

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 us 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 "Deluxe" 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 were no very comfortable. Turbriop 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 Turbriop.

- 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'd 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

Barely, 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 can be 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 all

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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 top
of the gardens stands a
beautiful terrace of houses
in these now live some
over 200 Belgians, they came
to Glasgow almost at the out-
break of war, as refugees,
the citizens raised a fund,
housed them all, and kept
them, now nearly all ~~of~~
are working in munition
works, some earning as
much as £9. per week,
still they are allowed to re-

main part free in these ¹⁶⁵
beautiful hours, from my
point it is a great shame
to treat these people like this
receiving far more consid-
eration than they deserve,
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 Brixton 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

thick upon them, from many of these rooms a spiral staircase leads to others, very useful too.

The Banqueting hall is very large, something like 60ft long and 40ft wide, here it was that Daruley was murdered, his body lies in the Royal graveyard on the left hand side of the palace; on the walls hang many paintings of Scots nobles, at the rear of the Castle is a large piece of flat land, this is where the Tournaments were held in older days, and Knights fought for the love of their Ladies.

From the palace we walked up the Bray hills and finally reached King Arthur's seat, from here we had a magnificent view of Edinburgh and the surrounding country, the city lies at the foot of Sevin hills, it stands out clear and beautiful as it really is the prettiest city I have ever seen, the view from Arthur's seat will live long in my memory, a more glorious panorama it would be indeed hard to find.

From the Bray hills we walked to the Calton hill, where years

ago, an Athenaeum was partly built but never completed, this is called the disgrace of Edinburgh, the story goes that Edinburgh proposed to build this edifice on similar lines to the one in Rome, Glasgow offered help, but Edinburgh in ~~the~~ its pride refused, and the result was after spending many thousands of pounds ~~was~~ compelled to abandon the project through lack of funds, this is one of the reasons why Edinburgh is called poor but proud.

He finished the rest day by strolling along

through different parts of the city, the principal st is Prince's St, and is a very fine one indeed, on one side is built a memorial to Scott, a magnificent bit of architecture, running up some 150 ft. A spiral stairway leads up almost to the top, in all some 600 steps have to be encountered before reaching the top balcony; here also a fine view of the city is obtained.

Monday Aug 13th

Our friend the Highlander proposed spending the day out at the North bridge, and 10 am found us in

a char-a-banc starting from the Academy bound for the Firth of Perth, the bridge is something like

9 miles from the city, and the drive is a very pretty one, we passed through portion of Lord Roseberry's estate, very fine country, all or nearly all used for agricultural purposes, after about an hour we reached our destination, on the South side of the side of the bridge, the village is called South Ferry, we intended crossing the Firth by ferry, but as it was nearly noon we decided on having lunch first.

which we did ample justice to.

About 1 pm we caught the ferry, and started across, the firth itself is about 2 miles in width, but the bridge runs on either side at least another quarter of a mile, it has five huge spans, all steel, it is a wonderfully fine structure, and is easily the largest bridge I have ever seen; at the time I was there a large portion of the grand fleet was lying in the firth, all kinds and positions of gun boats, from a super-dreadnought to the small

waritors, among these was
 our own ship the "Australia",
 it did us good to see her,
 secured to bring a whiff
 of home to us; they all
 looked splendid, ranged
 up alongside one another
 and extending for over
~~five~~ miles up the firth,
 shortly after we landed
 on the other side, we caught
 the train back, and trav-
 elled over the bridge to the
 South ferry and was just
 in time to catch a car
 back to the city, I thorough-
 ly enjoyed the afternoon
 a trip to the South bridge
 amply repays one, and I
 should have been very

sorry had I missed it.
 That night was
 Schopier's and I spent at
 the Kings Theatre, and were
 very fortunate in witness-
 ing a very fine entertain-
 ment, Harry Linder was
 the principal item of the
 evening, and as I had
 not previously seen him,
 I enjoyed his turn im-
 mensely, there is no doubt
 he is a splendid Comedian,
 and a great favourite, he
 was success repeated.
 I was more than pleased
 to see him in his native
 country, on his ^{first} appearance
 he gave a recitation, it referred
 to the lads who have gone

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under in this war, I believe he lost his adopted son, and he seems to feel his loss keenly, for he put a great deal of feeling into the words; altogether the evenings' entertainment was splendid, not a single dull turn, all the performers were high class.

The next morning was my last in Edinburgh, we were all three leaving, Whopie for London, Bailey our Seaforth friend for Reading, and myself for Kilmarnock. We caught the express for London at Ab Waverley Station about 10 am, I was going back

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by a different route to the one I came from London to Glasgow by, this time I travelled along the East Coast Coast, we crossed over the Tweed at Berwick, this river divides the two countries, and as the Scottish and English laws differ a good deal, some queer claims are put forward by the people of Berwick, according to which law suits them best, on many occasions it has been found necessary to word the edict as follows, this applies to England & Scotland & Berwick on Tweed, thus leaving no room for argument.

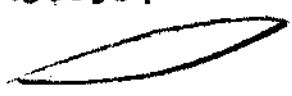
We passed through Newcastle, I only obtained a birds eye view of the city, it must be a wonderfully busy place just now, I was pointed out a number of huge munition works employing thousands of hands, a great many large factories have been taken over for munition purposes, also a large number have been built.

We passed through Durham, a quaint old town nestling at the foot of a hill, a very ancient Cathedral stands on the top of this, I was told that this town is very interesting, many

historic scenes took place in the neighbourhood; about 12.30 we arrived at York, here I broke my journey, and said good bye to my friends, I was sorry to see the last of my friend Bailie, he was a fine fellow, and unlike the usual run of Imperial Officers he was no snob, we agreed to write one another, and if possible meet at some future date.

