

Mr and Mrs Robert Waring
Old Brumby
56 West Common Gardens
Scunthorpe

England

Lincolnshire



La Cértaigne, en Seine Inférieure

June 5th 1945.

My dear friends,

Words are simply inadequate to express my feelings after reading Joan's last letter posted on the 27th of May. I am so very very glad that your tragic situation has at last come to an end - I do not know what your religious ideals are, anyway I must tell you that we have been praying daily and daily, my aunt, my pupils and myself for M^r. Waring's safety and liberation. And the good news of your arrival gave us a deep feeling of relief indeed -

Doctor Vrin has been extremely pleased to hear that his patient had safely come back home. He sends him his best wishes for a prompt recovering, and better luck. By the way, we should like to know what happened to Allan and the other boy of the crew - whose name I have forgotten - whom Dr Vrin tended and bid till we were liberated. They solemnly promised to write but we never received any letters.

I understand that M^r. Waring never went to le Héron after all. There must have been a confusion or a mistake between his name and another one. Anyway, I am not at all surprised at the way the Germans treated him. These are generally their usual proceedings: bullying people, acting like mad brutes, showing absolutely no

consideration for a man who has done his duty and
who suffers a great deal. Fancy you have not developed
infection on your burns, since they never looked after them.

I know they are simply dreadful even in prison camps,
when my father was in camp "flag IV D" near Gresle
in Silesia, he broke his leg in skating; we nobody looked
after him except his fellows in the "Barrack", and his
leg was mended in such an awkward way that he
hardly escaped claudication. Besides I have a girl friend
who has just come back from Ravensbrück. Well, she
is no more a girl, but an old woman, the shadow of
herself, hurt for the rest of her life by the terrifying
things she has got through. We refused to believe the story
of the petrol vat which every prisoner had to dive in, at his
or her first arrival in camp. It is perfectly true. My friend
lost one eye doing this. Is it not terrible? -

I may assure you, I have not the faintest pity, I am not
in the slightest way sorry for the Germans. They simply deserve
the way they are treated.

I want very badly to send you a small parcel containing some
"doucours" (Sweeties) and I am trying to find an opportunity
because we are not allowed to send packets by air post.

I should like to know too - (many things I'd like to know).
whether the Germans left you your fountain-pen and your 200
francs? and your marvellous little safety parcel (the one with
angling line, toffees, pills, razor etc...). and what is the
chemical composition of your violet pomade which you had
put on your burns.

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Both of you are going to think I am
frightfully curious; but the details of
your accident and shot stay in the
barn are still as vivid ten months
later, as they were on the evening
of the 8th of August. -

As to us, the liberation enthusiasm
has completely disappeared. We have
got through hard times. morally and
materially speaking. France looks
like a huge vessel boat where every
body wants to steer, and nobody
is able to do so. De Gaulle whom
we still worship is simply overflowed
by the Russian influence.

Le Havre, Rouen, Caen, and some
other towns in Normandy are the only
cities who voted for a moderate
council. I think it is because Normandy
suffered more than other parts of
France. But even in Normandy there
were frantic brawls for the vote.
The women voted for the first time, and to
give you an idea of the bad organization
of everything, no preparatory lecture was.

given, so that in many cities and villages, lots of women, not knowing what to do, put 3 or 4 lists in the same envelope . . . (70% of the bulletins were declared "null and void" - To use a French slang expression, "les élections furent une vraie foire".

Blackmarket has developped to a considerable extent. My father wrote to me last month that in Lille they pay 1.000 francs (about £5) for a pound of butter; 15 francs (1.) for an egg... and so on.

Ordinary petrol is sold 12.5^f for a "litre"
1 french litre = about 3 pints
Well I am not going to deliver a lesson of Arithmetic, but it may give you a good idea of the way things are going . . .

All the same, my fiance and myself intend to get married in September Luckily for us, I have all my mother's things, furniture, linen, and silver .

which represents a considerable amount of money... I should be totally unable to buy all these things -

My fiance' passed his last examination in April. He got honours. I am desperately proud of him - he is now a certificated chemist and is looking for a place where he will soon be able to poison people -

I am finishing my school time in June (exactly the 26th). My pupils are going to pass their exams. in le Hâne. I am very busy on account of the lessons, very busy and tired, so you must be indulgent and pardon my horrible scrawl.

I must stop now, dear Joan and Robert. Once more let me tell you how very happy I am. I associate myself to your joy, and I make hearty wishes for a future full of happiness.

I hope the moment is not far where
we meet and have a long chat about
our common souvenirs.

God bless you and good luck -
Yours truly.

Jacqueline P. D.

Thanks very much for the nice
photograph - I could perfectly recognize
my poor patient - His hair was
not so well done in the barn -
but his smile was about the same.



Madame Henri DRONY,

Monsieur Paul PILLOT, Chevalier de la Légion-d'Honneur, Croix-de-Guerre 1914 et Madame,

Mademoiselle Juliette PILLOT,

ont l'honneur de vous faire part du Mariage de Mademoiselle Jacqueline PILLOT avec Monsieur Henri DRONY, Pharmacien de la Faculté de Paris.

Et vous prient d'assister à la Bénédiction Nuptiale qui leur sera donnée
le MARDI 18 Septembre 1945, à 11 heures précises,
en l'Eglise Saint-Léonard de La Cerlangue

28, Avenue des Acacias, CROIX (Nord)

LA CERLANGUE (S.-Inf.)