

I was eighteen I guess when I joined, in 1941. I went overseas in '42. I just felt like joining that's all. I was working on the farm in √

Martialf

, Saskatchewan. There was travelling recruiters, travelling board they called them. I went up and I was the only one there. Me and my brother-in-law. Then I went to Saskatoon for my uniform, the next day. I joined up on June the 18th.

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I did my basic training at √

*Chipawaf

barracks in Niagara Falls,

Ontario. I was with the 1622 Saskatchewan Horse Regiment there.

They broke the outfit up when I went overseas. It was posted in

the sixth division I think. Over there they broke us up and I was

with the Regina Rifles after that. After my training I was in

several camps after that, from camp Niagara Falls we went to

Niagara on the lake and from Niagara on the lake we went to Camp

Bordon, then we went to Sherbrooke, Quebec and from there to

Debert, Nova Scotia and from there to Cape Breton near Sidney, Nova

Scotia and then back to camp Bordon. Then we went overseas.

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We went over by ourselves but there must have been one escort

there, I think there was a submarine. I was pretty sick. We left

from Halifax and went to Liverpool. We arrived in July. I sort of

thought it looked quite different. There were lot of industries,

and it was more crowded than in Canada.

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There was a Vandale with me and but he didn't go overseas and

Tom Petit, he has passed away now. I remember guys from North

Battleford and in the Saskatchewan Horse Regiment down south they

had a whole company of Indians from the Cote Reserve. They kept

them together but they had a lot of white people with them but like

I am saying I don't know how many in the company but I'm darn sure

there was more than 40 of them or more than that. There was quite

a few Natives in the regiment. I think they sent most of the

Natives, the Indians from the reserve, to the New Brunswick

Rangers. I don't know why but most of them landed up there in New

Brunswick.

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I trained on Infantry and tanks and like the reconnaissance.

In infantry we trained with hand guns and machine guns. Then they transferred me to the Scout Platoon © they figured I could talk French then and when I was in France they put me in a Scout Platoon too because my officer was a Frenchman from Montreal and he couldn't talk very good well he could talk English but it was hard for him. I could talk to him though.

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D©DAY LANDINGf

I got up as far as Falaise and then I was wounded © I lost a leg. I did most of my scouting at night. It was like we use to go to the back of the German lines. I was in the free french underground. Their contact was right with me all the time, his name was John Messier. He was in France © I met him in Normandy. We were together most of the time. The night I was wounded he was the one that carried me back from the front lines. On the 18th of August of 1944, I was wounded by a machine gun. I was scouting the back at night and they fire on six lines they called them. The Germans put their guns on six lines they got to be firing on six lines you see at night it's pitch black. I got hit in the leg, blew my leg off. Well, not all, like there was a little piece hanging there. Oh, it was pretty painful but I mean when something like that hits you I know now by experience that when you get hit by a machine gun its going out of there when I don't know how many rounds per minute but this MG 42 is something that the Germans had. It was fast so I got a whole burst of that because I heard the burst but then it hit the leg. I didn't pass out though.

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John didn't get hit. I don't know where he was. Finally he came up to me and he says you know we will take you back to the stretcher bearers where we can get something for you. They carried me back, but I don't know who was with him. That was the last I seen of John then they amputated my leg the next day. Of course I had gangrene in it. I was hit by tracer bullets they call them and of course I went to the hospital in √ the first time then they

transferred me to the 102nd general British hospital in *√
bytensef
and that's when they were bombing Falaise. I was in action from
June 6 to August the 18th.

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"FRIENDLY FIRE": CAEN, JULY 1942f

I remember that day. We took heavy casualties. Of course
there was so darn much excitement you don't talk too much about
that you know. People need to keep to themselves. But I had to
come home in 1942 and the √

*Vanmetersf

were my neighbors. They were
one of our best neighbors and the best friends we ever had and Roy
he bombed there and when I came home Roy says to me "were you in
Caen that day when we bombed" and I said "yes I was." He was an
officer. "Well yes," he says, "we really felt bad about that," but
he wouldn't tell me where the order came from.

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COMING HOMEf

I was discharged January 1945 the end of January 1945 I wasn't
home till November. That was a long trip on the *√

Laticiaf

coming
home on the hospital ship and just the Russian boat the small one.
We got off in Halifax. We left Liverpool and come to Halifax. It
took us 18 days to come home. We had to go the islands because the
war was still on. It had a big red cross I wasn't worried at all
I was sea sick too but it took me I left England on the 29th of
November because I know it was the last week in November and I
arrived home the day before Christmas. I arrived in Lloydminster
on the 23 or the 22nd of December. That was a nice Christmas.

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DISCRIMINATION^f

I've been in the hospital with a lot of Indian veterans you know in my day, of course I could talk Cree too. The only thing is, one time here I was president of the legion and we made a supper at the hotel here and the cops told us not to bring no liquor there no liquor at all. So we had to get rid of all our liquor and that chased quite a few of the Indians away because they were invited. But remember, when they were in the army they could go in the pub. And when they came out again of the army they couldn't drink, they couldn't even go to a legion function and have a drink. That was in '50. They wouldn't let them drink in there. I'd imagine that's because they were rejected, that's why most of the Indians didn't join the legion and I don't blame them a bit. If they did go in there the legion would do them wrong. That's the treaty Indians. I didn't approve of that at all.

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REUNION

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I got married in 1946 and I told my wife's dad who was in France, I told my father-in-law one day, I said, "the guy that carried me back there, John Messier," I said, "I think he's from Caen," I said. I'd gotten quite a few things and well he said, "we'll write the Embassy or write to Ottawa to see if we can locate him." "Oh," I said, "don't bother, I think he got killed anyway." Forty©two years later I was at a Regina Regiment reunion in Regina and a guy came up to me and he said, "Dumont there is a guy from Normandy looking for you here © a Frenchman." I thought he was kidding me. So I went to this place where they were having this social thing. I walked in there and here was John standing there. And he says to me, "I thought you were dead!" He said, "when we carried you ou there, you were so full of blood and your leg was all mashed up © I thought you got hit somewhere else. I was sure you died right after."

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So I went back to see him two years ago in France, in Normandy. After he was finished with the Regina Rifles, with the third Canadian Division, he told me he went to Algiers. He lives in the city of Caen. We just got a letter from him the other day. I never expected to see him.

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