

may not be needed—she must be ready. Down at the end of the jetty the Salvation Army has a hall, and here the survivors were taken as soon as they were landed. The captains and corporals of the Salvation Army would come running down to the jetty, struggling into their uniforms as they ran. The doors of the hall were opened, the stove lit and hot tea and coffee prepared. A messenger was despatched to tell the doctor that a crew would soon be landed and that his services might be needed. Some elderly women would come hurrying to the jetty with an air of self-conscious importance. These were the women in whose cottages the men were billeted for a little while—sometimes for only a few hours—before they were sent to their headquarters, and then to sea again. Many of the women carried overcoats or shawls for the men to wear as they walked from the jetty to the cottages, for the sea wind blows shrewdly through wet clothes.

There was always a crowd down on the jetty when a crew was landed—a crowd composed mostly of the fisher-fol' men in dark blue jerseys with long brown faces and gold earrings, and women with large sad-coloured shawls wrapped round their heads and shoulders.

When the small boats came to the jetty steps eager hands were held out to help the men ashore; but first a man who had been very badly burnt would be lifted up and carried down the jetty on a stretcher. They carried the stretcher shoulder high, and the victim of U-boat piracy would manage to lift his wet, smoke-grimed head from the white pillow and smile on the friendly faces round him, and to call in a feeble, pain-weakened voice, "Are we down-hearted?" which always brought an answering "No!" from his ship-mates limping along behind the stretcher. Sometimes their ships caught fire after being torpedoed, and all the crew were more or less injured. They then presented a very sorry spectacle, dripping with seawater, black with soot and smoke, the pupils of their eyes still contracted from the glare of the flames.

As a rule, all, or all but one or two of a crew were landed, and the majority of the men were uninjured. Those who were hurt had their injuries attended to by the doctor at the Salvation Army Hall, before they went off with their new hostesses to the blazing fire, dry clothes and good food that was sure to be waiting them. All the men landed were Allies, although they were of all races, except those which comprise the Central Powers. No sailor is a neutral, whatever his nationality may be, and no sailor of a neutral nation is pro-German.

Meanwhile out on the bay another phase of the submarine campaign was enacted. Old men and boys climbed up on the rocks by the coastguard station with telescopes and glasses to watch. At this stage of the procedure there would be four patrol boats manœuvring in the bay, and two British airships coming over, but the airships were so far away that they looked like little silver toys in the bleak sky.

The airships would come nearer, the roar of their engines mingling with the sound of the waves and the scream of the sea-gulls. Suddenly from the watchers on the shore would come a shout, and horny fingers would point out to sea.

"There she is! The submarine. Look! There she goes!"

There she was, too, in all her wickedness, looking very small among the waves. Why she had chosen this inopportune moment to show herself no one ever knew. For about fifteen seconds she would stay on the surface. Then two shots would boom out, and two spouts of silver water spurt up where the submarine had disappeared. Was she hit, or had she dived to safety? That we only knew by implication, for the Navy is the silent service. The patrol boats would draw near to where the submarine disappeared, the airships cruising slowly overhead. By and by a patrol boat would come close to the headland and the gigantic dummy arms on the coastguard station would signal frantically.

A little later and the airships would go home, the patrol boats head for the open sea and the flag and ball signal would be taken down. That Fritz's brief day was over; one submarine at least had sunk her last ship.

Although the fisher-people and sailors were very sympathetic to the rescued, they did not dwell on the horrors of submarine warfare as the newspaper-reading landsman did. The coast dwellers are brought up in a knowledge and understanding of shipwreck by storm and tempest and collision, and for them it was only an increase of a familiar peril with none of the terrors of newness. (Continued on page 36)

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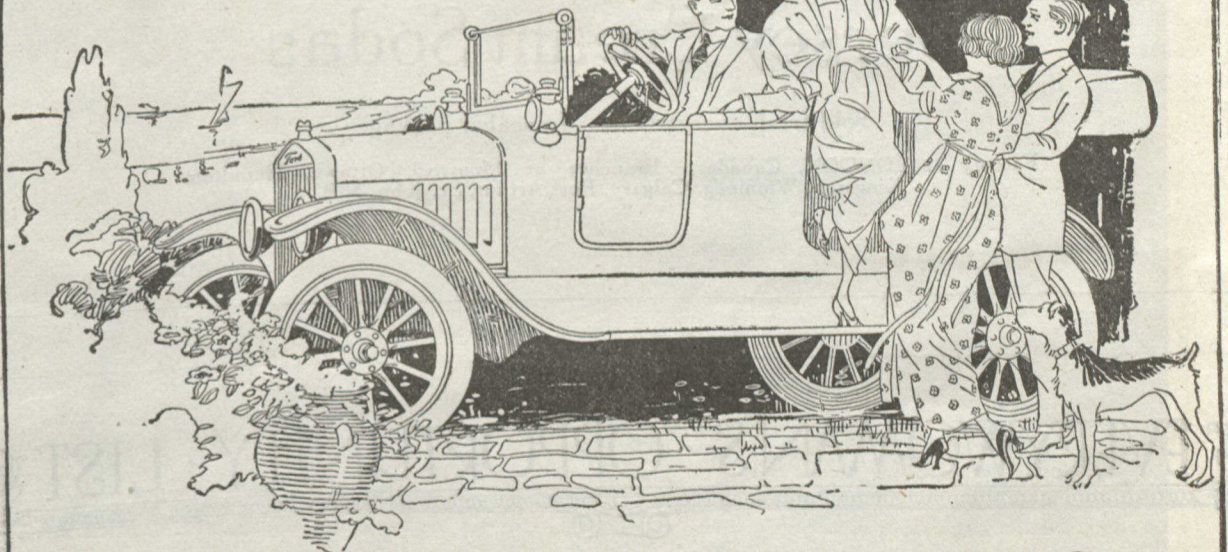
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