

February 28, 1945.

My dear Mrs. Swiryn,

Hersh has always been so dear to me that I believe I share to all possible extent your sorrow — a sorrow too keen to be banded in conversation, too deep for me to put into words till now.

One cannot be consoled for the loss of an integral part of one's association, and especially not for the very personification of selflessness and sheer goodness.

But I'm sure that

you, as I too, have a
continual prayer in your
heart for good word.

One cannot give up hope
so easily. So, please, in
the event of news - news
of any kind - write to
me here at Stardune,
Twentynine Palms.

My thoughts and heart-
felt sympathies are with
you and all the family.

Most sincerely yours,

Elinor Gebhardt.