

R.N.S.O

Thursday.

Darling, After yesterday's hour of
Dependency I am today a comparatively
happy man. If I'd gotten some mail
today I'd have been a completely
happy man, but I didn't so I ain't.
However, I'm comparatively happy,
such is reaction.

It all started with a
morning after a beautiful night's
sleep, carried on with a breakfast
of bacon + eggs through a series
of enlivening incidents to a grand
dinner when the visiting doctor
told me that, in spite of their best
efforts, they were unable to find

anything wrong with me & nothing
to account for my throat trouble.
The specialist will still see me on
Saturday but if he can find out
wrong w^{it} me he's a better man
than the Lt. Commander, the Lt. &
Uncle Tom Cobley 'n all.

I gave the merry ha-ha
when I was told the old, old story -
to keep quiet, rest my voice and stop
smoking for a while. All I've
got to wait for now is some wise
guy to look at my feet & wonder
if my corns have anything to do
with it.

A further bright interlude came
with entry of an Italia collaborator
whose knowledge of English is
rudimentary - better, maybe, than my

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knowledge of Italian but then I'm
not in an Italian hospital so I'm
not the funny one. The fun started
when the nurse, a sweet little blonde,
wanted to know if his bones were
open - rudimentary English was
insufficient + so we had to turn
nursery out of the ward whilst
we boys got down to a little
man-to-man sign language. After
a lot of hard work + physical
exercise we managed to get the
Italian equivalent which we passed
on ~~to~~ to the nurse. What I worried
about now is whether our Italian
friend, impressed by our man-to-man
attitude has given us ~~the~~ a man-to-
man interpretation - he doesn't know
we've told the nurse what he told

uh + now I waiting in some
regidation for his reaction to her next
query in basic Italian. So blushmaking.

With us are some ~~the~~ Dutch
people - patients + hospital staff - so
that these are times when I wonder
what country I've landed in -
especially when a Welsh tongue
picks up. There is a swear box
in the ward - long experience has
taught the nurses all the swear words
in Dutch + they catch 'em every
time. They're now delving in the
hospital library for an Italian -
English dictionary - I hate to
tell 'em that if they don't watch
out tonight when taking temperatures
+ so forth they'll be qualifying
themselves - I still think he were

a little too man-to-man.

Later.

It didn't work. I think
Mosey hasn't the right accent or
something. Ferdinand's face changed
several times but we got nothing
vital out of him. We asked it
by observation & told Mosey
accordingly. We're going to have
fun in this word.

My goodness when things
move they do move don't they?
I got a parcel of magazines from
you tonight & I thought you
wouldn't know anything about
it until this morning. Nice
going, honey - keep it up.

I'm hoping to get out of here
before the boat leaves. We got my
fingers crossed.

Acusbla acusbla When do I
see you again - the question I
asks more and more - I luff
you - I va-a-anti you - I
do not the inglish spik good
but eat in here in my act that
the words they are that I wish
to spik.

Car chita, mia
While I'm hia
Have no fia
I luff you dia.

Es.



HOLYHEAD
ANGLESEY

1. 15 P.M.
1844



90 Ministry of Supply

GR. 25 - R. 241.

Lt. W. Armstrong the

Horseberry Rd.

S.W. 1.