

WITH A FIELD AMBULANCE AT YPRES

as the palm of a man's hand, save where here and there a little knoll broke the dead level. Half of Belgium seemed to lie spread out in front of me. It is little wonder that the Germans chose this flat land for the great steam-roller of their advance, instead of the wooded, hilly, and highly fortified line of the Franco-German frontier.

April 3, 1915.

I had a really great time last night, and I now feel that I have passed out of the novitiate stage. Our division is to hold part of the line running in front of Neuve Eglise, a little place just over the Belgian frontier, and M—— and I came over last night to see how the evacuation of wounded was worked before the rest of the unit should arrive. We reached our future headquarters, a farm about a mile on our side of the village, at nine o'clock, and made the acquaintance of the ambulance whom we were to relieve on the morrow. After a short time spent in their mess-room we started out with one of their officers and the chaplain who were to act as guides. I need hardly say that it is not advisable to start out on a pitch dark night in an unknown country and