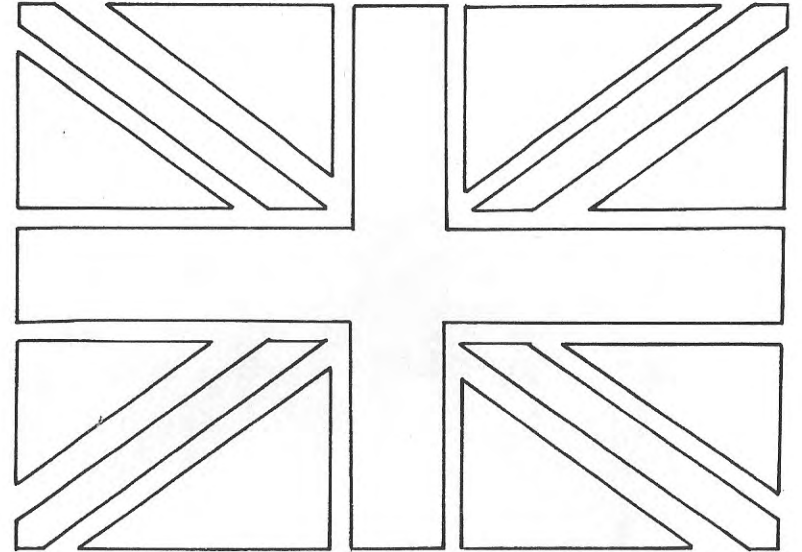




**WAVE OUR HATS
AND
HOLLER 'HURRAY'**

H. H. HAYES

EDITED BY D. W. LOVELL



WAVE OUR HATS AND HOLLER 'HURRAY'

H.H. HAYES

EDITED BY D.W. LOVELL



H. H. Hayes, seated, with cousin Frank Hayes of Eva Street,
London - circa 1912



CONTENTS

Frontispiece (Before The War)	1
Contents	3
Foreward	4
Died Of Wounds	6
Sapper Daw	13
World War I Pay	15
Blighty And Home	18
Florida	22
American Citizenship - Not Worth \$5	25
The Most Useless Man Who Ever Lived	28
PM's Visit	29

MAPS AND TABLES

Zonnebeke Road	9
The Great War 1917-1918	14
Vimy Ridge 1917	27
4th Canadian Division - Engineers	30
11th Battalion CE - Major Engagements	31
Particulars of Service - H. Hayes	32

FOREWARD

If Harold Hoshal Hayes admitted on occasion that his family had not produced any Prime Ministers, he was just as quick to add that there were no 'horse thieves' either. Historians will probably not remember this man, his life was one of many in an era which was witness to some of the greatest events of recorded existence. The Great War, North American economic depression and the Second World War were all part of his time.

But those who knew him will remember him well. He was an energetic and dynamic man. Taller than his peers and with a trim build he had a rugged handsomeness that was undeniable. He commanded attention and he got it, particularly when he was recounting a personal episode. His conversations were not random discussion but were constructed with care and accuracy of detail.

Those who had known 'Hank' for a long time were often able to complete his story should he have stopped halfway through it. However, even as his adventures were retold they remained exciting and new. This collection of accounts originates from a recorded conversation with Harold Hayes on June 18, 1973. It is hoped that these pages will present some of the flavour of a man, whom friends will recognize and others meeting him for the first time will discover.

My gratitude is extended to Mrs. Mildred Snider of Calgary, Alberta not only for her painstaking typing but also her enthusiasm and counsel.

D.W.L.
December, 1979



Sapper Hayes, 1915, with general engineer collar dogs

DIED OF WOUNDS

On October 13, 1917 General Currie was ordered to "submit plans for the capture of Passchendaele". Five days later the 3rd and 4th Canadian Divisions replaced Australian and New Zealand troops in a portion of the Western Front extending 3,000 yards from Zonnebeke north to St. Julien.

Before the troops were in place the Canadian and Royal Engineers had begun a vast construction programme. For nine days they toiled to repair existing roads, tracks and light railways. By October 26, communications were sufficiently improved to enable Currie to launch his attack. Colonel C.W.L. Nicholson, official historian for the Royal Regiment of Canadian Artillery stated; "Most of the gunners who fought at Passchendaele would affirm that without the Engineers victory could not have been achieved there".

One of those engineers was, a young but already battle experienced Sapper, Harold Hoshal Hayes, 11th Battalion Canadian Engineers.

Six months later, in a weekly casualty list published in The London Free Press, Private Hayes would be listed in the "Died of Wounds" column.

This is an account of Passchendaele, of Blightys and how Sapper Hayes managed to miss a Blighty but end up on the casualty list.

* * *

Well, I'll tell you about Passchendaele. Yes, the country was quite a swamp. It was maybe eighteen miles from the North Sea and about twelve feet above sea level, and in peace time all of the garden plots, about the size of a city lot maybe, they were all bordered by a ditch. They threw the earth up and made ditches to drain the gardens; otherwise, they would have been under water. So when the war had been on for a couple of years it was all swamp because of the shelling.

We went into Passchendaele in the fall of '17. A shell couldn't hit without hitting in a shell hole: it was just chewed to pieces. When Fritz threw shells at us they buried in the mud before they exploded, that saved a lot of casualties.

Being Engineers, we had all the construction work in our line at Passchendaele. On our front there was one road, the Zonnebeke Road, and two tracks out, H track and K track. They were "bath mat" walks over the swamp so the troops didn't have to wade through the mud. We carried those "bath Mats". They were about eight feet long and eighteen inches wide I think. We put them down and then we had to run expanded metal over the top of them for traction because there was so much mud. Horses would get on the track and stamp their feet and if we didn't have wire there, why they'd slide off the mats.

