

**THE SECRET SERVICE  
SUBMARINE: A STORY  
OF THE PRESENT WAR**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649700417

The Secret Service Submarine: A Story of the Present War by Guy Thorne

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**GUY THORNE**

**THE SECRET SERVICE  
SUBMARINE: A STORY  
OF THE PRESENT WAR**



**THE SECRET SERVICE  
SUBMARINE**

**A STORY OF THE PRESENT WAR**

**BY  
GUY THORNE**

**NEW YORK  
SULLY & KLEINTEICH  
1915**

23628.50.150

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May 9, 1940

The verses used as preface appeared in the issue of *Truth* for 4th November 1914. They are reproduced here by special and courteous permission of the Editor. The verses were published anonymously, but the author has kindly allowed me to mention his name. He is Mr. William Booth.

## THE SONG OF THE SUBMARINE

THIS is the song of the submarine  
Afloat on the waters wide,  
Like a sleeping whale  
In the starlight pale,  
Just flush with the swirling tide.  
The salt sea ripples against her plates  
The salt wind is her breath,  
Like the spear of fate  
She lies in wait,  
And her name is "Sudden Death."

I watch the swift destroyers come,  
Like greyhounds lank and lean,  
And their long hulks sleek  
Play hide-and-peek  
With me on the waters green.  
I watch them with my single eye,  
I see their funnels flame,  
And I sing Ho ! Ho !  
As I sink below,  
Ho ! Ho ! for a glorious game !

I roam the seas from Scapa Flow  
To the Bight of Heligoland ;  
In the Dover Strait  
I lie in wait  
On the edge of Goodwin's Sand.  
I am here and there and everywhere,  
Like the phantom of a dream,  
And I sing Ho ! Ho !  
Through the winds that blow,  
The song of the submarine !

WILLIAM BOOTH.



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# THE SECRET SERVICE SUBMARINE

## PART I

### CHAPTER I

#### REJECTED FOR SERVICE. MR. JOHN CAREY'S EXPLANATION

ON thinking it over, I date the extraordinary affairs which so thrilled England and brought me such undeserved good fortune from the day on which I tried to enlist.

The position was this. My father was an engineer with a small, but apparently thriving, foundry at Derby. My mother died and my father sent me to Oxford, my younger brother, Bernard Carey, being an officer in the Navy. At Oxford, I was one of that perennial tribe of young asses who play what used to be called the "Giddy Goat" in those days with the greatest aplomb and satisfaction to themselves. I was at a good college—Exeter—for originally we were west-country people, and all sons of Devon and Cornwall go to Exeter.

I was immensely strong and healthy. I did not row, but played Rugby football, being chosen to