

Do not mind the bad writing I do it so much: that's Cent- hold the pen: 1-5-1945

HCA/101249  
4/4/2

I am going to begin this letter, but it may be a long time before you get it finished because there is a real book to be written about our life since 1940! and I am lost with such a great big work to do for the F.F.I. and others jobs that I, every night, have to write until 12! P.M. — It is 11.30, I'll try to begin:..!

In 1940, we were in Mortemer when the Jerry were coming on! I got my first bombing on the road of Menesqueville, on the terrible day of June 9<sup>th</sup> (19 raids during the day!). Soldiers, refugees were on every road, and the bombers came above! 19 of them were on the forest, sending their bombs on us. It was most exciting because you could see them coming down. I was not frightened, just my heart beating a bit quicker, but I got no heart. (of course, they could not be compared with your bombs, much bigger!) I then saw 2 of the planes turning and going straight on to Mortemer, where my mother was! I got up and ran as much as I could but 14 bombes had missed the abbey, for 200 yards. (there had been troops there having left the morning before. Nothing was



May 3<sup>rd</sup>

spoiled, only Maggie had been so frightened for me. Since the Thursday, we had been all the time in the ditch behind the house. Next morning, I went on my bicycle to the village. All was empty, owing ~~to~~ the 5<sup>th</sup> column (French officers) who told everybody to run away. I got breads and a Jerry can of petrol for leaving. I walked up the hill, being more sheltered from the nasty Messerschmitt. As I got to the top of the hill, I saw a small plane coming <sup>very low.</sup> right on me. I threw bic, and breads in a bush and fell my self under trees. Just where I was a minute before on the road, they sent 8 bullets of machine gun. I guessed why afterwards. I always tried to find out these bullets but never was I able to. I jumped on my bic and went down. Then I understood why they shot at me: They had sent a spy from the plane. This was the 1<sup>st</sup> time I was most frightened of all the war, I believe, though you are going to see through how many dangerous things we were. I had to pass near the man. He was standing near the river (motor), very blue eyes and holding his right hand in his (very big, and strong man.



pocket. I, of course, stood up brave and  
 had to smile at him, for he said  
 "Good morning" but for 50 yards I  
 had to walk quietly, in stead of  
 running as I badly wanted to!  
 It was most horrible to wait that the  
 man, guessing I found out he was  
 Jerry, ~~who~~ <sup>would</sup> shoot me in the back.  
 But God kept me, for all the war,  
 you will see! We then decided to go  
 and left the same evening, 10 PM  
 for Brittany (where Dorothy was  
 supposed to be.) Jerry came here 4  
 hours later! The car took 12 hours to  
 do the 20 kms to Gaillon. The road was full  
 of killed, holes, bombs and people. Just  
 before the bridge at Gaillon (the one of old Andelys  
 was blowned up) we had a terrible bombing.  
 (Happily my dog Loulotte was dead in 36. She  
 was so frightened of bombs!) and passed the bridge  
 just one hour before it bursted. We had not  
 slept one minute! (Please, excuse this  
 dirty letter. The paper is bad and I have so much  
 to say!) We had meals outside, of course, and  
 for 3 nights slept anywhere, in straw, with  
 the 2 dogs (and lots of rats!) in the car, 3 or  
 4 in the same room in Carnac. We were  
 near South Brittany where we stayed 6 days.



Jerry came before we could get away! As we speak Germ. Maggie, rather: I, a little) we got on better! We went to Cotes du Nord until Aug. 4<sup>th</sup> - then came back to Normandy. Maggie was staying near Louviers and I did about 9000 kms, on my bic, bringing food to her from here! It was most horrible in 1941 because we were not "settled in the war" and really were starving; people had not planted potatoes in 1940. Some were eating nettles and grass! On day, here, I had just a spoonful of noodles with carrots, not butter, not bread. 6 weeks without meat. Then I took the half of going very far and begging so much that we were better afterwards, I am a clever girl, you know! I must say I got on O.K.!! Then as there was nothing in Louviers, I took Maggie back here in 1942, easier for food and wood!

At last, after years of slavery, 1944 came! We were only living with B.B.C. and the many tracts (papers) sent by our beloved R.A.F. and which I sent on by post to various people in towns.

