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Uonison
Major,
President, D.C.M.

Major Divine told him that in order to get farm leave he would have to have three letters--one from his family and two from other reputable people in the neighbourhood who knew the situation. So he realized--his mother and father, as I said before, grew up in Poland and don't speak English--he realized if he wrote home his mother would have to take the letter to the neighbour to have it read. She would have to have the neighbour write a letter for her, and it would be quite a problem to do it. So, he asked for leave to go home to get those letters and he was told that--he figured it required about a six-day leave in order to make the trip--he was told at that time that he couldn't have that leave while he was on a course, and his course wouldn't be up for about two weeks.

Well, he began to worry about his family. He realized when he was home there wasn't too much wood and he didn't have enough time to get all the wood in he wanted. The hay in the hayloft was short. He began to worry about his family. So he went to the Padre and the Padre said he could do nothing for him. So, he got a weekend pass and he headed for home.

He never intended to desert. Anybody that deserts doesn't go to the one place that they expect everybody to look for them. His only idea was to get home and help his family.

Well, he got home and he found things in a rather terrible state. His father was in very bad shape and so was the farm. He told me that it took him three days to clean the barn up. His father hadn't been able to do any work on it. Then he began hauling in hay and began hauling wood and chopping it up so they would have wood to keep warm. This lung trouble of his father's didn't allow him to work in the cold weather and dust is very hard on him, so working around the barn and trying to feed the cattle and pigs is getting harder and harder for him. So, he went home and went to work.

About the second or third day he arrived home he wrote a letter down to Winnipeg to the Selective Service Board down there and told them he was home and that his family needed him, and told them the circumstances his family were in and asked them what to do about it. Well now, remember he is just a country boy. When he writes a letter to the Selective Service it is sort of like an Indian writing to his Great White Father. Then he sits back and folds his hands and expects his Great White Father to take care of him. So, he waited and got no reply from the Board. He went on working.

In about the early part of April his mother got a letter from No. 10 District Depot asking the mother where the accused was. So his mother, after having the letter translated to her, went to the neighbour