

**WHEN
THE DUST
SETTLED**

BY

ROY HIDER

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY

ROY HIDER

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PRECEPT

RECORD OF SERVICE

**THE CANADIAN ARMY OF
ZP 2330 MAJOR JAMES ROY WILLIAM HIDER, CD**

Enrolled in the Royal Canadian Dragoons, Permanent Active Militia in the rank of Boy Soldier – June 1934; Remustered to the rank of Private – May 1936; Transferred to the Royal Canadian Army Service Corps – June 1937; Transferred to the Canadian Army Active – September 1939; Promoted Sergeant – September 1939; Promoted Staff Sergeant – July 1941; Promoted Acting Warrant Officer Class 2 (Staff Quartermaster-Sergeant) – May 1942; Reverted to Staff Sergeant – February 1943; Appointed Officer Cadet – February 1943

Commissioned Second Lieutenant – May 1943; Promoted Lieutenant - July 1943; Transferred to the Canadian Infantry Corps September 1944; Transferred to the Royal Canadian Army Service Corps

February 1946; Transferred to the Canadian Army Regular – October 1946; Promoted Captain – February 1951; Promoted Major – November 1960; Honourably Released.

DECORATIONS, CAMPAIGN STARS, MEDALS AND OTHER AWARDS

939-45 Star; France and Germany Star; Canadian Volunteer Service Medal and Clasp; War Medal 1939-45; Korea Medal; United Nations Service Medal; Canadian Medal for Long Service and Good Conduct (Military); Canadian Forces' Decoration.

**1111 Bruce F. Macdonald
Major-General
For Chief of the Defence Staff**

26 June, 1967

PART 1

AS A SOLDIER

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JOINED THE ARMY – 1934 (16)

I joined Canadian Army, RCD' Cavalry Barracks, St Johns, PQ, Regimental No 1073, height 6 ft 1.5 inches, weight 149 pounds, age 16, complexion fair, eyes hazel, Boy Soldier #1073, on 28 June. Qualified Cavalry Soldier, Recruit Training, St Johns, PQ

My reasons for joining the Royal Canadian Dragoons (RCD) were many but primarily because my father was also in the same squadron. We had only just survived a bad depression as a family because my dad was working and receiving a soldier's pay. At the time, in 1934, it was difficult to find work in such a depressed economy. When not at school, I had worked at the Vanderway Fur Factory for 10 cents an hour for \$9.00 for a 90 hour week. It was also to my advantage that after my 3 year enlistment contract I could join or transfer to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP) more readily because of my cavalry experience. Even at that time I was also considering the financial security of a military career ending in a pension for life.

As a Boy Soldier I would be paid 60 cents a day (a man was paid \$1.20 per day). Both man and boy were stopped 10 cents per day to be set aside until after the 3 year enlistment commitment. Whether re-enlisting or not, this windfall was a blessing for a celebration, new clothes, or whatever.

FIRST YEAR AS A BOY SOLDIER

When I first enlisted in the cavalry as a boy, I was young, shy, self conscious, rather naive, quite tall and very thin. The squadron Sergeant-Major Tom Sheehy a university graduate from Dublin, was the most ferocious SM I've ever know in all my life, even in movies. I stayed clear of him. A boy soldier was not required to do stableman or fatigues (adult hard work). However, my father, bless his soul, passed the word out and very strongly so, that I was to do everything a man had to do ... to make a man out of me. Later he was proven right. I built a well muscled body, excelled in sports and horse mastership and became the squadron boxer.

MY MEDITATION HOBBEY

Over most of my life I have enjoyed hypnoses and meditation. I began meditation and yoga in 1934 when an old fellow-soldier, Mahatma Gandhi by nickname, filled my mind with the unexpected and the exciting for a 16 year old kid. He started with yoga for the postures, deep stomach breathing and tranquility. With meditation, coupled with pretending and positive affirmations and the virtues galore, I realized these were simple stepping stones and imagination to succeed. Emule Coue from Paris in 1800's taught us a working formula:

“Day by day; in every way, I'm getting better and better.”

THE GLANDERS EPIDEMIC

During my first few months I grew to love the horses; but was nervous of the men. I was soon to learn that these seemingly hard and tough old soldiers I was living with were really softies at heart and would give you the shirt off their backs. Sure their language was hard to accept and understand at first, "Christ almighty, its 6-a-F---ing-clock already ... ". The expression "to swear like a trooper" almost covered it.

Old troopers were always giving out shit to their horses. I felt sorry for the horses. They'd chuck a knee into the horse's belly just before pulling up their girth strap. The horse would gasp out wind and the girth would be pulled tight. The yells that came from some of the stalls were blood curdling. Out of all this commotion would suddenly appear troops of horses, beautifully groomed and saddled and ridden by very erect sharp-looking cavalrymen. I was so proud to see the transition from what appeared to be absolute chaos to a finely disciplined finished product.

Over a period of only a few days many of our horses became very sick with swollen necks. It was a glanders epidemic. The vet, Sgt. Forgraves, worked around the clock with us all force-feeding and injecting the horses. It became hopeless and so the effected horses were to be killed. On the day it was to be done, a long deep pit was dug and sprayed with lime. The horses were readied in a

straight line, troopers standing by their heads, holding them on a short bridle. All stood to attention while our bugler sounded a call. The vet passed in front of each horse with his humane killer firing a 303 round into each forehead. Each horse dropped on the spot. Like the rest of the group, I didn't blink an eye looking straight to the front. It was a heart-wrenching moment for me. Suddenly I heard sniffs and coughs. I dared roll my eyes right and left to suddenly realize these tough old buggers were crying. Tears were flooding down their cheeks. That was the moment I realized that for all their bravado and hard horse-talk, they too loved their horses. We were stood at ease and dismissed after we had rolled the horses into the pit. No one spoke for quite a few hours after that episode.

THE PROSTITUTE WHO MADE GOOD

One of the older soldiers, I'll call him Alec, was at a bar in St Johns one night, called the Canada Club, when he got into an argument with a prostitute, we'll call May. Alec liked her and was becoming jealous of her other customers. In the yelling fight that followed, she broke a bottle over his head. Alex was taken to hospital and was there for a few weeks. May couldn't stay away. She was so ashamed with what she had done; she attended to him every day. They became very close. Not long after his hospital stay Alec and May were married. Later they moved from the village into PMQs.

Perhaps quite naturally the other women in quarters shunned her and she was pointed at and whispered about. However, what they didn't know at first was that May had a University Degree, came from a well-to-do family and was a qualified nurse and of course was very attractive with a fine personality. Around the time she had a baby later, she had made quite headway among the other-rank wives and even some of the officers' wives. She was so good to Alec and so helpful to everyone around, she was soon accepted at various social occasions particularly when she was so good at helping to organize them. Alec had been a trooper for many years with no incentive to advance. May however, helped him with his promotional studies, encouraged him to take courses. When I transferred from the RCD's in 1937 Alec was a Sergeant.

UNOFFICIAL BARRACK PHOTOGRAPHER

From the time I joined the army in 1934 I was continually involved in money-making projects. While I was in the RCDs in St John's PQ, I began with taking and developing photographs. I was given a space where I could do sittings. I had 3 mirrors spaced in front of my subjects. My instructions would be "now look in the left mirror" etc. The mirror caused my subjects to put on their best face. It worked well and I did well.

My equipment included a camera that provided post-card size pictures, an enlarger for 8X10's, 3 flood lights, draw curtains with various coloured backgrounds, a heavy tripod on wheels for the camera. Semi-circles were painted on the floor at 3 and 6 foot spaces in front of the swivel client chair so I could easily determine camera distance for quick accurate focusing. A long rubber tubular shutter release with a squeeze-ball grip gave me freedom to move about while taking pictures. I set up my adjoining dark room with all its pans and fluids for processing pictures.

I devised a procedure to convert my photographs into charcoal etching pictures. To this day I don't know of anyone else using this system which was so successful for me. I reveal it to you now. First, I would take my 3X5 inch portraits purposely slightly underexposed then use the negative to blow it up to an 8X10 on black and white Kodak sensitized paper. With charcoal pencils I would darken the darker parts to improve the picture contrast and provide a penciled effect to the paper-positive print. The next step was to make a contact paper-negative print of the same 8X10 size and again onto Kodak sensitized paper. Again I would use charcoal pencils to darken the dark negative portions of the print. My final step was to make my finished portrait by contact printing again. The results were not strictly photographs but very accurate and corrected drawings or tracings of the subject. These pictures drew a larger fee and were very popular among my many officer clients.

