

F55106. H. J. Lambert, P.O. Airman.

H.M.S.

% G.P.O. LONDON.

Dear Mrs. Fabian,

May I express my very deep sympathy with you in the loss of your son Percy, in an operation against the enemy. Nothing, I know, can make good that loss but I may help you to learn that he died fighting, cheerfully & courageously, against overwhelming odds, for King & Country. Details of the operation you will no doubt have learnt from the wireless & the press & I can only add that I was even more successful than those announcements would have you believe, so the sacrifice was not in vain. The last two hours, before taking off on the operation, were spent together by the Air Gunner of my squadron & no. one's laugh was more happy & confident than Percy's. I tell you this because I want to confirm your own judgement that, great headed and brave, he never faltered. He came to my machine just a few minutes before we took off, gave me that quiet smile of his, shook hands & said "good luck, Fackie" and added our own pet phrase "we'll show 'em". God knows he did and wherever he is resting now, I know that smile is still on his face, the smile

of victory & of a job well done. The memory of those last few minutes will always live with me & if I ever falter or feel afraid, they shall be my inspiration.

Mr Fabian, you have lost a son & I a grand chum but both of us can feel proud of the knowledge that we knew a great-hearted brave gentleman, who died, as he lived, with a willing smile, truly a hero. Please don't grieve, he would not wish that, for his sake, you live cheerfully and on victory day lift your chin just a little bit higher for one who more than died his life.

Goodbye Mr Fabian, perhaps one day we may meet and allow me to tell you a little more than therefore words can express. I hope so, for I would dearly love to tell you, his mother, just how proud of him I am & how grateful I am, to have known him.

Yours very sincerely,  
H. J. Campbell