which  
wouldn't do me any good. It's  
the first time in my life I've  
ever been in hospital as a  
patient & my emotions are very



turbulent indeed - I feel like a  
 helpless baby + no doubt I  
 have to be treated as such. I'm  
 called a "naughty boy" if I step  
 out of line - I'm tucked into  
 bed at 9.30 p.m. - if they take  
 a blood specimen nurses hover  
 around sympathetically, with an  
 arm round me, feeling my brow,  
 + waiting to catch me should I  
 faint! It would sooth me  
 if I could get some mail from  
 you, but so far nothing has  
 arrived & I curse the Post-  
 Office regularly every hour.

It's just occurred to me  
 that you won't know of my  
 misfortune until today - golly, it

seems years ago since I came into the place. Time seems so much out of focus that when they talk of "another 10 days" I sigh with relief & think "well, there's not much longer now" — only for a second, of course.

Since I wrote the above I've spoken to another doc — a doc with a difference. He's a psychologist — I don't believe he was sent into the ward expressly for the purpose of speaking to me, but the nurse must have mentioned my name & he came over to you. He didn't say much — I think I'm a difficult subject to psycho-analyse — but he did sell me the idea to treat this episode as a rest — a couple weeks of relaxation. Alright, I will.



?

I'll just flop around all day  
with body relaxed + mind blank  
& maybe I'll start to enjoy this  
~~sojourn~~ sojourn in dock. Maybe.

You nearly didn't get this  
letter, sweetheart. Even now I'm  
two ways about it. It reads  
too much like a drip to me  
& I don't want you to get the  
idea that I'm in the depths of  
misery. Actually, as I mentioned before,  
this letter was written in one of those  
moods that come with the hour -  
this hour is all too short & I haven't  
time to change the mood + consequently  
the tone of my writings. You  
understand, don't you dearest, & you  
know that even as you read these

words I might be chasing the mouse  
round the word in a morning frolic  
that shows the best of spirits.

It's time now to be tucked in  
to bed. I shall think on you for  
about an hour & then turn over &  
try to sleep. Usually I have to turn  
back again & ponder over something  
I've previously forgotten to think about,  
but that's natural - who could cover  
all the aspects of divine you in  
an hour.

Your lover,





HOLYHEAD  
ANGLESEY  
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*Mr. J. J. Jones*

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*to Ministry of Supply*

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*S.W.I.*