PECCARY HOG GLOVES

Another on-the-side business was making the popular-at-the-time peccary hog, pale yellow, custom-fitted gloves. It began by my

taking apart a pair of my own gloves and separating the parts from the back and front of the glove, the finger and their side parts, the thumb and its side parts. The RCD farrier helped me make glove-part templates from sheet metal. Each part of the hand was made separate with extension parts for various sizes. Each piece was drilled around the edge with holes to facilitate stitching at equal distances. It was a tedious job making all of these pieces plus finger extension pieces; but it was worth it.

My customers would place their hands face down onto blank paper for me to trace their hands and record their name. Length of fingers and thumbs were adjusted later by overlaying extension template pieces. A soft surfaced wooden cutting board served to lay the skin on, superimpose the templates and cut out pieces with a scalpel knife. An awl was used to punch the evenly spaced holes for sewing. I was able to make a pair of gloves from tracings and templates in about two hours. I made a very good hand-made glove.

EFFICIENT HORSE MANURE HANDLING

To set the scene, a stableman is a cavalryman responsible for the care of the horses and the cleanliness of the stables. He is on duty for 6 hours, either from 6 pm to midnight or from midnight to 6 am during the absence of off-duty personnel. An inspecting officer may come in to check the stables at any time. He determines the state of the stables and the performance of the stableman's duties: a horse may become twisted in his blanket, a foot stuck in his manger, etc, and on the cleanliness side, that shovels and brooms are clean and replaced in their proper places, manure is picked up from the aisle beyond the horses stalls and the aisles are swept and manure wheeled outside and into the manure box at the far end of each wing.

Our stables were constructed for a squadron of horses in a cross-shaped pattern. Each of 3 wings held a platoon of horses while the fourth wing held the officers' chargers and the wagon horses. In the centre of the hub or cross was the circular observation room. Through its four large arched doorways could be seen each wing of horses. It's inside walls were used for hanging stable brooms, shovels, pitchforks and the positioning of

wheel barrows for each wing. Silhouette patterns were used for the placement of all these tools after use. On the outside walls of this hub or central room were a series of clean and empty water troughs. Beyond this, an aisle encircled the hub room which led into each of the 4 platoon wings.

Standing or sitting in the middle of the circular room in the middle of the night was an eerie feeling for an imaginative young man. Horses would drop their bundles of manure which meant sweeping it up and shoveling it into a wheel barrow, and wheeling it out into the manure box. Then the stable broom, shovel and wheel barrow had to be washed and dried in one of the drinking troughs which also had to be washed and dried. Usually before all this was done another horse would drop another bundle and the whole thing started all over again.

I prided myself with having initiative to resolve all this and still have both a spotless stable and equipment. So this clever young man, me, stood in the centre of his proud domain, twirling slowly, eyes sharp as a hawk, watching carefully all these rows of horses asses, and when one started to raise its tail, I was off with my long legs, running toward the horse, equipped with my quiet canvas deck shoes and wearing a pair of work gloves. Arriving quickly at the horse, I supported the loaf-like bundle of buns with my right hand as it extended downward, with my left hand poised just above the horses dock (arshole) waiting for that soft fart-sound that signaled the last of the buns. Quickly my left hand folded over the contained top of the loaf, and off I ran down to the manure box to throw into it the loaf of manure. Proudly, then, I walked back to my station, brushing off my gloves, viewing my clean stable broom, shovel, wheel barrow and water trough. And so it went on through the night.

Now might I say that was a lot of horse manure, or should I say, "horse shit!!!"

MY FIRST CHRISTMAS IN THE ARMY

"Ace" was my idol. He was a great rider, boxer and hockey player. I remember one fall day he asked me to accompany him out

to the edge of the polo fields were we buried a pumpkin that had been hollowed out and filled with brown sugar. He explained this would ferment in the ground and could be dug up around Christmas as a brown potent mash.

At Christmas the barracks put on a wonderful Christmas party for the kids. Santa came in a sleigh drawn by horses and gifts were being given to all the children. All of a sudden in the middle of all this we heard a blood curdling scream. Ace had got into the pumpkin and in running around in all the snow was climbing up onto rooftops and then jumping off yelling all the time. He slid off a house top and lay on his back laughing at the top of his voice. His chums quickly gathered him up and dragged him wriggling and laughing back into his quarters. As if this was just part of the Christmas show, the children carried on with their fun, the Sergeant-Major looked as if he was conjuring in his mind the charges against Ace, and I was back to giving out more of the presents. Needless to say I didn't intend helping Ace with his next year's pumpkin.

1935 (17)

* Held our 1935 Jubilee Parade in full regalia (I was at right end) on the Barracks Square, St Johns, PQ, 6 May 35

* Thrown hard from a horse - disability - frequent pains lower back until 2 disks removed

* Qualified Cavalry Riding & Equitation Course, St Johns, PQ

* Granted pass to leave barracks in uniform with spurs

EARLY CAVALRY LIFE

I loved this life. I was very happy with riding horses, tent-pegging with sword and lance, vaulting on and off a running horse to the right and to the left with a flowing ease, escorting dignitaries in full dress regalia, practicing musical rides, and galloping across fields and spurring the horse over low fence jumps with Captain Churchill Mann leading the way.

I enjoyed also the unusual camaraderie with these other older soldiers. It was in 1935 that other young recruits started enlisting

and I was like an "old" soldier to them for awhile. Until I was granted passes out of barracks I met few young girls except on the other side of the barrack fence. This happened for instance when we put on riding demonstrations for the public on our polo field. I remember one time when I was showing off during a bare-back horse race. I was in the lead when my horse stumbled and I slid forward onto its neck. At least the horse knew where it was going and so we finished first with very, very long reins. The crowd went mad with delight; but I was still very red faced for all my smiling exterior.

A DREAM, A GOAL, A PURPOSE

Although I was enjoying my service life, I saw no great future, except perhaps to become a sergeant like my father after many years of service. Then I read "No arms. No Armour" by Henrique. It told a great story of a boy soldier in the British army who served in India. He rose in the ranks from boy all the way to a major. His method was to always carefully study those one rank above the rank he held, avoiding their shortcomings and noting and adopting their good points. This military story is about my desire to make it to major, as long as I lived to make it. It has a purpose to my life and I had a system to make it work

THE USE OF POWER I

In past years command and control was based on the traditional old school hierarchy system of management by the absolute unquestioned use of power. The bossing system required forcing performance out of people rather than inspiring it. The aim was to subdue, subjugate and control by complete intimidation and enforcement. Subordinates were chastised and humiliated in the presence of their peers.

The old school method allowed insecure individuals to abuse their power of authority thereby suppressing others, inducing fear and lowering their self worth. It is claimed that by asserting power over others those wheeling that power make obvious their own insecurity.

Confident leaders, secure in themselves, will always lead and coach others by encouragement, by motivation, by challenge and/or by example. They dispel the fears of their subordinates and draw out their potential. Good leaders are obligated to continually draw the best out of people.

Delegating power to others can only enhance the power of the giver. One becomes a bigger person by allowing others their own growth, their own uniqueness, their own individuality and independence.

By encouraged cooperation, collaboration and teamwork, workers are permitted input in suggesting ways to boost efficiency, personal relationships and morale by their invited involvement in the decision-making process.

Over the years I have assembled the above principle on power. I've debated this issue with others and I've accepted it in my own life as a value of importance.

FULL DRESS MOUNTED REGALIA

It was beautiful, colourful, and glamorous. A black-plumed brass helmet, brass-braided chin strap, scarlet jacket, white cross belt, long white gauntlets, blue trousers with a yellow broad yellow stripe down the sides of the legs, boots with spurs, lances with white and red pendants. The horse had a white brow band, white braided halter neck rope, blue saddle blanket with a red trim. Our formal parades, escorts and musical rides were so very striking.

1936 (18)

VARIED ACTIVITIES:

- * Qualified Cavalry Escort & Musical Ride Course, St Johns, PQ**
- * We received 2 armored cars in St Johns, PQ**
- * My dad off to Patawawa for armored corps training**
- * Granted pass to leave barracks in civilian clothes**
- * To Connaught Ranges for rifle qualification**

GOLDEN GLOVES BOXING - 1936-37

I had been doing fine as the squadron boxer and so entered the Golden Gloves boxing circuit during the winter of 1936-37. My first fight was in a small village near Montreal. I won the fight with a knockout at the start of the first round.

