

Memories of the Granville Verandah

(By Gunner G. A. CLARK, 86900).

(This breezy little letter comes spontaneously from one of the boys who was long enough at this great Military Hospital to know it quite well from a patient's standpoint and who has gone home. He can't forget his hospital cot overlooking the front and the sea, and although he must, as a true Canadian soldier, have his little grouch, his words come from a heart overflowing with gratitude — EDITOR).

General Hospital, Montreal, Canada,
December 5, 1916.

Dear *Hospital News*—

Did you know that the patients who lay all summer on the verandah of the Granville had gone? Oh, yes, they have, for I am one of them, and I write these lines from a pleasant hospital in far-off Montreal.

After having our hopes bounding high a dozen times about our going; then down to zero about our not going; after rumours of all kinds; after medical boards; boards of inquiry; papers written, lost, and rewritten; after pleadings, threats, and arguments; after numerous visits to the Quartermaster's store; and after wishing that certain members of the Granville staff were in a hotter clime than that of Ramsgate, at last in the chill grey dawn of a November morning we got off. Some other time I may give you the history of the journey, but not here.

We, that is Lce-Copl. Wood, Dvr. O'Connor and myself, who are still together as in the old days, wish to convey to the people of Ramsgate our warmest wishes and heartfelt thanks for the many kindnesses shown to us during our long stay at the Granville. Some of these we came to know intimately and will henceforth be honoured to call them friends, and to the many others who brought their offerings of fruit, flowers, cigarettes, &c., their kindness will long linger in our memory. Even the cheery word and pleasant smile in passing were much appreciated. We all have happy memories of that old seaside town, and I am afraid some of us have even left our hearts there.

Also to the Sisters and Staff of No. 1 Ward we send our thanks for the care and attention given us. I know that sometimes we were aggravating to the last degree, but I must say they stood it like martyrs. We wish here to mention one in particular, and I think his fellow workers will not begrudge it to him, and so across the miles of intervening ocean we salute you, "Gallant Little Taffy," who did so much for us during our weary months of helplessness on the Granville verandah.

"Shorty" Lang, who has returned to Ward I. from Roehampton with a pair of shapely, varnished legs, makes this cheery announcement:—"I shall be 'At Home' to my friends and people I owe money to, any day before the hour of 9 a.m. and after 9 p.m."