Going up over Zonnebeke Ridge - we laid the H track up over the ridge. We had carried in the mats but you needed a base about eight feet to set the edge of the mats on. We ran out of the material for the base: we run over the ridge and used discarded rifles to lay the mats down. We would work on the track until maybe ten in the morning and then the ground mist would lift and Fritz could see us working there and start lobbing in the shells. So they would lob a few shells over and we would take off and get another billet. Sometimes we had infantry working parties. We generally had them for carrying materials. Sometimes we worked alone.

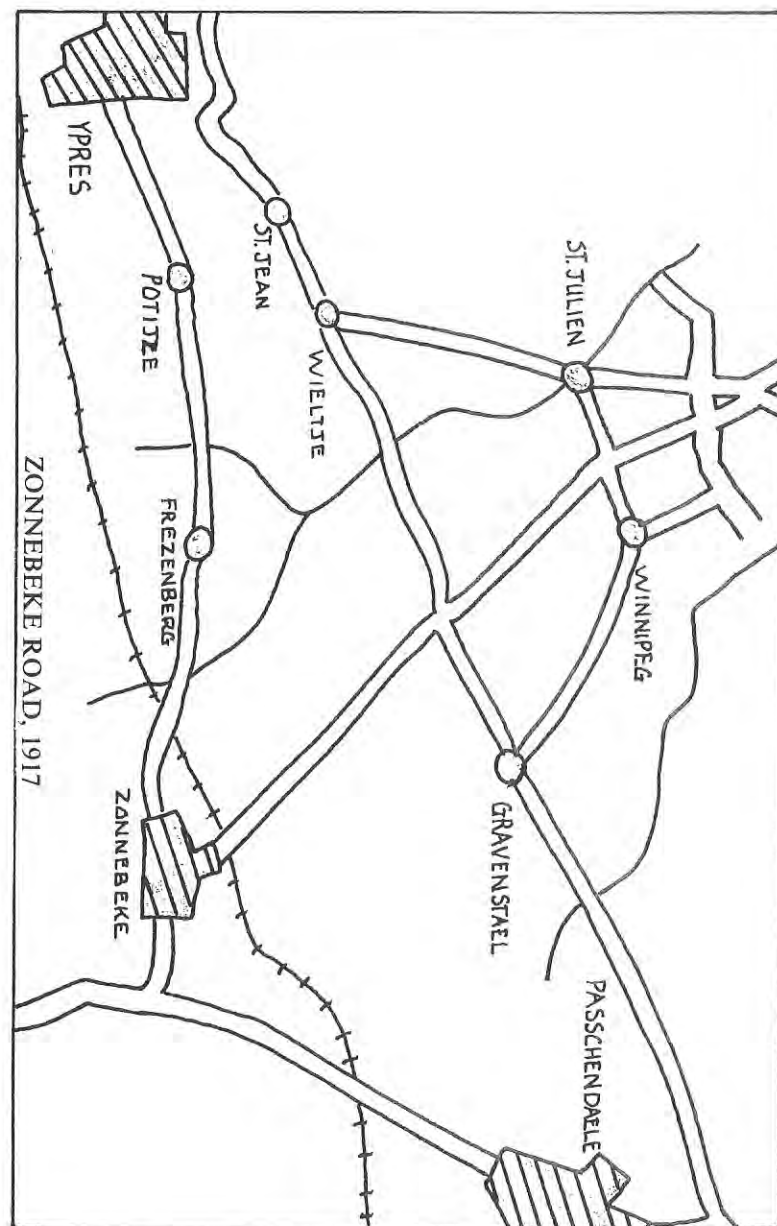
We were coming out of there one morning; we came out on the Zonnebeke Road - we built the road in, and it was all shelled to pieces. It took hundreds of truck-loads of crushed stone to make any base for the road; and we got it as far as Zonnebeke Station eventually. We were coming out the road one morning and the man ahead of me had a hammer and saw in a sandbag, that was a handy way of carrying your tools, and Fritz was dropping a few, on one side of the road. Some heavy stuff, but it mostly threw mud at us. One of them (shells) was closer to the road than the rest of them, the fellow ahead of me with the sandbag over his shoulder, he ducked. I saw him duck and kind of flinch, but I thought it was just a natural reaction from the explosion of the shell. When we got back to billets about a mile from there, he threw the sand-

bag down and the blood was running out of his tunic and underneath the sack, he was wounded, but he didn't know it. Quite often a man would get wounded and didn't know it. So anyhow he goes down the line. That's what they called a Blighty in the old country. You went to England if you were wounded mostly – they called that Blighty – England, Scotland. So if you got a Blighty you were out of France for a while. That was a big inducement. Everybody was hoping they would get a Blighty.

Well, a few days later we were coming up the Zonnebeke Road and we saw a GS wagon, that's a general supply wagon. In the first war we didn't have much motorized equipment and all our supplies came in pretty well by the teams and wagons. Just below Zonnebeke Station this supply wagon had been hit, overturned, the horses were lying there, one of them was dead and the other one was dying, blood spurting out of its stomach. We were going by on the double because there was a hot zone around there. One of the boys spotted a green shamrock. The rum used to go up the line in oblong boxes with green shamrocks painted on one end. A couple of them salvaged the rum, and the rest of us kept on going.

We got back to the rear billets and one of the boys said "Hank you're wounded", and I said "Yeah, where?". I looked on the back of my leg and a streak of blood was down over my puttee and it had congealed by that time, and I said "That's funny I never felt anything", and I thought "Aha, going home!" I ripped off the puttee and that was all the blood there was, on my puttee, and I guess I got it off the horse as I run by him. Because every time his heart beat, why the blood was spurting up. That's where I must have got it.