My second fight was with a black fellow in Quebec City. Again I won in the first round when my opponent couldn't get up within the count. When I took off my gloves and bandages after the fight the knuckles of my left fist were badly swollen. Back at the barrack MIR after some x-rays, I learned that I had fractured two knuckles and wouldn't fight for a few months. When I was posted to London, ON, in 1937, I didn't follow up with competitive boxing.

FORMAL CAVALRY ESCORT OF U.S. PRESIDENT - Jul 36

My father and I were among those selected to provide the escort (21-man I believe). We were quartered with the R22R overnight. I was so honoured and thrilled. I remember while we were sitting on our horses in formation at Wolfe's Cove waiting for the escort to set off, one our riders toppled from his horse in a dead faint. A wave of embarrassment passed over our group. We were a proud outfit; but we were so hot under our close-fitted brass helmets on a hot day.

Just before the escort began the chief of the President's secret service body guard had words with our Captain Churchill Mann, who was our OIC the escort. It was all about who would follow immediately behind the President's open car. The disagreement became an impasse and ended with some hard words. So, as the escort parade started there was a little scuffle. We were intent on following the President's open car. However, the President's chief T-man stepped down onto his car's running board and pulled his jacket aside to reveal a pistol and holster. As he began to draw out the pistol, our Cpl Carter swung his sword around with a flourish and pushed the tip into the man's right upper arm thereby pushing the pistol back into its holster. The T-man returned quickly to his front seat. The tension appeared to subside as we moved into our intended position. When asked later

for a report on this matter, my dad, then Sgt Hider, replied, "Cpl Carter had to run one of them through with his sword, sir."

A FRIENDLY FINE YOUNG OFFICER

I spent many months serving officers in the Officers' Mess. It was a great experience. I served drinks, tended the bar and served at meals. I learned Mess and Mess Dinner etiquette, sometimes whispering good advice to new young officers. It was a tremendous experience for a young man. Living in an officer atmosphere, attending formal functions and dances, understanding the officer class, accepting their many frailties, seeing them at their best and worst, helping drunken ones to their beds, never telling tales (till now).

At another time I served as a batman (like a butler) to Lieut Ardaugh. That was another whole new experience. Not only keeping all his shoes on shoe trees and as clean and shiny as a whistle; all the laundry of personal items and bedding; all his room neat and tidy; all the uniforms and brass buttons glittering. He was a great officer and I respected him for his fine attitude and sense of humour. I was ready to work my ass off for him.

One day he came back from a duty trip to Saint John, NB. He had brought back a bottle of rum "screech" he'd received as a gift. He thought we should both enjoy a shot. He said he believed it was followed by water. We watched each other, raised our glasses and took a gulp. While we were both groping for our water, our eyes were bulging, our throats were on fire, we were gasping for breath, we thought we were going to die, we threw in the water to douse the "flame" or what must have been a flame. He was sorry for me. I was sorry for him being so sorry for me. You know he could never treat me better after that. I hope he never thought I'd squeal on him.

1st COMBINED CAVALRY - ARMOUR COURSE

My dad and I were involved with the 1st Combined Cavalry/Armour Course held in St Johns, PQ, from 10 Aug to 5 Sep 1936. A parade was held on the final day of armoured cars, reconnaissance cars, private cars to simulate armoured vehicles

and our cavalry. Dad was with the armoured section and I was riding horse.

1937 (19)

A PRACTICE FORCED MARCH BY HORSE

We were practicing for the 300 mile ride we were to make in 1937. I didn't realize it at the time but I was to be transferred before that ride. This particular ride was only for 5 days. 2 days out, 1 day rest, and 2 days back. Remember, the horses always came first in the cavalry, so we rode mostly at a walk. Also to relieve the horses of our weight, we walked our horses much of the time. We rarely trotted to make up distance. We averaged 13 miles a day. A horse-drawn trailer followed us with cooking items and first aid supplies and a horse trailer followed that; but nothing for a disabled man.

"Gandhi", an older soldier, gave me some quiet advice. Always sit erect and don't ever slouch. Less back muscles are used when the spine is held straight up. When we slouch every muscle along the spine is stretched and overworked. He also told me before we left St Johns, to wear long-john underwear. God he was so right. There were troopers with bloody asses from the time we were half way on our journey. For myself, I still have small calluses on my butt. I suppose I could sand them off; but they are "scars" I'm still very proud of and so far no one has checked my ass.

OTHER RCD 1937 ACTIVITIES:

Qualified Bar Steward Course, Montreal, PQ, 6 weeks
Discharged from RCD 27 May 37 to reenlist 1 Depot RCASC,
Wolsely Barracks London, ON, on Jun 8. Weight 193 pounds;
vision 20/20, hearing RWV 25' LWV 25'
My dad posted to London, ON, with the Carden-Lloyds (small tracked vehicles). Also with Lt-Col FF Worthington

CAVALRY FOOT

I enlisted with the RCD, A cavalry unit in St Johns Quebec in

June 1934 as a boy soldier of 16 years of age. In June 1937 I transferred to the RCASC. During my physical and medical examination it was explained that as a result of 3 years of riding horses, training for musical rides, training for cavalry escorts and formal riding for parades, and for remount training (breaking in young colts), I had developed a cavalry foot. This ended up resulting with a turned out and weakened right foot. The location is where the leg bones join the other foot bones. Formal riding demanded that my toes be forced up and my heels be forced down. This awkward position deformed my right foot with an outward flair which has remained with me to this day. Many cavalry men suffer this deformity; but usually to both feet. Cavalry soldiers are also expected to receive many other injuries from kicks, bites and being thrown from their horses. Being young and daring I seemed suited for back and knee injuries.

Following this injury, other related injuries only aggravated the situation i.e. water on the right knee in 1945 while climbing cliffs in Storrington England, and the right ankle injured in Korea in 1953. It is not beyond unreasonable doubt to consider that there appears to be a series of right limb injuries and weaknesses. Surgery in the lower back from the removal of two discs in Ottawa in 1943 also played some part.

FIRST YEAR RCASC - LONDON 1937

When I began with the No 1 Depot RCASC, London, I was given clerical duties in the QM stores. I was put in charge of issuing food rations delivered to military families on the Marriage Roll, to the messes, the firing ranges, summer training camps including Ipperwash, ON. I liked the job. It was much better than washing horse's docks forever. I accompanied the horse and wagon local trips and the truck for the more distant locations. By 1938 the horse and wagon days were over.

Not long after I arrived in London I began to buy and build up my civilian wardrobe. I subscribed to Esquire for clothing ideas. I wore spats, two-coloured brogues, a homburg hat, and good white silk scarves and carried an ebony cane with an ivory grip. No wonder I was called the "Duke" or "Count". Port Stanley with its

L&PS railway, Wonderland with its packed buses and Grand Bend if you could find someone with a car.

My London posting was turning out fine. Now my mom and dad were living on Oxford Street near the Barracks so laundry and home cooked meals were enjoyed and came in very handy.

THE TRAIN ACCIDENT:

In 1939, a group of about a dozen soldiers were being trucked to a small camp to set up rations for a training exercise. We came up to a terrible train accident at a railway crossing. As I remember it, we were ordered to drag some dead bodies out from the wreck and over to the side of the road. Thank God I had only 2 male bodies that I helped with. Each time I took the arms, pulled people out of the wreckage and dragged them away from the wreckage. I had never handled human death in this way before. Some my buddies were vomiting all over the dead people. In my case I was repulsed by the fact that as I pulled the arms and staring down at the face right under mine, I found that each body was so smashed up inside their skin that I could feel all the bones sliding around inside the skin, The bodies were dead weight and so loose I had to keep changing my hand positions. At the time I kept thinking that nothing could be as traumatic as this. Little did I know what was in store for me.

