

March 27, 1965—

Dear George:

Unhappiness brings friends
Doesn't it? That generation
between us is nothing since
we each have our grief and
loneliness to bear.

It did me a world of good
to be with you and talk over
our troubles. If it helped you,
too, I am glad.

I have the feeling — love
and the expectation, George,
that you will be reunited to
those you love — for death

has not intervened there!
And you have a full, successful
and happy life before you.

I would like very much indeed
to accept your tempting invitation
to come to see you, Christina
and Peter, but I really am
tied up here for the present.

I won't give up the thought
though, and maybe - later?

I can't recall just
when was the date you
were in New York. Maybe
you know this already, but

on February 22nd John Stade
died, following an operation for
cancer. He had been with
me in my office for twenty-four
years. He had worked with
your father, in Battonly's
old office I believe, or was
in Hoffman's?

His death left me with
some additional problems.

I had a letter recently
from Sandy Mack in which
he said that he will look you