On alighting at York I found I could not get a train across country to Leeds until about 10pm, so I decided to have a look around the ancient city of

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York, on account of a riot
just before, soldiers were
forbidden the town except
under special circumstances,
but with the help of a civil
policeman I managed to get
past the military picket.
Shortly after entering the
town I got into conversation
with a gentleman who lives
there, and he kindly offered
to show us around. He first
to the Cathedral or "Minster"
as it is called in York,
it is a magnificent structure,
one of the finest of England,
many fine cathedrals, next
to St Paul's & Salisbury, it
is considered the next largest
in England.



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We next walked
through the town to the East
gate, in olden days
four of these gates formed
the only entrance to the town,
the original posterns are
still there, they are never
used now, and are only low-
ered once or twice a year,
with the object of keeping them
in their old working order,
the city at one time was
wholly surrounded by a
great cement and brick wall,
portion of this has been
removed, but the major
portion is still standing
and in perfect condition,
every few yds a position is
left in for the archer to stand

with very little fear of being hit in return, outside the wall is what was once a deep moat, some 50 ft in depth, but the water has all been drained from it and cattle now feed upon the grass growing on it.

I only stayed about four hours at York, and then caught the train for Leeds, another stage of the journey towards Crews. Leeds is only 30 miles from York, and we reached there in 35 minutes; by this time a thunderstorm that had been threatening for some time now broke, and it rained heavens hard. I stayed

in the post office till it had spent itself; this city is not beautiful by any means, but it is a thriving manufacturing centre, it has a large population, numbering something between 68,700,000 persons, there are a great many woollen mills, in fact this is its chief industry. pursuing my usual course of asking questions of any person likely to prove useful, I got in touch with the manager of one of these mills, he was just about to catch a train for his home at Roundhay, I had no end where in particular to go so he suggested my catching the same train, I did so, and on

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the way he imparted a good deal of the history of the town. we passed through one part of the city, which is almost wholly taken up by jews. There are some 25,000 of these people in this city, and I was told few if any are in poor straits, they are nearly all prosperous; getting out of the city a little we reached the chief residential part. it is rather pretty just about this part, and some beautiful houses are to be seen, my acquaintances informed me that a special law has been passed prohibiting buildings that are not approved by the cooperative and the price & conditions fixed

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are pretty high, also no factories or manufactories of any kind are to be erected in this part; on reaching Roundhay which is the end of the train line, I was advised to take a stroll through the Leeds gardens. I did so, and it was an hour well spent, it is a fine big park, and in splendid condition, covering some 120 acres.

On leaving the gardens I caught a train back to the city, this train going through the slum portion of the city, finally reaching town about 8 pm, I spent the next half hour or so in the Grand Restaurant, a very nice and up to date establishment.

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My train for Crews did not leave till 11 pm, so I took a stroll around the town to see in town, there is nothing much to attract one. It has a few fine buildings, the best of the lot to my mind was the Town Hall, a very fine building indeed.

From Leeds we passed through Huddersfield, Wigan, and many other large industrial towns, finally reaching Crews about 1. am.

Aug 15th 17.

I arrived at Holyhead about 5 am and boarded the "Monster" immediately, the ship was packed and I had to stand up all the way across

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the channel, we were unfortunately in striking rough weather, and the ship pitched and tossed enough to satisfy even the most hard end sea dog, still I was not ill, and did not mind the rocking. We arrived at North Wall Dublin about 9 am, and I made straight for the Edinburgh Hotel where I stayed during my first visit to Dublin. and after a good wash, and an excellent breakfast I felt much better I was feeling rather tired for I had been on the move and travelled a good deal during the previous weeks.

I again visited my friend Mrs Fitzpatrick, who had treated me so kindly during my previous stay in Ireland; accompanied by Mr Fitz I spent the evening at the Empire Music Hall, George Formby was the main feature of the program. I could not recognize anything in his turn to merit the great reputation he undoubtedly has.

Aug 16th - 17.

I caught the morning train from Dublin to Kildare. I had for company two young New Zealand lads, whose acquaintance I made the previous night, they had the misfortune

each to lose a leg at the front, but an artificial limb had been supplied them, and with this they managed wonderfully well, they were very nice fellows, and I lucky to have such pleasant company; We passed through Kildare, and on our left we saw the Curragh where the principal part of Ireland's military forces are trained. there is a huge camp there, but I should imagine it would be a rather bleak spot to train in; we passed through Tipperary, Limerick and on or two other counties, the country was looking splendid, and the farther south we went the

more varied and rich it became. I first saw the bogs of old Ireland here, there seems to be an unlimited supply of it, and must mean a lot to the poorer classes of Ireland; at nearly every important station was a buffet supply of sandwiches cakes, tea etc free to soldiers, this means a great deal to the average Tommy, and nowhere through all my travels in the British Isles have I seen the soldiers better treated.

Killarney is something like 140 miles from Dublin, and the journey takes about 9 hours, we reached Cork about 7 pm, and here

changed trains, after leaving Cork we passed through County Kerry, generally acknowledged to be the most picturesque County in Ireland, we could not see much of the country by this time, as it was almost dark, rain clouds cut the twilight short on this evening; at the last stopping place before Killarney, a number of hotel proprietors, touts, and what not boarded our train, and before we knew where we were, we were surrounded, and almost driven frantic by requests to put up at one or another such an hotel, they would not accept our telling them that we had already