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ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS

SEA FIGHTS OF THE GREAT WAR





Before the War : The German Fleet at Kiel.

SEA FIGHTS OF THE GREAT WAR

Naval Incidents during the
First Nine Months

BY
W. L. WYLLIE, R.A.
and
M. F. WREN

*With 24 Colour and 26 Black-and-White Plates
and numerous Maps by*
W. L. WYLLIE and I. BEVAN

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Dedicated
WITH THE DEEPEST ADMIRATION AND RESPECT
TO
THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE ROYAL NAVY

336314

PREFACE

THIS book, the work of many hands, may perhaps help some of our countrymen to understand how much they owe to the silent service, which, unseen and almost forgotten, is slowly strangling the life out of our enemies.

It is not pretended that this is a complete history of the war at sea. In the fever of a gigantic struggle our vision is too close, our judgment perhaps too prejudiced for true history, but we may be later a help to others.

Without the very kind permission of the Right Honourable A. J. Balfour and my Lords of the Admiralty, who allowed one of the authors to make cruises in His Majesty's ships, the pictures could not have been made or the details collected.

Our thanks are due to the many naval friends who have helped to build up this volume, giving it life and reality. We must further thank Mr. Charles Owen for helping us to prepare the manuscript for publication.

*"Just as Saxon slow at starting, just as weirdly wont to win?
Had they Frigates out and watching? Did they pass the signals in?"*

*And the laughing Breeze made answer: "In the old way;
You should see the little cruisers spread and fly,
Peering over the horizon, in the old way,
And a seaplane up and wheeling in the sky.
When the wireless snapped 'The enemy is sighted,'
If his accents were comparatively new,
Why the sailor men were cheering in the old way,
So I naturally smiled and thought of you."*

*"And we swept the sea by sunrise, clear and free beyond a doubt.
Was it thus the matter ended when the enemy was out?"*

*Cried the Breeze: "They fought and followed in the old way,
For they raced to make a record all the while,
With a knot to veer and haul on, in the old way,
That had never even met the measured mile—
And the guns were making merry in the Twilight,
That the enemy was victor may be true,
Still—he hurried into harbour—in the old way—
And I wondered if he'd ever heard of you."*

CAPTAIN RONALD A. HOPWOOD, R.N.

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Sea Fights of the Great War

CHAPTER I

THE RIVAL FLEETS

"Germany must have a battle fleet so strong that even for the strongest sea power a war against it would involve such dangers as to imperil its position in the world. For this purpose, it is not absolutely necessary that the German battle fleet should be as strong as that of the greatest naval power; for such a power will not, as a rule, be in a position to concentrate all its fighting forces against us. But even if it should succeed in meeting us with considerable superiority of strength, the defeat of a strong German fleet would so substantially weaken the enemy that in spite of the victory he might obtain, his own position in the world would no longer be secured by an adequate fleet."

THIS quotation, taken from the Memorandum attached to the German Navy Act of 1900, clearly gives the aims and objects of Germany in challenging our naval supremacy. It is of interest to recall a few incidents showing the meteor-like rise of German sea power under the Kaiser's fostering care, and to give some account, chronologically, of the development of the existing English and German fleets, in view of Germany's wanton challenge.

Kaiser Wilhelm II., King of Prussia and German Emperor, succeeded his father in 1888, and the policy of building up Germany's sea power has always been his principal political ideal, his fixed object, his final adjunct to the mighty land forces he could manipulate at will.

Before he had been on the throne a year a Bill providing for the expansion of the Navy was passed through the Reichstag. In the same year, the two-power standard came into vogue in England, though few people, if any, then thought of Germany as a rival; few realised the menace to an island power or the threat to an island commerce. It was no mean imagination that focused its attention on the achievement of serious sea rivalry with England.

Sea Fights of the Great War

In the summer of 1889, Kaiser William came in state to Spithead in the Imperial yacht of that time, an old paddle-wheel steamer, with raking masts and funnels and a schooner bow. He was escorted by an odd, out-of-date squadron of central battery armour-clads, built at Poplar and Blackwall in the 'seventies. They had evidently once been heavily rigged for carrying yards and sails, but some of the masts had been lifted out, and military tops had been built on those that remained. Some training corvettes, which had been sold out of the British Navy shortly before, built of wood, and without steam, had been sent on ahead of the battleships. The motley line was anchored opposite our battle fleet, which had been brought out to do honour to the young Emperor, while the crowds in excursion boats cheered and the bands played "Die Wacht am Rhein." Such was our first reception of a great Empire's challenge, which then seemed but a boy's game in European politics. The writer was a guest on board *Teutonic*, then the largest liner afloat excepting the old *Great Eastern*, and also the first armed auxiliary cruiser. She carried 5-inch guns. A whisper went round the distinguished company on board that the German Emperor would pay the ship a visit, and a special crew was sent off from Whale Island to work the guns. Soon afterwards William II. arrived, and the Imperial Standard, all bespangled with black eagles, iron crosses, and crowns, was broken at our masthead as he stepped over the side, proud and glowing with ambition. To watch the Emperor's face as he noted the number of rounds which the highly-trained crew from *Excellent* could get off in a minute, was to have no doubt that he made a solemn resolve that some day Germany should own great steamers, armed in imitation of the White Star liner, and he must have looked at our *Victoria*, *Sanspareil*, *Benbow* and *Collingwood*—now no longer in existence, but at that time the most powerful ships afloat—and compared them, with a certain amount of envy, with his own makeshift navy, old and totally unfit for battle.

His Majesty next publicly appeared at Cowes as a yacht owner in 1893. He had bought the steel America Cup challenger, *Thistle*, which had been lying rusting at her moorings in Gourock Bay. Her pitted plates had been smoothed over with cement, she had new rigging and a beautiful suit of Laphorn sails, priding herself in her new-clad splendour. I used to make drawings for *The Graphic* in those days, and was told that if I presented myself on board *Hohenzollern* I could obtain permission to sail on *Thistle* (now called *Meteor*) in the race for the Queen's Cup the following day. It was quite interesting to go round *Hohenzollern*, if only to look at the pictures hanging in the cabins and alley-ways. They reflected the



Spithead : Arrival of the Young Emperor, 1889

2000

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mind of the Kaiser exactly, and were of all sorts—good, bad, and indifferent—and ranged from finished pictures down to cuttings from newspapers and cheap lithographs showing the relative sizes of rival fleets. One water-colour especially caught my eye. I think it must have been suggested by the Kaiser himself. It represented the limitless ocean, with nothing but the heaving billows stretching away for miles and miles, barren of sails or steam. Up in the sky, surrounded by rays of light, was the Imperial crown, and under it a path of glittering water, such as one sometimes sees beneath the sun. I asked the meaning of this picture, and someone whispered something about a padded room; but the “madness” of the Kaiser, if madness it were, has proved to have had a great deal of method in it.

The race for the cup was most amusing, though I doubt if most owners would consider it right to sail a match with so many guests on board. There were noble lords from the Royal Yacht Squadron, great personages of the Imperial suite, designers from the German Admiralty, marine painters in ordinary, and a German artist who did not make a single sketch all day, though he was very handy with his camera. Perhaps that was German efficiency.

The Kaiser made a perfect host, speaking English without the slightest accent. I did not hear a word of German all day long. The skipper came from Gosport, and the crew were British to a man. We made an excellent start, crossing the line before the lightest possible breeze, the foot of our spinnaker hanging down and touching the tops of the tiny wavelets. It was odd to notice the twinkle in the eyes of our crew when they saw the German guests licking their fingers and holding them up to find out where the wind was coming from. Soon the Kaiser was troubled that the helmsman could not see ahead, and sent one of his officers to desire the captain to have the spinnaker triced up. But the skipper shook his head: “We can’t afford to lose any sail.” The Emperor was still fidgety and sent another of his officers of state, with the same result. At last he went himself to the captain, saying sternly: “Gomez, I wish you to have the sail lifted; the helmsman cannot see.” But the skipper proved obdurate: “No, sir, we can’t afford to lose any sail”; then turning to the hand at the tiller, he exclaimed: “You can see, can’t you?” and the reply came back promptly, “Yars.” Millions may tremble at the nod of the “All-Highest,” but the Gosport skipper was going to sail his race in his own way—the English way, the sailor’s way.

The finish of that race was exciting. Both the Prince of Wales’s *Britannia* and Lord Dunraven’s *Valkyrie* had to allow time to *Meteor*, and when we rounded the Lepe Buoy and ran once more upright before a

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freshening wind, it became evident we had just a chance of saving our time on the larger yachts. The tide was rushing to the westward very fast, so Gomez, instead of boring against it out in the roads, took *Meteor* inside the fleet of anchored yachts close to the shore. The Emperor, dressed all in white, with a gold bangle on his wrist, stood right in the bow, the observed of all observers; conscious, doubtless, of his importance, but restless with his honours. We soon reached a place where the yachts were so closely anchored together that there was no room to pass between them. We were all rather excited, and G. L. Watson, the designer, sang out: "Here, can't we trice this spinnaker boom up?" Some of us ran aft with the fall of the lift, just in time to clear the funnel of a launch, while on the other side our main boom went thumping along the shrouds and davits of a big steam yacht. The boom guy parted with a noise like a pistol shot, and it was amusing to see an old Cowes waterman with his mast up, alongside the steam yacht, suddenly unstep the mast and throw himself into the bottom of his boat as all parts of our main sheet went flying over his head. All this time we were running by the lee, and as the main sheet swirled into the water in a great semi-circle it looked as if we were in for an unholy jibe, for the leach of the mainsail was lifting badly, but Gomez kept his head and saved the situation. All this time the people were shouting and waving their hats, and the Kaiser, still in his commanding position, stood proudly in the bow until the gun thundered out his victory.

Pursuing still his thirst for the fame of Ashbury or Dunraven, a year or two afterwards the *Eagle* of the Hohenzollerns appeared at the masthead of another *Meteor*, for G. L. Watson had been asked to design a cutter which should beat the Prince of Wales's *Britannia*. The two great yachts met for the first time in the lower Thames, and after a long thresh to windward and a run back, the German yacht (which still must needs be built in Scotland, and be manned by an English crew) beat *Britannia* by some miles. This time there was no cheering, for a few months before the German Emperor had sent a telegram congratulating President Kruger for having, "without appealing to the help of friendly powers, succeeded in restoring peace and preserving the independence of his country." The German Emperor no longer gambled on chances; he was now treading a fixed path to attain his ultimate ends.

After a season or two, yet another *Meteor* (a schooner this time) made her appearance. She was built in the United States, and raced successfully in both British and German waters. Last of all a great schooner was built in the Fatherland, of German design, with German sails, and manned by a German crew. She and another schooner, *Germania*, came to the Solent



***Meteor* Winning the Queen's Cup**

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and carried all before them. At the present moment *Germania* is at Cowes, having been very rightly condemned as a prize, for why should captors be defrauded of what is lawfully due? But all good sportsmen will surely hope that after the war means will be found to restore her.

In face of these facts there can be no question that the Kaiser has worked with all his might to educate the German nation to the sea. He saw that yachting was a clean sport, and therefore the Germans must own yachts. Anyone who has raced at Kiel, past the rigid lines of warships moored in perfect line, will bear me out in the statement that the German has become a skilful boat-sailer, and things there are excellently arranged.

These yachting anecdotes are recalled to show how the Kaiser, from what might be considered small beginnings, originated and fostered his country's progress on the sea. The great German mercantile marine also owes more to the Kaiser than is commonly known. His merchant ships have been our formidable rivals ever since *Fürst Bismarck*, of the Hamburg-Amerika line, captured the blue riband of the Atlantic by crossing it in record time. Heavily subsidised, it was easy for their liners to beat the speed of our unprotected shipping. In yachting and naval warfare the Germans have only caught us up more recently. In commerce their threats of predominance came more quickly.

It is time to turn to the rival fleets of England and Germany. Those of my readers who do not care for the dry details of gun-power, armour, and speed, may well skip the rest of this chapter and go on to the next, for this part of the book is the history of ships, tracing their development since the time Wilhelm II. came to the throne. Very few vessels belonging to the 'eighties in either fleet remained in active service down to the outbreak of the war. Such as have survived belong to the smaller classes, and were being used on distant stations, or for miscellaneous harbour work in home waters. In the English fleet, *Sphinx*, an old paddle steamer, built in 1882, was still on the East India Station, and is probably the oldest vessel to take part in the present operations. Some old torpedo boats were in commission in the Mediterranean, and others were attached as tenders in home waters. To become obsolete is the fate of all war ships.

In the German Navy one or two old destroyers and torpedo boats built in the 'eighties are still on the active list, though in reserve. They are unlikely to put in an active appearance; they are worn veterans without war service.

In the first five years of the 'nineties the "Royal Sovereign" class of ships were commissioned, four at the time of the Jameson Raid; the others were either in commission or commissioned separately, though all got into com-

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mission between 1890 and 1895; of these only one has seen service in the war. *Revenge*, now re-named *Redoubtable*, after lying rusting for a long time on the Mother Bank, waiting to be broken up, was brought into Portsmouth Dockyard, fitted up with all sorts of queer-looking protections against mines and torpedoes, and sent to do quite useful work off the Belgian Coast. During the same period, the "Hawke" class of six ships, with *Royal Arthur* and *Crescent*, known at that time as "first-class cruisers"; the "Apollo" class of twenty-one ships, and miscellaneous smaller vessels were built. Five of the "Hawkes," together with *Royal Arthur* and *Crescent*, formed the Tenth Cruiser Squadron shortly before the outbreak and during part of the war. In their day these ships were quite as much a new departure as were the "Royal Sovereigns." The "Hawkes" carried two 9.2 and ten 6-inch guns, together with twelve 6-pounders and six 4.7's. They could steam 19.5 knots, and were very handsome ships, the beauties of their day.

At the same time Germany built the four battleships of the "Brandenburg" class. They carried four long and two short 11-inch guns, had rather thinner armour than the "Royal Sovereigns," but were of about the same speed. The six coast defence battleships of the "Siegfried" class, together with *Odin* and *Aegir*, similar ships, were also built.

For cruisers, the Germans built *Kaiserin Augusta* (a "*grosser geschutzer Kreuzer*"), *Gefion*, a protector cruiser, and some others of smaller size. Two of these, *Geier* and *Comoran*, with others of a little later date, were on duty in the Far East at the outbreak of war—their actions and destruction will be related later.

From 1895 to 1900 our shipbuilding greatly exceeded the German output. The eyes of English statesmen still looked across the Channel for a possible enemy, rather than over the North Sea; to them the North Sea ever wore the darkness of obscurity, they were deaf to the echo of the busy hammers, obtuse to the subtle brains.

The Fashoda incident occurred in 1898, and during the subsequent negotiations anglophobia in France was strong and widespread. It appeared impossible to realise at that time that France's momentary irritation with us was a clearing shower following a storm. All this time the Kaiser and his advisers were nevertheless working hard to inculcate their ideal of German sea power. Admiral Von Tirpitz introduced his first Navy Bill in 1898, and succeeded in getting it through the Reichstag. The danger was growing closer to us year by year.

The nine ships of the "Majestic" class were laid down and completed during the years 1895 and 1898. Their main armament consisted of four

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12-inch guns, and, although the calibre was smaller than the 13.5 inch of the "Royal Sovereigns," the guns had harder hitting power.

The "Canopus" class of six ships, the "Formidables" (six ships) and "Duncans" (six) were commenced at this time, but were only completed early in the new century. All these ships, like *Majestic*, had a main armament of four 12-inch guns, and carried 6-inch guns for their secondary armament. The number of the "Duncans" was reduced in 1906 to five by the loss of *Montague*.

It is not profitable to trace the cruiser construction of this period with any detail, as so many changes were afterwards made at the time of Sir John Fisher's reform schemes, when many ships were scrapped. The "Eclipse" class, which may be mentioned here, formed, prior to the war, the Eleventh and Twelfth Cruiser Squadrons, and each carried eleven 6-inch guns. The "Diadem" class of four ships followed. They were much larger cruisers, displacing 11,000 tons and carrying sixteen 6-inch guns. The later "Diadem" class (*Argonaut*, etc.) of four ships, first laid down in 1896, were all completed in the new century. Among the smaller cruisers, the eleven ships of the "Pelorus" class were built. The "Cressys" (six ships) and "Drakes" (four) were also commenced, but were only completed in 1902. These large cruisers were a marked advance on the "Diadems." Both classes carried two 9.2-inch guns. The "Drake" class displaced 14,000 tons, and had a much larger coal capacity than earlier cruisers, but, nevertheless, they were hardly strong ships. The later "Warrior" class, with 450 tons less displacement, were much more strongly armed and had higher speed. They were a portent of a new era in construction.

Strictly speaking, the only battleships built by the Germans in the second half of the 'nineties were the five of the old "Kaiser" class. These ships displaced only 11,130 tons, compared with the 14,000 and 15,000 tons of contemporary British battleships. They carried four 9.4-inch and eighteen 6-inch guns. Their designed speed was 18 knots, about the same as ours. In large armoured and protected cruisers the five ships of the "Hertha" class and *Fürst Bismarck* were laid down and completed. "Herthas" carried two 8.2-inch and *Fürst Bismarck* four 9.4-inch guns. For small cruisers the Germans built *Hela*, *Niobe*, and *Gazelle*, and laid down the seven ships of the "Nympha" class. Some gunboats built at this period were in the Far East when the war broke out. Both countries were building torpedo boats and destroyers. Our number exceeded those of the Germans.

The new century marks a fresh departure in naval construction. Anglo-phobia, never far below the surface in Germany, broke out in full force at the commencement of the Boer War during the closing months of 1899.

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The feeling was fanned to white heat for political purposes in order to facilitate the passing of the second Naval Bill in 1900. The Kaiser gave his aid, telegraphing to the King of Wurtemberg that "the events of the last few days have convinced wider and wider circles that Germany's honour, as well as her interests, must be protected on distant seas, and, for this purpose, Germany must be strong and mighty at sea as well as on land." So soon as the Bill was passed he telegraphed to the directors of the North German Lloyd, who owned a great mercantile fleet, saying that when the work of building up the Imperial Navy is complete "we shall be able to impose (*gebieten*) peace on sea as well as on land." In other words, Germany was to achieve *welt macht*—a world predominance. All other powers were to keep the peace on terms suitable to Germany, or fall suppliant before her might. With her intentions and ambitions so clearly stated, even England's hereditary animosity to France was converted into a friendly toleration, and efforts were made to prepare for the German blow, which, in fact, only fell fourteen years later. Of all men living at that time in England, our late King Edward perhaps saw the danger most clearly and went as far as a constitutional monarch could to divert it.

The Boer War lasted until the spring of 1902, and ill-feeling against England continued to be very prominent in both France and Germany. The Russo-Japanese War commenced in 1904. The Dogger Bank incident in October of the same year caused ill-feeling in England against Russia. But after the war the political situation changed. King Edward and his Ministers acting in concert with consummate delicacy brought about the *Entente Cordiale* with France, and the King later, during a visit to Riga, laid the foundations of Anglo-Russian friendship. Germany's warlike preparations to win her place in the sun were by this time so obvious that the nations combined so as to be ready for the storm when it should break, relentless and cyclonic, against our buttresses of defence on land and sea.

Naval construction during the years 1900-1914 can be divided into pre-Dreadnought and Dreadnought periods. The "Canopus," "Formidable," "London," and "Duncan" classes were completed between 1900 and 1904. To these were added *Queen* and *Prince of Wales*, and the eight ships of the "King Edward" class, similar in type, but carrying four 9.2-inch and ten 6-inch guns in their secondary armament instead of twelve 6-inch of the earlier ships.

In 1903 we purchased *Swiftsure* and *Triumph* from Chili. These were small battleships, displacing 11,800 tons and armed with four 10-inch and fourteen 7.5-inch guns. They were useful ships, as they were long, narrow and speedy, the beam being restricted to the size of a particular dock in

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South America. With their advent the dawn of the battle cruisers was at hand.

For cruisers we built the two classes of "Counties"—nine "Monmouths," displacing 9,800 tons, and six "Devonshires" of 10,650 tons. The "Monmouths" carried fourteen 6-inch guns and the "Devonshires" four 7.5 and six 6-inch. *Bedford* was lost in Japanese waters in 1910, but all the others were in service at the outbreak of the war.

After the "Counties," the Admiralty evolved the larger cruisers of the "Duke of Edinburgh" (2 ships), "Warrior" (4), and "Minotaur" (3) classes. The "Gem" class of four ships were laid down at this time. These are small ships displacing 3,000 tons and armed with twelve 4-inch guns.

England began experimenting with submarines in 1900, probably with little expectation of the important part they were destined to play. The Holland submarines were purchased from America, and three more were built, but all were experimental rather than fighting craft. Our progressive submarine construction dates from 1904, when, spurred on by French examples, the possibilities of under-water craft became apparent to the authorities. America and France built submarines before we did, but Germany only got beyond the experimental stage in 1906, two years later.

German construction in the opening years of the century lagged far behind ours. The "Wittelsbach" class of five ships (the earliest of which was begun in 1898) was completed before the end of 1903. These ships displaced 11,830 tons, and carried four 9.4-inch guns as main armament. They were followed by the "Braunschweig" class of five ships, displacing 13,200 tons, and carrying four 11-inch guns. The Germans for years afterwards clung to 11-inch guns, believing them to be more effective than the larger English 12-inch in the North Sea, where the range of visibility is often low, and surprise and quick attack possible. That they continued building for action in the North Sea showed plainly enough their object in aiming at naval power in rivalry to ours. Their pre-Dreadnought battleships ended with the five "Deutschlands," which were improved "Braunschweigs." These ships were inferior not only to the British, but to the American and French ships of equal date.

In 1900 the Germans built the armoured cruiser *Prinz Heinrich*. This was followed by *Prinz Adalbert* and *Friedrich Karl* in 1903, and *Roon* and *Yorck* in 1905 and 1906. *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* were completed the following year. These were all powerful ships for their class. Three small cruisers, *Frauenlob*, *Arcona*, and *Undine* were completed in 1903. The earliest of the German "Town" class were completed in 1904, but it is

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more convenient for the purpose of comparison with our "Town" classes to include these ships in the Dreadnought area.

Sir Philip Watts now came to the Admiralty as successor to Sir William White, and the next type of cruiser built was the "Shannon" class, in which main deck guns were abandoned altogether. When *Dreadnought*, designed by a special committee, made her appearance, it was evident that she was produced with great daring and originality. Her tremendous armament of ten 12-inch guns could be fired eight on either broadside or six ahead or astern. She was the first battleship to be driven by turbine engines. It was alleged that her speed and armament made her a match for any two of her predecessors. She displaced 17,900 tons, and was a most successful ship. Laid down in December, 1905, her construction was pushed through as rapidly as possible, and she was completed in two years and three months—a record performance, considering her size and novelty.

Two battleships, *Lord Nelson* and *Agamemnon*, laid down in 1904, and delayed to make *Dreadnought* appear so superior to previous types, are pre-Dreadnought ships, although only completed in 1907 and 1908. They carried four 12-inch and ten 9.2-inch guns, and displaced 16,500 tons.

Germany only began building Dreadnoughts in 1908, two years after the original of that type had been completed.

Mr. Balfour's party, before going out of power in 1905, had issued a "Statement of Policy," which declared that our position and the policy of foreign Powers necessitated the minimum output of four capital ships annually. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Government at once jettisoned this declaration, and provided only three ships in their first year of office. In the following year only two ships were laid down, and the third was held over in the hope of persuading Germany to reduce her programme. The third ship had to be provided later, but even then we only built six ships in two years—the same number as Germany. In 1908 we laid down two battleships only, and Germany increased her output to four.

Of course "Little Navyism" failed. Germany was encouraged to increase her endeavours in the belief that England was exhausted and weakening in the race. The German public, in particular, were quite persuaded our naval supremacy would fall when challenged, and cheerfully bore the burdens imposed on them. The following year, 1907, found a new Premier at the helm, and in the one year—from 1909 to 1910—Britain laid down eight battleships to Germany's four. Much time, however, had been lost.

Germany replied to *Dreadnought* with the four ships of the "Nassau" class, carrying twelve 11-inch and twelve 6-inch guns, and displacing 18,900 tons. Turbine machinery was not installed, the ships were over-gunned

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for their size, and only moderately successful. They were completed in 1909 and 1910, by which time our "Temeraire" and "St. Vincent" classes were in the water. *Neptune*, *Colossus*, and *Hercules*, completed in 1911, followed the general principles of *Dreadnought*, except that all their guns could be fired on both broadsides, which in the earlier type was not possible. For anti-torpedo defence, instead of the 12-pounders of *Dreadnought*, all these ships carried sixteen 4-inch guns (increased to eighteen in *St. Vincent*).

The "Invincibles" were magnificent cruisers, armed with eight 12-inch guns, though with no secondary armament. Their designed speed was 25 knots, but all have exceeded 26. Before the details of this class were known, the Germans built the cruiser *Blücher*, carrying twelve 8.2-inch and eight 6-inch guns, but she proved a long way inferior to our ships. *Von der Tann*, *Moltke*, and *Goeben* were the first true German battle cruisers, and by the time these were completed (October, 1912) we had turned out *Indefatigable* and *New Zealand* (a free gift from the people of that patriotic Dominion). *Australia*, a sister ship, was built a little later. *Seydlitz*, of the same type as the *Moltke*, was added to Germany's Navy in 1913.

English battleships and battle cruisers completed in 1912 showed a marked advance on earlier ships. They were armed with 13.5-inch guns, which were all placed on the centre line. There were four battleships of the "Orion" class, and the battle cruisers were *Lion* and *Princess Royal*. Four more ships of the "King George V." class followed in 1913, and the four of the "Iron Duke" class were completed in 1914. In the "Iron Dukes" the 4-inch anti-torpedo craft guns, fitted in all previous ships, were replaced by twelve 6-inch. The battle cruisers *Tiger* and *Queen Mary* were added to the fleet in the same year.

In Germany the "Thuringen" class of four ships followed the "Nassau" class, and was completed in 1911. In these ships, for the first time, the Germans abandoned the 11-inch guns they had clung to for so long in favour of a 12.2-inch. The distribution was the same as in the "Nassaus." In 1913 the Germans turned out five ships of a new "Kaiser" class, in which the guns were placed in the same position as in the British *Neptune*. Only in 1914 did the Germans place all their guns on the central line (in four ships of the "König" class), copying our "Orions" of 1912. But all through this period the Germans had placed 6-inch guns in all their ships for anti-torpedo craft defence. The latest German cruisers, *Derfflinger*, *Lutzow*, and *Hindenburg*, carried eight 12-inch guns on a central line, as in the "König" class. In 1913 the Germans laid down three battleships to be armed with eight 15-inch guns.

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It now only remains to follow the construction of light cruisers in England and Germany. In 1904-5 we turned out eight ships, displacing less than 3,000 tons, for scout work—the “Sentinel,” “Pathfinder,” “Forward,” and “Adventure” classes. These little ships had high speed, but fell short of the object for which they were designed, owing to insufficient coal capacity. This defect was rectified in later classes, namely, *Boadicea* (built in 1908), *Bellona* (1909), *Blanche* (1909), *Blonde* (1910), *Active* (1911), *Amphion* (1911), and *Fearless* (1912). “The Fatherland” did not copy this type.

In 1903 Germany commenced her “Town” type of light cruiser. The five “Bremens” displaced 3,250 tons, and were designed for 23 knots speed, which was slightly exceeded. The armament consisted of ten 4.1-inch guns. Since then, each year three or four more have been built, until before the war this type totalled twenty-four, besides four more building. The later ships were all of the same general design, but each new class was of faster speed than the preceding. *Breslau*, designed for 25 knots, accomplished 30, while the latest class (“Karlsruhe”) has a designed speed of 28 knots. The tonnage rose progressively with the speed, up to 4,900 in *Karlsruhe*.

The British “Towns,” of which there are four classes, first laid down in 1909, were built as an answer to the German type. The earliest were 4,800 tons, and the latest 5,400, designed for a speed of 25 knots.

In 1912 the British laid down another new type of ship, called “destroyer of destroyers.” Two classes, “*Arethusa*” and “*Calliope*,” of six ships each, left the stocks. The general features were 3,520 and 3,800 tons displacement, 30 knots designed speed, and two or three 6-inch and six 4-inch guns. It is believed they are very successful and useful ships. Their plating is thick enough to stop a 6-inch shell.

It is unnecessary to describe the torpedo craft in detail. It need only be mentioned that the Germans built very good destroyers, and their flotillas were all excellently trained and handled by their crews. It is impossible to describe the submarine construction. Germany came late into the field, but with her accustomed thoroughness she made great strides as soon as she set about seriously competing with us.

This brief comparative review of the rival fleets brings us down to August, 1914. Later ships, of which there are many, will be described as far as possible as they appear on the scene of action.

In comparing the British and German fleets alone, our superiority gives a false impression of the naval situation. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman’s Government abandoned the two-power plus ten per cent. standard—the only really safe and lasting test of naval sufficiency. The German threat necessitated the concentration of our fleet in home waters. First of all



Hohenzollern at Kiel

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our Far Eastern Squadron was reduced, and our interests there were guarded by Japan. On the outbreak of the war we had to call on the Japanese to come to our aid to protect our commerce and contain the guns on the naval base of Kiao-chau.

Later we had to withdraw our battle fleet from the Mediterranean, and to leave the protection of this most important trade route principally to the French. Our sea supremacy was no longer based on a solid foundation of British fleets, but on the ever-shifting quicksands of diplomacy. Luckily for us, the war came at a time when our whole fleet was mobilised. But for Italy's holding back from the Triple Alliance, all trade through the Mediterranean would have been interrupted until the French, with the help, perhaps, of our Third Fleet, had attained the command of the sea against the combined Italian and Austrian Navies. Our diplomacy on this occasion was able to arrange for duties for which our fleets were insufficient. In face of what has transpired, the public are apt to overlook the fact that our Fleet in August, 1914, was barely, if at all, sufficient for our needs. Germany had practically achieved the object set forth in the Memorandum to the Navy Bill of 1900, quoted at the beginning of this chapter. Kaiser Wilhelm II. has been the founder of Germany's sea power. It is to be hoped that the yacht which bore the name *Meteor* will prove an omen, for the rise of Germany's sea power has been meteor-like; one hopes that its downfall may be as rapid. It does not really deserve success, as may be gathered from the above rather tedious summary. Unlike the French, who have always initiated daring innovations, Germany has always been content to imitate and follow slavishly a little behind in the footsteps of other Naval Powers.

CHAPTER II

INCIDENTS IN HOME WATERS

THE NAVAL REVIEW—MINES—THE HELIGOLAND BIGHT ACTION— MINOR DOINGS

IT was in the middle of July, 1914, and all the Fleets were ordered round to Spithead for the Great Review—a review to be for ever famous in our history.

How grand it was to see the different squadrons in line a-head, each ship exactly in station, as they steamed to the appointed anchorage. Two little flags fluttered to the Admiral's masthead—"Anchor instantly"—and all hands were watching intently. The men forward were ready, each in his appointed place. "Stream the buoys," and over they went with a splash; a few moments passed, and then as the signal dropped tremendous cataracts of foam burst under the bow of each warship when the ponderous anchors clove their way downwards. Church pennants broke out half-way up to the weather yard-arms. The chains thundered through the hawse-pipes with a roar which could be heard miles away. A man in each ship, standing forward, held up a little numeral flag. One shackle gone! *Clunk! Clunk! Clunk!* He held up another little flag, two shackles gone! *Clunk! Clunk! Clunk!* With clouds of brown dust, three shackles gone! *Clunk! Clunk! Clunk! Clunk!* Brown dust in a big fog all over the bows. *Clunk! Clunk! Clunk! Clunk! Clunk!* More chain ran out, and in succession more little numeral flags were held up. Then white foam flew out over the propellers, turning fiercely astern. Gradually the great super-Dreadnoughts lost their "way," and at last the cables were bar taut. At this moment each ship dropped a second anchor, breaking out another church pennant at the same time on the lee yard-arm, and the capstans began to shorten-in the chains which but now were so swiftly rushing out. Lastly, when each 'monster was in its right position, mid-way between the two anchors, the mooring swivels were put on, the lower booms were swung out, and the cutters were dropped. They raced away to the flagship for orders, the evolution completed.



The Great Review at Spithead.



Incidents in Home Waters

Squadron after squadron appeared from over the horizon, and each in turn made a running moor. Spithead, which that morning seemed so empty and so vast, was now all bustle and ordered confusion. Five long lines of battleships, cruisers, submarines and torpedo craft stretched away almost out of sight. The picket-boats were rushing in all directions and excursion steamers crowded with sightseers began to make their way between the warships, heeling far over as the "hurrah parties" pressed to the sides.

The liberty steamers next appeared on the scene. If there was not enough room in the tenders, Jack had to be towed in cutters and launches by the picket-boats, and the rush of all the motley craft churned up the water with short, choppy waves which rushed in all directions. Paddle-steamers which had come round specially from Devonport and Chatham, Dockyard tugs, and even old flat-iron gunboats, each picked up a freight from the warships, and soon the closely-packed liberty men were ferried to the gunwharf in an endless stream. The white cap-covers of thousands of bluejackets reminded one somehow in their multitude of white daisies in spring.

Evening fell. A brown haze hung over the great fleet, every funnel sending up its thin wisp of smoke. Lights began to glimmer between decks, then a rifle shot rang out from the flagship, and all the colours came down together whilst the bugles rang out the sunset call right along the lines.

Up against the twilight the masthead lights at last were clattering in Morse. What a lot there was to say and how fast they talked! The picket-boats still hurried in and out, their steaming lights reflected in the churned-up water, and the beat of their engines resounding far and near until late into the night.

On the 18th, the day of the review, a new feature appeared. A double line of mooring buoys ran from Blockhouse over Hamilton Bank and right out to Spithead. During the forenoon great white seaplanes swooping from the sky dipped gracefully down, each picking up its little wooden tub just as though it were the easiest thing in the world. Soon, every craft was riding head to wind and bobbing to the choppy waves.

There was no Royal salute, and the ships carried only masthead flags, for the King was detained in London by affairs of State, and this rather damped what must otherwise have proved a most interesting day. Each ship sent in her boats, many of them protected by canvas screens, and soon the guests, squeezed into cutters and launches, were towed out over the dancing waves. Everyone in charge was wonderfully careful, but, after all, one must expect a little spray now and then. Gunroom, wardroom, and

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the captains' and admirals' cabins were invaded by sisters, cousins, and aunts, and all the death-dealing weapons were explained and admired. Few knew how soon they were to be used in earnest. The seaplanes, new and untried engines of war, slipped their moorings and, rushing in a cloud of spray, gradually rose into the air with whirr and buzz, circling high above the masts of the battleships. Great silver airships steadied themselves serenely in the blue. Meanwhile a long procession of liners, yachts, tugs, and excursion boats steamed up and down the lines. The cup-challenger, *Shamrock*, jury-rigged for crossing the Atlantic, was towed through, cheering every ship wildly as she passed. Then more tugs, more excursion boats, more yachts—some spick and span, others untidy and dirty. There is nothing in the world quite so forlorn as the low-class yacht with its unwhipped ropes and crew of dirty pirates. Always quite a number of these present themselves at every review.

The day wore away, and it became time to say farewell to our kind hosts and go once more in the cutters and launches past the lines of battleships, cruisers, destroyers, and submarines to the solid shore, which seemed dull indeed after even the sheltered sea.

On Sunday, the 20th, the King tore himself away from the troubles of State to pay a visit to the magnificent fleet brought together in his honour, beneath his ever unconquered flag. Without any ceremony His Majesty paid a friendly visit to a certain number of ships. Cruising about among the lines with a crew of sea scouts in a steel lifeboat, nothing could appear to be more simple or unostentatious than the whole of the proceedings. The only salute was fired from a big schooner which had crossed the Atlantic in record time, manned by a crew of cod fishermen from Newfoundland, a compliment from the far-spread Empire.

Next morning the Royal yacht again put to sea and steaming out beyond the Warner Light, anchored. Then the battleships unmoored and steamed in what seemed an everlasting line past the King, all heading to the East.

First the super-Dreadnoughts, "Dreadnoughts," and the "Agamemnon"; then the great battle cruisers which were destined to play such an important part in the coming war. The "King Edwards" and older squadrons followed next, and then the cruisers; they seemed without number as they passed, ready and armed, into the distance.

By this time the leading ships had sunk below the horizon, leaving only a great cloud of smoke which slowly spread into a haze, seeming to stretch into infinity. High in the air seaplanes still buzzed above the murky smoke. All of them, like the ships, flew past the Royal yacht, bound to the Eastward. Ships, and yet more ships unmoored and steamed away.

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Light cruisers, destroyers, "mothers" of submarines, floating workshops, mine-layers, every kind of craft which flies the White Ensign, ever and ever to the eastward.

The hours passed and at last only a pall of brown vapour spread itself into space in long filmy strata, while the mastheads of the last of the great fleet melted into pale grey and dropped slowly below the sea line. Some of them, alas, we shall never see again; some have crowned their names with imperishable glory.

The political situation was now threatening (Austria had sent her ultimatum to Serbia on the 23rd). Prince Louis of Battenberg, the First Sea Lord, issued orders late on the 26th for the Fleet to stand fast until further orders. The Dual Empire declared war on the 28th. During the night of the 29th the First Fleet, with its attendant cruisers and flotillas, steamed away to its war stations in the North Sea. Balance crews were filled up in the Second Fleet, patrol flotillas were brought up to their full strength, and all steps were taken to forestall the much-talked-of "bolt from the blue" on the part of Germany. Prince Louis' action must have been the determining factor in the situation, comparable only to the prompt steps taken by Lord Barham on receipt of Nelson's news of the return of Villeneuve's fleet from the West Indies in 1805.

The Serajevo tragedy occurred on June 28, 1914. The Austro-Hungarian ultimatum to Serbia was presented on July 23, and war was declared on the 28th. After this events moved rapidly, and Germany, without waiting for Austria, declared war on Russia on August 1. War between Germany and France commenced on August 3, and England declared war the following day. Every tie of honour bound England to this action.

From the declaration of war onwards, there was great activity at sea. The first duty the Fleet had to perform was to clear the adjacent seas in order to permit the sailing of the British Expeditionary Force to France. The transporting of troops commenced on August 8, only four days after the outbreak of hostilities, and continued until the 16th. The whole task was completed so smoothly that the difficulties and dangers of the operation never became, and never will become, apparent. No enemy warships ever came within striking distance of the transports, and not a single accident occurred from first to last. But this was by no means all that the Fleet had to do. Cruiser squadrons were out patrolling constantly, submarines watched the mouths of German rivers, and the torpedo flotillas were similarly engaged. The Germans strewed mines broadcast all over the sea, so that trade routes had to be kept safe for merchantmen, who were directed to keep within swept areas. So well was this work done that the average Briton

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hardly realised the Germans were doing their best, by means of submarines and mines, to make sea communication precarious, and that our Fleet was meeting and overcoming every fresh menace as soon as it was discovered.

Fighting commenced at sea before it began on land. *Königin Luise*, of the Hamburg-Amerika line, a passenger steamer of 2,163 tons, specially fitted as a mine-layer, and carrying a cargo of these deadly inventions, must have left her home waters before the expiry of the ultimatum. On the evening of August 5 the destroyers *Lance* and *Landrail* sighted her on her return from laying mines off the English coast. A chase at once began, and the German was brought to long-range action. Half an hour later two more destroyers, *Lark* and *Linnet*, joined up, and subsequently the whole flotilla appeared and opened fire.

By this time the flying mine-layer had been badly damaged and her speed much reduced; her crew began jumping overboard, while their ship turned almost a complete circle to port, slowly listing over as she did so. Finally going right on to her beam ends, she sank ignominiously.

Out of a crew of one hundred about forty-five were picked up, some badly wounded. Twenty of them were in *Amphion* when she struck one of the German mines on the following morning and sank. Of these only two were saved.

On the 9th one of the cruiser squadrons attached to the main fleet was attacked by submarines at sea, but they were driven off without loss. One of the German submarines, U 15, a boat built about 1911, was rammed by *Birmingham* and sunk with all hands, a forerunner of many others.

The following incident, written as far as possible in the words of the narrator, gives a good idea of the work done by mine-sweepers.

On August 27 word was brought that a herring boat, drifting with her nets, had been set by the tide on to a German mine, and had been blown up.

Four torpedo boats steamed out, and, following the directions given them by the fishermen, at last came to the line of floats which marked the nets of the wrecked herring drifter.

The commander steered his boat, No. 13, along the net, and at the end where the tragedy had taken place, picked up the hawser and made it fast to his bow, for he thought the tide would be sure to carry him back over the spot where the Huns had laid their mine-field.

The net appeared to be full of herrings, and the crew, to pass the time, began to haul it up, shaking the bright fish out as they came over the side, just as though they were in a drifter instead of a fighting ship. Whilst the amateur fishermen were immersed in their sport, a sailing vessel was seen



Mine-layer *Königin Luise* sinking, August 5th, 1914

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steering directly towards the spot where the mine-field was supposed to be. Orders were at once given to cut away the net and slip the hawser, and No. 13 steamed at full speed towards the unsuspecting stranger to warn her of the danger.

The torpedo boat spurted forward, raising her forefoot out of the sea and leaving a seething line of white foam behind her, rushing headlong on her errand of mercy, but she proved too late. Before the word could be passed to the unfortunate ship she had driven on to a mine. Then suddenly a tremendous column of spray entirely hid the forepart of the vessel, rising up savagely in the sky. Bits of spars, gear, and sail—indeed, an odd miscellany of articles—went flying into the air, and when No. 13 arrived on the scene of the explosion only the captain and two men were alive. *Gæe*, for that was the name of the ill-fated vessel—a Danish ship, had only left Newcastle that morning. The rescued men were made as comfortable as possible, and the torpedo boats remained on the spot to warn unwary seafarers of the hidden danger close at hand.

Whilst No. 13 was moving slowly through the glassy, transparent water one of her hands, who had been sitting on the after torpedo-tube, went to the side to spit—a sailor's habit, handed down for generations. He saw a round, black object some way below the surface—a thing like a very large, dark-coloured jellyfish. He rushed forward and reported it at once, with a certain amount of trepidation. But soon the boat reached an area where there seemed quite a number of these deadly, black objects. Looking down through the green water it was possible to make out their shape quite clearly, and even to see the projecting horns, ominous of their powers of death. Indeed, at low water, the torpedo boat, driving sideways with the current, fouled one of them, and the sound, as the monstrous weapon of modern naval war went scraping and grinding under the ship's bottom, gave a feeling to those on board as though oysters were creeping up their spines, cold and deadly in their clammy hold, with menace in their slow speed and audacious tenacity of evil purpose.

Shortly afterwards a wireless message ran through to say that a fleet of mine-sweepers was under way. Soon the whole of them arrived and began busily working in pairs and exploding the mines as they swept them up. The torpedo boats stood away outside the mine-field, still warning unsuspecting strangers of its position, and paid little attention to the noise of the detonations. The crews heard afterwards that two of the mine-sweepers had been blown to atoms. It was odd next morning to see the commander-in-chief of the sweepers (who had been flung right through the top of his little charthouse) quite gravely discussing how he would carry

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out his next sweep. He seemed not a bit the worse for the ducking and shock. That is the sort of stuff the Navy is made of. He was a "dug-out," too, and had left the Service some time, coming back to do his bit when the war broke out; a brave man always, now urged by a supreme crisis into showing his true mettle.

On August 4, three hours after the declaration of war, Lieut.-Commander Cecil P. Talbot, in submarine E 6, and Lieut.-Commander Francis H. H. Goodhard, in E 8, started off together to Heligoland Bight, where they collected much useful information at considerable risk to themselves.

The British Expeditionary Force had to be transported across the Channel. On August 8 the first troops were landed, and for eight days there was an unceasing flow of men, horses, guns, and stores, until the whole of our "contemptibles" had been safely ferried to the aid of our Allies on the historic fields of Flanders and of France. Commodore Keyes, who flew his broad pennant in *Lurcher* (a fast destroyer), was in command of the Eighth Submarine Flotilla, and during these eventful days he and his crews kept watch day and night, without relief, on the entrances to the German rivers. They were the sleepless guardians of our safety. The little force was so placed that it could attack the High Sea Fleet the moment it issued forth to interfere with our transports in the Channel, and though the German torpedo craft hunted them with gunfire, torpedoes, and every anti-submarine weapon, our seamen ceaselessly patrolled the enemy's waters, bringing information of his every movement. Day after day the watch went on, and at last a scheme was matured for luring the German fleets away from their bases and falling on them with Admiral Beatty's battle cruisers.

At midnight on August 27 Commodore Keyes started in *Lurcher*, with *Firedrake*, another destroyer, and submarines D 2, D 8, E 5, E 6, E 7, E 8, and E 9, to take his part in the operations arranged for August 28.

Lurcher and *Firedrake* scouted all next day, and at nightfall the submarines took up independent positions, from which they could help the flotillas of destroyers, which were to join in the scheme under Commodore Tyrwhitt, who flew his broad pennant in the light cruiser *Arethusa*. At daybreak on the 28th *Lurcher* and *Firedrake* searched for German submarines in the area through which Admiral Beatty's battle cruisers were to advance, pushing towards Heligoland in the wake of submarines E 6, E 7, E 8, which were exposing themselves with the object of inducing the enemy to chase them to the westward. The weather, which had been clear up to now, began to grow hazy, "and this added considerably to the anxieties and responsibilities of the commanding officers of submarines, who handled



Destroyers engaging the German Cruiser *Mainz*.



Incidents in Home Waters

their vessels with coolness and judgment in an area which was necessarily occupied by friends as well as foes."

Let us now follow Commodore Tyrwhitt.

"At 6.53 an enemy destroyer was sighted and chased until *Arethusa* and the Third Flotilla became engaged with numerous German destroyers and torpedo boats which were making for Heligoland. Course was altered to port to cut them off."

At 7.57 two German cruisers were sighted on the port bow, with several destroyers, and a hot action commenced. *Arethusa* was in the thick of it until 8.15, when one of the enemy, a four-funnel cruiser, transferred her fire to *Fearless*. In the meantime another enemy, with two funnels, worked her way in closer until a 6-inch shell from *Arethusa* wrecked her forebridge and she turned away towards Heligoland, which was just beginning to loom up through the haze. All ships were now ordered to turn to the westward, and speed was reduced to twenty knots.

My first picture represents the Fourth Division of the Third Flotilla, which, steaming in the mist, suddenly became aware that the German cruiser *Mainz* was lying right across their path. The enemy opened a very hot fire, and as the range was only a little over 3,000 yards the little craft soon found themselves in the midst of flying shells. They altered course ten points to port, returning the German fire with interest, but receiving many wounds themselves, for the *Mainz* gunners got the range at once and took full advantage of it.

Laurel steamed away, a mass of smoke, her foremost funnel shattered, and the midship gun platform knocked to pieces. The gun itself remained mounted, but was a poor and solitary-looking object. *Liberty's* commander was killed, her bridge damaged, and her mast shot away. *Laertes*, which stopped and fired a torpedo, was put out of action, her port boat being shattered and a hole knocked in her second funnel. The torpedo, however, hit *Mainz*, which soon began to show signs of the mauling she was receiving.

In another part of the battle the destroyers of the Third and Fifth Divisions were engaged with German torpedo boats, sinking the commodore, V 187. *Defender*, one of our destroyers, hoisted out two of her boats, which were rowing to rescue the survivors; but whilst they were engaged in their work of mercy a German cruiser steamed out of the mist, firing on our flotilla. They hastily retreated, leaving the boats to shift for themselves.

Now a wonderful thing happened which, if we had read of it in some boys' book of adventure, we might have dismissed as too highly coloured and improbable.

Lieut.-Commander Ernest W. Leir, in submarine E 4, had seen the

Sea Fights of the Great War

sinking of the German commodore through his periscope and had also spotted the rescue party left behind when the German cruiser drove off the destroyers. He tried to get near enough to use his torpedoes, but the enemy, unfortunately, moved out of range, so he worked his way to the abandoned boats' crews and, rising to the surface, took on board a lieutenant and nine Englishmen, and of the Germans one officer, a petty officer and one man untouched by the action. The commander had not enough accommodation for eighteen wounded men who were still left in the boats, so one of the captured officers and six of the efficient Germans were given water, biscuits, and a compass, and told to navigate their way to Heligoland.

