



## **Corporal Welly ARSENAULT**

The story of his friend Leo Major.

My regiment, Le Régiment de la Chaudière, was about three kilometers from Zwolle. On April 13 there was a discussion early in the evening. Colonel Gus Tachereau, who

later became my friend, was with the brigade commander. They asked two volunteers to try to reach the city Zwolle to obtain the widest possible public information about the strength of the enemy. They added that they (volunteers) had very little chance to come back.

During the time that the commander spoke, he looked straight at me. When I saw that and no one reported I said: "Colonel, you have to pick me." Welly Arsenault, a very good friend of mine, went as a volunteer with me. All scouts were worried when they saw us go. To them it seemed we went to our execution. Then I said, "Do not worry guys, we will liberate the city."

We started our journey at half past ten at night, on the 13th april. We saw a post beside the road. We could see the Germans approaching from behind by surprise, but we were worried about the sounds that would make our machine guns, as we shortly afterwards two Germans saw quickly running away in the direction of the city. At half past ten we reached the last farm on the outskirts of Zwolle. There we met Henry and his wife, who were hiding in the basement. At first they were very afraid of us. But soon they understood that we were not Germans. Both were the last who saw my friend alive. We tried to explain our task in English and in French, and also by signs, but that was unsuccess-

ful. They were also very nervous and scared, I think. When night fell, just as we were leaving the farm, I saw how bad Wellie's hands trembled. That was a sign of battle fatigue. I told him: "If you're not feeling well, stay here and wait for me, I go alone into the city." "Don't do that," he said, "we continue to the end together." That was the last thing he said. Short after eleven o'clock I crossed the tracks and went a little farther from the road. Willie tried to do the same, he crossed the line also about to join me to add, but he made a noise with his grenades, which made the Germans fired at him with a rain of fire. Through my experience I knew immediately that he was dead. I was very angry with the Germans, but also at myself because I had taken him with me. I still regret the mistake I've made there.