

11 December, 1946

Dear Mr. and Mrs Swanson,

We are strangers writing to strangers, but there is a set link which binds us, such as we are unknown to each other.

Our only child, the late Henry George Popper, was one of the members of the crew with your late dear son.

The nine boys who gave their lives for the freedom of mankind were, as you know, all picked up and buried in Sweden; each having a grave to himself. On the second anniversary of their earthly departure we went to Sweden. Accompanied by the English Vice-Consul we visited their graves in Helsingborg. We put gladioli in English colours on the graves of the brave boys. A soft silent wind and a heavy summery rain spoke benediction over them.

We thought it might be of comfort to you to know that two of the parents, who felt the same for all the boys, stood on their graves on the anniversary of the day they left us.

The graves are beautifully kept with roses planted on them, but up to now there are only wooden crosses to tell the world the names of the boys who went over to the eternal life that others might stay longer here.

We know that you, with us, will think of your boy a lot at this coming Christmas time and it might be that this letter will mean a greeting to you from your badly missed boy.

Yours truly,

Mr. and Mrs. Popper