

M.T.B. 764

Wed.

Darling,

I suppose I'd better tell you first that I've been to the Ear, Nose + Throat specialist & he informs me, after a lengthy probing of the tubes, that I have a damaged vocal cord - the left one. What they intend to do now I don't know - I shall see the local quack tomorrow - but for one wild, stup-happy moment I thought I saw a glimmer of a suggestion of sick-beace in his voice - something in what he said made me think

that-a-way - but I guess it's just
a pipe dream. Anyway, sweetie,
I'll let y'know all about it in
due course.

Noe mail since I returned!
That's bad. Poor ol' leg here is
pining away for lack of news
from his baby & if Peter
don't arrive soon by the dozen
he's gonna lay him down & dee.
Of course I aint a paragon
of virtue in these matters because
even this'n is to be short &
sweet, (I've just arrived back - 2400 hrs)
but jubilant sea waves & busy
shore days hold back a man's
literary ambitions. But I always
say if a man loves his wife what
matter - eh? See.

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