Anyone who were listening B.B.C. or gathering tracts were treated as enemies of course I should have deserved to be shot so many times!



In August 44, we had 5 25 grammes of butter, <sup>nothing else.</sup>  
(for food we had 275 grs bread each, a day - 90 grs  
of meat, a week. 253 grs butter a month, 150 grs coffee.  
I used to make our own flour and bread, also  
coffee with grinded wheat.) On June 6<sup>th</sup> you landed.  
The same day, Lisors, which was full of Germans  
was bombed for 2 hours by Mustangs! It was  
so exciting, from here (top of our gate!) I could watch  
the whole scene. They were so good, no one French  
killed but never they missed a Jerry truck!  
I nearly got mad of joy! Then next day, one  
germ. petrol tank was brought in the forest  
near Lyons (200000 litres!) Thirty minutes later,  
the bombers came! And threw their bombs from  
above here! The house was shaken like a boat!!  
Unhappily they could not burst the petrol. Then  
on the morning of 10<sup>th</sup> our first little "blue  
bird" came here! His plane was blown down  
near Lyons. He was a young F.O. from London,  
Philip and was wounded. We took him here,  
were hiding his clothes and I nursed him but  
during the night, he was very badly ill and next  
morning, I went through the forest, trying to  
get to Lyons, where was my friend? Dr. Kane  
who is a Doctor. Marshal Rommel was  
in Lyons! all the roads were kept with SS  
and wires. I went to the Jerry. They said I was  
not to pass without a permission from German



officer! (I really could not ask one!) Then I gave  
 them some butter, ~~and~~ told them not to shoot me  
 in the back; and, like one indian, I walked  
 like a snake, under the bushes, away from  
 the roads, though I knew it was risky! At  
 last I could join Diane who first told me  
 I was mad, then came afterwards, with the same  
 risks, to visit Philip. (of course it was forbidden  
 to aid those airmen!!) He, at last, got a little  
 better. but planes were falling all over  
 the district and on June 28<sup>th</sup> we got 4 more  
 blue boys. The youngest was Reg, 19 -  
 Don (canadian) 23 - Ron, 24 - and Doug, 28.  
 I never was happier for years because since  
 the war, I had asked God, everyday, to  
 send me english to save! They were sleeping  
 in the loft, having supper with us. Many  
 times I took them out (in civilian) for walk.  
 Of course the Resistance and many other  
 people (safe) gave the food for them and we  
 never were short. Alas, on Aug 7<sup>th</sup> as they  
 badly wanted to go back, the Resistance  
 took them away to try and join up  
 your country. Germans caught them!  
 If only they had been a little more patient!  
 I was not at home when they left.  
 Only Maggie. You can ~~get~~ guess sorry.



how anxious I was. It is only in Jan. that by  
their families I heard they were prisoners in  
Germany. 4 of them. but from Philip, nothing?  
The RAF will come once more to see me  
soon to enquire about him. Poor boy! I think  
I must go to bed. otherwise you won't be  
able to read this! ————— 6.5.45.

Well. We had met several times one American (air-  
man) officer who was hidden at one F.F. Chief <sup>was</sup>  
here. (We had been taking care of one of these  
chieves hidden by us in the hole, you know,  
and where we had kept the boys, while Jerry  
was searching them in the forest.) and just for  
a fortnight, there had been also a Canadian Airforce  
officer. On Aug. 19<sup>th</sup> at night, I saw 3 men  
opening the gate. I saw Ted and said "What  
is the matter?" So he said: <sup>american</sup> "You told me yester-  
-day that if we were in trouble, to come to you,  
so here we are!" — I said "What's the trouble?"  
— Gestapo" he answered. M<sup>2</sup> T, where he was  
had been given up by a tortured man, and  
They all came in to hide in here (the house  
is very small, as we were not in the Abbey.  
I put M<sup>2</sup> and M<sup>2</sup> T and their big she-dog!  
What a job keeping her away from my  
own "Belle!" — in my room. I slept  
in the kitchen — The 4 boys, Ted, Nic and one



F.F.I. and one boy of 16 next to my mother.

