

## WITH A FIELD AMBULANCE AT YPRES

to have my often-expressed desire fulfilled. It did not take me many seconds to make up my mind, and, giving my staff-sergeant a few hasty instructions as to how to carry on in my absence, I boarded the car, and off we went.

We found that we had chosen an unfortunate day, for the road was simply choc-a-bloc with troops and their impedimenta as a big move was in progress. We had to pass seventy-eight motor busses carrying the —th Brigade, besides countless guns, limbers, ammunition wagons, etc. The dust was simply awful. As we neared Ypres we could see the shrapnel bursting around an aeroplane—little white puffs against the blue sky. A couple of shells fell near our road, making a bit of a bang, but nothing to make a fuss about.

At last we drove into the town itself. Just at first it did not produce the impression on me that I expected, for much of the town is still inhabited, many of the original twenty thousand inhabitants still live there, shops are open, civilians and soldiers are in the streets, ambulances and forage carts move about, there is a general feeling of life about the place. But when you enter the Grande Place you real-