Neither of the boats' crews reached that island, though it was only a few miles away, and the weather remained fine. Possibly one of the German warships sighted them, and on finding the craft of English build, reckoned that the wounded were survivors from one of our ships, and rammed them or sunk them by gunfire in the gentle, German, chivalrous fashion.*

During the early part of the action *Arethusa* had been hit many times and considerably damaged. Only one 6-inch gun remained fit for action, all the other guns, and also the torpedo tubes, having been temporarily disabled. A fire was caused by a shell exploding some ammunition, and there was a terrific blaze for a short time, leaving the deck burning. This was extinguished by Chief Petty Officer Frederick W. Wrench.

It was now noticed that *Arethusa's* speed had been much reduced. She and her destroyers had been in action with *Köln* and another cruiser with four funnels—perhaps *Strassburg*. There can be no doubt that the situation of the British might have become critical at any moment.

At 10 a.m. Commodore Tyrwhitt heard by signal that *Lurcher* and *Firedrake* were being chased by light cruisers, so he, with *Fearless* and the First Flotilla, went to their assistance. He failed to find them. A little later he sighted a German four-funnelled cruiser, which opened a very heavy fire. He says: "All guns, except two 4-inch, were again in working order, and the upper deck supply of ammunition was replenished.

"Our position being somewhat critical I ordered *Fearless* to attack, and the First Flotilla to attack with torpedoes, which they proceeded to do with great spirit. The cruiser at once turned away, disappeared in the haze, and evaded the attack.

"About ten minutes later the same cruiser appeared on our starboard

* A prisoner—an aviator—picked up by one of our submarines, told Commodore Keyes that he could not understand our published statement that about twenty survivors from V 187 were placed on British boats and given food and the course to Heligoland, as the boats never arrived. Mr. Wyllie's suggestion may be the correct one, and indeed it is difficult to find any other explanation as the weather remained fine.

Incidents in Home Waters

quarter. Opened fire on her with both 6-inch guns; *Fearless* also engaged her, and one division of destroyers attacked her with torpedoes without success. The state of affairs and our position were then reported to the Admiral commanding Battle-cruiser Squadron."

The German cruiser fired very rapidly at *Arethusa*, salvo after salvo falling between ten and thirty yards short, so that not a single shell struck, and two well-directed torpedoes also failed to reach the ship. The 6-inch guns of *Arethusa*, and the splendidly directed fire from *Fearless*, soon began to take effect on the four-funnelled cruiser, and she once more turned away towards Heligoland.

Four minutes later *Mainz* appeared, and *Arethusa* and *Fearless*, with their destroyers, were for twenty-five minutes in action with this new enemy, which had already suffered heavy losses in her fight with the Fourth Division. She began to sink by the head, and as the Light Cruiser Squadron now came up and fired into her also, the commodore recalled *Fearless* and the destroyers. Just after he had ordered "cease fire" yet another ship was seen on the starboard quarter—a large, four-funnelled cruiser. Broad-sides were exchanged with the new-comer, but the range was long and the firing was without visible effect. At this moment Admiral Beatty, with his big battle cruisers, came rushing up, and the 13.5 guns soon sent the large German to the bottom.

Let us now return to *Mainz*, which had been pounded by the light cruisers into a total wreck; volumes of black smoke and flame were belching from below, and a red-hot glow radiated from her torn plating. She was down by the head, and it was evident that she would only float a very short time when Keyes ordered the commander of *Lurcher* to lay his vessel alongside her. The dead and wounded were lying in ghastly heaps, but as he neared the wreck he saw a sailor climbing the foremast to reeve fresh halyards for the ensign, which had been shot away. Some German officers trained a gun at *Lurcher's* bridge. "Don't fire, I am coming to save life," exclaimed the commodore, and as the craft came together the crews passed the maimed and torn victims over the side as rapidly as possible.

Von Tirpitz, an officer on board, took no part, but stood on the bridge with a scornful smile. Another young German officer was, on the contrary, very active in aiding the helpless cases. At last all the survivors on board *Mainz*, with the exception of Tirpitz, the young officer and the man aloft, were safe on board *Lurcher*.

"Come along," said the commodore to the young officer, "you've done your share."

"No, thank you," was the answer.

Sea Fights of the Great War

Meanwhile *Firedrake* had picked up 27 of the crew of *Mainz*, who had apparently jumped overboard to avoid our cruisers' fire.

By this time *Mainz* was very low in the water, and steam as well as smoke and fire came pouring out through the shell holes. The captain of *Liverpool* had signalled that the ship might blow up at any moment, and the cutter and whaler, lowered by that ship, stood off waiting. Prior to the arrival of *Lurcher*, they had each taken a boat-load of wounded from *Mainz* to *Liverpool* and were responsible for saving more than 70 Germans.

The commodore gave the order to cast off, the engines were turned astern—not a moment too soon. Just as *Lurcher* backed away the German heeled over to port and sank, leaving a cloud of dirty brown smoke and steam. As she went all the unwounded Huns, who had been ordered to sit down on the forecastle of the destroyer, sprang to their feet and gave three cheers: "Hoch!" "Hoch!" "Hoch!"

Readers will be glad to know that the young German officer, whose devotion to duty made him stick to his ship as long as she floated, was afterwards picked up, together with Tirpitz, by *Liverpool's* boats.

As a record of the above narrative the picture facing this page shows the situation of the Fourth Division of the Third Flotilla. *Lapwing* has now come to the assistance of the seriously damaged *Laertes*; she has passed a wire hawser on board and is trying to tow her consort out of danger. As ill-luck will have it the hawser parts, but just at this moment Admiral Beatty, in *Lion*, with the rest of his battle cruisers, comes rushing up out of the mist, firing salvos from 13.5-inch guns at the distant enemy.

The crew of *Lapwing* are cheering, for they know that the whole position is now changed, the weight of metal is at last on our side, and victory safe. *Mainz* is in flames fore and aft, only a funnel and a mast are still standing; very much down by the head, she will soon turn on her side and sink. *Lysander* is lying in the line of fire, and beyond her the splashes show that the gunners are slowly getting the range. *Fearless* is coming up at full speed from the south and will tow the lame duck into safety.

Admiral Beatty, in his dispatches, tells how he passed through the prearranged rendezvous, receiving signals from both commodores at intervals indicating that they were in need of assistance.

In the meantime the Battle-Cruiser Squadron was attacked by three submarines. Destroyers were ordered to drive them off, and the big ships rapidly manœuvring frustrated the attempts of the U boats.

The light cruisers were sent to support the torpedo flotillas, and later, as Commodore Tyrwhitt appeared to be hard pressed, and the reports indicated the presence of many enemy ships—one a large cruiser—the situation



The Battle Cruisers arrive just in the nick of time.



Incidents in Home Waters

appeared to Sir David to be critical. He turned his battle cruisers to E.S.E. and worked up to full speed.

"It was evident that to be of any value the support must be overwhelming and carried out at the highest speed possible.

"I had not lost sight of the risk of submarines and possible sortie in force from the enemy's base, especially in view of the mist to the south-east.

"Our high speed, however, made submarine attack difficult, and the smoothness of the sea made their detection comparatively easy. I considered that we were powerful enough to deal with any sortie except by a battle squadron, which was unlikely to come out in time, provided our stroke was sufficiently rapid.

"At 12.15 p.m. *Fearless* and First Flotilla were sighted retiring west. At the same time the Light Cruiser Squadron was observed to be engaging an enemy ship ahead. They appeared to have her beat.

"I then steered N.E. to sounds of firing ahead, and at 12.30 sighted *Arethusa* and Third Flotilla retiring to the westward, engaging a cruiser of the 'Kolberg' class on our port bow. I steered to cut her off from Heligoland, and at 12.37 p.m. opened fire.

"At 12.42 the enemy turned to N.E., and we chased at 27 knots.

"At 12.56 p.m. sighted and engaged a two-funnelled cruiser ahead. *Lion* fired two salvos at her, which took effect, and she disappeared in the mist, burning furiously and in a sinking condition. In view of the mist and that she was steering at high speed at right angles to *Lion*, who was herself steaming at 28 knots, *Lion's* firing was very creditable.

"Our destroyers had reported the presence of floating mines to the eastward, and I considered it inadvisable to pursue her. It was also essential that the squadron should remain concentrated, and I accordingly ordered a withdrawal.

"The battle cruisers turned north and circled to port to complete the destruction of the vessel first engaged. She was sighted again at 1.25 p.m. steaming S.E. with colours still flying. *Lion* opened fire with two turrets, and at 1.35 p.m., after receiving two salvos, she sank.

"The four attached destroyers were sent to pick up survivors, but I deeply regret that they subsequently reported that they searched the area but found none.

"At 1.40 p.m. the battle cruisers turned to the northward, and *Queen Mary* was again attacked by a submarine. The attack was avoided by the use of the helm. *Lowestoft* was also unsuccessfully attacked. . . .

"By 6 p.m. the retirement having been well executed and all the destroyers accounted for, I altered course, spread the light cruisers, and swept northwards in accordance with the Commander-in-Chief's orders.

"At 7.45 p.m. I detached *Liverpool* to Rosyth with German prisoners, 7 officers and 79 men, survivors from *Mains*. No further incident occurred.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"DAVID BEATTY, VICE-ADMIRAL."

Sea Fights of the Great War

Evening has come and the battle is at an end. The surviving German ships have steamed back to the shelter of their batteries and mine-fields. Two new cruisers, *Mainz* and *Köln*, and one rather older, *Ariadne*, are gone. A four-funnelled cruiser, *Strassburg* or *Yorck*, is badly damaged, and one sent to the bottom. The Germans are believed to have lost about 700 men killed, 300 more being taken prisoners. In the plate facing this page we may see some of them being transferred in boats to *Fearless*. Our own killed and wounded are also being transhipped from the different destroyers in cutters and whalers. Our casualties numbered thirty-two killed and fifty-two wounded. Not one of our ships was lost.

The operation has been thus decribed by Rear-Admiral Christian (in command of Light Cruisers):

"The cruiser force under Rear-Admiral Campbell, with *Euryalus* (my flag-ship) and *Amethyst*, was stationed to intercept any enemy vessels chased to the westward. At 4.30 p.m. on the 28th August these cruisers, having proceeded to the eastward, fell in with *Lurcher* and three other destroyers, and the wounded and prisoners in these vessels were transferred in boats to *Bacchante* and *Cressy*, which left for the Nore."

Both before and after the Battle of the Bight the North Sea and all home waters were constantly under the guard of our fleets. Ships were continually at sea, and a stay of more than twenty-four hours in port was nearly always remarked on as an unusual occurrence; their duty was patrolling ceaselessly, tirelessly—they were the watchdogs of the deep.

The doings of a cruiser can be cited as a sample of the strain imposed upon our Navy. It is so easy to overlook the continuous work and irksome monotony of routine month after month if only exciting incidents and fights can be recorded. Work without an action is, therefore, purposely selected to illustrate how the command of the sea is kept for the 300 or more days in the year on which there is no fighting. On August 31 some of our cruisers returned to their port at 10 p.m. from a patrol cruise to the Norwegian coast. It is of interest to note that it was believed at the time that this was carried out to cover the transport of Russian troops to England from the White Sea. Hundreds of mischievous or credulous people testified to having seen these troops in transit. This, of course, was subsequently contradicted.

Coaling commenced at 11.30 a.m. and was finished at 5 a.m. the next day. A ship with ammunition and stores came alongside at 8 a.m., and these were transhipped by noon. The hands had only had four hours' sleep in the preceding thirty-six hours. Leave was given to chief petty officers and petty officers from 1 to 7 p.m.



After the Battle: Transferring the Dead, Wounded and Prisoners.

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Incidents in Home Waters

And so the work went on, constant patrolling relieved by a few strenuous days in port spent, for the most part, rendering the ship once more ready for the sea. When in port the men were taken route marching. At sea they were exercised daily doubling round the decks. Naval incidents occurred from time to time; but, for the most part, ships went for months without being able to meet or sight an enemy at all.

In home waters on September 5 *Pathfinder* ("Scout" class) was torpedoed. On the 13th British submarine E 9 sank *Hela*, a small German cruiser off the German coast.

On the 22nd *Cressy*, *Aboukir*, and *Hogue* were torpedoed and sunk. This last incident merits some description.

The ships formed three out of a class of six cruisers laid down in 1898. They carried two 9-2-inch and twelve 6-inch guns. They were designed for twenty-one knots, but being rather old none of them could then attain that speed. Shortly after 6 a.m., while patrolling in the North Sea, *Aboukir* was struck by a torpedo from a submarine on the starboard beam. The risk of such an accident was, of course, run by all ships whenever they entered the war area in the North. Had her consorts left her, and avoided attack by use of speed and helm, probably nothing further would have happened. But naval traditions are not lightly thrown aside, and no tradition is stronger in the British Navy than that of saving life at sea whenever possible, be it the life of friend or enemy. Her two sister ships, therefore, turned and went to *Aboukir's* assistance. Two boats were lowered by *Hogue*, but before the launch could be hoisted out *Hogue* herself was struck amidships by two torpedoes at from ten to twenty seconds' interval, and, mortally wounded, she at once began to heel to starboard. Apparently, at about this time, the three cruisers and their submarine enemy were at the corners of a four-sided figure. The submarine could, therefore, aim at each of them by merely swinging in a rough semicircle, without any further manœuvring. Fire was opened on her, but without result.

The boats of *Cressy* had got away even before those of *Hogue*, and they were returning full of *Aboukir's* men when *Hogue* was struck. *Cressy* was, therefore, manœuvred to go nearer to the sinking ship, and was herself torpedoed on the starboard side, just in front of the after bridge, from a range of five or six hundred yards. A second torpedo was fired at her and missed, but a third hit her again on the starboard beam. All three ships turned turtle before they sank. *Aboukir* and *Hogue* floated bottom up for about five minutes; *Cressy* turned over slowly, and it was about three-quarters of an hour before she finally sank—the last victim to bravery and tradition.

Sea Fights of the Great War

Needless to say that all hands behaved in an exemplary manner, quickly carrying out orders as given. Anything that could float was thrown overboard and, consequently, the submarine's periscope was all the harder to observe. It was believed at the time that two submarines had been acting together for the occasion, but this was denied by the German Admiralty, who announced that one U boat only, commanded by Lieut. Otto Weddigen, was engaged. Weddigen, the best German submarine commander in the early part of the war, was awarded the Order of Merit for his feat, and he had certainly occasioned heavy loss of life and won a strategic victory.

Later in the war, when Weddigen was sunk with his vessel, the German newspapers invented a tale that he had been sunk by a merchant ship which he approached on the surface to summon to surrender, instead of sinking her at sight in accordance with the usual German sense of duty. This was only their method of using all their venom to blacken the English. As a matter of fact, Weddigen—fine sailor that he was—took his ship into the midst of a battle squadron and was sunk, luckily before he could do any damage.

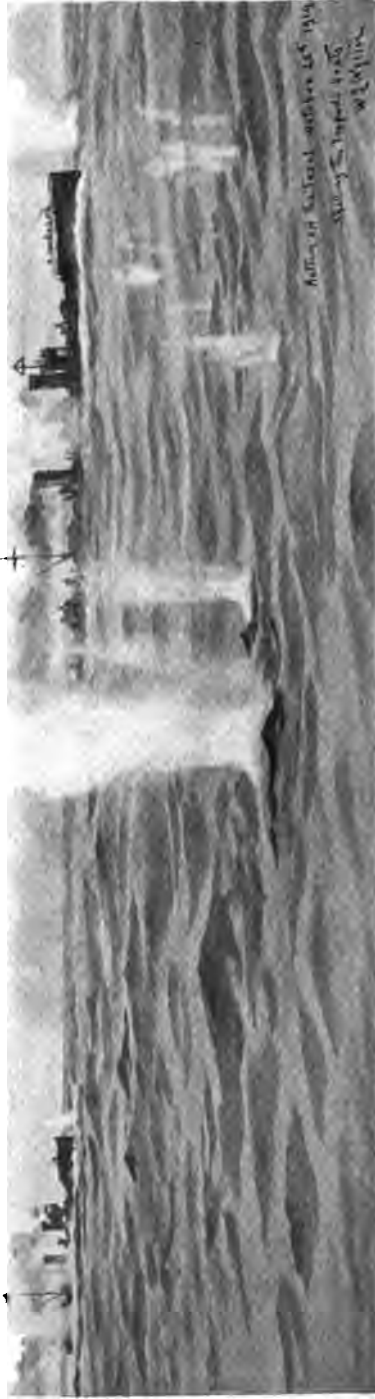
On October 8, E 9 again scored by sinking the German destroyer S 126, which was built in 1904. On the 15th *Hawke* was sunk in the North Sea by a German submarine; and later *Undaunted*, a light cruiser, with four destroyers of the "L" class—*Lennox*, *Lance*, *Legion*, and *Loyal*—steaming north about twenty miles off the Texel, sighted on their port bow four German torpedo boats.

The enemy were spread out wide apart, and were also on a northerly course. I will call them A, B, C, and D.

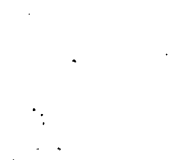
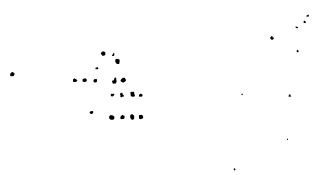
Lennox and *Lance*, which were leading, gave chase to the most easterly—D—and *Loyal*, passing under *Undaunted's* stern, steamed to the nor'-west to cut off A, whilst *Legion* held a middle course so as to engage B and C.

After they had been steaming away at full speed for some time it became plain to the Germans that they had no chance of escape, and as their guns were much inferior to those of the British they determined to come to close quarters and use their torpedoes. A, the most westerly of the torpedo boats, boldly turned and came at *Loyal*, but the fight was too unequal and she was silenced in a very short time. B and C also turned and engaged *Legion*, but *Loyal* having wiped out her first adversary came up to assist and was soon in hot action. The Germans fired torpedoes and machine-guns, but were no match for the British destroyers helped by *Undaunted*, which kept up a long-range fire at all the enemy in turn. *Lance*, having left D for *Lennox* to finish, came back at full speed and assisted *Loyal* to sink C.

The enemy fought in a most plucky and gallant manner against tre-

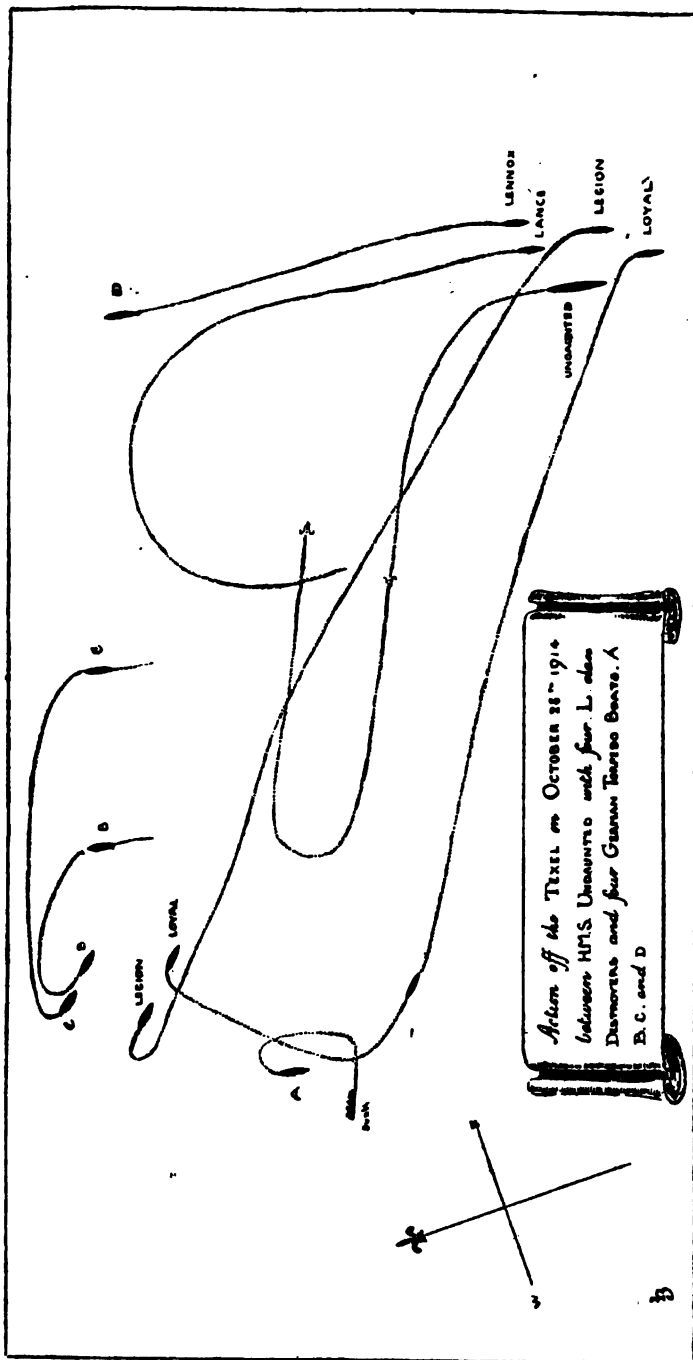


Action off the Texel, October 28, 1914 : Shelling the Torpedo Boats



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Plan of the Action off the Texel

Sea Fights of the Great War

mendous odds. The plate facing this page shows the survivors being picked up after all the torpedo boats had been sunk.

The German destroyers S 115, S 117, S 118, and S 119 were completed in 1904. They had a speed of twenty-eight knots. *Undaunted* is one of the new light cruisers; our destroyers were all recent boats. Our loss was one officer and four men wounded; thirty-one German prisoners were taken.

On October 18, for the first time, British warships co-operated in the bombardment of the Belgian coast. On the 25th *Badger* sank a German submarine. On the 31st *Hermes* was sunk by a German submarine in the Straits of Dover.

Prince Louis of Battenberg resigned his position as First Sea Lord at the end of the month, and was succeeded by Lord Fisher. This catalogue completes the list of naval incidents in home waters down to the end of October, 1916.



Action off the Texel, October 28, 1914 : The Last Torpedo Boat Sinks

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CHAPTER III

"GOEBEN" AND "BRESLAU"—THE FAR EAST: SIEGE OF TSINGTAU

IN the good old days when our men-o'-war still carried sails, when snowy decks and bright brasswork were considered much more important than gunnery; easy-going days when engines of 20,000 horse-power were spoken of with awe and wonder, and wireless messages or the submarine were yet undreamed of, the Mediterranean Fleet was a symbol of the power of Britain. All the newest creations of our best designers, the "Alexandras," "Sultans," "Monarchs," or "Inflexibles" of that time were sent out to serve a long commission under the famous Admirals who carried out the evolutions of their sea-monsters with such marvellous perfection.

The Mediterranean Fleet was sea-power personified. It could demolish a few miles of Egyptian forts, terrorise a coast line, or overawe refractory islanders in the Ægean. It held the communications between the Near and the Far East. After a gale, when its units had ridden with topmasts housed and lower yards on the hammock netting, the ships of the Mediterranean Fleet, when the signal was made to cross to'gallant yards, would send the spars aloft and have everything ready to make all plain sail in fewer minutes than any other fleet. In it the rate of signalling was much faster, and the sailing and rowing regattas were the envy of all other squadrons.

With the rise of the German Navy our most powerful ships were, as time went on, ordered to join fleets nearer England. New names were invented, such as Atlantic and Home fleets, while the men-o'-war sent to show our flag and keep up our prestige in the Near East dwindled from year to year. The Liberal Governments had not built sufficiently to keep up our sea-power on all seas.

At the outbreak of the present war the fleet in the Mediterranean was composed as follows:

Three battle cruisers: *Inflexible* (flag of Admiral Sir Berkeley Milne), *Indomitable*, *Indefatigable*. Four cruisers: *Defence* (flag of Rear-Admiral Troubridge), *Warrior*, *Duke of Edinburgh*, *Black Prince*. Four light

Sea Fights of the Great War

cruisers: *Chatham*, *Weymouth*, *Dublin*, *Gloucester*. One parent ship, *Blenheim*, and sixteen destroyers. One dispatch vessel: *Hussar*.

We had no Dreadnoughts or super-Dreadnoughts.

Vague rumours of European unrest had been floating about for some time, and officers on leave in Cairo and other places had been recalled; then, on July 28, 1914, the ships left Alexandria, steaming west. There were to have been practice night attacks by destroyers, but these were not carried out, the crews being exercised in war routine instead, sham fighting giving place to real. The ammunition for the 4-inch guns was brought up, and at midnight the speed of the ships was increased to twenty knots. The peace of Europe seemed in great danger. When Malta was reached on the 30th the fleet found the town seething with excitement; all the troops in the island had been mobilised. *Indomitable* was in dock; she had just started to refit, but she was brought out, and at once began taking in ammunition. All officers were warned of the importance of secrecy, both in letters and in conversation. There were plenty of German spies about, as indeed throughout the Empire. All gear was to be landed. On Friday, the 31st, the news was serious: France and Russia were mobilising. The whole day was spent getting in provisions, ammunition, and fusing the lyddite shells. All bright work was painted over; even the priceless white enamel of *Hussar*, on which so much money and labour had been expended, was hurriedly daubed over with grey. Sea-boats were topped up into their fighting positions, and all the rest, except the boom-boats, were put ashore. The bulk of the craft put to sea on August 1. Those which remained darkened ship, sentries with loaded rifles were posted fore and aft, picket boats with armed crews patrolled the harbour, and the boom defence was put in position.

Black Prince, which was to have carried Lord Kitchener from Marseilles to Egypt, returned on the 3rd, for this great soldier had more important work to do in England. Martial law and a Moratorium were declared in Malta. There was news that Germany had declared war on Russia, and that the Cabinet was meeting in London to discuss the attitude of England. *Inflexible* left the Grand Harbour with all guns loaded, hands at night defence stations, and ship darkened.

Next day it was known that the Kaiser's Government had asked Belgium's permission for troops to pass through her territory; that this had been refused, and that England had sent an ultimatum to Germany, which expired at midnight on the 4th. Captains of some of the ships gave interesting lectures on the European situation to their ships' companies. There were two fast German ships in these waters: *Goeben*, which carried ten 11-inch and twelve 6-inch guns, and could steam twenty-eight knots; and *Breslau*,

“Goeben” and “Breslau”

one of the “Town” class, armed with twelve 4-inch guns. They had been up the Adriatic, but were reported off Bizerta. The French were, at this moment, transporting the 19th Army Corps, a considerable number of troops, from Algeria and Tunis to help their Mother Country against threatened invasion.

On the 3rd there was war between France and Germany, and the fast German ships, making their appearance off Bona and Philipville, bombarded those towns and steamed away.

It must be remembered that the problem set before the British Fleet was difficult in the extreme. We were not yet at war, but the transports of our friends the French had to be protected from attack by the German ships, which, though no match for our three battle cruisers, were, in consequence of their greater speed, able to choose their own object or moment for attack. No one knew where the stroke might fall, nor could guess that the real object of the Kaiser's Government was only to bring the two ships to Constantinople, where their presence might help Enver Pasha and the Young Turks' Party in their guilty plot to drag their country into the war which was seen to be impending.

Only six hours before war was declared, two of our battle cruisers, *Indomitable* and *Indefatigable*, actually met the two Germans cruising between Sicily and Sardinia. Our ships, steaming westward, passed within 2,000 yards of the *Goeben*, which was heading towards the Straits of Messina.

If only it had been possible to stop these two ships, the whole course of the war in the East might have been different. Turkey might never have entered the war, and there would have been peace in Armenia and Mesopotamia. We should have been spared the heartbreaking reports of prisoners' sufferings in Asia Minor, and the glorious but fatal expeditions to the Gallipoli Peninsula might never have happened.

Unfortunately, the ultimatum had not expired; therefore our powerful ships could only turn and follow after their probable enemies, hoping for the moment when they could bring them to action.

The speed of *Goeben* and *Breslau*, however, was twenty-eight knots, and, steam as the British ships might, the distance gradually lengthened till the Germans became only puffs of smoke below the horizon. Course was therefore altered, *Indomitable* going to Bizerta to coal, while *Inflexible* and *Indefatigable* kept watch off the south-east of Sardinia, with steam for full speed at one hour's notice, hoping to waylay the *Goeben* if she had another try at the French transports.*

At 1.45 a.m. on Wednesday, August 5, the expected signal was received

Sea Fights of the Great War

by our ships in Mediterranean waters: "WAR DECLARED WITH GERMANY."

Chatham captured a German collier; first blood to us.

On the 6th, not meeting the Germans, the two battle-cruisers became uneasy and steered towards the northern entrance of the Straits of Messina. *Indomitable* joined up shortly afterwards, and at dusk a message came from *Gloucester*, which was watching the southern entrance of the Straits, that *Goeben* and *Breslau* were coming out. A little later they were reported steering eastward.

At this moment the four cruisers, *Defence*, *Warrior*, *Duke of Edinburgh*, and *Black Prince*, were off Cephalonia, but *Dublin*, a light cruiser, was farther to the south, with two destroyers, and an order was sent to her to make a night attack on the enemy ships. Most unfortunately, the night was pitch dark, and, steering without lights, she missed them by a few miles. The plucky little *Gloucester* was still shadowing the two German cruisers, and now reported the enemy to be steering to the northward, running in the direction of Rear-Admiral Troubridge and his squadron. On the 7th the Admiral reported that he had failed to find *Goeben* and *Breslau*.

The French Admiral now signalled that he would finish convoying the troops from Africa on the 10th; so the three battle cruisers, *Inflexible*, *Indomitable*, and *Indefatigable*, having coaled at Malta, once more started in chase of the still elusive Germans. They were too slow to catch them, though in the meantime *Gloucester* had had a very long range action with *Breslau*. *Goeben* tried to take part, but *Gloucester* withdrew out of range, still continuing to shadow the Germans until shortness of coal caused her recall.

The two German cruisers, henceforth undisturbed, rounded Cape Matapan and proceeded under easy steam up the Ægean Sea.

The battle cruisers, about fifty miles astern, searched the Greek islands without result. Next day an Italian tramp steamer reported that both our enemies were at anchor off Chanak, so speed was increased, and the Dardanelles were reached at 10 p.m. *Weymouth*, going in near the forts, was fired at with blank cartridge, and in the morning a Turkish officer, boarding the ship from the shore, informed the captain that *Goeben* and *Breslau* had been sold to Turkey. They were, however, still flying the German flag when they sent an armed party on board a Messageries Maritimes steamer in neutral waters and forced the crew to dismantle their wireless.

With the finish of the chase of *Goeben* and *Breslau*, our account of the doings of the Mediterranean Fleet comes to an end for the present. Many of the ships composing it were sent to other seas.



The Screen

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The Far East

THE FAR EAST

In the meantime events were rapidly maturing in the Far East. On Tuesday, July 28, a squadron of British ships was lying in Wei-hai-wei, consisting of the armoured cruiser *Minotaur*, flying the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir Martyn Jerram, K.C.B., the cruisers *Hampshire* and *Yarmouth*, and the Admiral's yacht, *Alacrity*. Accompanying the squadron were the destroyers *Kennet*, *Ribble*, *Colne*, *Usk*, *Welland*, and *Hesper*. None were there in any expectation of active service.

There were four French ships in that part of the world—the cruisers *Dupleix* and *Montcalm*, and the sloops *Decidée* and *D'Iberville*. They were equally unexpectant, though all navies, even in peace time, pursue their duties prepared at any moment for the supreme test of war.

The Germans had, in Chinese waters, the armoured cruisers *Scharnhorst*, flagship of Admiral Count Spee; *Gneisenau*, her sister ship; the light cruisers *Emden*, *Nürnberg*, and *Leipzig*; also S 90, which we should call a destroyer, the old *Taku*, and several auxiliary cruisers. The Austrian cruiser *Kaiserin Elisabeth* was also on the station. It is a matter that only the future can decide if these ships were ignorant and unwarned.

Early in the afternoon an order was issued recalling the *Hampshire*, which happened to be firing at sea. This was the squadron's first warning. *Yarmouth* was told to hurry up her coaling, whilst the flagship primed, topped all boilers and made ready for the lighters. Later came a Press message to say that tension between Austria and Serbia was strained. This euphemism for what was imminent at once altered the Admiral's policy of usual peace-time cruising in far eastern waters. He at once prepared for all contingencies.

The British squadron had been in the harbour two short days. The usual carnival of gaiety and pleasure was at once abandoned. Arrangements for sports, a regatta, a projected cruise to Japan, were cancelled. On Wednesday, the 29th, the squadron's powerful leader, *Minotaur*, started coaling at 3 a.m. Another Press message flew across the cable saying that Sir Edward Grey had called a conference of Germany and France, with other Powers concerned, in London, to settle the dispute; to decide Serbia's official responsibility for the assassination of the Austrian Crown Prince. Almost at the same time a Press message added to its warning the news that Austria refused to attend, and that Russia was ready, and arming to the teeth, to invade Austria the moment the latter crossed the Serbian frontier.

As evening fell *Yarmouth*, four destroyers, and two picket boats slipped

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from their moorings to patrol the entrance to the harbour. The flagship continued her preparations until 10 p.m., taking in 860 tons of coal, while her four 12-pounders were manned all night ready for any emergency.

Meanwhile *Usk*, on her patrol, stopped a Japanese steamer attempting to enter harbour without lights, and she was brought to anchor for the night. This action showed the complication of the situation.

All the destroyers had shipped warheads on their torpedoes, and the big ships were fully provisioned. War, so far as the officers were concerned, brooded at last over even this far-distant squadron of our fleet.

On the following day at 9 a.m. a signal was made by the Commander-in-Chief, intended as a general warning, that there was a possibility of a European war, and he trusted that officers and men would use their utmost endeavours to prepare for hostilities, with all possible energy and speed. Almost simultaneously came the ominous news that the Siberian mail route was closed. Such an action proved beyond any doubt how deeply Russia was involved.

Alacrity sailed for Hong Kong, taking any civilians wishing to go. The day was spent landing woodwork, chests, field-guns, spare boats; in fact, every article that could hamper or impede efficiency. The crews were frapping rigging, shipping warheads, striking down rifles and wires, putting the ships in readiness for action. Two destroyers and *Yarmouth* were still watching and keeping guard outside. Steam was ordered for twelve knots, and a meeting place was fixed with *Newcastle*, which was on its way from Japan.

Hampshire and the destroyers coaled ceaselessly all day, and all officers' personal gear was dumped ashore, except a minimum of uniform and underclothing, gunroom officers being allowed one tin case each; the days of all luxury and inactivity were ended.

Two guns forward and two aft were to be manned when the ships got under way. The men were quite cheerful, but sceptical that the great hour, the object of all their training, was close at hand. The Chinese seemed more frightened, and the "makee lerns" left the ships like rats who scented danger. The gunroom messmen appeared likely to follow suit. Only the boom-boats and the first and second cutters were retained. Necessity knew no law so far as freedom of action was concerned. Everything had to give way to efficiency.

On Friday, 31st, *Minotaur* and *Hampshire*, with the destroyers *Colne*, *Kennet*, *Welland* and *Ribble* put to sea, leaving *Usk*, which was coaling, to follow with any further telegrams. During the night, *Usk*, which had started to rejoin the flag, tried continuously to signal. Both she and

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Yarmouth were so interfered with by atmospheric disturbances that it was almost impossible to pass anything. The very elements seemed disturbed. It was hard to believe that the squadron was not merely at manoeuvres expecting a destroyer to steam past burning a Verey light.

The men appeared to take things easy and considered that the whole business was a scare, bound to end in a fizzle as so many scares had done before. No official news was published, and all the Press news was German and tended rather to obscurity than revelation. Apparently Austria and Serbia had had a three hours' battle, and Russia and France were openly mobilising masses of troops towards the German frontiers. The war-cloud was gradually growing blacker and blacker, spreading over the whole horizon—as the clouds of thunder gather in a summer sky.

On August 1 the squadron was proceeding towards Hong Kong, *Newcastle* pushing on at a speed of twenty knots. On the horizon her glittering gun-muzzles flashed in the sunlight. She was ordered to paint bright work instantly and so dim her appearance.

What news was available showed that war was unavoidable. The Austrians were bombarding Belgrade; the Germans and Belgians had proclaimed martial law; both had stopped the export of foodstuffs; the Russians were still mobilising their mighty forces on the German frontier; the alarm at home had caused a rush on the Bank of England—notes were being madly exchanged for gold, and the Stock Exchange had been paralysed into closing its doors. As the squadron was under way a "stand-up Church" was held on the quarter-deck of the flagship, at which the two hymns were sung: "Fight the Good Fight" and "Holy Father." This was followed by a Communion service in the Commander-in-Chief's after cabin. Only the great God of Battles could now decide the issue.

Still later news arrived. The German Emperor had made a speech ringing with blood and thunder to his people, which was received with great enthusiasm. At noon an English Press telegram followed, stating that Germany had sent a twelve hours' ultimatum to Russia to cease her war-like preparations. Twelve short hours only before our own decision must be made.

Yarmouth's instructions were to await the telegraphic news of the result of the German ultimatum at Shanghai and at once to transmit particulars, and proceed to Hong Kong at a speed of twenty knots. At this time the Hong Kong newspapers reported that Germany and Russia were actually at war; that Germany had invaded France, and threatened Belgium with dire consequences if she refused the passage of troops through her territory, and that the latter had appealed to England as one of the protecting

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Powers. Such an appeal to the greatest Empire of the world could have but one result.

The eventful day arrived—Wednesday, August 5, 1914. Great Britain declared war against Germany, and at 10 o'clock the same evening (local time) the Admiral announced to the officers and men of his fleet the receipt of the following message from His Majesty the King. It was eloquent and studied to suit the most gigantic decision of all history :

“At this grave moment in our National History I send to the Officers and Men of the Fleets the assurance of my confidence. They will revive and renew the old glories of the Royal Navy, and prove once again the sure shield of Britain and of her Empire in this hour of trial.”

The following is the reply sent by the Commander-in-Chief :

“The officers and men of the China Squadron send their loyal and dutiful thanks to His Majesty the King, and will earnestly endeavour to prove themselves worthy of his confidence.”

Here is a description of the crisis taken from a newspaper cutting out East : “A mariner who has arrived in Kobe from Hong Kong gives some interesting particulars of the scenes in the harbour on August 5. All the men-o'-war were cleared for action, and their funnels were belching forth great columns of smoke in preparation for the squadron's departure on the morrow. The greatest activity prevailed on board until late at night, and the men appeared to be in the highest spirits, judging from the hearty way in which they sang at their work.

“Suddenly the noise on board *Minotaur* ceased, and in the gloom the men could be seen massed upon the deck evidently listening to a speech from the Admiral. At the close they burst into wild cheering, which was renewed again and again. Then the band struck up ‘God Save the King,’ and the men on board sang it with the greatest gusto. It was taken up by one man-o'-war after another until the harbour seemed to echo to the music. Even the crews of the merchant steamers joined in this outburst of patriotic emotion. The ‘Marseillaise’ was then played on board the flagship, which was the signal for great cheering and singing on board the French cruiser *Dupleix*.”

On Thursday morning, August 6, the combined squadron steamed out of harbour preceded by two mine-sweepers. In passing *Triumph* and *Dupleix* three cheers were given by all ships, and the “Marseillaise” was

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played by *Minotaur's* band, cementing the union of the Allies. *Ribble* was in charge of harbour defence launches. *Chelmer* was refitting, and *Cadmus* was going on special service.

On August 7 a Press bulletin was received from home that England had bought two Dreadnoughts, one completed and the other nearly so, which were to be called *Erin* and *Agincourt* respectively, and had also taken up the destroyers *Faulknor* and *Broke*, which were building for another foreign nation. The old country was in earnest.

On Monday, August 10, we are able to again take up our narrative. At that time three ships spread out on a line of bearings E.N.E. and W.S.W., with *Newcastle* to starboard, *Minotaur* in the centre, and *Hampshire* to port at five miles interval. Nothing was sighted all day, but just before midnight the after look-out sounded the alarm and all crews closed up and trained their guns on the quarter. Several marines swore they saw lights astern, possibly they were over keen, for on closer investigation the "secure" was sounded. The night was dirty, with continual squalls and lightning; officers and crews drowsed uncomfortably at their guns. Next morning a collier was sighted to the northward. *Hampshire* made towards her, hoisting a signal to heave-to, and sent an armed cutter to board her. Meantime the hands went to general quarters, and *Newcastle* was ordered to scout at full speed in quest of more ships. One boat alone roused suspicion.

The collier proved to be *Elsbeth*, a German, taking a cargo of 1,800 tons from Tsingtau to Yap. *Yorkshire* took the crew off and then opened fire. Three shells hit her, one of them on the waterline, while two others caused fires to break out fore and aft. The collier floated for a quarter of an hour and then her stern began plunging and shipping seas. About four minutes later she slid under stern first. An explosion of compressed air and a fountain of spray were her last signs of life as she sank. Two boats and part of a deck-house floated up from her. These were afterwards swamped, and our ships again spread out on their line of bearings.

Later *Hampshire* picked up two bags of mails floating in the sea addressed to German ships. They were supposed to have been thrown overboard by the captain of the *Elsbeth* when he saw that there was no chance of escape from our men-o'-war.

Nearly a fortnight had elapsed when news came that hostilities had commenced between Great Britain and Austria. This had always been regarded as inevitable. On Sunday a cheering message was received from *Montcalm* saying that she was safe at some unmentioned place.

Japan now dispatched an ultimatum to Germany, expiring on the 23rd.

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This was almost a replica of the German demands made on Japan at the end of her successful war against China. She demanded that Germany should hand over Tsingtau to her, to be eventually given back to China. At the same time all German warships were to be removed from Chinese and Japanese waters. Japan still remembered bitterly, and to her this was a moment of triumph, a moment when Justice was once more on the seats of the mighty.

Minotaur reached Hong Kong for the second time on August 16. *Hampshire* was then very busy coaling; the *Pando Delta* was fitting out as a hospital ship; the Jardine liner *Empire* as a storeship; *Chelmer* was still in dock, *Virago* and *Whiting* were having an overhaul. The flagship coaled all day, taking in oil and water, while the *Hampshire* went into dry dock for a clean up.

Hong Kong had all the appearance of preparing for a siege. The various forts were surrounded with barbed wire, the Peak had sandbag redoubts and hidden trenches all round it, and there were field-guns on Mount Kellit. The town was fully garrisoned for defence. Field hospitals were plentiful, and private German houses had been utilised as barracks. All the volunteers serving in banks and offices wore uniform all day and had arms and ammunition ready to their hands. The ships took in enough provisions to last until the end of November. For once the Far East seethed with European vigour and activity, perhaps never to regain its old reputation of apathy and torpor.

The auxiliary cruiser *Empress of Asia* at this time came into port, stripped of all woodwork and upholstery and painted a dull slate grey. Aboard of her there were R.N.R. officers and men, and a fair sprinkling of non-executive naval men, invaluable in training and knowledge.

At 5 p.m. *Minotaur* and *Hampshire* slipped and put to sea at ten knots, with navigation lights burning until clear of the sailing junks, when they darkened ship. News was to hand that *Emden* had captured a Russian Volunteer merchant cruiser, and had sent her into Tsingtau. *Emden* was thus beginning what was destined to become an historic career.

The fateful Japanese ultimatum to Germany duly expired, and *Minotaur* was ordered to Hong Kong, where she arrived next day for the third time.

Knowing that Japan had declared war, a signal was received from the enemy asking if we knew anything of the German steamer *Paklat* with women and children aboard from Tsingtau. We replied that she had been taken to Wei-hai-wei, where the refugees were being given all consideration, and whence they were to be assisted to reach their destinations.

So great were the precautions now that when leave was given to officers



Mine-sweepers waiting for the fog to lift

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Siege of Tsingtau

and P.O.'s, it was impossible to move more than a few hundred yards on the Peak without being challenged and told to "hands up." As a sidelight on the situation this is eloquent.

Minotaur and *Hampshire* having returned to port, left again on the 25th. They had been warned that a typhoon was within 300 miles of them, and a violent storm came on during the night. They tore their way through it, and on Saturday they sighted and closed with several craft, one of which was packed with coolies crawling over each other like a moving ant-heap.

After this adventure, on Sunday, the 30th, the two ships arrived at Singapore, where they received ovation after ovation as they passed up the harbour. A guard of honour with band playing and colours flying was drawn up on the quay at the Western Docks where the ships made fast. Here Vice-Admiral Sir Martyn Jerram, K.C.B., took up his quarters ashore, the better to control the numerous allied squadrons working under him, and the China Squadron as such ceased to exist—henceforward merged in the general strategy of a great war, greater by sea than the general public has yet realised.

SIEGE OF TSINGTAU

Two days before war was declared *Triumph*, which was undergoing a thorough refit, had been ordered to commission and get ready for sea as soon as possible. Her crew at this time consisted of about twelve seamen and a few Chinese, the remainder were made up from the crews of the small ships and river gun-boats which were ordered to pay off.

Ammunition stores and coal came pouring in, and for three days the dockyard sweated day and night to get the ship into working order. When the gun-boats' crews were all on board, as *Triumph* was still two hundred short, a detachment of officers and men from the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry were sent on board to act as marines. Captain Fitzmaurice, senior officer on the *Yangtze*, joined on the afternoon of the 6th, and the ship sailed at daylight next morning for a base in the Saddle Islands, off Shanghai.

Only the keenest imagination can picture what a terrible state of confusion there must have been on board. The officers hardly knew each other by sight; no one could find his way about the ship. The soldiers were like fish out of water, and stores were lying about in chaos. To make matters worse, most of the auxiliary machinery broke down as soon as it was tried, and hardly any of the electrical instruments would work. Great care had to be taken to darken ship at night, because the enemy was believed

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to have abandoned Tsingtau, and might have to be faced anywhere on the way, while *Triumph* was hardly in a state to fight two well-drilled cruisers, with heavy armament and manned by the best German gun crews in the Far East.

Luckily, the voyage to the Saddle Islands was completed in safety, and a week's hard work made things more ship-shape. On top of her arrival at the Islands came the blockade of Tsingtau and the capture of prizes. One of them had mails for *Emden* and *Prisia*. The latter made a bolt for a neutral port, and had a narrow shave from being sunk, but was sighted again under our guns, steaming without lights. Order was immediately given to open fire, and the searchlights were switched on, throwing their beams across the waste of sea. Fortunately for the *Prisia*, the gun-layers did not spot her at once, and only one gun was fired, the shell exploding under her stern. The German captain, to whom retreat was impossible, at once turned on all his lights and went astern. A prize crew of one officer and four men was immediately put on board to sail her to Wei-hai-wei.

Later that night a wireless message flashed through the air the warning that the Eastern German Fleet was believed to be approaching Tsingtau, so *Triumph* at once went to Wei-hai-wei, where all the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry were sent back to Hong Kong, as the regiment had orders to leave at once. They were a great loss. They were no longer a make-shift complement as they had shaken down, and had really done remarkably well in the time they had had at their disposal.

By the first week in September *Triumph* was worked up to something like a state of efficiency. There had been sham night attacks nearly every evening to exercise the searchlights; battle practice was carried out at a towed target, and the shooting was calculated and good. A torpedo was fired, and though the gyroscope was in bad adjustment, it did a fairly good run. The possible speed of the ship was only sixteen knots, owing to a defective shaft which would need six weeks in a dockyard to make good, a period not to be thought of.

Ten days of September had passed in practice and activity when *Triumph* was ordered to join the Japanese Admiral in command of the fleet now operating against Tsingtau. She went to sea in a typhoon, knocking about in the heavy sea and shipping a lot of water. She beat the weather, and with the destroyer *Usk* two days later joined a fleet of about fifty ships, including out-of-date battleships, cruisers, destroyers, mine-sweepers, and odd craft of every description. Having found her squadron, *Triumph* steamed every night slowly out to sea, turning back at 2 a.m., so as to anchor at daylight.

Siege of Tsingtau

This was to reduce the danger of a torpedo attack by the German destroyers, two of these sea sharks being in harbour, a part of the German defences.

Every suitable day two biplanes from the aeroplane ship flew over the harbour and defences of Tsingtau and surveyed the position of the troops. Occasionally they dropped bombs, though these do not seem to have done much damage at this early stage of air warfare.

The Germans, never beaten in resources, also had two aeroplanes and a captive balloon ever watching the Allied dispositions. Arrangements were quickly made for dealing with these. On board the *Triumph* two maxims were mounted vertically on the quarter-deck, and a six-pounder on the side of the after-turret, so that no German aeroplane would dare to attempt to drop bombs in her vicinity with impunity.

