

3rd October, 1969.

Dear Doc,

Lying in hospital
with my eyes closed I heard
"Theres a bowl of roses from
Dr. G for Mrs M. D."

I craned my neck to see
You will never believe the
pleasure they gave. — to the
point of tears.

You have a knack of coming
into our lives in times of
crises. Thank you. I've
been very scared & lonely
of late & your gesture was
deeply appreciated.

Come & smoke a few fags
soon with me.

Love from
Sue & Phyllis.