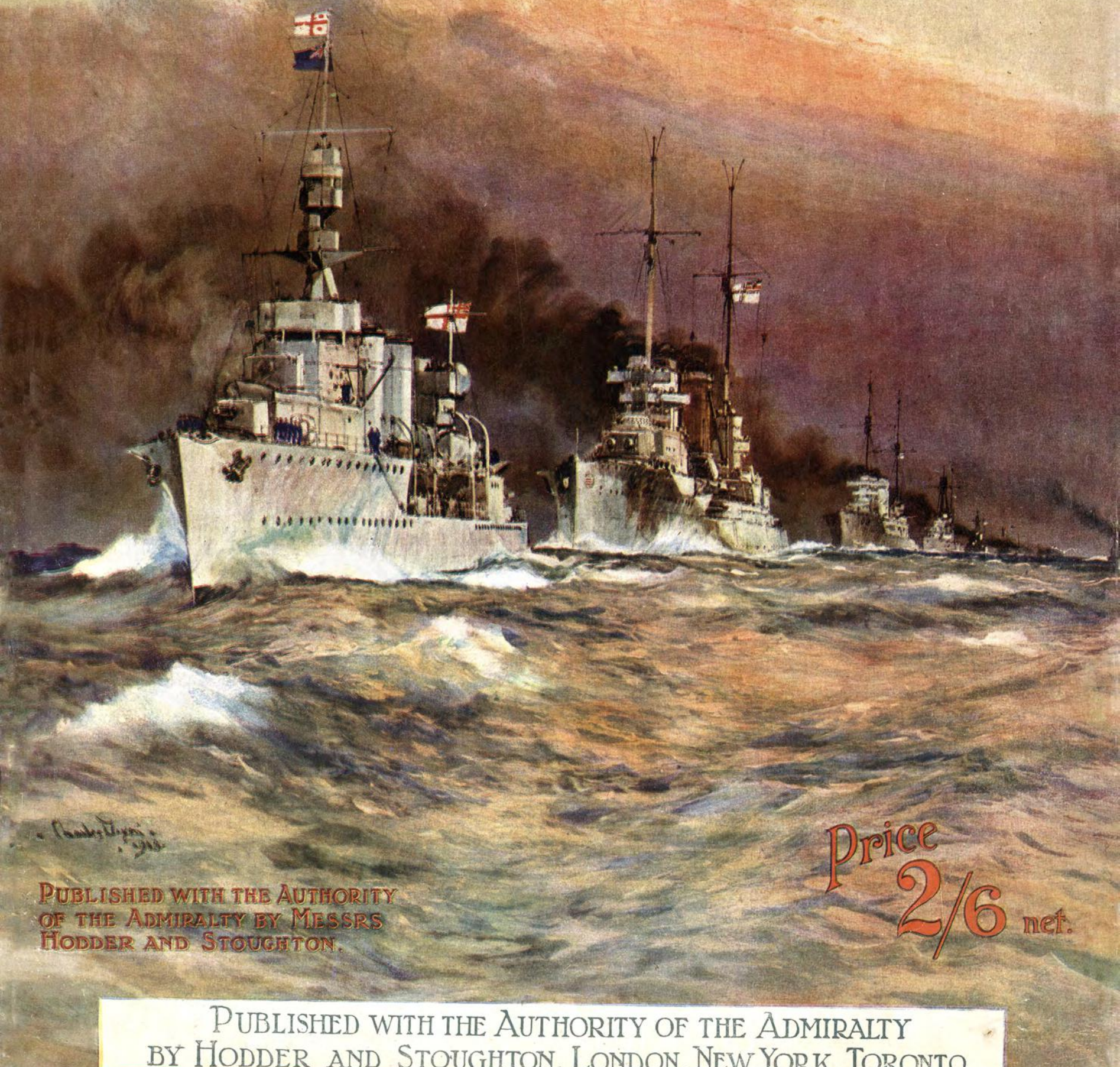
OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE SURRENDER OF THE GERMAN FLEET.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE ROYAL NAVY.



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THE

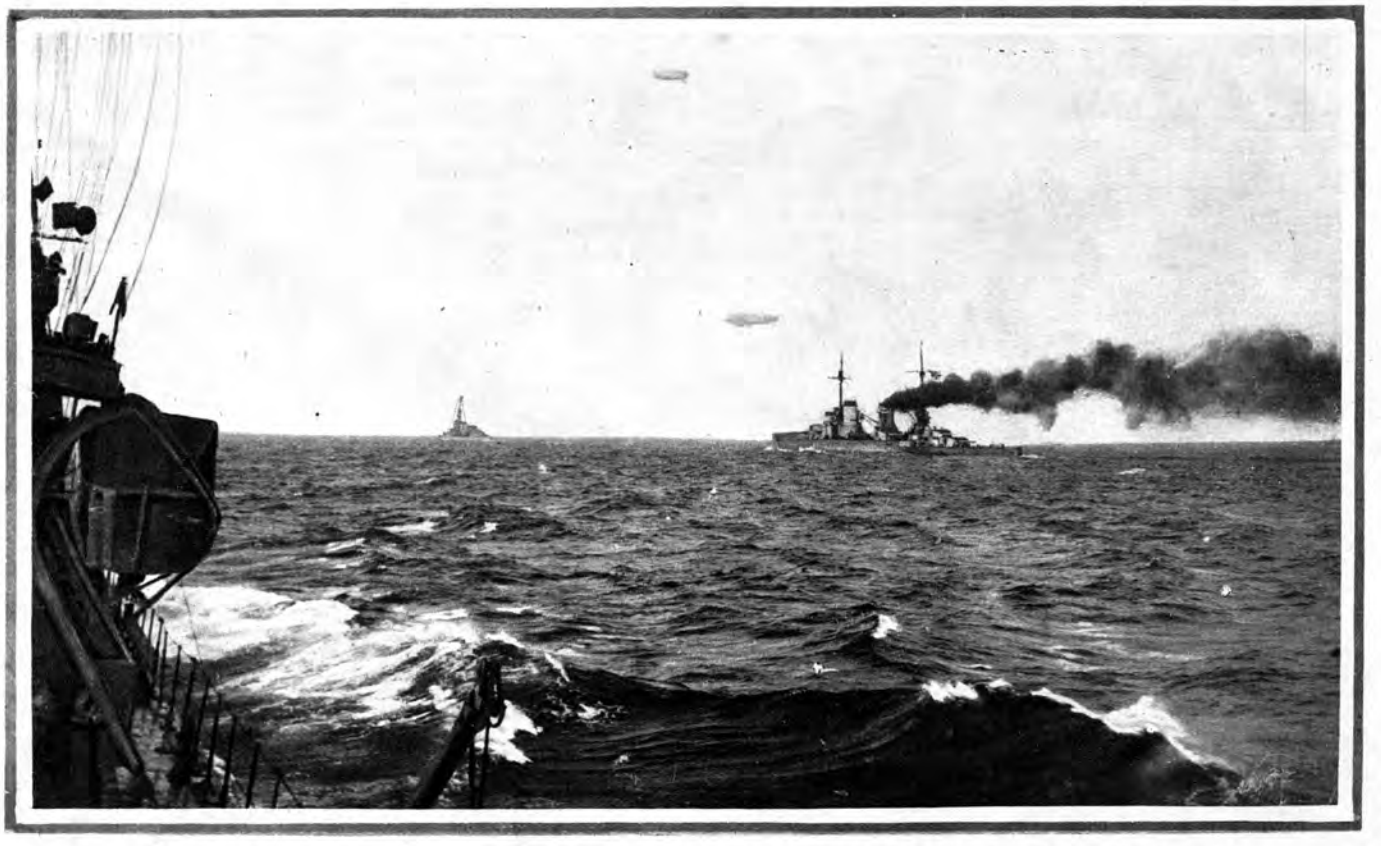
TRIUMPH OF THE ROYAL NAVY

HOW THE GERMAN FLEET CAME TO BRITAIN.

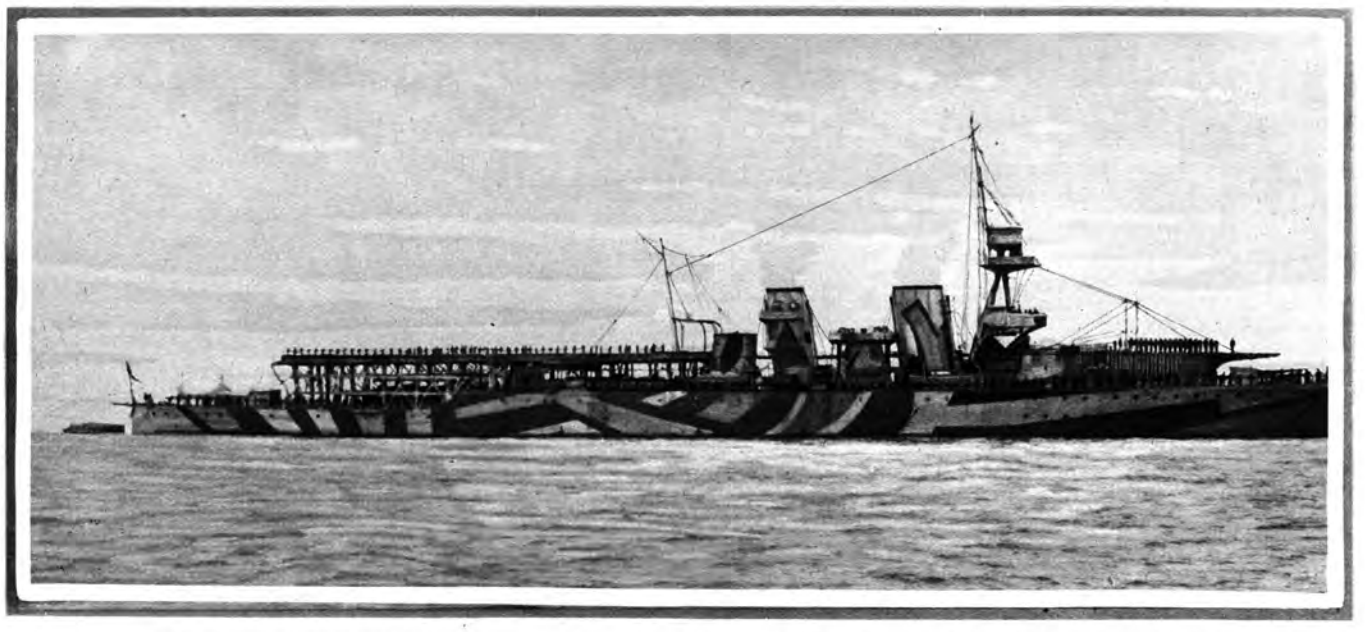
By Major PERCEVAL GIBBON, Royal Marines.

THERE came a time, during the great weeks in November, when to those in the Grand Fleet it seemed that events trod too rapidly upon one another's heels; when, before one's mind could rise to the full sense and significance of one world-changing event, another had come up to obscure it. A new, strange glamour had entered into life—the glamour of victory; and since the signal had been made that hostilities had ceased, it had been difficult to be sure of seeing anything in its just proportion.

First there was the night of the Armistice, when, for an hour, the Fleet broke into a frenzy of rejoicing and celebration, with the syrens screaming at each other across the misty waters, the great arms of the searchlights waving insanely, and the coloured fires of the Véry lights raining down like iridescent snow. Then, from the North Sea, where no German ship may move save by our leave, there came the *Königsberg*, bringing Rear-Admiral Meurer and



H.M.S. "CARDIFF," WITH OBSERVATION BALLOON, LEADING THE GERMAN LINE: THE BATTLE-CRUISER "SEYDLITZ" IN THE FOREGROUND.