THE JAUNDICE QUARANTINE – 1937

One day one of our barrack room buddies came down with jaundice and so our barrack room of about 20 soldiers was placed under quarantine for about 10 days. We weren't even allowed out for exercise. Rather than go mad, we turned the room into a sort of gymnasium. Since I had the keys of the quartermaster stores room downstairs, we soon had barbells and weights, medicine balls, boxing gloves and other sports equipment in use. Smitty, the unit bully, and his cohorts of about 6 or 7 followers kept jeering that here I was supposed to be a boxer from Quebec and couldn't fight my way out of a paper bag,. That Smitty could cream me with one punch. The taunting and pushing kept getting worse. I couldn't very well try to excuse myself because of my injured fist. They

would immediately say that I was afraid to fight. So I reluctantly agreed to fight. In no time the beds were all pushed back, Smitty and I got into our shorts and boxing gloves. A bell was found. One of Smitty's friends declared referee and the betting started in earnest. Smitty was quite husky and a street slugger. I'd seen him beat up a few guys probably to impress me. My strategy was not to let him get in any early solid punches at the outset. So I danced around hitting him hard at every opening. Back in Quebec I had been taught by my trainer to hit with a powerful straight left all the way from my right heel. After a few of these, I could see I was doing damage to Smitty so the referee stopped the round early for him to get his strength back. There was a lot of booing from Smitty's group that I was afraid to get in there and slug it out. As soon as the bell rang for the second round, I flew in with about a dozen fast hard punches and knocked Smith down onto his knees. He got up and I knocked him down again. He was on his back waving his arms about when the referee called the fight.

Unknown to me Smitty went into secret training in a downtown London gym as soon as the quarantine was lifted. A few months later I walked into our barrack room from my shower to find all the beds were pushed back again and a 4 foot circle was chalked on the floor in the centre of the cleared area. There were spectators from every unit; it was very noisy with excitement and the betting. The boxing gloves were prominent and ready. The same referee ruled the fighters would remain in the circle and forfeit points by stepping out of it. There would be no more dancing about like a "fuckin butterfly". This was a fight to the finish with an obvious winner, the guy left standing. The one round would be as long as it took.

My strategy was decided very quickly. I had won most fights in Quebec by knockout in the first or second round. I wouldn't waste time with body punches. This was survival. My first punches had to be quick and hard and only to the sides of the jaw. So the bell rang. I saw Smitty starting a good swing in haymaker style. We were close.

My feet were evenly spaced and braced. I never moved my feet. I began hitting, left, right, left, right, and all hard to the jaw. As I kept

this up I noticed Smitty seemed to be getting shorter until I realized his legs were buckling up. He just crumbled and collapsed and rolled out of the circle. He came to as he was being carried to the infirmary.

This thing was never settled. For years our paths crossed and Smitty and his gang were always keeping up the grudge with snide remarks and innuendo. I learned later that it was seriously intended that we fight a punch for punch fight with a toss up for first punch; but it never materialized.

1938 20

OTHER 1938 ACTIVITIES

Qualified Business Night Course, St Johns, PQ, and London, ON, over 2 years

BLOOD DONATION VOLUNTEERS

Privates Haywood, Hider, Hutton, Miekle, Rockford and Smith each in turn gave their blood directly to Pte Holden. He died later however. We thought it was cancer. I learned that my O Positive blood was a good universal type.

OTHER 1939 ACTIVITIES

Qualified Clerical Course (Shorthand & Typing), CamBorden, ON

1939 21

Qualified Junior NCO Course, Camp Borden, ON

Qualified 1st Class Army Education Certificate, Camp Borden, ON, an equivalent to a Senior Matriculation in high school

Posted to NDHQ Ottawa, ON

Royal Visit, King George V and Queen Mary visited Ottawa May-Jun. Drivers and staff cars provided transportation. The RCASC and my old RCDs were heavily involved

Had previously served Permanent Force 28 Jun 34 - 31 Aug 1939

A CLERK IN OTTAWA

When I first arrived in Ottawa as a Corporal in the summer of

1939, I was administered by 9 Company RCASC and worked in the Directorate of Supplies and Services (DST) as a clerk amending King's Rules and Regulations of Canada (KR Can) and The Manual of Military Law for the officers in the directorate. After a few weeks of amending manuals I was placed in the Supplies and Services section of DST specializing in scales of rations for the Army and Air Force. The navy looked after their own food responsibilities. In no time with mobilization in high gear and everything expanding so rapidly, I became the Chief clerk of food services including all accounting for foods, and all of the up-dating of forms to be used - indents, vouchers, scales and procedures. Mobilization was hectic. Most of the time we were working around-the-clock and having food sent in to the offices.

1940 21

MY BODY BUILDING CLASSES

In the big basement of the apartment on Elgin Street I obtained authority from the landlord to start a weight lifting and body building enterprise. It became very successful. Many of my clients were MPs looking for an exercise facility. Many clients wanted to lose weight while others wanted to build more weight so I divided my classes into 2 groups. One group used lighter weights with faster repetitions and breathing to slim muscle and to lose weight. The others used heavier weights and breathed in or out with each exertive movement to improve bulk and muscle. I emphasized deeper breathing to provide more oxygen with an easier heart action.

A doctor started a suite action against me because one of his patients had a heart condition and should not have been accepted into my body building classes without prior questioning or approval by his physician. It turned out that on a further examination by his doctor of this patient his heart condition had improved through my exercises particularly so since I compelled my clients to breath obviously and forcefully during all of my exercise classes. My constant admonition was always, "You! Breathe more loudly. Let me hear you breathe. That's better."

1942 24

MY "MANUAL OF SUPPLIES - 1942"

My service with NDHQ Ottawa was with the Directorate of Supplies and Services, RCASC, from Sergeant to SQMS. During this time I was the senior clerk responsible for Food Supplies and Salvage. Because of my high level savings in controlling the salvage procedures for kitchen swill for all Canadian kitchens and the sale of paper cartons and foodstuff sacks handled by all of our RCASC Supply Depots, I was always referred to as the "swill king" or "rags and bags king". My other bigger function was in the preparation of procedures and printed accounting forms.

Dealing with all of the Officers in charge of Supply Depots in Canada and keeping District RCASC Commanders up to date meant an unbelievable amount of communication. We were almost buried in paper work. Questions were pouring in and explanatory Standard Operational Procedures (SOPs) were pouring out.

Because there was never a spare moment at the office, I began typing a Manual to cover all of these questions and all of these procedures when I was in my own apartment. It meant long hours for me covering both my home and business office effort. Next I was required to spend some amount of time with the Queens Printer across the road from my office drafting and proof reading my manual.

Imagine my excitement when I approached my DST commander with a draft copy telling how hundreds of copies could be distributed according to a distribution list I had prepared. He said to leave it with him. A week later when all the queries, wires and problems on supplies were still pouring in, I approached my Director of Supplies again. Very pointedly he explained to me in a condescending manner, "Hider, we are in charge of a growing establishment of staff here in Ottawa. The greater the numbers of personnel and their responsibilities, the higher our rank - yours and mine. Distribute these procedures as you suggest and those out in the field will know as much as we do." He ended up by saying only 6 copies need be printed and named a few pertinent

authorities in the Ottawa headquarters.

After some deliberation, I went to the secretary of the Quartermaster General, our highest ranking supply officer, and told her how important my book was to the Army and Air Force supply officers all over Canada and that perhaps when my letter from my DST came asking for authority for 6 copies to be printed, she might suggest to the QMG that more copies over a wider distribution might be more appropriate. I drafted the letter had it signed by my DST and received the proposal from the QMG to much more widely distribute my Manual.

But that wasn't the end of it. The DST appointed a Major friend of his as the Field Inspector of Supplies to inspect all of the Supply Depots in Canada and to bring them up to date with my Manual. However, the letter of authority spelling out the inspection procedures claimed this Inspecting Officer as the originator and writer of my Manual. I complained of this to my DST. He explained, again condescendingly, the Inspecting Officer needed the Manual as his to give him credibility. Not only that but that a Queen's Printer publication could not show the author as it became a Government Publication and I was only writing from work experience which I was already being paid for and credited with. Not to worry.

And that is why, out of an obligation to clarify this matter, I received a letter from Lt-Col RH Webb, AQMG (Catering) acknowledging my book Custody, Accounting, Issue and Receipt for Supplies RCASC Canada on 6 Oct 1942 which was entered in my files.

LETTER FROM WEBB RE MANUAL

DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENCE ARMY

\PERSONAL

OTTAWA,

6th October, 1942

**S.Q.M.S., R.W. Hider,
412 Canadian Building,
OTTAWA, Ontario.**

Dear Hider:

I wish to thank you for kindly sending me a copy of Custody Accounting Issue and Receipt for Supplies R.C.A.S.C. Canada.

