

FRANK C. REYNOLDS ENGINEER

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SURVEYS - REPORTS - DESIGN

TELEPHONE

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Edith W. Reynolds 313 West 57th St. NYC 19

Dear Doctor and Mrs Wolf,

I am heartsick, Frank, my beloved has left me for a little while I guess.

Early Nov. he had his usual check up Dr. found him fine, but gave him a flu shot... We both developed severe colds, which cleared but Frank did not feel well, he went to Dr. again Dec 14, supposed for the 2nd flu shot, which he really did not want, so I told him not to take it if he felt that way. Anyway when he got to the Dr.'s office the Dr. found him with a slight temperature, and told him to go home stay in over the weekend, saying to Frank, "you can work this this thing out"... Frank was home all week, Thurs Dec 20 felt better and went out for a short walk, expecting to go to his office the following day. We had our usual pleasant evening. Frank spent some time reading your book we retired about 10. pm, I was awakend by what I thought was his snoring, I tapped him saying Dearie turn over your snoring,,, All too quickly I realized what was happening, my efforts at mouth to mouth breathing was all to no avail, 4 gasps and he had gone over to the beyond.

I felt you would want to hear about my beloved, He had received so much help from you ~~methe~~ally Dr. Wolff, I truly was thrilled at the feeling he had for you.

I found your book opened on his foot stool, and had seen him reading it during the evening. I had the page with all his notes photo's for you. I also found these writings of Frank's which he must have written his last day here

Will you write me as to their meaning as far as he was concerned if you can? I'll write again.

Sincerely

*Edith
Jan 7 - 63*