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A VISIT FROM THE KING

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bring him back. On the next morning, he would say:

"Well, it was my birthday. A man must have a few drinks on his birthday."

I was discharged from the hospital in the middle of February and sent to a comfortable place at Hastings, Sussex, where I lived until my furlough papers came through. I had a fine time in London at the theatres and clubs pending my departure for home. When my furlough had arrived, I went to Buxton, Derbyshire, where the Canadian Discharge Depot was located and was provided with transportation to Montreal. I came back to America on the Canadian Pacific Royal Mail steamer, *Metagama*, and the trip was without incident of any sort. We lay for a time in the Mersey, awaiting word that our convoy was ready to see us out of the danger zone, and a destroyer escorted us four hundred miles on our way.

I was informed, before my departure, that a commission as lieutenant in the Canadian forces awaited my return from furlough,