It is the best authentic instruction that I have seen for the R.C.A.S.C. and knowing something our work and responsibilities to all arms of the Canadian Active Forces, I am sure that every Supply Officer will appreciate receiving a copy, that he will study it often and carefully and find it most useful, and if he follows the instructions as he should, he will not go far wrong in his duties; in fact, he will not be able to have an excuse or alibi for saying he "was not sure" or "he did not know".

Your hard work and study in the compilation of those instructions deserves the thanks and appreciation of the Q.M.G. Department, the R.C.A.S.C. and I hope, proper recognition, as I happen to know the long hours and careful attention to detail that you have put into its compilation.

Thanks and congratulations,

Yours truly,

**(R.H. Webb)
Lieut.-Colonel,
A.Q.M.G. (Catering)**

**NAT. DEF. B. 440
2,000,000--10-41 (2034)
H.Q. 1772-39-767**

1943

25

MARKSMANSHIP

**As A/SQMS (WO II), Qualified Methods of Coaching Course
(Marksmanship) Drill Hall, Cartier Square, 9 NDHQ Coy RCASC
Lansdowne Park for 3 weeks to 16 Feb 43**

PART 2

AS AN OFFICER

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1943

DR ZOHN IN CAMP BORDEN

Much of my service was carried out in Camp Borden. For this reason I was honoured with the care, accommodation, meals, and introduction of the Doctor Zohm Hypnotic Troop around camp. I was particularly interested in his hypnotism of others. My hypnotism was based on the self hypnotism for mood, aches and pain.

Noting my interest, Doctor Zohm confided some carefully chosen phrases to channel a subject into trance. He suggested that I should first consider hypnosis with a person from his audiences. I did, and made more progress.

REMOVING A BIRTHMARK BY HYPNOSIS

Quite early in the period of my hypnotizing others, I worked on an overweight young girl. I was telling her how pretty she would be and how much she would lose. That was in the fall. At Christmas, she was knocking on my door. She was twirling around all giggly. When I recognized her, she pointed to her cheek, where the scar had been. We began crying and giggling. “Prettty” is in the eye of the beholder.

1945

MY DASH UNDER A FLAME THROWER BLAST

During battle training near Aldershot, England, among other obstacle course training, I was required to dash single file with other battle trainee officers along a ditch while flame-thrower bursts were being fired directly over our heads. We were in full battle pack gear with rifle in hand. When it was my turn, with my long legs and physical fitness, I zipped along the ditch and almost made it to the end of it, when a burst of flame (friendly fire) blasted just above me. All my air seemed to be abruptly vacuumed from my

lungs. I couldn't breathe. I collapsed. Next I found myself in a hospital bed. My buddy officers visited me and explained what had happened. It seems that the sergeant with the flame thrower thought I was a smart ass trying to beat the system by running so fast. He was claimed to say, "I'll get that son of a bitch!" and swung the flame-thrower off its fixed tripod mount, and blasted me before I escaped his range. He got hell from the range officer for what that was worth.

About this situation, it seems I passed out, was given artificial respiration by repeated pressure on my back until I was breathing again. It was a scary occasion in my life. Since then I find I can come down with respiratory illnesses if I'm not careful with my health.

THE WHITE CLIFFS DOVER

We spent a few days conquering those damned cliffs. No sooner were we ordered up then we were ordered down again. It seemed to never end. We lost a few good men to knees and to falling. My right knee kept giving away and swelled up to balloon size. It was also damned depressing dropping out from the gang after all the assault course training we had been through together as a team. For the rest of my life I periodically suffer with bouts of water on the knee. During the last few years I feel and hear knee chattering when the knee is used and also the knee gives away periodically. I feel safer with my walker, wheel chair and motorized wheel chair.

CROSSING THE CHANNEL IN STYLE

I crossed the channel in a small passenger ferry with other passengers. It took only a few hours through the night. During the crossing I stayed at the ship's rail talking to a young woman who claimed she was the Belgian Countess Seru-de-taun-homme and had been a Belgian refugee staying in England and she was now going back home. Her large family estate had until recently been

relieved of its German occupants by Canadian forces and this was her triumphant return home. She explained that her family was very important in the diamond industry. She displayed some attraction to me and gave me her family card explaining that if I got some leave or were to come into any large sums of European money, or diamonds, that her family would be pleased to reimburse me in American funds.

I represented her savior as a Canadian soldier and officer and she was the “poor” victim of her country that had been overrun by the enemy. We hugged all night by the ship’s rail. There was so much to say. We emptied ourselves to each other. We revealed to each other our fears, as we both entered into our new lives. It was a wonderful experience of sharing and caring and a timely close understanding in a mixed up world. We landed in Guent.

THE MASSACRE OF OUR COMMAND POST

We were advancing into Germany from Holland. I was a reinforcement officer being driven by jeep up to my infantry HQ, in a rear echelon area. I arrived one hour after a most terrible massacre of my fellow infantry officers. A line of civilian German refugees from the village of Freisoythe, forward of our position, were being escorted through our lines to a refugee enclosure behind us. These refugees shuffled along with most of them wrapped in blankets on a cold wet morning. Some women were carrying their small children. Suddenly, as the group was passing a big marquee headquarters tent, where senior officers were meeting to plan the day’s activities, a number of the German “refugees” threw off their blankets and opened fire killing their escorts and most of the officers in the collapsed and destroyed tent. Immediately our surrounding troops retaliated by shooting down all of the refugees. When I arrived, the wounded had been evacuated; but the dead were lying all over. I remember this so vividly because it was such a terrible waste of human beings, and for what purpose?

THE COURT MARSHAL IN GERMANY

I was trucked to my unit, the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders of Canada, Near Meppen in Germany in “A” Echelon where the left-out-of-battle groups and reinforcements were collected. I was now with the 4th Armored Division.

I was given the task of gathering witnesses, evidence and documents for a Court Marshal against 2 Canadian soldiers charged with robbery, sexual assault and fraternizing with the enemy. I was provided with an interpreter, driver and jeep. The interpreter had been with the Dutch underground. We wore our Argyle uniform with our Canadian flash on one shoulder and a Netherlands flash on the other. We called him “Link” because he acted as our link with his great knowledge of the area. We were both tall and blond and looked much alike.

At the military inquiry, the story unfolded that the 2 soldiers had broken into a German civilian residence and held about a dozen German civilians on the floor at gunpoint. They had gathered up their money and jewelry from these very frightened people. One young pretty wife, aged about 21, was to be taken by each soldier in the next room. She was ordered to strip naked, to lie back on the bed while one soldier raped her. The girl’s evidence was, “That soldier there pushed his gun into mine head and said, ‘Give it to me! Or I shoot you!’ The second soldier didn’t get a chance to rape her; but he was found naked and ready for action. While they both were shifting around to take turns, a little boy slipped out of the house and brought back some Canadian MPs. They were caught and arrested for their dastardly deeds.

FRATERNIZING WITH THE ENEMY

Before being sent forward into combat, I was doing administrative work behind the lines. Link, my interpreter was a Dutch underground fighter wearing our Canadian uniform. He knew the country blindfolded. I mentioned fresh eggs to him one day and

next thing he was driving my jeep over the border into Holland and into the nearby German countryside. We stopped at a farm with chickens where an older woman was sweeping the steps. We stopped, smiled, pointed to the chickens and asked for some eggs. She was nervous; but saw we meant her no harm. Instead of giving us eggs she beckoned us inside and fried us up a couple each. We parted happily and came back every few days because she was so kind and the eggs so good. Next evening when we visited, her husband, a professor from Munich, joined us. He explained his family had been placed here by SS troops to bolster the German community here. He told us they had a young daughter living with them who they were hiding from both the German troops and the Canadians now passing through the area. She was brought down from her hiding place upstairs. She was about 17 or 18, very beautiful and very shy. The girl was happy to come out of hiding and showed us many delicate charcoal drawings she had done to bide the time. My driver brought in his guitar from the jeep and we had a little party. We all had lovely fresh eggs and schnapps and singing and great conversations. The young girl sang "Ave Marie" so beautifully, we were all crying. I taught them Toora-Loora-Loora because the words were so easy. Here we were fraternizing with the enemy and it was like a beautiful oasis in the middle of bedlam and the sound of gunfire. We talked intelligently about war and killing. We found that our hopes and dreams were the same. Needless to say, we visited our little heaven a number of times until the war decided we were needed else where.

