

4/9/69

My dear Bill,

I have been in Hospital having tests, X-rays etc & will go into Hospital again on the 11/9 for a stone in the kidney operation. This seems to be the only course available to us -

The doctors have been wonderful & offered their services free - I only have to meet the hospital fees - which should be about £50.00 I shall pay it off monthly -

How are you? Have you been this all those pints of milk - Alan asked me to convey good wishes & a speedy recovery to you.

I am thinking seriously of going to join my brother in Stamp who has been in so much trouble of late that he attempted to take his life -

I don't know what to think at this point - I shall wait till exams are over.

Love  
Phyllis

W. S. Thompson

208 Scala Centre  
1 Mansfield Rd.  
Dunbar  
11th August, 1969.

My dear Bill,

It pains me to think that I have not been able to visit you yet, a week in hospital already, but circumstances beyond my control are currently surrounding me try as I might I cannot shake them off.

My phone has been returned to the postmaster as I cannot afford same. I had to get rid of the servant Sultbi is not at kindergarden but is with a neighbour till I can make other arrangements. I have to rush from work to clean, cook, polish scrub et. et. I've got rid of the traveller to my brother for another - if not by October it should be sold. Of course I write exams on the 19/8 - & on 20/8 I go into hospital for treatment - if I do not respond to the antibiotic I am presently on. I am tired beyond comprehension, I exist from day to day hoping for a break - but as you know the darkest hour is before the dawn.

Enough of mine - You have not kept the promised Saturday date with me. On 2 occasions I saw you but you were out.

Bill how is it for you ill again? I am most anxious for you. Wish you could live with us for awhile so that I can take care of you. What does doctor say?

Please phone me if you can at work at 312976 & let me know what the score?

In the meanwhile my thoughts are with you.

Much love  
Phyllis

208 Scala Centre  
1 Mansfield Rd.  
Durban. 4

6th September 1968.

My dear Bill,  
I reported to the police,  
I phoned the hospital  
tonight, and Sister Tonson (Spelling?)  
said that Brenda had eaten a little.  
She had smiled in her lucid moment  
& she said what a beautiful woman  
she was, no one else any more.

She probably knows her physical  
beauty. I never notice that - in fact  
I had to go to her photograph to satisfy  
myself that she was beautiful. So  
she is what I know so much  
of her that is beautiful & you  
many, many more. I don't know the answers to many  
things - I ask myself why?  
Did you know that she has  
had a luncheon date with me  
on Mondays. Oh yes we did  
not eat much, but we talked  
& do you know why she saw

me, so that she would check that I had reported to the police, I waited these last 3 weeks for her in Baker St. Even last Monday when she had been operated at 1.05 pm I was waiting. The Lgs never let me down on any matter & when I gave up waiting - I ~~had~~ was sure that she was still ill.

Bill I knew very little of her but what I did was beautiful was stimulating and most heart warming. But you who had so much of her life, must have a reservoir of her beauty. So while there's life, we must hope with every fibre of our bodies that that beauty does not elude us.

Bill, the african say

'Umjowethu' for brother - and that's how I feel for you at this time. I would so much like to see you, but I am so comfortless at the moment - and certainly most inadequate, that I shan't be of any help.

I have not seen Daphne - but that pleasure is in store for me. But I am truly moved at her love for you and Brenda.

Like you I keep hoping with all my heart that B. will be well again -

You hold on to that too my dear.

Love  
Love  
Love

M.D. & Phyllis