On the 22<sup>d</sup>, The whole F.F.I.s of the village, Lesors, Rosay, Touffreville took "the Maguies" for trying to kill Jerry and take guns - At night, 2 AM I saw a torch at the gate. I went out, hoping you had come, our dear British! Alas it was only Jerry! I was apologising, because I had locked the gate that was supposed to be left open, always. They said nothing, only they wanted to sleep any where, in the loft!!

I knew if they had passed the room they would have seen the boys, so I brought them (11...!) into my kitchen and they slept on the floor! I had a sergeant under my sofa!! At six, they left. At 8.30 Two trucks of S.S. stopped near the farm, Jerry went into the bush and began to chase our poor F.F.I.s! 5 were taken, tortured (feet boiled, broken forearms and so on) and shot in the evening, near here. As soon, M<sup>r</sup>, M<sup>rs</sup> T and the F.F.I. were lucky to escape. The boys went into the loft, René (little boy) stayed with us. One S.S. came in, was looking <sup>he was very brave</sup> everywhere and, at last, I showed him the tortoise and made him change his mind, he left! ~~At~~ meanwhile, M<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> T. were nearly killed in a big bombing



at Menesqueville but could escape! -)

Then, when we had lunch, we saw one S.S., opening the gate and rushing directly to the hen-shed... under the loft, breaking the doors, with his pistols in his hand! This time, said René, "I think we are finished!" God made him come out without seeing the airmen, It is the only time I really wanted to kiss a Jerry! who were kneeling and praying. We had deserved so many times to be shot that we are still surprised to be alive!! - About 4 PM. I looked outside and saw one of our little F.F.I. rushing from the bush into the farm! where they pushed him out because they were terrified! I took him here, just as the sentry was turning toward us! He washed and changed his clothes, and quietly, with Belle, I took him to Lesors, passing and talking (I!) with the Jerry sentry, and meeting 4 patrols... which never stopped us! God was really with us!! -

As I came back, at 4 PM. I saw, against the farm wall ~~one~~ they know we had life one F.F.I. chief and a little F.F.I. caught by an air-raid like Belle. and 30 S.S. (beating the chief and keeping them. They were shot next morning!) then I feared they would come during the night I asked the German to do patrols all



night on the road, in front of the gate...  
 - "So that the "terrorists" would not hide  
 in here." So they did! and so the boys were  
 safe! On the Thursday, the S.S. arrested  
 Victoria's brother who knew we had the boys.  
 (He was S.F.I. chief too) so, being afraid  
<sup>he disappeared</sup>  
<sup>we don't know if killed</sup> he would speak, at night  
 in the mist, the 2 boys left with blankets  
 and food. As we expected the Gestapo would  
<sup>for the hole</sup> come at once, the forest being full  
 of patrols and they had told me, Jerry, that  
 "I had nothing to fear, because I was correct."  
 (How much!!) I told Nic that if next day,  
 by night, I was not with them, I should  
 be shot, so they would have left! They  
 both kissed us. Nic was weeping, and told me  
 that God would be with us! Nothing happened!  
<sup>they left with a rope, behind the wall.</sup>  
 Next morning, S.S. went to arrest Rene  
 Loucopoulos, you remember (1 wife 3 children)  
 and shot him. He was F.F.I. chief. Then at  
 night I did at least 5 kms. to reach the hole  
 hidden from Jerry who was all over the wood.  
 I brought the boys, water, food and straw...  
 which was most awful to carry! — On the  
 Sat. night, they came back to the loft always  
 with the rope! On the Sunday, I had a good  
 time helping an Hungarian to desert



German army, gave him food, clothes etc.  
**On the Tuesday**, the rain began. As the boys  
 were having lunch in my mother's room,  
 5 Jerry came in the kitchen, set down, ate,  
 5. and began to dry themselves. They said  
 they could not eat before "because Tommy!"  
 2 (We knew nothing about the events. No light,  
 no radio since ~~June~~ August 18<sup>th</sup>). They stayed  
 1 5 hours. I was so afraid they would see the  
 4 boys just across (especially because Ted  
 was so fond of seeing the retreating Jerry  
 and always wanted to put his head through  
 the leaves!) At last they left. It was so deli-  
 cious to see them rushing back to St. Catherine,  
 using any vehicles. buses, horses  
 bicycles (they asked mine, also well hidden, I  
 told them it was gone to Germany!) also  
 they never found the wireless, not the pistols,  
 grenades and machine-guns hidden  
 here. As I came back to fetch from fetching  
 the bread, at 6:30, I heard the Ecouis bells  
 ringing: We understood; "You were there?"  
 We thought they were American, no, it was  
 our dear English Army! Next morning  
 Victoria's daughter in law rushed, screaming,  
 "M. Huguet, the bells!" "It was us!"  
 I said nothing to the boys, not liking to give them