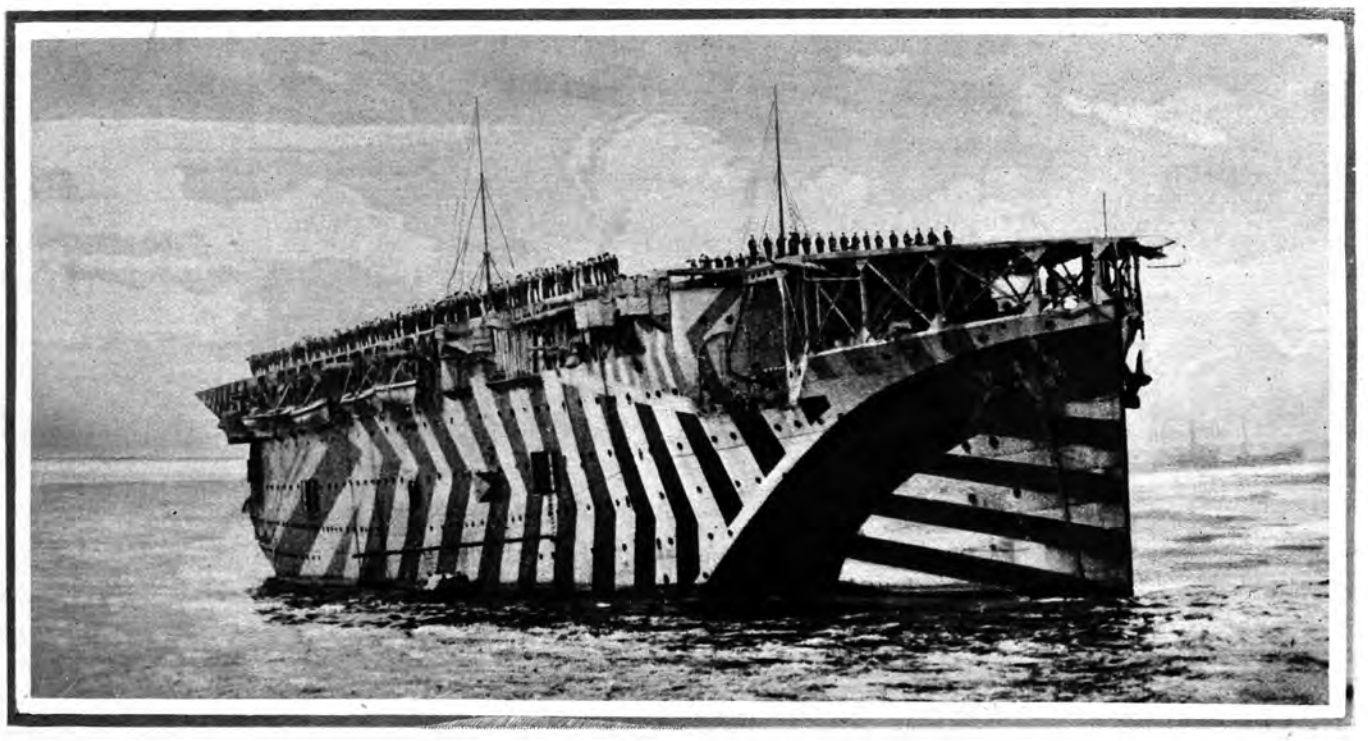


THE NEW "VINDICTIVE," SHOWING THE PLATFORM FOR LAUNCHING AEROPLANES.

his four German officers to the conference aboard the *Queen Elizabeth;* then her departure, and finally, upon the morning of November 21, that sea-pageant that so transcended all hopes and beliefs—the surrender intact of the best part of the German Navy. Within the space of ten days, all for which the British Navy works, fights, and exists had been poured out upon it in a bewildering deluge of victory.

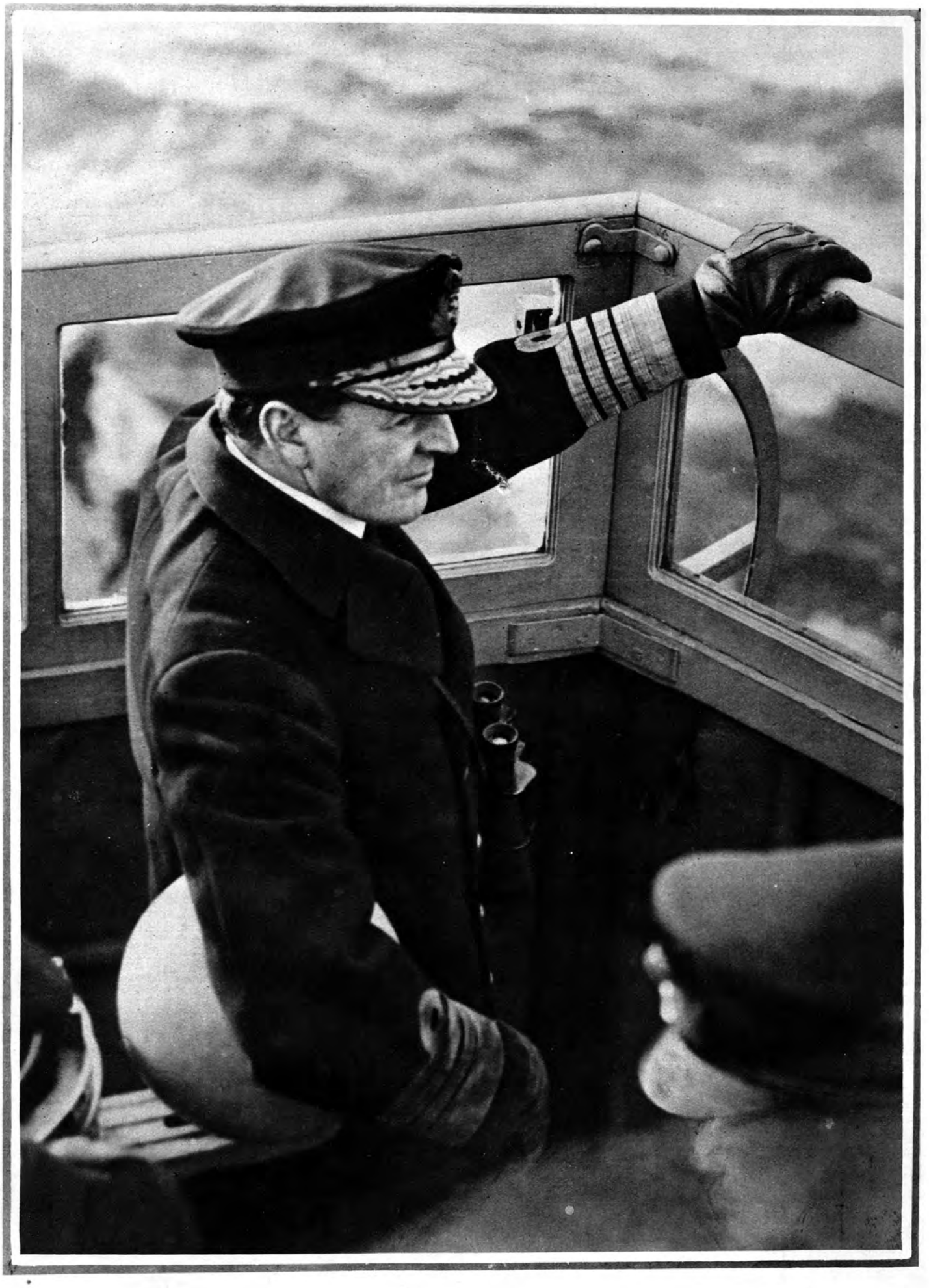
THE COMING OF THE *KONIGSBERG.*

And the strangeness of it all was enhanced by the setting in which the great world-drama was developed to its unforgettable climax. Mist, the winter mist of Scotland, drifted and



H.M.S. "ARGUS": AN AEROPLANE-SHIP.

All top hamper is sacrificed to the necessity of giving a clear landing-place for aeroplanes. The navigating-bridge is raised to the upper deck by means of a lift from below, where it is housed when flying is in progress.



ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY VIEWS THE SURRENDER SCENE FROM HIS FLAG-SHIP, H.M.S. "QUEEN ELIZABETH."

settled like a spirit moving upon the waters; the fighting-ships that inhabit the Forth loomed up and vanished again in the shifting obscurity of it; and when, upon the morning of November 15, Rear-Admiral Sinclair went out with his light-cruiser squadron to meet the *Königsberg* and bring her in to her anchorage, the ships groped seaward through a white night of fog till the booms were passed and the mist thinned as the Firth widened into the North Sea.

There were six cruisers in the squadron, and with them were ten destroyers to aid in picking the German ship up and shepherding her in. They strewed themselves abroad over the calm surface of the water, stretching in a long line abreast that disappeared in the vagueness of the horizon. The *Königsberg* had been given a course which should bring her to the rendezvous at two p.m., but already during the morning the *Cardiff*, the Rear-Admiral's

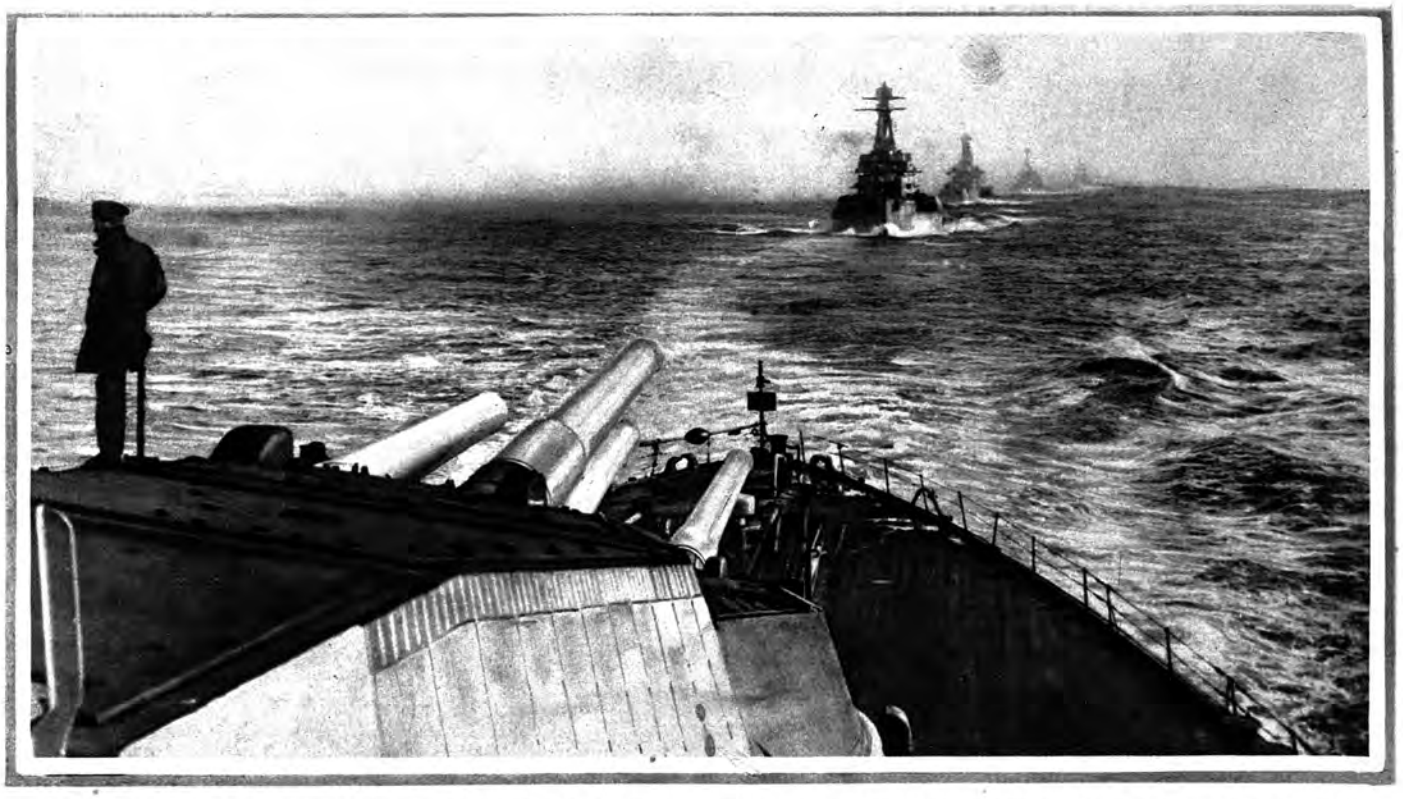


BRITISH CRUISERS ARRIVING AT THE RENDEZVOUS IN THE NORTH SEA.
H.M.S. "Lion," H.M.S. "Princess Royal," and H.M.S. "Tiger."

flag-ship, was in touch with her by wireless, receiving her explanations as to why she had varied the appointed course, and how, in one instance, she had made a détour about a German mine-field which our ships had long since swept up. There was ground for a little anxiety lest, in that dimness of mist which encircled the sea, the British ships should miss her as she stood in towards the mouth of the Firth, and that she might attempt the entrance unescorted.

