

R.N.S. P.

Sat.

Sweetheart,

There! I told you so. Didn't I tell ya? I said, didn't I, that Mr. Specialist could bang away all day & get us change. Well that's what happened. I was carefully told beforehand that he was the top man at his job & that what he said went. I therefore entered the consulting room with some misgivings that he might be able to dig up something that the others couldn't, & that something wouldn't be so nice. He was a civilian, & he certainly looked & acted, very capable. After it was all over he told me

quite simply that he could find nothing wrong with me - and that was that. Later I was called into the Lt. Commander's room & he stated frankly what the position was. They did not know the cause of the trouble - ~~it~~ it might be "hysterical" - but it was felt that the matter should not be left there. He stated frankly that all this observation business had been made necessary by the comments of Liverpool on my case - their radiologist (the fellow that interprets the x-ray photograph), had suspected lung ^{or chest} trouble - but he said that in his opinion, & in the opinion of the chest specialist, the Liverpool Hospital's diagnosis was wrong - they would find nothing to confirm it.

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Finally he said, it was purposeless to send me back to Liverpool - they had got this chest bee in their bonnet which was getting me no nearer to a solution of my throat trouble - he said, brutally, that if I were ridden through + through, with T.B. consumption or cancer it still would not affect my throat in this manner + so to continue on those lines was 'futile', not to say harmful. Therefore he thought it best to send me to Chatham, (if treatment is to be applied I must move from here as this is merely a sort-of field station), + it looks all though that will happen. It also looks like I shall lose my

ship - I don't like that.

I mentioned to the Doctor that whilst I wasn't fishing for leave I must point out that home life seemed to suit my voice. He was sympathetic but adamant - no leave. However, he asked me where I lived + chose Chatham because it was the nearest hospital to home - that's something.

So there we are - nowhere. We're right back to the beginning when the first of a long line of quacks looked wise - said nothing could be done, but - keep quiet & maybe the voice'll come back - just like that. Fiddle-dee-dee.

From now on I think I shall take a strong line with

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myself + see if I can't confound these doctors. I haven't given the thought a real rest - I must confess that I've tried to carry on very much as before, but that was because circumstances made it necessary for me to do so if I were to continue in my normal everyday life. Now that I'm corralled in hospitals maybe I can get down to a bit of high-powered dumbness + we'll see what a period of that will do.

As for my morale, darling, it's certainly had a great uplift by the specialist's report - I've been sitting under a cloud of indecision all this time + I

worried just a teeny bit - now
I'm cleared of that. I'm faced
now with the prospect of a
further spell of hospital & I
can only hope that ^{my movements} ~~it~~ be
less restricted. I pray for the day
when I can yell to the doctor
that the trouble's gone + will
they please let me out.

There's a bloomin' ju-ju
hanging over our leave prospects.
All this year we've ~~been~~ had
holiday after holiday dragged
from our grasp, + it looks like
another one's going up the spout -
for the time being anyway. The
boat will most certainly leave
without me + I'll have to depend
on what sick leave I might

get after this business is all
over, or what I can scrounge
when I get back to my base
for re-drafting. Don't it make
ya mad?

If I get to Chatban, honey,
you'll be able to pop down there
easy enough. A dose of you is
what I need more than anything
right now. It may be - Oh boy -
that I could get leave - night or
week-end leave - to come out &
see you - if so I'll be all for
this sick-bay how-do-ya-do, for
a time anyway.

Another letter from you
today - Thursday's. You're really
a darling to give up your

Sweet nation - I know how much you
like 'em - don't forget, sweetheart,
that I'm not a sick man, bodily
anyway, & I don't want you to
give up things that you enjoy -
still, if they're sweet I like I'll
yaffle 'em alright because I
find if I keep my throat moist
it helps.

I'm afraid it won't be much
good phoning me here - woe is me.
If I can get out I'll phone you
~~at least~~ but I don't seem to
have much luck with these
Northern calls.

I haven't had the party yet
dude, but I'm looking forward
to it. It'll be a sort of prelude

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to things to come + I'll give you
an honest opinion of ~~an~~ a
hungry man, (it's a funny thing
but in spite of being indoors for
a week I can still yaffle heartily).

Your theory, sweetie, could
be just as right as anybody else.
I suppose I haven't been in
hospital long enough to give the
charge of surroundings a chance
to prove their word but it may
be that a month away from
boats may do the trick. Pray
for that. As for me philosophising,
before I can get down to cases
I have to know how you feel
about it all - I take it, from
your letters, sweetheart, that

You've been sensible, you haven't
~~panicked~~ been panicking & you haven't
worried unduly (I hope I'm right
there). Being thus assured I can
lie back & relax, & work out how
I'm going to follow through with
this affair - I think it'll be O.K.
darling.

Send me Huse's address
sweet. I'll write to him & Jim
when I get in the mood.

I'll be for now. I miss you
angel - like hell.

I'm for you,
D.

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