WOUNDED IN BATTLE IN GERMANY 1945 ***

In April 1945, I was in a forward position in the fighting zone. We had been under fire periodically and we were having a lull in the shelling. I was keeping low and checking my platoon by making rounds of their slit trenches. We had received some reinforcements in the night. Suddenly a shell tore in among us. Looking down, I realized my automatic sten gun was at my feet and my hand was hanging down with a large hole through my wrist from a fragment from the same shell. I was squatting on the edge of a shell crater with some injured men. With my hand, which was hanging loose, shoved into my leather jerkin jacket, I directed shell dressings to push in one fellow's brains to hold them back in his head. Another lad had intestines all over the place. They also were pushed back inside his gut and held in with shell dressings. My men hustled me into a jeep ambulance ordered up. From the forward passenger side I could turn my body around to pull blood out of the mouth of the brain lad so that he wouldn't choke. The intestine fellow helped me cheer up the brain boy. A few weeks later, in a hospital in England, my right hand worked great. The brain lad had a metal skull plate and didn't seem impaired at all. The intestine fellow was as good as new. One shell took its toll just the same.

R&R TO EDINBURGH

A few hours after my wrist surgery, I was offered an overnight stay with some widowed nurses who were hosting our walking wounded in their homes in Edinburgh. We wounded took the train from London. The 6 couples saw the Edinburgh sites and ate in nice restaurants. It was a happy interlude. My hostess gave me lovely meals. A maid kept me fed. My hostess bent over backward to please me. Before bed time, I was in my first warm

bath with a plastic bag wrapped around my cast. We acted properly. I was an officer and a gentleman. A nurse was married the week before to a happy lad.

A LONG RANGE WIRELESS SET

While in Korea I had opportunities to barter and trade with nearby units. The first worthwhile item I gained in trade was a long range wireless set from an American source was suitable for commutation between Seoul and our location. It came to us still boxed. My wireless operator went mad with joy. Actually he gave me the idea.

THE 25TH CANADIAN BRIGADE

During the 1953 Canadian Brigade Rotation into Korea, Brigadier J.V. Allard was the 25th Brigade Commander. Other units included the 3rd Battalion of the Royal Canadian Regiment, “A” Squadron of the Lord Strathcona Horse, the 81st Field Regiment Royal Canadian Artillery, the 59th Independent Field Squadron Royal Canadian Engineers and among the service units, 56 Transport Company RCASC.

OUR FORWARD AMMUNITION POINT, RCASC

Major Ed Hession was Commanding Officer of 56 Transport Company. I was in charge of the Forward Ammunition Point, RCASC, which was usually located somewhere between the infantry front lines and the artillery to our rear. As OIC of this Forward Ammunition Point, I had a small detachment of drivers and loaders, about ten two-and-a-half ton trucks, a jeep, a 3-quarter ton small truck, a 3-quarter ton trailer usually converted into a hootchi – an office and sleeping vehicle for myself (the luxury of command).

When we arrived at the ammunition point we found that the location usually took advantage of the lee side of a large hill away from the enemy view and with ammunition stored on either side of an entry road and secured with tarpaulins. During my tenure we moved twice to excellent positions. I lost no time in securing the assistance of bulldozers from Canadian, British and American engineers. This meant we carved out 3 one-way road circuits across the back of a good sized hill, then dug and shored up room-sized caves. The caves were ideal form ammunition storage and provided good shelter for the drivers and loaders. Small arms ammunition was held in the highest circuit, while mortar and artillery shells were stored at the lower more easily accessible circuits.

Scales of ammunition were rigid staff-set scales to be carefully updated and used. The constant replenishment was my responsibility. As supplies diminished, my trucks were off to Seoul to replace up to the scale level. The scale appeared to be based on 2 hours of constant firing as if under an attack and it would take all my trucks a 4-hour round trip to bring up another two hour replenishment.

As time went on I befriended fellow infantry officers. The general consensus of opinion was that in the event of an overwhelming enemy attack on our Brigade front we would be required to pull back to ammunition-ready dug-in prepared positions and defeat the attack only by throwing in sufficient fire power.

THE MEDAL THAT WAS NEVER TO BE

On the night of May 2, 1953 (my birthday), we soon learned of a heavy attack on the 3 RCR perimeter. I immediately pushed out my full scale of ammunition (the 2 hour supply at a high firing rate for infantry and artillery). My call to the Seoul Ammunition Depot readied them for a heavy load (beyond scales during an emergency) to be picked up. My call to two U.S. Transport units had them

loading some 40-ton tractor trailers with ammunition and high-balling them through to my location. Within less than 2 hours we had ammunition galore. Everyone was more than enthused and the attack was defeated. I learned afterward that many North Korean attackers were killed climbing over their own dead. It was a massacre; but our positions were not overrun.

In the early morning, after the big assault, an infantry officer friend called me by field phone and invited me up to see all the carnage before the bull dozers arrived. No cameras allowed. It looked as if our positions had been sandbagged with bodies. My first involuntary reaction to the sight was extreme guilt nullified by the realization that it was either them or us. A few RCR infantry officers and an artillery officer called to acknowledge my good effort.

A few days later, with our ammunition scales back to normal and some more American transport assisting to deploy and return our ammunition surplus, my commanding officer Major Hession called me to say that he and the British Commander Royal Army Service Corps would be visiting my ammunition point within a few hours. Needless to say, all was made ready with a proper tea setting. I realized from the excited antics of his aids on the hood of his jeep that perhaps some medal was in order.

Slapping me on the shoulder, he said, “Hider, you did a spectacular and magnificent job the other night. You certainly saved the day for us. My God man, how did you ever gather that amount of ammunition so quickly?”

I warmed to his enthusiasm and started to reveal the deal with the U.S. 40-ton tractors....Suddenly the British Commander was absolutely glaring in rage, looked wild-eyed at me, and screamed, “Bloody Yanks!!!, spun on his heel and was off in a whirl of dust without his tea. Major Hession looked awkwardly at me and said, “He doesn’t like the Yanks, Roy!” then he turned to catch up with

the rapidly disappearing jeep of the British Commander. Maybe he didn't have a medal in mind after all...

The mater was never raised again after that moment. The war with North Korea ended a few months later. I have no doubt that the horrifying extent of their 2nd of May defeat had some affect on the final negotiations.

I was delighted when I received an exiting and cushy posting to Kure, Japan, Commanding 58 General Transport Company RCASC some months later.

OUR POND AT OUR AMMO POINT RCASC

While peace negotiations were going on there was a lull going on in Korea. To maintain morale, drilling, marching, running, sports and games were encouraged. I sprained my ankle playing volley ball in the Brigade games. I was toying with an idea of covering our stram into a relaxing pond. Meanwhile the Korean washy women could carry on with our washing by beating and rubbing against rocks for cigets. After consulting with my Engineer friends our pond was on its way. It was given a sandbag floor and walls. We kept the depth at 4-5 feet. All of the bartering I was doing with US QM all the air mattresses we needed for the pool.

BEEF EXCHANGED FOR MUTTON

The beef eaters in Korea were the Americans. The British and Canadian groups were rationed with lamb. Canadians preferred beef. Bartering for cartons of meat of choice were mainly for officers and sergeants messes. With our new wireless set we were able to order larger amounts at a moment's choice.

A DELAY OF BEER AND CIGARETTES

It was absolutely unbelievable. Some waited all evening on the airport. My effort was to put on a Hypnotic Show. 2 trucks were positioned as a stage with part of their tarpaulins as a background.

It wasn't as polished as Dr Zahm's show; but the spirit was there. We had about 30 in the audience and 8 on the stage. We did everything the Dr did. Even 2 girl volunteers to adapt the rigid back suspended between 2 chairs.

CAPT DARLING, DENTIST, USING HYPNOTISM

A Capt Darling called me about our Hypnotic Show a few days before. It seems he had just been reading the book "Hypnodontics" by Moss. He claimed that he had a patient who suited to be treated while under a hypnotic trance. He had learned that I lived in a ¾ ton hutchy equipped with generators and air conditioning. He thought he might use my officer for a few hours and hypnotize the lad.