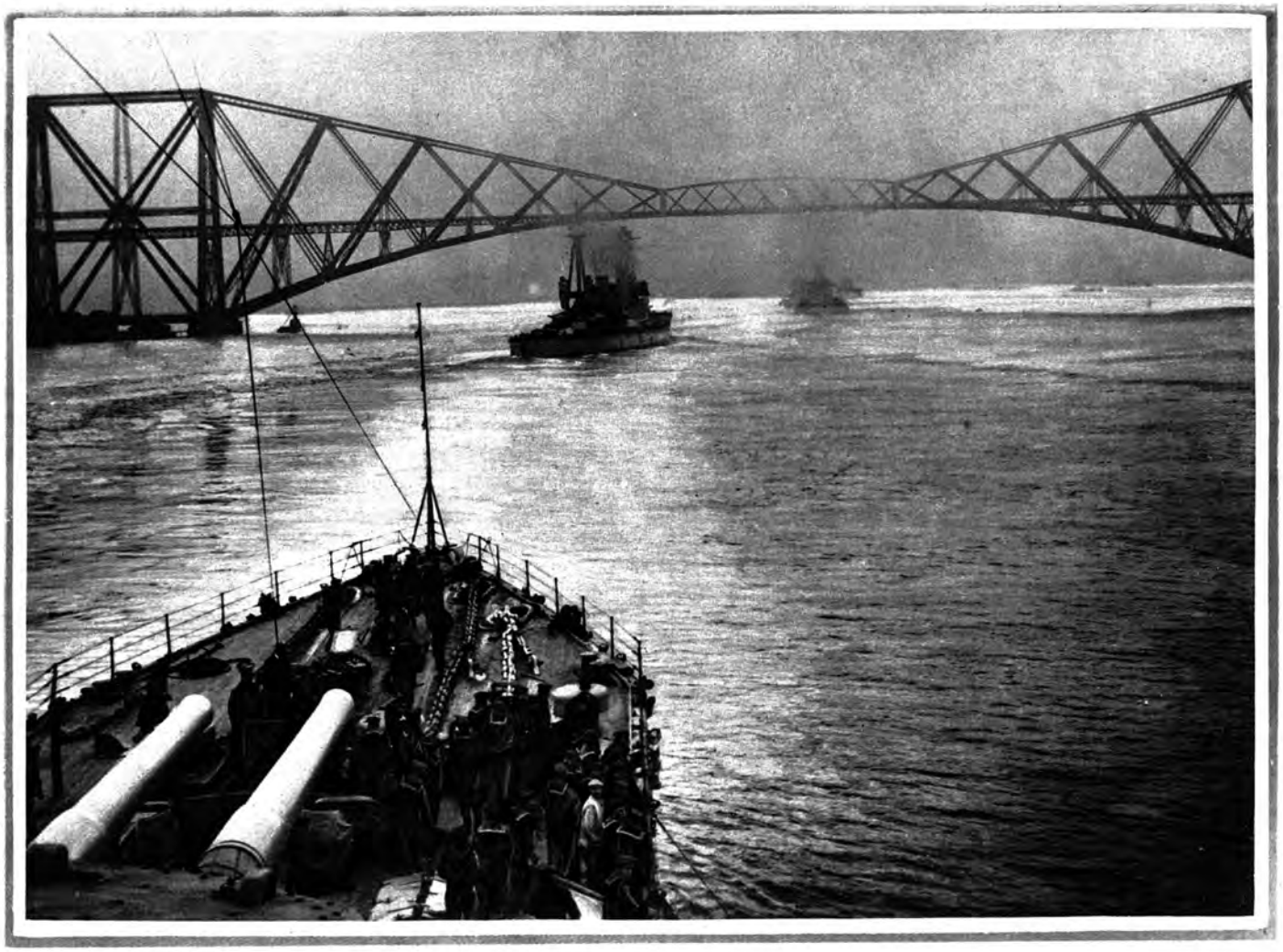
THE WHITE FLAG OF GERMANY.

It was at 2.20 p.m. precisely that the ships, having patrolled the neighbourhood of the meeting-point for half an hour, picked her up. First a blur in the haze to windward as she appeared out of the south; then a ship-form growing into distinctness as she neared; and at last the shape of a long, light-painted cruiser, her sharp bow shearing through the water with scarcely a bow-wave. Her searchlight showed an unwinking white eye in token of the



H.M.S. "HERCULES," THE FLAG-SHIP OF SIR MONTAGUE BROWNING, LEADING THE 4TH BATTLE SQUADRON TO MEET THE GERMANS.

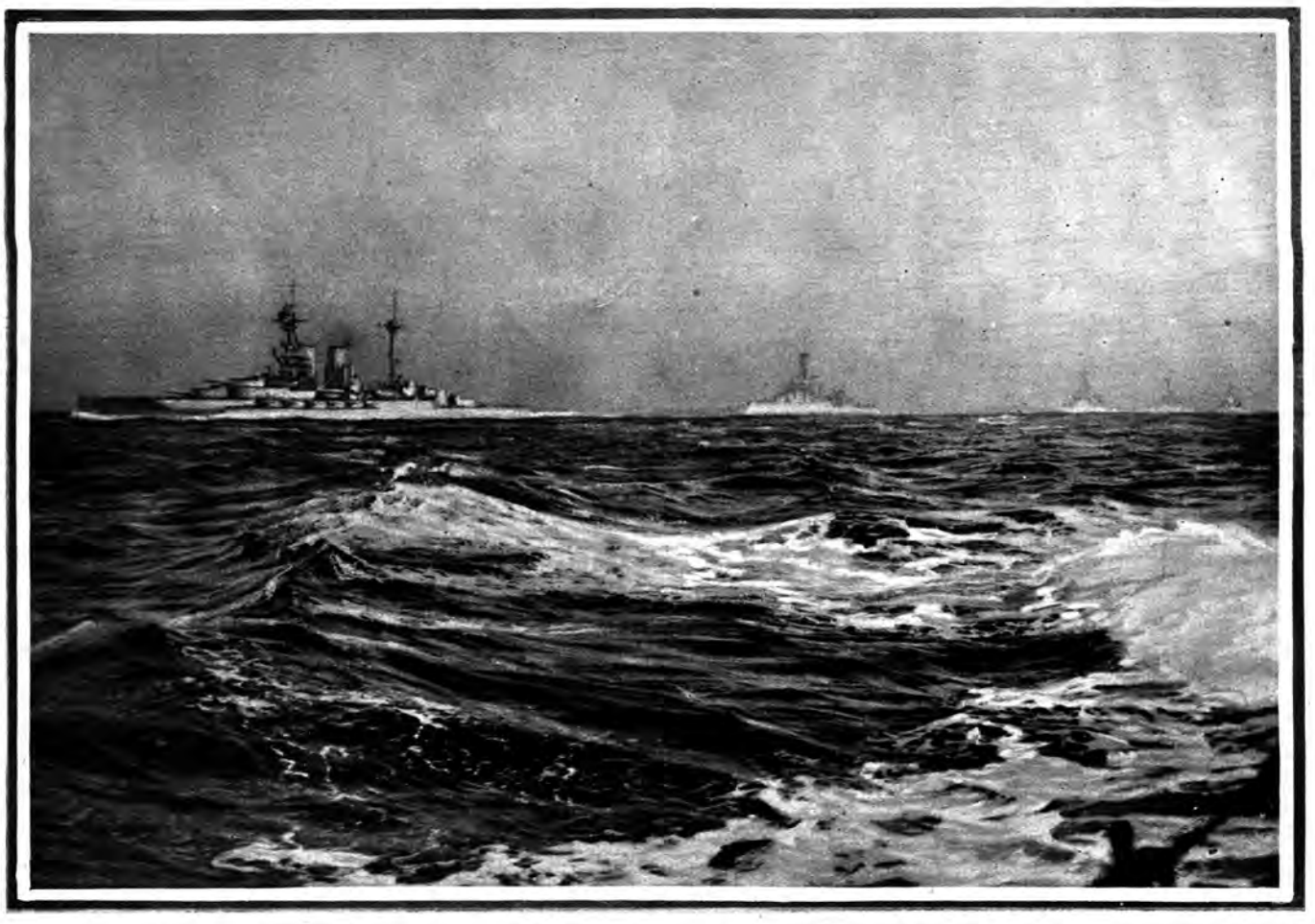
The ships are: "Neptune," "St. Vincent," "Colossus," and "Bellerophon."



THE GRAND FLEET STEAMING UNDER THE FORTH BRIDGE.

fact that she received and understood our signals; and, as she came round to fall into station astern of the British flag-ship, there was clear to see, at the head of her lofty mainmast, the white flag by which she was to be recognised. At her fore flew the flag of Rear-Admiral Meurer, and at her peak was the Imperial Ensign which is—which was—Germany's standard upon the seas. And somehow she managed to convey to those who watched a sense of surrender and the humiliation of defeat. Her guns were screened under canvas covers; and, as she carried out the signalled orders and submitted her own Morse call-sign, she suggested something like the resignation and helpless submission of a prisoner of war.

Upon her lower bridge it was possible, with the glasses, to make out the row of black hats of a number of civilians, probably members of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Council who

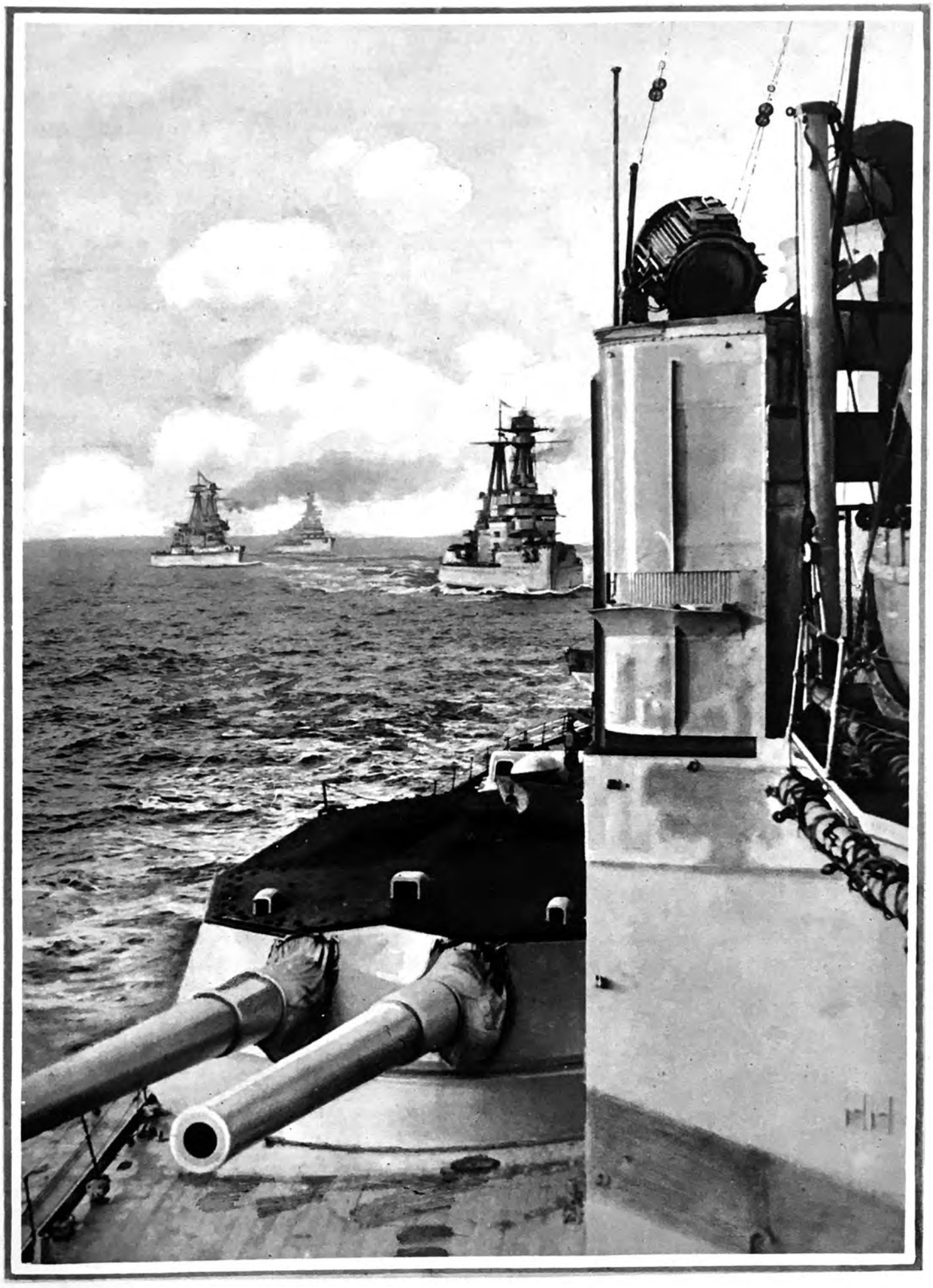


BRITISH BATTLE-SHIPS IN LINE ARRIVING AT THE NORTH SEA RENDEZVOUS, LED BY THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH."

were known to be accompanying the Rear-Admiral. No British officer has yet had the means of learning what shame and bitterness must have filled the hearts of those German officers who brought over for surrender the honour of their Service and the future of their great Navy, under the surveillance and control of the representatives of the men whose mutiny made impossible the final battle in which at least the ships might have gone down with their flags flying.

