

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 me 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

could eat cherries to our content, during this time I had several most enjoyable trips by car, through some of the most beautiful parts of the County of Kent, at this time of the year it was looking its best, the fruit season was on, and the hop fields presented a very pretty sight, I told my friends they were spoiling me, but I must say I liked being spoiled; my time here was drawing to a close to my regret, my wound was improving wonderfully, and could almost imagine it was healing under our eyes.

My 24th birthday came along while I was at Chatham, I informed the Cook

of the fact, and a real good spread was the result, it was a Sunday, several of my friends brought afternoon tea with them, it was a most enjoyable day to me, much superior to the previous one, spent on board the Troopship Hampshire, somewhere in the vicinity of the Equator!

On the 23rd July I bade good bye to all my friends at the hospital, I was very sorry to leave them. I was bound for a convalescent home at Tunbridge Wells, I travelled by train, was met at the Station by a beautiful "Daimler" car, and soon bumbled along to the Home about four miles away, I soon

found myself at Bredbury House V. A. D., a fine modern house standing in beautiful grounds, I soon became at home there, although it was different to Chatham, they made us very comfortable. Turbriof Wells is situated in the most beautiful part of Kent, it is a very high class residential district, and was once in high favour by Royalty, Queen Vic spent a good deal of her time here, and on this account it is allowed the privilege of adding Royal to its name; a large common runs just in front of Bredbury, and in this I spent most of my afternoons quietly strolling about. apart from this

I found little to interest me, rarely a visitor came, I found out that instead of encouraging them, they were practically snubbed; a great pity for the people about are all well to do, and if allowed could make things very pleasant for the lads; I had two or three outings, folk who had some interest in the house invited several of the boys out, I among them, and we spent a rather nice time at their houses.

On August 1st I was taken to Dartford (Bus Mill Hospital) by this time my wound was completely healed up, when I was there a few days I was boarded, and passed as fit to proceed on Turbriof.

- Aug 7th 1917.

About 8 am I along with some 100 or so of other men were embarked for London, there to start our 'turl' we arrived at our Headquarters about 10 am, and found ourselves free about noon, we could do what we liked for the next 14 days.

I looked up an old pal who was on our Headquarters staff, and with him I spent most of the next two days, I had no desire to remain in London longer than I could help, but I had several calls to make, and a little business kept us there for two days, spent the evening of Aug 8th at the Criterion Theatre, a comedy was

running entitled "A Little bit of fluff", it was rather good, there was no music hardly, still I enjoyed a good laugh.

August 9th

I caught the 12.45 pm Glasgow mail from Fuster, and soon chum's up with a number of jocks who were on their way home from France, and as we travelled along they pointed out the places of interest, I travelled by the Western route, & for some 200 miles we were on the same line as I passed through when going to Dublin, after passing Brewe the scenery changed a good deal, becoming more hilly, some parts of it was very pretty, we passed

Carlyle. and from this point
 we passed through some
 lovely spots indeed, the hills
 were all covered with blue
 heather, regular Scotch country,
 at about 8 pm we passed
 Gretna Green, the border line
 between England & Scotland, this
 was a favourite spot for
 runaway marriages in older
 days, one foot lands in
 Scotland and the other place
 quite safe and sure in England,
 darkness now set in, and
 we could not get much idea
 of the country we were pass-
 ing through; I finally landed
 in Glasgow about 10.30 pm,
 I was advised to put up
 at the Grand hotel, I was

this my headquarters, during
 the three days I was there,
 Aug 10th - 17.

I spent the morning roaming
 around different parts of the
 city, although it was the
 summer of the year the weather
 was not all good, rain, fog
 and a great deal of smoke
 did not add favourably to
 the city's appearance, Glasgow
 struck me as a very thriving
 city, it is not clean by any
 means, but that is due to
 the enormous number of fac-
 tories, munition works, and
 such like places going full
 swing, I spent an hour in
 the Museum, a fine build-
 ing but very much like ad

other museums, then took a stroll through the Municipal Gardens, these are fair, and seem what resembles our University Park in Sydney, the Glasgow University is close handy to these gardens; at the tops of the gardens stand a beautiful terrace of houses in these now live some ~~one~~ or 200 Belgians, they came to Glasgow almost at the outbreak of war, as refugees, the citizens raised a fund, housed them all, and kept them, now nearly all ~~are~~ are working in munition works, some earning as much as £9. per week, still they are allowed to re-

main rent free in these ¹⁶⁵ beautiful hours, from my point it is a great shame to treat these people like this receiving far more consideration than they deserve, ~~from~~ my experience of Belgians I would treat them like I would a black fellow keep them in front of us.