Well I was wounded slightly about six months after that when we were in the front of Arras to the south of Passchendaele. We had been in there for some time, building a communications support line from a turn in the line coming back, the communications trench in the forward area. We had been working on it for a month. We had four Battalions in the Brigade and they worked from front line, support line and a reserve line. While they were in the reserve line we had them for nights on a working party, and we had the 75th and the 102nd and 54th, they were all good men.



Then we got the 87th Battalion from Montreal, hah, they weren't so hot. So anyhow, we had the 87th, I spaced them out and got them started on the trench and Fritz was dropping a few whizz bangs up ahead. I was standing on a high spot, I watched the sparks fly, then I'd count one, two, three, four, five, to figure if he was coming any closer with them you know. Then all of a sudden I realized there wasn't a pick or shovel working on the whole damn crew you know, so I thought ah well, the hell with it. I spit out my chewing tobacco, you couldn't smoke in the front line area. I lit a cigarette, and I guess every man in the party hollers "Put out that light", and I said "I thought you bastards couldn't talk English". And I says "Well I'll light a bonfire up here, I'll keep you here till morning if you don't get to work." Because I'm the guy who'd be on the mat next morning if the job wasn't done, it didn't mean nothing to them, no-one would say anything to them. Their officers and sergeants had all taken off, crawled into a hole somewhere. So they started to work.

But it wasn't only a few seconds, when zwit-bang, only about thirty feet from me and on the edge of the trench, and something hit me in the neck. It felt as big as my fist and I throw my hand up and I jump in the shell hole, I had been standing on the rim of it. While I'm jumping in the shell hole, I'm thinking 'Hurray, I got a Blighty'. I get in the bottom of the shell hole and I feel up there and just a little pinhead of a spot on my neck. Well, it's kind of a let-down you know.

There was one stretcher case and a couple of walking wounded. I told them where the nearest dressing station was - started them on their way and I said "Now you fellas had better get going." So they went to work and it only took them about an hour, and they had the job finished! So everybody went home, and we overtook the stretcher bearers before they got to the dressing station. There was just two of them and they'd stop for a rest occasionally. So I led them into the dressing station.

When I was due in from the working party I got a shot of rum, we all did, when we came in out of the front line area. But I knew the sergeant down at this advanced dressing station, and I thought I could spear a shot of rum in there you know. So I not only showed them where to go, but I went in with them.

But the sergeant wasn't there: there was a lieutenant there. I didn't know him and the next thing I know he is sticking a card in through the buttonhole of my tunic. I says "I'm all right there's nothing the matter with me". I guess I had blood across my neck and blood was running down to my shirt collar a couple of inches. So, instead of getting two shots of rum I didn't get any!

I had to wait 'til about daylight and a light railway train pulled up. We all piled in and went back to Arras. That was where Medical Corps was, there was men in there with legs off, arms mutilated and holes in their head, it was a regular advanced hospital. When a lieutenant got to me he said "What's your trouble?" and I said I just wanted a shot in the arm - anti-tetanus, had to get that you know. So I got the shot in the arm. It was only about half a mile to our rear billets, and I walked back there; I had 24 hours off duty. Funny part of it was, the troops' company came out that night, they were through their term in the line!

And that's how this (died of wounds) happened. Well, the next time I wrote home, I mentioned getting slightly wounded with a gun shot wound in the neck and returned to duty the same day. But in the weekly casualty list they got me in the died of wounds column, and that's how that died of wounds happened - they just got me in the wrong column.

I didn't have to stay dead! Hah!

So as Robert Service says "There's strange things done!"

The January 30th, 1919 edition of The London Free Press printed this announcement:

"Reported "died of wounds" in April last, Lance Corp H. H. Hayes, of this city presented a very much alive appearance when he walked into the Free Press office to give positive proof the report was "Greatly exaggerated". He was slightly wounded in April, but an error in wire transmission of the list reported him "died of wounds".



Sapper Hayes, age 17 or 18, note Canadian collar dogs

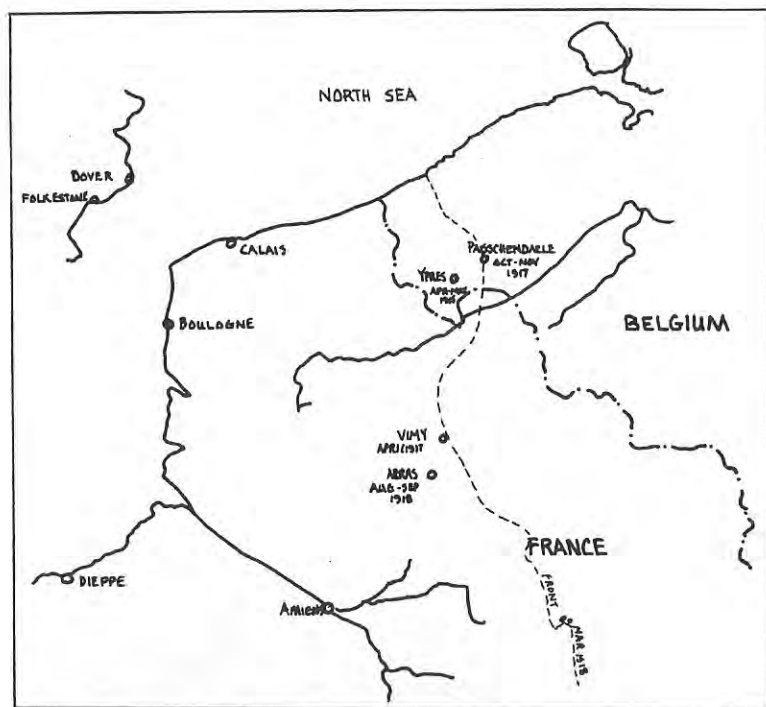
SAPPER DAW

While we were up at Passchendaele there was a fellow joined us with the reinforcements. Man, his name was Daw. He came from British Columbia and he was a big, tall man, and his shoes had to be ordered special. He wore a size 12, and that wasn't all he needed, he was big all over – big hands, a big man.