The soldier was met and relaxed. I used the hand-clasped process. When the patient was in trance and painless, as agreed, I transferred the control to the dentist. He was amazed with what he was capable of doing. Stopping and resting. Starting again.

The work included the removal of lumps of metal. Lots of sewing. Stopping the flow of blood. Speeding up healing. The Captain was very grateful.

R&R IN JAPAN

Quite a number of Canadian Units in Korea would send one of their officers for a weekend of R & R to Kure Japan to buy gifts for their unit members. Long lists of items would be prepared from many price lists, money would be collected and off someone would go to do the job. Major Hession picked me to go.

A group of merchants in Kure would entertain the unit representative and sell them the best of deals so they would come

back again. Now it was my turn to be spoiled. Four of them met me at the plane and drove me first to my quarters, then to a bessu bath, then a bar, then to a great meal, then back to my lovely quarters to get ready for a night's entertainment. I learned later that when we came from Korea, due to the polluted steam water, we and our clothes had a very bad odour, which we had become used to. That was why I was first cleaned up at a bessu bath and changed into a comfortable clean and colorful kimono.

The bessu bath was something else. Little strong bodied Japanese girls took complete charge of me. It started with the hot bath soak, then the soaping, then the hot bath and water bucket rinsing, then the "I never dreamed it possible" massage. These tiny Japanese girls take complete charge of the massage; I mean they don't miss one spot of you. I was a little self-conscious lying on my back with vigorous fingers massaging my thighs and groin and two girls working on me laughing and swatting my erection. The Japanese have this face-clothe sized hot wet towels and they kept throwing one onto my erection, only to have it fall off with all the jiggling. Lying on my stomach later, one of girls stood on my spine, holding onto an overhead bar and inching along just a little bit at a time. Oh, it was excruciating. They could have kept that up forever. Before and after the bessu bath, whenever there was a lull in the proceedings, I was served little bowls of Japanese foods and hot saki. The Japanese background music was so tranquilizing. I was in a fantastic mood.

The evening entertainment was hard to believe. I was escorted to this lovely big room with tatami mat floor, rice-paper sectional walls and sliding doors, and beautiful Japanese girls all over. My shoes came off quite early on entering the establishment. I was fitted with tabby socks. Everyone enjoyed the sight of me in a beautiful but short kimono, particularly when I was so tall and was expected to sit cross-legged on the floor. The girls were flitting around gracefully all bend on pleasing and serving me, the honoured guest. There was a lot of laughter and constant hot saki,

food, Japanese tea, musical and dancing entertainment. Coming from the privations of Korea, this was a heavenly paradise` .

Next day I was taken all over Kure while my companion merchants collected all of my order. Between purchases I was still wined and dined and entertained. I've never been lavished with so much attention. It was royal treatment.

Next morning I was escorted back to my plane and all my packaged gifts put on the plane. Those Japanese merchants couldn't have treated me better...and the troops enjoyed their purchases

THE JAPAN EXPERIENCE

I was most fortunate to be posted to Japan when the Korean War was over. What a change. In Korea we found the people would steal you blind. There were excuses for that. Their country had been overrun by invaders for centuries, and with a devastating war going on, most were poverty stricken. Japanese on the other hand wouldn't steal. If you were shopping, you could leave your packages on a street corner until you returned. If anything was stolen, it was by one of your buddies – a Canadian or a yank. The kimonos worn by the Japanese were so colourful compared with the white of the Koreans.

There were a lot of people here, a lot of activity, a lot of smiling and bowing. They were good to their children and very generous to grandchildren with the small ones carried on their backs. I had 150 Japanese drivers and trucks. They drove like crazy; but were cheerful and hard working. They acted proud to please us.

I was always taking colour slide pictures, and I like the story-sequence type. I mentioned to my interpreter that sometime I would like to go into a Japanese home and take pictures of how Japanese ate, slept, and lived. Well that night he took me to his own home. With my flash gun I was able to take pictures of his family eating,

playing, dancing and preparing for bed. I was delighted. However, I was glad I'd had the bessu bath experience on my earlier R&R visit. I was soon to realize that the wife would honour me by giving me a complete bath; the more complete the more honoured I was considered. She washed and scrubbed and rinsed everything. After, I was dressed in a kimono which was, as usual, very short for me. The wife and children really laughed and enjoyed my "exposure" while kneeling or sitting cross-legged.

The mistake I made was about the Japanese culture of holding face and my accepting them all equally. Well, every night my interpreter driver would take me to another home for almost the same ritual. However, I got it down to about an hour on the excuse my driver should get home to his family. I was soon the cleanest man in Japan. I thanked God that many of the drivers were single.

My military living quarters were excellent. I had a nice place in the officers' quarters complete with a bedroom, kitchenette, shower and sitting room. I had a lovely little maid during the day hours that couldn't do enough to keep me and my quarters clean. It was hot in Japan, and every time I returned to quarters hot and sticky, she would strip me down to shower while she set out and helped me redress with rice-starched and ironed shirt and slacks. I couldn't argue with her because she couldn't speak English but kept up a torrent of Japanese probably chastising me for not coming home more often so she could attend to me more.

One day early in my tour in Japan, I went to a bar, the Maya Club, where most of the hostesses spoke reasonable English and the patrons were for the most part English speaking and in uniform. In such a Japanese bar these hostesses would sit with the guys in their cubicles pouring drinks, lighting cigarettes, fetching more drinks and joining in the conversation with good humour. They were waitresses who did very well entertaining the troops.

LEAVING JAPAN

A few days later I learned that Michi had been embarrassed and she felt she had been made a fool of in front of everyone. Again it was a case of holding face among her peers. I felt terrible. A few days later after considerable enquiry, I learned where Michi lived. A week later after much persuasion I had made amends and she came back to the Club where everyone, pre-motivated by me, gave her a great reception. We became the best of friends from a horrible beginning. Lesson learned.

When I left Kure to return to Canada, I had a great turnout to say good bye and to see me off. Among the crowd was everyone from 58 Company RCASC, the Maya Club group, Michi's many friends and family and some of the merchants from my earlier visit to Japan. Many had gifts for me. Michi's group presented me with a very ancient and special bonsai tree about 12 inches high and beautifully formed. There was much bowing and many tears. The company Japanese driver-group gave me a giant Japanese bow with much ceremony. Some even brought duffel bags to hold much of the loot. It was a great send off with many of us in tears, me in particular. It was a tremendous feeling seeing all those wonderful people, most of whom couldn't speak English; but showing so much respect.

At the airport the customs were great. I had 3 beautiful rifles from Korea with beautifully carved butts done in Japan. Packed in metal ammunition boxes were spinning fishing rods for the family plus Japanese clothing and footwear and some paintings.

At the airport were many returning soldiers. So I divided my stuff among them for carry on, both to spread the load and carry on in Japan and carry off in Vancouver. I kept the bonsai and long bow for myself. Thank God the flights from Seattle and Vancouver held

most of the same soldiers. I told the Vancouver air officials that the previous aircrafts had allowed me so far so why hold me up now.

They agreed.

At Toronto an army lorry from London picked up and took care of my luggage to my home. I flew with my bonsai tree and longbow to London and home again.

1962

MY DAD'S FUNERAL

My dad, Roy James Hider, died of a heart attack in Penetang General Hospital on 30 May 62. The funeral was in Elmvale and he was buried there. His obituary was quite extensive. The pallbearers were two each from the Masonic Lodge, the Legion and Elmvale Municipal Council where he was chairman of the public works committee. Many groups were represented. Various Legions, Masonic groups, the 1914 Originals Club of Toronto where he was a life member, HQ and Services Officer's Mess Camp Borden, 2 Tpt Coy, RCASC, Camp Borden, All Ranks Armoured Corps School Mess and Sgt's Mess RCASC School , Camp Borden. He had 28 years service joining the RCDs in 1921.

Since dad was known also for his many and varied jokes, the whole funeral reception was hearty and cheerful recalling much of the older Roy's humour. The Elmvale community outdid themselves serving food and refreshments and they were generous with food plates for mom for many days following. A good time was had by all as was to be expected. They all did him well.

