

THE AUXILIARIES

II

THE Trawlers seem to look on mines as more or less fairplay. But with the torpedo it is otherwise. A Yarmouth man lay on his hatch, his gear neatly stowed away below, and told me that another Yarmouth boat had 'gone up,' with all hands except one. 'Twas a submarine. Not a mine,' said he. 'They never gave our boys no chance. Na! She was a Yarmouth boat—we knew 'em all. They never gave the boys no chance.' He was a submarine hunter, and he illustrated by means of matches placed at various angles how the blindfold business is conducted. 'And then,' he ended, 'there's always what *he'll* do. You've got to think that out for yourself—while you're working above him—same as if 'twas fish.' I should not care to be hunted for the life in shallow waters by a man who knows every bank and pot-hole of them, even if I had not killed his friends the week before.