

WITH A FIELD AMBULANCE AT YPRES

preparing a meal for the men at the end of the march, mules laden with entrenching tools, etc., etc. The men also are hung around with haversacks, mess tins, water bottles, ground sheets, etc., till they look like veritable bagmen. An officer's rig-out consists of a Sam-Browne belt, one or two haversacks, water bottle, field glasses, compass, map case, revolver, cartridge pouch, and anything else he likes to stick on. When the whole procession is on the move it is really a great sight.

March 21, 1915.

Yesterday we marched to Armentières for a few days of instruction in field work. We followed one of the Routes Nationales, a great highway stretching in an almost straight line for miles, with tall poplars on either side all the way, and not even a hillock on which to rest the eye. It is in Tristram Shandy, I think, that we are told that "the army in Flanders swore horribly." If the roads then were anything like what they are now I think that the profanity ought to be pardoned, for the *pavé* certainly is abominable stuff to march on, and at the end