In the midst of all this manœuvring a new Admiral arrived, and detailed *Triumph* to a position F., about twelve miles from Tsingtau. The weather was very clear, and through glasses the houses, wireless station, practically the whole German position, could be seen quite distinctly—a panorama of a fast-approaching conquest.

Triumph left the Japanese fleet on the 15th for Wei-hai-wei, on convoy duty, proceeding on to Taku, where the South Wales Borderers were expected in three transports. These, and a hospital ship, were convoyed by *Triumph* to Lo Shan Bay, which was full of men-o'-war and transports—eighty in all.

The sandy beach at the head of the bay was alive with moving figures, horses, piles of stores, guns and ammunition wagons, in a state of transit. Six pile piers were being built for landing the heavy guns, and four pontoon piers for troops and stores, in preparation for greater and greater effort.

On the beach ten thousand little horses herded together; thirty thousand troops, with stores for many months; materials for a railway forty miles long, with fifty 6-inch howitzers, their gaping mouths ready to belch fire and death. The whole expedition seemed to be typically Japanese in its miniature proportions. Everyone worked desperately hard, and would soon prove menacing in their efficiency.

As forerunner of our comparatively small forces, five thousand Japanese had taken up their position there about a month before, and had cleared the Germans out of the adjacent country. The British troops were landed in the ships' boats on the 23rd in the space of half an hour, and they marched up to the front on the 25th. The yeast of warlike operations was now seething in the East.

So much for our land operations. On their heels news flashed through

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that another division of Japan's finest cruisers had been sent to help in the chase of *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*.

From the beach the Japanese aeroplane could be seen flying over the harbour, with a rising and falling whirr and the German forts pounding at her with shrapnel. The Japanese Admiral and Captain Brand went aboard *Triumph*, and there followed a long conference about the morrow's work, when the British man-o'-war, with three Japanese battleships, were to bombard the forts. The ship's company cheered up wonderfully when the news got about, as they were athirst for battle and real activity.

Usk, which was patrolling inshore, saw something of the artillery duel which went on during the whole night, the positions of both sides being lit up with star shells. At 6.30 in the morning of September 28, four ships got under way. Curiously enough, they were all second-hand, viz. *Tango*, late *Poltavia*; *Suwo*, late *Pobieda*; *Iwami*, late *Orel* (all captured from the Russians in the comparatively recent war); and *Triumph*, which had been bought from the Chileans by Great Britain.

In single-line ahead, these ships steered a course parallel to the trend of the land for about three miles, firing all the time from turrets and star-board batteries and bursting shells all over the German positions. There was no reply. On the second run the four ships steered the same course, but had drawn one thousand yards nearer the shore. This time the forts replied viciously on the leading ship *Suwo*, and she turned away from the land, the shells falling harmlessly all around her. When the *Suwo* was out of range the German gunners opened fire on *Triumph*—the observers could see the vivid flashes, they could hear the report of the guns before the shots arrived; the range was twelve thousand yards. About a dozen shells fell within fifty yards on either side. The German range was perfect, but their deflection was not so good. *Triumph* pursued her way until the Japanese Admiral thought it good enough for a first attempt, and the ships were ordered back to port. Some grumbled that it was a pity, as they were all beginning to enjoy the fun. No doubt the heavy guns were doing a great deal of damage to property in general on shore.

A spotting officer, who was in a barrel lashed to the foremast, an advantageous if dangerous position, writes as his comment:

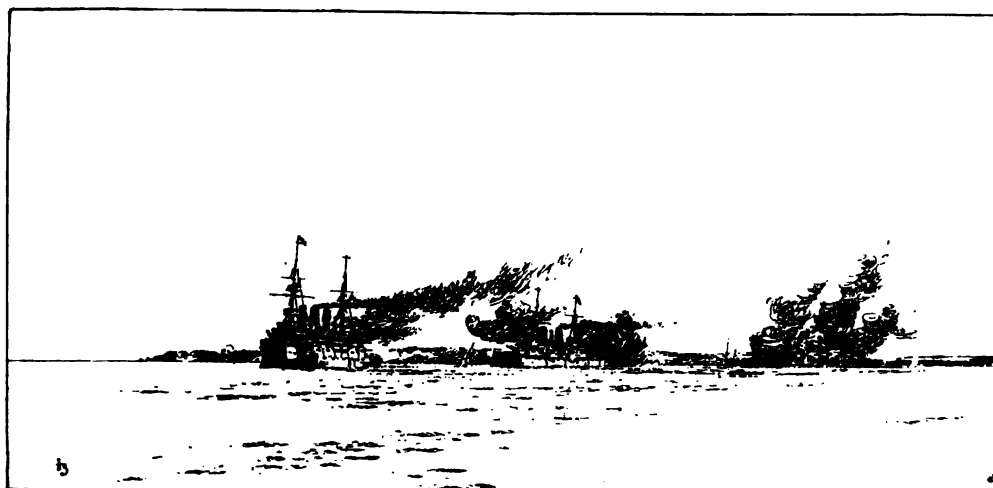
"Our shells burst all over the place, and appeared to set fire to a village and quantities of brushwood. The feeling of being under fire is not at all alarming; in fact, it adds considerably to the interest. The shells make a loud, whistling noise when they come, and fall with a plop into the water. One's instinct makes one duck one's head, which is rather comic when one comes to think of it. The time (about twenty-five seconds) between seeing



Suwo (flag)

Tango

Triumph



Suwo (flag)

Tango

Triumph

Bombardment of Tsingtau

(Drawn by W. Bevan)



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Siege of Tsingtau

the forts fire and the arrival of the projectile makes one think a bit. When steering before the wind I was nearly asphyxiated by smoke from the funnels, which was distinctly unpleasant, and I was glad to come down for that reason."

Usk, which had been detailed to cover a landing party, got no fighting after all, as the Germans evacuated their positions in Lo Shan harbour during the night, and the disembarkation of the Naval Brigade was unopposed. She took up a position where she could see the result of the battleships' fire, and reported that it had done a great deal of damage to buildings. About a hundred shells burst on the side of Iltis Hill.

Two mine-sweeping trawlers, who were working inshore in the afternoon, had a field gun suddenly open fire on them with shrapnel, killing two or three men. Two Japanese ships steamed over and poured in a broadside or two, and the gun ceased fire, whether out of action or no was not clear.

This brings the operations to September 29, when a ship arrived with a representative from the Emperor of Japan. He came on board *Triumph* in state, and read an address to the captain, after which he presented the ship with five dozen bottles of saki and five thousand of the Imperial cigarettes. There was a trip to Wei-hai-wei for coals and stores, and visits to that portion of Lo Shan harbour where the railway was being laid towards the front. The nights were often spent steaming slowly out to sea and back again.

Then early in October came another bombardment of Iltis Hill from a distance of 15,000 yards—rather too far to be effective. On the 7th there was a fresh breeze, and a captive balloon rose up from the German lines. The wind was so strong that soon the wire parted, and the balloon shot into the air to a great height and was carried right over the ships at least five thousand feet above them, just a grey hull, drifting out of all control. All the anti-aircraft guns blazed away at the rapidly-drifting observer who, alone in the car, was carried out to sea, still rising higher and higher until he at last disappeared in the blue—one of the brave derelicts of the war.

About this time the Japanese picked up an unexploded mine, which they took to pieces and found it did not by any means fulfil the conditions of the Hague Convention.

In the middle of October a conference took place on board the flagship on the subject of another bombardment of Iltis Hill and the German trenches disfiguring its surface. An area of 1,200 yards from the coast had been swept clear of mines, and on the land side all the Japanese siege guns, field-guns, and howitzers were in position. The idea was to reduce the

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enemy to a state of confusion by a powerful combined bombardment from every side, and then to carry Iltis Hill by infantry assault.

In the evening a wireless signal was made by the Japanese to the Governor of Tsingtau, suggesting an armistic at 10 a.m., to discuss the means of allowing the non-belligerents to leave the town before the next bombardment. The writers do not know with what result. *Triumph* went to sea on her usual patrol at night, and rejoined the other vessels in time for the engagement at 9 a.m.

The flagship *Suwo* proceeded to a position 17,000 yards from Iltis Point (having previously heeled the ship to port to elevate the guns), and opened a fierce fire. Considering the great range, her shooting was magnificent, most of her projectiles falling close to the forts, which replied in turn. All their shells fell short. As soon as *Suwo* had found the range, *Tango* approached to within 12,500 yards of Iltis Hill and thundered at her objectives. When she had been pouring out shells for about seven minutes Iltis Point fort replied and shots fell all round *Tango*, one or two of them being close alongside. She immediately went full speed ahead and moved out of range, *Triumph* taking her place and, pounding away for half an hour, deliberately bombarded the hill without being interfered with. Her shells burst like suddenly released clouds and dust-devils on the trenches all over Iltis, the spotting officer, confined to the barrel at the foremast head, having a splendid view—a recompense for all his discomforts.

Just as the authorised number of rounds had been sent upon their journey of destruction *Suwo* ceased fire, and at once Iltis Point fort blazed at *Triumph* with two 12-inch guns. The first struck the lower mast just above the main top; there was a vivid flash, a loud report, and thousands of splinters went flying murderously all over the ship. As soon as the smoke had cleared away it was found that the mast, which was three feet in diameter, was nearly blown away, the upper part being supported by a few inches of steel plate on either side. One man lay in a pool of blood in the top, an officer had his foot shot away, and a sergeant of marines had an arm and shoulder badly torn. It was wonderful that all were not killed, for the weight of a 12-inch shell is nine hundred and ninety pounds, and this had burst within a few feet of where they were stationed. The splinters flew with tremendous force, penetrating nearly an inch of steel in places. Over two hundred pieces of shell were picked up afterwards. The noise before the explosion was just like an express train thundering through a station with its whistle blowing.

At once the engines were put full speed ahead, and as the ship began to move another shell churned the water into a great column a few yards

Siege of Tsingtau

astern, exploding, but doing no harm, and before the fort could fire again the ship was out of range. A Japanese repair-ship soon made things right, and *Triumph* was again ready for sea.

In the evening a lying wireless message reported that the *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau*, and *Nürnberg* had been sighted seven hundred miles away, steaming towards Tsingtau.

This common German subterfuge caused some alteration in the operations, and on the 15th *Suwo*, *Iwami*, *Tango*, and *Triumph* went out in patrol line, waiting for the reported German squadron, ready and eager to fight it to the death. The weather was very bad, with half a gale of wind and pouring rain the whole time, making night watches in the tops and upper deck a martyrdom of discomfort, and sleeping in the open even worse. The patrol returned on the 17th and then learned that the Germans had been at Apia only a week before, and that the warning of their approach was merely a ruse.

The destroyer *S 90*, however, did escape from Tsingtau, sneaking through the patrol lines, and sinking a Japanese cruiser—*Takchiko*—on her way. This unfortunate ship carried a number of mines stowed below, so the explosion was terrific. Out of a crew of 340 men only three were saved. Such a mishap caused a great commotion. All the small ships sped in search of *S 90*. The aeroplane winged its way over Tsingtau and reported that the destroyer's place inside was vacant, so everywhere crews were kept on the *qui vive*, and nets were stretched out each night. On the 20th the escaped destroyer was found run on shore fifty miles south of Tsingtau, the victim of her own temerity. It seemed that she had been damaged by the explosion of the mines on board *Takchiko*, caused by her torpedo, and so was hoist with her own petard. A chart showing all the mine-fields was discovered on board—a great find! The crew was seized by the Chinese and marched off to Nanking for internment. The ship herself was rapidly breaking up, no longer any anxiety to the Allies.

Meanwhile the gunnery lieutenant and his assistant, who had gone on a mission ashore, returned to *Triumph*. They had been up to the front to inspect the country shortly to be bombarded. They reported that they saw the German defences clear in front of them, even to the men putting up the barbed wire entanglements. The forts were firing all the time they were on the spot, and many of the shells passed pretty close in places. On their return to Lo Shan they found the Japanese aeroplane preparing to start on a trial trip to attack *Kaiserin Elisabeth*, the Austrian cruiser, which was up to mischief, firing on the troops. The aeroplane dropped three bombs, but the ship was not hit or disturbed in her malevolence.

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On October 28 arrangements were made for a simultaneous attack from both sea and land, and the troops were to advance to within a thousand yards of the enemy's lines. As a preliminary to the next attack the representative of the Crown Prince of Japan, with the high courtesy of his nation, paid an official visit to *Triumph* to convey His Highness's appreciation of the bravery and fortitude of the officers and men. He took with him a present of five dozen bottles of saki.

Next day the British ship, with *Suwo*, *Tango*, and *Iwami*, ready again for battle, bombarded Iltis Hill and the positions on that side, keeping up a steady, devastating fire all day. *Triumph* was congratulated on her shooting. At least ten of her big shells burst right inside the fort, but in the evening, to the gunners' disappointment, Iltis was seen to fire just the same as before. At once the ship was given a list of five degrees to starboard to lengthen the range considerably, and the shells from the Iltis Point fort all fell eight hundred yards short, leaving *Triumph* unscathed and undismayed.

On the 30th the bombardment was repeated with about the same result, but the climax was closer at hand than was expected, for the army had advanced to within a thousand yards of the enemy's front defences.

When *Triumph* arrived off Tsingtau the next morning the shore batteries, both 6- and 12-inch, were already actively at work. Most of the town blazed with fire; a murky black cloud of smoke hung over it, blurring the blue sky. Shells were bursting all day, throwing up dust and dirt; aeroplanes buzzed and careered about over the batteries, and a balloon was spotting the shots. Iltis Point fort was blazing away, and altogether the whole effect was spectacular beyond description.

Each ship rushed in and bombarded in turn, taking care never to get within 17,000 yards—the extreme range of the forts' guns. The Germans must have had a taste of their own theories of the terrors of war.

Kaiserin Elisabeth was by this time suspected to be coaling in order to make a bolt for the open sea. *Triumph* was watching all night, but neither she nor the three patrolling destroyers saw anything of the enemy, and next day the bombardment was continued mercilessly by sea and land. The troops were now, in some places, within three hundred yards—almost shouting distance—of the outer line of German trenches. Wind from the southwest, starting with rain, rose to the proportions of a gale, so that next day the ships were forced into Lo Shan Bay for shelter. The temperature sank below forty degrees, and the troops in the trenches must have suffered badly. Information was received that *Kaiserin Elisabeth*, the floating dock, and the great crane in the dockyard had been blown up by the Germans. This was a counsel of despair.

Siege of Tsingtau

Bad weather raged for four days, and neither the troops nor the ships were able to resume operations. As a suggestive interlude, on Guy Fawkes' Day an effigy of the Kaiser was burnt with great ceremony in the ward-room of *Triumph*, during the temporary cessation of hostilities.

In spite of the weather the end was at hand. On the day following the English celebration of an historic plot to destroy its Government, the ships, on putting to sea, received an urgent signal to say that the enemy had surrendered, and that white flags were fluttering in all directions. The troops had rushed the outer line of trenches in the night, and afterwards rendered Bismarck, Moltke and Itis forts untenable. Hundreds of Germans surrendered without firing a shot. The town might possibly have held out longer, though its final end was inevitable from the beginning. The casualties on both sides were comparatively small, considering the strength of the defences. There can be no doubt that the Germans concentrated their fire especially on the British troops, perhaps because of a deeply embedded hatred on account of our effective alliance with Japan. Some members of the Japanese Parliament and a representative of the Emperor came and offered congratulations with their usual courtesy. To Japan it was a moment of great personal triumph.

The following is a translation of a message sent by the Governor of Tsingtau to the Kaiser, and probably shows the German point of view:

"TO YOUR MAJESTY THE KAISER,—Fortress has capitulated after exhaustion of means of defence through assault and by means of defences having been breached.

"Forts and towns beforehand thoroughly harassed by continuous bombardment lasting nine days. By land from heaviest weapons (up to 28 high-angle fire) assisted by heavy bombardment from sea; strength of our artillery fire at last completely broken. Losses not yet clearly ascertained; however, in spite of the heaviest and most obstinate continued fire they are for a wonder much smaller than was to be expected.

"MEYER WALDECK,
"Governor in Command."

CHAPTER IV

SAMOA AND KAISER WILHELM'S LAND—THE CAMEROONS— SHEIK SAID—THE PERSIAN GULF

THE first German colony to fall was Togoland, on the West Coast of Africa, which was invaded by a combined British and French force on August 7 and finally surrendered on August 27, no naval force participating. This is, therefore, apart from our record.

Samoa, the second to change rulers, was a point of great moral and political importance. In 1887 a deputation of Samoan chiefs had requested the Government of Great Britain, through the Governor of Fiji, to establish a protectorate over Samoa. The alternative was that the natives would probably, in the event of a refusal, appeal to Germany or some other European Power. The British Government's reply was briefly that it did not propose to extend the Queen's sovereignty in the Pacific.

This invariable attitude of Britain towards even necessary expansion (it had been applied to New Zealand in the early part of the last century) was the precursor of trouble. Negotiations were begun with Germany, and were spread over some years, the United States claiming to have a voice in any settlement arranged.

In 1889 an agreement was at last come to between Britain, the United States and Germany that the three Powers should take the Samoan group of islands under their joint protection. This was the occasion when the British cruiser *Calliope* steamed safely to the open sea through a terrific gale that wrecked Apia and the other ships in the harbour. The incident is historic, and is mentioned again later, in connection with the career of Captain Brandt.

The above arrangement, however, was not final, for in 1900, by a treaty between Britain and Germany, the United States consenting, it was agreed that Germany should possess the two largest islands with a few adjacent ones, and that the rest of the group should be handed over to the United States. In this division Apia went to Germany, and Pago-Pago, the finest harbour, to the United States.

Promptly on August 15, 1914, 1,500 New Zealand troops in transports

Samoa and Kaiser Wilhelm's Land

left Wellington. The Australian fleet, in company with French and Japanese cruisers, met the New Zealand expedition at Noumea, and Samoa was approached, under the protection of such ships as *Australia*, the light cruiser *Melbourne*, the French cruiser *Montcalm* and others. They arrived off Apia on the 28th.

This must have been a great moment for the New Zealand forces. They knew well the importance of the Samoan Islands to their country in commerce, but more especially as a base for an enemy of great naval power. Even from the beginning the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* were known to be in the Pacific. Supplies of all kinds awaited them in islands over which their flag had flown unchallenged for fourteen years. These were practical reasons for feelings of triumph. There was also connected with German Samoa a sentimental association that appealed to English and Americans alike. Robert Louis Stevenson lay buried there on the top of the mountain up the Road of Loving Hearts which the natives in their reverence had dug for him. He had been their champion throughout; he had acted in the spirit of Sir George Grey towards native races. He was familiarly known to them as "Tusitala the Story Teller." In Edinburgh, in St. Giles's Church, there is a beautiful memorial that stirs colonial hearts deeply when they look on it. Yet the simple inscription of the Road of Loving Hearts must move deeper still the souls of Englishmen whose honour it has been, among some mistakes and misconceptions, to defend and civilise the weaker peoples of the earth. "Remembering the great love of His Highness Tusitala, and his loving care when we were in prison and sore, distressed, we have prepared him an enduring present—this road which we have dug for ever."

New Zealand had no difficulty in her venture, for the German officials came in and swore fealty and were confirmed in their posts for the time being. Samoa, however, will be a heavy counter in the terms of peace, for all the great Dominions will be against any suggestion of its surrender.

German New Guinea, known in Germany as Kaiser Wilhelm's Land, was promptly invaded by an Australian force. A reconnoitring squadron, consisting of *Australia*, *Sydney*, *Parramatta*, and some destroyers, visited Rabaul, the official capital before the Samoa expedition. This was before the landing force sailed. These ships met in mid-ocean on August 7, and arrived some way off the port at 6 p.m. on the 11th. *Australia* then stopped, waiting off at sea, while the cruisers and destroyers were sent in to reconnoitre. It was believed at the time that the approaches were mined and defended by land batteries. It was also thought that possibly *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau*, and *Nürnberg* were lying low there, so the squadron was

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anticipating a lively time at any moment. The crew of *Australia* cleared the lower deck and cheered their consorts as they passed them, threading their way into the port. A stoker on board a small destroyer was overheard to say to a mate: "Yus, I'd cheer, too, if I was in a great ship like that!" Life in a destroyer, as any R.N.V.R. midshipman will say, is one of severe compression.

Nothing was found in port, but though search was made for enemy forces to the north of the island, they could not be unearthed. The following day a landing party was put on shore at Rabaul and tried to find the wireless station, without success. It was well hidden, and the Germans refused to disclose its whereabouts, although the Admiral threatened to blow the settlement to pieces—a threat he did not put into execution. The squadron could not stay as it was short of fuel, and *Australia* was due elsewhere for escorting troops to Apia. They therefore left, and *Sydney* was sent to the Palm Islands, about forty miles to the north of tropic Townsville, the rendezvous at which the Australian troops and a naval brigade were collecting for a full attack on Kaiser Wilhelm's Land. Ships and troops kept pouring in until September 2, and the transports then sailed, escorted by *Sydney*, *Encounter*, *Berima*, a destroyer, and two submarines—an imposing flotilla in those waters. On the 9th *Australia* joined the fleet off Rossel Island. The force arrived off Rabaul at 3 a.m. the next day, and again found the harbour empty. Two landing parties were put ashore about six miles apart, while another force was landed at Herbertshöh, all comparatively small stations.

The day was spent looking for the wireless telegraphy station, the ships standing close in to support. Eventually it was located, hidden away in the dense bush, and the Germans were entrenched close by to protect it. Some desultory fighting ensued, but the enemy were outnumbered and soon surrendered. After the battle the native police changed sides, and were delighted when put on guard over the prisoners. The Union Jack was hoisted at Rabaul on the 13th, and the German colony was formally annexed in the King's name. The flag that rules the seas flies there still.

After the capture of the colony Australian troops were transported to Egypt, *Sydney* being one of the ships forming the escort.

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In addition to these two almost bloodless successes, the Navy played a still more important part in the capture of the Cameroons. These operations are an eloquent example of invasion after preparation by a naval force, when such a force holds the sea and its highways. The Navy not only carried



Destroyers Patrolling



The Cameroons

out the necessary preliminaries, but supported the military in their land fighting, the chief advance being carried out up river, the best line of communications available.

On August 5 *Cumberland* left Gibraltar, and on the 6th she joined *Carnarvon* somewhere south-west of the Azores. *Cornwall* was in the neighbourhood; the German cruisers *Berlin* and *Panther* (the latter of Agadir fame) were believed to be off Las Palmas or in the vicinity of the Azores, though they were never seen, and their presence there is uncertain.

A few days were spent patrolling, generally at the low speed of six or seven knots. A Belgian ship was boarded twenty days out of Buenos Ayres, which had heard nothing at all of the international crisis, so slowly had news travelled. A number of German reservists were taken on board off an Italian ship and were sent to Gibraltar, but then allowed to go free. Why?

Carnarvon reached Sierra Leone on August 21, and the ship coaled the next day. The day following she left for Lome (in the German colony of Togoland) escorting troops, to be employed in those necessary minor operations. Fighting had already started in that colony, but it surrendered on August 26, before any reinforcements arrived. All the natives were delighted at the change of government. The Germans, as was the case in all their possessions, had made themselves hated, a fact that greatly assisted us during the fighting. Our native runners with messages generally got through, while the enemy messengers just as often brought in their messages to us instead of to their sometime masters. About half of the trained native troops deserted before the fighting began, so brittle was their allegiance.

Cumberland, in the meantime, prepared for scouting work, which was afterwards so well done in the Cameroons. The 29th was spent in collecting every scrap of local information obtainable regarding the place and its surroundings; on the 30th she sailed from Lagos to Fernando Po with *Dwarf*, a gunboat, in company. On arriving at the latter place, Santa Isabel was visited on account of its wireless station. This had been built by Germans, none of whom were then in charge, and was promptly taken over. Eight Englishmen were found who had been sent to the island from the Cameroons on parole—our enemies trusted English honour while holding lightly their own. The succeeding days were spent scouting, and on September 4 a party was landed at Victoria in the Cameroons. Under threat of bombardment the Germans allowed the landing to take place, and in order to gain time to call up assistance, acted with marked consideration. This was in accordance with their usual tactics, for one of their officers quickly arrived, saying that if the party did not evacuate the place at once it would be

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attacked. A retreat was therefore made, and all got off in about two hours. *Cumberland* then entered the bay, and learning what had happened, after due notice, made a target of a big store. After receiving ten 6-inch shells the building caught fire and burnt for twenty-four hours.

On the 6th a flotilla of launches, manned chiefly by the Nigerian Marine Service, arrived from Lagos, after a rough passage. It consisted of *Ivy* (the Governor's yacht); *Balbus* and *Walrus* (two steam tugs); *Vampire* and *Vigilant* (two steam launches); *Alligator* and *Crocodile* (two motor launches). With these the work entered on a new phase.

The mouth of the Cameroon River widens into a bay just before it opens to the sea. Innumerable creeks branch off from it. The shores are all lined with mangrove swamps which are quite impenetrable, forming a dense and tangled jungle. Here and there a "hard" occurs. The Germans lurked in the creeks and attacked our boats whenever they saw a suitable opportunity, while on shore small parties occupied the hards and fired with impunity on boats as they passed up and down. It was impossible to locate the enemy before they attacked us, or to catch them in the thick jungle once they got a start. They knew its bypaths and refuges too well.

Before any attack could be made on the town or military forces of the enemy, it was first of all necessary to survey the estuary and creeks, to buoy the channels, and to sweep them clear of mines which had been laid. Natives were used to some extent as guides, but although they knew the creeks, they had no ideas as to their depth, and thought any craft could steam where a canoe was able to paddle its way. Once the entrance to the harbour was swept and buoyed *Cumberland* came in, and anchored between Cape Cameroon and Suellaba Point, positions which are about six thousand yards apart. After thoroughly shelling these two points, parties of marines landed without resistance. A signalling party of three Germans and one native was captured on Suellaba Point, and the sheltered waters inside Suellaba were afterwards used as the chief anchorage. It was grandiloquently called the "Naval Base of the Expedition."

On the 10th the main channel of the bay was swept up to the entrance of the main creek on which Suala stands lonely amid the tangle of its swamps. This town, the capital of the colony, was our main objective. It was known that the entrance to the creek had been blocked by sunken ships, and it was reported that it had been mined, but no mines were found. The sunken ships had been put in position apparently by amateurs, so that a light-draught ship could pass up its narrow channel. *Dwarf* was left at the obstruction for the night to prevent further attempts at impeding us.

The next day the sunken ships were examined by divers to ascertain

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whether any were worth raising. Sweeping for mines was commenced above the obstruction, but had to be discontinued because a shore battery fired upon the sweepers. The guns were too deeply hidden in the mangoes to be located, and the mine-sweepers, which were small boats, escorted by *Dwarf*, had to beat a retreat. *Dwarf* was hit with one shell, but otherwise the German shooting was wild and ineffective. Evidently the gunners were not trained men. After this, exploration work was carried out up and down the winding creeks for three days.

On the 15th the Germans ventured a night attack upon *Dwarf* while she was on guard at the sunken ships, but the attacking boats were sighted and fired upon, and the attempt was not pushed home. An infernal machine had been made to blow up *Dwarf*, but the enemy abandoned his charge, and when fire was opened it floated harmlessly by towards the sea.

On the following night *Dwarf* was lying at anchor up another of the creeks (made magnificent by the name of Bimbia River) when *Nachtigall*, an enemy ship, came down stream. *Nachtigall* tried to ram our gunboat, which promptly opened fire and wrecked the German completely. The survivors afterwards gave eloquent testimony to the devastating and terrifying effect of quick-firing guns at a few yards' range. Luckily the damage done to *Dwarf* was small, and there were no casualties. One enemy was finally disposed of.

After this the creeks were searched and explored daily. Again and again work was interfered with, but went on, nevertheless, with British determination. Nothing of importance occurred until *Challenger* (a light cruiser) arrived with five transports on September 23.

From the beginning of the war *Challenger* had been constantly at sea on patrol duty, without any fighting to break the monotony. From home waters she had gradually been shifted south, until at the end of August she was in the neighbourhood of Madeira. On August 30, while off that place, she received orders to join the Cameroon Expeditionary Force, to the high delight of her crew, who at last saw a prospect of having a "scrap." *Challenger* was primarily dispatched on this duty because, though a heavily armed ship, she was of lighter draught than *Cumberland*, and able to pass over the sunken ships, and act as escort to the transports carrying the troops forming the landing expedition.

Challenger left Madeira on September 4, and after a short stay at Las Palmas, proceeded to Sierra Leone. The French cruiser *Bruix* had already arrived convoying four French transports. Accra, Lagos, Lome, Forcades, and Calabar were subsequently visited. Finally, *Challenger* took in charge five ships bound for the Cameroon River. These were made to keep station

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and steam at nights without sidelights, only one shaded light being allowed. It speaks strongly for the capacity of our Merchant Service that the captains were able to keep touch at all. There was some bungling, as at first two transports lost touch, and only rejoined the next morning, forming a minor incident at the most.

The Cameroon River was reached without untoward incident, and all ships anchored inside Suellaba Point, at the "Naval Base."

This was now the position. The tugs, launches, and small craft had explored the creeks surrounding the bay. The main channel had been surveyed and swept a little beyond the sunken ships. Some attempt had been made to blow up the obstructions, and it was possible for a ship drawing 19 feet of water to pass beyond them. *Challenger* drew 21 feet, and there was some discussion as to whether she should try to pass. Eventually it was decided to let her make the attempt, the reduction of draught being chiefly attained by shifting weights forward so as to bring the ship on an even keel. Even then she drew 19 feet 9 inches.

In spite of her draught *Challenger* got over the obstruction, although she bumped on a sunken lighter. By raising her bow she had enough way on to carry her past the wreck in the channel without damaging herself. The attempt had been perilous enough, but had been carried through without accident, by foresight and skill alone. The ship anchored about two miles off Yass Point, the position from which *Dwarf* and the mine-sweepers had previously been shelled. Mine-sweeping towards Duala, which had been discontinued, at once began again, and the mine-field was discovered and destroyed the same afternoon—quick and efficient work.

Duala now lay at our mercy, and a launch was sent up with a white flag to demand the surrender of the colony. The Germans had no intention of surrendering, and began to waste all the time possible to enable them to evacuate Duala before the place became too hot to hold them. This they did so successfully that a reply to our ultimatum (which was really no reply at all) was only received after sunset. The bombardment, therefore, had to be postponed until the next day, when the first round warned the enemy we were in earnest. No serious attempt was made to destroy the place. On the contrary, we wished to preserve it as a base for our own use after its capture. All that proved necessary was to convince its occupants of the folly of resistance in order to bring about a surrender.

The task of bombarding a town at a range of three miles presents some difficulty. Gunlaying is a simple matter, but spotting from such a distance is largely guess-work. For instance, a house believed to join a water-tower

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was subsequently ascertained to be 2,000 yards beyond it. The house had appeared to be on the top of a bank by the water's edge, but really the bank was 600 yards distant from the water. Then our fire was directed at the Yass Gun Battery, and we only discovered later that the battery demolished was a dummy one, while the real battery, perfectly concealed, remained untouched, though no firing was done from it. During the bombardment boats were seen pulling off from the pier at Duala. They were fired at, again probably with very little effect. Simultaneously an attempt was made to destroy a railway bridge on the Lungasi River, the line of retreat to the west of the town. The Germans had prepared to defend the bridge, and in the impenetrable jungle it was impossible to reach the defending force or to pass up the narrow river winding between its tangles of undergrowth.

A desultory fire was kept up on Duala during the day. The next morning it was decided to land a party of marines under cover of a fog. The fog cleared and the order was cancelled. Soon after this the enemy were noticed to be destroying stores and their wireless telegraphy station, and at about 10 a.m. a white flag was sent off saying that the place surrendered.

So on September 28 the transports passed triumphantly up the river and disembarked troops at the pier. With their landing the share of the military portion of the expedition began. The land operations fell into three phases. First, the French pursued the retreating forces westwards down the line of rail. These forces promptly destroyed the bridge over the Lungasi River near Japoma, and held an entrenched position on the farther bank, from which they were ejected by the French, who clambered over the ruined bridge under a hot fire so as to get to close-quarters—a very fine piece of work. The second phase consisted of a combined English naval and military force in chase of the Germans who had gone northward up the river. It was carried out simultaneously with the operations of the French. The third and last phase comprised the advance of columns to Edea in the south and Tiko in the north. Only the second operation will be fully described, although even that was really a river incident and not a marine one. Still, the story of the operation is not generally known, and it illustrates the powers of heavy artillery, which, in this case, could only be transported by water.

The Expeditionary Force, consisting of about 5,000 troops, soon settled down after occupying Duala. The French were quartered in the eastern half of the town, and the British in the western—neighbours only, but on close terms of friendship. A lot of preliminary work had to be done before any further advance could possibly be made. Patrols almost at once came in

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touch with the enemy outside the town on the west—in the direction of Japoma. The civil population to the number of some hundreds, both male and female, had to be removed, so they were shipped into the transports which had brought up the troops. The most valuable capture consisted of nine merchant ships of the Woermann Line, which had come to Duala at the outbreak of the war. These were found anchored above the pier, safe from our preliminary attack.

Our fleet of tugs and launches was reinforced by the addition of two makeshift "monitors," which were christened *Dreadnought* and *Super-Dreadnought*. The captain of the *Cumberland* decided that 6-inch guns should be sent up the river with the troops, and a hopper and large lighter were strengthened and armed with guns of this calibre. Their artillery proved to be of the utmost value to the expedition. Wherever these guns were taken, the enemy offered only slight opposition. The fire was too deadly for them.

Early in October the troops, to the number of about 1,500 strong, were embarked in a nondescript collection of boats. The expedition was hurried up as the rainy season was drawing to a close and the water in the river would soon be falling, making progress much more difficult. As it turned out we were helped by the water falling later in the season than usual.

A start was made, in the grey dawn, at five o'clock the following morning. At first the river lay between impenetrable mangrove swamps, but after a time the scenery changed, and the dense trees gave way to banana and cotton plantations, studded with coconut palms, with scattered villages or solitary huts nestling peacefully among them. The inhabitants turned out, and shouted and danced with delight at the arrival of the invaders. Native emotion on such occasions should always be diluted with common sense; but it was clear that the Germans were hated for their arrogance, and the English welcomed in anticipation of their justice. The enemy fighting forces had only left the villages a short time before the flotilla passed, their outposts falling back as we advanced upstream.

Shortly after four o'clock Nsake, our first objective, was sighted. Being a fort it was suspect. A party of scouts landed, and the place was carefully approached with proper military precaution. It was found to be unoccupied. The ground and cover offered every facility for defence, of which those responsible for it took no advantage. Apparently the easiness of the advance led to the belief that opposition would be slight on the next day, when Jabassi had to be attacked. This opinion caused a somewhat disorganised advance.



Mine-Sweepers

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The Cameroons

The town was reached by 8 a.m. The day was scorchingly hot—so much so that the troops were unable to push the attack home at the critical moment owing to exhaustion. The enemy's position proved to consist of a line of trenches a hundred yards from the river on the left bank. These, carefully concealed, were quite invisible until fire was suddenly opened on our troops. On the right bank was a mound of firm ground buried behind bush and swamp, and in the rear of this lay the town, which consisted of a few houses and Government buildings, with some corrugated iron sheds by the river side. About 6,000 yards from the town the two "Dreadnoughts" opened an animated fire with their 6-inch guns, and it was subsequently discovered that they did great damage. Under the cover of this fire troops were landed who worked round the German right flank on the mound, fiercely attacking the main position of the town. They were met by a heavy return fire, and were unable to make further progress since a mixed naval and marine detachment, sent ashore as reinforcements, were too physically exhausted to reach the firing line. The officer had no option except to retreat. This was effected safely, and in an orderly manner, despite the exhaustion of the troops.

In the meantime the flotilla had been subjected to point-blank fire. The trenches on the left bank attacked *Dreadnought* and *Super-Dreadnought*. They returned the fire with their 6-inch guns—the range being only a hundred yards. Naturally a very little of this effectively cleared the trenches. At the first round a fairly large tree was uprooted and flung some feet into the air, to fall back along the line of trench. Some of the debris even fell from on high on to the decks of the flotilla. A mishap then hampered our operations, as one of the tugs pushed up-stream against orders and grounded on the end of an island in mid-stream. It had to be abandoned.

As darkness fell with tropic suddenness, the troops re-embarked, and the flotilla dropped down-stream again.

In the skirmish—it was little more—we had three white officers killed and one wounded; thirty men were killed and wounded among the native troops on shore. On the river there were no casualties, except among the native crews, and these were slight. The retirement was effected with great skill, as the river was running six knots, and a tornado burst and raged furiously for some time. A halt was made at last about 23 miles below Jabassi, but it was finally decided to return to Duala in order to make a fresh start from there. It was afterwards discovered that the Germans had evacuated Jabassi the same night. The return to Duala took place on October 9, and a fresh start was made on the 12th. This time the advance was carried out from Nsake onwards, with flanking parties

Sea Fights of the Great War

on the east bank of the river, and Jabassi was occupied with scarcely any opposition.

The rest of the colony surrendered after further fighting at Edea and Tiko. This triumphantly completed our conquest of the Cameroons.

SHEIK SAID

Our next operation was far afield from the one just described, and was probably of greater tactical importance.

Sheik Said is situated on the Arabian coast on the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb. The shore is composed of barren, rocky hills, rising to a considerable height, like dark sentinels to the entrance of the Red Sea. The country can support no considerable population or garrison, and is principally inhabited by Arabs. It was our policy to be friends with the tribes, for little love is lost between the Arabs and the Turks, the nominal rulers of the country. At all times Turkish law can only be carried out by means of an armed force strong enough to overawe the local tribesmen. Turba, a solitary fort, overlooked the Straits. It was armed with two field-guns, two 18-centimetre Krupp guns, and a large stock of projectiles and cordite. The fort itself was built of granite, and contained barracks, magazines, out-houses, godowns, and effective shelter. The garrison numbered about five hundred. Water was the main difficulty, and if the wells that existed were destroyed, no one could remain in the fort over the time necessary for their restoration. Before the war broke out a party of German staff officers had visited the place and supervised the arrangements for its defence. The Germans have always carried out the policy of causing dispersion among the Allies as much as possible, and attacks on Aden, Tripoli, Persia, and other Eastern outposts were chiefly made with the object of keeping idle, far from the main war, forces which might otherwise be used nearer home.

Opportunity was taken to effect the destruction of Sheik Said by troops passing through the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb on their way from India to France. The attack, which could be made either from the east or the west, was to be supported in any case by warships. It was finally decided to attack from the east, which was the easier side on which to effect a landing. It gave the best line of attack, could more easily be supported from the sea, and vitally threatened the Turkish line of retreat—a great consideration. *Duke of Edinburgh* was ordered to arrange for the attack with the general officer commanding the troops. The whole operation was to be rushed through in twenty-four hours, while the main body of the transports waited at Aden. The 14th Sikhs, 29th and 89th Punjabis, and 23rd Pioneers were

Sheik Said

detailed for the attack, with *Duke of Edinburgh* covering transports and other naval units.

It was decided to arrive off the objective at 1 a.m., land the troops, and make a surprise attack in the dim light of dawn under the cover of the ship's guns. On arriving off the eastern position a picket boat was sent in to reconnoitre, and the beachmaster reported that a landing was impossible owing to the heavy sea. The Turks, meanwhile, discovered the ships from the hills, and opened rifle fire; but, of course, this was futile. As landing was impracticable, the whole plan had to be changed at the eleventh hour. It was then arranged that *Duke of Edinburgh* should bombard the fort at dawn, and the troops should go round and make a landing at the western position.

At daylight, accordingly, *Duke of Edinburgh* shelled the fort and the neighbouring gun positions without drawing any reply from the enemy. The whole land force sailed round the west of Perim, the eastern channel being commanded by enemy field-guns. They arrived at the western position about 9 a.m. A covering party was successfully landed about an hour later and entrenched on a small hill, the remainder of the troops following as quickly as possible. This manœuvre was comparatively slow, as the troops were not used to boats or water operations—the majority never having even seen the sea before they arrived at Bombay for embarkation. As the landing was in progress some firing took place, but the resistance was feeble, and the manœuvre was completed at about 2 p.m. The whole operation could not be pushed through in twenty-four hours, as originally decided, owing to the alteration of the plan; but the advance was continued steadily all the afternoon, and the enemy began to retreat into the interior. They yielded to the inevitable, as they could not stem our advance. Turba itself was reached, and occupied, about 7 o'clock the following morning. It was found that the shelling from *Duke of Edinburgh* had greatly damaged the fort, half the guns, and a part of the magazine. The naval demolition party and the 23rd Pioneers soon accomplished the final destruction of the place, including the wells. Re-embarkation was completed by 5 p.m. the same day.

Considering the change in the plan and the difficulties of the landing, the operations had been brilliantly carried out. The most deciding factors were the 9-inch and 6-inch guns of *Duke of Edinburgh*. These destroyed the enemy's stronghold and left him no refuge for a retreat. He had, therefore, to retire inland. Our casualties were slight—only four men killed, whilst the Turkish losses, as far as known, were hardly more, as no stand-up fight took place. The episode again showed the adaptability of naval and land power in combination.

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THE PERSIAN GULF

The war had now become a struggle of life and death, in which modern civilisation, as Democracy understands it, was at stake, and Turkey, having taken the only side consistent with her records, became an enemy power on November 1. She was, no doubt, strengthened in her decision by the presence of *Goeben* and *Breslau* off Constantinople. The Turks have always claimed that their Empire extended to the shores of the Persian Gulf. We quickly took up their challenge.

The outlying boundaries of the Turkish Empire are not here strictly demarcated as in Europe. Where the population is predominantly Turkish, the Turks rule without question. On the outskirts of the Empire the Turks are practically only represented by the ruling classes. Government was limited almost entirely to the collection of taxes and the enriching of the officials by illicit means, or rather by means which would be considered illicit among Europeans; a method in which the Turk is a past master. In distant countries the local chiefs are practically independent. Turkish rule is only present where it is upheld by military power and by a garrison. The only real allegiance acknowledged is to the Sultan as the religious rather than the temporal ruler of Islam. Such was the state of affairs at the head of the Persian Gulf. Local chiefs—known as sheiks—such as the Sheik of Mohamerah and the Sheik of Koweit, only bent to the temporal power of the Turks when it was accompanied by a real show of force, which was not often. On the other hand, ever since the middle of the seventeenth century English ships had policed the Persian Gulf and its shores, and had established the “*pax Britannica*” in a way which Turkey and Persia had never been capable of doing. Piracy had been suppressed by the old Indian Navy; its modern equivalent and prototype—gun-running—had been put down with an iron hand after a series of operations lasting many years. During all this time our relations with the local chiefs had been carried on by direct communication, and not through any suzerain power. Some of the sheiks had even been granted British honours, and had received marks of distinction which could not be conferred on the subjects of dependent states without the sanction of the suzerain. Our policy as regards Turkish suzerainty has never been consistent; but in more recent times (at any rate, since the Viceroyalty of Lord Curzon) our claim to a special position in the Persian Gulf and its littoral has been definitely insisted upon. When the Bagdad Railway question came up for settlement a few years ago this claim was endorsed by the Home Government, an endorsement we had, luckily, never abrogated.

The Persian Gulf

In October, 1914, *Espiègle*, a sloop of war, was anchored up the Karun River, in Persian waters. The Turko-Persian boundary runs north and south, starting a little westward of the town Moharreh at the mouth of the Karun River; up-stream is Ahwag, where a pipe taps the oil-fields of south-western Persia. These fields are owned by an English company; but the Admiralty is the principal shareholder and the most greatly interested partner. The pipe runs from the fields all the way to Abadan, a Persian town south-east of Mohamerah on the Shatt-el-Arab. As our Navy gets most of its oil from these fields it was necessary to guard this very important interest. *Dalhousie*, a steamer belonging to the Royal Indian Marine, which had been converted into an auxiliary cruiser on the outbreak of war in Europe, lay off Abadan. Both *Espiègle* and *Dalhousie* were, therefore, in Persian waters. *Odin* was lying outside the outer bar of the Shatt-el-Arab, which is ten miles off shore, since that river silts badly. We thus actually had no ships in Turkish territorial waters. As the Turks wished to occupy the mouths of the Shatt-el-Arab with their forces, the presence of these ships up river was a serious menace to their designs. As early as October 4 the Vali of Basra wrote a letter in Turkish and "bad" English, demanding the withdrawal of *Espiègle* and *Dalhousie*, ending up in the English version with the sentence, "Please you leave the Shatt before twenty-four hours." A reply was sent that the ships could not leave without orders from the Admiralty. In a word an ultimatum was deliberately ignored.

Nothing further transpired for some days. *Emden* was at that time in the Indian Ocean on her cruise of destruction, and it was believed she might "*Goeben*" herself up the Shatt and be sold nominally to Turkey. There was precedent enough for such an action. Look-outs were, therefore, placed on an island to keep a watch, as *Odin* and the other ships would hardly have been a match for her; a little later *Duke of Edinburgh* was ordered to the Gulf to intercept her should she try such a move. This changed the situation materially.

The Turks quickly began arranging for the defence of the Shatt. Two guns were mounted on an island right in the stream, about a thousand yards from where *Espiègle* lay up the Karun River, and troops were rapidly arriving. *Ocean*, a battleship, with transports carrying a brigade of our troops, arrived at Bahrein at about this time. *Dalhousie* was now withdrawn and sent to Basra to keep up wireless communication, as the only telegraph line lay through Persia and was liable to be interrupted.

On November 1 *Espiègle* was further ordered to protect British interests and property, especially the oil works at Abadan. At about 3 o'clock on the morning of the 3rd, *Espiègle* weighed, and drifted down stream to

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Abadan, in order to be better placed to safeguard our oil pipes. Apparently her departure was unnoticed by the Turks, although she passed within three hundred yards of the battery previously mentioned erected within a thousand yards of her position at the mouth of the Karun River.

Hostilities did not begin till November 6, when *Odin* crossed the bar to cover the landing of troops, and engaged a battery of four 15-pounder Krupp guns at Fao. As soon as this attack started, the Turks, who had entrenched themselves opposite Abadan, opened rifle fire on *Espiègle*. They had no heavy guns, and *Espiègle* quickly returned their fire and dispersed the opposing forces, who suffered a good deal of loss. *Espiègle* had erected sandbags and bullet-proof screens round her upper decks before the outbreak of hostilities, which afforded protection from rifle fire. Consequently she suffered a loss of only two wounded. *Odin* silenced the battery at Fao in an hour, and the transports then came in, covered by *Odin* and *Ocean*, and landed troops without further opposition; other transports were escorted up to Abadan by *Odin* on the 7th. The Turks withdrew from this part of the river altogether, and entrenched themselves about five miles farther up stream at Sahil.