Building that Zonnebeke Road that I mentioned before, all that crushed stone, and they had the British trucks hauling the stone in. They were four wheel drive and four wheel steering and it was the only truck that could get in and turn around in their own length. On a new road like that, if you got off that road then you were mired for ever. Had a hard time getting in, it was a tough road to build and up in the salient Fritz could shell it. So we'd go in there first thing in the morning, as soon as it's daylight, as soon as we could see, and work until ten o'clock when the ground mist lifted and then we had to get out of there.

General Headquarters had an idea it was taking too long to build that road. This morning we go in and General Turner's there. General Turner was head of the Engineers in the Canadian Corps, the top man. He was in charge. Actually it didn't make any difference to us, but he was in charge. We carried on as usual, along about ten o'clock, the mist lifted and Fritz started lobbing them in, and they were on this side of the road and the other side of the road, and then he dropped one right on the road.

Seventy-fifth Battalion was behind us; they got it, and General Turner hollered "Scatter"; he didn't have to tell us twice, we scattered. I took off to the left of the road and started back. We had to run around the rims of the shell holes, because that was the driest part. I remember we didn't run very far before each foot was about the size of a bushel basket – with mud you know. Before, I don't know, I maybe had run three or four hundred yards maybe, and I thought 'boy, I've heard about second wind, if I don't get second wind pretty soon I'm going to stop'. But I didn't get my second wind. So I picked out the newest shell hole, the new ones didn't have any water in them. I jumped in it. New shell holes



THE GREAT WAR, 1914 - 1918

stink of cordite and gunpowder, but they're not wet anyway. I jumped in that shell hole and I let the barrage go over my head.

I got my wind and climbed out, and by that time the barrage had got to the top of the next ridge and had stopped. So I take my time ambling back. Go back to the road; come to a dressing station, and the first man I see on a stretcher is this guy Daw, stretched out.

So I said to him "Oh you got one did ya". He said "Yea", and then I said, "Where?" He said "Where would you think?", and I said "One foot" - a natural.

Anyway that's the last I ever saw of Daw, he went down the line. I don't know if he ever came back or not, he didn't come to our outfit.

We had thirty men used to go out on the working party every day. We had forty casualties in a month . . . amongst thirty men. So somebody else took my place one time. But when I had been over there maybe a year, every time reinforcements came up the line - why, the first night we worked in the line we'd send a new man in with an old timer, to break him in. And the recruit would say - it always happened, he'd say, "How long have you been over here?", and I'd say "A year, a year and a half." whatever it was. They'd think I had a lot of horseshoes you know, and they'd stick to me like glue. The funny part of it was, they might be right next to me and get one the first night on the line. It happened more than once, and no accounting for it.

WORLD WAR I PAY

We got 20 francs one pay and 15 another. You see we had \$20 a month assigned pay. You either assigned it to a relative or to a bank. I've got my pay book downstairs.

REGTL. No. 491227 HAYES H. H.
 NAME (TO BE SHOWN HERE IN BLOCK LETTERS)

SIGNATURE OF SOLDIER H. H. Hayes 491227
All Bank in file

BOOK OPENS ON August 5th 1918

NET BALANCE CREDIT ~~00-0000~~ (Latter in Red Ink) ON THE DATE BOOK OPENS.
Sixty Five ⁶¹/₁₀₀ dollars. (1165.61) 31-7-18.
 (AMOUNT IN WORDS)
W. Napstun Captain
 (PAYMASTER)

CASH PAYMENTS, REMITTANCES, AND OTHER CHARGES.
 ENTRIES OF FINES AND FORFEITURES MUST INVARIABLY QUOTE
 NUMBER OF PART II. ORDER.

DATE	UNIT OF PAYMASTER MAKING PAYMENT.	TOTAL DEBIT.	SIGNATURE OF PAYMASTER.	A.R. No.
16/18*	11th Bn CE	20 ps	W. Napstun	169
9/9	"	20	W. Napstun	205
17/18	"	20	W. Napstun	362
6/10	"	20	W. Napstun	362
Nov 25	8 Bn	1-	W. Napstun	500
Dec 4	8 Bn	10-00	W. Napstun	711
17-12-18	2 CERBZ	4	W. Napstun	82
31-12-18	C. Gal 53	79	W. Napstun	
31-12-18	53-17	20	W. Napstun	

CASH ENTRIES TO BE SHOWN IN ACTUAL CURRENCY PAID—i.e. DOLLARS IN CANADA—
 STERLING IN ENGLAND—FRANCE IN FRANCE.

CASH ENTRIES TO BE SHOWN IN ACTUAL CURRENCY PAID—i.e. DOLLARS IN CANADA—
 STERLING IN ENGLAND—FRANCE IN FRANCE.

CANADIAN PAY BOOK

For use on Active Service



Sapper Hayes, centre kneeling – circa 1915

BLIGHTY AND HOME

I went down the line 1st of October, 1918, got a shot of gas. I went back to England for bit.