THE HIDDEN FLEET.

It was dark by the time she was berthed off Inchkeith, with the guardian motor-launches circling about her to prevent communication with the shore, and the cruisers and destroyers of her escort lying around her. The fog had thinned a little with the evening; the darkness



VIEW FROM H.M.S. "HERCULES": H.M.S. "HERCULES" LEADING THE 4TH BATTLE SQUADRON OUT TO SEA.

upon the Firth was freckled with the lights of the ships. It was all that the Germans saw of that great revelation of sea-power, for they made their passage up-stream to the *Queen Elizabeth* in the ward-room of the destroyer *Oak;* they moved in the presence of the mightiest factor for peace, the most potent argument against Germany's claims to dominion that the world has known; ships undreamed of were all around them and hidden from them.

The conference that took place that night was brief, and concerned itself merely with preliminaries. But from the moment of the arrival alongside the *Queen Elizabeth* of the German officers, the note was struck that governed the proceedings and the relations of the parties. As a naval officer of flag rank, the German plenipotentiary was entitled by the custom of Navies to be received with a certain ceremony; as an enemy, still at war, he was entitled to nothing else. Therefore, while yet the picket-boat that carried the Germans from the *Oak* was still at the foot of the ladder, the line of Royal Marines which extended across the deck

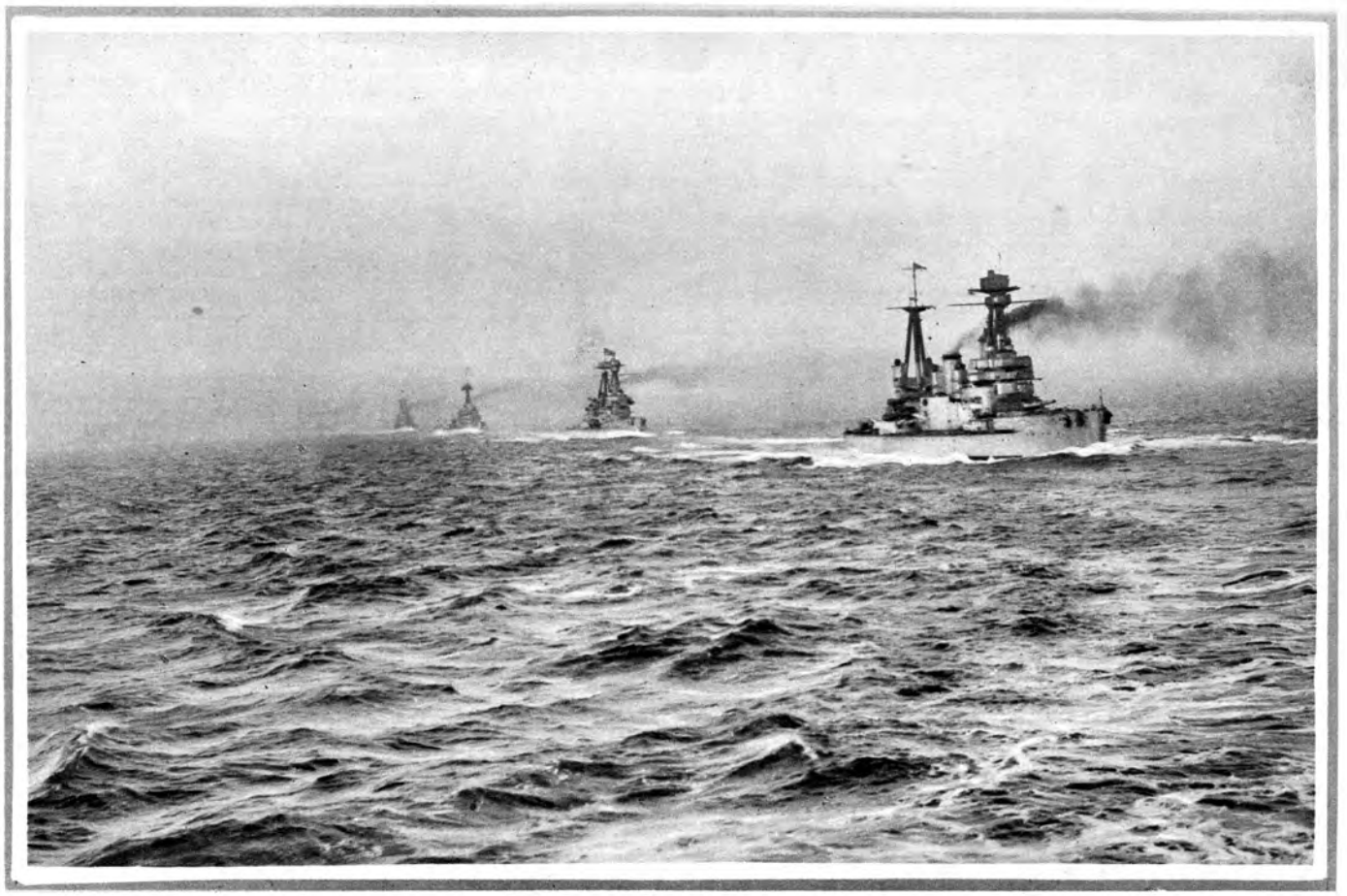


H.M.S. "QUEEN ELIZABETH," AT THE SURRENDER OF THE GERMAN FLEET.

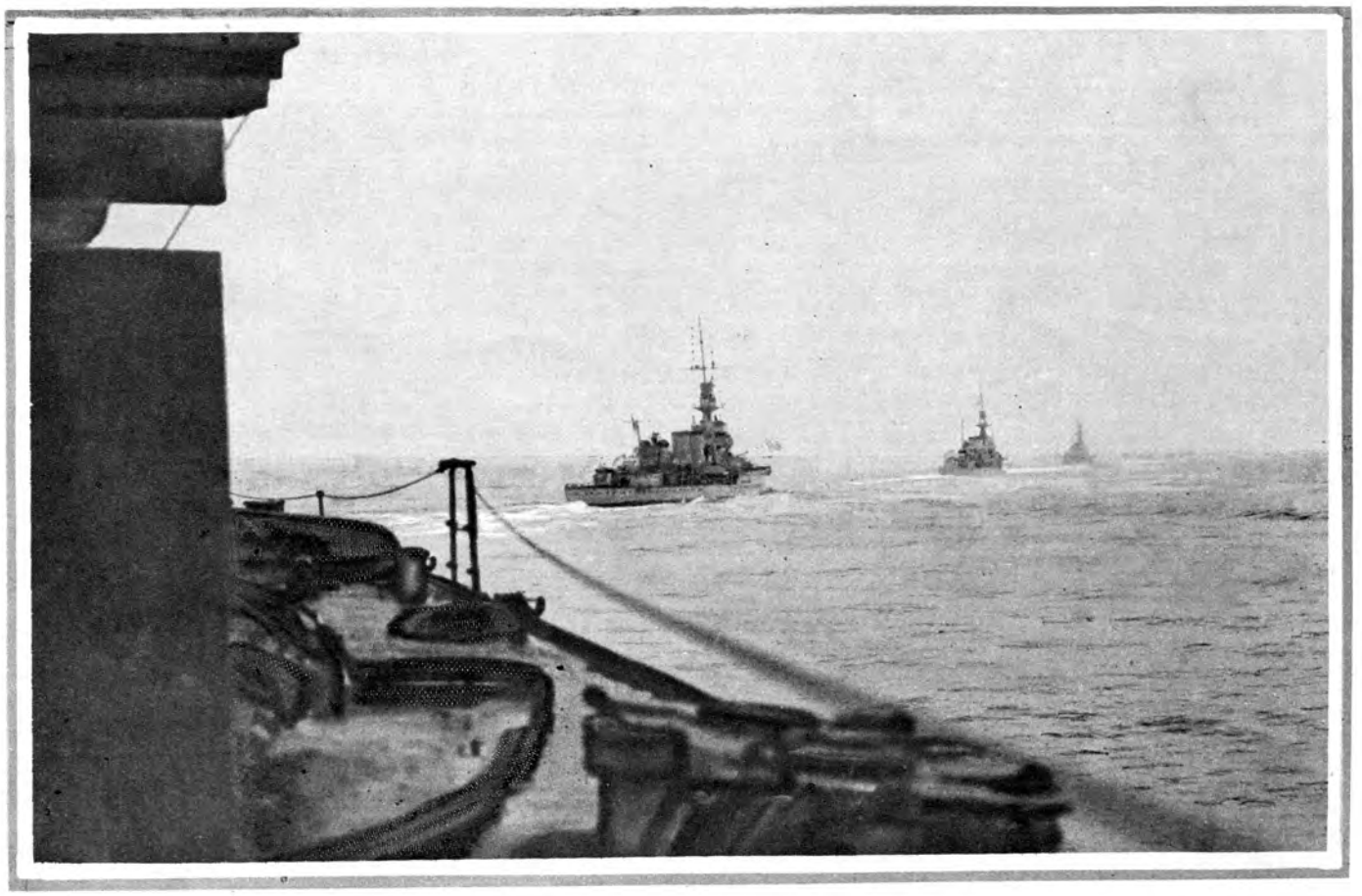
from the head of the gangway to the hatch was already standing to attention; it was not a guard of honour and there was no presenting arms. The quartermaster of the watch blew the thin regulation pipe-wail as the officers came up the ladder; the officer of the watch received them with the due salute. Rear-Admiral Meurer, halting with clicked heels, facing the British officer and the great bulk of the after-turrets, saluted in return. The Captain of the Fleet, Commodore Brand, and the Captain of the ship, were also present and escorted the Germans to the hatch.

ON BOARD THE BRITISH FLAG-SHIP.

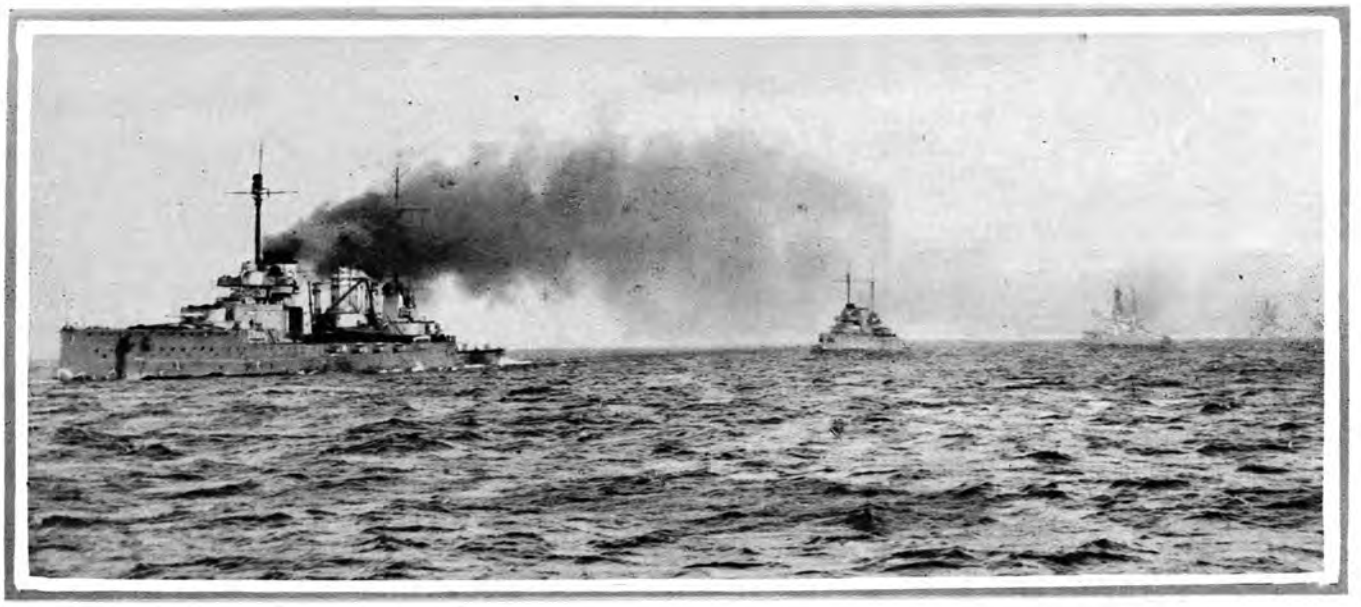
The conference proper took place the following day. The fog had so thickened during the night that it was not till noon that the *Oak* could bring her passengers to the flag-ship. Admiral Beatty was assisted by Admiral Sir Charles E. Madden, second in command of the Grand Fleet, and by Vice-Admiral Sir O. de B. Brock, the Chief of Staff. Vice-Admiral



THE 4TH BATTLE SQUADRON PUTTING TO SEA: H.M.S. "NEPTUNE," H.M.S. "ST. VINCENT," H.M.S. "COLOSSUS," AND H.M.S. "BELLEROPHON."