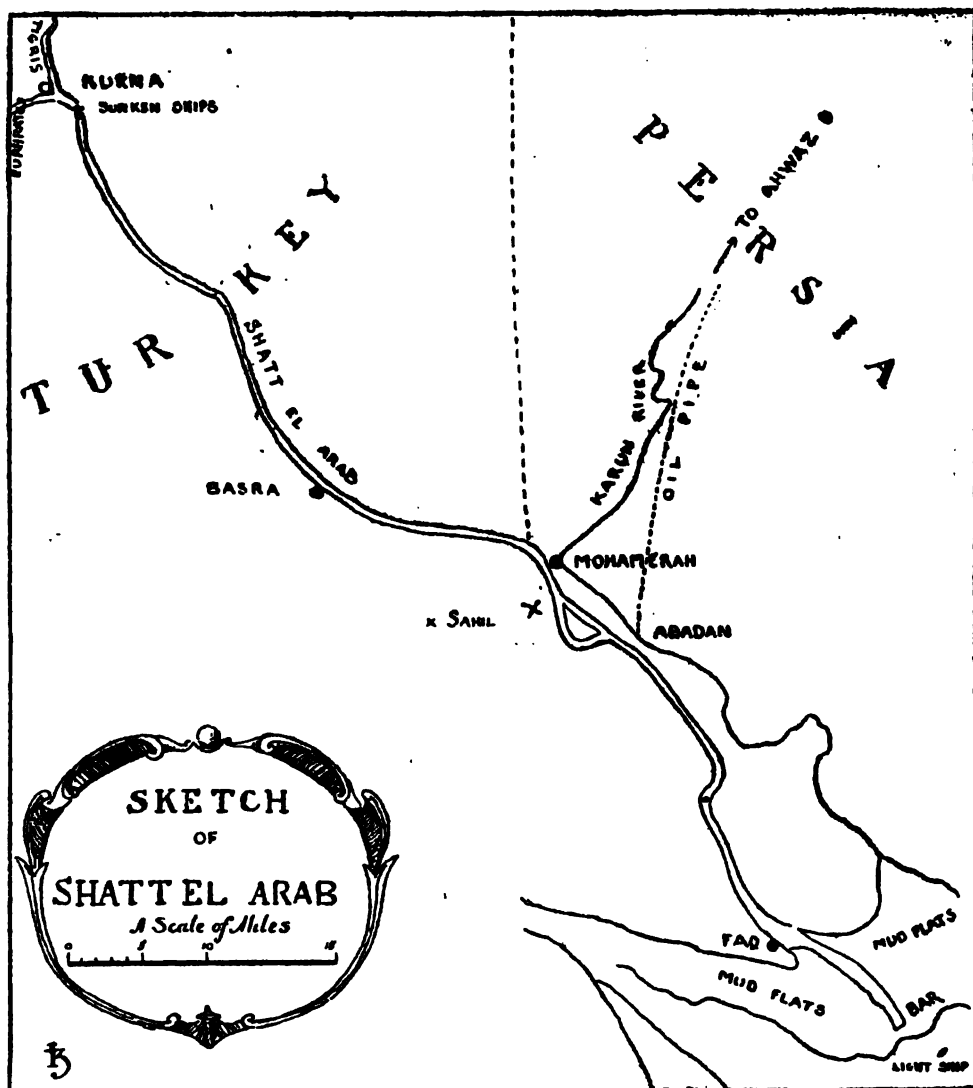
On the 11th, just before the break of dawn, the Turks made a sudden attack on our camp. They succeeded in pushing past the outposts and got in among the troops, but they were driven back at close quarters with very heavy losses, coming under the fire of *Espiègle*, *Odin*, and the armed launches as they retired across the desert. Four days later we made a reconnaissance in force, supported by *Odin* on the river, towards the Turks' position.

In consequence the main advance up river began after two days' preparation, *Espiègle* and *Odin* supporting on the right flank. No full account need be given of the land operation, which has already been described in official dispatches. The guns from the ships were a slight protection, but indirect fire, under way, with the high banks and palm trees fringing them and hiding everything, is extremely difficult; "spotting" was only possible from the main truck. Their assistance, however, was of great moral value.

On the 20th the unexpected news was received that the enemy were abandoning Basra, the chief town south of Bagdad, and the headquarters of the Turkish governor. The flight was apparently due to panic owing to the heavy losses already incurred and the salutary lesson received by the Turks in the attack of our camp at Sahil.

Next day, therefore, *Espiègle*, *Odin* and *Lawrence*, the last an armed auxiliary of the Royal Indian Marine, were ordered to try to get through an obstruction the Turks had sunk across the river and to reach Basra.

The Persian Gulf



Sketch-map of Shatt el Arab

The obstruction proved to consist of five ships sunk in the channel, but only one (the Hamburg-Amerika liner *Elbantana*) was skilfully placed, having been scuttled in the very middle of the waterway. Four other ships had been sunk astern of her, and from her bows wire hawsers had been laid to the bank. These were cast off, and it was then found that there was just room

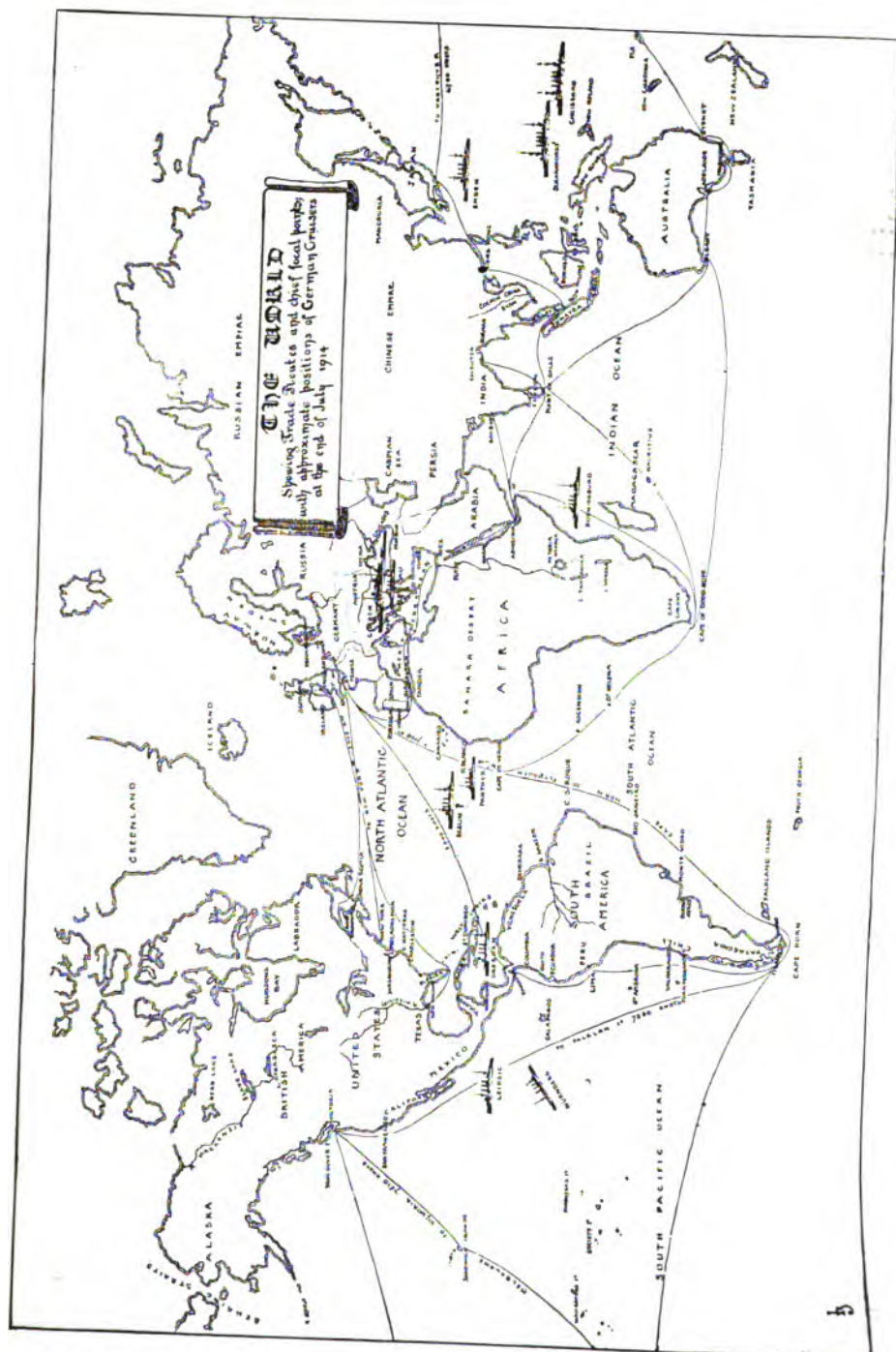
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enough for our ships to pass up, though the current was rushing through the gap like a mill race. *Espiègle* was, nevertheless, skilfully taken through, but the eddies were so strong it was considered wiser to let *Odin* and *Lawrence* wait until the tide slackened, and they passed through successfully at about 2.30 p.m. *Lawrence* was left on guard, while *Espiègle* and *Odin* went on to Basra, which was reached at 5 p.m. The first thing to be done was to land parties and restore order, as the Arabs, profiting by the withdrawal of the Turks, were all out looting. The German Consul and staff were made prisoners. The military began arriving about noon the next day, and *Odin* proceeded 25 miles up the river reconnoitring, without sighting any enemy or having to waste a shot.

Basra is at the head of the navigable waters of the Tigris and Euphrates. The river at this time was almost at its lowest and was uncharted higher up. True naval operations cannot be said to have been carried out above this point. The rest of the operations were military in their character.

Still, the Navy continued to help the military, but it was river work, and not marine. *Espiègle*, *Odin*, and *Lawrence*, with armed launches, joined in the operations against Kurna. The ships were frequently not properly afloat, even in the middle of the channel, and only made way by being able to push through the loose mud which formed the bottom.

These operations cannot be compared in size or in landing importance with the Dardanelles, but they were the prelude to very great events.





CHAPTER V

CLEARING THE TRADE ROUTES

"CARMANIA" AND "CAP TRAFALGAR"—THE END OF "EMDEN"

MAHAN has compared the ocean to a great common, which may be crossed in any direction but which is usually traversed for specific reasons in certain directions only. The paths of the ocean are the trade routes, and these cross and converge at certain places and form focal points at which the traffic is continually passing and repassing, linking a world-wide commerce into one mighty whole. Countless argosies have passed along them. It is near these focal points that commerce-destroyers can best ply their trade and succeed best in their work of destruction. The most important centres lie at the mouth of the English Channel, the western end of the North Atlantic Lane, the Straits of Gibraltar, the Cape Verde Islands, the Cape of Good Hope, the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, the Point de Galle (Ceylon), the Straits of Malacca and Sunda, and the coast of Brazil, near Pernambuco. Cape Horn is also important, though less British shipping passes by it than at other points, and it is swept by heavy seas. At the outbreak of war arrangements were made to patrol the trade routes, but they were considerably curtailed by the necessity of convoying transports of troops. The English Channel was, of course, fully protected, and no German ships, except submarines, could ever approach it. The western end of the North Atlantic trade route was also sure to be well protected, and was flanked by secure bases in Canada and in the West Indies. The Straits of Gibraltar were commanded by Gibraltar itself—that citadel of defence sorely tried in many wars and ravenously coveted. Torpedo patrols also guarded the Straits. The cruiser *Strassburg* left Gibraltar just before the outbreak of the war. The Cape Verde Islands furnished one of the best stations for German commerce-destroyers. *Berlin* and *Panther*, as mentioned before, were believed to be on this station when hostilities were declared; but if so, both returned to Germany without attacking the trade and without being interrupted. *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, a 14,000-ton ship of the Norddeutscher Lloyd, managed

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to slip away from Germany as an armed auxiliary, and operated south of the Verde Islands. She apparently kept her supply ships off one of her own colonies in West Africa. It is believed she carried ten 4.1-inch guns. The story of her cruise ought to be given in full to the world, as her captain was one of the few Germans who performed his duties with gallantry and humanity. Such examples are so rare that it is a point of honour to give them full acknowledgment. Finally she met the cruiser *Highflyer* off the Oro River on the West African coast. The auxiliary was no match for the man-o'-war and she was sunk after a short action.

At the same time a British squadron was based on the Cape of Good Hope. The only enemy ship—*Königsberg*—in these waters was on the eastern side of the continent. Her career and destruction will be described in another chapter. She is alluded to here only as a prelude to her later history.

The Straits of Malacca and Sunda were guarded from the base at Singapore. It is of interest to note that the Admiral in charge of the China squadron, as previously related in Chapter III., took up his residence on shore to be in reach of the powerful wireless-telegraphy station. He could do more by keeping in touch with ships by wireless than by being actually at sea.

Lastly, *Karlsruhe*, the newest and fastest cruiser of the German "Town" class, arrived at Mexico about the middle of July, 1914. Here she met *Dresden*, which had been on the station since the end of 1913, and exchanged captains with her. On the outbreak of war *Dresden* left for the Pacific; *Karlsruhe*, however, made little or no use of her great opportunities. Her doings have never been fully recorded. Even her end is obscure; but she is believed to have run ashore and been blown up some time during the ensuing winter. Two German auxiliary cruisers which escaped from New York, and were armed by *Karlsruhe*—namely, *Kron Prinz Wilhelm* and *Cap Trafalgar*—were also on the route.

"CARMANIA" AND "CAP TRAFALGAR"

Before the war, the finest liner trading to South America was the triple-screw steamer *Cap Trafalgar*, built for the Hamburg-Sudamerikanische Dampfschiffahrtsgesellschaft by the Vulcan Werke on the Elbe. One of the writers happened to be in Rio de Janeiro when this floating palace steamed leisurely alongside the wharf on her maiden trip. There was a German Royal Prince among her passengers, and all the rank and fashion of the town turned out to see and admire her. She was sumptuously fitted with a



Carmania engages Cap Trafalgar.

“Carmania” and “Cap Trafalgar”

winter garden twelve feet high, full of tall palms, a swimming bath, a musicians' gallery, and many grand saloons, besides quite a number of “de luxe” suite rooms. She was the latest product of the continual development which had taken place in this go-ahead company with such a typically German name, a floating hotel replete with every luxury man or science could devise. She was the first vessel of the German mercantile marine to be propelled by triple screws driven by combination machinery. Her length over all was 611 feet, her beam 72 feet, with a gross tonnage of 18,710 tons; she could steam 18 knots, and carry 1,932 passengers and crew. There is little doubt that besides all the arrangements for the comfort of her passengers, she had also, with great foresight, been built strongly enough to carry a heavy armament of guns in case of emergency. At any rate, we find her soon after the outbreak of war armed with a battery of very up-to-date weapons, quite ready to run amok among our merchantmen on a career of wanton and unexpected destruction.

It so happened that the British Admiralty had also converted, for defensive purposes, a big liner, *Carmania* by name, one of the Cunard Company's fleet, not quite so large or so fast as the German; her guns were 4.7's, slightly larger than those of *Cap Trafalgar*, though of an older pattern.

The two ships were well matched, and no single-ship action has been fought out to the death in such an historic and Nelsonian fashion during the war as the action between the two leviathan merchantmen.

On the morning of Monday, September 14, 1914, *Carmania* was steaming under a cloudless sky of tropic blue towards the small jagged peaks of Trinidad. These lie off the coast of Brazil. It was a weird spot, long reputed to be the Treasure Island where the pirates of past history had buried their ill-gotten gains, and it is wonderfully described by Mr. E. F. Knight in “The Cruise of the *Alerte*.” Most of us can remember with a shudder the land crabs crawling about the cave on the night of his first landing. It had been the model of many stories also, familiar to the boyhood of our Empire.

On rounding Nine-Pin Peak, which rises 850 feet sheer out of the sea, the Cunard liner sighted a strange ship at anchor close under the lee of the land. Her crew seemed to be taking aboard coal at express speed, with two ships alongside and all derricks up. Though one funnel had been lifted out, and some alterations had been made in her appearance, it was evident that the stranger was *Cap Trafalgar*, and the German captain, the moment he saw *Carmania* steaming towards him, cast off both his colliers, tripped his anchor, and steamed to the south-east at full speed. Perhaps he expected to find other ships in company coming round the far side of the

Sea Fights of the Great War

island; some fleet, in fact, against which he had no chance in a pitched battle. It may be that the colliers which had gone ahead signalled to him that the coast was clear, for *Cap Trafalgar's* helm was suddenly put hard-a-port, and she turned boldly to meet her oncoming foe. It was in such manner that these ocean giants, so short a while ago peaceful competitors, faced each other as mortal enemies.

Carmania's first shot was fired across the bows of the German ship, which at once opened fire, concentrating all her guns on the bridge and upper deck of the British vessel, no doubt to disable her. *Carmania* retaliated by blazing shot on shot all along the enemy's waterline, so as to procure her immediate destruction. The range was 2,800 yards, and the two ships, in fierce action, crossed each other, *Cap Trafalgar* passing astern of *Carmania*, who soon edged away to keep out of range of a quick-firing machine-gun. She carried out this manœuvre until the splashes showed these shells were all falling short.

Soon the concentrated German artillery caused a fire to break out on the bridge and charthouse—its primary object. The British guns, firing incessantly, became so hot that the crews could hardly work them; the helm of *Carmania* was put over to port to bring her fresh broadside into action. Besides this, the alteration, of course, brought the ship before the wind, giving the fire less draught and the crew a better chance to extinguish it. The German shells had cut the water mains, and until the latter were mended the firemen could do nothing. The captain had to abandon the bridge and con the ship from right aft, and soon the flames were shooting up high to the funnel-tops. Meanwhile the gunnery lieutenant had to concentrate all his attention on the repair of the water pipes, and though the battle raged as fiercely as ever, the fact that the ship had perforce to be kept right before the wind prevented any manœuvring.

Meanwhile *Cap Trafalgar*, who was now running almost parallel to *Carmania*, began to make a bad list to starboard. Our fire had taken deadly effect.

The German captain, as a last resource, turned his ship towards the island, possibly in the hope of beaching her. There remained no time for this. The water continued to pour into the ship, now steaming along on her side. It became evident that no power could save her, so she stopped, and a few of the starboard boats were lowered.

Cap Trafalgar, a little later, turned right on her beam ends, and as the sea dashed over her decks the great liner slowly righted herself. The masthead flags still flew in brave defiance, the eagle and iron cross fluttering for one brief moment among clouds of steam and black smoke



Carmania and Cap Trafalgar: The End of the Battle.

Sea Fights of the Great War

"By the beginning of September, 1914, we reached the Gulf of Bengal, on the look out for prey on the trade routes. On the 11th a large steamer was sighted ahead. Assuming that we were a British man-o'-war she at once hoisted a large British flag to signify her joy at our presence. I regret I did not see the foolish face of her skipper when we hoisted our ensign and politely signalled her to join us. She was splendidly equipped to carry troops from Colombo to France. During the last few days our supply of soap had run low, and it was therefore a particularly pleasing feature to find that, owing to the undeniable love the English people have for cleanliness, she was carrying enough soap to last a year. Her crew were shipped in our 'rogues' depot.' For this purpose we always kept one ship, either because of her small value, or because of her neutral cargo. She was retained until she was overfull with the crews of captured vessels, then dismissed.

"During the next few days our business flourished; as soon as a steamer came our way she was stopped, and one officer and say ten men were sent aboard and made her ready to be sunk. Another masthead generally appeared on the horizon. There was no need to hurry; they simply came our way. At times we had five or six vessels collected on one spot. Of one you could just see the tops of her funnels, the next was under water right up to her decks, the next was still fairly normal—just rolling from side to side as she was slowly filling.

"I should like to say a word about the behaviour of the English on these occasions. Most of them were quite sensible. After their first astonishment they started abusing the Government, but, with one single exception, offered no resistance to their ships being sunk.

"It is a queer feeling for a sailor to see a ship sunk. After flooding the ship, she would roll as if uncertain what to do, then gradually sink lower and lower till the upper deck reached the sea level; then the whole ship appeared as though drawing a last breath. The bow would settle down, the masts would touch the water, the propellers would stand up in the air, the funnels would blow out the last steam and coal dust, for a few seconds the ship would stand upright, and then, like a stone, shoot vertically to the bottom. The compression of the air burst the bulkheads, like a fountain the spray rises, and shortly afterwards no more is seen. As a last greeting from the depths, about half a minute later loose spars, boats, and other objects come shooting up, and long spars come dashing to the surface like arrows, springing up several yards; finally, a large spot of oil, some broken boats, life-belts, and similar objects. Then the *Emden* makes for the next masthead.

"Altogether, the English had, generally, no real understanding of the war with them. It is not as with us—a war of the people. Most of them

The End of "Emden"

take a detached view and judge the achievements of friend and foe alike, solely from the point of view of sport. On September 21, arriving off Madras, we test the oil-tanks. Only the previous day the official news of our end had been announced. . . . We advanced up to 3,000 metres, the lighthouse, peacefully aglow, facilitating navigation. A few shots, then a heavy black cloud. We had expedited several millions' worth into the air.

"Next day we paid a call to French Pondicherry; but there was nothing doing, and we proceeded to visit Ceylon.

"Off Colombo the searchlights showed a dark object which, at first, looked a little dangerous. It was an English steamer full of sugar. The captain was so annoyed that he offered resistance. The regrettable result was that he was not allowed to take even a single pocket-handkerchief.

"In the meantime the question of coal was becoming difficult, but the British Admiralty unselfishly gave us during the next few days two fine vessels of 7,000 tons, each loaded with best Welsh coal. We made for Diego Garcia, a small island far away in the Southern ocean, to recuperate and overhaul the ship. An Englishman greeted us carrying presents. He knew nothing of the war, as mails arrived only twice a year, and asked us to repair his motor-boat.

"Having made some further good prizes, we grew anxious to meet some men-o'-war. We had read that sixteen English, French, and Japanese ships were wasting their coal searching for us. To facilitate their job we meant to look them up in their own ports. Penang seemed the most suitable.

"On the morning of October 28, whilst it was still dark, we were making the port at twenty knots. We were carrying four funnels—the fourth made of wooden frames and canvas, giving us the appearance of one of the English cruisers. As we approached the inner roadstead the sun was just on the point of rising. We could see, in the twilight, quite a number of steamers; but no sign of a warship. We had almost given up hope, when in the midst of the trading vessels a black mass emerged; not until we had approached to within 250 metres did we know with certainty that she was the Russian *Zhemchug*. On board her everyone was sleeping. We first fired a torpedo, which hit the stern. There was activity on board; we could see a number of Russian officers rushing on deck and throwing themselves into the water. Our guns shelled the forepart of the *Zhemchug* with such a hail of projectiles that after a few minutes it looked like a sieve. The fires below could be plainly seen through the holes.

"Meanwhile we had passed her and turned round to go out again. Our guns kept up the fire. Now we were being fired at from three directions. As we did not wish to expose our side to a full broadside from the Russian

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at a distance of 400 metres, we fired a second torpedo. It struck her below the bridge. A huge black and white cloud of water rose up, spars and splinters could be seen flying, the upheaval covered the whole ship, and when it subsided, about twenty seconds later, nothing could be seen except the end of one of her masts. Numerous swimmers filled the water; but there was no need to trouble ourselves about them, because a number of fishing vessels were quite close at hand.

"We now discovered, half hidden behind the island, the French torpedo gunboat *L'Iberville*, an ancient tub, with two light guns. As we were on the point of coming to grips with her a T.B. was reported coming in. We did not want to meet the latter in the narrows, and therefore steamed towards her at good speed and opened fire. We then saw that she was not a T.B., but a Government steamer; firing was immediately stopped. A large ship, apparently a man-o'-war, was then reported out at sea. We thought it was one of the French armoured cruisers expected, but the mirage had again deceived us; it was the French T.B.D. *Mousquet*; she steamed towards us at fifteen knots as if nothing had happened. Our fourth funnel was still up, and we had no flag hoisted. At 4,000 metres we opened fire, and several minutes later there was nothing to be seen of her. Even after the third salvo she must have been reduced to a heap of fragments. She had accepted action, fired at us with guns and torpedoes, but without success.

"All our boats were lowered to save survivors. Here we had the peculiar experience that they took to flight by swimming away from our boats. We fished up thirty-three men, and they had the best attention on board; canvas quarters were built on deck for those who were not wounded, and they were supplied with chairs, tables, clothes, food, cigarettes, etc. When we asked them why they swam away from our boats, they replied that their newspapers stated that the Germans massacred all prisoners; their officers had told them the same thing. After a few days they were all transferred to a passing English steamer, with a neutral cargo, and were landed at Sabang. They expressed their gratitude, and said they would make known in the papers how the Germans treated prisoners. A badly-wounded officer asked for an *Emden* cap ribbon, which he received. He also expressed his gratitude for our kind treatment.

"On November 9 we lay off Keeling Island, our object being to destroy the telegraph and W.T. stations. A landing corps of two officers and forty-nine men were disembarked under my orders. The *Emden* lay some 1,500 metres from the shore. I had reckoned on armed resistance, and had taken four machine-guns with me. On landing we took possession of the station, and proceeded to destroy, burn, and blow up everything. We had noticed

The End of "Emden"

on landing a small sailing vessel in the harbour. This was also to be blown up; but, by chance, this was postponed, fortunately for us, as subsequent events proved.

"I sent for the director first and told him I should destroy the station. I asked him for the keys of the rooms, etc., so that I should not have to batter in the doors first. He agreed, and then said to me in course of conversation: 'Moreover, I congratulate you.' 'On what?' I asked. 'On the Iron Cross. The telegram has just come through.'

"The destruction of the station and the fishing up of the cable occupied about two and a half hours. Then suddenly the *Emden* blew her siren. This was the signal to hasten back with all speed. I was able to do so at once, as we were just getting into the boats; the work was finished. As I pushed off I saw that *Emden* had already weighed and was leaving the harbour. First of all I steamed as fast as my pinnace would go, because I had no idea what her intentions were. I thought she was going to meet our coaling ship, as it was intended to coal that day. Suddenly she opened fire. I could not see the enemy, he was behind the island; but I saw his shots striking. As *Emden* was engaging at a speed of about twenty knots, it was impossible for me to follow. I therefore returned, occupied the island, hoisted the German flag, and declared the island a German possession, putting all the Englishmen under martial law. I made arrangements for the defence of the beach, installing my machine-guns and having trenches dug.

"I then went on to the roof of the house to observe the fight. The opponent was the Australian cruiser *Sydney*, a ship about double the size of *Emden*, with side armour, and considerably heavier guns. The enemy fired quickly, but very badly. *Emden* found her range at once, and her salvos landed splendidly on the enemy, but they were ineffectual against her side armour. The shots of the enemy took great effect against the unarmoured portion of *Emden*. In about a quarter of an hour one of *Emden's* funnels had already gone, and she was burning fiercely aft. Then she made for the enemy at full speed to fire a torpedo, whereby she lost her foremast. The fighting was at a great distance, chiefly below the horizon. The last I could see of it was *Emden* steering an easterly course, and the *Sydney* steaming at high speed towards her, apparently with the intention of destroying her at close range. At this time I observed a violent explosion on board the *Sydney*, apparently due to a hit by one of our torpedoes. *Sydney* then ceased firing and slowly steered westward, and *Emden* slowly eastward. The distance gradually increased, the gun-fire died down, and both sides disappeared in the gathering darkness below the horizon. The English version that the

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fighting lasted only one hour before the destruction of *Emden* is, therefore, another addition to the numerous lies of our cousins across the Channel.*

"But let us return to the island. The behaviour of the Englishmen was again characteristic. While we were as busy as possible putting the beach in a state of defence, and the fighting was going on only a few thousand yards away, they came to us asking us if we would have a game of tennis.

"It was quite clear to me that the badly damaged *Emden* could on no account come back to help us. It was also to be expected with certainty that an enemy cruiser would call on one of the following days. Even if I could oppose a landing, it was unthinkable that the position could hold out against naval guns, and we would inevitably have ended our exploit as prisoners of the British. I therefore gave orders to get the old sailing vessel *Ayesha* ready to sail. She was ninety-seven tons, and formerly carried copra twice a year from Keeling to Batavia. There she was, without sails or rigging; only manned by a captain and one sailor. The Englishmen on the island warned me earnestly against taking the ship, as she was old and rotten; besides, they confided to me that English cruisers were in the neighbourhood, and that I should certainly be caught by one of them. The captain uttered these consoling words as he came ashore: 'I wish you a pleasant journey, but her bottom is rotten.'

"When the Englishmen saw that we were, nevertheless, getting the ship ready, they looked upon the sporting side of the matter again, and did everything possible to help us. They showed us at once where the provisions and water were. They advised us to take those in store, as they were good, and not those which were already old. They themselves brought us kitchen utensils, water, etc., on lorries. From all sides we were hailed with invitations to dinner. Old clothes, woollen blankets, etc., were given to our men. In short, they did everything they could to help us. Further, they were not niggardly with advice as to the course to take, and later I was convinced that all they told us regarding wind and weather was quite correct. To the last boat that put off they gave three cheers and wished us '*Bon voyage*.' Then they gathered round the *Ayesha* for a while taking photos. I had meantime hoisted ensign and pennant, and at the same time we gave three cheers for the Kaiser, and had the *Ayesha* towed out of harbour by our ship's launch.

"It was high time, for it was already getting dark, and on account of the numerous coral reefs it would not have been feasible to get away at night.

* NOTE.—The British account states that the action commenced at 9.39 and ended at 11.15, therefore lasting one hour and thirty-six minutes (see p. 80).

The End of "Emden"

I turned westward in order to deceive the Englishmen, whom I had told that I intended to go to German East Africa. Later I changed my course to the north. I did not pass North Keeling, where the *Emden* was supposed to be stranded, and saw nothing of her. I kept to a northerly course to get to Padang, and we arrived all, more or less, in our birthday costumes. In the harbour there turned out to be several German steamers, and we were surrounded by numerous boats. All sorts of articles, clothes, cigars, etc., were thrown to us. Here, at last, we got German papers, old, but welcome, as we had so far only seen English ones, which gave the usual lying news: Russians near Berlin, Kaiser wounded, Crown Prince killed, epidemic among German generals, revolution, etc. The Dutch put everything in our way, and the tone of their Press was: 'Thank God these low Germans are being wiped off the face of the earth!'

THE FOLLOWING IS OUR ENGLISH ACCOUNT OF THE DOINGS OF "EMDEN":

Leaving Tsingtau at the outbreak of war, she appeared in the Bay of Bengal on September 10, and sank six ships: *Indus*, 3,393 tons; *Killin*, 3,514; *Trabbock*, 4,014; *Clan Matheson*, 4,775; *Lovat*, 6,102; and *Diplomat*, 7,615—in four days. She also captured *Kalinga*, 4,657 tons, but released her to take the crews of the sunken ships ashore. This was, on the part of the Germans, an unparalleled act of chivalry. On the 14th she obtained coal from the Greek steamer *Pontoporos*, north of False Point. The following week she was off Rangoon, where she held up all sea communication between Lower Burma and the outer world. On the 22nd she appeared at Madras and fired at shipping, oil tanks, and the post office indiscriminately. There was a battery at Madras manned by Madras volunteers. These turned out in what must have been the promptitude of slowness, and fired at *Emden*, who, suddenly realising she was under fire (an appreciable time after the battery had started), switched off her lights and steamed away, curiously indifferent to the attack. On the 29th she showed herself off Pondicherry, and she left there for the Malabar Coast. During this time she had captured and sunk five more ships, piling up her record by leaps and bounds. *Tunisia*, 3,314 tons; *King Lud*, 3,650; *Foyle* and *Riberia*, each 4,147 tons, were among her victims. *Gryfedale* had also been captured and released; *Buresk*, a collier, was captured and kept by *Emden* to supply her bunkers, and was retaken by *Sydney* after the historic action off West Keeling.

Emden then swept round the south-west coast of Madras, and crossing the south of the Indian Ocean was next reported off North Sumatra. Her doings in all these waters were facilitated by the presence on board of two or three captains of the German mercantile marine, naturally experts in those

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waters. On the outbreak of the war they had joined her as reserve officers in China, and knew the navigation and the likely places where they could prey on our commerce. They must have proved of the greatest assistance to Captain Müller.

In the middle of October *Yarmouth* captured the Greek collier *Pontoporos*, and the *Markomania*, *Emden's* attendant storeship. *Emden's* difficulties were rapidly accumulating, but they did not check her merciless activity. By October 20 she had captured and sunk seven more ships: *Pourabbel*, of 473 tons; *Clan Grant*, 3,948; *Oxford*, 4,542; *Ben More*, 4,806; *Chilkana*, 5,768; *Saint Egbert*, 5,526; and *Troilus*, 7,565. Her record was becoming historical and even dangerous; she was operating on vital routes.

At the end of October she carried out her boldest and finest coup. Entering Penang harbour in the early morning she surprised and sank the Russian light cruiser *Zhemchug* while in port, and the French destroyer *Mousquet*, who was unsuspectingly steaming into harbour. This was the end, however.

Emden's next and last appearance was off Cocos Island, on November 9. She arrived at about 6 a.m., and sent ashore a steamboat and two pinnaces full of armed men. There was evident hurry in her actions—suggestive of a knowledge of the risks she was running. As soon as she was sighted advices were telegraphed through to Perth, Adelaide, Singapore, Durban, and London; distress signals were sent out by wireless for ten minutes, although *Emden* was trying to jam them.

As soon as the Germans landed they tore at the double up to the telegraph office, keeping a sharp look out for ambushes as they went through some scrub near the shore. The telegraph officials were mustered under an armed party, and the work of demolition commenced at once. The Germans, for once, showed the greatest consideration. The guards, inclined to be peremptory at the start, soon thawed into almost friendly conversation. Private property was hardly touched; all arms were collected and taken, and watches and glasses were in a few cases "requisitioned." Destruction of the station was carried out as thoroughly and rapidly as possible. The third charge of dynamite brought down the wireless telegraphy mast, the first two having been unsuccessful. A store containing paint, spare cables, etc., was set on fire. All the instruments were damaged so as to be practically useless. One party picked up the three cables which connect the island with the outer world. They were plainly visible near the shore in the clear water, but the work of cutting them proved most difficult. Still, one was cut and the other damaged. There was yet a third, and as they started to destroy it the work suddenly ceased. *Emden's* siren was heard shrieking

The End of "Emden"

imperiously, and the Germans quickly doubled off to the landing stage. *Sydney* had been sighted. Before they could rejoin their ship *Emden* was under way, so her landing party returned to the island and prepared to defend themselves, their faces being very different from what they had appeared half an hour before. Even now they did not change their courteous and considerate attitude towards their civilian enemies. Their plan was to rejoin *Emden* if she came back again. Should *Sydney* return alone they would defend themselves, but if neither returned they would commandeer *Ayesha*, an old 100-ton schooner, and leave the island, where luck had at last deserted them. This plan they subsequently put into execution, and to prepare for it they asked for two months provisions, and any clothes that could be provided. These were cheerfully given them. This attitude, essentially English, was maintained to the end; the Germans, not to be rivalled by their war-time hosts, even took the trouble to return the tins used to carry down the fresh-water supply. As they left the shore the Englishmen cheered. The Germans themselves returned the compliment when this miniature squadron, consisting of *Ayesha*, the steam launch, and two pinnaces, got under way to brave alone the dangers of the deep rather than yield as prisoners to their country's foes. All admiration can be given to these gallant men—their ship probably destroyed, their comrades killed, and they themselves, far from home, faced with a long and perilous voyage. Like our own men their only thought was to "carry on," and no idea of surrender entered their minds. It is a pleasure to record that they reached Arabia safely, and subsequently arrived in Constantinople, where they were by then practically home again.

Before this, only thirty or forty miles away, some Australian troops were being convoyed to Europe. *Sydney*, one of the escorting men-o'-war, was steaming into Cocos Island to get in touch with Singapore by telegraph, and saw *Emden*; her boats were ashore, cutting the cable.

It was known *Emden* could not escape them, but it was also guessed that she would fight. *Sydney*, one of the "Town" class of the *Dartmouth* type, had been completed in 1913. She displaced 5,600 tons, had a designed speed of 26 knots, and was armed with eight 6-inch guns.

Emden, a little older, had been completed in 1909. She displaced 3,600 tons, and carried ten 4.1-inch guns. Her designed speed was 24.5 knots, but she had been known to exceed 25 before the war. As, however, she had been over three months continuously at sea, she could hardly have been in her best condition for speed. In the action *Sydney* had the advantage of her by some four knots.

As soon as she was ready, *Sydney* again went ahead at full speed. *Emden* made no real attempt to escape, and was the first to open fire at 10,500 yards'

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range. It had previously been thought the extreme range of the German 4.1-inch gun was 9,500 yards. It may here be mentioned that this gun proved a very good weapon on service, owing chiefly to its mounting, which allowed for very high elevation, and was also good for fighting in a heavy sea.

Emden got the range in the first salvo, and at once commenced firing as rapidly as possible, the rate being as high as ten rounds a minute. The shells fell with the greatest accuracy, but at such a range their danger zone was very small. Most of the shots were just over or just short, and only fifteen hits were actually scored on *Sydney*. These were all received in the first ten minutes, and caused the casualties suffered on our ship. Two shells were received on the after-bridge. One shell hit the range-finder on the upper fore-bridge, destroying it. Two shells burst between S 11 and P 11 guns, setting on fire some cordite charges, which were promptly thrown overboard.

Sydney opened fire as soon as *Emden* commenced action. The first salvo went over and the second was short, but the third straddled. The loss of the main range-finder naturally caused inaccuracy and inconvenience. After the first ten minutes *Emden's* aim deteriorated altogether, as if her gunners had become demoralised. Some fifteen minutes from the commencement of the action, *Emden* caught fire aft, and the flames gained ground as long as the action lasted. At 10.4 her after-funnel went by the board. Her foremast was the next to go. At 10.24 she was hit by a shell which wrecked the fore-bridge and super-structure, knocking all the controls and telegraphs in that part of the ship completely out of action. The personnel in the after-control station were also killed, at least two shells bursting close to the conning tower. The inmates of that structure, although shaken, were unhurt.

At 10.41 the foremost funnel was destroyed. The whole action was fought at full speed, *Sydney* keeping her distance and firing her port and starboard batteries at different times, as shown in the sketch facing p. 82. At one moment *Sydney* closed to 5,500 yards and fired a torpedo, which missed. Soon after this *Emden* disappeared in the smoke, and *Sydney's* men left their guns and cheered heartily, thinking she was sunk; she, however, reappeared and opened fire, whereupon all hands dashed back and commenced their devastating fire once more.

At about 10.35 *Emden* was seen to be sinking and making for North Keeling Island. *Sydney* tried to cut her off, but failed, and *Emden* ran hard on the reef with colours still bravely flying. Action had commenced at 9.39, and "cease fire" was sounded on board *Sydney* at 11.15. The duel was as brief as it was hot.

When she was visited after the action, the damage done to *Emden* proved to be considerable. The upper deck personnel, except for those in the



Sydney and Emden off North Keeling Island.

The End of "Emden"

conning tower, had been practically wiped out before the ship was vitally injured below decks. The poop had been lifted up in waves by two shells bursting under it; and the whole deck was riddled with small holes. Some of the crew had been thrown overboard by the shock of bursting shell, and were picked up by *Sydney* on the scene of action after being eight hours in the sea. Sharks abounded in the neighbourhood, but apparently were scared by the firing, for numbers were seen next day.

All the steering gear was wrecked early in the action, and necessitated the ship being steered by her screws; our fire had been especially effective aft. Of the crew, 180 men were killed and 45 wounded, 141 only being saved. *Sydney* was hardly damaged, but had 4 men killed and 12 wounded. In the action *Emden* is believed to have fired about 1,000 rounds, out of which she scored fifteen hits, many of them deadly.

Having seen that *Emden* was "safely stranded," *Sydney* went off at full speed in pursuit of the collier which had been in her enemy's company. This vessel had been seen early in the action. It was subsequently learned that *Emden* had intended to coal at Cocos, not a very safe proceeding, considering that messages could have been and actually were sent by cable from the island before the signalling instruments were destroyed. The collier had gone off northward. She was soon overhauled and brought to by a shot across her bows. She proved to be *Buresk*, one of *Emden's* captures. The Germans scuttled her and surrendered. A number of British sailors were found on board. A few rounds of gun-shot hastened her final destruction, and *Sydney* returned to North Keeling, where *Emden* was found with her colours still flying. Signals were made by flags asking if she surrendered, and reply was received in Morse that *Emden* had no signal books left. The question was, therefore, repeated by Morse and acknowledged, but no reply was sent, and the flags still waved defiantly in the breeze. *Sydney* made demand after demand for twenty minutes without any notice being taken, and then fired two salvos to enforce her orders. White flags were then shown, and a "hand" was sent aloft to haul down the colours. This reluctance to haul down her flag and actually surrender cost *Emden* dearly, as 30 men were killed by the two salvos. It has been said that she flew the International code flags N. C., which meant that she was in distress and needed assistance. The flags were not seen at the time by *Sydney*, but in any case the signal does not imply any surrender, nor would it explain the omission to express her desire to surrender by Morse, in reply to our unmistakable notification.

Later, when on board *Sydney*, one of the officers said they had been fired on while flying the white flags. The officer was at once taken before the captain, and the incident was thoroughly threshed out, till the Germans had to

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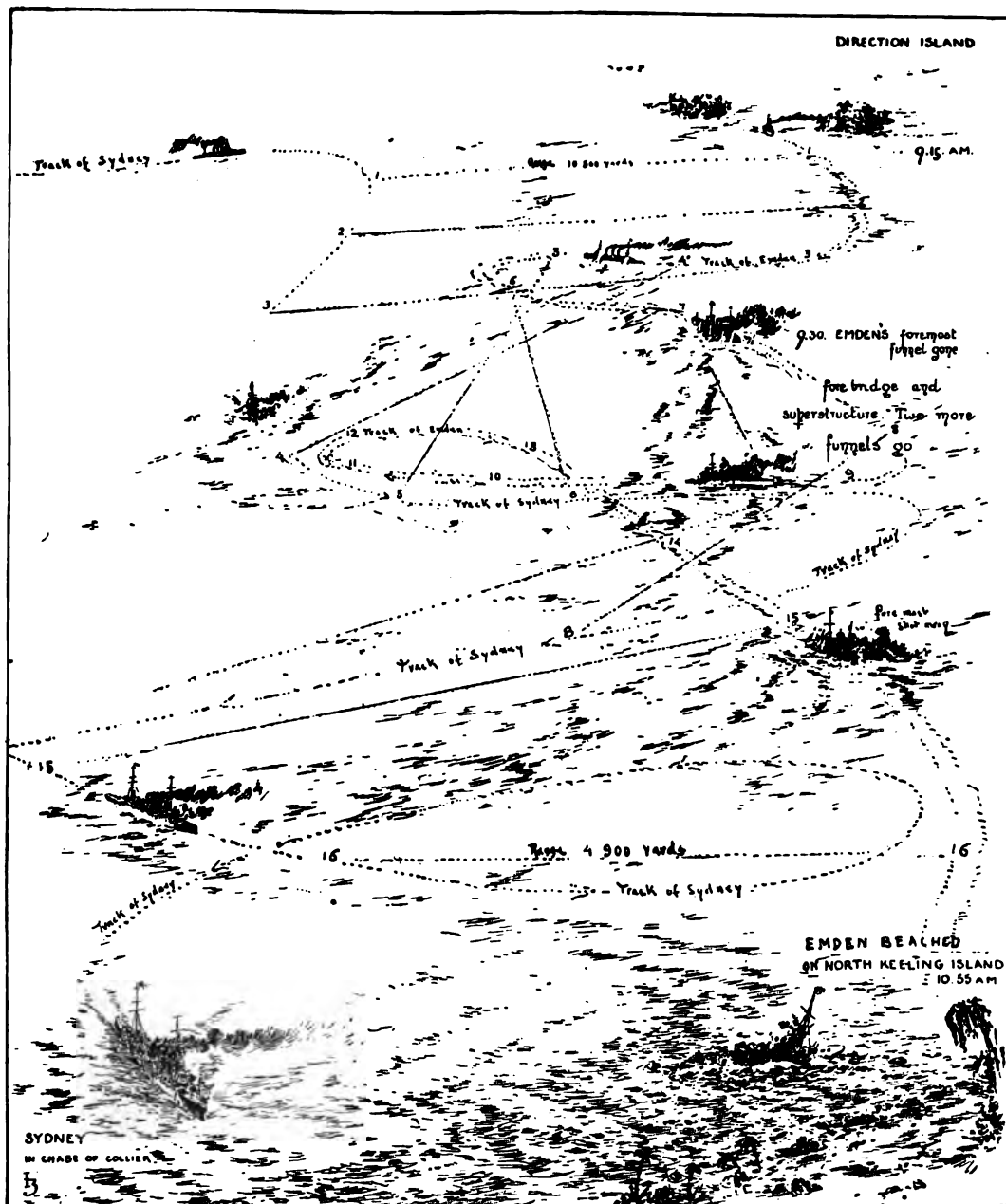
admit the charge was baseless. They said they had not lowered their colours as they could not be reached from the deck, the halyards having been shot away. As they succeeded in lowering them as a last resort, the excuse seems futile.

As it was now late in the afternoon, *Sydney* returned to Cocos Island to see if a party had been landed there. The course took them over the scene of the action, and she picked up a number of the Germans who had been blown overboard. This delayed her so much that she only reached Cocos after dark, and stood "off and on" until daylight the next morning.

Sydney's arrival at Cocos Island at 6.30 naturally gave occasion for great rejoicing. The result of the action was not known, and no one believed *Sydney* had been in action, as she was apparently undamaged. A spare set of instruments, which had been buried, was dug up the previous night, the cable was repaired, and Cocos Island was again in touch with the outside world, sending messages far and wide.

Finding she had missed the landing party, *Sydney* returned to *Emden* and spent all the day transferring wounded and rendering all medical assistance possible. The sea was calm, but a heavy swell, often found in those latitudes, was running, making the transshipment difficult. The worst cases were lashed to planks and carefully lowered over the side. The Germans themselves gave very little assistance; apparently they were all, more or less, played out.

Both *Emden's* cruise and final destruction will furnish a very interesting study for naval historians, when materials are available, and it is expedient to write full accounts of them. Her active career throws the work of other German commerce-destroyers into the shade. She did more damage and caused more dispersion of effort than any other single ship. But the chief lesson taught by Captain von Müller was that it was possible for a German to be humane and to observe the international laws of warfare, not only in the letter but in the spirit. The young German Navy has, in this war, had a chance of winning a splendid reputation, but the bombardment of open towns like Scarborough, the sinking of the *Lusitania* without warning, the destruction of peaceful neutral shipping, the firing on rescue parties even when rescuing Germans—as was done in the battle in the Bight and at the sinking of *Blücher*, together with the wanton torpedoing of hospital ships in declared zones of safety, have branded the German Navy for all time. Germans might claim that their inferiority at sea compelled them to wage such warfare. The career of *Emden* proves this to be false. All honour can be given to Captain von Müller and his gallant crew. They waged war, fought bravely, skilfully, strenuously, and with humanity, and proved themselves worthy foemen to the British Navy. The latter is the highest compliment that sea warfare can pay them.



The Fight between Sydney and Emden

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CHAPTER VI

THE BATTLE OF CORONEL

COUNT VON SPEE'S SQUADRON—CRUISE OF "DRESDEN"—THE BATTLE OF CORONEL—CAPT. BRANDT, H.M.S. "MONMOUTH"

AT the end of June, 1914, *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* were in Japanese waters. These sister ships were armoured cruisers, completed in 1907, each carrying eight 8.2-inch and six 6-inch guns. Both had been fast ships, though designed for only 22.5 knots; *Gneisenau* could steam two knots more. *Scharnhorst* had grounded badly in German waters in 1909, and after that her speed had not been up to standard. She was still capable of twenty-one knots, and probably exceeded that speed on war service. *Scharnhorst* was the crack shooting-ship of the German Navy, her record at tests surpassing the highest expectations.

At the outbreak of war these ships were at the Carolines, and, curiously enough, made no attempt to return to their base at Tsingtau. As a consequence a good deal of capital was made in Germany over the fact that her cruisers had maintained themselves for so long without the support of bases. As a matter of fact, they were able to do so only because they did not visit their bases, which were all watched. Instead, they drew supplies from colliers and store ships which fitted out at neutral ports and met them in appointed meeting-places. Supplies from their own ports were checked at once, but it proved impossible to blockade a neutral coast to prevent all succour reaching them. They were thus able to carry out their operations simply because they drew all they needed from neutrals.