I got down to the Base at Boulogne, Base Hospital (France) and Spanish flu was raging all around the world. Everybody in the hospital that didn't have anything else, they had the flu; so anybody with chest trouble, they got flu too. There was only one nurse that was on duty in the hut I was in when I left, that was there when I went in thirty days before.

This hospital had been bombed out not long before by Fritz, so they had evacuated every other hut; just wooden huts you know, temporary. They put prisoners of war in every other hut and barbed wire around each hut. They had trenches and the men that were out of bed, they were supposed to get into the trenches if another bombing raid came along. But there weren't any more bombing raids.

I was there from 8 October to 8 November, and then I was sent to England on a stretcher. I lay on the deck of the boat that took us across; it was just a fishing tug. It took us across to Dover. It's funny of course, Boulogne and Dover is at the narrowest point of the Channel. When you're half way across you see those big white cliffs, they look that close on each side and you would think you were just on a wide river when you're half way across and looking at the cliffs. Of course on a clear day you could see the cliffs in Dover and Folkestone from the French side.

Anyway I ended up in Manchester in a convalescent home. So three days later the war was over. Didn't make me mad. I went from there to Epsom. Epsom was the Casualty Clearing Centre for the Canadian Army and from there to Seaford, that was the Engineer Base, and the end of January I was marched out for home.

I reported back up to the Barracks when I first got home. You got paid off on the train. You got money coming to you after France. We got two or three weeks holidays and then we had to report up to Wolseley Barracks.



Lance Corporal 'Hank' Hayes and James MacDonald Scott, from Valleyfield, Quebec, taken in France, 1918

I reported up there, Lieutenant says "You want your discharge?" I looked at him like he was out of his mind. After four years!

If I had known there's a chance, but I doubt it, I might have stayed in. All I had to do was stay in another twelve years and I would have had a twenty year pension. Because four years active service counted eight years for a pension in the First World War. I don't know if it did in the Second War or not.

But I had enough.

I kind of took it easy for a couple of months. Then I went up to the employment office. All they had to offer me was a deckhand on Dredge 117, that was a government job at Port Burwell. So I thought; well, it would be regular hours, of course you lived on the dredge – and regular meals – kind of get me in shape. So I went down on the dredge – deckhand – \$45 a month – more than that. I worked there until 11 July.

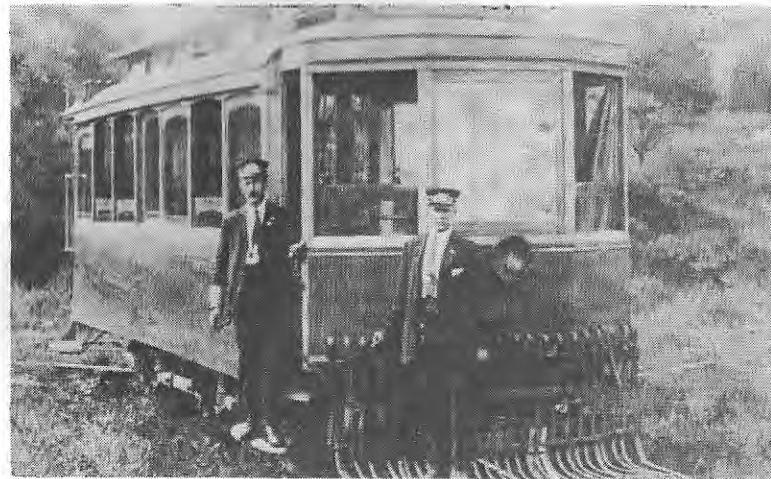
My Dad was the street railway here. They put on more streetcars in London, started the north belt line up around Seafact (Cheapside) Street. Of course my Dad, he was hoping I'd be on there for life, and I got my name in.

So I came back there and went on the street railway. They had motormen and conductors at that time on streetcars. That was the summer of 1919 they put the first one-man car on that summer. The Springbank line used to do a tremendous business in the summer time. School picnics were held at Springbank Park and all the city school children went down there early in June every year.

They had about ten double truck cars, most of the cars were single truck – four wheel streetcars, but these double truck cars they were twice the power, had more motors, four motors instead of two, and they used to have what they called bobtails, actually they were the horse cars from the pre-electric days. Used to tow them behind the double truckers.

That was the old Springbank car. But the double truck cars were used in the city. There were five of them. They ran from number 101, 102, 104, 106, 108. They run on the Dundas line most of the time, maybe in the Ridout. In those days; why, they used to have a coal stove in the front end of the streetcar. The coal bin

was alongside the motorman in the left-hand corner of the vestibule. He had to keep the fire stoked up.



* Car 84 on Broughdale loop, early 1920s. The driver on the steps is Frank Hayes who started with the L.S.R. (London Street Railway) in 1918

*Dobbin to Diesel

FLORIDA

I went down to Florida in 1926. Doris' mother was down there the year or so before. She was sending pictures of roses around the door at Christmas time.

They picked the first crop of strawberries in the middle of December, they're auctioned off at the start, in Florida, and the buyers from Chicago always bid the highest. The buyers are from Chicago and New York. Chicago had more money than New York for anything like that. They paid a dollar a quart, which was a lot of money in those days, '26.

Anyway, one thing and another, why the following fall I had been working for Tommy Wilkie on real estate maintenance. Come fall he was going to have me work on a couple of houses and make apartments out of them through the winter. Then he got a notion he wouldn't bother with it, so he says "I'm not going to do those apartments." "What are you going to do?" I says. "I'm going to Florida." That's how come I went to Florida.

Doris' mother, seeing how much money there was in strawberries, they bought this small place and they learned something. That ground down there it's a grey colour when it's ploughed and when the sun hits it for two or three days it's white, nothing but white sand anyhow. And to get a thousand dollars worth of strawberries they put about five hundred dollars worth of fertilizer into it. It's a fact. So the first year they had it, their crop wasn't much. Anyway we weren't in the strawberry business.

