

From The Headmaster, The College, Winchester.

June 25. 1924

Dear Mr. Malloy,

I cannot tell you deeply & truly I share your grief: George was always one of the angels, as pure in heart & thought & purpose as the driven snow, which he loved. I always thought him, as a boy, a real knight of chivalry, moving in a world most of us didn't know, or knew only by hearsay & hardly believed in its existence: it seems natural & inevitable that he should be rapt away like this; and of course his going again was an entirely unselfish act and a piece of

his nobility. For all of us, who loved him, he seems a most real figure beyond & above & even for you, despite the paralyzing blow, I cannot help thinking that the glory of his carrying off & the prayers of many, who are thinking of you & the children, will weave a golden mesh about you & that your life will be strengthened & glorified always by it. Forgive my putting down so bluntly my thoughts - I have been thinking of you much & often these last two days & now that others, who have a better claim, have written I did want to send a message of comfort to you: for I can guess a little of what you are feeling - I am asking the Warden

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Fellows for leave to have a tablet erected to him in 'lobsters'. It will touch the hearts of many Wkehamists always: I am sure you would wish this done, wouldn't you?

With heartfelt sympathy, in loving memory of George,

Sincere friend

M. J. Rendall

I never forget how noble it was of you to let him go: his sacrifice is largely your sacrifice.