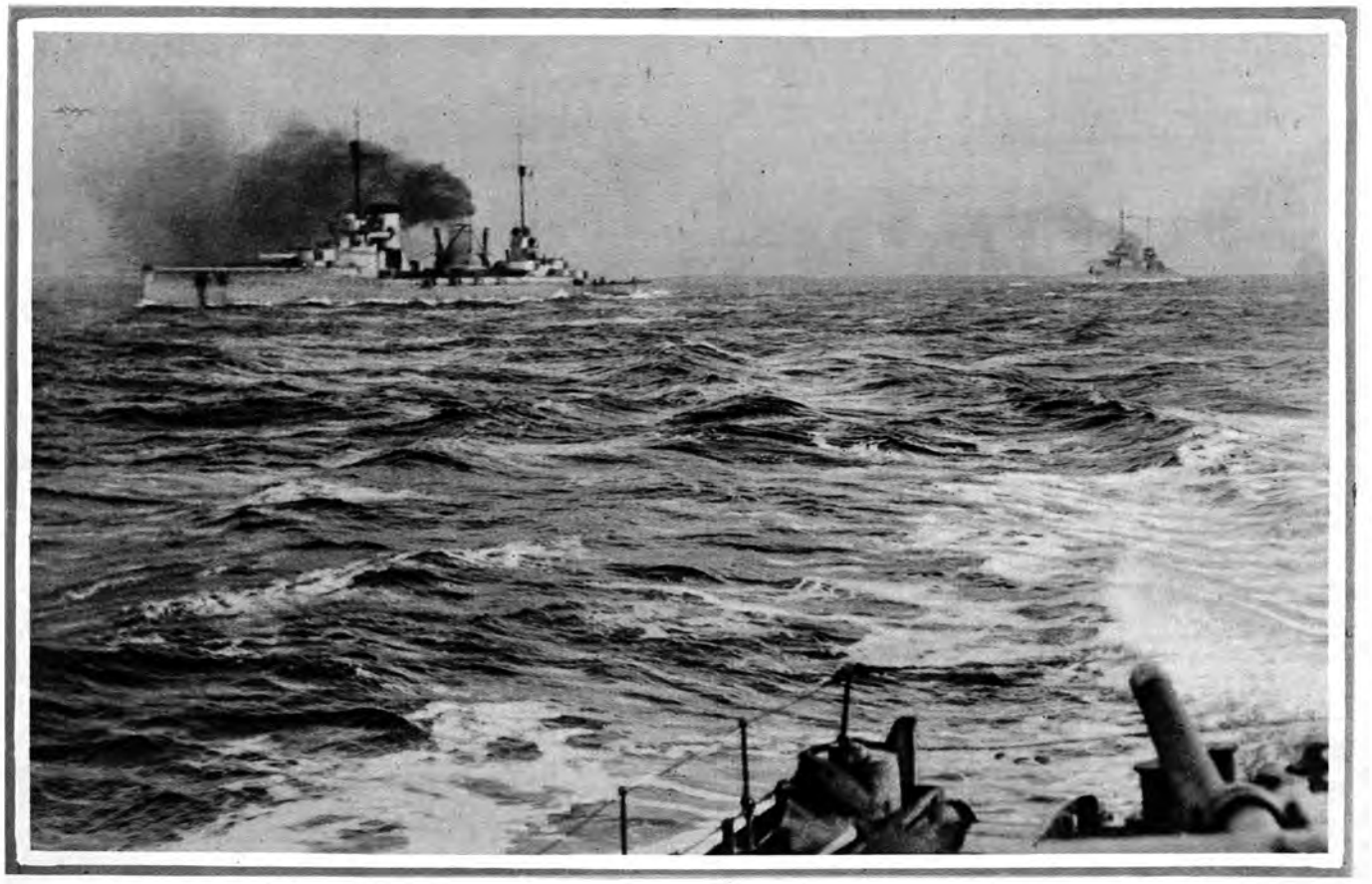
REAR-ADMIRAL SINCLAIR'S LIGHT CRUISERS PUTTING TO SEA TO MEET THE GERMANS.



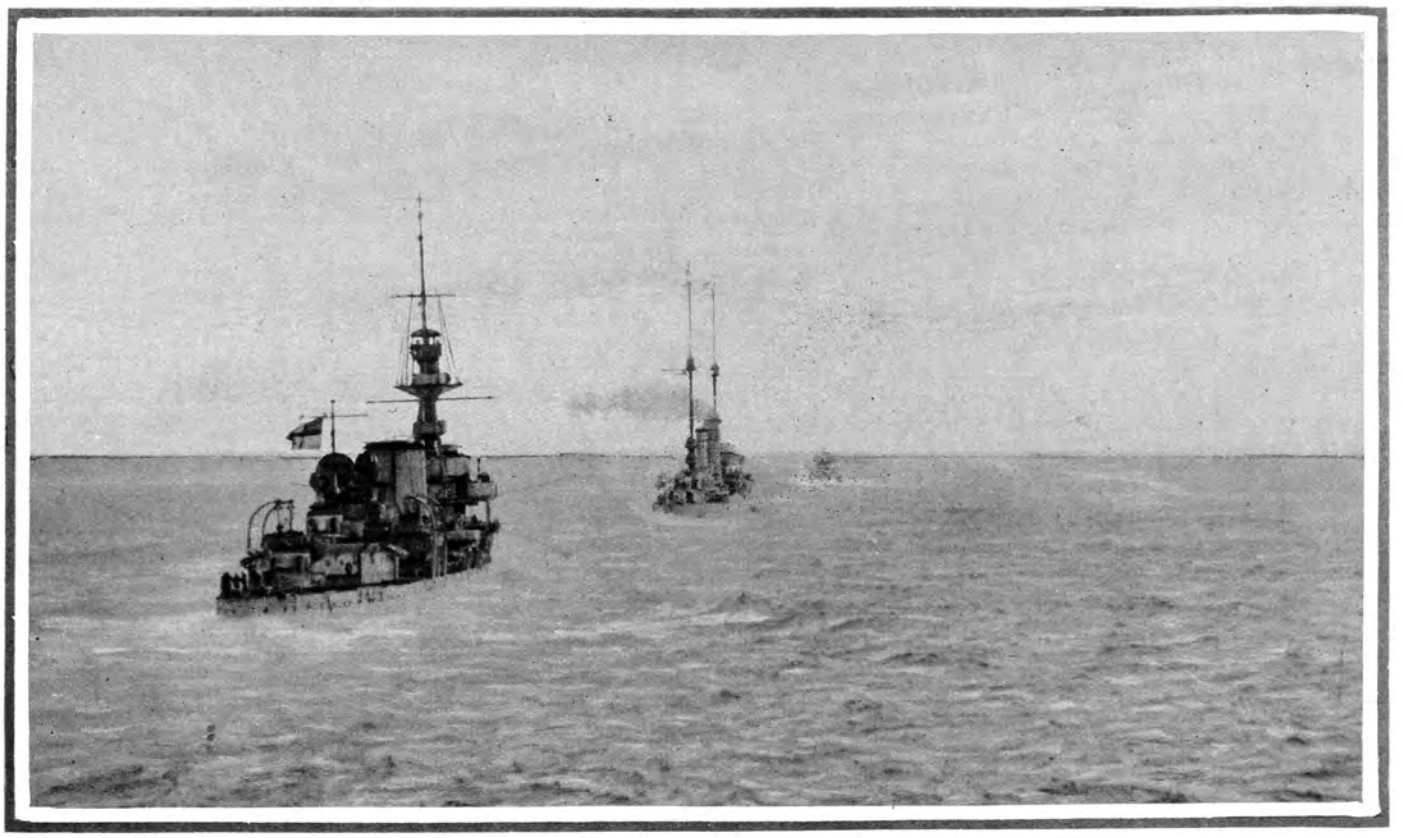
GERMAN BATTLE-CRUISERS. ARRIVING AT THE FORTH: "SEYDLITZ" LEADING, FOLLOWED BY "MOLTKE" AND "HINDENBURG."

Sir Montague E. Browning took part at certain stages, and Rear-Admiral Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt had come up in his flag-ship from Harwich with regard to the surrender of the submarines. Rear-Admiral Meurer had with him three officers, besides his personal aide-de-camp.

All day long the fog held and the great floating towns of the fleet waited for the news. None came; even now the story has not yet been made public of what happened in the big stern cabin of the flag-ship, where Admiral Beatty sat under the portrait of Nelson with the model of the *Lion* on the table before him, with the grey-bearded Admiral of a beaten enemy facing him; while one by one, like counters in a game, the battle-ships, the

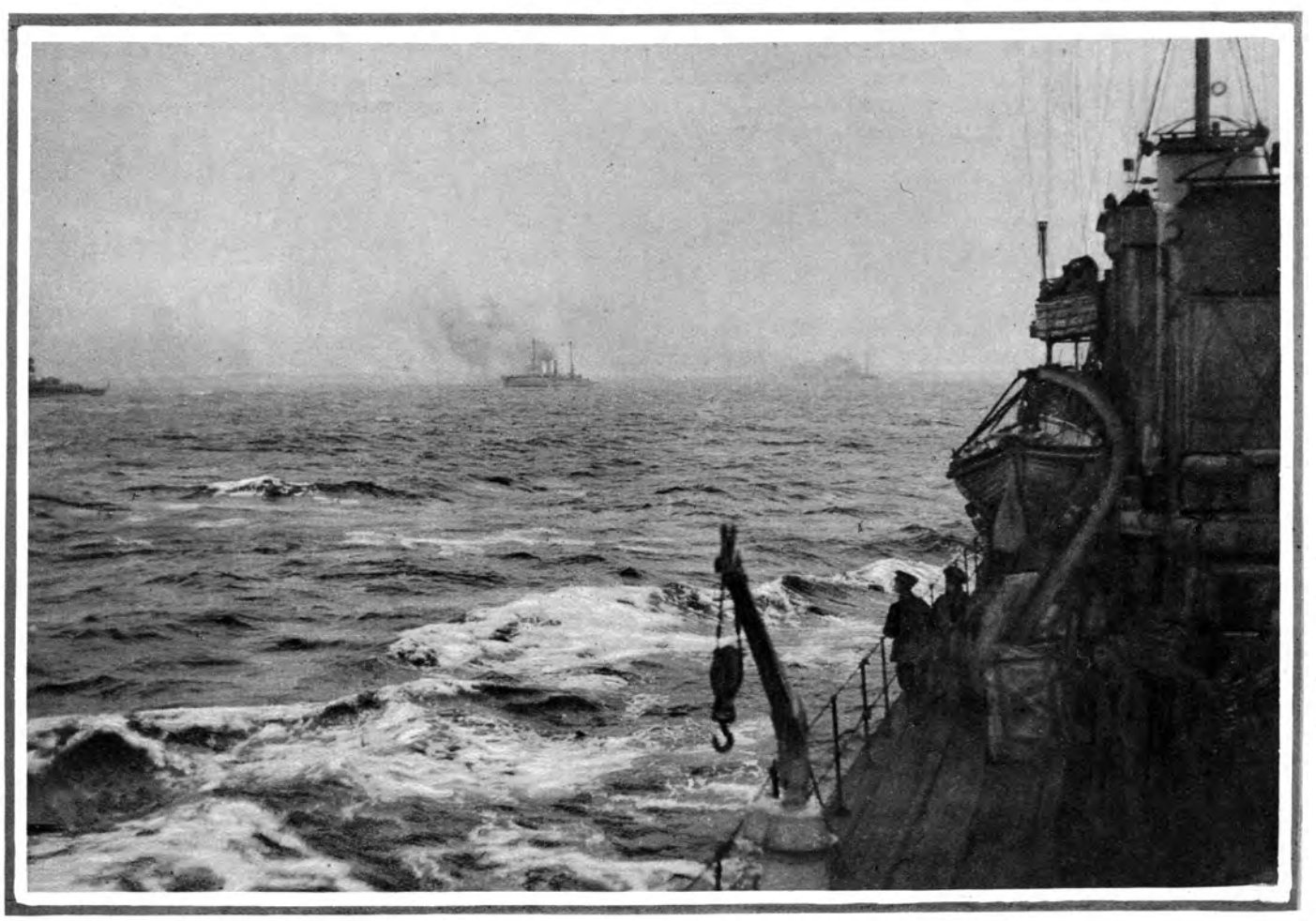


GERMAN BATTLE-CRUISERS LED BY "SEYDLITZ."



