

J. H. Hudeau Major
President, DCMSTATEMENT IN MITIGATION BY ACCUSED

At approximately 1400 hrs, 23 Jul 49, I boarded a train at Camp Borden, Ontario, my destination being Union Station, Ottawa, Ontario. In had in my possession a Route Letter which had been given to me by the Detention Barrack Officer at Camp Borden. This route letter advised me to report to the Adjutant at 26 COD on arrival at Ottawa, Ontario. It also stated that Unit Transport would meet me on arrival.

When I arrived at Union Station, Ottawa, there was no transport to meet me. I immediately telephoned 26 COD. After experiencing some difficulty, I contacted 26 COD and I spoke to the Orderly Corporal. I told him that I was at the Railway Station and that no transport was there to meet me. I asked him if he could send transport and he replied that he knew nothing about me. I advised him that I had no place to sleep and did not know what to do. He told me to report to 26 COD on Monday morning, 25 Jul 49.

I then left Union Station and caught a bus for Rockcliffe RCAF Station, thinking that I might get accommodation for the night there, having no money, I could not go anywhere else. I also knew that there was no accommodation at 26 COD. On arrival at RCAF Station I reported to the Guard Room where I spoke to the Corporal in charge. I told him that I had just arrived from Camp Borden and that I had phoned 26 COD and they did not do anything about accommodation for me. I then asked him if I could sleep there for the night. He arranged accommodation for me at the barracks.

The following day I brought my kit again to the Guard Room and asked them if I could leave it there whilst I looked for lodging in Ottawa. They agreed. I looked for lodgings for two hours, but having no money I could not obtain any without paying an advance. I had not eaten all day. At approximately 1800 hrs, feeling discouraged, I decided to go back home. I hitch-hiked to Granby, P.Q., arriving there at approximately 0100 hrs, 25 Jul 49.

After I reached home, I began to realize that I was in wrong with the Army. I wanted to come back but did not dare to do so, because I was afraid of again going to detention.

After awhile I became sick. Father Chlason, the Parish Priest, after speaking to my mother, made arrangements for me to enter Queen Mary's Hospital in Montreal. He asked me if I wanted to surrender to the Army and I agreed. He took me in his car to the hospital.

AKH