A COMMUNITY ASSISTANCE VENTURE

A new Chaplain, Father Cox, came to the Saint John Brebeuf Catholic Church of Ville La Salle, Quebec. In his first sermon he said loud and clear, "Get off your asses and show love to your neighbour in need." He was a radical young priest that was all over the Parish checking on all its activities, and driving each year a

flashy new Oldsmobile donated by some admirer. The local police donated a police siren, a 2-way police phone, a flashing light for his car because Father Cox was usually the first at any scene of activity, eg., the Ville La Salle gas explosion. He always had a black trench coat, a first aid kit, a box of sand and shovel and some flares in the trunk of his car.

One evening Father Cox called together a meeting of a dozen parishioners and me. At that time I was a Major in the armed forces. The Father explained that he and I would now be the Co-coordinators of a Saint Vincent de Paul Society to be new in the Parish. With my military background, I would be suited as the Organizer and overall Controller. He would be the Spiritual Director.

Father Cox divided us into pairs and gave each pair a paper with the particulars of someone in need and who we would be contacting that evening. They would be expecting us. A fuss ensued but to no avail, so off we went as volunteer workers. We reported back at 10 pm quite excited with our reception and progress made. That was how our first 6 visits were done.

We soon changed our name from the Saint Vincent de Paul Society mainly because the Pastor felt that the Society should be male Catholics serving Catholics and only with donations. As Vincentians, we were able to be of both sexes and also be non-denominational.

In 1964, our first year, and the only year for which we have found an Annual Report, we grew to over 100 volunteer workers, chairing such activities as Al-anon; Big Brothers; Big Sisters; Car Pooling; Clothing; Food Delivery; Educational; Public Relations; Senior Citizens; Spiritual; Training; Visitations, and Youth. Both the Parish and the Municipal offices were very generous in providing spaces for our meetings.

In the 4 years until 1967, Expo year, we kept growing to hundreds of volunteer workers. Many of our clients joined as

volunteer workers and chairpersons. After I retired from the Armed Forces in 1967, our family moved to London, Ont. Father Cox was also transferred to another Parish that needed his tremendous drive. The Vincentians carried on for a few years and kept dwindling in numbers. It was a good, exciting and rewarding 4 years of my life.

ANNEX A

MY PROGRESSIVE TRAINING COURSES

1943 25

**Officer Cadet, Qualified 2nd Lieutenant Officers Training Centre
Brockville, ON - 12 weeks - 20 Feb to 15 May 1943**

**2nd Lieutenant, Training Officers School, A 19 RCASC, Camp
Borden, ON, in May 1943 plus an Officer's Motorcyclist Course 2
weeks in Jul 1943**

1944

**2 Lt S3 Cdn Small Arms School (Teaching) Methods of Instruction
Course, Long Branch, ON, 3 weeks Feb to Mar 1944**

Back to A19 RCASC, Camp Borden, ON, in Mar 1944

**Driver Mechanic Automotive Course (s), No 2 Vocational Trg
School, Canadian Army Trades School, Hamilton, ON, General
Motors Oshawa, ON, 6 weeks to**

Back to A19 RCASC Trg Centre, Camp Borden in May

**Conversion s Course (War Infantry) O-1 s Trg Centre, Brockville,
ON, 10 weeks Sep to Nov 1944**

**Infantry Support Weapons Course (War) No 1 Trg Brigade Group,
Debert, NS, 1 month Dec 1944**

1945 27

**3 Canadian Infantry Training Regiment with 4th Armoured Corps
NWE Apr 1945**

**3 Canadian Infantry Training Regiment, training at Infantry Battle
School (War Combat) 3 Wing, CTS, Storrington, Eng, 6 weeks Jan-
Feb**

Posted to 8 Canadian Infantry Training Regiment in Feb 1945

1946 28

I was promoted Capt and 2IC 1 Coy RCASC, London, ON, in Sep 1946

1947 29

Regimental s Course (Administration) The RCASC School, Camp Borden, ON, 8 weeks Apr- May 1947

Professional Advancement Training (Theory) for Capt, Home Study for 1 year. Exams written in London, ON, in Oct 1947

1948 30

Modified Field s Course (Tactics) Petawawa Military Camp, ON, 1 week in Aug 1948

Attended Catering s Course (Food Service) The RCASC School, Camp Borden, ON, 8 weeks to Nov 1948

1950 32

Written exams Promotion to Capt Home Study Course Part I (Theory) study 1 year held in London 3 days in May 1950 Practical Exams

Promotion to Capt Home Study Part II (Field) course of 6 months in Camp Borden, ON, for 1 week in Oct 1950

Junior s Course (Lt to Capt) The RCASC School, Camp Borden, ON, 6 weeks to Dec 1950

1951 33

Attended Movement Control Indoctrination Course, The RCASC School, Camp Borden, ON, 2 weeks in Feb 1951

1952 34

**Attended s Field Refresher Course (RCASC) The RCASC School,
Camp Borden, ON, 3 days in May 1952**

1953 35

Posted to Korea as OIC Ammunition Point 3 Mar to 31 Oct

**Posted to Kure, Japan as CO 58 Tpt Coy in Kure, Japan, 1 Nov 1953
-18 Mar 1954**

1958 40

**Qualified for Certificate, Canadian Civil Defence College, DND
(Orientation) Course, Canadian Defence College (Course 293)
Department of National Health and Welfare, at Arnprior, ON, May 5-
9 1958**

Posted to NDHQ, DST of QMG, Ottawa, ON, in Nov 1958

1960 42

**Qualified Petroleum Products Supply Course, Quartermaster
School, US Army, Fort Lee, VG, 16 May 1960**

(6 month course)

Qualified Joint Services Course on Accident Prevention 2-6 Oct

James Roy William Hider

FE	Capt	56 Transport Company, Mar, 53
FE	Capt	58 General Transport Company, Oct, 53
CDA	Capt	15 Company, May, 54 Royal Canadian Army Service Corps Second-in-Command
CDA	Capt	6 Company, June, 56 Royal Canadian Army Service Corps Commanding Officer
CDA	Capt	Army Headquarters, Nov, 58 Branch of Quarter-Master General Directorate of Supplies and Transport
CDA	A/Maj Maj	2 Transport Company, Nov, 60 Commanding Officer
CDA	Maj	3 Movement Control Group, Aug, 62 Royal Canadian Army Service Corps Commanding Officer
CDA	Maj	4 Transport Company, Aug, 64 Commanding Officer
CDA	Maj	Headquarters, Feb, 66 Royal Canadian Army Service Corps Quebec Command Deputy Command Supplies and Trans. Officer

CDA	Maj	Canadian Forces Base Montreal, Apr, 66 Command Supplies and Transport Officer
CDA	Maj	Mobile Command Headquarters, Jul, 66 Staff Officer, Materiel Supply
CDA	Maj	Canadian Forces Headquarters, Jul, 67 Non-effective strength during terminal leave Honourably Released, Jan, 68

Between 1943 and 1968, James Roy William Hider served as an Officer of the Canadian Army in the following appointments:

CDA	O/Cdt	Officers' Training Centre, Feb, 43
	2/Lt	(Eastern Canada)

CDA	2/Lt	A19, May, 43 Canadian Army Service Corps Training Centre
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CDA	Lt	S3, Feb, 44 Canadian Small Arms School (Eastern Canada) Course
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CDA	Lt	A 19, Mar, 44 Canadian Army Service Corps Training Centre
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CDA	Lt	No. 2 Vocational Training School, May, 44 Course
CDA	Lt	A 19, May 44 Canadian Army Service Corps Training Centre
CDA	Lt	Officers' Training Centre, Sep. 44 (Eastern Canada)
CDA	Lt	2 Infantry Training Battalion, Nov, 44
UK	Lt	3 Canadian Infantry Train. Regiment, Jan, 45 Course
NWE	Lt	8 Canadian Infantry Train. Regiment, Feb, 45
NWE	Lt	3 Canadian Infantry Train. Regiment, Apr, 45
NWE	Lt	Y 3, Apr, 45 1 Canadian Reception Depot
UK	Lt	1 Canadian Repatriation Depot, May, 45
CDA	Lt	No. 1 District Depot, Jun, 45
CDA	Lt	A 29, Feb, 46 Canadian Infantry Corps Training Centre
CDA	Lt	No. 1 District Depot, May 46 (Ipperwash Detachment)
CDA	Lt	1 Company , Sep, 46
	Capt	Royal Canadian Army Service

Corps

CDA

Capt

56 Transport Company, Jan 52