During August and the first half of September Count von Spee's ships steamed about in the South Pacific, having the auxiliary cruiser *Titania* in company, and moving apparently very slowly though mysteriously. On September 14 they appeared off Apia, but finding the colony had already surrendered they offered no attack, and left again making eastward. On the 22nd *Nürnberg* met them. They visited the French island of Tahiti, and bombarded the town of Papeete, sinking the gunboat *Zélée*, a small vessel of 680 tons. During the next month Easter Island was reached, where

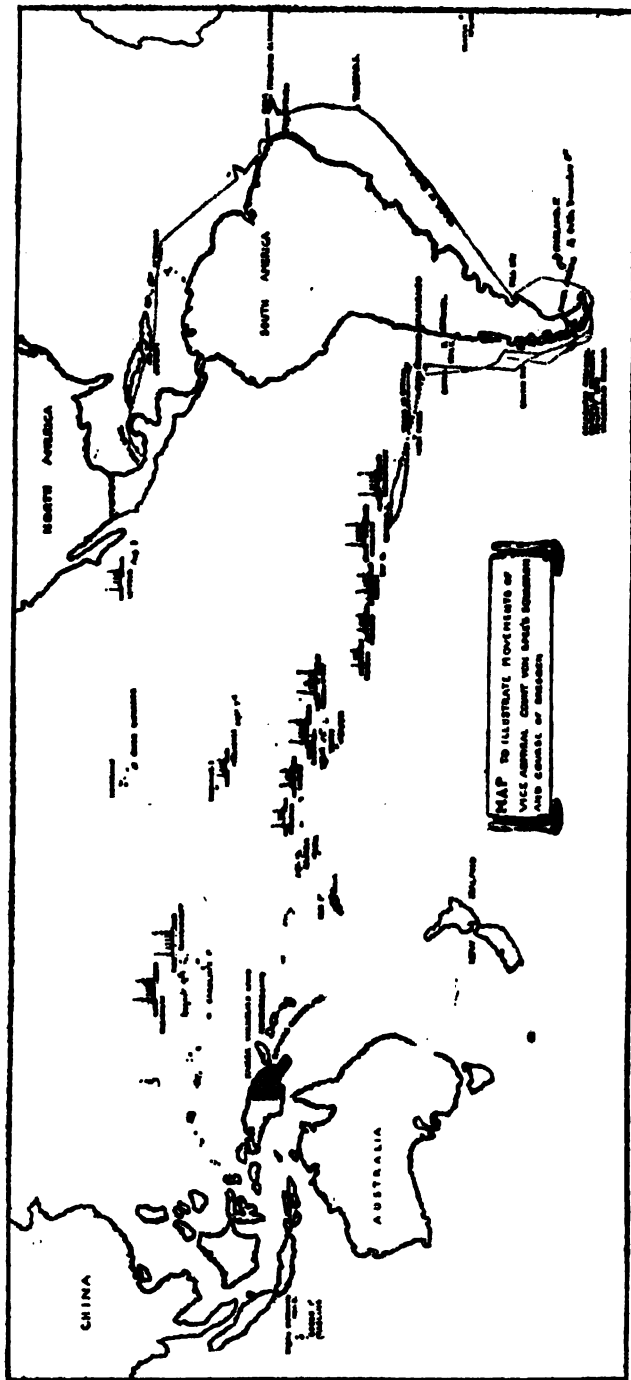
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they replenished their food supplies from the herds of cattle, and where *Dresden* was found at anchor, *Leipzig* arriving a few days later. Admiral Count von Spee was really lying low, collecting information before coming to a decision where he would make his attack. As far as can be gathered, he intended to use his powerful ships to overthrow a weaker squadron; that is, to carry out warfare against naval power opposed to him, and not to disperse his force or to attack colonies which he could not hold. Such action would only have been living on indemnities. He had fairly full information as to the whereabouts of our forces, and had pretty well made up his mind, knowing his superiority, to attack Admiral Cradock when opportunity offered. On October 30 his squadron was about fifty miles west of Valparaiso, evidently on the look-out for Cradock. He was, further, obviously getting information from the shore, as on the 31st, the day *Glasgow* went into Coronel with telegrams from Admiral Cradock, the squadron steamed steadily southwards, and on the next day fought the action off Coronel.

Before describing this now historic fight, the presence of *Nürnberg*, *Leipzig*, and *Dresden* with the squadron, on the due dates given before, must be accounted for. But little is known of the previous doings of the first two. The cruise of *Dresden* can be given more fully.

Before the outbreak of the war *Nürnberg* was at San Francisco, and *Leipzig* was at Mazatlan, a town in Mexico. The former left to join Count von Spee on July 21. The position of our forces in Northern Pacific waters was rather precarious. Before the war the only British warships in these waters were *Rainbow* (which was commissioned ostensibly to do fishery protection duty off the Alaskan coast), *Algerine*, and *Shearwater*; ships of no fighting value, only able to steam thirteen knots, and with inferior gun power.

Algerine, for her part, had a very lucky escape from *Leipzig*. On August 2 she was anchored off Mazatlan, in the next berth to her enemy of two days later. *Leipzig* and *Algerine* were hand in glove in peace time, or, as the Navy terms it, "chummy ships." *Algerine's* boats could only row or sail, and they were often towed by the steam-cutter of the German to the landing-place. On the 3rd a guard from the English gunboat was to have been towed to the Consulate; but instead of sending her boat, *Leipzig* weighed and proceeded to sea. She was evidently aware of coming events. *Algerine*, in her turn, when warned, started up the coast, being providentially guarded by calm sea and fog most of the way. Near Cape Flattery she met an auxiliary cruiser, who told her that *Leipzig* was being prepared in the Juan de Fuca Strait. *Algerine*, therefore, stood in for the Oregon coast, and waited behind some rocks until nightfall, when she proceeded on her way.



Map to illustrate the Course of Count von Spee's Squadron

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After arrival at Esquimalt, free from further peril, she was laid up and her crew were sent to more useful ships.

On joining Count von Spee's squadron *Nürnberg* was immediately used on cruiser duties. *Leipzig* joined up somewhat later, probably at Easter Island in the middle of October, as related. Indications seem to point to the fact that German ships in foreign waters received their instructions to proceed to their war stations on, or a few days before, July 20. When proved, this will be definite evidence of Germany's calculated attack upon Europe.

The cruise of *Dresden*, the third of the precious trio, forms an interesting contrast to *Emden's*. *Emden* did her best to cause as much military effect as possible by active measures, lonely and apart it is true, but brave and justified. *Dresden*, on the other hand, tried to prolong her existence, thereby retaining her military efficiency by cautiously avoiding action as far as possible.

She left Mexico for Jamaica and the Danish island of St. Thomas in the West Indies on July 20, arriving at the latter place on the 31st. She disappeared the next day and steamed approximately south-east, arriving off Jericoacoara Point, on the mainland of South America, on the 9th. Coaling at this place, she flitted on the 10th and touched Fernão do Noronha, breaking back to Rocas, where she again took aboard coal on the 13th and 14th. Leaving there she steamed for Trinidad Island, and, insatiable as to fuel, coaled again. A day later, as she was crossing the trade route, she fell in with the steamer *Hyades*, sank her mercilessly, and proceeded on her voyage without stopping. From Trinidad, still migrating, she went to Gill Bay, on the Patagonian coast, on her usual quest—coal. This brought her across the main trade route again, and she met and sank the steamer *Holmwood*. Both these meetings were chance. *Dresden* was making a calculated passage, and not attacking the routes when they occurred, for leaving Gill Bay she turned up at Orange Bay, a few miles north-west of Cape Horn. Here she stayed for eleven days, after having steamed 6,600 miles at the average speed of something over eleven knots. She had kept away from civilisation, from danger, and mainly from the trade routes; she had been forced to cross the latter, but had travelled without a stop, except when she put in to port from dire necessity.

Resting at Orange Bay from September 5 to September 29, she hung about the south-west corner of America as if awaiting for orders. Perhaps, tired of her inactivity, she retired from that resting-place, and on the 18th was at the western end of the Strait of Magellan, keeping well in shore. On the 19th she met the German gunboat *Eber*, which possibly came over from the African coast to Brazil and then passed round Cape Horn. Imme-

The Battle of Coronel

diately afterwards *Dresden* visited St. Quentin's Bay on her usual mission, leaving again on the next day. She went nearly as far north as Coronel, then turning south again. Suddenly, on the 29th, she approached Mas a Fuera, and then proceeded at her previous cruising speed of about eleven knots. It is evident that she had had orders to join Count von Spee's squadron, but this was still 4,000 miles away. She must have got her orders from somewhere in Chile; where, we do not know. After leaving Mas a Fuera, *Dresden*, in order to save her own coal, was towed by her collier, *Baden*, the 1,500 miles to Easter Island, which was reached on the 11th of October. The rest of the squadron arrived next day. She remained with her consorts until she lost them in the battle of the Falkland Islands, weeks later, and found herself hopelessly alone. It will be best to follow her to the end of her career before proceeding further with the grave events that were now so imminent.

After the battle of the Falkland Islands, *Dresden* was last seen by Admiral Sturdee's cruisers steaming south. Her first object, after throwing off pursuit, was to put into some port where she could learn the result of the battle, and where she could arrange for her future supplies. Her plain object was to hide herself until the first hue and cry after her was beginning to die down. She therefore put into Punta Arenas, in the Strait of Magellan, entering from the southward through the Cockburn Channel, ready to face any perilous navigation in order to escape.

A German consul boarded her soon after she got in and advised internment, but her captain decided to carry on at any cost. Doubtless all arrangements for future supplies of coal and provisioning were made at the same time.

Dresden filled up her bunkers from the German ship *Turpin*, and left port on December 13, the day after her arrival. This was only twenty-four hours before the arrival of the English cruisers in quest of her. She hurried off to Hewitt Bay—a secluded anchorage situated in the midst of uncharted waters. Here she lingered for twelve days, doubtless spending her time exploring the surrounding channels and possible hiding-places. On December 26 she shifted to Gonzales Channel, which is unsurveyed, and here she remained mysteriously out of touch with the great world at war until February 4th. On that date she steamed bravely to Wakefield Passage, finally putting out into the open Pacific nine days later. During all this time she had scrubbed her bottom, taken down and cleaned out her boilers and engine, and had as thorough a refit as the lack of a modern dockyard and the circumstances permitted. Her chief supply ship was *Sierra Cordoba*, a German steamer of 8,226 tons, of the Bremen Norddeutscher Lloyd—that

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one-time famous line that rivalled our finest passenger merchantmen. This ship was actually stopped and boarded on one occasion by a British cruiser, but was allowed to go her way because she was within territorial waters. Probably, while supplying *Dresden* she never went out of them; at any rate, it was not necessary to do so. *Dresden* would certainly have been seriously inconvenienced if this ship had been lost to her. During all her long and inglorious stay in neutral waters *Dresden* drew supplies and received regular news from Punta Arenas, and also arranged for all her future supplies on recommencing her active career.

When at last she finally left Wakefield Passage, *Dresden*, accompanied by *Sierra Cordoba*, steamed northward up the Pacific Ocean, keeping well off the main routes about three hundred miles out to sea. Her first point of arrival was at a position to the south of Mas a Fuera, where she stopped for three days and coaled. This stop is notable as being the only time in her inept cruise that she coaled at sea. Such necessary proceedings were carried out in neutral waters on all other occasions. This may be argued to have been legitimate, but illustrates vividly how the Germans owed their success to the use of neutral waters. On February 27 *Dresden* met and sank the barque *Conway Castle*, a British vessel of 1,694 tons. Her crew was sent into Valparaiso in a Peruvian ship.

On March 8 *Kent* sighted *Dresden*, about twelve miles away, and steamed towards her at full speed for fifteen minutes, but as soon as *Dresden's* look-out had observed her, she moved off. *Kent* could do about twenty-four knots when pushed, and *Dresden* had done twenty-five, but probably at this time our ship was only good for twenty-one and a half; it was a long time since she had been cleaned. *Dresden* was still capable of steaming about twenty-two and a half knots. The distance between the ships began to increase and the chase was discontinued at nightfall. *Dresden* then made for Juan Fernandez (commonly known as Robinson Crusoe's island). After reaching her destination she anchored in Cumberland Bay, where she could pursue either of two courses: coal if left undisturbed, or claim to be interned if any British warships could discover her. Such are the paradoxes of Hague Conventions in times of stern and desperate war.

Kent, for her part, after discontinuing the chase, put into Coronel, as she was short of coal. Meanwhile *Glasgow* and *Orama* were informed of *Dresden's* whereabouts and joined up with *Kent*.

The three ships at once started in pursuit of their quarry, arriving at Juan Fernandez on March 14. *Kent* came up to the island from the west, while *Glasgow* and *Orama* approached from the east. *Dresden* was at once spotted with her colours flying and steam in her boilers. Fire was opened



The Track of the Hun.



The Battle of Coronel

on her, which was returned by *Dresden*, who delivered a broadside at *Kent* at a range of 4,000 yards. *Glasgow* and *Orama* let fly from 8,000 yards range. After two and a half minutes *Dresden* struck her colours and hoisted a white flag at the fore truck, and all hands abandoned ship by boats and swimming. She was on fire aft, but did not appear to be sinking. Some fifteen minutes later a lieutenant in a steamboat flying the white flag returned to his ship, hoisted the German flag at the yardarm, and blew up her foremost magazine. The ship then sank, flying both her colours and the white flag, a strange anomaly of desperation.

The career of *Dresden* thus ended. From the time she left Mexico she had steamed over 20,000 miles, and had taken in over 10,000 tons of coal. In six months she spent four days at anchor within Chilian territorial waters, and sank seven ships in seven months. Her story forms an interesting subject for comparison—the "short life and a merry one" of *Emden* offering a sharp contrast to her own "hide and seek" existence.

THE BATTLE OF CORONEL

During the latter part of October Admiral Sir Christopher Cradock was patrolling the South Pacific, between the Horn and Valparaiso. His flagship, *Good Hope* (a cruiser thirteen years old), was armed with two 9.2-inch guns, sixteen 6-inch, fourteen 12-pounders, and three 3-pounders. Eight of his 6-inch guns, however, were placed so close to the water that they could only be fought in fine weather. A 6-inch belt of armour protected the ship's vitals, and the total weight of her broadside was 1,560 pounds.

With the Admiral were three ships, the best of which was the county cruiser *Monmouth*, which carried fourteen 6-inch guns, nine 12-pounders, and three 3-pounders. Her armoured belt was but four inches thick, and the total weight of her broadside was 900 pounds.

Glasgow was a fast, light cruiser, with a broadside weighing 355 pounds.

Otranto was an armed merchant ship.

Von Spee's squadron was known to be in that part of the world, and the rivals, each eager for battle, searched the stormy waters day and night.

The armament of the German ships was as follows: *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* each carried eight 8.2-inch guns high up; six of these could be fired on the broadside. They had six 6-inch guns and twenty 24-pounders, were protected by a 6-inch belt of armour, and their total weight of broadside was 1,720 pounds. These two cruisers were seven years old. They had proved themselves the crack gunnery ships of the German Navy.

Dresden, *Nürnberg*, and *Leipzig* threw a broadside of 100 pounds each. The Germans were, therefore, much stronger than the British in weight of

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metal, though the armoured cruisers could not steam so fast as *Good Hope* and *Monmouth*.

There had been very tempestuous weather for a long time, and the gales about Cape Horn are noted for their fury. *Glasgow* had only been able to send the mails on board the flagship by heading them up in a cask, which was towed across *Good Hope's* bows.

On November 1 the British ships were spread to fifteen miles apart. A heavy gale was still blowing from the south, and in the afternoon *Glasgow*, which was farthest to the east, sighted *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau*, and *Leipzig*. The British light cruiser at once returned with the news to the Admiral, who, at 5 p.m., formed his squadron in line ahead in the following order: *Good Hope*, *Monmouth*, *Glasgow*, and *Otranto*.

About this time Count von Spee also formed his squadron for battle, *Dresden* joining up and falling into line astern of *Leipzig*. *Nürnberg* was some way behind and did not join in the action for a long time.

Admiral Cradock might have avoided battle. His ships had greater speed than the Germans, and far away to the south the slow old battleship *Canopus* was steaming as hard as she was able to his assistance. Her four 12-inch guns would have turned the scale greatly in his favour. On the other hand, had he joined *Canopus*, and kept her with him, the speed of his whole squadron would have been reduced to that of the old battleship, and von Spee would have been free to dash off in any direction to play havoc with our commerce. Here was the enemy within his grip. A man of fiery nature does not waste time making up his mind. At a little past six Admiral Cradock signalled: "I am going to attack the enemy now!"

It was a decision in full accordance with our naval traditions handed down by countless deeds of heroism. The odds against him did not count.

The dazzling light of the setting sun was shining full in the eyes of the German gunners, and when Admiral Cradock altered course his enemy, Count von Spee, edged his ships away towards the land, maintaining a range of about 15,000 yards. As soon as the sun dipped all the conditions were changed, and now the twilight made a brilliant background against which the British cruisers stood out sharp and clear. At the same time, in the east, the Germans only appeared smudges of grey, hard to distinguish amidst the flying spray and wildly breaking waves. It was very difficult to take ranges or observe the fall of shot. Great seas were breaking over the forecastles, dimming the glasses of the telescopic sights. *Otranto* was ordered out of the line, as she was not fit to fight ships of war.

The Germans were now willing to close. Vice-Admiral Count von Spee, in a letter which was published in the German papers, says: "I began at

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6.40 p.m. to decrease the distance, and when we were at five miles I opened fire. The action had begun and, generally speaking, I led the line steadily with few alterations of course. I had out-manceuvred the sun in the west so that he could not hinder me; the moon in the east was not yet full, but promised to shine well in the night. Rain-squalls were to be seen here and there. My ships fired rapidly and with good effect." From the very first the weight of the German shells told a tale of well-devised destruction. The guns' crews had been thoroughly trained. Count von Spee, in his dispatch, says: "The guns of the two armoured cruisers worked splendidly, and were well served." It was his great moment, only to be revenged later under different conditions.

Von Spee continues: "At 6.39 the first hit was recorded on the *Good Hope*, and shortly afterwards the British opened fire. I am of opinion that they suffered more from the heavy seas than we did. Both their armoured cruisers, with the shortening range and the failing light, were practically covered by our fire, while they themselves, so far as can be ascertained at present, only hit the *Scharnhorst* twice and the *Gneisenau* four times. At 6.53, when at a distance of sixty hectometres, I sheered off a point."

The Germans kept a time which was about thirty minutes behind local time.

The third salvo from *Scharnhorst* caused a burst of flame forward in *Good Hope*. It seemed that the cordite charges round the 9.2 guns in the forward turret caught fire, and the flames rose fiercely in spite of the waves which broke over them. After this there seemed to be continuous flames along the broadsides of both the flagship and *Monmouth*. The scene of fire and tempest in the fading light was terrific. It was so terrific that it has been suggested that water-gas was generated as the seas dashed over the red-hot gun-shields. Still the fight went fiercely on till it was evident that our two leading ships were in distress. Though they still bravely continued firing some of their guns, and had even scored a few hits, their action was the agony of disablement. *Glasgow*, keeping station astern of *Monmouth*, suffered very little. The two light cruisers she was engaging pitched and rolled on the great swell of a mighty sea. Showers of spray made range taking and spotting impossible, and though *Leipzig* and *Dresden* kept up a heavy cannonade there were very few hits from these smaller boats, which were at times submerged and hardly visible.

At a quarter-past seven *Monmouth* was seen to sheer off to starboard; she had evidently suffered a great deal from the enemy's animated and destructive broadsides. They seemed to have her range exactly. The red glow of the fires and bright flashes of the bursting shells disclosed clearly

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in the approaching gloom the position of the two doomed ships, and soon the flames increased higher and higher, and *Monmouth* sheered again out of line, listing over to starboard as she went, broken and shattered by her stern encounter with superior force.

The action had now lasted three-quarters of an hour, and though *Good Hope* was still firing some of her guns the fires on board her seemed to burst out brighter; she turned towards the enemy as though in a last effort to ram, blazing hopelessly in the dying day like some fireship of the past. At last there was a mighty explosion, and with a deafening report masts, funnels and flaming wreckage were flung high into the sky. An enormous column of black smoke drifted away with the gale, leaving for a moment a long hull, low aft, and still flaming forwards, the last of *Good Hope* and the brave and fiery Cradock. Then, as she sank, all was darkness, momentarily opaque, impenetrable; a fitting end, too, in a glorious page of history. *Monmouth*, badly down by the head, ceased fire and turned away north-westward, with glow of fires below still shining through the rents in her sides. *Glasgow*, which had fired a few shots at *Gneisenau*, and had got at least one hit, also ceased fire. Coming round to *Monmouth's* lee and signalling, "Are you all right?" she received the answer, "I want to get stern to sea as I am making water badly forward." Here is a part of a letter written by Lieutenant Count Otto Spee, the son of the Admiral, S.M.S. *Nürnberg*, November 11, 1914, a callous enough account but to be taken as authentic:

"At 8.5 the look-out reported a column of smoke on the starboard bow, for which we at once steered. At first it seemed to approach, then the vessel steamed away at full speed, for although we were going twenty-one knots she rapidly disappeared in the darkness. During the chase we had occasionally observed a cruiser looking something like the *Leipzig* or *Emden*, steering at first a parallel course to us about two miles on the starboard beam, but then keeping away. When the other fellow got away from us we turned to the second and found it to be the *Monmouth*, heavily damaged. She had a list of about ten degrees to port. As we came nearer she heeled still more, so that she could no longer use her guns on the side turned towards us. We opened fire at short range. It was terrible for me to have to fire on the poor fellow who was no longer able to defend himself. But the colours were still flying and when we ceased fire for several minutes, he yet did not haul them down. So we ran up for a fresh attack and caused him to capsize by our gun-fire. The ship sank with flying colours, and we were unable to save a single man, firstly, on account of the heavy sea, which made it impossible to lower a boat, but also because fresh columns of smoke were reported which we hoped were enemy's and for which we at once steered. Eventually we found they were our own big cruisers, also looking for the enemy."

Capt. Brandt, H.M.S. "Monmouth"

Thus ended the engagement off Coronel. We lost two out-of-date cruisers and fourteen hundred heroic officers and men. The German range-finders picked up the distance at once, and at least one of *Good Hope's* 9.2 guns was out of action almost from the beginning. In every battle in this war victory has always inclined to the side which carried the heaviest guns. The British seamen never had a chance. Still they fought on. They died as they always have died, doing their duty to the last, upholding the glory of our flag upon the sea. Young Spee's description of the sinking of the *Monmouth* reads very like cold-blooded murder, though as an officer he only carried out the order to burn, sink, or destroy. It is to us unthinkable that any officer of our Navy would have steamed away leaving his enemies to perish. Perhaps such an action is the new ideal which a new navy wishes to establish for the world. At any rate it can rest at that. Our men died for glory, their enemies reaped the result of victory with an ignominy and a lack of chivalry and humanity that will shame their flag, whatever its destiny may be, for generations.

CAPTAIN BRANDT, H.M.S. "MONMOUTH"

It is hardly possible to leave the battle of Coronel without at least a few words to record one valuable life in the prime of a career that would have been of inestimable service to his country but which was destined to be lost in the flame and storm of that almost hopeless action.

Captain Frank Brandt, who was the son of an Indian judge, was born at Madras on October 2, 1871, and entered the Royal Navy in January, 1885. Two years later he was a midshipman on *Calliope* when the hurricane of 1887, so well remembered in the Navy, burst upon the little fleet of English, American and German warships which had gathered together in the harbour of Apia. Owing to the political troubles and the policy of colonial expansion that had already begun in the "Fatherland," the three countries mentioned were keeping watchful if friendly eyes one upon the other. When the storm struck Samoa, mighty and sudden as such storms are in that latitude, the ships, which had been made snug with top-masts housed and lower yards on the hammock netting, veered away their cables and got up steam. A tremendous sea came roaring into the little harbour, but the English vessel with splendid seamanship succeeded in slipping her moorings and steaming out in the teeth of the hurricane. Her action and seamanship are historic. All the other ships were driven ashore and broken up; there was a great loss of life among the crews. It was a veritable tragedy of peace. Strange to say, the captains of H.M.S. *Sydney*, which sank *Emden*, and of *Chatham*, which located *Königsberg*, and which has so rich

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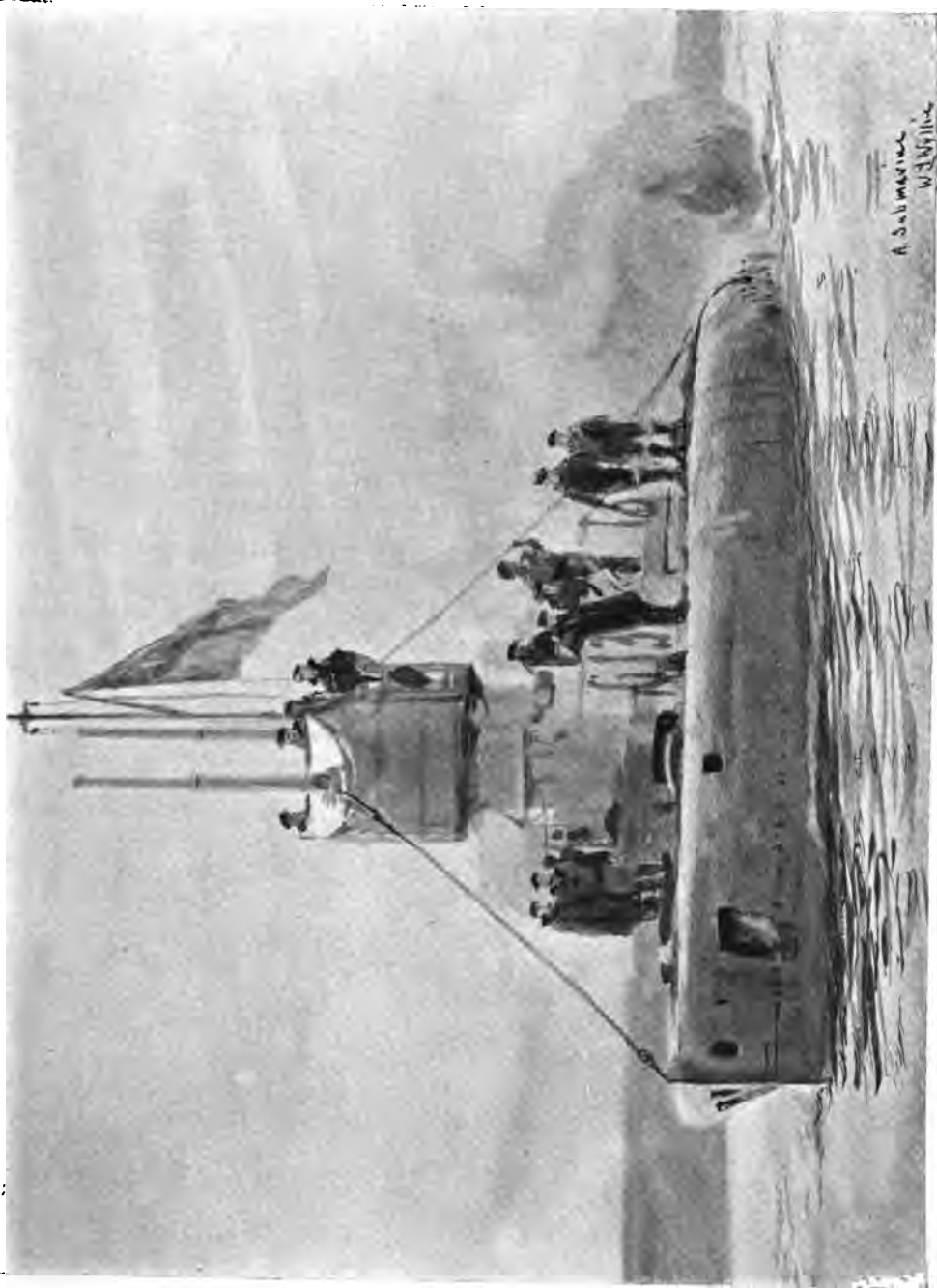
a record to be remembered, were both midshipmen aboard the *Calliope* at that time.

Brandt became a sub-lieutenant in 1891, lieutenant in 1892, and commander in 1903, a series of quickly won and deserved promotions. Soon afterwards he was put in charge of the newly-formed Torpedo Boat Flotilla at Portsmouth, and became well known in that town. With a free hand to organise, he raised the Flotilla to its present footing. Indeed, he proved so successful that before the end of the commission he was asked to go over to the newly-acquired Fort Blockhouse at the mouth of Portsmouth Harbour in order to organise that establishment as an enlargement of the Submarine Depot, till then solely consisting of the old cruiser *Mercury*, moored at the mouth of Haslar Lake.

Having seen the old fort put into proper repair, and well laid out for its work, he took charge of the training of officers, as captain of the sea-going depot ship *Bonaventure*, an old protected cruiser, which had been converted into a sort of floating workshop by the addition of what he called his "Methodist Chapel," a place full of splendid up-to-date machinery. He carried out this work with conspicuous success. In spite of the then limited vision as to its future power as an offensive weapon, the submarine branch grew rapidly. Auxiliary depots were started in other ports, so that it became necessary to appoint an Assistant Inspecting Captain, which post Frank Brandt was the first to fill under Captain S. S. Hall. Between them, with great initiative and ability, they thoroughly overhauled and organised the greatly increasing mass of office work involved in a new venture. Brandt became full captain in 1909, and, on Commodore Roger Keyes being appointed Inspecting Captain, he returned once more to sea-going work and the training of officers in *Bonaventure*, a task for which, it will be seen, he was especially fitted.

It has been the luck of one of the authors to go on one or two of the cruises when Brandt was training submarine officers. Talbot, Horton, and Holbrook, since so distinguished in the service, were among these, and it was delightful to note the unconventional way in which he treated his pupils, and the evident love and reverence with which his admonitions were received by each ardent student of the new weapon.

In those days *Bonaventure* used to send her little fleet of submarines down the coast, and when they were all out of sight, would follow herself, flying an enormous red flag. Look-out men were posted all about the ship, but the periscope of a submarine is not an easy object to spot, as war has proved, if there is any ripple on the sea or any break whatever. In nine cases out of ten the straight line of tell-tale bubbles rushing towards us



A Submarine



Captain Brandt, H.M.S. "Monmouth"

was the first intimation we had of the presence of the invisible enemy running below the surface of the limitless and mighty sea.

Under such conditions the moment the track of bubbles was seen the ship's engines were stopped, for torpedoes are expensive toys, and a cut from a propeller blade might quite well damage the pretty fish-like machine which smashes its scarlet head against the ship's side, and darts forward again and again in impotent fury as it drifts astern, as live a thing as science has ever invented. Should the compressed air be all used up, and the torpedo come to the end of its run, it floats up for all the world like a dead fish. The whaler pulls away, and in a short time the torpedo is hooked on and hoisted in, preparing us for the next one.

Of course, a submarine commander, even in peace time, must use a great deal of judgment in selecting the right place for diving. If it were too far from the course of the *Bonaventure* his torpedo might miss, or he might even be out of range; on the other hand, he might be so close to the course of the ship flying the big red flag that there was quite a chance of his being run down and sunk with all hands. One day a periscope suddenly came up right under our bows; there was only just time to put the helm hard a-starboard. Everyone on board felt nervous and jumpy for some time afterwards. And that was peace!

When we were in Tor Bay the submarines went into the harbour for quiet nights, but the young officers would come off to the mother ship for the morning bath (the bathroom was quite an important part of *Bonaventure*), and of course there were always small repairs wanted in the little fleet. Then there were the "prayer meetings," when past doings were criticised and future plans discussed. That was part of the Navy's practical religion.

How well one can remember the professional pride with which Brandt took his ship up under her own steam and made her fast in a berth which was never intended for anything quite so large! He loved to carry out difficult manœuvres in narrow waters. The triumph over natural obstacles was the zest of life to him.

Though without the pomp and circumstance of a squadron of ships, a flotilla of submarines has a character all its own; in the sharing of mutual danger and the knowledge of each other's strength of mind, it develops something quite different from the strict discipline of the battleship—something grander and higher in spirit—something inextricably bound up with personal honour. We were a happy family in those days now so dearly to be remembered.

After *Bonaventure*, Captain Brandt took command of *Maidstone*, which had been specially built as a mother of submarines. In this ship the work

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of training submarine officers continued as before. What a pity Brandt did not live to see the splendid work his pupils are carrying on in the present day! How proud he would have been of them! How free from any personal claim in their making would have been the spirit that moved his gallant soul!

His last greeting with me took place on August 1, when he called full of spirits to say good-bye. He had just commissioned *Monmouth*, an old County cruiser, and was off to some distant part of the world. Mid the first months of war's turmoil he becomes a dear and cherished memory.

Still, the next morning, very early, seeing the pilot jack flying on the Blockhouse signal staff, my wife and I looked out, saw him in the distance, and waved a farewell from the window. The old ship looked quite smart in a fresh coat of pale-grey paint. As he waved his cap to us we little thought that it was the last voyage he or she would ever make. Frank Brandt, besides being a first-rate seaman, was also a scientific man—great on all sorts of machinery. His article on the "Maritime Communications and Defences of India," which was published in February, 1914, gives a forecast of the progress of the war at sea, which is wonderfully like what has actually taken place. How invaluable in his special section of the Service he would have been!

For instance, Mr. Stephen Reynolds writes: "I took particular notice that no word of warning was passed round in front of him; no 'Look out, the skipper's coming.' A believer in discipline, he was no bogey to his men. They were not, it was plain, afraid of being jumped on unexpectedly."

"I don't find much need of punishment," Brandt once remarked, "they are good chaps, and they know that if they don't behave themselves they'll get fired out of the ship. That's usually enough."

And to watch him, captain, friend, teacher, superintendent, engineer, consulting with the lieutenants in command of his submarines, was to be confident that Brandt's young officers would do things—as indeed they have done.

When he took long leave, on giving up his Submarine Flotilla, he came down along our way with his family, and we had an opportunity of seeing how well his happy family life ashore corresponded with his "happy ship" afloat. Whether it was diagnosing a defect in a boat's motor, working out a stability problem, debating fishery affairs, or chatting with fishermen or petty officers in my room, his prestige as a naval captain never interfered with his being completely friendly and at home.

Well, he died in the glorious service of his country. All who knew him will picture his last moments as brave and undismayed, perishing in the great ocean which he loved, obedient as ever to the demands of duty, even to the last call which left his fame untarnished and his name a model of unselfish service.

CHAPTER VII

THE BATTLE OF THE FALKLAND ISLANDS

WHEN the appalling news that *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* had been sunk reached England the two battle cruisers *Invincible* and *Inflexible* were immediately ordered to the South American coast to lead the remnant of the squadron in those waters and to take from the Germans as soon as possible any fruits of victory. Admiral Sturdee was now in charge of the operation on board his flagship *Invincible*.

At four in the morning, at a certain port, whilst coaling was still in full swing on board *Inflexible*, a boy telegraphist unfortunately got caught and killed in the drum of one of the motors. He had only joined the ship just before she sailed. This was their first mishap, a young life cut off at a moment when it was beating with the hope of seeing new sights and new adventures.

In that latitude it was quite dark at seven in the evening, and at that hour myriads of stars were shining, and the chaplain under a group of lights read the Burial Service over the poor boy who had been killed in the morning. The scene was solemn and heart-moving to a degree, though it was a scene that might easily be witnessed in time of peace.

Next day and the day after the ships continued hurrying to the south, and on the morning of November 21—and this shows how great was their speed—a message was received by the Admiral as follows from Father Neptune:

"In the Great Realm over which I rule none are so dear to me as the sailors of Great Britain, who from the time of the great Nelson have won and held for Britain the proud title of Mistress of the Seas, which power Great Britain has never abused. I welcome these ships under your command, and feel sure they will worthily uphold the great traditions of his Britannic Majesty's Navy."

The Admiral, in the true spirit of the Service, replied that His Majesty would be received on board both ships with all the customary honour due to his exalted rank, and that we hoped we might be granted a continuance of his favours in the great struggle against a Power without sea traditions,

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but inspired by a blood-and-iron policy to wrest position, wealth and power from our Allies and ourselves.

As a result of these courtesies at ten in the morning his Oceanic Majesty came on board with his Queen Amphitrite and his whole Court, including the barber, the latherer, doctor, clerk, master of ceremonies, and, last but not least, the bears.

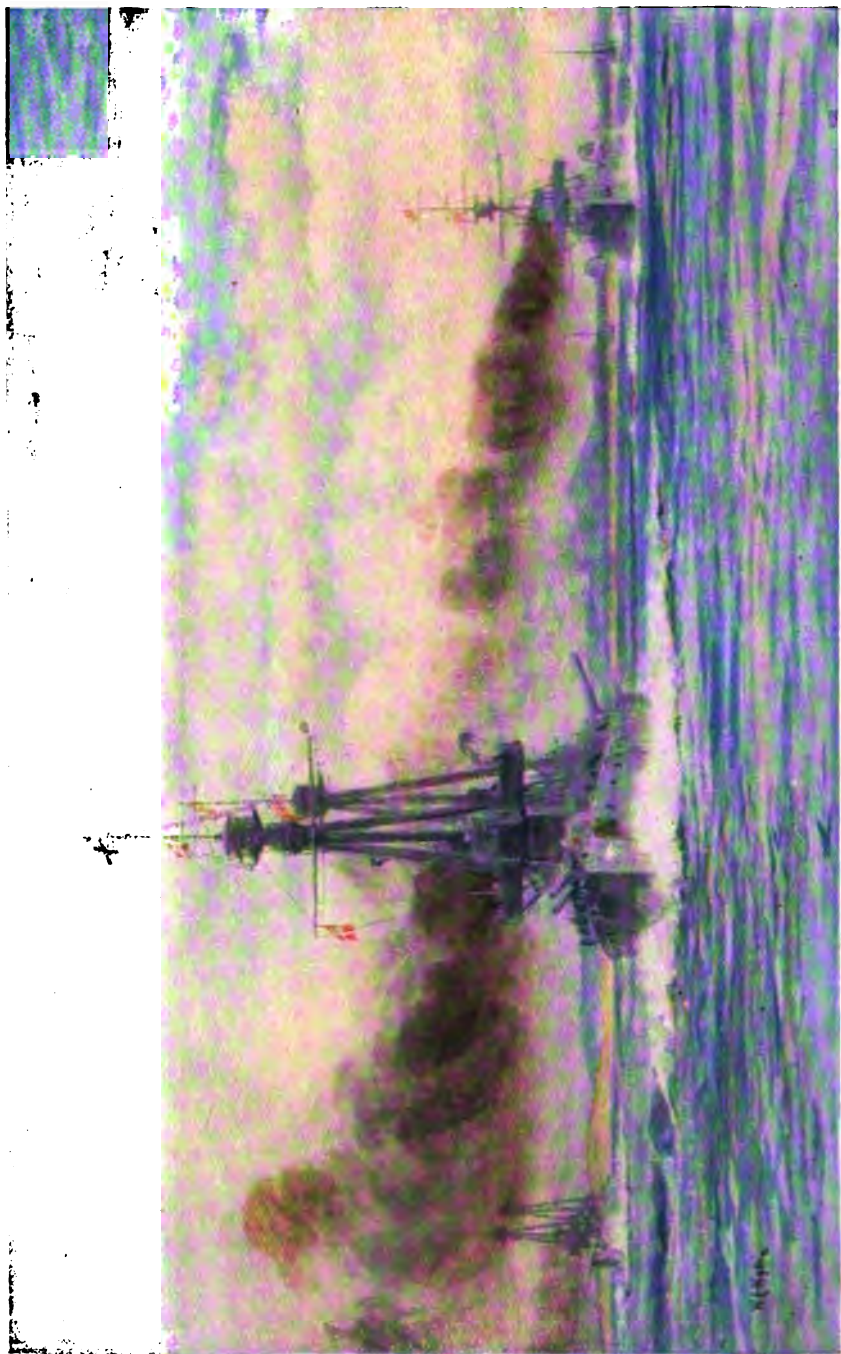
The Court immediately commenced, and the first lieutenant was presented, followed by the greater part of the officers. The etiquette is as follows: You first divest yourself of all unnecessary clothes, certainly any that might be spoilt, and are then presented to His Majesty and the Queen, to whom you bow and with whom you perhaps hold slight converse. You next sit on the stool facing your tormentors, and with your back to the bath.

You are at first well lathered with a mixture of soap and whitewash, perhaps sweetened with a bottle of Eau de Cologne, and if the Court can make you say anything they will fill your mouth with lather while you talk. Moral, keep your mouth shut! You are now shaved by a bloodthirsty-looking ruffian with an eighteen-inch razor made of wood; then just when you least expect it, up go your heels and over you go into the bath. Here you are soundly ducked by the bears, and are then passed to another bath alongside the first and ducked again.

Altogether 23 officers and 530 men were duly presented on board the *Inflexible*, and a like number on the Flagship. This was part of the humour of a voyage that was destined to end in great and epoch-making consequences.

On Friday, November 27, at a fixed rendezvous quite a large fleet collected. The County cruisers *Carnarvon*, *Kent*, *Cornwall*, and the light cruisers *Glasgow* and *Bristol*, with the armed liners *Orama* and *Macedonia*, accompanied by a large number of colliers, joined the great battle cruisers. Two busy days were spent transferring stores and loading coal. Then the whole fleet spread out to a line 70 miles wide, and swept onwards towards the Falkland Islands, the weather becoming colder and colder day by day. Long-range firing was practised one day with the 12-inch guns, and *Inflexible* showed her efficiency to such good purpose that she was congratulated by the Admiral.

The wind blew keen and chilly when at ten in the morning of December 7 the whole squadron, having met no enemies, steamed into Port William, at the Falkland Islands. The country sprang to sight, a peaty moorland, without trees, bleak, desolate and uninviting. The climate of the islands is said by the natives to consist of nine months' winter and three months' bad weather; there are falls of snow even in the summer, and the gales of



Invincible and Inflexible steaming out of Port Stanley in Chase.

1894



The Battle of the Falkland Islands

wind rage furiously in all the region near the noted and tempestuous Horn.

When the fleet arrived they found the old battleship *Canopus* up on the mud in the inner harbour, which is called Port Stanley, out of sight from the open sea. She was at the eastern end away from the town.

We now return to the fateful 1st of November.

When the news reached *Canopus* that Admiral Cradock was engaged with Count von Spee the old battleship increased to full speed and cleared for action, trying hard to get up in time to be of assistance; age had not dimmed her ardour for battle. Late at night she received a part of a wireless message from *Glasgow* saying it was feared *Good Hope* was lost and that the squadron was scattered. A later message said that *Glasgow* was making for Magellan Strait, having at the best only sufficient coal to reach Port Stanley. So ominous was this last message that *Canopus* picked up her two colliers, and passing through Smyth Channel (which had not been used before by a battleship) overhauled *Glasgow* and convoyed her to the Falklands.

The picture on page 101 represents *Canopus* hauled up on the mud at Port Stanley. Topmasts have been housed, the double bottom flooded, and the whole ship daubed over with splodges of red, yellow, and black paint. An observation hut, with a telephone wire running off to her 12-inch guns, stands on a bluff overlooking the sea. The medical officers of the ship, to be ready for emergencies, had equipped and furnished a hospital erected to the memory of King Edward which was kindly offered them by the townspeople.

This was the situation when on December 7, most unexpectedly, Vice-Admiral F. C. D. Sturdee arrived with his two battle cruisers and three "Counties," besides light cruisers and armed merchantmen. The whole journey had been so swift and so secret that even his name or the names of his ships were a mystery. The arrival of a mail from England provided a red-letter day for Port Stanley.

Morning following opened clear and bright, and the look-outs could see for miles and miles away out across the open sea. The water was beautifully calm, for once belying its evil name. Three of the newly-arrived ships were busy with their colliers. No one had the least idea of a fleet action in those far waters. Suddenly a wonderful thing happened. The enemy, which the battle cruisers had steamed half way round the world to encounter, was reported to be coming right into the very jaws of the British force. At 8.30 the look-out on the hill signalled, "Foreign men-o'-war in sight to the southward." Destiny, or whatever name so benign a goddess of chance can

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be called by, drove the victors of Cradock and his brave men relentlessly to their doom.

"Raise steam for full speed"; "Sound off action stations"; "Cast off colliers." The orders flew like lightning. "There's no time to hoist-in the picket-boat, send her to *Canopus*." "Sailing pinnace alongside? Then cast her adrift: never mind the flour and stores. Save the Ward Room beer! What? Is she rammed by a battle cruiser? Well, it can't be helped." Hope poised triumphant at the glorious gift of Destiny.

All was bustle and rush. Men and officers, black with coal-dust, dashed about like demons. The engine-room departments must have performed the deeds of supermen. At 8.30 the ships had been coaling with steam in only eight of the thirty-one boilers, and two hours' later they were steaming twenty-four knots, ready for action.

From the mastheads the enemy ships were clearly visible across the intervening land. Two of them were nearer than the others, the four-funnelled cruiser *Gneisenau* and the light cruiser *Nürnberg*. They were evidently coming in to destroy the wireless station, believing it defenceless. Nearer and nearer they came. The gun-layers in *Canopus* waited, anxious, prepared, tense and determined. The gunnery, torpedo, and navigating officers in the observation hut were taking the range—14,000, 13,500, 13,000 yards, the distance lessening with the moments. Then the two ships appeared almost within range, and the order to fire was telephoned through. The two 12-inch guns in the fore turret, elevated to the utmost, were fired together, with one great detonating crash. There was an expectant pause whilst the shells rushed high into the air. Then two great columns of spray rose higher than the mastheads of the advancing foe. Three more shots were fired in quick succession at 12,000 yards, and, though the survivors of the two ships afterwards admitted that pieces of shell had ricocheted on board, the only effect was to make the enemy turn to starboard and rejoin their squadron, still specks on the horizon.

There is a story that a German signalman now reported in the *Gneisenau* that two of the English ships had tripod masts and that the captain scouted the news as quite impossible; nevertheless he ported his helm and was soon steaming away at his utmost speed.

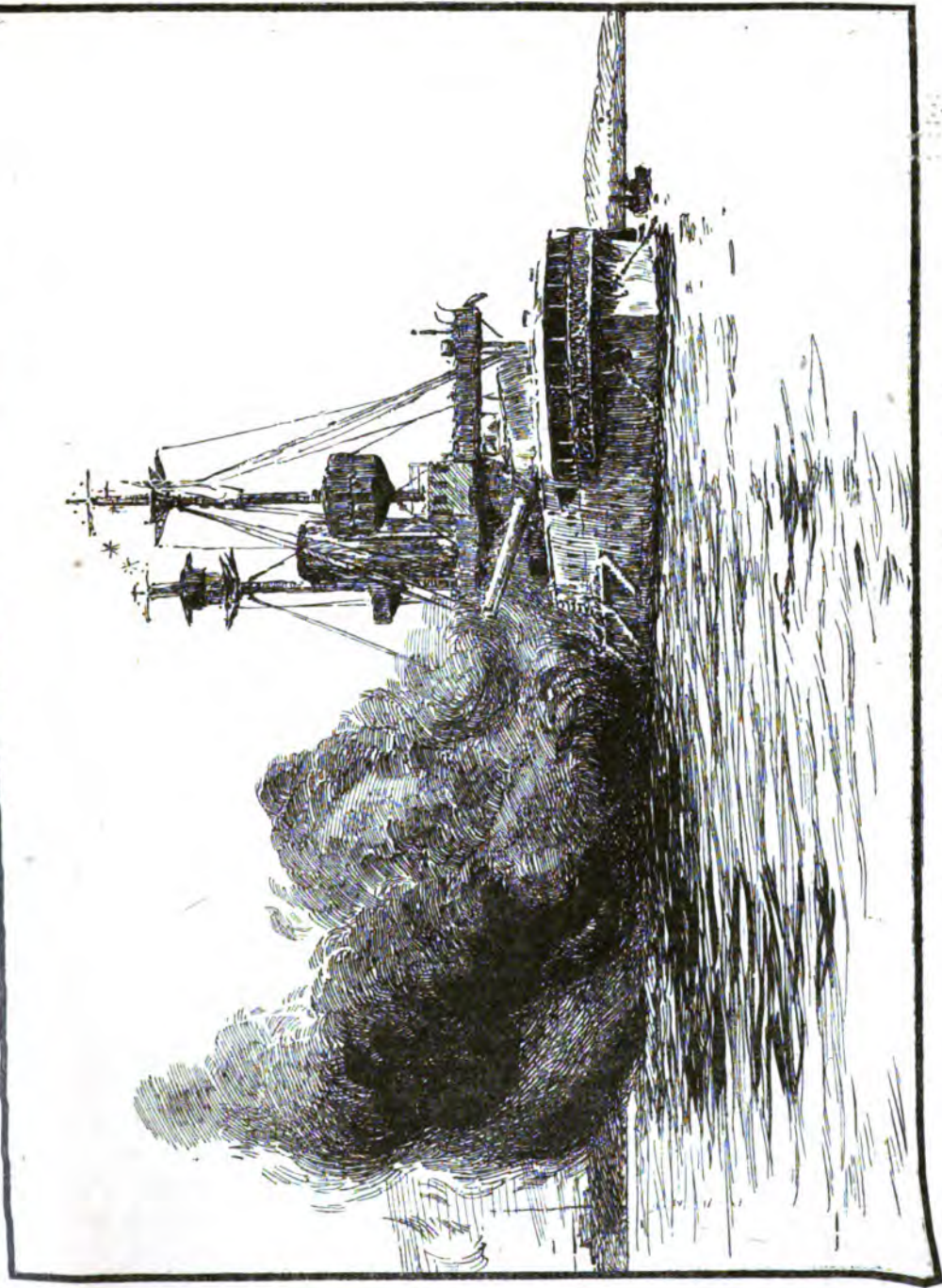
It has been suggested that the Germans would have been able to make a better fight had they steamed boldly in and engaged our ships before the latter had time to weigh. It is possible von Spee would not have been so completely crushed, and it is also likely that our casualties would have been very much greater, but we must consider all the chances. Here were the German ships by this time hull down. Very little haze would have made them



The Splashes of *Canopus's* Guns

100

100



Canopus at Port Stanley, Falkland Islands

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invisible to us, and if we try to picture all the thoughts which passed through the German Admiral's brain, it is just as likely as not that those five great columns of spray may have helped him to make up his mind to try to escape rather than to fight at close quarters. It seemed the safer course.

