

15th March, 1945.

11, Avenue d'Elan,
PARIS 16.

Dear Sir,

I must excuse myself for replying so late to your letter of January, but at that time I was in the East of France with my husband, who had been wounded in the Alsatian campaign, and as he was constantly changing his hospital our mail arrived late. My husband received a bullet full in the face, but he has quite recovered now. He has the same fighting spirit as your son, and he hopes soon to go to England for a refresher course as a parachutist. If he has the chance to go to your district he will surely go to see you, but he will not unfortunately have much time at his disposal, as the purpose of his journey is naturally to get ready as soon as possible to settle accounts with the boches. I was sorry to learn of your accident in January, and I hope you are alright now, as Frank will surely return soon, and he must find all in good health, so that the joy of his return will be complete.

Bernard Courtney Mayers must have told you in what circumstances your son was arrested by the Germans. One of our friends, a young student doctor (Jean Procter), had as mistress, Tatiana Lokolovka, a young Russian whose whole family worked for the Gestapo. Tatiana sold us all. John Wright, an American officer was arrested 8 days before Frank, and under the same circumstances as him, just as he was being taken to the direction of the Pyrenees. The young French doctor who received Frank first was also caught. Bernard Courtney and myself escaped by a miracle. The Gestapo did not arrest me with Frank as they had hoped by letting me remain free that Jean Procter would have more and more information, due to my connection (agency) with the organisation for the re-patriation of airmen. As soon as I was able to join the English Authorities, and especially Mr. Cresswell, member of the British Embassy in Spain, I gave them all the information I possessed about Frank. I told them with what tenacity and coolness he had struggled to escape from the Germans, that he opened his parachute at the last moment so that he would not be taken when he reached the ground, and how later he had travelled on foot from Holland to the outskirts of Paris, with the intention of reaching the Pyrenees, in spite of his great fatigue. I also told them how and by whom he was betrayed. Unfortunately I do not think that Tatiana Lokolovka has yet been found and punished as she deserves.

At last the nightmare that we have experienced (lived through) these late years is drawing to an end. I was astounded when I learned that Frank was in dirty German hands. I never suspected that it was the start of more tragic happenings. The chiefs of the organisation for the repatriation of airmen were shot a year ago, and lately I learned that John Curry, a young London pilot who I hid in my house the same time as Frank, and who I was able to send back to England in good health, was shot down again by German fighters, but this time he was killed. Schlessing, a French

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pilot who was in the train with Frank when he was caught, was also killed after his return to England. All these sad incidents will overshadow the joy I shall have when I shall talk to Frank of the past days I had with him in the underground struggle against Germany. At last when Frank returns we shall have the consolation, at least, to think that our sufferings will be definitely avenged. I must excuse myself for writing in French. It is very lazy on my part, but since I have no more airmen I have not much chance to practice English. You can, however, write me in English. I will certainly understand. If you have news of your son you will give me great pleasure in letting me know. Please believe me, dear Sir, also Mrs. Evans in my expressions of my most sympathetic feelings.

(Sgd) CATHERINE JANOT