

(Translation from the French of letter received from
Marquis, Candice to Abby Thomas)

In default of not knowing English I am replying
to you in French. Excuse me.

We were pleased to receive your letter which we
did not expect, and we are pleased to correspond with you.

Frank arrived at our house on Sunday March, 1945 in
the evening. He was very tired. I was in front of my
house when I saw a man coming towards me and who seemed to
be drunk as he could hardly stand on his legs. It was
Frank. He had just asked for the hospitality of one of
our neighbours who had refused. We live on the side of the
main road near the fields in a hamlet of four houses.
He asked me to take him in on saying he was English. I
cannot understand the English and the arrival of my sister,
who understands marvellously, saved me. Frank collapsed
as soon as he sat down and I helped him to take his boots
off and I noticed his feet were bleeding. I gave him a
bowl of soup and he recovered. A moment later my husband
entered after his work and I was glad that, in spite of
the restrictions, I had that day killed a chicken. He
went to sleep and I think he slept soundly after so much
travelling and exertion. In spite of our pleasures Frank
could not stay and left the next day in the morning, and
I took him to the station. I gave him in charge of Francois
Lacha, who was going the same way to Cambrai. Frank was
trying to get back to England. After arrival in England
he intended to send us a message by R.C.B. "MRS is in England".

Dear Sir, excuse my lateness in writing, but
at Easter time in France we have the custom to clean the
houses. I have just received a letter from Frank Evans.

My best wishes from my family and me

(Sgd) MARQUE MARQUIS

Marquis

Route National

France (Nord).