Then I read in the paper about the plasterers going out on strike down there for more money, and I thought to myself, well, the money they're making why cement finishing must be pretty good. I was good on cement finishing, but when I got down there I found out there was only one job in town, in Jacksonville that the union went on strike and that was a sky scraper, the only reason they went out there was that the steel workers went out to back them up, so they got their raise in pay. But around the average building job, plasterers, roofers, bricklayers, carpenters, they would only contract coloured labour, coloured contractors. The

only white contractors were plumbers and electricians. So after working for a couple of contractors, painting mostly, and I got my pay cheque and the cheque bounced; why, I went to work on a bread route.

It was the only house to house bakery delivery in Jacksonville. They made all kinds of bread, rolls and pastries, everything. So I went out on this route and along about noon I said to the supervisor "How come this route's open?" he says. "Why, what do you mean?" "Well," I said, "Up home a route in a locality like this if it was open, one of the senior men would get it." So he says "Well, most of these people are northerners originally, it takes a northern man to sell them." He was from Boston himself. The proprietor came from Port York. I says "I'll sell 'em." He said "This route was doing \$200 a week when I had it, it's only doing \$100 now." Three months I was doing \$250 a week. That's when I made a mistake. They made supervisor out of me, and I should have stayed on the route. They cut my route up and made two out of it. Supervisor, the main part of that was the glory of it you know, supervisor. The funny part of it was they had twenty routes so I got five routes to work on, four routes per guy. So I go out with each driver for a week, every house that he isn't selling I'd canvass that house. I'd line him up enough new customers to give him \$200 a week. But the worst of it was, he's got to pay for his goods. He's got to collect his money and most people want credit; to pay him once a week or every two, and that's where the rub came in.

Time I built those five routes up to be highest of the four districts, next thing I know they make me sales manager. By that time I know every customer in town. A lot of people, a town of 200,000. Of course there was a lot of them were coloured people and they weren't customers - too expensive for coloured people.

When they started a new man on a route, the supervisor started him in, the first I'd know the cashier would say check number so and so. So I'd get his books and check his credits. Well, I knew every customer and when they got paid. I'd look if somebody hadn't paid him that week, just a little ring on the phone and I knew if they were spending company money.

On top of that if there was a man short, I was the 'Joe' that took the route, any route in the city. Good Friday we had hot

cross buns, the Thursday night before Good Friday, I helped them put up bags of hot cross buns after I got through in the office, about ten o'clock. About three in the morning I took out the first load of hot cross buns. One route was open so I delivered his hot cross buns, came back and took another route out. By that time it was time for the regular day delivery. So I was working all day, I worked 40 hours straight, no sleep.

Thursday night I was supposed to write out a sales slip top for a special cake for Saturday. Saturday why the boss's son said "You didn't write out any sales top for the cake." I said "No, I didn't." How come you didn't? - I says "I didn't have time." "Well from now on you find time." I says "Yea," and I says "I worked all night and you were home pounding your ear."

Doris, she was in the office at that time. She used to get tired of waiting for me to come home, she'd come in the bake shop. First thing she knew; why, she knew how to cash the men in. So naturally when there was an opening, they were short in the office, they called her in. She fell into a steady job.

Don Shaw was in the shipping room. Doug Shaw was in the shipping room. Frank Shaw, that's the one in Baltimore, he was on a route. My youngest brother (Maurice 'Mac' Hayes) came down, he was on route for a while. The Hayes' outnumbered the Arnots (the owners). Well, actually they (the Shaws) got down there before I did, followed their mother, because they thought they'd do alright in the strawberry business.

Frank didn't stay, he left before we did. Frank was a fitter in the carshops and the round-house here (Canadian National Railway Roundhouse, London, Ontario). Had a good job, couldn't get in down there ahead of the natives you know, seniority. So when he left Jacksonville, he left with another fellow that had been on a route, fellow named Napper. He went to Hagerstown, Maryland, and he got in a dairy up there. He took a course and he was in charge of the dairy - pasteurizing.

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP — NOT WORTH \$5

I was doing alright down there, and I thought I would take out my papers. You see the firm was after me to take out my papers, because they had to pay double bond. I was bonded, and seeing I was a foreigner it cost them more money for my bond. So I paid my taxes and took my visa papers and went over there, I was in the clear for a citizenship.

After I was there a year I was entitled to my first papers, but I had to write to Montgomery, Alabama to get them. I wrote to Montgomery, that was the district headquarters for the the section. I got my first papers and I started filling them out. The third line down says - I disown allegiance to, and I had to write out King George the Fifth. I seen George twice, and before I filled it out I was thinking, you know, I seen him in France. He went over to inspect the troops and we were out of the line at the time, behind Vimy, and there was a sunken road, I guess we were about five or six miles behind Vimy Ridge, and it was a sunken road. Maisnil-Bouche was on the left, Chateau de la Haie was on the right, and half a mile further on was Gouy-Servins. Fritz, on a clear day they had their observation balloons up, and he can see that road and he would shell it. About every half hour he dropped one in on us.

And so - George was due to inspect us. It was a nice sunny, bright day, and we could see Fritz's balloons all around up ahead, plain as could be. They had us line up on the top of this sunken road, wave our hats and holler 'hurray' as the King goes by, you know. And I thought what a set up, Fritz looking right in on us you know.

