

ABOVE THE BATTLE

us, for the Hun is a ruthless gentleman and in his grasp of great affairs proves to ignore little trifles like Red Crosses! *Gott strafe England!*

Two of our destroyers passed close by us, and those of their crew on deck sent a ringing cheer across the water as they shot by; further over we passed a large white ship like our own, with enormous Red Crosses painted on her sides, going back empty for a fresh cargo from France; at about 7:30 we moved in Dover Harbour alongside three long hospital trains with engines attached, which the machine had installed there in readiness for us; then the electric elevators got busy, and stretcher after stretcher disappeared into the trains until they had all been moved, when the walking cases were attended to. As we entered the train our faithful little envelopes were once more scanned and a record taken. At 9 o'clock the train drew out and steamed rapidly away along the main line to London, the track being kept open for it—always the case with a hospital train, to which ordinary traffic give preference at all times. A light lunch of coffee and sandwiches backed up by a box of cigarettes was brought