

Thursday.

(1?) January, 1944 - JAB

My dear Ron,

I had the news of George's death when I reached Oxford last night, and wrote to you at Cambridge. This morning I find from your second letter, which has touched me very much, that you will not be at Cambridge until Saturday. I do so much want you to hear from me at once, so I am now writing to Harpenden.

I can form some idea, a part only I am afraid, of what George's death means to you: and my thoughts and sympathy are truly with you. It is so sad that in great loss there is nothing one can do really to help the very few people one loves. But you know I really do think it impossible to judge the value of anyone's life, young or old. When one thinks of the tragically unfulfilled promise of George's life, one ought to remember that it is impossible to assess its value - except that with his character it may have been much beyond his years.

My dear Ron, I do want you to know that your trouble hurts me very much. You will

never know how great a difference your friendship has made to me, and I am happy when we are together. I have marked out our Sparsford visit as one of the best times of the coming year, when we can be together with our splendid interests.

My thoughts are very much with you both.

Yours ever,
Henry.

Tomorrow (Friday) to go to Somerset for a few days,
When my address will be:-

Overleigh House,
Street.
Somerset.