

EPILOGUE.

How would you like to be on leave when, if not *The day, A day* comes; when the biggest naval battle of history is fought; to read about it in the papers?

Such is my fate. To one who, like myself, for nineteen months of the war lived the battle-cruiser life, it is easy to picture everything: the encounter, which took place when we were carrying out one of the numerous routine "sweeps," the hopes, the expectations, the cheery optimism, the one thought alone—"if only we can get at them to-day."

And "get at them" they did. For a space the battle cruisers, light cruisers, and destroyers seem to have engaged the entire German Fleet—gaining the necessary hour or two needed by the battleships. Is it possible to imagine anything more glorious, more inspiring, in the annals of our history?

Losses were inevitable; but it was a demoralised enemy—a demoralised navy—which our