

WITH A FIELD AMBULANCE AT YPRES

But enough of horrors. As I rode back to our billet, I noticed that the blackthorn twigs are already beginning to show white—the first touch of spring is in this bleak land.

March 14, 1915.

A lovely, peaceful Sunday morning, mild, balmy, brilliant sunshine, larks singing, spring in the air, but always the boom of the big guns. I have been basking in the sun in front of our farm reading "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," very delightful, style perfect. On one page there is a tirade against conscription, and indeed military service of all kinds, describing the drill as degrading and debasing—rather amusing reading just now when we have had such abundant proof that the opposite is the case. The only book of my own which I carry is a copy of selections from Browning; it is like having an old friend with me. We had church parade this morning to the accompaniment of the noise of guns and the drone of aeroplanes. No doubt we shall get accustomed to these contrasts when we have been here some time, but at first they strike one very vividly.