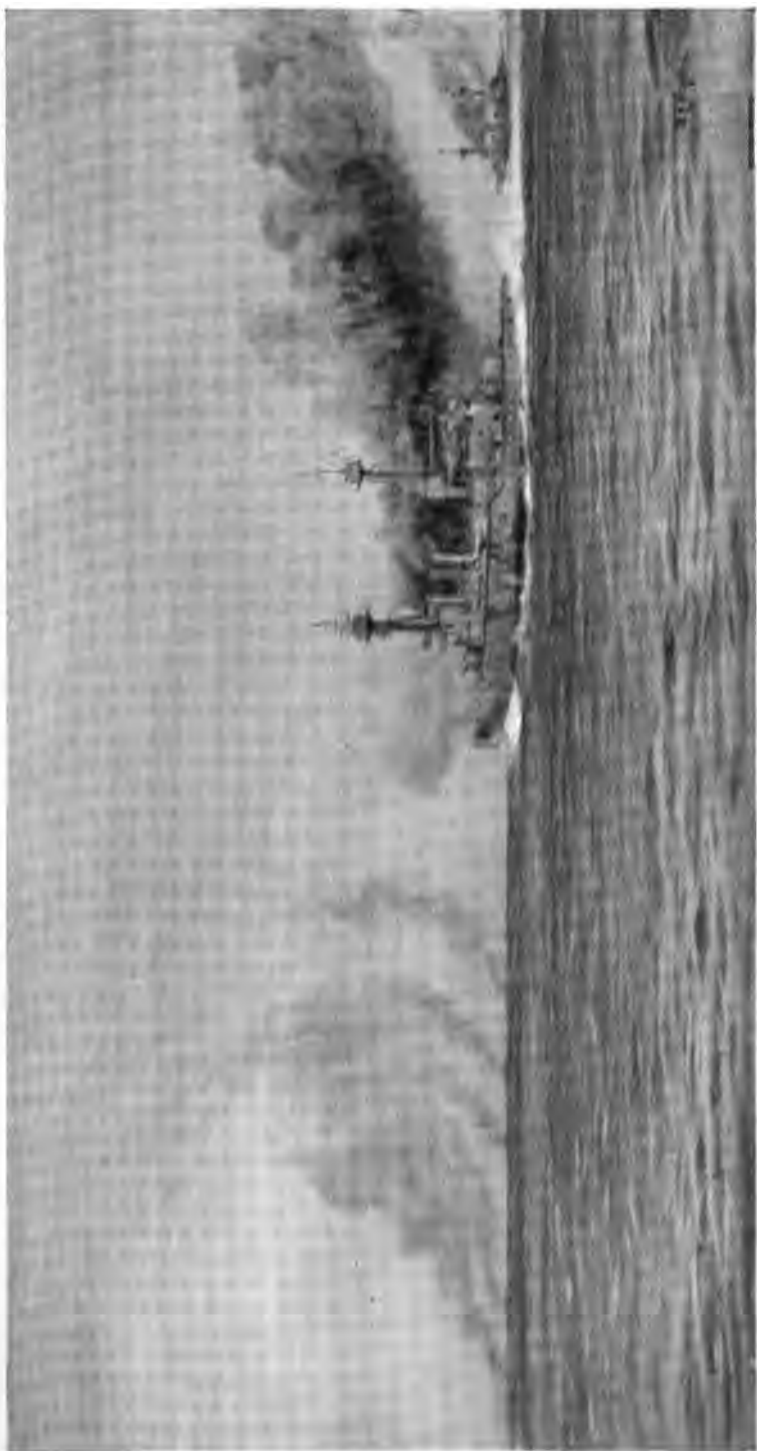
When after the battle off Coronel the German colony, wild with joy, toasted Count von Spee at dinner, he wisely advised his admirers to moderate their transports, saying that it might be his turn to be sunk in the next fight; and as he saw the battle cruisers working up for full speed he must have felt that the odds against him were great and that his prophecy might be literally fulfilled.

Let us now return to the British squadron feverishly making ready for the fight, remembering the dense columns of black smoke pouring from every funnel as the stokers worked the furnaces up to white heat.

Kent, being nearest to the harbour mouth, was first away at 9.45. *Glasgow* followed hot foot, then *Carnarvon* and the two battle cruisers, *Inflexible* and *Invincible*, took up the chase, *Cornwall* close upon their heels. *Bristol*, which had her fires out, was not ready for another three-quarters of an hour. How every soul on board of her must have rebelled at the delay!

Let us try to picture this fleet working up its speed, for the Admiral has ordered a general chase. All anchors are thickly coated with harbour mud, feathers of foam are flying from each bow, and the wake of froth is almost level with the taffrails. The bare hillsides of the Falkland Islands are at first sharp and clear against the sky, they shrink slowly to a pale cluster of hummocks miles astern, and then disappear altogether beneath the clear horizon.

There is the enemy on their starboard bow, still hull down but very clearly visible in the pure cold air; all the smoke from his funnels seems to join together into one great grey column which rises to heaven in a weird shape like the pillar of fire or the reek of sacrifices painted in old Bible pictures. By this time *Invincible* has passed *Carnarvon* and worked up abreast of *Glasgow*. *Inflexible* on her starboard quarter is almost smothered in black smoke. The Admiral had made a signal at 11.30 that the ships' companies were to go to dinner, and now at 12.15 he makes another to *Inflexible*, saying that he will not wait for the other ships but will engage the whole five of the enemy with his battle cruisers. It is fine to hear the men cheer. The two ships increase to full speed at once, the funnels turning bright red with the heat and glowing along their course towards revenge and victory. It is the supreme moment for a great action against a foe not long before triumphant.



Invincible and Inflexible in Chase of Von Spee's Squadron.

10





***Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* engaged by Admiral Sturdee**

2

The Battle of the Falkland Islands

At 12.58 *Inflexible* fired the first shot of the action at *Leipzig* which was lagging behind the others. *Kent* was at this time to port, her fo'c'sle black with men, who cheered every round just like the big crowd at a football match on some well-known ground at home. *Invincible* meanwhile was firing on *Scharnhorst*. The Admiral now signalled to the German fleet, "The armoured cruisers will engage the enemy as long as possible. The light cruisers are to use every endeavour to escape." At the same time Admiral von Spee turned his big ships to port to shorten the range. Three minutes later the British battle cruisers also turned to port together, leaving the German light cruisers to be dealt with by the "Counties" and *Glasgow*. At 1.31 the enemy opened fire and was soon straddling Sturdee's battle cruisers with his shells. Admiral Sturdee therefore drew more away to port and again lengthened the range to 15,000 yards. The Germans replied at once by going sharp to starboard, bringing our ships right astern. Soon, however, the battle cruisers increased speed, coming up on the unfortunate Germans' quarter at the same range as before. This manoeuvre took some time, and the shell-room parties seized it as an opportune moment to replenish the nearest shell bins. At 2.50 firing began again at 15,000 yards, and the two German ships again turned to port and tried to close. It was at this moment that a strange four-masted barque close-hauled on the starboard tack appeared, making towards the scene of combat. She was all white, every stitch of sail was spread, and she looked just like a spectre or the "Flying Dutchman," gliding mysteriously into the midst of the carnage.

The British shells now began to tell on both the enemy's ships. *Scharnhorst* was on fire forward, and at 3.6 she once more turned to starboard, and the range now shortened to 12,000 yards. Soon afterwards her third funnel was shot away, and she was burning aft as well as forward. The guns on her port side were most of them out of action, and now she made a sharp turn of twelve points to the south-west to bring the starboard broadside into action. *Gneisenau* did not turn exactly at the same spot, but held on shrewdly some way farther. Survivors said that this was done because the Germans feared that a concentrated fire would be brought to bear on the point where the turn was made in imitation of the tactics of the Japanese at Tsushima. *Invincible* and *Inflexible* worked up on the starboard beam of the hapless Germans, still pounding them relentlessly with their 12-inch shells at 13,000 yards, a very long range for the 8.2's of the enemy. It was now past four, and *Scharnhorst* began to take a bad list to port, smoke and flame pouring out of her. Ten minutes later she went right on her side, her propeller still lashing the foam as she sank

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head first with all hands. The crack gunnery ship of the new Imperial Navy was gone for ever, her lustre and her fame to be forgotten save in the annals of her ancient and unconquerable foe.

Gneisenau still continued firing all her starboard guns, though her upper decks must have been a ghastly shambles. At 4.47 she was very badly hit, at 5.8 her fore funnel fell back, resting against the second, seven minutes later another shot struck her between the third and fourth funnels. The smoke was now so thick that *Inflexible* could see nothing, and so altered course twelve points inward to get out of it. A little later she made another twelve-points turn, and brought her other broadside to bear. *Invincible* meanwhile held on, and then turned sixteen points and tore back. *Carnarvon*, though the lame duck of the party, by cutting off corners succeeded in catching up the leaders, and when the weather changed to a chilly nor'-west wind with rain she was near enough to help with her 6-inch guns now and then. Some of the shots aimed at our battle cruisers narrowly missed her.

Gneisenau had become a complete wreck, riddled through and through with dreadful shell wounds; the dead and dying lay in heaps, and one by one her guns grew quite silent. She had no ammunition left. At last she took a bad list to starboard, and it was certain that she was doomed. *Inflexible* and *Carnarvon* steamed towards her to pick up survivors. Then the German captain sent to inquire "If every round was expended? Was there not one charge left?" Here was the hated enemy at short range at last! "Yes!" There was one charge in the fore turret, and the gun was swung round by his order and fired in mad defiance at our advancing ships. The only effect of the captain's action, brave in its recklessness, was that *Inflexible* again stood away and pounded the defenceless wreck with fifteen more rounds, six or seven of which took effect. She could only retort like this to such defiance, much as she may have respected her brave enemy.

At 6 o'clock *Gneisenau* had stopped, and two minutes afterwards, as she turned slowly on her beam ends, her crew came scrambling over the ship's rail, sliding down her upturned broadside. Then the armoured cruiser settled by the head, leaving a mass of struggling men, and found her last home beneath the icy waters of the Antarctic Ocean, far from that Fatherland that had, it must in justice be confessed, inspired her action.

Invincible, *Inflexible*, and *Carnarvon* steamed fast to the spot. All boats had been filled with water before the action, and some had been hit by splinters. There were about 200 unwounded men clinging to wreckage and spars, tossing helpless in the cold seas. Lifebuoys and ropes were thrown from the ships, but the temperature of the water was forty-two degrees, and a



Scharnhorst and Gneisenau: The End of the Chase.





Inflexible alters course 12 points to get out of the smoke





The Battle of the Falkland Islands

bitter wind had sprung up. The cutters which could be lowered had a gruesome job hauling in the poor defenceless wretches, and by the time the last boat was back some of the men had been a good hour in the water; fourteen of the rescued were found to be dead when they were brought on board.

Invincible saved seven officers and twenty-four men; *Inflexible* picked up ten officers and fifty-two men, and *Carnarvon* thirty-three men. All ships acted with the humanity that inspires our Navy in victory or defeat.

Our two battle cruisers had steamed more than a hundred miles during the action, the Admiral being at the masthead all the time.

To return to the movements of the "Counties" and the light cruisers.

When the German flagship and her consort turned to port, *Dresden*, *Leipzig* and *Nürnberg* altered course to starboard, steering south in a sort of triangular formation, *Leipzig* being the nearest to our swiftly pursuing ships.

Glasgow could steam twenty-seven knots, and at 2.45 exchanged shots at about 11,000 yards with the laggard of the German light cruisers. Twice *Leipzig* straddled her, and twice *Glasgow* eased down so as to lengthen the range, for she had only one 6-inch gun that would bear upon the enemy. At 3.2 *Cornwall* sounded action, and her men gave a mighty cheer, echoing amid the gunfire ominously over the bleak waste of ocean. Eight minutes later her captain signalled to *Kent*, who was on her port beam, steaming at top speed, that he would take the centre target if *Kent* would take *Nürnberg*, who was much farther away. *Kent*, though she was only supposed to steam twenty-three knots when new, was now doing 24.3. At a quarter-past four *Kent* opened fire on *Leipzig*, and two minutes afterwards *Cornwall* followed suit, the range being nearly 11,000 yards. *Glasgow* ported her helm to lengthen the range and dropped a little astern, and *Kent* bore away a bit, steaming hard after *Nürnberg* in obedience to *Cornwall*'s signal.

At this time *Leipzig*'s shots were all falling short, and *Cornwall* got in her first hit, the shell bursting forward and killing the German gunnery lieutenant. Soon afterwards the spray from a shot which fell short dashed into *Cornwall*'s conning tower, wetting everyone inside to the skin.

Leipzig now ported her helm a little, and *Cornwall* did the same, cutting off the corner and so avoiding the possibility of floating mines strewn in the enemy's wake. The range was now about 8,000 yards, and as some of the German guns began to hit, *Cornwall* ported her helm and turned still more, bringing her port broadside into action and lengthening the range. It was very difficult to spot the fall of shot in the mist and rain which was drenching the combatants, and independent firing was ordered. Many of the German shots were still hitting at 20,000 yards, so their 4.1's must have

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been good guns and well manned. Owing to the range becoming extended a little after 4 o'clock there was a pause in the firing for a quarter of an hour—a period of repose that only presaged further and more fierce activity.

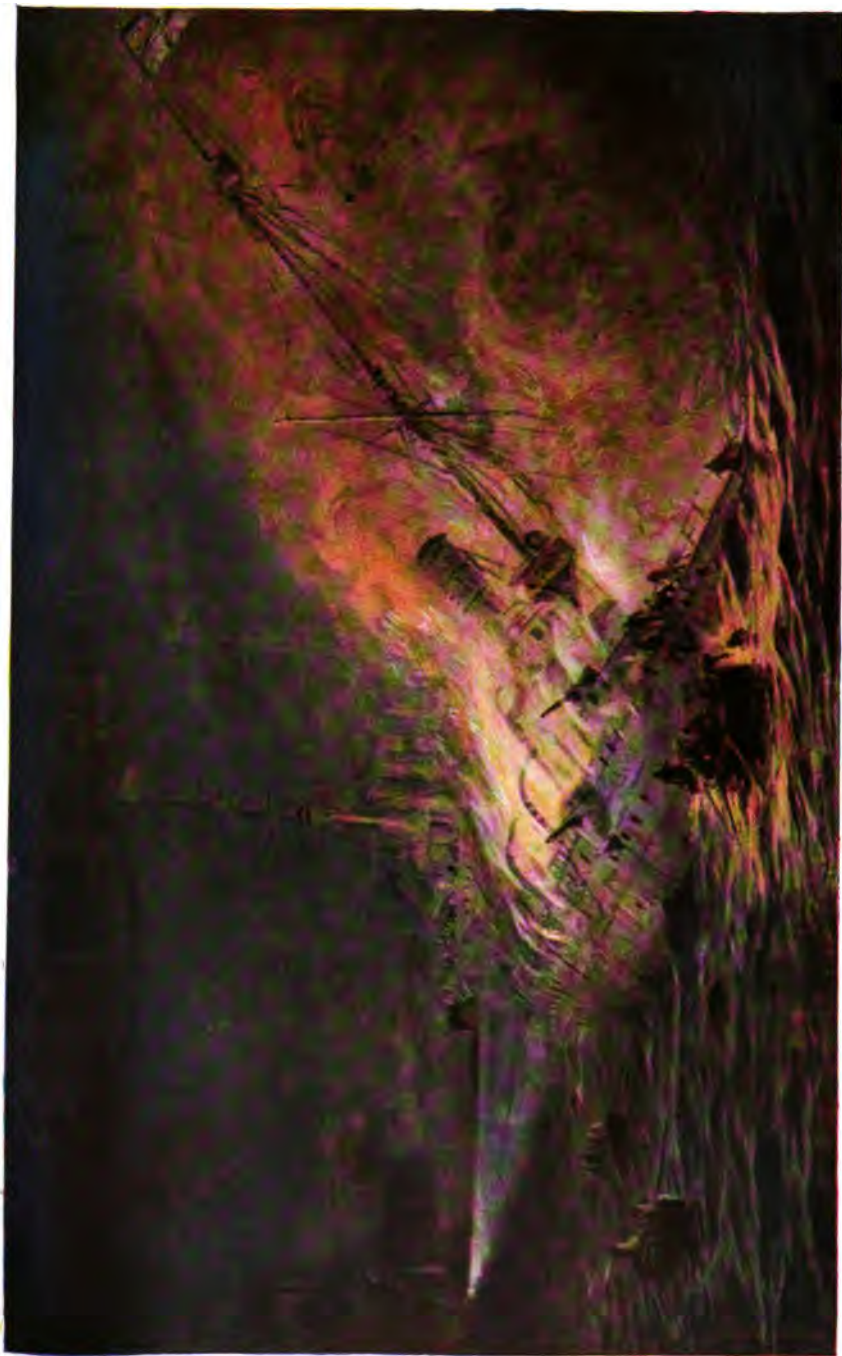
At the end of this temporary quietness the British cruiser began again firing her broadside, and for a little while continued a sort of zigzag course, sometimes discharging the foremost group of guns and sometimes those on the beam. Fires soon burst out on board *Leipzig*, and her shooting became more feeble, though some of her guns still continued to hit. There was no weakness in her handling and no lack of courage in her crew.

Soon a wireless message came through in the middle of the fighting to say that *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* had been sunk. The moral effect of it was very great, and the men cheered and redoubled their efforts, fighting for a complete success against the flying enemy. The range was now between 7,000 and 8,000 yards, and firing was still pretty brisk, and the flames in the forepart of the hapless German grew larger, though there seemed plenty of fight left in the crew.

Glasgow, still keeping on the starboard quarter of *Cornwall*, continued blazing away at *Leipzig* with her forward 6-inch gun and the 4-inch guns at her port broadside. Meanwhile *Dresden* continued to increase her distance, eventually escaping altogether from the battle, bent on further solitary mischief.

The loss of life on board *Leipzig* was terrible. Dead and wounded were lying in heaps, and the guns' crews were in some cases up to their knees in water stained with blood. At last there was no more ammunition, so the captain called the remains of his crew together and told them that any man who volunteered to haul down the ensign could do so, but that he himself would not. Not a man moved. The ship was a complete wreck; she had lost her fore funnel and part of her centre one, and was ablaze fore and aft. Their bravery remains beyond question and her commander was heroic to the end.

At 7.10 *Cornwall* ceased fire and waited for the German flag to be struck. There it was in the twilight fluttering defiance, creating a tradition, unselfish and unsubduable. The British ship fired a few more rounds, steaming in to 4,700 yards. There was an explosion on board and then the mainmast tottered and fell slowly. At 8.12 *Leipzig* sent up two green lights, and her crew came out with bedding and other floating gear. There were about 200 of them on the forecastle at first. At 8.30 the German cruiser took a list of forty-five degrees to port, and was well down by the head. Inside she was glowing like a furnace; vivid, almost white flames were shooting out



Leipzig sinking.

10

2

The Battle of the Falkland Islands

of the shell holes in her sides. A great column of smoke curled away in thick rolls from abreast of the foremost funnel, hanging low on the water; her rigging was burnt through at the foot and hung down curling where the heat had twisted it, the yards being all a-cock-bill. The end was near.

Glasgow and *Cornwall* steamed cautiously up, dreading a torpedo; when quite close the two ships stopped and lowered some of their boats, *Cornwall* switching on her searchlights. As the cutters reached the German ship she gave a further heel, and the survivors, now reduced to forty, scrambled down her sloping sides and jumped towards their rescuers. The captain was among these, but he never came to the surface again. *Glasgow's* cutter and whaler picked up seven officers and ten men, and *Cornwall's* boat one officer and three men.

The fires now were more varied than ever; there were white and yellow flames aft, and ruddy ones forward among the wreaths of heavy, black, oily smoke; soon white steam came bursting out of the engine-room as the water poured into the wreck.

At 9.23 *Leipzig* turned right over and sank, the German ensign at the masthead showing white to the last against the blackness. If only all Germany's records had been like this!

Cornwall was stopped and her port searchlight was used to help the boat's crew to pick up the men clinging to the wreckage. Steam and smoke were rising near the foot of her foremast; she stood high out of the water, with a slight list to port. She, too, came gloriously out of the supreme test, but she had traditions never to be forgotten.

Kent, after passing *Leipzig*, continued to chase *Nürnberg*, and, owing to the strenuous efforts of the engineers and stokers, she at last got within range at five o'clock. The fact that the German guns outranged the English made it necessary to fight at close quarters, where the weight of the larger guns would tell. So *Kent* was taken, in the good old English fashion, right alongside. One shell burst in a casemate, killing six and wounding four of the gun's crew. It also set fire to the cordite, and the flames went down the hoist into the ammunition passage, where Sergeant Charles Mayes, picking up the burning charge in his arms, ran along the cross passage and dropped it in a bucket of water. He then took hold of a fire-hose and flooded the compartment, putting out some flaming shell-bags and saving his ship. For such foresight and coolness in the extremity of danger he afterwards received the Distinguished Conduct Medal for conspicuous gallantry. The battle still raged with great fury for more than an hour and a half, and *Kent* then closed up to 3,000 yards, *Nürnberg* ceasing to fire. She still

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flaunted her colours, however, and *Kent* continued firing for five more minutes, but stopped when the German ensign was hauled down. *Kent* had four men killed and twelve wounded.

The description of a witness of this combat runs as follows :

"All was peace at Port Stanley, but we had mighty little coal in us, and thoughts of immediate battle were far from us when along came the signal from the look-out above the town that two German cruisers, one three-funnel, one four-funnel, were in sight to south'd. At once *Kent* was told to proceed outside and prospect, and things seemed to hum. By the time we cleared the harbour mouth we found one four-funneller and one three-funneller (*Gneisenau* and *Nürnberg*) only 14,000 yards off, and three others who we knew must be *Leipzig*, *Scharnhorst*, and *Dresden*, farther to the south. Why the *Gneisenau* didn't biff off at us is more than I can say, but I take it the party she saw when she poked her nose round the point, combined with the splash of a few 12-inch projectiles from the old *Canopus*, in the inner harbour, was enough to make them decide to run for it, which they did without any further inspection of the Falkland Islands. So away we go after them, the old *Kent* bounding off at a most astonishing speed, leading the fleet into battle. Everything was for us : good weather for the chase, and many hours of daylight before us, as it was about 11 a.m. then, and it keeps light now until nine in the evening. Next after us came *Glasgow*, a smaller and faster ship than those of the 'County' class; then came *Cornwall*; and then, to our joy, as we disappeared round the corner, we saw the big ones (*Invincible* and *Inflexible*) cast off their colliers and come pounding after us, and not far behind them *Carnarvon* and *Bristol* (same class as *Glasgow*). Away we all go, in a wild, strong chase towards the Polar regions. *Bristol* first is detached to chase and destroy the enemy's colliers farther to west'd, so we see no more of her that day, and it is six of us after five.

"On we go, *Glasgow* gets ahead of us, but we have worked up now, and it takes a full hour for *Invincible* to overtake us, and a marvellous fine sight they were as they went by. Behind us now comes *Cornwall* and the old *Carnarvon*, rather a lame duck, but digging out to keep up with us. On, on; we are all gaining slowly on them; we, perhaps, are 20,000 yards and *Invincible* 17,000 yards away from them. *Invincible* about here opened fire on them, and *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* steered off to east'd. Then *Invincible* turned parallel to them, and at once smoke and the splash of projectiles surrounded those four combatants. On go *Dresden*, *Leipzig*, and *Nürnberg*, still to the south'd, and on went *Glasgow*, *Kent*, and *Cornwall* after them. We had reached our top speed now, the old *Kent* going a lot faster than

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she had ever done in her life before—twenty-five knots, a very notable performance.

"Away we go; it has become two separate actions. We pass under the sterns of the big ones fighting their action, and it is like a football match, the whole of our ship's company, except, of course, the engine-room brigade, assembled on the forecastle cheering wildly every time the 12-inch guns go booming off. So we leave them waving defiance at each other—four splodges of smoke upon the horizon. On we fly, pursuers and pursued; the great southern birds, white albatross and the dusky 'mollyhawk' came with us—all bound south'd.

"And now you find life humming on board the ships this day. 'Prepare for battle,' which we have so often exercised, has at last become a real thing to be done immediately. All the decks are swimming in water; all the delicate instruments and articles are stuck down below armour; all the ladders, the lockers, the hencoops, everything wooden except the boats, hacked to pieces and passed down to the furnaces to burn, you see—in fact, everyone enjoying themselves with hatchets. Then to dinner—an extraordinary meal in the wardroom. There is four inches of water on the deck; it is very nearly dark, and everything is sopping. We eat bread and butter and great hunks of tongue with a good deal of wit flying round. This meal was early in the chase though, and we had all the afternoon to make our preparations, to tune up the weapons, and to pop up as often as possible on to the bridge or shelter deck and see how the chase was getting on. At four we had cocoa and biscuits in my cabin, brewed by the electric kettle, and carried up cups to those who could not come down from the bridge, and then replete with good food we are ready for the fray. So to get back to our pursuit where we left it! The enemy are strung out in a sort of lop-sided V, *Leipzig* at the point nearest to us, *Dresden* ahead a long way and to west'd, and the *Nürnberg* ahead to east'd.

"Soon after *Glasgow* gets within range of *Leipzig*, and they start banging at each other, and once more the football crowd assemble on the forecastle to enjoy the fun. But the crowd soon had to disperse, for in another few minutes the old *Kent* has sounded off 'Action,' and the mob, with the loudest cheer of the day, are up and off to their stations.

"There is nothing for me to do in the conning tower for the time, I knew, so I am deputed to go round the main deck and see that everything is snug, and there I found everyone very calm and collected, and all well, except that the baker says he must stay a little longer or his last few loaves will be spoilt in the oven, so we agree that he shall have a few minutes longer before going below in order that he may complete this important duty. Then I visit

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the torpedo flat, and we all wish each other good fortune. By the time I reach the conning tower we are nearly within range of *Leipzig*, and soon biff off the fore turret at her, and some little tongues of flame, followed thirty seconds later by splashes several hundred yards away, show that she is returning the compliment. This goes on in a desultory sort of way for some minutes, and then *Cornwall* gets within range, and rather to our disgust suggests that we leave *Leipzig* to her and the *Glasgow*, and go off after *Nürnberg* whom, considering the distance ahead and reputed speed, we did not expect to catch. So we steer away to port and redouble our efforts in the stokehole. Slowly, slowly, we overtake her. The clouds have gathered and a cold wind sprung up to the west'd; it is not so clear now, and the sea is getting up a little. At last, by about 5.30, we are not more than 11,000 yards astern of her. 'Let's try a shot now from the fore turret,' says the skipper, and off she goes and the action has begun. At first desultory firing on both sides because the range is so long.

"Flash from her; twenty or thirty seconds interval, then 'Zipp-pp!' 'Bung!' comes the projectile, with a great splash in the sea near by, then she starts firing faster; she has us now nicely for elevation, but the shots are falling either side of us, quite close too. It is a strange and rather curdling fascination to see the flash and think—now she's coming, now, now; so we creep nearer to her, and it has been a perfect marvel how many shots could fall close round without hitting us badly. I'm watching through my glasses all the time to see us hit her, and once, twice, I catch a glimpse of that unmistakable little glow that means a shell had burst on board her.

"Well, well, I cannot trace out every turn and twist of the action, but when she was about 8,000 yards off she turned; we turned parallel to her, and we could both give each other broadsides, and did, as hard as we could.

"These were in the conning tower: The skipper, Hervey, myself—quarter-master, and one seaman, and not much room to spare. Plenty of shells were hitting us now, but more of ours were hitting her, and it wasn't long before we could see we had the upper hand, which, of course, we undoubtedly ought to have had—we were a bigger ship with bigger guns. Still, you never know, because organisation and discipline are the main factors.

"After a time her speed dropped, and we were able to circle round her as we pleased. All the time we were pounding away, our own guns making far more deafening a noise than that of the bursting shells.

"In the conning tower it all seemed very ordinary; just like the ordinary battle practice. Nothing seemed to burst very near us there; once I remember getting a mouthful of wood chips, and once or twice a biggish blast, but I believe it was our own guns as a rule. We found lots of



Kent and Nürnberg with a passing sailing ship.



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splinters in the conning tower afterwards though, and a voice-pipe a foot or two in front of our faces was cut in half. After an hour and a half we thought she had struck, and ceased firing, but found her ensign still flying, so opened fire again. Again we ceased fire, but still no sign of her ensign coming down. So this time we signal: 'Do you surrender?' and approach her again, firing, and after a minute or two down flutters her ensign, and we have got her. Poor miseries; they are in a bad way, the ship blazing in several places and rapidly sinking. A good many men have already jumped overboard.

"It is near dusk now, 7.30, and we have been two hours in action. Up comes everyone from below, from casemates and turrets to stare and rejoice; but they were all immediately hustled away to do what can be done to save life. All our boats are riddled, and none of them can be repaired for an hour. So we do what we can with lifebuoys and lumps of wood paid astern, but it's mighty little; it's a lippy sea and dreadfully cold. All this part was beastly. There were so many of them in sight, and we could do so little till our boats were patched. At last we could lower one cutter and the galley, and even then life-saving was no easy job. I was in the galley and plunged about for twenty minutes to get one man. Altogether we got on board about a dozen, five of whom were really 'goners' when we got them on board. The other seven have really flourished and are quite normal again now. Early in these life-saving operations *Nürnberg* hauled right over on her side and sank. They were a brave lot; one man stood aft and held the ensign waving in his hands till the ship went under.

"It was strange and weird, all this aftermath. The wind was rapidly rising from the west'd, and darkness closing in. Our ship heaving to the swell, well battered, fore top-gallant mast gone. Of the other nothing to be seen but floating wreckage, with here and there a man clinging, and the 'mollyhawks'—vultures of the sea—sweeping by; the wind moaned, and death was in the air. Then, see, out of the mist loomed a great four-master barque under full canvas—a great ghost-ship she seemed. Slowly and majestically she sailed by and vanished in the night. What a subject for a picture! It was dark by the time we got our boats up and turned our bows northwest'd. Six men were killed and about eight men wounded, and when one saw the number of shell splashes and holes about the ship it seemed marvellous there weren't more. No officers were damaged in any way. Well, well; it was a fair ship to ship engagement. A good chase and a good battering match at short range (less than 3,000 yards sometimes); all surprisingly like the days of old.

"Of the general results of the action you must by now be reading in the

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papers. *Scharnhorst*, *Leipzig*, *Gneisenau*, and *Nürnberg* sunk; *Dresden* escaped, and *Bristol* sank her two colliers. A great victory for my old friend Admiral Sturdee. I'm awfully glad for him.

"We're coaling and repairing ourselves now, and will soon be off again. There's a fine shot hole through my cabin; I might try to preserve it."

Owing to the damage to *Kent's* wireless she was unable to report her victory, and for some time there were fears that she might have been sunk by mine or torpedo.

Bristol and *Macedonia* were ordered by wireless at 11.30 to go out and capture two colliers and an armed liner which had been reported to the south, and at 2.30 they saw smoke ahead and cleared for action. Half an hour later they discovered three ships—two almost in range, and the other on the horizon. The two first proved to be the four-masted ship *Baden* and the steamer *Santa Isabel*. The crews were promptly taken out of them, *Baden* being sunk by gun-fire and the *Santa Isabel* burnt. Meanwhile the armed liner slipped out of sight, and having the heels of us got clear away.

In the action *Invincible* had several hits. One 8.2 bursting in the ward-room wrecked it, making a tremendous hole in the ship's side-armour. Two shells struck the after conning tower, bursting, but doing very little harm, though the fumes were noxious. There was a hole on the water-line. Also a shell coming down at a steep angle, knocking off the muzzle of a 4-inch gun, went through the deck down a ventilating trunk, then through another deck and reached its final lodgment in a store-room without bursting. There was not a single casualty in *Invincible*.

Inflexible had only one man killed. She was hit twice, a shell landing on the top of a turret burst, scattering pieces everywhere. The commander got a small cut over one eye, and the officer in the armoured hood had his glasses bent whilst he was looking through them.

The other shell carried away the head of the main derrick, which fell, oddly enough, into the crutches of the first picket boat (the boat left behind at Port Stanley). By this shell the roof of the after turret was peppered with splinters, which sounded just like hail.

The German officer prisoners began to revive during the evening, and gave some information of the damages their ships had suffered. During the first period of the action each ship was only hit a few times. At the commencement of the second period both of them were pretty severely knocked about, and when they turned sharp to port it was to bring their undamaged broadside to bear. After *Scharnhorst* had sunk, and both battle cruisers concentrated their fire on *Gneisenau*, the effect on that ship was appalling.

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The first salvo fired by *Inflexible* took the disengaged 8-inch casemate on the other side clean out of the ship, turret guns and all the men. One of the saved was in the shellroom underneath, and stated that he looked up and saw blue sky shining through where the gun had been mounted.

Apparently, because the range was so great, our projectiles were falling almost vertically. The result was that parts of the upper decks were nearly blown away, then the main deck had some hard knocks, and ultimately the shells reached the engine-rooms and boilers, one after another.

Early in the action also an armour-piercing shell went clean through all decks and finished up in the lower part of the ship. Just before the end about 150 men, most of them more or less wounded, were collected on the upper deck and a 12-inch shell burst in the middle of them. They were scattered in pieces, and not one man was left alive.

The officers stated that practically every British shell burst, whereas only about half of the German shells were effective. This was a small proportion to explode. Apparently the enemy found it very hard to spot the fall of shot, whilst our battle cruisers were often hidden by their own smoke. Besides Admiral Count von Spee, his two sons were killed, one in *Gneisenau* and the other in *Nürnberg*—all the male members of the family being lost. A widow and a daughter alone survive out of a once notable family of sailors.

An officer writes as follows: "Personally, I must say it did not seem a very awful experience, and our men were as cool as anything. There were at one time at least twenty stokers not actually required at the moment watching the show from the after superstructure, just as they do for battle practice."

The following message was received from His Majesty:

"Heartily congratulate you and your officers and men on your most opportune victory.
"GEORGE, R.I."

The Admiralty sent:

"Our thanks are due to yourself and to officers and men under you for the brilliant victory you have reported."

After the action *Invincible* and *Inflexible* went in chase of *Dresden* all round the Falklands and nearly down to Staten Island, but there was no sign of the escaped German cruiser, so on the morning of the 10th they arrived again at Port Stanley.

In the afternoon an impressive service was held over our seven men who had been killed in the action, the governor of the islands, the Admiral, and all the captains attending. Cradock and his men were splendidly avenged, and the Pacific routes made comparatively secure.

CHAPTER VIII

THE DESTRUCTION OF "KÖNIGSBERG"

THE war on the trade routes came to a final end with the destruction of *Königsberg*. Although this was only accomplished in July, 1915, the incident can be given here before returning to events nearer home.

Königsberg played an even more passive part than *Dresden*. Her station was the eastern side of Africa, based on the German colony there. It seems likely that her inactivity was occasioned by her lack of supplies. If this is so, it once again throws an interesting light on the question of German cruisers being able to exist with the help of neutrals, and unable to operate from their own distant or ill-placed bases. In naval war we, as a seafaring nation, possess the priceless advantage of well-chosen stations in every part of the world.

Our entire garrison of regular troops was removed from South Africa and sent home, other troops coming from India to carry out the invasion of German East Africa. *Königsberg*, therefore, had a fairly free hand, but she failed to make good her opportunities. Her only real success was against *Pegasus*, which she found at anchor, repairing her machinery on September 19, off Zanzibar. She sank her without difficulty, holding her from the first at her mercy. After this exploit *Chatham* and *Weymouth* were dispatched to hunt down and destroy *Königsberg*. *Goliath* and *Dartmouth* arrived a little later, to cover the wide area in which she might be found.

Leaving Aden on September 22, *Chatham* arrived at Mombasa in four days. Nothing was known of *Königsberg's* movements here. *Chatham*, therefore, took aboard all necessary supplies and left the next day for Zanzibar. The inhabitants had been considerably relieved to see her, as it was not known whether a further attack might not be made on the town itself. *Königsberg* had not fired at the place when she sank *Pegasus*, except at a dummy wireless installation—the real one being concealed in the bush. It was empty pretence of humanity at the best, though. The crew of *Pegasus* were still ashore, and had been salving the guns. These had fallen clear of their ship

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as she turned over and sank, and were reached more easily in consequence. *Königsberg* had also been seen laying what looked like mines in the south channel, and had wirelessly *en clair*—"Keep clear of southern entrance," but the mines turned out on investigation to be zinc cases used in the German Navy for cordite charges. It was a German *ruse de guerre*, palpable and easily discovered.

The search for *Königsberg* was now planned with deliberation, and was carried out systematically. The area to be searched was between Cape Guardafui on the north and Delagoa Bay on the south, including all the islands between. The coast of East Africa offers a large number of hiding places—bays, inlets, unknown anchorages. The Germans had established a very efficient system of signalling along the coast, so the movements of our ships within sight of land were all promptly reported. A telegraph line ran along the shore, and this in turn connected with wireless stations which could communicate with *Königsberg* at any moment.

As a start, the area to be searched was divided up, and a number of rendezvous fixed. *Weymouth* and *Dartmouth*, based on Comoro, were to search the Mozambique Channel and to southward. They had also to protect the trade. *Chatham* was to search between Mombasa and Cape Delgado—a special duty never lost sight of.

By the end of October all the coast had been thoroughly accounted for except the Rufiji delta. It was thought unlikely that the German cruiser would be in hiding there, because, as far as was known, the water was too shallow for a ship of *Königsberg's* draught. At last a clue was obtained of her unexpected presence there through the capture of the steamer *President*, of the German East Africa line, which had been working in secret with *Königsberg*. This ship is of interest, as she throws a typical side-light on the case of *Ophelia*, which the Germans fitted out as a hospital ship, and which was condemned as a prize because she was obviously out, reporting our movements. She had never done any hospital work. The German colonial authorities claimed that *President* was also a hospital ship. She had had a red cross painted on her sides, and flew a Geneva Cross flag. Those were her misleading insignia—an attempt at meeting the requirements of war, but a subterfuge. In reality she was not fitted as a boat on the errands of mercy. She had no medical stores or appliances, and carried no doctors. Most of her important papers had been destroyed, but among those left was a receipt for supplying coal to *Königsberg* in September at Salali, a village up the Rufiji delta. A new German chart was also found, which showed channels up which *Königsberg* could be taken at certain states of the tide, which had a rise and fall of fifteen feet at spring tides and nine feet at neaps.

The Destruction of "Königsberg"

That was the trade that *President*, with pretended innocence, was systematically plying.

The delta is formed by the mouths of the Rufiji and Mohoro rivers. It extends for about forty miles along the coast, and is split up into creek after creek. The shores are all thickly wooded by mangroves, and as a great deal of the ground is high; it is impossible to spot even the mast of a ship from seaward, except from certain places. The three most important entrances are the Kikunja, the Ssimba Urunga (which joins with the Ssuninga at its mouth), and the Kiomboni. The Ssimba Urunga had been used by the Germans, but no Englishman had been known to go there for at least ten years before the war. We took little trade interest in this impossible region. Still, Mafia Island lies off the mouth of the delta. It was known the Germans were in force on the island, and also on the shores at the entrance to the delta. That was to be their first line of defence.

So right at the end of October *Chatham* arrived off the Kiomboni mouth just after dawn. The ship was compelled to anchor some way off shore, but the voyage had been made at night as it was known that the alarm would be given to the land forces as soon as she was sighted from Mafia Island. Her plan was to send an armed boat, with an interpreter, ashore to capture some of the natives in order to obtain information. This was done; the party met with no opposition, and a headman and two intelligent natives were brought back triumphantly to the ship. These men frankly stated that German sailors were among the troops in the vicinity, and that *Königsberg* herself lay off the village of Salali, which was some six miles up the Ssimba Urunga, and nine miles from the nearest point *Chatham* could reach. At any rate she was run to earth, though she was safely moored out of sight. Anchor was therefore weighed, and *Chatham* took up a position at the mouth of the Ssimba Urunga, being forced to keep over six miles out to sea on account of the shoals. On the way there the masthead look-out reported the topmasts of ships up the river, one obviously belonging to a man-o'-war—later proved to be *Königsberg*, while the other was *Somali*, a merchantman once more acting as store ship. At one time it was thought the former was under way and coming out, but it was soon seen she was definitely at anchor. *Chatham*, therefore, stood guard about eight and a half miles off the entrance, and wirelessly to *Dartmouth* and *Weymouth* to close on her in support.

The last day of October and the forenoon of November 1 were taken up sounding towards the entrance. In the forenoon of the latter day *Chatham* was able to close to within four and a half miles of the shore, and was just 14,500 yards (her maximum range) from *Somali*, *Königsberg* being one and

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a half miles beyond that station. Fire was opened on *Somali*, but no result could be observed, as even from *Chatham's* highest observation point only *Somali's* masthead could be seen.

The next day *Weymouth* and *Dartmouth* arrived, and as the latter had her bunkers nearly empty, it was decided she should stand in as near as possible at high water (3.9 p.m.). All three ships closed on the entrance shortly before, and *Dartmouth* got to within two miles of the bar. *Königsberg* was not visible at all from that position, but *Somali* was again shelled until the falling tide necessitated our withdrawal. On the following day spring tides reached their maximum height at 4 p.m., and *Chatham* managed to approach to within two miles of the entrance, at a point from which *Königsberg's* lower masts were visible. She had housed her topmasts, and placed branches of trees at her mastheads. The range was 14,800 yards, and by listing the ship five degrees the starboard guns could be brought to bear. Fire was kept up for half an hour, until the ebb made it necessary to go out again.

A boat attack was made on November 7. One of *Goliath's* picket boats had arrived from Mombasa, where that ship was undergoing repairs, and this boat led the attack, supported by three steam cutters from the cruisers. Orders were to the effect that the attack was not to be forced if the banks were found to be held in strength, and because a very heavy fire was opened on them as they approached the shore they returned to the ships, their venture unaccomplished. While this was being done, *Chatham* stood as close in as possible and shelled *Somali* at 13,000 yards range. This caused a fire which, it was afterwards heard, completely gutted the vessel.

It was now evident that neither the ships nor the boats could reach *Königsberg*. It was therefore decided to block the entrance to prevent her exit. The only channel she could navigate was the Ssununga, and the chart showed that the narrowest part of this lay just within the first bend from the entrance. A collier, *Newbridge*, 3,800 tons burden, was procured from Mombasa and prepared for the needed operation. The fore-bridge and positions fore and aft, from which cable parties were to work, were covered in with protective plates and sandbags. Explosives were placed in the engine-room and lashed outboard under the bottom. The crew manning her were men from aboard *Chatham*. *Newbridge* was to be taken up to her position at daybreak and anchored. She was to be sunk when the flood tide swung her across the channel, as it should do at 8 a.m.

All arrangements were carried out as planned. *Newbridge* started at 4 a.m., *Chatham* and *Weymouth* closing in to her support, and at 5.15 the cruisers opened fire on the entrance. *Newbridge* passed up with the

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attendant boats and was soon lost to sight in the bend. From the time our blocking ship got into range from the shore until the boats returned, all were subjected to a very heavy fire from maxims and rifles. Three killed and nine wounded were the only casualties, thanks to the protection erected on board and to the accurate return fire from our boats. *Newbridge* was successfully sunk exactly in the place arranged, the tide assisting as expected, and the boats all returned safely to the ships.

After this *Weymouth* and *Dartmouth* left, being no longer needed. *Chatham* remained, to be joined by the auxiliary liner *Kinfauns Castle*, which arrived from the Cape with a Curtis seaplane. *Königsberg* was located by the seaplane a very long way up the river. She must have been got up there at the top of successive spring tides, possibly by warping.

The operations to destroy *Königsberg* for a time came to an end. On January 7, 1915, Mafia Island was captured with the help of a military force. In the meantime the coast was blockaded, and *Chatham*, helped by three small steamers—*Adjutant*, *Dupleix* and *Halmuth*—was kept on this duty throughout.

The next attacks on *Königsberg* were made in July, 1915. At the beginning of the war three monitors, which were being built in England for Brazil, were taken over by the Government and named *Mersey*, *Severn* and *Humber*. The ships were quite small and were built for river work. They displaced 1,250 tons, and had an overall length of 265 feet and 49 feet beam. The draught was only 6 feet. The armament consisted of two 6-inch guns, two 4.7 howitzers, four three-pounders, and machine-guns. The 6-inch guns were mounted fore and aft, behind shields of the pattern usually supplied for guns of that size mounted on deck. The monitors had taken part in the bombardment of the Belgian coast in October, 1914. They had done various duties since, and later were ordered to proceed to Mafia Island. The ships were specially fitted for an ocean voyage. *Mersey* and *Severn* were towed by tugs out to East Africa. (*Humber* only went as far as Malta and was left there.) The crews of the monitors were accommodated on board *Trent*, which was fitted out as a parent ship and accompanied them.

The voyage out naturally took some time. Malta was reached on March 30, and a long stay was made there. It was June 3 before the ships, having passed through the Suez Canal, finally arrived at Mafia Island. Work then commenced in earnest. The baulks and strengthening shores, which had been put in to enable the monitors to make a long sea voyage, were quickly removed. Plates and sandbag protection were erected on deck, and all the exposed parts of the ships, especially the propelling and steering gear, were guarded. Some 4,000 kerosene tins, made water-

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tight, were stowed in all available compartments on each ship to provide buoyancy in case they were hulled below the water-line. The twins were painted green in various shades to harmonise with the colour of the shore; the crews wore khaki—the whole attack being camouflaged.

In the meantime more seaplanes had been obtained, but they were not very successful, owing chiefly to atmospheric conditions. They could, as a rule, only rise about 1,000 feet above the sea, and they came down to 700 feet as soon as they crossed the land, a height which was too low for safety. Finally an aerodrome was made at Mafia Island. More aeroplanes were obtained—strange and monstrous birds in a strange land. No further trouble was experienced. The aeroplanes were not weighed down by floats, each two hundred-weight (as in the case of seaplanes). They rose at once to 3,000 feet, a height from which observations could efficiently be carried out. Photographs were taken of *Königsberg*, and her position was accurately located. A system of signalling from the aeroplane to the ships was arranged, and for some days practice was carried out at the southward of Mafia Island, the monitors firing over the land at dhows anchored out of sight on the other side, the aeroplanes signalling the result of the shots. It proved a successful experiment, prophetic of disaster to the German cruiser.

At the beginning of July all was ready for the carefully planned attack. On the 5th a demonstration was made at Dar-es-Salaam, with cruisers and transports together, to contain the enemy as far as possible in that direction.

At 7 p.m. on July 5 the monitors weighed anchor and closed on the mainland, anchoring off the Kikunja mouth. The next morning the crews went to general quarters at 3.45, and at 4 o'clock anchors were weighed and the ships stood in to pass up the mouth of the river, *Severn* was leading. At the same time, to distract attention, the cruisers set to work to make a big demonstration off each of the other entrances. *Weymouth* was engaged with the monitors off the Kikunja mouth. The Germans had placed field guns on the left bank of the river at a point where they could fire across the channel, while any "overs" would fall into the sea, and not on the opposite shore. The narrows at the entrance were defended by rifles and maxim guns. As soon as the monitors began to pass up, fire was opened on them, but in the dim light of the early dawn it must have been difficult for the Germans or any riflemen to take good aim. At any rate the shooting did little damage. The fire was returned by the monitors, and the heavy guns must have caused great execution at the short range of a few hundred yards. Practically nothing could be seen of the enemy. As on all similar occasions, there was far less firing from the bank.

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The devastating effect of big guns at point-blank range has already been noticed, and the monitors continued to fire at all objects seen as they passed up. *Severn* destroyed a torpedo innocently attached to a log, and also sank a dhow moored up a side stream. *Mersey* hit a service cutter, which blew up with a great explosion as if it contained torpedoes or mines, or both combined.