H.M.S. "CARDIFF" LEADING THE "KÖNIGSBERG," WITH ADMIRAL MEURER ON BOARD ON HIS RETURN TO GERMANY AFTER THE ARMISTICE CONFERENCE.

The "Königsberg" is the second ship in the line.



GERMAN LIGHT CRUISERS STEAMING TO THE FORTH.



GERMAN LIGHT CRUISERS IN LINE.

The two nearest vessels are the "Brummer" and "Bremse," two fast mine-laying light cruisers built since the outbreak of war.

cruisers, the destroyers and submarines of the Power that looked forward to a "future on the sea," passed from the hands of the one to the sure hold of the other. It is said—but corroboration is lacking—that what the Germans found to be the decisive factor in the situation was the blockade, and that Admiral Meurer made a moving and personal appeal for its relaxation during the Armistice.

It was ten o'clock at night when at last the proceedings were over and the German officers left the ship. Along the rail of the quarterdeck and the gangway, clusters of electric lights had been turned on, and these made a space of radiance, walled in by the dense unshifting fog. Upon the superstructure there showed the dark mass of a silent, watching crowd of bluejackets. The picket-boat that waited alongside slid to the foot of the ladder; and forth from the hatch, Rear-Admiral Meurer leading, came the German officers, One had not looked to see in them any outward token of the fate of the negotiations, nor of their feelings; yet as the Rear-Admiral turned at the gangway to salute, it was difficult not to perceive or to imagine in him the outward signs and stigma of defeat. A man of barely the middle stature, blue-cloaked to the heels, with the end of a scabbard appearing below the hem of the cloak, he showed beneath the deep peak of his gold-laced cap a smallish face, trimly grey-bearded, and composed to a stony and death-like rigidity. Once again he raised his hand in salute, and saw about him that trim vista of fighting power, the throng of the gazing sailors, the wide spaces of the deck, the immensity of the huge guns. The quartermaster shrilled upon his pipe; he turned, bent his head, and carrying

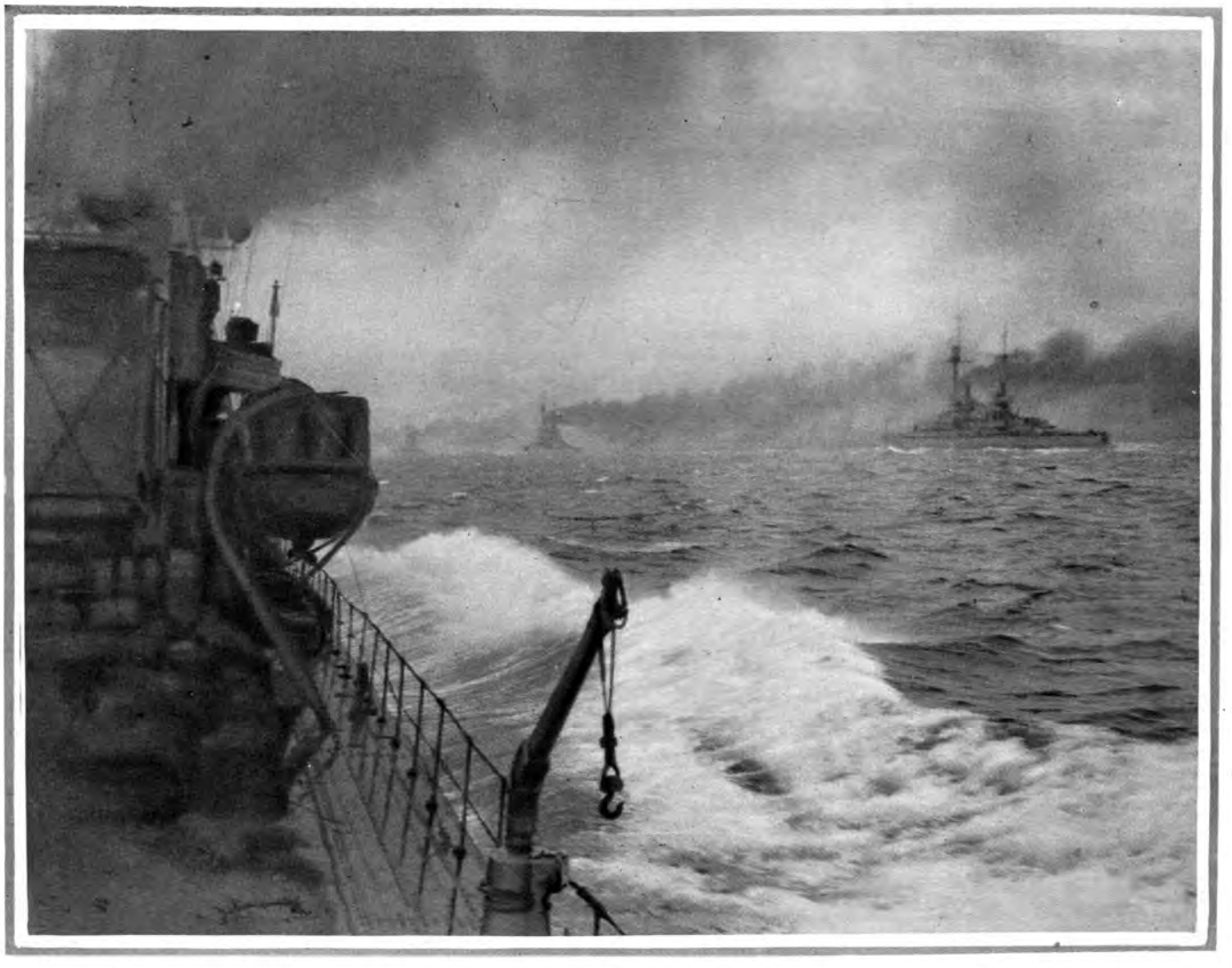
it bowed upon his breast, he passed down the side, and so to the darkness of the night and of his thoughts. From the sailors who watched, there was not a word, not a sound.

II.

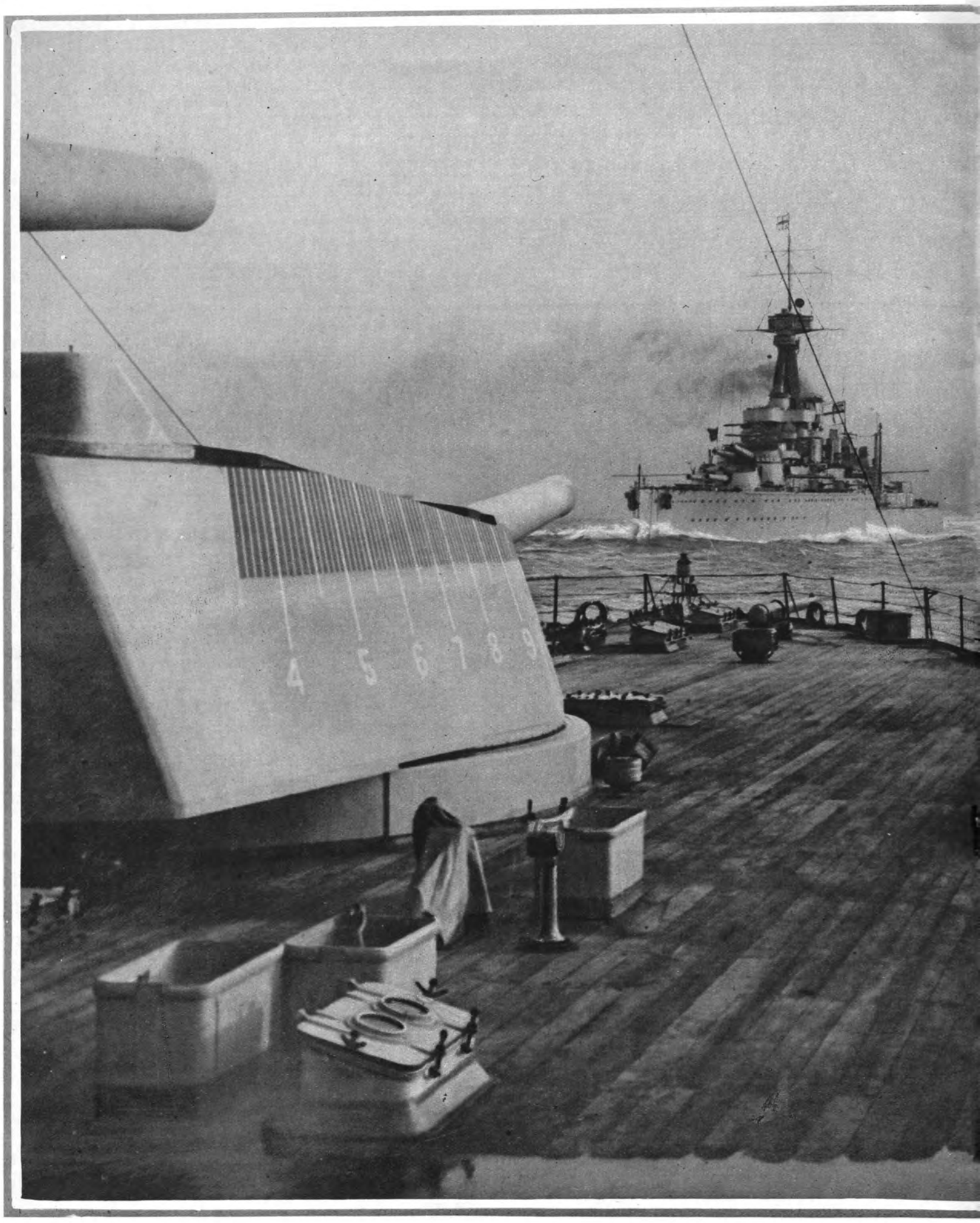
"OPERATION ZZ."

In the Navy, nothing is without meaning and purpose; and the letters "ZZ" which distinguished the operation orders for the reception and guarding of the German ships which were surrendered for internment on November 21st, are packed with meaning like an epigram. They express finality; for though the Armistice is only a suspension of hostilities, and the enemy war-ships are not formally surrendered but only handed over for internment, yet the Navy knows, as surely all the world knows, that the war is won and over; that a maritime Power which would or could deliver up its ships to an enemy is a Power no longer; and that the seas are again free and open. "ZZ" is Navy for "Nunc dimittis."

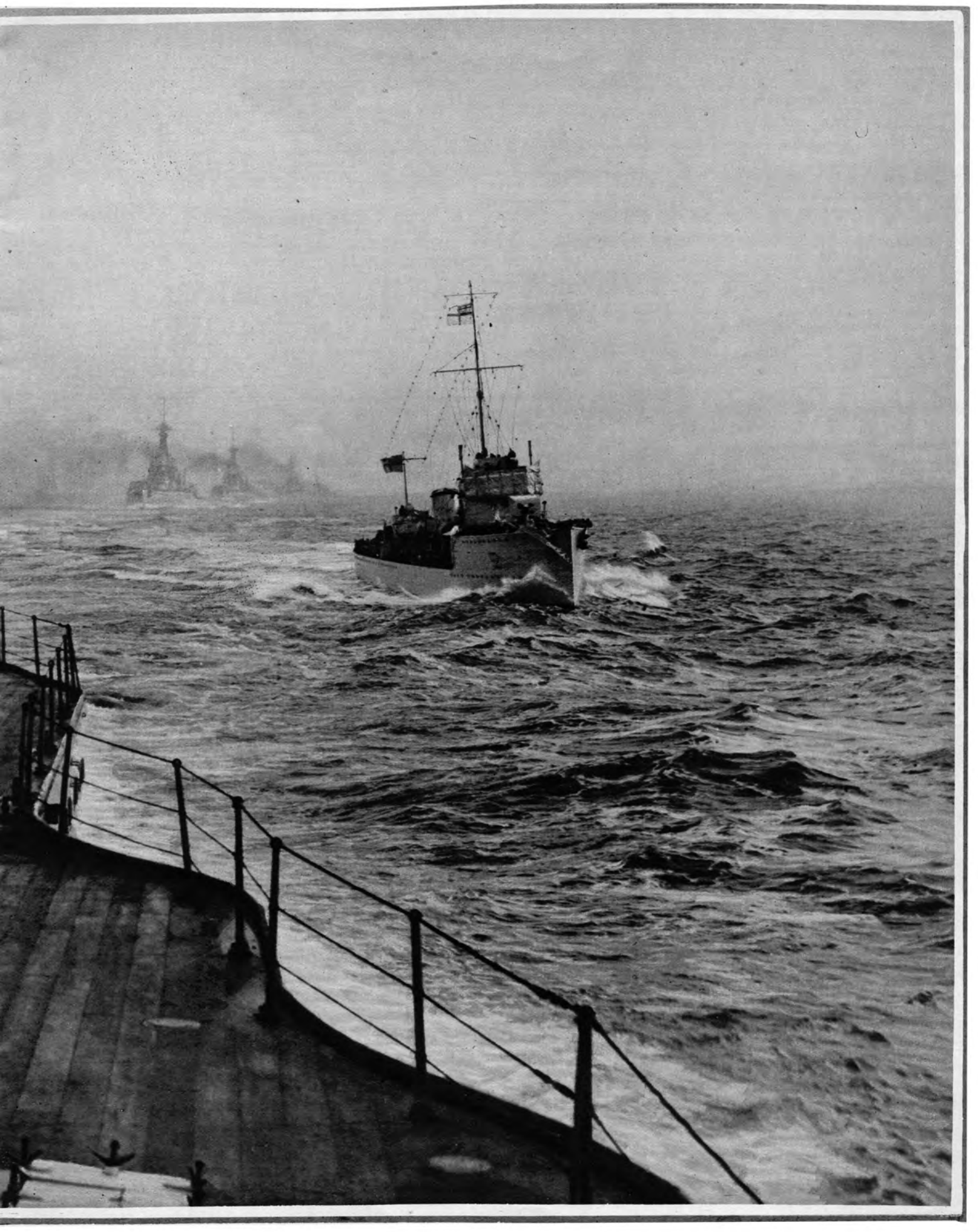
The orders were full and detailed. The Fleet was to unmoor and go to sea before dawn, the light cruiser *Cardiff*, towing a kite-balloon, going ahead to guide the German ships to the rendezvous with the Grand Fleet. Our ships would proceed in two lines, so as to pass the Germans on either hand till our leading light cruisers were abreast of their light cruisers;



