

WITH A FIELD AMBULANCE AT YPRES

March 17, 1915.

Yesterday the brigade moved to a new area, and we with them. We are now quite close to the Belgian Frontier, and I hope we shall cross it one of these days. I share a tent with H——. It is curious to lie in the quiet of the night, and suddenly to hear the rattle of machine guns or volley upon volley of rifle firing; on looking out of the door you see star-lights lighting up the sky, and shells bursting on the plain below, for our camp is pitched on a slight slope which counts as a mountain in this country of dead flatness.

Yesterday's march was quite a strenuous one. An army on the march is the queerest sight in the world. You imagine great rows of men in neat uniforms swinging along to the sound of the band. Nothing could be further from the truth! As you see the column winding away in front of you (and you may see it for a couple of miles in this flat land), it looks like an immense tinkers' encampment on the move, for the greater part of the column consists of wagons—baggage wagons—ammunition limbers, horse ambulances, motor ambulances, water carts, camp cookers busy