wrong hope, and can't desors (<sup>in pouring rain</sup> my bic was under  
the wood!) My F.F.T. Jean (saved and hidden  
in the forest) came to fetch me even before  
going to cheer the B.L.A. I heard all the village  
calling me: "At last, run, M<sup>r</sup>. Hug, you must  
be the first there!" I directly went <sup>to</sup> the little  
catterpillar truck, and asked an officer, quick.  
(I think I have been the only one not to kiss that boy  
because I was so anxious to bring my troo!)  
I went to ask the officer what I had to do. One  
forgotten mine had just bursted and the bridge  
was damaged). One girl lent me her bicycle and  
I rushed here! The boys got mad: Ted walked  
and <sup>screaming</sup> yelled!! I felt shy to walk with them!  
we had taken so much the habit of hiding  
them! All the F.F.T. who had been with them  
in the woods, cheered and kissed them and  
at last! I gave them up to British! And,  
Duke, I then got my <sup>first</sup> best english cigarette.  
we had missed them so much for years!!  
(It was a wild woodbine! I keep the box!!)  
Then, Victoria's nephew asked us three for lunch  
(Poor Maggie was left at home with only  
potatoes!) and we had the most excellent  
lunch. Ted ate at least 2 lb. of cucumbers,  
Nec, a dish full of tomatoes, then omelette,  
duck, beans, rice pudding, wine, brandy



Jerry left 13 Mortemer at 6.30!)

(Dear me, never the censor will have patience to read this). They gave the boys a whole bottle of brandy - flowers champagne afterwards at Derly's wife. The Hq. was at the big farm near the bridge to Ecoies. At 3 PM. My two boys went in a jeep with english going back to their Base. They kissed me in front of all the village, and all the troops! After they left, I was staying with your so kind officers and had tea. at last!! and I finally went to fetch Maggie, brought in car. Next morning, some trucks stopped, we gave ~~of~~ them coffee, they gave us all they could soap etc. Unhap. - pill. mines were near S<sup>th</sup> Cath. and 2 of our poor little tommyes were killed! <sup>The little</sup> truck is still <sup>here</sup>

Well, I shall shut up and leave one page for Maggie. In my next letter, if this one reaches you, I'll tell you what I am doing, so busy for 771.5 since the vibration. I am really ashamed to write like that, so badly. I hope you won't mind? Happy to hear you are all safe. Where is your sister Leila? Did you ever hear from Kamala? With kindest souvenirs and so many thanks to you all, British, for having saved us! Your faithful friend Huguelle



You know, dear Duke, I have time  
to forget my english. Happily, we had  
our english here

Well, Hitler is perhaps dead...  
but perhaps not - never the allies can  
take care enough or they will begin  
again. Really, it was enough! What  
franks, we could not ~~fight~~ we have  
suffered!

Hug and I will tell you later  
all was happening since ~~then 5 years~~  
For 1940, we sold Montmartre, the  
old abbey, badly but we must  
save Frank, we only had bad money  
and now the 10 mines (mines)

We bought in Lissos a big part  
of our "disengagement", but we had  
the franks, after 2 times the boches  
them, all our linge etc etc were  
gone

It is the war and some people  
lost all! so it is well admitted.

Happy to hear that you are  
well. Where is your sister Aida?

Write! Léontine Lécoupoles  
(poor mother) and Augustin  
send their regards to the M. M. M.  
Le Duc. Roger de Coenry is dead  
since some years, his wife with  
poor head, Blatte 5 children. We will  
tell later for the rest.  
With my best souvenirs  
Maggie