THE GERMAN BATTLE-FLEET STEAMING TO THE RENDEZVOUS IN THE NORTH SEA.



BRITISH WAR-SHIPS FOLLOWING H.M.S. "QUEEN ELIZABETH";

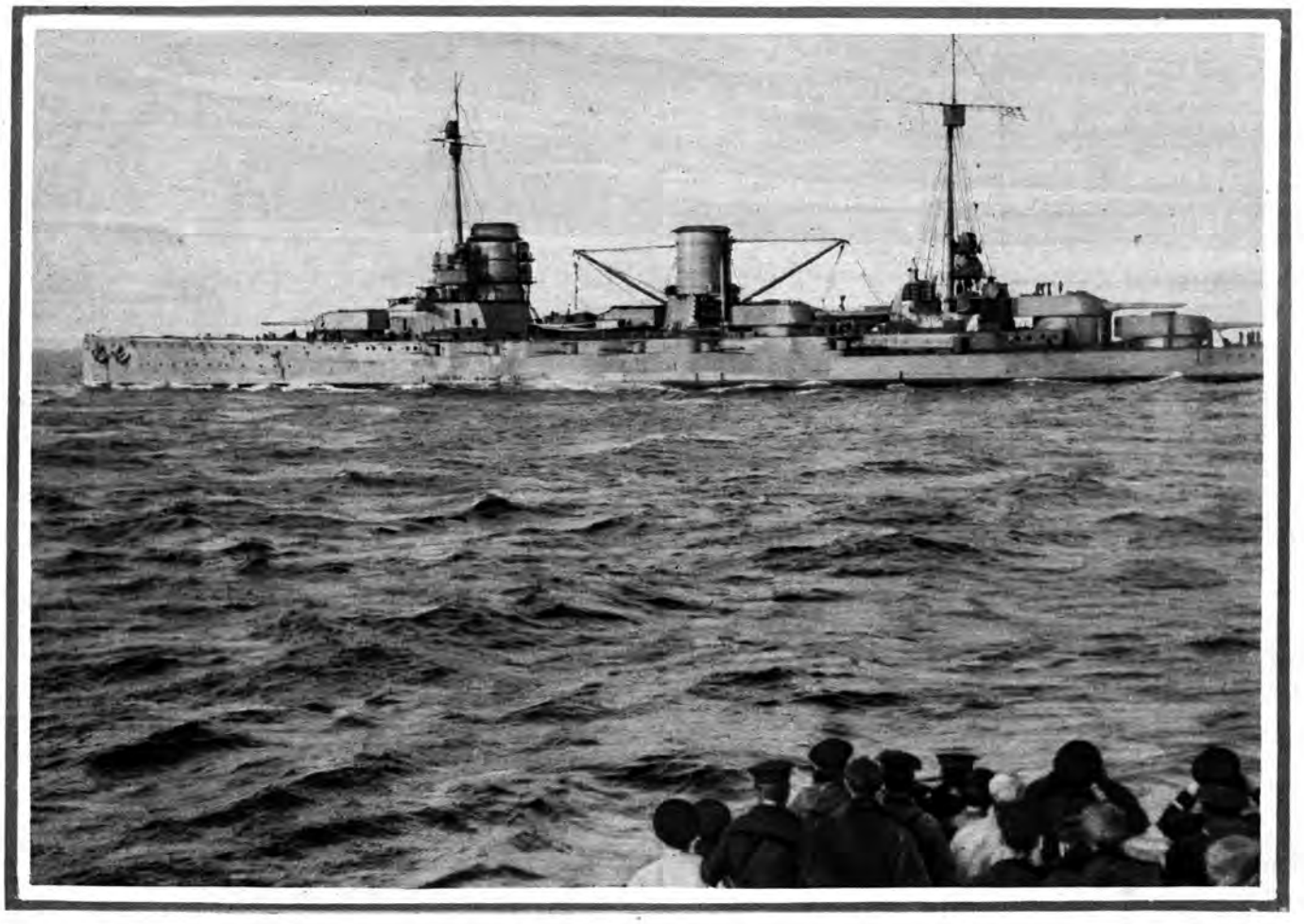


ON THE RIGHT IS THE "OAK," ADMIRAL BEATTY'S DESTROYER.

then we were to turn and accompany them in. They were complete to the last signal to be made and the last knot of speed; they were permeated with the assumption, confident and secure, that all would go like clockwork, that nothing would happen that was not ordained by the Commander-in-Chief; and *yet*, to the last moment, even when the leading Germans began to show like ship-ghosts in the far haze where the *Cardiff's* kite-balloon moved like a drifting bubble, there were men and officers by the thousand who said, incredulously: "Now they'll fire: they're bound to! They can never stand this!"

THE PAGEANT OF SEA-POWER.

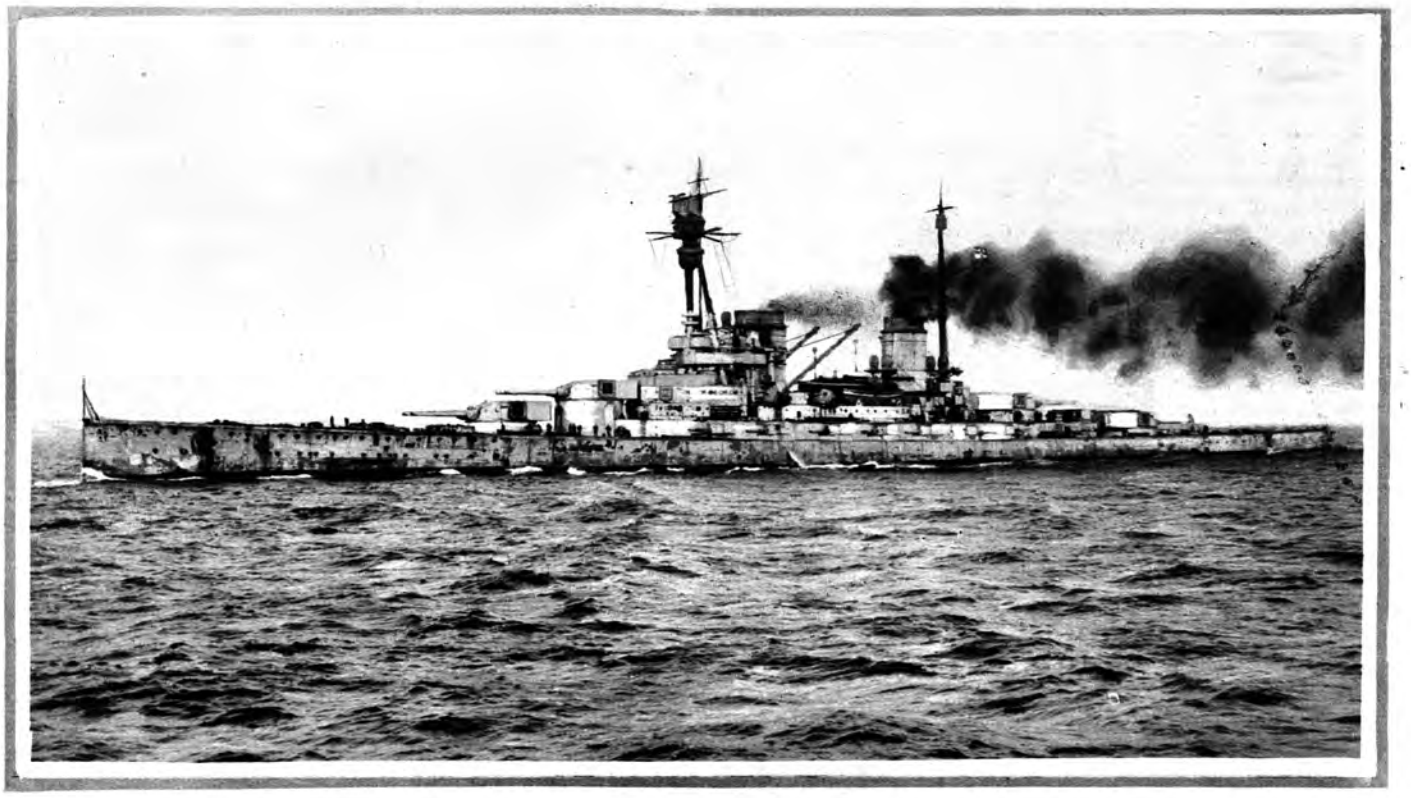
There was a light whip of wind that moved the haze without dispersing it, and the sea



THE BATTLE-CRUISER "MOLTKE," A SISTER-SHIP TO THE "GOEBEN," OF TURKISH FAME, DISPLACING 22,640 TONS, AND CARRYING TEN 11-IN. GUNS.

