

WITH A FIELD AMBULANCE AT YPRES

guide at the head of the party started off for the shed. We marched through endless docks, and at last arrived at the longed-for shed, which we found to be filled with about a thousand artillery horses. There was nothing for it but to look about for some other shelter. We found a tiny shed, into which we just managed to squeeze all the men; and as they had straw, a blanket each, and their furry coats they were able to make themselves fairly comfortable. The officers, however, had to be content with the cobbles outside; and a somewhat hard and chilly bed they made in the biting north wind which blew strongly from the sea.

Early next morning we entrained. Our train was the biggest thing in trains I have ever sat eyes on, and must have been nearly a quarter of a mile in length. The horses and men travelled in trucks, eight horses and thirty men to a truck; and very funny the men looked, clad in their furry coats, peering over the sides of the trucks like some newly discovered species of wild animal. The officers travelled in comfort in first- and second-class carriages, and slept in a truck the floor of which was covered with straw.