

M.T.B. 764.

Tuesday.

My own, Thank you for the letter about
Mum. You've no idea how relieved
I am that she's gone into hospital.
I won't worry so much now honey,
because she's away from home
cares + chores, + if anything can
be done for her the hospital will
do it - I know that. I suppose
you sent your letter before you
received mine, sounded like it,
& you'd know by now that the
panic is over as far as I'm
concerned. I don't have to ask
you to lavish all you're able
to on her - money literally no
object - & will you ask the

doctor at the next opportunity, if there's any chance of getting her away to a nice quiet nursing home - if he thinks that would do any good. It's about time the Wentaway family showed its appreciation of Mother in a more tangible form - I'm as persistent as any of 'em with just as much cause to be - I'm the kiddy to see that they cough up - not that I think they wouldn't without pressure, but I'd enjoy ramming the lesson home.

Let me tell you of my experience today in hospital. I had to go there to be more thoroughly examined in view of the stubbornness of my leucocytes.

3

The chap I saw really put me through it. With a host of specialist attendants he went all over me with - telescope, some other 'scope & hammer. He took about a pint of blood, (it seemed that way anyhow), x-rayed me, choked me (I mean that) & with body prone, he did the most familiar things. All this & hurry too. You will say sweet, be glad to know that I am perfectly sound in wind & limb - according to the x-ray photograph I have all my bones in place in correct numbers - the hammer tells me that my reflexes - my heart is in the right place - they even went to the extent of searching for V.D. but the old

blood was A.1. + they came away
baffled. They banged & ~~clashed~~
slammed & slapped - they made
me cough & dance & spew - in
the end they retired. As a
human specimen I am in the
top medical grade + a pathological
ward would scream with joy
if offered my body for experiments
BUT I still can't use my voice!

And what's more, they, the doctor
& his assistants, can't tell me
why I can't use my voice. Don't
it knock ya? Well, anyway,
the next step is to go somewhere
or other to see a throat specialist
- a civvy bloke - + I'm waiting
for that. By the way, darling,
I did mention to the doc. that

5

I've had trouble with my ears,
(have I?), but all he said
was - "Oh, yes?" - didn't seem
to impress him.

Judging by your letter
dated 14th you don't seem to be
getting my mail very quickly.
I've told you all about the
apples. S'matter fact we've only
had to throw away two so
they weren't so bad. The sweets
are still in the process of being
yaffled.

Slinging the old dirt again,
eh? Making fun of yer old
man, eh? Just because I
have managed to summon the
necessary courage to get me
photy took, (took 3 toke too),

you so u' accuse me of infidelity,
& what's more accuse me of going
around with other women!

Costing me 5/- for three it is &
all I get is just abuse. Alright
young woman, you wait 'til
I get you alone - it should
be good. Whether my portrait
will be a good one or not
is a moot point, but unless I

have a little more of the
Honeysuckle Rose & less of the
ringing kettle you'll never know, my
we-e-et, you'll never know.

Of course, you go on to
tell me you love me so I ~~accept~~
will forgive you - just this once
now

She was brunette, by the way.

7

Listening to the Brains Trust
tonight I have heard the word
"incubate" used three times. It's
good - high sounding - high falutin' -
I think I'll use it. "Boy, the
dictionary"

Can't write for very long
tonight sweetie pie - I must write
to Mum + Mother. 'So-o-o-o'

Night, baby.

Daddy loves oo.

Re.

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