At 6.30 *Severn* and *Mersey* had reached positions near an island in the main stream from which the attack was to be made, and moored bow and stern in line ahead. An aeroplane had already arrived and was flying with buzzing whir overhead. It was a fine clear morning, with very good atmospheric conditions for the work in hand. Distant objects were clear cut and easily observed. At 6.50 *Severn* opened fire at a range of 10,600 yards. *Mersey* followed suit soon afterwards, both ships firing alternately. *Königsberg* returned the fire promptly, and soon straddled the monitors, aiming principally at *Mersey*. Her spotting was done from a hill in the vicinity, and her shots were very accurate. *Weymouth* bombarded the hills from outside the entrance in the hope of finding the spotting station, but the effect could not be seen. At a little after 7.30 *Mersey* found the fire too hot for her. A shot hit the fore 6-inch gun shield, smashing it and putting the gun out of action. Two more fell just alongside. Numbers of shells were peppering the water all round and quite near the ship. Her captain therefore decided to shift his position, and slowly dropped another 1,000 yards down stream. *Königsberg* immediately turned her attention to *Severn*, blazing salvos of four guns at the rate of about three a minute. Soon after eight *Severn* found it necessary to shift, and moved to a berth where she hoped to be out of sight of *Königsberg's* spotting station. She fired at what she took to be the spotting station, and, although she could not tell the result, *Königsberg's* fire was not so accurate afterwards. Two aeroplanes were overhead, each flying at a time for two and a half hours. Spotting was well reported at first, but later the reports became confused, as there was no proper discrimination to show which ship was being signalled to. Our fire consequently became very wild, a ship firing over, for instance, lengthening her range on the strength of a message meant for her consort and vice versa. Occasional hits were secured and *Königsberg* was seen to be on fire, but not out of action. At midday there was a pause of about an hour, as the aeroplane at work had to leave. *Severn* tried to carry on, doing her own spotting, as she could see the enemy, but without success. *Königsberg* still kept up her venomous return fire, but was using three guns instead of four. By 3.30 it was obvious little good was being done, and the ships withdrew, dropping down the river over the course they came up and letting fly at objects as

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they slowly passed by, receiving always far less in return than on their way up. By 4.45 the open sea had been reached, and the "Secure" was sounded. It was quite time, for the crews had been at general quarters for eighteen hours, and eleven hours had been spent under fire. This was a pretty severe test, considering the climate, especially in the engine-rooms, where the temperature was somewhere in the neighbourhood of 130 degrees, so that the stokers sweated ceaselessly. Considering the nature of the fire received, they were very little damaged. The hit on *Mersey's* fore 6-inch gun shield was the most serious. *Königsberg* fired approximately eight hundred rounds, showing how active an enemy she still was.

It was difficult to determine the damage done to *Königsberg*. She caught fire, but did not burn seriously. The aviators reported that they believed the foremost port 4.1-inch gun had been hit, a probable injury. Several hits had been scored early in the action, but after about 8.15 a.m. the firing had been erratic, owing to confusion in the spotting messages received from the aeroplane. The net result was that *Königsberg* had been damaged, but not destroyed. She could sting, might be repaired and escape to sea. *Severn* had fired about four hundred rounds, and *Mersey* about three hundred. The aeroplanes flew about nine hundred miles during the day, a record in such a climate. The Germans made no attempt to jam the wireless signals during the attack. Perhaps they were, while left free, more useful to them than to us.

The second attack in this drawn-out duel was made on July 14. The time between the attacks was spent refitting the monitors and making good such damage as had been done. *Mersey's* 6-inch gun was repaired, destroyed parts being made good from other ships.

The plan of attack this time was as follows: The monitors were to leave their anchorage at 8 a.m. in tow of tugs, hoping to give the impression they were returning to Zanzibar. Off the river the tugs were to cast off, and the monitors were to proceed to their old positions. The river would be reached between 11 a.m. and noon (the time of the attack was probably fixed to suit the tides). *Severn* was to moor under the bank, out of sight of the troublesome spotting station, if possible, while *Mersey* showed herself in the stream, and was to try to draw *Königsberg's* fire off *Severn*. *Mersey* might begin, but the aeroplanes were not to spot for her while she was thus engaged. As soon as she was ready *Severn* was to open up, with the aeroplane spotting, and to continue incessantly for one hour. In the meantime *Mersey* was to proceed 1,000 yards higher up and attack with her guns after *Severn's* activity was completed. The ships were to take attacks in turn after that, to prevent any confusion in the spotting. The proceedings were to be carried



End of *Königsberg* in the Rufiji Delta



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on until *Königsberg* was destroyed. Simultaneously, the cruisers were to make a feint, as they had done on the previous occasion.

The tugs cast off at 11.10, and the monitors were at the entrance at 11.30 and were at once fired at, as before. There was little result, though the field gun battery scored some hits. Only one shot did real damage. These pieces (apparently 5 centimetres) were very well handled, and got home accurately whenever occasion offered. Our ships returned the fire, but failed to silence the battery, which was now actually sighted. Otherwise the Germans' defence of the entrance was much less effective than it had been on the first occasion.

Before the monitors attacked the aeroplanes flew over *Königsberg* and dropped twelve bombs. As arranged, *Severn* took up her position about 9,800 yards from the enemy. *Königsberg* commenced firing at 12.21 at *Mersey* and changed over to *Severn* shortly before the latter opened fire and very soon straddled her. *Severn* began in earnest at 12.30, and got on her target after the third spotting report was received, and after that continued to hit. *Königsberg* replied with salvos of four guns, but soon dropped again to three only. *Severn* was hitting forward, and, in accordance with instructions, shifted her fire a little aft. The aeroplane had been flying a good deal lower than during the first attack. At about 12.50 she suddenly signalled, "We are hit; send boat," and she began to plane down. In spite of her unpleasant position (she had to land on the water, although not fitted with floats) she continued correctly spotting and reporting *Severn's* shots. Both the monitors sent boats, and the plane alighted about one hundred and fifty yards from *Mersey*. She turned a complete somersault as soon as she struck the water. Luckily her crew received nothing worse than a shaking and a ducking. As *Severn* had the range correctly, she continued to pour in shots without the spotting, firing one salvo a minute. At 1.15 an explosion occurred on *Königsberg*, causing a bad fire which was never extinguished. She never fired again after that. The second aeroplane now arrived, and *Mersey* proceeded to her prearranged station and opened on her enemy at 8,200 yards. At this time *Königsberg's* foremast was leaning heavily over. The top part of the mainmast had been shot away, and smoke was pouring out from its socket as it would from the mouth of a chimney, evidently coming from a fire below decks. Her central funnel had gone. *Mersey* got to her position and blazed away twenty salvos, getting on the target at once. Then the aeroplane signalled, "Target destroyed." *Königsberg* now had a list of twenty to thirty degrees to port and was burning furiously from her foremast aft, and she was also on fire slightly forward.

Signal was therefore made to return, and the monitors again passed down,

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firing at, and receiving fire, from the banks as before. The tugs towed them back from the mouth of the river.

The attack had been most successful. The monitors were not injured, while *Königsberg* was destroyed. The difference in hitting was chiefly due to the relative sizes of the targets. Allowing four feet more freeboard than *Königsberg's* normal, as she was aground and had probably been lightened to get her up the river, she presented a target of some 5,600 square feet, while the monitors, small ships with low freeboard, presented a target of 1,400 square feet each. Hence, while the monitors were scoring regularly, *Königsberg* was only drenching the monitors with spray. *Königsberg* was hit from thirty-five to forty-five times in the second attack, and about fifty to fifty-five times in all.

The aeroplanes flew about 950 miles during the day. Each could stay up for three hours, fifty minutes of which were occupied going and returning.

The destruction of *Königsberg* completed the doom in foreign waters of all the German warships which did not succeed in reaching home at the outbreak of the War. Excepting the captain of *Emden*, the German officers as a whole do not seem to have fully grasped the conditions, or to have understood when they could best force the pace and when they should efface themselves. It is hardly too much to say that English officers would have done more under the same circumstances, even if they did not hold out so long. The traditions of the two navies are, after all, totally different. Germany has probably tried to pay us the compliment of imitating us at sea. Her only success has been the mimicry of a venomous and unscrupulous ape, which had, when she so ambitiously began to dispute our sea power, neither the prestige of victories nor even of great defeat. Her attempt will go down to history and be judged by future generations of all noble and brave peoples on its merits. History never errs in its final judgments.



Warning a Merchant Ship of a Minefield.

04



CHAPTER IX

THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE BELGIAN COAST—THE RAIDS— THE DOGGER BANK ACTION

INCIDENTS in home waters have been given down to the end of October, 1914. The bombardment of the Belgian coast was commenced in that month, continued without cessation into November, and has been repeated frequently since.

In August and September, 1914, the Germans concentrated their mainland effort on the attempt to overwhelm the French Army and to break the line between Paris and Verdun. Their attempt failed, and the Germans retreated to a prearranged position on the Aisne. The alignment in Belgium was, however, not definitely fixed, and during October the Germans tried to force back the Allied left, and to capture the coast as far as Calais. Probably they wished the right of their line to reach the heights that run in a north-westerly direction, terminating at Cape Grisnez. Had this been accomplished the position would have been serious for England. The small base of Zeebrugge has caused us a great deal of trouble. With the enemy at Calais the position would have been a hundred times worse. Looking back, it seems miraculous that the Germans did not break through, considering the forces they used against our weak line, which was so ill-supplied with munitions. Nothing but good leadership and the splendid fighting qualities of the troops saved the situation.

At the commencement of October the Belgians had abandoned Brussels. The evacuation of Antwerp began on the 7th, and the Germans occupied the town on the 9th, at the end of the siege releasing an army of 60,000 trained men under General von Bessler for main operations in the south of the low-lying Flanders coast. There were four possible lines of advance towards Calais for the Germans: through Arras, La Bassée, Ypres, and along the coast. The Germans, with their huge numbers, were able to attempt all four lines simultaneously, finally developing their strategy into a supreme effort at Ypres. The Germans from Antwerp tried to force the line along the coast. Their failure to achieve this object was due to the

Sea Fights of the Great War

bombardment from the sea, and the inundation of the Yser Canal by the Belgians. This was partly a naval and partly a land defence.

Our earliest attack was carried out by three monitors, *Severn*, *Mersey*, and *Humber*. These ships rendezvoused in the Downs on October 10, and the next day at dawn they proceeded to Ostend, which the Germans had not yet reached. There they waited events.

On the 12th arrangements were discussed for embarking troops, and the coast was examined to find the best place for that purpose, but nothing was definitely settled, the operation not being easy.

On the 13th the monitors steamed up the coast, locating landmarks on shore and marking the ranges. During the next few days the last of the troops and wounded from Antwerp were embarked in transports at Ostend; numbers of the civil population also left by other steamers.

The bombardment of the coast began on October 17. Von Bessler's army on that day moved from Middelkerke and Westende and bivouacked a little to the east of Nieuport. The Belgians were being heavily attacked when the monitors arrived and commenced firing. The squadron had been added to, and then consisted of *Attentive* (scout class), flying the flag of Rear-Admiral the Hon. Horace Hood, in command of the Dover Patrol; *Foresight*, another ship of the same type; the three monitors, with six British and four French destroyers. On the 18th the flotilla proceeded from off Nieuport pier, where they passed the night, and went up the coast bombarding the "Bains" of Middelkerke and Westende. Spotting was arranged from naval balloons on shore, and the damage done was considerable. Batteries were put out of action, and a number of Germans must have been killed. The enemy replied, but as their guns were of smaller calibre and could hardly reach the ships, the effect proved inconsiderable.

The same programme was carried out day after day. The ships fired off all their ammunition and returned in the evening to Dunkirk, filled up again with ammunition and coal as necessary, and stopped till before dawn. The crews slept in their clothes and got very little rest.

The constant destruction done compelled the Germans to withdraw out of range. We then had to send larger ships with heavier guns. Old ships were chosen: *Venerable*, battleship ("London" class), armed with four 12-inch guns; *Brilliant*, a cruiser; *Rinaldo*, a gunboat; *Bustard*, a "Flat-iron." *Sirius*, *Vestal*, Submarines C 32, C 33, and a number of destroyers arrived on different dates. The four French boats continued in company during the period. The destroyers were to act as a screen, their proper function, for the larger ships against submarine attack. The bombardment was extended as far as Ostend, and the coast was swept by devastating fire for



Bombardment of the Belgian Coast

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The Raids

about six miles in shore. Against this the Germans could, at the time, do little or nothing, as they had no heavy siege artillery to bring against the ships. The main attack, therefore, shifted to the Yser Canal, where desperate fighting took place. The Belgians met this stroke by playing their last card. Heavy rain had been falling, so by damming the lower reaches of the canal and cutting the banks they caused an inundation of the country. The flood was not impassable, however, and therefore the dykes were cut, and the Germans had to withdraw, leaving many of their troops drowned behind them. The Belgians attempted to advance along the coast, but were beaten back, and the line was finally consolidated by the beginning of November with our left resting on Nieuport, which was protected by ships at sea.

After this the operations entered a new phase. Bombardment was carried out not to prevent the German advance, but to co-operate in attacks on their entrenched line. In April, 1915, Vice-Admiral Sir A. H. S. Bacon replaced Rear-Admiral the Hon. Horace Hood. In August an attack was made on the coast with eighty vessels. The large monitors, *Lord Clive*, *Sir John Moore*, *Prince Rupert*, *General Crawford*, *Marshal Ney*, and others, including armed yachts, mining trawlers, and old warships—all took part. Several attacks were carried out, and the whole coast was bombarded. Aero-plane raids were also made. Much damage was undoubtedly done, but Zeebrugge and the entrances to the canals were not totally destroyed. The bombardments have been repeated periodically, as Zeebrugge has proved rather a thorn in our side—an indication of what might have happened if the Germans had reached Calais. Later events, however, will tell their own story. Nothing in the end proves impossible to English naval power.

THE RAIDS

The possibility of the Germans raiding our coasts had been recognised before the war, and our arrangements on mobilisation had always included defence against an attempted landing of a force of troops, either for a raid or a major operation of invasion. Apart from these precautions few people, if any, thought that Germany would ever send warships over to bombard open towns for an hour or less, and then withdraw at full speed to avoid an action. The unexpected happened on four occasions, thrice within the first year of war. The first raid miscarried, the second was fully successful from the German point of view, and the third was intercepted, ending in the action off the Dogger Bank.

It was the second of these raids which gave the Germans the name of

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"baby killers," and earned for their navy the reputation for callous brutality which will probably never be effaced from the pages of history.

The first raid took place on November 3, 1914. The German ships which undertook it were: *Seydlitz*, *Möltke*, and *Von der Tann*, battle cruisers; armoured cruisers *Blücher*, *Yorck*, and *Kolberg*; *Strassburg* and *Graudenz*, and three light cruisers of the German "Town" class. *Yorck*, apparently, kept well behind the others; probably on account of her slow speed.

The squadron started for England, probably from Wilhelmshaven, late in the afternoon on the 2nd, and steaming at about twenty knots arrived off Yarmouth at 7 a.m. the following morning. At dawn it had passed at high speed through a fishing fleet. A little later *Halcyon* (an old gunboat, used before the war for fishery protection, and at the time on patrol duty) met the squadron and was fired at. *Halcyon*, of course, steamed off, and the Germans passed on, not troubling about her further, possibly because one of their first shots brought down her wireless, and they thought her momentarily out of action. On arrival off Yarmouth they began on the town, but all their shots fell short, never reaching the land. The Germans kept well off shore, outside the banks, keeping up fire for fifteen to twenty minutes, and then withdrew, dropping mines as they sped homeward. Two destroyers and two submarines went off in pursuit of them. One of the submarines, D 5, struck a mine and foundered. Her consort was not otherwise interfered with. On the return voyage of the Germans, or soon after it, *Yorck* went over a mine off the German coast, and was lost. The raid, therefore, was not at all successful from the enemy point of view. There had been no loss of life among non-combatants, no international laws or recognised rules of humanity had been actually broken, and no one in England took any notice of the incident. In addition, Germany had lost a cruiser against the loss of one of our submarines.

The next raid, which took place on December 10, was, however, completely successful. All the objects attempted at Yarmouth were actually achieved at Scarborough, Whitby, and Hartlepool. German "frightfulness" was literally brought home to our countrymen, and the young German Navy won an evil name it will never lose. The German Press voiced the exultation of the nation on the success of the exploit; not merely the gutter press, but newspapers of standing, such as the *Cologne Gazette* and the *Tagliche Rundschau*, joining in the general rejoicing. "Mr. Punch" published a cartoon in which Captain von Müller, of S.M.S. *Emden*, is made to call the exploit "dirty work"; but, apparently, no condemnation of savage brutality has emanated from a German source. The ancient castle of Scarborough was apparently considered sufficient to give that watering-place the character



Light Cruisers and Destroyers putting to sea.

2

The Raids

of a "fortress." Needless to say, no twenty-four hours' notice of bombardment was given. Not even half an hour was given for people to vacate the neighbourhood of the sea front. The Germans rejoiced because all England, as they imagined, was quaking before their ruthlessness. As a matter of fact, the outrage filled the recruiting stations to overflowing at a time when the first enthusiasm at the outbreak of war was beginning to flag. It is the English character to resent bitterly any departure, even in war, from the rules of sport.

There is doubt as to the composition of the German squadron. *Derfflinger*, one of the latest additions to the fleet, is believed to have been present or in the background. *Blücher* was certainly there. Five large ships took part. The others were probably *Moltke*, *Seydlitz*, and *Von der Tann*. One of the earliest of the War Office telegrams mentioned a small cruiser bombarding Scarborough and Whitby, while a subsequent telegram from the same source said a battle and an armoured cruiser were off these places. So, possibly, the force was composed of three battle cruisers, with *Blücher* and an armoured cruiser. Probably light cruisers may also have formed part of the squadron, although they did not appear off the coast. Rear-Admiral Funke was in command.

The bombardment of Scarborough and Whitby merits description in detail. These places are purely open towns, and no shadow of excuse existed for attacking them. At Hartlepool there was a battery at the mouth of the harbour, so the letter of international law was not broken by bombarding the place, though the spirit of the law was certainly outraged as wantonly as possible.

Shortly before eight o'clock two cruisers arrived off Scarborough from the north. Approaching to within very close range of the town they opened a deliberate and well-judged fire. First of all some thirty shots were fired at a small coastguard signal station, which was destroyed before it was struck three times; Scarborough Castle, which has been in ruins for some centuries, was next shelled, without loss of life, of course, as the place was deserted—only its dead history remained for enemy maliciousness. Some barrack buildings near by were also shelled. These had been unoccupied for some years. But the Germans had no intention of firing at ruins or empty buildings only. Indiscriminate fire was soon begun; the town was raked from end to end. The Grand Hotel, plainly visible from off shore, was shelled mercilessly. Falsgrave, a suburb of Scarborough, was under fire for some time; there was a wireless station near it, but this was not destroyed, whatever the intention may have been. The central portion of the town was most damaged, especially the Esplanade, the Crescent, and the wealthy residential parts.

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The northern and southern portions were aimed at, but less continuously. Churches were not omitted. St. Martin's Church, on South Cliff, was hit while Communion service was being held—that early morning service so sacred to Church people.

Having plastered the town thoroughly with shell and slaughtered a number of the inhabitants, the cruisers proceeded to Whitby. The bombardment there necessarily lasted a shorter time—probably not more than fifteen minutes. Again the fire was first directed at a coastguard station, which could have been demolished by a couple of shots from small guns, whereas from sixty to a hundred shells of the largest calibre were wasted on it. The ships steamed in close to the shore, and were faced by a cliff two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet high. Considerable elevation had, therefore, to be given to the guns to reach the town, and shots which carried over the cliff went far inland and were useless. Had the coastguard station really been the objective, half a dozen shots from one only of the German 24-pounders, with which the ships were armed, could have smashed the place to smithereens. Firing with heavy guns at such an objective proves that it was used as a mere excuse for wholesale slaughter—a subterfuge of murderous villainy pure and simple.

At Hartlepool much the same programme was carried out, but at this place there was a light battery at the mouth of the harbour, and some soldiers of the Durham Light Infantry were stationed in the town. German battle cruisers can fire from five to seven 6-inch guns on a broadside, and a single broadside could have dealt with all the opposition the defences could possibly offer. The devastating effect of 6-inch shells at close quarters has already been noted in the Cameroons, at Sheik Said, in Mesopotamia, and the Rufiji delta. The shots from the shore could not penetrate the ships' armour. But merely demolishing a battery and killing a few infantry can never be pretended to have been the German object. Three battle cruisers arrived at 8 a.m. Two English destroyers, *Doon* and *Hardy*, were off the harbour. They were fired at, and, of course, fled at once from such a force. Both came under fire and were damaged, but neither was sunk. The Germans evidently had orders to bombard the town, and not to be led away from their object by engaging men-o'-war. Their purpose was never to dispute or fight for the command of the sea. They approached under cover of darkness and fled at full speed from the bombardment. What comment is necessary?

Fire was opened from all guns and was kept up for fifty minutes. The number of rounds fired must have been about 1,500. Great damage was done, of course. As at Scarborough, the town was thoroughly raked, and fire was not confined to the battery or harbour. Some shots fell far inland.



Dogger Bank Battle: *Aurora* begins the Action.

3

The Raids

Churches (outstanding landmarks) were apparently especially noticed by German gunlayers. St. Hilda, St. Mary's, the Baptist Chapel and the Scandinavian Church were all badly damaged, as if the German God and the Kaiser's partner waged war against the God of all Christians. One hundred and thirteen persons were reported killed, and over three hundred were wounded. If the nature of the firing is considered, it is wonderful that the casualties were so few—fewer far, it may be imagined, than was intended.

Having given vent to their hate, the ships fled towards their harbour, sowing mines broadcast as they went. They were fortunate in their weather, which was thick and hazy all over the North Sea. Two British squadrons attempted to cut off their flight, but the Germans slipped safely through in the fog. They were actually sighted once, but the haze hid them again, and a change of course enabled them to escape all retribution. Their triumph was trumpeted abroad without disguise, until it was found that neutral opinion was outraged. The German officials then tried to "hedge," but the truth had gone too far. The mayor of Scarborough, writing with great restraint considering the circumstances, correctly voiced public opinion probably the wide world over :

"Our surprise at the attack was greater as we were led to believe from the conduct of the plucky commander of *Emden* that German sailors understood something about the glorious old traditions of the sea. Some new-comers into honourable professions first learn the tricks and lastly the traditions. As their commanders get older in the service, they will find that an iron cross pinned on their breasts even by King Herod will not shield them from the shafts of shame and dishonour."

A third raid was attempted, but luckily intercepted, and resulted in the action off the Dogger Bank.

The German squadron consisted of the same battle cruisers: *Derfflinger*, *Seydlitz*, *Moltke*, and the armoured cruiser *Blücher*, six light cruisers (of which only *Kolberg* was positively identified), and destroyers. There was obviously a desire to pile dishonour on dishonour. Observation in the latter part of the action forced on Germany was done by a Zeppelin and a seaplane. Submarines also participated near the German coast. Rear-Admiral Hipper was in command.

In the grey dawn of January 24, 1915, *Aurora*, a light cruiser, was patrolling with her four destroyers some way off the English coast when she sighted in the distance a strange man-o'-war. *Aurora* turned her searchlight in the direction of the new-comer and called her up. The reply of *Kolberg* (for that was the name of the distant vessel) was a salvo, and, as

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usual, our enemies picked up the range, 8,000 yards, almost at once. The British guns' crews closed up and a very spirited little action began. *Aurora's* fire steadily improved all the time, while the Germans' aim gradually became more erratic as the British shells found their mark.

After a while three or four German battle cruisers made their appearance beyond *Kolberg*, and *Aurora's* searchlight was again swung round and a signal made to Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty, commanding the "Cat Squadron," which on this occasion consisted of *Lion* (flag), *Tiger*, *Princess Royal*, *New Zealand*, and *Indomitable*.

At first the German ships had been steering to the north-west, but when they sighted the British battle cruisers advancing they turned at once and made for home at full speed. Once more "discretion was the better part of valour."

So a chase began, and we can fancy how the engine-room staffs worked to force the pursuing squadrons to their utmost speed. As the morning mists lifted the masts and funnels of the flying Germans could be made out quite clearly; they seemed to be steaming in line abreast, making a great cloud of smoke, which partly obscured the ships to leeward. Farther to the south another smoke pall marked the track of the German light cruisers and destroyers, at this time quite hull down. All were steering to the south-east, making for the protection of their mine-fields and coast batteries.

Sir David did not follow in the German wake, but edged away to the southward, thus keeping clear of any floating mines which might have been dropped, and also shaping course to work round the enemy's right flank.

Lion, *Tiger*, *Princess Royal*, and *New Zealand* steamed in a line of bearing, the flagship leading, and to the south-east. In this formation each battle cruiser could use all her guns on the port side. *Indomitable* was farther to the north, together with *Arethusa* and *Undaunted*, with their destroyers. Beyond again were the light cruisers, *Nottingham*, *Birmingham*, *Lowestoft*, and *Southampton*. The sky was dull, and the sea was at first calm, but the easterly wind increased as the day wore on.

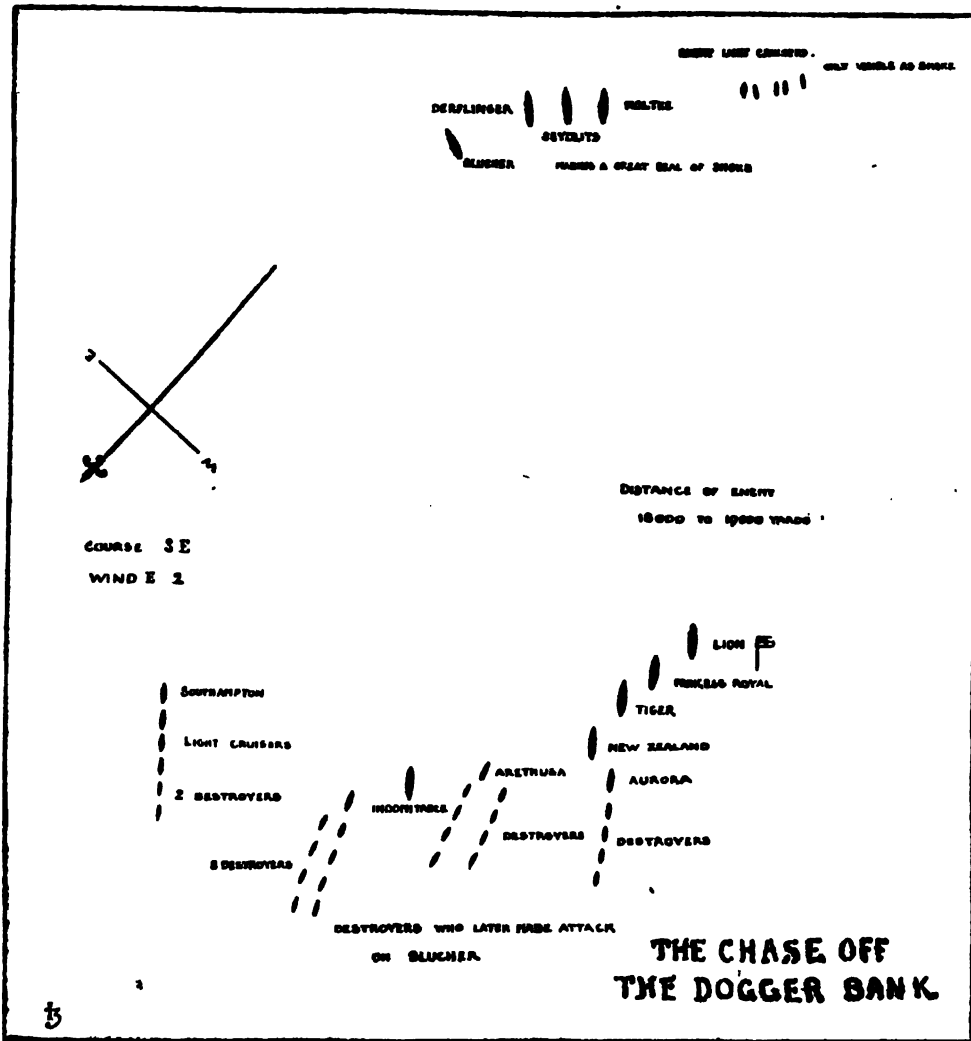
Soon after nine o'clock a shot from *Lion* hulled *Blücher*, the most northerly of the German cruisers. She was steaming as she had never steamed before, but, nevertheless, was evidently falling behind her consorts. By half-past nine *New Zealand* was also able to reach *Blücher*, and *Lion* and *Tiger* shifted their fire to *Seydlitz*, while *Princess Royal* began on *Derfflinger*. *Moltke* apparently was partially hidden in the other ships' smoke, and received consequently very little damage. For more than an hour the long stern chase continued, and at eleven it was evident that *Blücher* was crippled. She turned out of line towards the north, and *Indomitable* was



Lion, Tiger and Princess Royal in Chase.



The Raids



Plan of the Chase off the Dogger Bank

ordered to stay behind and sink her. Sometime later *Arethusa* closed on *Blücher* and finished her off with a torpedo. There was a terrible explosion, and the German ship began to list over to port, her crew clustering thick upon her decks, cheering and singing patriotic songs. They were dauntless enough when it came to the point. Great fires were burning forward and amidships. Then, as their ship began to turn slowly over, hundreds of men

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crawled out upon her battered broadside. Columns of steam burst up as the water poured into the burning ship, which went right over, leaving the swaying mass of humanity struggling in the icy sea. Only a hundred and twenty men had been picked up when the work was interrupted by a Zeppelin dropping bombs on the rescuers. Apparently the airmen took *Blücher*, which had a tripod mast, for a British ship, and so destroyed their own countrymen. The loss of life was very heavy, as the German ships were carrying a great number of extra men.

Just at this moment the flying ships altered course towards the east, and the enemy destroyers made a demonstration as though to attack, but nothing came of it. German submarines were also seen, but they were avoided. Then the Hun destroyers steamed to windward of their battle cruisers, which were now on fire in several places, and evidently in distress. A heavy fire had been kept up on them with 13.5 and 12-inch guns, and their losses must have been very severe. Such a storm of metal would be tremendous.

At a little past eleven an unlucky shot, falling steeply, struck *Lion*, passing through her decks, letting the sea-water into the starboard feed tank, and thus putting the boilers on that side out of action. Sir David Beatty called the destroyer *Attack* to him, and sprang aboard without waiting for the Jacob's ladder, going at once in chase of the battle cruisers. Time, however, had been lost, and it was twenty past twelve before he could reach them, to find that the battle had already been broken off.

Lion afterwards took a bad list, but was taken in tow and brought safely to port.

A young officer who was on board *Aurora* has given the following account of the battle:

"I have much news to give you and could well write a small book, only I must confine myself to very general remarks on account of censorship, and not regale you with an account of all the incidents of our action with the German Fleet last Sunday.

"You will, of course, have read a good deal in the papers, and I daresay have wondered much, though I hope not worried, whether we were in it.

"Well, we were, and a very interesting and exciting time we had, both on our own account and as spectators of the big ship action which followed. Sunday morning was rather misty and dark, with a calm sea and little wind—entirely propitious for fighting purposes; and after little sleep we were up at 6 a.m. in case daybreak should show us any enemy ships prowling round. It was just about 7 a.m. in the semi-darkness when we saw one of the enemy light cruisers, the *Kolberg*, with some destroyers under her wing, away on our starboard beam. It was no easy matter to say in that light whether she was friend or foe, but we got the men to action stations as quickly as possible, still hardly believing that the



Battle Cruisers, Light Cruisers, and Destroyers in Chase.





The Last of *Blücher*.

3

The Raids

ship was an enemy or that 'Der Tag' could be arriving. One gets so used to false alarms now-a-days, and this might be one.

"However, all doubt was quickly dispelled as she could see us more distinctly against a lighter background, and opened fire on us with rude decision. We replied, and then ensued a very pretty little engagement.

"One could hardly see her outline on account of the dark and smoke, but the flashes of her guns each time she fired left us in no doubt as to where she was, and the fall of her shells some ten seconds later left us in no doubt at all as to her target.

"It was fascinating, and, perhaps at first, a little disconcerting to see the flashes of the guns and then to wait until the shots should fall, and to wonder whether it would be us or the sea which would check their flight; they fell some distance short for the first few rounds and then got closer, and then again gave food for thought, as, knowing that the last salvo was closer by, say, 400 yards than the one before, one could speculate as to the probable destination of the next to come. One perhaps took more notice of the detail of their shooting than one did of our own as regards the fall of shot, but I do not doubt that the Germans were given plenty of food for thought, if not for breakfast, by the fall of our shell, for they found that they had got all they wanted after seven or eight minutes of firing, and made off quickly. At this point their battle cruisers came into view, so we could not chase our late opponent, and, moreover, now had the job of getting our big ships into touch with those of the enemy—a far more important thing, of course, than deciding our own personal animosities.

"We were luckily without any casualties, though hit three or four times; but I do not think that the Germans are likely to be able to say the same, as we distinctly saw some of our shell getting home in a very useful manner indeed.

"It was now about 7.30 a.m., and the next hour was spent by our battle cruisers steaming hard to get within range of those of the enemy—we being of course out of it until the enemy big ships should have a well marked impression made upon them, when there might be a chance of our small ships being able to come in at the finish and give the *coup de grâce* by torpedo or otherwise. Or, if there should be no lame duck to deal with; then to engage the enemy small ships when no longer protected by big ones.

"We all remained at our action stations and got some breakfast brought us by little bits, here and there, and to this we did the fullest possible justice so as to be well ready for possible eventualities.

"It was about 8.45 a.m. when our battle cruisers got within range and opened fire, and then there ensued an historical action between the most powerful fighting units that man has ever designed, and under conditions which were for us, as witnesses in the background, a remarkable mixture of commonplace routine and awe-inspiring novelty. I mean by this that there was from one point of view the ordinary drill and procedure with which everyone in the Navy has become familiar at frequent gunnery practice firings in peace time, and from the other point of view the very unusual state of affairs by which the 'target' was replying with a continuous and disconcerting stream of unpleasantly dangerous missiles.

Sea Fights of the Great War

"It was really very wonderful to see our big battle cruisers steaming along at top speed with spurts of flame and brown smoke issuing every minute or so from their bows and sides—and, in the far distance, the enemy's guns replying flashes—then one could see, as shots fell in the water, tall columns of white spray, or, more ominously, no splash as they scored a hit, which could be plainly seen to cause big volumes of black smoke and bright flashes to rise from the injured craft; it was very exciting; from our position, too, the fall of the enemy's shell around our ships was most plainly visible, and, of necessity, was the great centre of our attention as one saw many shots fall very close, or, perhaps, out of a salvo, saw one or two fall short, one or two over, and wondered how many had gone between and knocked against something harder than sea-water.

"For nearly three hours this sort of thing continued with hardly any apparent result or change between any successive five minutes, but gradually, and little by little, it became plain that we were asserting our superiority, with the ultimate result, as you will have seen in the papers, of the total destruction and sinking of the *Blücher*, and very serious damage to two of their other battle cruisers.

"We ourselves did not see the actual close of the engagement because we were ordered on other duty, so missed what must have been a very terrible sight. Nor did we take part in the saving of the *Blücher* survivors, so had no bombs dropped on us by a Zeppelin, which, with true German generosity, chose as her target the ships which were endeavouring to rescue her own seamen. She had been hovering overhead and in sight for a considerable time, but waited for this opportunity to make her heroic dash.

"To make a long story short—they got HELL!

"Here endeth the first and only chapter of our experiences as permitted by the Censor."

After this action the war at sea in home waters entered on a new phase. The Germans used their ships but little, except to grow barnacles, and inaugurated the famous submarine warfare against the traders—neutral as well as hostile. The Germans clinched their reputation by destroying numbers of passenger steamers without warning. The sinking of the Cunarder *Lusitania* on May 7, off Kinsale Head, with eleven hundred non-combatant men, women and children, was the greatest achievement in this species of essentially German warfare. Time and America have shown how it added to their glory.

Needless to say the submarine warfare never affected our command of the sea. This was absolute and more complete than it has ever been before in the world's history. At the completion of the first year of hostilities the British Navy was far stronger than at the beginning of the war. The Germans had not attempted a fleet action when their cruisers on foreign stations were busy, and before our Navy had been reinforced by a number of new ships, monitors, and auxiliaries.



On board a light cruiser, six-inch gun in action. A. J. Miller, from action.

On board a Light Cruiser : Six-inch gun in action

4



The Raids

After the outbreak of war we completed the five ships of the "Queen Elizabeth" class. These ships burn oil-fuel only, and steam twenty-five knots. Another new feature was the eight 15-inch guns with which they were armed. Five ships of the "Royal Sovereign" class were laid down during peace time, and four more battleships were provided for in the 1914 Estimates.

On the outbreak of war we took over the two battleships which were building for Turkey, rechristening them *Agincourt* and *Erin*. *Agincourt* was armed with ten 13.5-inch guns and sixteen 6-inch, while *Erin* had fourteen 12-inch and twenty 6-inch. We also took over a battleship building for Chile, armed with ten 14-inch and ten 6-inch guns, and renamed her *Canada*. More light cruisers were added to the fleet, and a lot of smaller craft—destroyers, submarines, auxiliary cruisers, mine-sweepers, trawlers, armed yachts, motor launches, and numberless types of monitors. The monitors are an interesting comment on our command of the sea. They are not sea-going craft, but are designed to be mobile floating batteries, armed with heavy guns, and built with draught shallow enough to enable them to approach a coast and go up rivers. Their steaming powers are very small, and only enough seaworthiness is provided to permit their making ocean voyages accompanied by a parent ship. Their presence at sea shows that the enemy's ships are absolutely driven from the waters in which they should operate. Monitors have co-operated in most of the landing expeditions—on the Belgian coast, in the Dardanelles, the Suez Canal, the Persian Gulf, and up the Rufiji delta. Full descriptions of them cannot be given, but the illustrations show the type of craft.

There is an Eastern fable that at the Creation a miscellaneous lot of "surplus parts" remained over, and in order to use them up another animal was put together, and in this way the camel came into being. Something of the same sort was done at the dockyards in making the monitors. As an instance, a Greek battleship (*Salamis*) was building in Germany before the war, and would form part of the German fleet, but her guns were being made in America and could not be delivered. Those guns are now mounted on our monitors.

Including mine-sweepers, probably considerably over 3,000 craft have been added to the Navy since the outbreak of the war. The rulers of England's destiny had in their generation been wise. They had remembered the words of a great poet and acted on them without a moment's hesitation directly there was so much at stake:

"The fleet of England is her all in all,
Her fleet is in your hands,
And in her fleet her Fate."

CHAPTER X

NAVAL OPERATIONS AGAINST TURKEY

AFTER *Goeben* and *Breslau* had reached Constantinople, as a natural consequence naval warfare in the Mediterranean was limited to excursions, unimportant for the most part, of Austrians in the Adriatic. In this region, the only really important operations were in the neighbourhood of Cattaro, but these occurred later in the war. The light cruiser *Dublin* was torpedoed in these waters, but succeeded in reaching port.

The importance of the arrival of *Goeben* and *Breslau* at Constantinople cannot be exaggerated. The incident was used to increase sentiment in favour of war in Turkey, and the Germans forced the pace and ultimately accelerated matters by bombarding the Russian ports of Odessa and Sebastopol before any formal declaration of war. This led to the desired result of Russia taking immediate opportunity of declaring her resentment and her attitude. It was war!

Until the intervention of Bulgaria and the over-running of Serbia, Turkey was not well placed to act offensively against the enemies of her own choosing. She was well protected by her land frontiers from invasion, the Caucasus and the Egyptian Desert both being unfavourable for military operations. But she was open to attack in all directions from the sea; her only safety lying in the lack of objectives sufficiently important to be worth seizing. The Allies were anxious to strike at three points only: the Black Sea, the Dardanelles, and the Persian Gulf. The landing in the latter area has already been described. The expedition was hampered by being so far from any definite objective, except the littoral itself; Bagdad, the most important of those objectives, being three hundred miles from the head of the gulf. The Black Sea was the most decisive area of all, but the Turkish Fleet "in being," reinforced by *Goeben* and *Breslau*, prevented the Russians attaining complete and unhampered command of the sea. It barred also any attempt to force the Dardanelles. Chatalja and the mouth of the Sakaria River, seventy-five miles east of the Bosphorus, are far more favourable places for an attack on Turkey than in the Caucasus, from which it is impossible to reach Constantinople. Without *Goeben* operations at these places would



A Torpedoed Cruiser escorted to Port

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Naval Operations against Turkey

probably have been possible, and her presence in Turkish waters, therefore, had an effect which was all-important. The fate of Constantinople against an attack from the east and west, combined with an attack from Gallipoli, cannot be questioned. But it lay across our eastern path like an impregnable wall because of the subtle flight of two German cruisers, ostensibly hiding themselves under the Eastern city's shelter, while threatening us at every turn.

Turkey bombarded the Russian towns on October 30, 1914, and war was formally declared at once. On November 3 the light cruiser *Minerva*, of the "Eclipse" class, appeared off Akabah, a town at the head of the gulf of that name, on the eastern side of the Sinai Peninsula. Information had been received that the Germans were sending mines there to be used in the Red Sea, and *Minerva* was ordered to investigate and prevent any such action. On arrival a detachment was landed and negotiations were attempted, but two or three Germans present, with their usual subtlety and agile diplomacy, prevented their leading to any result. No mines had been sent as alleged. The landing party was therefore withdrawn, and *Minerva* opened fire, bombarding and destroying the fort and several government buildings. The town itself was not touched, and after this the ship withdrew, having incidentally carried out an act of war.

The first attempted invasion of Egypt took place at the end of January, 1915. From the outbreak of war the Navy had been co-operating in guarding the Suez Canal. The work done included the maintenance of examination stations at Port Said and Suez; Royal Naval Reserve officers from the Mercantile Marine proving very useful in this service. Naval men patrolled the Canal with armed tugs and launches. They also supported the troops with guns at selected points, and, in addition, provided and worked searchlights. Reconnaissance along the coast fell to the lot of the new arm of the service—seaplanes, while aeroplanes inland were reconnoitring under military officers.

The ubiquity of the Navy and the range over which it works was proved by the fact that *Jupiter*, a battleship of the "Majestic" class, was in the White Sea in the autumn of 1915, when the temperature was descending to the region of zero and less, while in the following spring she was guardship at Port Said, with the thermometer commencing its annual ascent to 100 degrees and over.

The actual attack on the Canal, always expected by our officers, took place on the night of February 2—3, 1915.

On January 25 news had been received that the Turks were approaching, and on the 26th the ships guarding the Canal took up their allotted stations.

Sea Fights of the Great War

On the 27th a large force of cavalry, accompanied by camel corps, was seen on a ridge thirteen thousand yards from Kantara. A ship stationed there opened fire, and they soon dispersed. Owing to the atmospheric conditions, and to the fact that the force appeared on the sky-line, very accurate range-finding was possible.

From January 27 to February 2 the Turks advanced to our outpost line each night and retired again in the morning; while our parties moved out at daylight and retreated behind our lines again at sunset. The actual defeat of the Turks was a military operation. The enemy attacked in the night at several points, at only one of which, Tussum, was any real attempt made at crossing the Canal. Our troops held off the attack until just before dawn, when they advanced and drove back the Turks for some distance. The ships helped during the night, and were especially useful in patrolling the Canal. The pontoons and rafts which were brought down to ferry the troops across were all destroyed by a torpedo boat.

During this period traffic was kept going through the Canal, except during the actual attack. Ships' decks and bridges were protected with sand-bags, etc., on the easterly side. Although stopped in the Canal for twenty-four hours only, twenty-nine ships were waiting in the Bitter Lakes to pass through when the Canal was again opened—a striking illustration of the importance of the Canal as a trade route.

The presence of *Goeben* and *Breslau* at Constantinople necessitated the retention of an observation squadron off the Dardanelles until the arrival of the Fleet before our intended bombardment.

During this intervening period, *Doris*, a light cruiser of the "Eclipse" class, was detached to patrol off the coast of Syria and Asia Minor. She was engaged in this work for three months, causing a good deal of disquiet and dispersion of troops deputed to guard the railway near the coast between Mersina and Alexandretta.

About the middle of December *Doris* was ordered to proceed from Port Said to the Gulf of Alexandretta to inquire into a rumour that mines had been sent to be used in the gulf. On her way north, on December 13, she destroyed an observation station two miles north of Ascalon. After a short bombardment a landing party was put ashore to complete the destruction. The Turks hurried up some troops, but the sailors were able to withdraw without casualties. On the 18th another party was landed about four miles north of Sidon to sever the telegraph wire. The telephone to Damascus and five lines of wire were cut and about three quarters of a mile of wire was removed. No opposition was met with.

After nightfall the next day the ship arrived off Alexandretta. At



Odd Craft Flying the White Ensign

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Naval Operations against Turkey

11.15 p.m. seamen were landed to cut the railway line, which only ran a few yards above high-water mark. This was accomplished without discovery, though the party had considerable difficulty in getting back to their ship on account of the heavy sea running. Less than an hour afterwards a train was seen approaching. The engine jumped the damaged portion, but the rest of the train was derailed.

On December 21 an ultimatum was sent to the Kaimakam of Alexandretta, demanding the surrender of railway engines and munitions of war, under threat of bombardment. The same day, to pass the time while waiting for a reply, more seamen were landed near the town of Deurt Yol to destroy the railway bridge. The Turks, who were not caught napping, allowed the party to land, and then opened fire on them from a trench, forcing the sailors to bolt until *Doris* had dispersed their opponents with her guns. The railway bridge was then blown up.

The answer to the ultimatum was delivered the following morning, and after much procrastination the engines were surrendered and blown up. As the Turks insisted they must carry out the destruction themselves, and having no one to do it, a lieutenant from the ship was "lent" to the Turkish Government for the occasion.

On December 24 *Doris* went to Mortalik Bay, where a steamer, *Fes Beard*, Odessa, 6,000 tons, of the German Levant line, had been sunk by her crew. After an examination it was decided to blow her up,

On January 6 about sixty men were landed near Jonah's Pillar. On reaching the shore the party divided into two sections. The telegraph line was destroyed, the permanent way of the railway was destroyed, and a Turkish blockhouse was blown up. During these operations our seamen were persistently sniped by a considerable body of Turks. Turkish reinforcements arrived from Alexandretta and had to be held back by a screen of marines. Support was given by the steam cutter, which cruised up and down along the shore and fired with a maxim at the enemy whenever possible.

On the following day the ship destroyed a bridge with gunfire.

Five more landings were carried out—on the 22nd, 24th, 25th, 27th, and 30th, but the Turks were always on the alert and very little was accomplished. The coast, however, was kept in a state of turmoil, and evidently a large number of troops were in use. The telegraph wire was frequently fired at from the ship. The best shooting was done by the Gunnery Lieutenant, who, on one occasion, hit five telegraph poles in seven shots at a range of from 1,200 to 1,500 yards, using 6-inch common shell. During the whole time *Doris* was on the coast no harm was done to private buildings.

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Destruction was only carried out against the railway and telegraph lines, blockhouses, barracks, etc.

On March 11 the duty was made over to the French *Jauréguiberry*. These landing incidents are of interest as a "side show." The country around was kept on the *qui vive*, communication was temporarily interrupted, and a lot of trouble must have been given. The duty of the cruiser was to harass, and not to carry out any prolonged action on land. She played her part well and skilfully, and did just what was required for the type of operation.

The original plan of making an attack on the Dardanelles was the outcome of many considerations. Soon after Turkey joined the Central Powers, it was evident that the German plan of campaign in 1915 would be an invasion of Russia from the Austro-German side, combined with a Turkish attack in the Caucasus. Russia appealed to us to make a diversion for her in the Dardanelles, and it was originally intended that she should co-operate in the Black Sea. M. Venizelos, the Greek Premier, made a tentative proposal to join the Allies and to invade Asia Minor. His plan was not accepted by the King of Greece, but there is little doubt, when the naval attack was first launched, it was anticipated that Greece would join in against her hereditary foe. The reasons in favour of the expedition are obvious. When a verdict is announced it will probably be held that the expedition was advisable at the time. Whether it should have been so prolonged, and whether such large forces should have been used, is now doubtful.

