

and choose a time when the wind was blowing from the land. And as for the Koh-i-Noor, I am quite certain she never was seen before as she is seen in that photograph, and I am sending a copy of it to her owners.

The camp itself was much like all other camps: reveille at 5.30; lights out at 10, and frantic efforts on the part of the belated ones to elude the vigilance of the guard from 10.30 till 12 o'clock. The amusing experiences with the guard were many, of course. Col. Brown, the very hard-working Supply Officer participated in one of the first. He had been into town and was returning to camp a little after "Lights out" had sounded.

"Halt! who comes there," came the challenge from the alert sentry. "Friend."

"Pass friend, and report yourself to the guard tent."

The Colonel proceeded on his way.

"Here sonny. This is the way to the guard tent. Them's the Officers' lines!"

When the Colonel had been colored by two members of the guard he walked over to the sentry.

"You challenged me just now?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you let me pass without giving you the password."

"Without what, sir?"

"The password."

The sentry seemed perplexed, and whilst appearing to realise that he was at fault somewhere, he did not know just where it was.

"Have you no password?" asked the Colonel.

"No, sir," was the confident reply of the sentry, and then as a light seemed to dawn upon him, "but I've got a very sore throat!"

Not the least amusing of the many incidents of an interesting week was the capture of a brake load of the "enemy" in the course of the operations on the field day. The 1st Battalion, with the 4th, were detailed to prevent the 3rd from getting into Lowestoft and ascertaining the strength of the troops there. The defenders under Colonel Beningfield put out a line of outposts in a semi-circle, extending from the sea to the Great Eastern Railway, and apparently considered their position unassailable, as indeed subsequent events proved it to be. The outposts on the extreme left, consisting of men of the 4th West Surrey and 4th Essex, had just inflicted a sharp reverse on the enemy, and were retiring by sections on the main body with a distance of about eighty yards between each section, when a rather ordinary looking brake mysteriously covered in, was driven rapidly through the two rear sections; probably the enemy would have succeeded in their ruse, but that one of the defenders

fired point-blank at the horses heads and caused a slight check, which allowed of the door of the brake being opened, disclosing the enemy. Quickly recovering from the momentary check, with a cheer from the occupants, the brake was rapidly driven on to a turn in the road where they dismounted and attacked the small force they had driven through; but before they could fire a shot the sections in front had turned about and the "enemy" was fairly caught between two fires though reluctant to admit that they were prisoners. Every credit is due to the gallant officer who planned and all but carried out this daring manoeuvre, though in future he will probably learn to respect the maxim which deprecates hallooing till one has emerged from the wood.

Another very clever bit of tactics must be laid to the credit of Colonel Atherton of the 3rd. As I have stated, it was the object of the "enemy" to break through our outposts, or in some way get into Lowestoft to ascertain our position. For some reason or other no mention was made of the sea, and whilst we were capturing the attackers by waggon-loads, with an occasional stray cyclist who made a dash for it, Colonel Atherton had chartered a yacht higher up the coast, put her into commission so to speak, and long before the time mentioned for the cessation of hostilities had succeeded in landing a detachment at Lowestoft. It was very hard lines indeed on the Colonel of the 3rd that he was ruled to have gone out of bounds, because no mention had been made of the sea in the "General Idea." General Yorke never pays compliments, but I happen to know that he was immensely pleased with this very clever move, and the excellent manner in which it had been planned and successfully carried out. I hope, too, I am not divulging any secret when I say that the General was more than satisfied with the way in which Colonel Beningfield went to work, and the excellent disposition he made of the troops under his command.

The day was terribly wet, and I venture to think that by the time we reached camp again in the afternoon there were not many square inches of dry clothing to be found in the whole Brigade. I had provided myself with a macintosh, and in the midst of a tremendous deluge was congratulating myself on my forethought. Along came my C.O. literally soaking with wet, but supremely happy.

"Have you no macintosh, sir?" I asked with some surprise.

"No," he replied, quietly, but meaningly, "I never wear a macintosh when the men are not wearing greatcoats."

And when a minute or two later our energetic adjutant, Captain

Bruce, rode up with the water running from under his tunic, cheery and smiling as ever, I felt terribly mean, and off came the macintosh. Two quiet rebukes of that kind are enough for any ordinary person in one day.

It would have astonished some of the sneerers at the volunteer force if they had witnessed the spectacle of three battalions marching home in a deluge after a hard field day, singing for dear life. No amount of wet weather and hard drill seemed to knock the spirit out of them, and that very afternoon they participated in the sports as though there had been no reveille at 5.30, and no six hours in the field under adverse climatic conditions. Not a man fell out, and so far as I could learn not a single complaint was made to the doctor that day or afterwards. It is also worthy of note that there were one or two men who, having been on guard for twenty-one hours, came off at nine o'clock in the morning, and fell in five minutes later to take part in a long field day.

I cannot refrain from quoting one more delicious little "camp anecdote." A very popular Colonel in the Brigade, who shall be nameless, was approached by General Carr-Glyn's A.D.C.

"The General wishes to know, sir, what your disposition is?"

The temptation was irresistible. With a twinkle in his eye the witty C.O. replied:—

"Tell the General it is most amiable—most amiable."

Before, however, the astonished A.D.C. had time to fall of his horse the necessary information was vouchsafed, with an apology for the temporary lapse.

I don't know that there is much more to say. If I did not know that it would be in the highest degree distasteful to him, I should like to speak in very high terms of the kindly thoughtfulness displayed by General Yorke during the week. No brigade is more fortunate in the possession of a Brigadier, whose every thought seems to be for the officers and men who serve under him, whilst in Colonel Anderson the Essex Brigade has a model Brigade Major. I would like to, but dare not say more on this point, and in saying so much I fear I risk the displeasure of both these officers. But the truth must be told sometimes, even about a Brigadier who gallops away from a homeward bound train of troops because their vociferous cheers are not in accordance with his ideas of military discipline. Of course he is right, but how can you restrain the feelings of a thousand men fresh from an enjoyable week on the Lowestoft Denes?

LEYSON T. MERRY.

Captain, 4th V.B. Essex Regt.