Finally, the procession comes along in an open touring car naturally. He's sitting in the centre with two big overgrown generals on each side, one on each side of him. Currie is one of them, a big pot-bellied guy, same size on the other. There's George with his hand up and he's looking this way and that, and so help me when I saw him, I thought, he looked like he was expecting a Mills bomb (hand grenade) in on him. But there wasn't!

They weren't gone twenty minutes before Fritz starts dropping his shells again. Later on I seen a movie here where Wellington grabbed a man's arm, he was aiming a rifle at Napoleon, supposed to be. Wellington pulled his hand down and he said "Generals don't shoot generals". Ain't it the truth. I thought to myself, and when the Crown Prince of Germany comes up inspecting the troops, why we don't shell him either.

Anyhow, I threw the papers back in a drawer, and a month or so later they were after me again to fill out the papers, and so I says "O.K." and I thought to myself, well, a man's making a living and he likes it in a country, why, he should be a citizen. I have always said that about a man in this country, a foreigner, if he likes it he should take out his papers and forget about it. So I filled out the papers, and wrote in 'King George the Fifth'. Filled them out and took them down to the office and lay them on the counter.

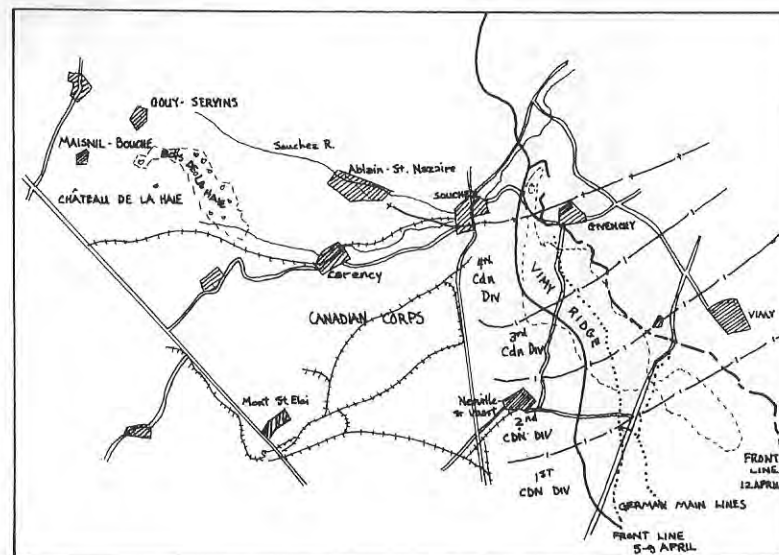
There was three girls in there typing away, and one man, and he comes up to the counter and he says "Too bad you didn't come in yesterday". I says "Why?". He says "It would only have cost you a dollar". I says "How much will it cost today?". He says "Five dollars". I grab the papers - the truth of the matter was I only had about \$3.50 in my pocket. I grabbed the paper - and if ever I spoke without thinking that was the time. I says "I don't know if it's worth five dollars or not". Every typewriter stopped just like that. I walked out, shortly after that the stock market broke.

All my customers, they were buying stock on a ten percent margin, and the market dropped. They had mortgaged everything to cover their stock. For instance CPR dropped from 62 to 12 and everything else proportionately I guess. Took a lot of covering. Some of my best customers, people with three or four cars and six or eight coloured servants and big colonial homes - they were living in an army relief tent. Lost everything they owned, and a lot of them, well, the old man he would be blowing his brains out.

So I stuck it out for a year and then I thought to myself, if I stay here much longer I will have to learn to eat mustard greens and white meat. You know what white meat is? - fat - sow belly, and you cook it up with mustard greens, makes a kind of spinach.

I didn't like it much to eat. Anyway, that's why I left Florida.

I came back here and I was lucky to get three days work a week on the city, digging sewers, pick and shovel. That's a come-down from sales manager.



VIMY RIDGE, 1917, AND AREA OF INSPECTION BY KING GEORGE V OF 4TH CANADIAN DIVISION

THE MOST USELESS MAN WHO EVER LIVED

That's another angle (prohibition). I can tell you something about that. The sheriff had everything tied up in the bootlegging. He had all the stills in the county, they were peddling it to him. He was the retail man. All the moonshiners they sold it to him.

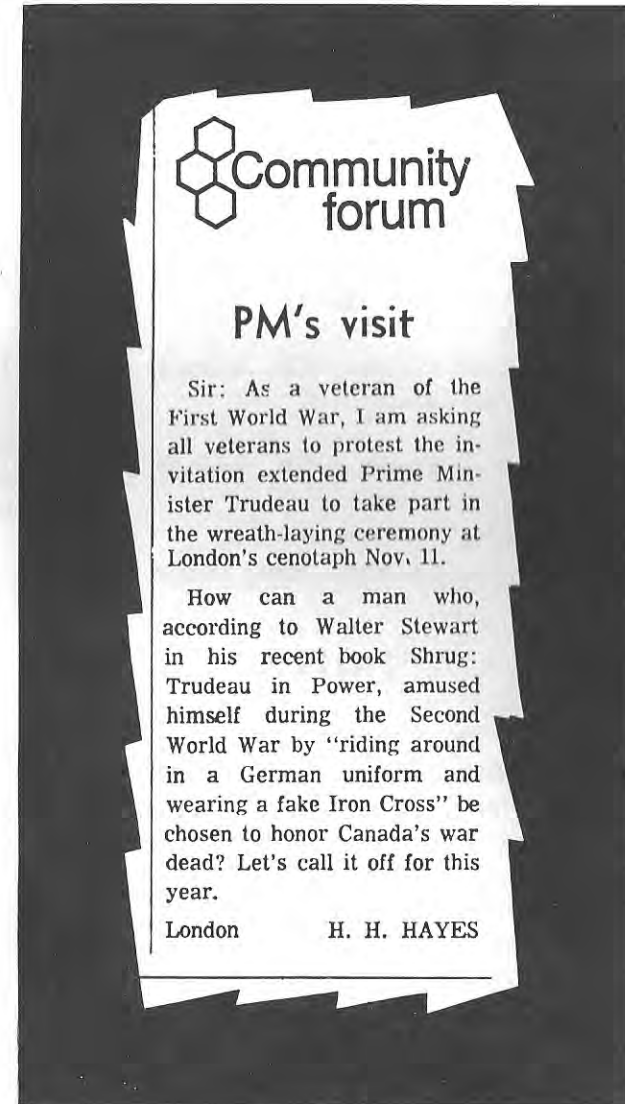
When Hoover was elected in 1928. Hoover was elected President. The most useless man that ever lived. He was! The Depression come on after the stock market break, he left it up to the people of the country to work themselves out of the depression. When Hoover left, and here's something that isn't very well known, the Yanks deny it, but it's a fact. Before Roosevelt was inaugurated in '32, for four days there wasn't a bank open in the United States of America. It didn't matter how much money you had you couldn't draw out a nickel. It's a fact.