It was clear from the first that the attempt should be made by a combined naval and military force. No troops were, however, available, and it was decided to try whether armoured ships with modern guns could not independently force the passage of the Straits. The strength of the combined English and French fleets was sufficient for all strategic requirements, and still left a margin of ships which could be utilised for such an enterprise. As a first step the islands of Lemnos and Tenedos were occupied. These were actually Turkish, but had been captured by Greece in the Balkan war. They should have been returned to Turkey after the conclusion of war, but the rendition had never been carried out. Lemnos, with its fine harbour of Mudros Bay, was the advance base from which all operations were carried out. Ships could also anchor off the island, either north or south, weather permitting.

On November 3, 1914, as soon as war with Turkey was declared, the squadron, which had been retained off the Dardanelles since the previous August, bombarded the outer forts at Sedd el Bahr, and Kum Kale at the entrance to the Straits. These forts were not the main defence, which was at the Narrows; but they contained long guns, 10.2 and 9.2-inch, besides a



A Submarine Taking a Rest.



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Naval Operations against Turkey

number of 6-inch. The guns of the forts were supplemented by mobile batteries and howitzers, which could change their positions as soon as they came under fire. The ships bombarded at long range, but the result of the firing could not be determined. The reply of the Turks was ineffective, and they scored no hits.

On December 13 a submarine, B 11, made a reconnaissance up the Straits. She was one of the older boats in use in the Navy, displacing 316 tons when submerged, and capable of doing eight knots under water and twelve on the surface. The passage of the Dardanelles is probably the most difficult ever attempted by submarines. The southern entrance is about three and a quarter miles broad, but it widens out to over four miles after passing Eski Hissar Point on the Gallipoli side. The distance in a straight line between Sedd el Bahr and Kalid Bahr, the town on the northern shore, is some sixteen miles. At the Narrows the width is only 1,400 yards. After passing the Narrows the channel widens again. The total length of the Straits is forty-seven miles. The general direction for ships passing up the Straits is north-east, but at the Narrows there is a turn practically due north for four and a half miles, after which the channel follows its original direction. This double turn enables forts and batteries to sweep the water in several directions without fear of hitting friends on the opposite shore. There is great depth of water throughout the Straits. The six-fathom line is right up against the shore, and the thirty-fathom line is not much beyond it. In mid-channel the depth is some forty fathoms, and is over fifty in places. A current sets outwards into the *Ægean* throughout the greater part of the year, and this makes the passage most difficult for submarines. The strength varies considerably with the breadth of the Straits, and the force and direction of the wind. With north-east wind of average strength the current usually flows outwards in the broad part above the Narrows at about one knot; at the Narrows the force increases to about three knots, while in a strong N.E. wind it increases to four and a half. In calm weather the current is usually slack. With prolonged south-westerly winds it changes its direction and flows upwards, but in this case the indraught is never as strong as the out-flow. Although the current generally sets in one direction there are many cross currents and eddies of variable strength, with back flows running in a contrary direction to the main current. In addition to the ordinary difficulties of navigation, the Turks had filled the channels with observation mines; our submarines, nevertheless, often went in to the Sea of Marmora, and their presence there had a very important effect.

B 11 started on her voyage at 3 a.m. She passed up the Straits and dived under five rows of mines. On getting near the Narrows she torpedoed

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and sank the old Turkish battleship *Messudiyeh*, first launched in 1874, which was anchored in Sari Sielar Bay, at the southern end of the Narrows. Altogether the submarine had to remain submerged for nine and a half hours before she could come to the surface again in open waters.

B 9 entered the Straits the next day, was detected, and escaped with difficulty from the observation mines which were exploded on all sides. A month later, on January 13, the French submarine, *Saphir*, which was about the same size as the English B class and built at the same time, attempted the passage, but she struck the bottom near Nagara Point, and coming to the surface was destroyed by shore batteries.

There were many brave deeds done by our submarine commanders. Captain M. E. Nasmith, who had skilfully rescued Flight-Commander Oliver and Lieuts. Miley and Blackburn when they were forced to come down in the sea off Heligoland after their desperate attack on the German ships in Schillig Roads on Dec. 25, soon showed that he could be quite as enterprising in Eastern waters. He dived under the mine-field, and making his appearance off Constantinople, went up the Golden Horn and torpedoed a Turkish transport alongside the arsenal. Then he took a photograph of the mosque of St. Sophia through his periscope and went for a cruise about the Sea of Marmora. One of his officers, Lieut. Guy D'Oyly-Hughes, swam ashore and blew up a railway viaduct within 150 yards of an armed guard. When E 11 was running short of torpedoes she went in chase of those which had missed their mark, then by trimming her water-ballast she hove up her stern tube until the spent torpedo could be pushed in by swimmers and used again.

Submarine E 14, Lieut.-Commander Edward C. Boyle, also went submerged up the winding channel of the Dardanelles to run amok among the Turkish shipping, sinking one gunboat of the Berk-i-Satret type, another of a smaller size, and two transports, whilst Lieut.-Commander Kenneth M. Bruce sank one gunboat, one torpedo boat, five transports, and thirty-two merchant ships.

Submarines AE 2 and E 7 were lost in their efforts to reach the Sea of Marmora, and E 15 unfortunately grounded off Kephez Point. As it was important that she should not be salved and used against us by the Turks, two picket boats from *Triumph* and *Majestic* went in the dark, under the command of Captain Eric Robinson, who had already distinguished himself by advancing alone into the enemy's position, destroying a 4-inch gun and coming back for a charge to blow up a second gun.

There was a very heavy fire from the forts, and *Majestic's* boat was sunk



The Eyes of the Fleet





Naval Operations against Turkey

full of holes; nevertheless E 15 was successfully torpedoed. A very gallant exploit.

During January, 1915, ships began arriving to augment the original squadron of observation, but it is impossible to give the names of all the vessels. Most of the battleships were of the older classes, and included *Majestic*, *Prince George*, *Vengeance*, *Ocean*, *Albion*, *Irresistible*, *Cornwallis*, *Triumph*, and *Swiftsure*. *Lord Nelson* and *Agamemnon* were newer ships. The battle cruiser *Inflexible* was also present. *Queen Elizabeth* was sent out and fired her 15-inch guns with great effect. The French sent the battleship *Bouvet*, 12,205 tons, built in 1896; *Charlemagne* and *Gaulois*, sister ships of about the same age and size; and *Suffren*, built in 1899. There were also a large number of cruisers, destroyers and mine-sweepers, and later the fleet was reinforced by the arrival of the monitors. Vice-Admiral Sackville Carden was in command until early in March, when he went on sick leave and Admiral de Robeck relieved him. The French squadron was under Rear-Admiral Guépratte.

The bombardment of the outer forts was commenced on February 19, at 8 a.m. *Agamemnon*, *Cornwallis*, *Vengeance*, *Triumph*, and *Inflexible*, together with *Bouvet*, *Suffren*, and *Gaulois*, covered by destroyer flotillas, fired at the forts at Sedd el Bahr and Kum Kale, and the batteries near them. Spotting was done by seaplanes at long range, which operated from the mother-ship, *Ark Royal*. The forts made no reply. The firing was kept up all the morning, and in the afternoon *Vengeance*, *Cornwallis*, and *Triumph*, *Suffren*, *Gaulois*, and *Bouvet* closed to a shorter range. The forts at once began to return the fire, but their aim was bad and no hits were scored. At dusk the ships withdrew. As a result of the firing the forts were much knocked about, but they were soon put into order again, and guns, not actually injured by a direct hit, were generally able to fire once more.

The operations were interrupted by bad weather until the 25th at 10 a.m., when *Queen Elizabeth*, *Agamemnon*, *Irresistible*, and *Gaulois* renewed long-range bombardment. At 11.30 *Vengeance*, *Cornwallis*, *Suffren*, and *Charlemagne* joined in. The forts were quite outclassed, *Queen Elizabeth*'s 15-inch guns doing great execution from a range which rendered reply impossible. The Turks secured only one hit—a shell striking *Agamemnon* at 11,000 yards. In the afternoon *Vengeance*, *Triumph*, *Albion*, *Suffren*, and *Charlemagne* closed to within short range, and all the forts at the entrance were temporarily quite out of action. Mine-sweepers were, therefore, sent in, and by morning the channel was swept for four miles, when *Albion*, *Vengeance*, and *Majestic* entered between the headlands and opened fire at Fort Dardanus. Above Kum Kale the coast sags to the southward and forms

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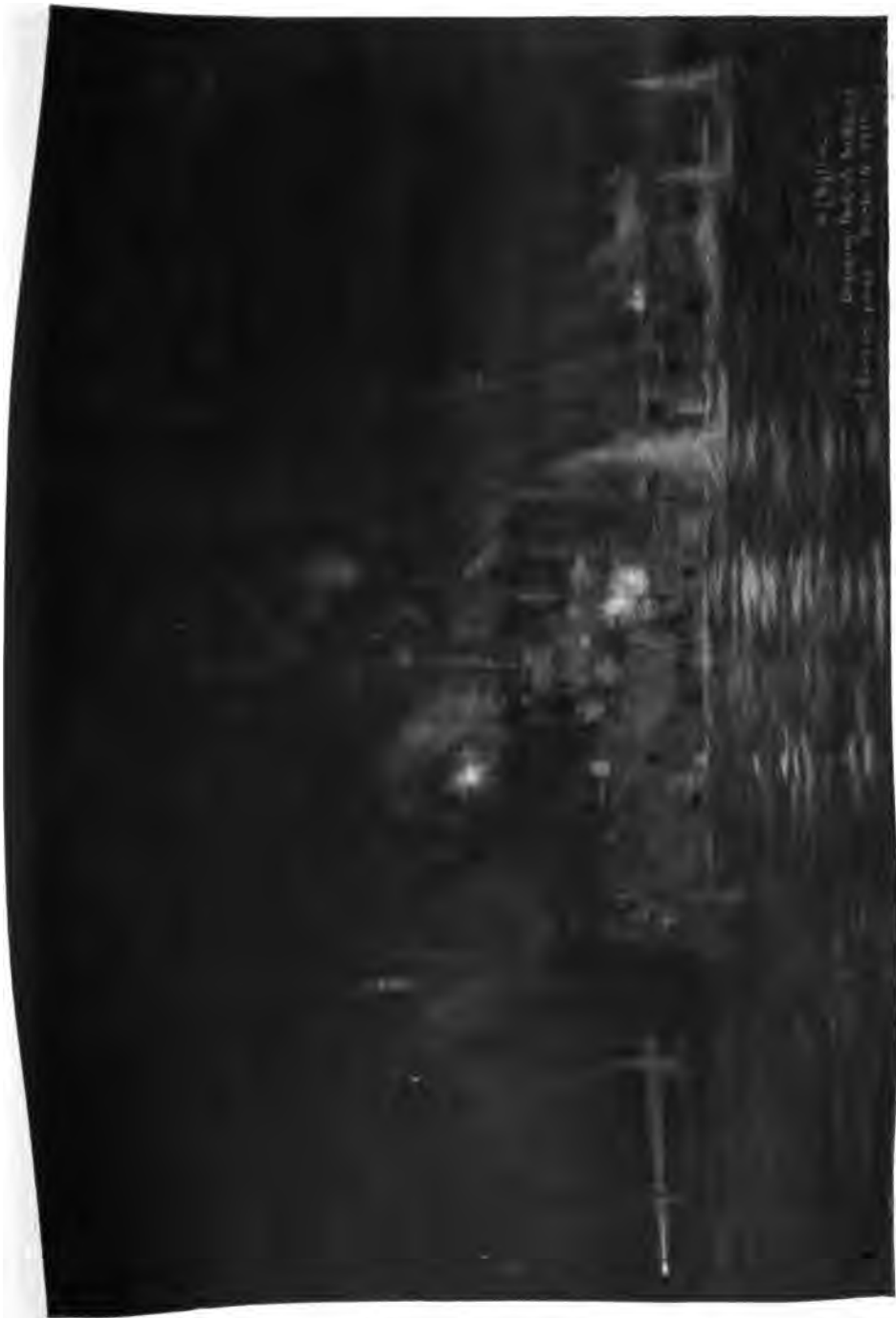
Erenkui Bay, with Kephez Point at the northern end of the curve. Fort Dardanus is situated a little to the south of the point. At the same time marines and demolition parties were landed to complete the destruction of the forts at the entrance. This work was carried out, but at Kum Kale the Turks brought up troops, and the party had to retire before the demolition was completed.

On March 2, 3, and 4 the bombardment continued. French ships at the same time operated up the Gulf of Saros and bombarded the fortified line at Bulair, which crosses the narrow neck of the Gallipoli Peninsula. Some of our light cruisers had been patrolling in this neighbourhood. They found the place fully prepared for defence—trenches dug, barbed wire entanglements in position, and all trees and cover cleared away.

On the 4th, besides the bombardment, a marine demolition party from *Irresistible* was again landed near Kum Kale. The Turks had made extensive field-works—concealed trenches, sniper positions, etc. The marines were allowed to approach, and then magazine and maxim fire was poured into them at close quarters. The ground, all torn up by heavy bombardment and all the buildings in ruins, offered splendid cover for the defenders. *Amethyst*, light cruiser, and destroyers supported the landing party from the sea, but very little progress could be made, no demolition could be done, and the naval force had to be withdrawn.

The bombardment of the main Turkish positions at the Narrows commenced on March 5. The forts were much stronger than those at the entrance to the Straits, and mounted 9-, 10-, 11-, and 14-inch guns, while the armament and positions were much more formidable. The ships had to enter narrow waters, where they could not manœuvre freely. On the 5th, as floating mines had been seen, these dangers were avoided, and *Queen Elizabeth*, accompanied by *Inflexible* and *Prince George*, fired with her 15-inch guns at the forts on the peninsula from the Gulf of Saros, the fall of the shot being observed by aeroplanes. The range was about twelve miles. On the 6th *Queen Elizabeth* continued firing across the peninsula, and other battleships attacked the forts at the entrance and Fort Dardanus. On the 7th the programme was repeated, but in addition *Agamemnon*, *Lord Nelson*, and *Gaulois* entered the Straits and engaged the forts at the Narrows, at 12,000 and 14,000 yards ranges. The forts were undoubtedly badly knocked about, but were by no means permanently put out of action.

During the ensuing week the work continued, ships bombarding daily, and the mine-sweepers sweeping the channel towards the Narrows. Cruisers accompanied the trawlers with orders to draw the fire of the batteries if their charges were too heavily fired on.



Amethyst engaging Turkish Batteries at Kephez Point.

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Naval Operations against Turkey

On the night of March 14 *Amethyst* was performing this duty and was heavily engaged. One of the officers on board has given the following account of the incidents, which supplies details omitted from the dispatches, and illustrates the effect of gun-fire on a ship :

"Unfortunately the action found us with one watch of stokers just up from below in the bath-room. The first shell passed through the stokers' mess-deck, killing one man and carrying away our steering gear and telegraph shafting. The second came through the end of the shield of No. 1 gun port, and burst on the hatchway down to the marines' mess-deck. This shell took off both legs of the gun-layer and one leg of the sight-setter, killing and wounding some ten people in all. Shells then burst in the stokers' mess-deck, stokers' bath-room, killing fourteen men and blowing them to pieces. A shell hit our port torpedo tube, sending fragments all over the quarter-deck and into the casings and galley. Another went through the after engine-room hatch casing, and set fire to a cartridge the other side of the deck. It burst one of our own common shells, damaging most of the two after marine guns' crews. A 6-inch passed into our midship bunker, and another through one of the cowls. Several smaller hits have been found, which may have been splinters or small shell and shrapnel, with which the air was thick.

"The bath-rooms and stokers' mess-deck were completely wrecked, and, owing to the fire-main being burst, had two feet of water in them. The lights were nearly all smashed, and the fumes were nauseating. The whole scene was one of chaos and horror, for dead men and pieces of human remains lay about or sticking to the ship's sides or the deck above.

"After the shot had carried away our steering shafting, I was sent down from the bridge to the engine-room to order the engines to be put full speed astern. When I got on the forecastle deck the second shell had just hit us, and the ladder down to the upper deck was thrown on one side. I could not see in the dark, and slid down to where I found No. 1 gun's crew lying about in a terrible state. I was sent three times from the bridge to the engine-room during the action, and must honestly admit that the first time I was scared to death. The second and third times were not so bad, as most of the groans and horrible noises had stopped.

"When the hand-wheel had been connected up we managed to get clear, and when the trawlers were out of it we steamed for the entrance.

The whole of the following day was spent in clearing the dead and wounded out of the ship and collecting the pieces of the poor fellows below.

"Rear-Admiral de Robeck came on board when we arrived at Tenedos, and we received messages from the Vice-Admiral and the senior officer of the mine-sweepers."

The last attempt to force the Narrows with ships only took place on March 18, a beautiful spring day, with bright sun and a calm sea. The mine-fields had been removed as far as might be, when the leaders of the

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combined fleet—the French ships *Suffren*, *Bouvet*, *Charlemagne*, and *Gaulois*—steamed slowly in line abreast towards Chanak, zigzagging from side to side so that their after guns might be brought to bear alternately on port and starboard sides. They were followed by four of our old battleships—*Triumph*, *Albion*, *Irresistible*, and *Ocean*, also zigzagging. These in turn were followed by our newest ships, the giant *Queen Elizabeth*, the heavily-armed *Agamemnon* and *Lord Nelson*, with the battle cruiser *Inflexible*. The three lines were supported on the north shore by *Swiftsure* and *Vengeance*, which engaged the numerous batteries of field-guns and howitzers hidden in the slopes below Achi Baba, while *Majestic* looked after the other flank and hammered the Turkish guns round Eren Keui Bay and beyond the white cliffs.

It soon became evident that the enemy were quite ready, and a rain of shells began to fall upon the advancing ships, knocking up great columns of spray, some of them as high as the mastheads. Besides the heavy ordnance, field-guns of all sizes were scattered in the nullahs and behind the hillocks. They played upon the fire-controls with shrapnel, and followed the spotting seaplanes with bursting shells.

The combined fleets, moving slowly against the current, and working diagonally from side to side still, continued in hot action, and after an hour and a half the French battleships, which had fired away a great deal of ammunition, reached a point abreast of the white cliff, and were turning to starboard to allow the second line to take their place in the van when they unfortunately got among a number of floating mines which had been set adrift in the current by a fleet of Turkish small craft moored in mid-stream between Kilid Bahr and Chanak. *Bouvet* struck one of these and blew up with a tremendous explosion. For a moment she was seen keel up with a few of her men collected on her bottom in the middle of a great cloud of smoke; then she sank in deep water, and nearly all her hands went with her.

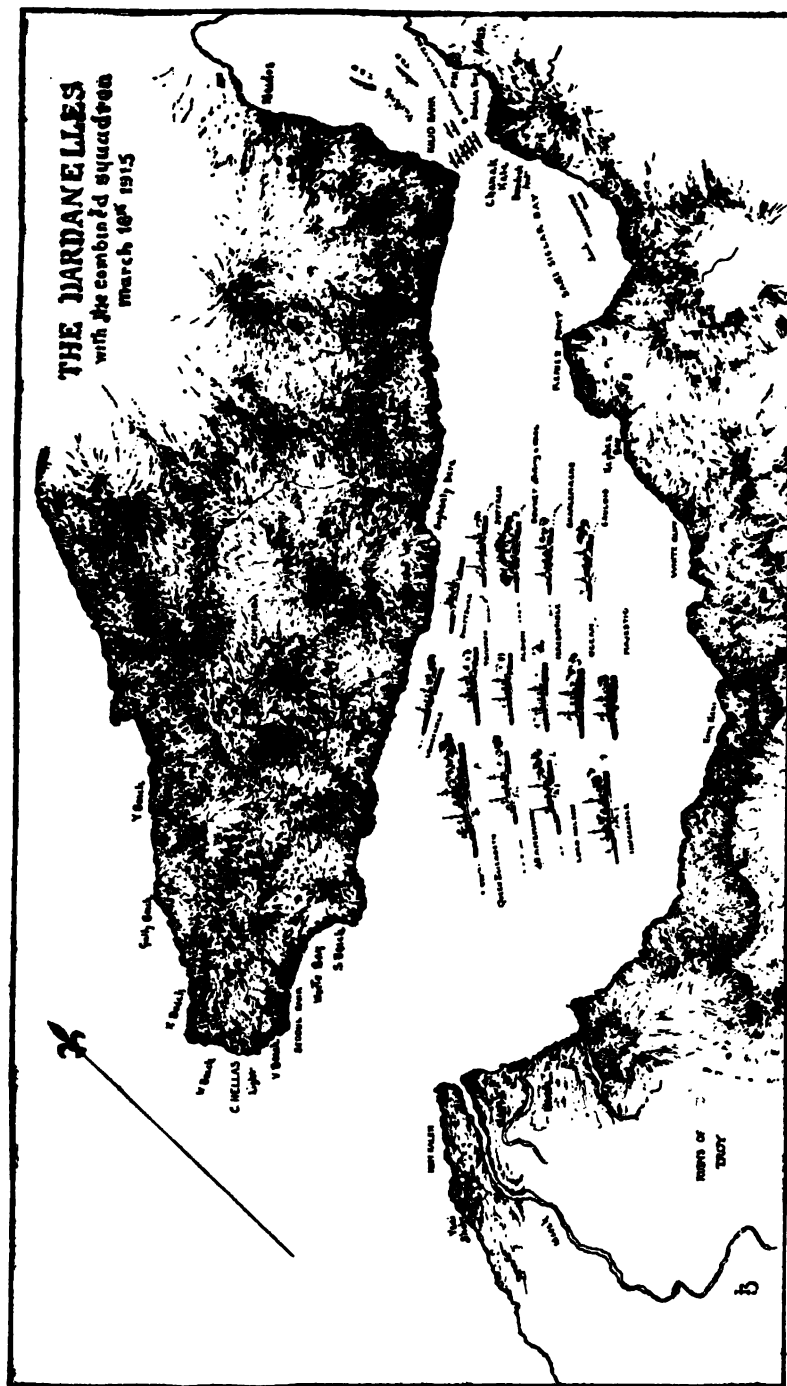
The greater part of the fixed heavy guns on shore were now silent, but the howitzers and field-guns were still active and kept up a very animated and destructive fire. It was difficult to locate them among the scrub. The ships still continued in hot action. *Irresistible* was the next to strike a mine, but she floated long enough for most of her crew to be saved. Afterwards *Ocean* was blown up also, but luckily without great loss of life. *Inflexible* was struck either by a torpedo or a mine, and though badly damaged was able to get away for repairs.

At dusk the bombardment came to an end, and the whole fleet steamed away. Three battleships of old type had been sunk and a battle cruiser badly mauled in this very costly experiment.



Bombarding Turkish Batteries at Chanak, March 18, 1915.





Map of the Combined Fleets in the Dardanelles

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There can be no doubt that the forts were not so badly damaged by the long-range naval guns as they would have been by high-angle fire of howitzers, and though the enormous shells of *Queen Elizabeth* caused terror in the Turkish trenches, the damage done bore no proportion to the weight of metal hurled with such tremendous force. When the Turkish guns could be located they were knocked out, but hundreds of them were never seen. It was clear that the ships must be supported by an army if the Dardanelles was to be forced.

It is not easy to give a very full description of the tremendous fighting which followed the attempt to force the Narrows by ships alone. When the war has come to an end it will be possible to speak freely. In the meantime we have the very vivid dispatches of Sir Ian Hamilton, dispatches that rank high in literature because of the great and acknowledged gifts of their author. These, with some details which have been supplied to enable me to illustrate the glorious efforts of our sailors and soldiers, must suffice for the present, in face of a silence imposed by discretion on every writer while war is still in progress.

Let us begin with an extract or two from the General's first dispatch, dated May 20, 1915 :

"Immediately on arrival I conferred with Vice-Admiral de Robeck, commanding the Eastern Mediterranean Fleet; General d'Amade, commanding the French Corps Expéditionnaire; and Contre Amiral Guépratte, in command of the French Squadron. At this conference past difficulties were explained to me, and the intention to make a fresh attack on the morrow was announced. The amphibious battle between warships and land fortresses took place next day, the 18th of March. I witnessed these stupendous events, and thereupon cabled your Lordship my reluctant deduction that the co-operation of the whole of the force under my command would be required to enable the fleet effectively to force the Dardanelles.

"By that time I had already carried out a preliminary reconnaissance of the north-western shore of the Gallipoli Peninsula from its isthmus, where it is spanned by the Bulair fortified lines, to Cape Helles, at its extremest point. From Bulair this singular feature runs in a south-westerly direction for 52 miles, attaining near its centre a breadth of 12 miles. The northern coast on the northern half of the promontory slopes downward steeply to the Gulf of Saros in a chain of hills which extend as far as Cape Sulva. The precipitous fall of these hills precludes landing, except at a few narrow gullies far too restricted for any serious military movements. The southern half of the peninsula is shaped like a badly worn boot. The ankle lies between Gaba Tepe and Kalkmaz Dag; beneath the heel lie the cluster of forts at Kilid Bahr, whilst the toe is that promontory, five miles in width, stretching from Tekke Burnu to Sedd el Bahr.

"The three dominating features in this southern section seemed to me to be :



Bombarding the Narrows, March 18, 1915.



Naval Operations against Turkey

"(1) Saribar Mountain, running up in a succession of almost perpendicular escarpment to 970 feet. The whole mountain seemed to be a network of ravines and covered with thick jungle.

"(2) Kilid Bahr plateau, which rises, a natural fortification artificially fortified, to a height of 700 feet, to cover the forts of the Narrows from an attack from the *Ægean*.

"(3) Achi Baba, a hill 600 feet in height, dominating at long field gun range what I have described as being the toe of the peninsula." . . .

"Altogether the result of this and subsequent reconnaissances was to convince me that nothing but a thorough and systematic scheme for flinging the whole of the troops under my command very rapidly ashore could be expected to meet with success; whereas, on the other hand, a tentative or piecemeal programme was bound to lead to disaster. The landing of an army upon the theatre of operations I have described—a theatre strongly garrisoned throughout, and prepared for any such attempt—involved difficulties for which no precedent was forthcoming in military history except possibly in the sinister legends of Xerxes. The beaches were either so well defended by works and guns or else so restricted by nature that it did not seem possible, even by two or three simultaneous landings, to pass the troops ashore quickly enough to enable them to maintain themselves against the rapid concentration and counter-attack which the enemy was bound in such case to attempt. It became necessary, therefore, not only to land simultaneously at as many points as possible, but to threaten to land at other points as well. The first of these necessities involved another unavoidable if awkward contingency, the separation by considerable intervals of the force.

"The weather was bound to play a vital part in my landing. Had it been British weather there would have been no alternative but instantly to give up the adventure. To land two or three thousand men, and then to have to break off and leave them exposed for a week to the attacks of 34,000 regular troops, with a hundred guns at their back, was not an eventuality to be lightly envisaged. Whatever happened the weather must always remain an incalculable factor, but at least by delay till the end of April we had a fair chance of several days of consecutive calm."

All the transports, except those of the Australian Infantry Brigade and the details encamped at Lemnos Island, were now ordered to Egypt, where the troops were redistributed and units allocated to their ships with minute detail.

At last, on April 23, everything was ready, and the covering force of the 29th Division left Mudros in the evening for Tenedos, where they were quietly transferred to the men-o'-war and mine-sweepers which were to carry the expectant men to the fateful reaches of Gallipoli.

About midnight these ships, each towing a number of cutters and other small boats, silently slipped their cables and, escorted by the 3rd

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Squadron of the Fleet, steamed slowly towards their final rendezvous at Cape Helles. The rendezvous was reached just before dawn on the 25th. The morning was absolutely still; there was no sign of life on the shore; a thin veil of mist hung motionless over the promontory; the surface of the sea was as smooth as glass. The four battleships and four cruisers which formed the 3rd Squadron at once took up the positions that had been allotted to them, and at 5 a.m., it being then light enough to fire, a violent bombardment of the enemy's defences was begun. Meanwhile the troops were being rapidly transferred to the small boats in which they were to be towed ashore. Not a move on the part of the enemy; except for shells thrown from the Asiatic side of the straits the guns of the Fleet remained unanswered.

"The detachment detailed for S beach (Eski Hissarlik point) consisted of the 2nd South Wales Borderers (less one company), under Lieut.-Colonel Casson. Their landing was delayed by the current, but by 7.30 a.m. it had been successfully effected at the cost of some fifty casualties, and Lieut.-Colonel Casson was able to establish his small force on the high ground near De Totts' Battery. Here he maintained himself until the general advance on the 27th brought him into touch with the main body.

"The landing on Y beach was entrusted to the King's Own Scottish Borderers and the Plymouth (Marine) Battalion Royal Naval Division, specially attached to the 29th Division for this task, the whole under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Koe.

Amethyst and *Sapphire*, light cruisers, were to lie off whilst the troops in three trawlers were steamed head first at the shore. Each trawler had cutters secured on each side and filled with men, and as each trawler's fore-foot touched the beach the boats with the momentum continued on and grounded in their turn.

The operation was well planned and smartly carried out. According to Sir Ian Hamilton's dispatch, V beach, to the west of Sedd el Bahr, was the most difficult of all the landing-places. The ground behind formed a regular amphitheatre three or four hundred yards wide. Its slopes were slightly concave, and the grassy terraces rose to a height of a hundred feet above the sea. The strip of beach, some 350 yards long and ten yards wide, was backed by a sandy escarpment about breast-high. The shelter which this low bank afforded played an important part in the desperate fight which, for a day and a half, raged on this bloody stretch of foreshore.

An old Turkish castle stood at the south-eastern end of the beach on a reef of rocks. Farther to the east was a line of castellated wall flanked by another round tower full of shot-holes and wreckage. The crumbling village

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at the back was full of riflemen and machine-gunners, and even the old barracks at the top of the ridge made very good cover for the enemy.

Sir Ian Hamilton says :

"From the terraced slopes already described the defenders were able to command the open beach, as a stage is overlooked from the balconies of a theatre. On the very margin of the beach a strong barbed wire entanglement, made of heavier metal and longer barbs than I have ever seen elsewhere, ran right across from the old fort of Sedd el Bahr to the foot of the north-western headland. Two-thirds of the way up the ridge a second and even stronger entanglement crossed the amphitheatre, passing in front of the old barracks and ending on the outskirts of the village. A third transverse entanglement, joining these two, ran up the hill near the eastern end of the beach, and almost at right angles to it. Above the upper entanglement the ground was scored with the enemy's trenches, in one of which four pom-poms were emplaced; in others were dummy pom-poms to draw fire, while the debris of the shattered buildings on either flank afforded cover and concealment for a number of machine-guns, which brought a cross-fire to bear on the ground already swept by rifle-fire from the ridge."

According to ancient Greek legend, when Agamemnon and his heroes found, after a siege of ten years, that they were still unable to capture the city of Troy, which stood majestically overlooking what we now call the Dardanelles, they had recourse to stratagem.

They contrived a votive horse of wood, in whose belly a few of the Greeks hid themselves. The rest of their army, launching the long, black ships, sailed away for Tenedos. The unsuspecting Trojans dragged the horse inside the city walls, and in the night the wily Greeks, creeping from their hiding place, opened the gates of Troy to their returning countrymen. The city was burned, and all the Trojans killed or carried away as slaves.

Poets of all the ages have retold the tale in song, and artists of every school have made the theme famous in marble and colour. I do not know if the old Greek legend suggested the idea of *River Clyde*, but she was often spoken of as "The Horse of Troy." Originally a collier, she was taken in hand and adapted for the scheme in which she was to play the part of the horse in the legend. Large openings were cut in her sides, gang-planks and brows were fixed so that the troops in the belly of the ship could rush out in a moment and fling themselves into two barges and a hopper which were fastened on each side, ready to make a bridge to the shore when the ship should have run head first on the beach. Round the forecastle head and along her port side a battery of machine-guns, protected by sand-bags, was mounted, and her bridge and steering-gear were also made bullet proof.

Two thousand men, it was thought, might be rushed on shore in a very

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short time, and the remainder of the covering force was ordered to follow in ships' boats, towed by the picket-boats of the battleships.

In the early dawn *River Clyde*, escorted by destroyers, steamed over the glassy sea on her last journey. Shells were falling from the batteries near the site of ancient Troy, but the Turks on the peninsula made no sign. All the boats in tow were making for the shore, but it was only as the first keel grated on the shingle that the hitherto silent trenches suddenly burst into a perfect inferno of fire.

Commander Unwin ran his ship right at the shore; but, alas! the water was shallow, and though the barges and the hopper continued on as expected, they did not form the floating bridge to the shore, but drifted with the current broadside on. Meantime, those troops who were in the ships' boats suffered terrible losses. Some of the more lucky among them managed to spring to land unhurt, and rushing across the sandy slip flung themselves under cover behind the low bank. Others went manfully at the cruel barbed wire, and were shot down as they strove to force their way through. All the shore was littered with dead and wounded, who lay with their heads towards the foe. None of the boats could be again launched, but some which had not reached the beach were drifting out to sea full of dead.

Let us try to picture the scene as it appeared from the forecastle of the stranded *River Clyde*.

The barges and the hopper cumbered with the dead, lying one upon another in heaps. Captain Unwin, hatless and up to his middle in the sea, is shouting his orders through the din of battle. Midshipman Drewry, without coat or hat, followed by Seaman Ellard, is scrambling on board the nearest lighter, on which a few unwounded men, encumbered with their packs, are trying to cross through the litter of dead and wounded towards the shore; some of the latter are sitting up and shouting to their comrades to come on.

Beyond, Seaman Williams stands patiently on the rocks holding the rope which keeps the lighter in position, a duty he has performed for an hour, in the midst of the deadly fire. He was at last killed.

Lieut. Morse, in a picket-boat, is keeping up a hot fire with his 3-pounder on the Turkish maxims and pom-poms.

On the port side of the ship Seaman Samson is securing the hopper; the water is full of splashes from the flying bullets, and the round tower and village of Sedd el Bahr are covered with a pall of smoke and bursting shells from the great guns of *Queen Elizabeth*, *Cornwallis*, and *Albion*. Lumps of earth and masses of masonry are thrown high in the air as the 15-inch shells burst among the ruined houses.



Sketch by a naval officer

After Clyde

Traveller's sketch of the burning of the *Sidd el Bahr* after the bombardment of the *Sidd el Bahr* by the British fleet. The *Sidd el Bahr* was a British ship which was captured by the *Sidd el Bahr* and was then burned.

Sedd el Bahr burning after Bombardment by *Queen Elizabeth* and *Agamemnon*

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A company of the Munster Fusiliers was the first to attempt a landing, but few of them reached the shelter of the bank, and, just as the second company was following, the lighters began again to drift into deep water, and many who tried to swim to the shore were drowned by the weight of their equipment. The dauntless commander was at that time lying unconscious in his cabin, quite exhausted by his strenuous labours, but Lieut. Morse, with Midshipman Malleson, rushed in and again made the lighters fast, and the third company of the Munsters made a dash for the shore, suffering very heavy losses from shrapnel.

Sir Ian Hamilton goes on :

"For a space the attempt to land was discontinued. When it was resumed the lighters again drifted into deep water, with Brigadier-General Napier, Captain Costaker, his Brigade-Major, and a number of men of the Hampshire Regiment on board. There was nothing for them all but to lie down on the lighters, and it was here that General Napier and Captain Costaker were killed. At this time, between 10 and 11 a.m., about 1,000 men had left the collier, and of these nearly half had been killed or wounded before they could reach the little cover afforded by the steep, sandy bank at the top of the beach. Further attempts to disembark were now given up. Had the troops all been in open boats but few of them would have lived to tell the tale. But, most fortunately, the collier was so constructed as to afford fairly efficient protection to the men who were still on board, and, so long as they made no attempt to land, they suffered comparatively little loss.

"Throughout the remainder of the day there was practically no change in the position of affairs. The situation was probably saved by the machine-guns of *River Clyde*, which did valuable service in keeping down the enemy's fire and in preventing any attempt on their part to launch a counter-attack. One half company of the Dublin Fusiliers, which had been landed at a camber just east of Sedd el Bahr village, was unable to work its way across to V beach, and by midday had only twenty-five men left. It was proposed to divert to Y beach that part of the main body which had been intended to land on V beach; but this would have involved considerable delay, owing to the distance, and the main body was diverted to W beach, where the Lancashire Fusiliers had already effected a landing.

"Late in the afternoon part of the Worcestershire Regiment and the Lancashire Fusiliers worked across the high ground from W beach, and seemed likely to relieve the situation by taking the defenders of V beach in flank. The pressure on their own front, however, and the numerous barbed wire entanglements which intervened, checked this advance, and at nightfall the Turkish garrison still held their ground. Just before dark some small parties of our men made their way along the shore to the outer walls of the Old Fort, and when night had fallen the remainder of the infantry from the collier were landed.

"A good force was now available for attack, but our troops were at such a

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cruel disadvantage as to position, and the fire of the enemy was still so accurate in the bright moonlight, that all attempts to clear the fort and the outskirts of the village during the night failed one after the other. The wounded who were able to do so without support returned to the collier under cover of darkness; but otherwise the situation at daybreak on the 26th was the same as it had been on the previous day, except that the troops first landed were becoming very exhausted.

"Twenty-four hours after the disembarkation began there were ashore on V beach the survivors of the Dublin and Munster Fusiliers and of two companies of the Hampshire Regiment. The Brigadier and the Brigade-Major had been killed; Lieut.-Colonel Carrington Smith, commanding the Hampshire Regiment, had been killed, and the Adjutant had been wounded. The Adjutant of the Munster Fusiliers was wounded, and the great majority of the senior officers were either wounded or killed. The remnant of the landing party still crouched on the beach beneath the shelter of the sandy escarpment which had saved so many lives. With them were two officers of my General Staff—Lieut.-Colonel Doughty Wylie and Lieut.-Colonel Williams. These two officers, who had landed from *River Clyde*, had been striving, with conspicuous contempt for danger, to keep all their comrades in good heart during this day and night of ceaseless imminent peril.

"Now that it was daylight once more, Lieut.-Colonels Doughty Wylie and Williams set to work to organise an attack on the hill above the beach. Any soldier who has endeavoured to pull scattered units together after they have been dominated for many consecutive hours by close and continuous fire will be able to take the measure of their difficulties. Fortunately, General Hunter-Weston had arranged with Rear-Admiral Wemyss about the same time for a heavy bombardment to be opened by the ships upon the Old Fort, Sedd el Bahr village, the Old Castle north of the village, and on the ground leading up from the beach. Under cover of this bombardment, and led by Lieut.-Colonel Doughty Wylie and Captain Walford, Brigade-Major, R.A., the troops gained a footing in the village by 10 a.m. They encountered a most stubborn opposition and suffered heavy losses from the fire of well-concealed riflemen and machine-guns. Undeterred by the resistance, and supported by the naval fire, they pushed forward, and soon after midday they penetrated to the northern edge of the village, whence they were in a position to attack the Old Castle and Hill 141. During this advance Captain Walford was killed. Lieut.-Colonel Doughty Wylie had most gallantly led the attack all the way up from the beach through the west side of the village under a galling fire. And now, when owing so largely to his own inspiring example and intrepid courage, the position had almost been gained, he was killed while leading the last assault. But the attack was pushed forward without wavering, and, fighting their way across the open with great dash, the troops gained the summit and occupied the Old Castle and Hill 141 before 2 p.m."

An officer who helped to cover the landing at W beach has kindly allowed



Gallipoli : *River Clyde* Pushing in for V Beach

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me to use his sketch, which only shows the flattish sand dunes, the high ground mentioned in the dispatch being on either side. If any reader wants a verbal description, he will find details in Sir Ian Hamilton's description in his historical dispatches.

The battleships *Triumph* and *Majestic*, with the cruiser *Bacchante*, were told off to cover the landing of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps at Gaba Tepe.

Fifteen hundred of these embarked in the afternoon of the 24th on board H.M. ships *Queen*, *London*, and *Prince of Wales*. As the men came over the side they went to prearranged stations which were marked by numbers painted on the decks. After dark the battleships stole away from Mudros Bay, escorted by the destroyers *Beagle*, *Bulldog*, *Foxhound*, *Scourge*, *Colne*, *Usk*, *Chelmer*, and *Ribble*. *Ark Royal*, seaplane carrier, and the balloon ship *Manica*, with fifteen trawlers, also formed part of this squadron, which was under the command of Rear-Admiral C. F. Thursby, C.M.G.

The sea was calm, there was not a breath of wind, and the moon shone brightly until three in the morning. The ships, steaming at five knots, at last reached the appointed spot. Each man was given a hot meal before climbing down into the boats. The launches were ready, the tows started, everything went without a hitch. The moon had set now, and the night was very dark as in tense silence the flotillas made their way towards the fateful beach.

In the meantime the remaining men of the covering force, two thousand five hundred strong, were being transferred from their transports to six destroyers four miles out at sea. John Masefield thus writes of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps, which was afterwards shortened to Anzac: "They were, however, the finest body of young men ever brought together in modern times. For physical beauty and nobility of bearing they surpassed any men I have ever seen. They walked and looked like the kings in old poems."

Sir Ian Hamilton proceeds:

"A rugged and difficult part of the coast had been selected for the landing, so difficult and rugged that I consider the Turks were not at all likely to anticipate such a descent. Indeed, owing to the tows having failed to maintain their exact direction, the actual point of disembarkation was rather more than a mile north of that which I had selected, and was more closely overhung by steeper cliffs. Although this accident increased the initial difficulty of driving the enemy off the heights inland, it has since proved itself to have been a blessing in disguise, inasmuch as the actual base of the force of occupation has been much better defiladed from shell-fire.

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"The beach on which the landing was actually effected is a very narrow strip of sand, about 1,000 yards in length, bounded on the north and south by two small promontories. At its southern extremity a deep ravine, with exceedingly steep, scrub-clad sides, runs inland in a north-easterly direction. Near the northern end of the beach a small but steep gully runs up into the hills at right angles to the shore. Between the ravine and the gully the whole of the beach is backed by the seaward face of the spur which forms the north-western side of the ravine. From the top of the spur the ground falls almost sheer, except near the southern limit of the beach, where gentler slopes give access to the mouth of the ravine behind. Farther inland lie in a tangled knot the underfeatures of Saribar, separated by deep ravines, which take a most confusing diversity of direction. Sharp spurs, covered with dense scrub, and falling away in many places in precipitous sandy cliffs, radiate from the principal mass of the mountain, from which they run north-west, west, south-west, and south to the coast.

"The boats approached the land in the silence and the darkness, and they were close to the shore before the enemy stirred. Then about one battalion of Turks was seen running along the beach to intercept the lines of boats. At this so critical a moment the conduct of all ranks was most praiseworthy. Not a word was spoken—everyone remained perfectly orderly and quiet, awaiting the enemy's fire, which sure enough opened, causing many casualties. The moment the boats touched land the Australians' turn had come. Like lightning they leapt ashore, and each man as he did so went straight as his bayonet at the enemy. So vigorous was the onslaught that the Turks made no attempt to withstand it, and fled from ridge to ridge pursued by the Australian infantry.

"This attack was carried out by the 3rd Australian Brigade under Major (Temporary Colonel) Sinclair MacLagan, D.S.O. The 1st and 2nd Brigades followed promptly, and were all disembarked by 2 p.m., by which time 12,000 men and two batteries of Indian Mounted Artillery had been landed. The disembarkation of further artillery was delayed owing to the fact that the enemy's heavy guns opened on the anchorage and forced the transports, which had been subjected to continuous shelling from his field-guns, to stand farther out to sea.

"The broken ground, the thick scrub, the necessity for sending any formed detachments post haste as they landed to the critical point of the moment, the headlong valour of the scattered groups of the men who had pressed far farther into the peninsula than had been intended—all these led to confusion and mixing up of units. Eventually the mixed crowd of fighting men, some advancing from the beach, others falling back before the oncoming Turkish supports, solidified into a semicircular position with its right about a mile north of Gaba Tepe, and its left on the high ground over Fisherman's Hut. During this period parties of the 9th and 10th Battalions charged and put out of action three of the enemy's Krupp guns. During this period also the disembarkation of the



Evangelus picket boat

Troops disembarking on W Beach 6 AM April 26th

Agamemnon picket boat
after slipping her tow

W. H. M. from a sketch by a staff officer



Gallipoli: Troops Disembarking on W Beach, 6 a.m. April 26th, 1915



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Australian Division was being followed by that of the New Zealand and Australian Division (two brigades only).

"From 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. the enemy, now reinforced to a strength of 20,000 men, attacked the whole line, making a specially strong effort against the 3rd Brigade and the left of the 2nd Brigade. This counter-attack was, however, handsomely repulsed with the help of the guns of H.M. ships. Between 5 and 6.30 p.m. a third most determined counter-attack was made against the 3rd Brigade, who held their ground with more than equivalent stubbornness. During the night again the Turks made constant attacks, and the 8th Battalion repelled a bayonet charge; but in spite of all the line held firm. The troops had had practically no rest on the night of the 24-25th; they had been fighting hard all day over most difficult country, and they had been subjected to heavy shrapnel fire in the open. Their casualties had been deplorably heavy. But, despite their losses and in spite of their fatigue, the morning of the 26th found them still in good heart and as full of fight as ever.

"It is a consolation to know that the Turks suffered still more seriously. Several times our machine-guns got on to them in close formation, and the whole surrounding country is still strewn with their dead of this date. . . .

"The assistance of the Royal Navy, here as elsewhere, has been invaluable. The whole of the arrangements have been in Admiral Thursby's hands, and I trust I may be permitted to say what a trusty and powerful friend he has proved himself to be to the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps.

"Concurrently with the British landing a regiment of the French Corps was successfully disembarked at Kum Kale under the guns of the French Fleet, and remained ashore till the morning of the 26th, when they were re-embarked. Five hundred prisoners were captured by the French on this day.

"This operation drew the fire of the Asiatic guns from Morto Bay and V beach on to Kum Kale, and contributed largely to the success of the British landings.

"Throughout the events I have chronicled the Royal Navy has been father and mother to the Army. Not one of us but realises how much he owes to Vice-Admiral de Robeck; to the warships, French and British; to the destroyers, mine-sweepers, picket-boats, and to all their dauntless crews, who took no thought of themselves, but risked everything to give their soldier comrades a fair run in at the enemy."

A little later the Constantinople newspapers gave flaming reports of the repulse of the British Army at Bulair, at the head of the Gulf of Saros. As a matter of fact the landing rather consisted of one man, who swam ashore towing a little raft on which were a number of flares. He lighted these at intervals all along the coast, and that duty performed he wandered, naked as he was, in front of the Turkish lines. There was quite an army there, strongly entrenched. After his lonely reconnaissance, Lieutenant Freyberg, the solitary invader, once more entered the water and swam for a long time

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trying to find his destroyer in the dark; he was terribly exhausted when at last picked up.

* * * * *

We have learned many new lessons from this most tremendous of all wars as waged during the first nine months. Wireless telegraphy and the submarine, with the enormous increase in the range of modern artillery, have modified old ideas. The big gun and the fast ship are still lords of the ocean, and sea power is the dominating factor in the struggle on land it has always been.

Ever since the night of August 4, 1914, when the Morse lights signalled the declaration of war to the expectant crews, our superiority over the Germans has been steadily increasing. We have lost many ships and thousands of noble lives; but the men of Great Britain, descendants of those who fought under Drake, Hawke, and Nelson, have come forward in ever-increasing numbers. We have replaced the sunken fighting ships by thrice their number, and the new craft are faster and more heavily armed.

Besides the man-o'-war proper, an immense number of armed merchantmen, yachts, trawlers, drifters, and motor-boats have been taken over, and their crews completed by fishermen, yachtsmen, and hands from the Merchant Service.

So this volume ends as prologues do. It tells only of the doings of some of our ships; there is no mention save in a few odd paragraphs of the Grand Fleet. This mighty host of engines of destruction steamed away from Portland a few days before the declaration of war, the flagship's band playing "'Twas in Trafalgar Bay." All proceeded "East about" to their war stations.

Since that moment, like a decree of sudden parting, there has been no word of the Grand Fleet's doings—no word of its whereabouts. We know only incidentally that it has been growing in might and power day by day; we know further that it has its grip on the throat of our enemy. We know that the German flag is wiped from the outer seas. Far below, the German Shark may be found bent on some mission of spite or murder. On the open seas this counts but little. The links with America, with the Dominions, with our close and glorious Ally, France, remain unbroken. What we have lost we replace. And still our grasp grows tighter in spite of ruthless submarine warfare. The grip of the Grand Fleet will not relax; it will only become more irresistible. Every week, every month, will disclose its powers of strangulation. In the end it will mean death; so Mahan prophesied; so will it be! Storm-beaten ships will ever stand against Grand Armies in their attempts at the domination of the world.

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