During my stay at Chatham I received an introduction to some folk in Driofeton Glasgow I called there in the afternoon, and was made very welcome, they made us feel quite at home, and I spent a very pleasant afternoon at their home, in the night one of

the boys accompanied us to the Pavilion music hall. while waiting outside I happen'd to meet an old friend it was quite a surprise for I thought him still in France. I made arrangements to spend the next few days with him.

Aug 11-17.

About 10 am myself and two friends caught the train for Balloch from Queen St Station, we intended spending the day at Loch Lomond, from Glasgow to Balloch where the Lake begins is about 20 miles, on the way we passed through Dumbarton, a great shipbuilding centre, also a very large

place owned by Singers; after an hours run we reached Balloch, here we got out, and spent an hour or so roaming through a large park that was bought by the Corporation of the City of Glasgow for its citizens; we had lunch at Balloch, and about 1 pm caught a ferry boat for the run up the lake. unfortunately it did not go more than about 5 or 6 miles, so that we missed a great many of the beauty spots on the lake, we just managed to obtain a view of Ben Lomond mountain, it rained on and off during the day, but when the

sun came out it was really lovely. there is no doubt about the beauties of the Lake, it well deserves the title of "Bonny", I was only sorry I could not go up the whole way, for I understand the further one goes the more beautiful the scenery becomes.

On ^{our} arrival at Glasgow again we visited my Bridgeton friends we spent a very enjoyable few hours till it was time for us to go in order to catch the train for Edinburgh, my friends accompanied us to the station, and I left them with a sincere feeling of regret, more kind

they could not possibly have been to me, and I had to promise I would again visit them on my next leave, they promised to take us to Oban right through Scott's country, and I was quite sure nothing could please us better than this.

My friend Walter Schafiro was still with us, we intended spending the next three days in Edinburgh; when our train started from Queen St, we found we had rather nice travelling companions, one of these an old Scotch gentleman and a great sport very soon proposed

that we should all sing a song, and thus make the trip pleasant, and time would not drag; some very amusing developments followed, and I think it will be long before I have such an amusing and pleasant train journey.

We arrived at Princes St station about 11 pm, and at once repaired to Cockburns Hotel close by where we were recommended to stay.

Aug 12th 1917. (Sun)
We did not rise very early, and by the time we had breakfast it was well after 9 am, on account of

it being Sunday there was very little doing, so we decided to put the morning in looking over Edinburgh Castle, only some 100 yds or so away, the castle is built on the top of a great hill, and is a wonderful structure, one would think in older days it would be absolutely impregnable, yet it was besieged and taken more than once, at the present time it is used as a garrison for soldiers, many of the old guns that once protected the castle, are ranged around the battlements, some of these are tremendously large

with a caliber of some-
thing like 2 ft; we got
in touch with one of the
soldiers, and he explained
a good deal of the history
of the place, and when he
was dry from talking he
suggested a move to the
canteen, where we man-
aged to purchase a little
"studs", this canteen is
in one of the rooms where
at one time Mary Queen of
Scots spent a good deal
of her time.

By the time we
finished the Castle it was
dinner time, so we strolled
back to the hotel; at our
table was seated an officer

of the Seaforth Highlanders,
we got into conversation, and
he explained that as he had
nothing in particular to do
just then, he would be only
too pleased to act as our
guide, if we felt so inclined,
nothing could possibly have
suits us better, and we
soon became friends, our
first move was to St Giles
Cathedral, a very fine bit
of Architecture, some of its
glass stained windows
are magnificent; inside
the building are many
things connected with the
history of Scotland.
From the Cathedral
we walked along the High St.

Canongate, this is the poorest part of East end of Edinburgh, it is a real slum, still a walk through it, amply repays one, one of its features is the house and Church of John Knox, the house where he was born and the church adjoining it where he first preached.

At the foot of the High St is Holy Rood Castle, second in point of interest only to Edinburgh Castle, unlike the latter it is built in a hollow, from Edinburgh Castle a magnificent view is obtained, it is really one of the highest points in the city, and

from the ramparts a perfect view may be seen. Arthur's Seat stands out as the highest of the Bray hills, Calton hill where the Athenaeum part built stands out, also two of the spans of the great Forth bridge may be seen; Our friend escorted us right through the Palace, everything has been preserved as much as possible, and in the rooms of Mary Queen of Scots, her husband "Darnley" & her Secretary Rizzio, the furniture is nearly complete, the old fashioned beds are still there, fully made, with the dust