Roosevelt was elected, inaugurated, he went on the air. I think he was the first President to go on the air to talk to the people. He said "All we have to fear is fear itself". He opened the banks, they were restricted of course, they could only pay 10% of the deposits to start with, they were limited to the withdrawals. But he got things rolling again. He got public works going same as they had in Canada.

We had a Mayor here, named Wenige* and he was all for public works, you know. The people that were against "Weenie", the big shots around town, they claimed he had enough sewers to last London for a hundred years. Good Lord, he wasn't out of office ten years before they had to build sewers. Cost them a hell of a lot more money, for the same sewers!

Yup, when Hoover died they gave him a big parade in Washington and the city buried him!

* London Mayor, George Wenige was nicknamed "Weenie" or "Weiners".



In November, 1969, The London Free Press published this letter

CANADIAN ROYAL ENGINEERS 4TH CANADIAN DIVISION

- HQ 4th Brigade C.E.
(formerly HQ 4th Canadian Divisional Engineers)
- 10th Battalion C.E.
(from 10th Field Company C.E., originally in part 8th Field Company C.E. from Canada.)
- 11th Battalion C.E.
(from 11th Field Company C.E., originally 15th Field Company C.E. from Canada.)
- 12th Battalion C.E.
(from 12th Field Company C.E., originally 13th Field Company C.E. from Canada.)
- 4th Pontoon Bridging Transport Unit C.E.
- 4th Brigade C.E. Forward Water Supply Section.

NOTES:

1. 10th, 11th and 12th Battalions C.E. incorporated 124th Canadian Pioneer Battalion and part of 2nd Tunnelling Company C.E. after reorganization in May, 1918.
2. In May, 1918, General Currie expanded each engineer field company to an engineer battalion. The battalion consisted of the field company plus one third of a pioneer battalion and one sixth of a tunnelling company.
3. Prior to the reorganization, Sapper Hayes served with, at full strength, 6 officers and 210 other ranks in the 11th Field Company. On 25 May, 1918 at Burbure, France, the 11th Battalion C.E. was formed to consist of 37 officers, 1,000 men, 148 horses, 3 box cars and 8 three-ton lorries. The Battalion reached 60-70% of full strength by the Armistice.
4. Lieutenant-Colonel H.L. Trotter, D.S.O., commanded the 11th Battalion throughout the war.

MAJOR ENGAGEMENTS 11TH BATTALION C.E.

1916	
Ancre Heights	01 Oct – 11 Nov
Ancre 1916	13 Nov – 18 Nov
1917	
Vimy 1917	09 Apr – 14 Apr
Hill 70	15 Aug – 25 Aug
Passchendaele (Second Battle)	26 Oct – 12 Nov
1918	
Amiens	08 Aug – 11 Aug
Scarpe 1918	26 Aug – 30 Aug
Drocourt-Quesnt	02 Sep – 03 Sep
Canal du Nord	27 Sep – 01 Oct *
Valenciennes	01 Nov – 02 Nov

* Lance Corporal Hayes hit by "gas" and evacuated to Boulogne.

**PARTICULARS OF SERVICE
CANADIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE
491227 LANCE-CORPORAL H. H. HAYES**

1. 6 August, 1898. Born Tillsonburg, Oxford County, Ontario
2. 2 February, 1915. Enlisted 33rd. Battalion, London, Ontario
3. 20 March, 1916. Embarked for Britain aboard "SS Lapland"
4. 26 March, 1916. Arrived in Britain, stationed at Shorncliffe
5. 20 April, 1916. Transferred to Canadian Engineers Training Depot, Shorncliffe
6. 5 January, 1917. Proceeded to Canadian Engineer Pool, France
7. 12 January, 1917. Posted to 11th Field Company, Canadian Engineers
8. 4 April, 1918. Wounded in action, remained on duty
9. 24 May, 1918. Appointed Lance-Corporal
10. 29 May, 1918. Taken on strength 11th Battalion
11. 29 June-17 July, 1918. Canadian Engineers School
12. 9 October, 1918. Admitted to No. 13 Canadian Field Ambulance (Gassed)
13. 16 October, 1918. Transferred to No. 1 Canadian Casualty Clearing Station
14. 8 November, 1918. Invalided to England
15. 4 December, 1918. Posted to No. 2 Canadian Engineer Reserve Battalion, Seaford, England
16. 25 January, 1919. Repatriated to Canada
17. 19 February, 1919. Honourably discharged at London, Ontario

LINEAGE

