

R.N.S.Q.

Friday.

Ah-ha Darling, that's much better
than Peter AND La Belle Clair
herself in the photo. Wonderful
you - I've been in the cloud
all day. Every second, or maybe
every other second (I don't want to
appear too eager), I have a glance
& then try to convince meself that
that glorious creature is actually
my wife. "She's like a movie
star" - day nurse: "How sweet"
- evening nurse: "Good-Oh" - mother
in same ward: "vera gooda nice"
- Ferdinand the die. All round

+ all day you got a wonderful reception + I was a very proud husband. Of the morning nurse had gone all formal on me I can't help it. She should have seen from the first that I was a married man.

Included in the mail were two letters that had gone adrift in the base since I left the boat + they filled in a few gaps. ^{so} ~~you~~ you did like the snaps - well I am surprised at that - I didn't - I thought they were lousy. But if you like 'em, ducks, then that's all that matters - nevertheless I shall invade the next class's photographs that I see + get a real arty one.

That family of mine! I had a letter from Doris + Dad. It seems that Sister Blanche had acted according to the way she sees things, and, before leaving Pleurostead she went upstairs took mother's bracelet, watch + fur coats + walked off with 'em. Father thought the proceedings a little high-handed + said so. The result was a wordy battle followed up by a letter to Dad from Blanche in which she reached an all-time high in muck-slinging. Father wrote to me + gave me his story + there you are. He? - I say nothing - I never have opened

my big mouth ~~at~~ ^{on} these occasions
& I'm not going to start now.
I'm really giving you the guff,
darling, so's you won't put your
foot in it if you visit Garibaldi's.
Doris will probably tell you all
about it - she wrote at length
about it in her letters - but I
want you, keep a very open
mind on the matter - unless I
miss my guess it's a purely 50/50
business. Enough of that.

All day today they've been
repeating various tests taken
before in preparation for the visit
of the Wonder Medium Man
tomorrow. Whenever they speak
of him here they raise metaphorical

hate, & I expect a deputation
of doctors will meet him & a
nurse will present a posy. There
is one good thing about it to
remember - tomorrow's performance
will be my swan-song, & it is
also the last of the doctors' secret
weapons. When they pick ~~up~~ my
exhausted body off the deck,
when the last of the fiends
~~have~~ ^{has} done his worst, * when
the Granddaddy of 'em' all has
gone & when all is said and done,
we will know something - or
nothing. I'm getting very fed up
with doing a strip-tease in
old consulting rooms & the nurses
raise their eyebrows in surprise

if they see me around with any clothes on. I was told today that if there's any question of treatment I might be moved - where to I don't know.

Regarding you coming up here sweetheart - there's no doubt at all that your presence in the ward will raise morale, temp. & pulse to the highest peak - you can imagine - but - - - - - !
Of course we rest week-end, which the good Lord forbid, I suggest you try & book up in the L.M.S. hotel at Holyhead station & catch the Irish Mail on Saturday, staying Sat. & Sun. nights. Visiting hours are 2.30-3.30 & 6.30 to 7.30 p.m. every day - any body, especially a mate like, will

?

direct you to the R.H.S.O. It's
not a very tiring journey & the
hotel is over the station - that's your
only hope of accommodation. But
wait until I know more information
sweetheart, before you move.

By the way, dear one, don't
worry about books of any size
because there's an excellent little
library in the ward - but we
would appreciate something of
the Lilliput-Punch nature & of
course the S.I.P. is more than
welcome. Many thanks for stamps
& P.O. - always handy.

Hoping this finds you as
it leaves me

very much in love,
Be



11 NOV 44

HOLY HEAD
ANGLESEY
1. 15 PM

11 NOV 44

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