

WITH A FIELD AMBULANCE AT YPRES

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UP TO THE FIRING LINE

March 7, 1915.

AT 8.30 last night the transport which carried our Field Ambulance cast off its moorings and slowly swung away from the land. It was an impressive sight. The sides of the ship were lined by men gazing in silence at the land that many of them were never to see again, the boats were swung out ready to be lowered at a moment's notice, sentries with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets kept guard over the bridge, the poop, and the stern where the life belts were stored, and on the deck stood great rafts with twenty handles on each side which would float off if the ship were torpedoed. Gradually we gathered way and soon the tugs were cast off, and we glided out into the darkness of the