

few days, and he was right, I remained at Sturwicks for two days, and then was put on the hospital train for Boulogne, these carriages are very comfortable, and are almost as comfortable as lying in an ordinary bed, I reached Boulogne about 5 am after being in the train about 7 hours, was taken to No 13 General Hospital in an ambulance, here I remained for eight days, they were perfect to me, I was treated with the utmost kindness by the Sisters and Doctors, it seemed paradise to me just then! lying in a lovely white bed, able to have all kinds of delicacies, sleep whenever I liked, and how to meet with nothing but

Kindness; during that week I slept almost day and night, I seemed to desire sleep more than anything else, could not get enough of it in fact; The Doctor who attended me when he learned that I was anxious to go to a hospital in Ireland arranged that I should do so, I was kept back all that week waiting for an Irish conveyance, at last I was sent aboard the H. S. St David, and arrived at Dover a couple of hours later, I breathe a great sigh of relief when I found myself at last in Blighty, and said Good bye to France, at least for a good while; the train we boarded was making direct for Holy Head, but I only travelled

as far as Chatham some 33 miles from Dover, when I found a stretcher alongside my bunk waiting to take us off, when I found I was not to go to Ireland after all my disgust was unbounded, and I am afraid that I rather shocked the Colonel and sundry other AMC men who were standing about, still Willy Nilly I had to go, and soon found myself at Port Pitt Military Hospital Chatham, here I was met by several Doctors and Nurses who fully expected me to arrive in a dying condition, but I soon undeceived them, some mistake had been made, it was some other Australian who should have been

taken off, goodness only knows what happens to him; everybody sympathised with me in my disappointment, and promised to make my stay there so pleasant I should be glad the mistake was made, this they did, I was there 5 weeks, and it was one of the most pleasant periods of my life, in the hospital everybody was so kind, nothing was a trouble to them, I do not wonder at the boys falling in love with the Sisters, one could not help loving them, my Doctor was a thorough gentleman, an efficient Surgeon, and a right good sport, we became very palmy before long, he allowed me later on to witness several of

his operations, they interested me very much; the first day I arrived proved to be a visiting day at the hospital, quite a large number of people came to see the boys in my ward (8.) bringing with them, Strawberries, cherries, eggs, cakes, Cigarettes, and many other little comforts, they were greatly appreciated by the boys, for no pay is drawn while in hospital and only for the cigarettes etc brought in by visitors, the boys would often go short of a smoke. for the first day or two being a new man very few of them felt stayed to have a yarn, of course it was only natural, but we soon became friends,

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and "Australia", as I was always called never lacked for comforts while I remained there. I was in bed for about two weeks after coming to this hospital, then I was allowed to get up each day and take a little exercise, after a week of this I went in to the table again, and my wound was stitched up, another five or six days and I was up again, and from that time to the day I left I had the time of my life, I was invited out by my new friends, and spent some very pleasant days at their houses, generally one item of the day would be a stroll to a cherry orchard where one