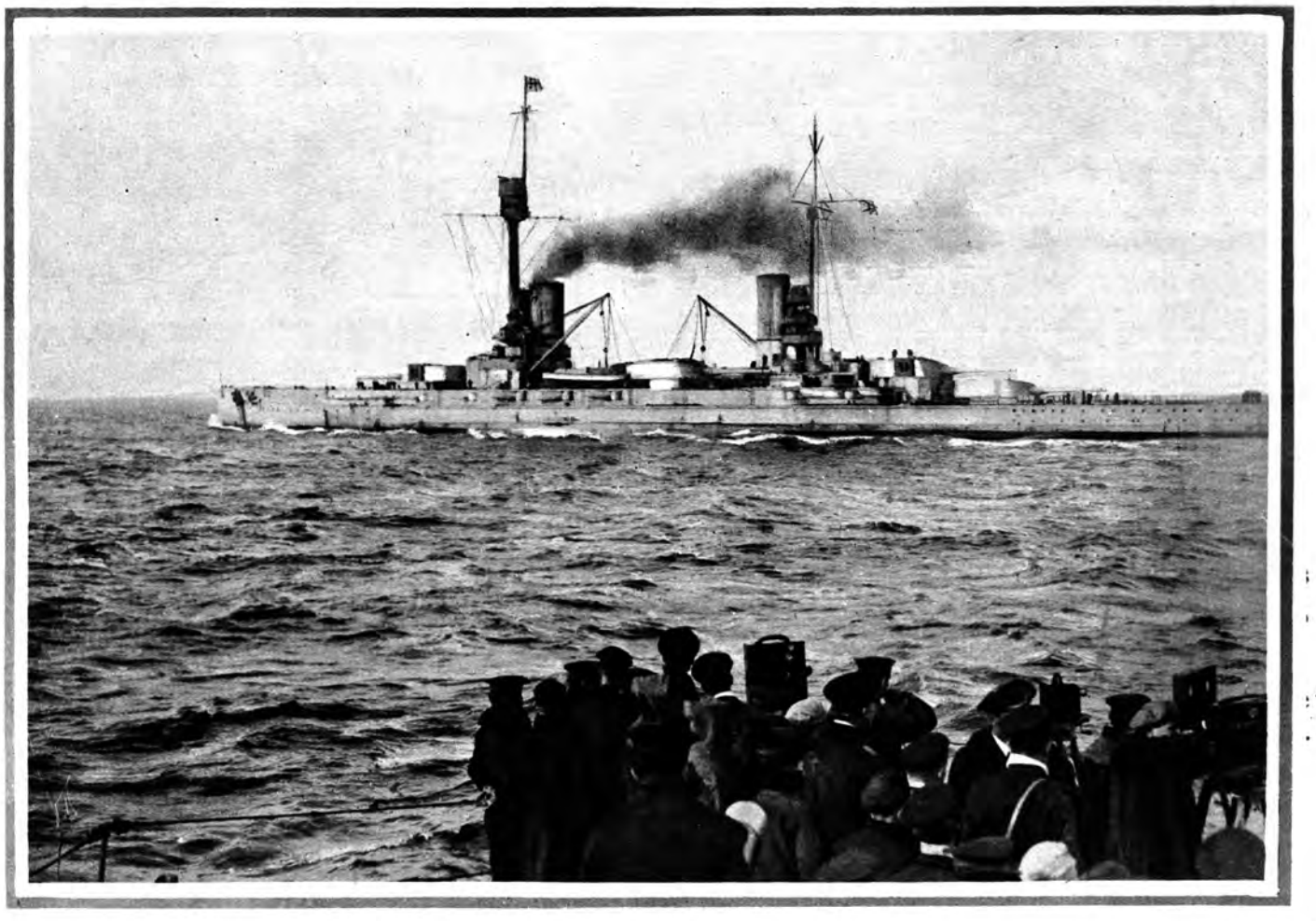
was easy. A naval dirigible or two cruised above the heads of the ships, and a covey of aeroplanes whirred in the distance. When daylight had established itself, those in the ships beheld such a spectacle as the world and its history cannot rival. The Fleet as it lies in the Forth, extended in ranks and tiers of mountainous great battle-ships, island-like battle-cruisers, light cruisers and destroyers past counting, is portentous enough in size and multitude; but it is at sea, peopling the great water-floors from horizon to horizon, with the smoke rising upon the skyline of ships yet unseen, possessing the ocean as an army possesses a province—it is only thus that one can gain a just impression of what the Navy of Britain has become with four years of war.

Upon the high navigating bridges of the leading light cruisers keen eyes were peering through glasses. The *Cardiff* had reported by wireless when she picked up the Germans, and



THE GERMAN BATTLE-CRUISER "HINDENBURG."

The completion of this vessel was considerably delayed owing to her materials being used to repair some of the damage which the German "victory" at Jutland did to their ships. She displaces 27,000 tons, and is of our "Tiger" type, but only carrying eight 12-in. guns. Note the tripod mask, which was introduced after Jutland.



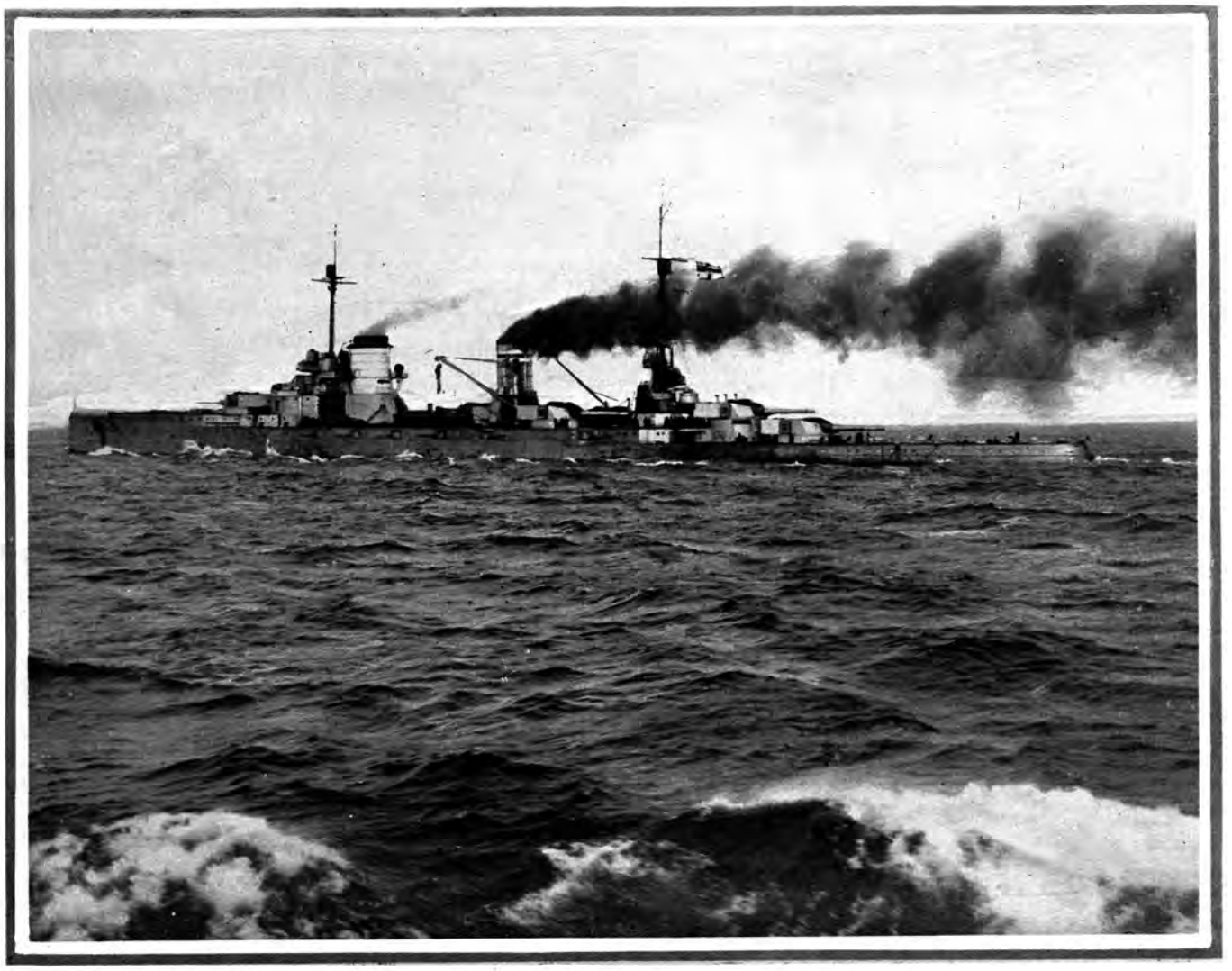
THE BATTLE-SHIP "FRIEDRICH DER GROSSE": FLAG-SHIP IN THE IGNOBLE LAST CRUISE OF THE MIGHTY GERMAN NAVY.

She displaces 24,300 tons, and carries ten 12-in. guns—a copy of our "Neptune."

now, three miles off, at about the extreme limit of vision that morning, her balloon was plain to see. There was a hint of sun somewhere above the mist, and presently its rays seemed to touch a far-off point in the haze where something wraith-like and paler than the mist moved astern of the balloon. At the guns and along the decks, where the crew stood to their fighting stations in gas-masks and life-belts, there was a rustle of excitement. "It's them," ran from mouth to mouth. "Will they open fire?"

"THEM."

It *was* "them"! First went the *Cardiff*, looking very little by contrast with the great suite



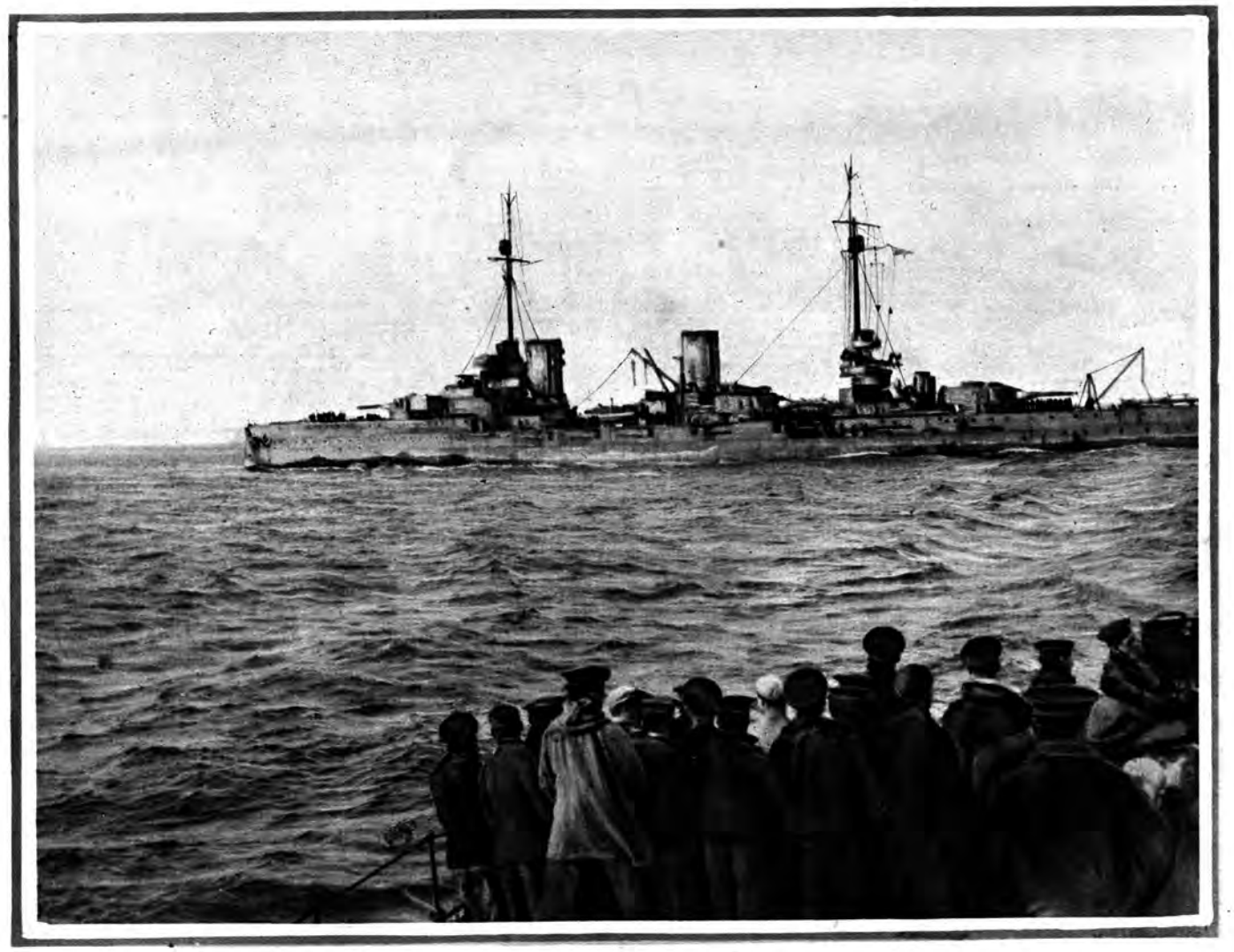
THE GERMAN BATTLE-CRUISER "SEYDLITZ," FLAG-SHIP DURING THE RAIDS ON OPEN TOWNS ON THE EAST COAST IN THE EARLY PART OF THE WAR.

that followed obediently behind her. And astern of her there stole into view, crawling in at the ordained ten knots, their light paint showing a little ghostly in the baffled sunshine, a string of giant shapes of ships. There is always in the movement of a distant ship the effect of something alive and conscious, walking the waters by her own volition; and these, the towering giants with their world-challenging armament, instruments of battle framed for nothing but to meet the British Navy in action, gave one now the sense of a string of slaves, of beaten and and humbled slaves. So might the deported inhabitants of some conquered district affect an onlooker, as they were driven rearwards along the war-congested roads to the purgatory prepared for them.

It needed memories such as these—recollections of the torpedoings and deep-sea murders which are the whole of Germany's naval record — to restrain one from pity. There were officers in our ships who looked first with blank amaze and then with real horror at that spectacle of sound ships, every one governed by men of their own trade engaged in the service of their country's dishonour.

"Why didn't they come out and make us sink 'em in a last fight?" they asked. "Or blow them up themselves—or at least sink them at their moorings?"

But—not a shot, not a ship that wavered from the precise orders laid down for her by the Commander-in-Chief. Germany's "Day" had come and gone. By three in the after-



THE BATTLE-CRUISER "VON DER TANN."

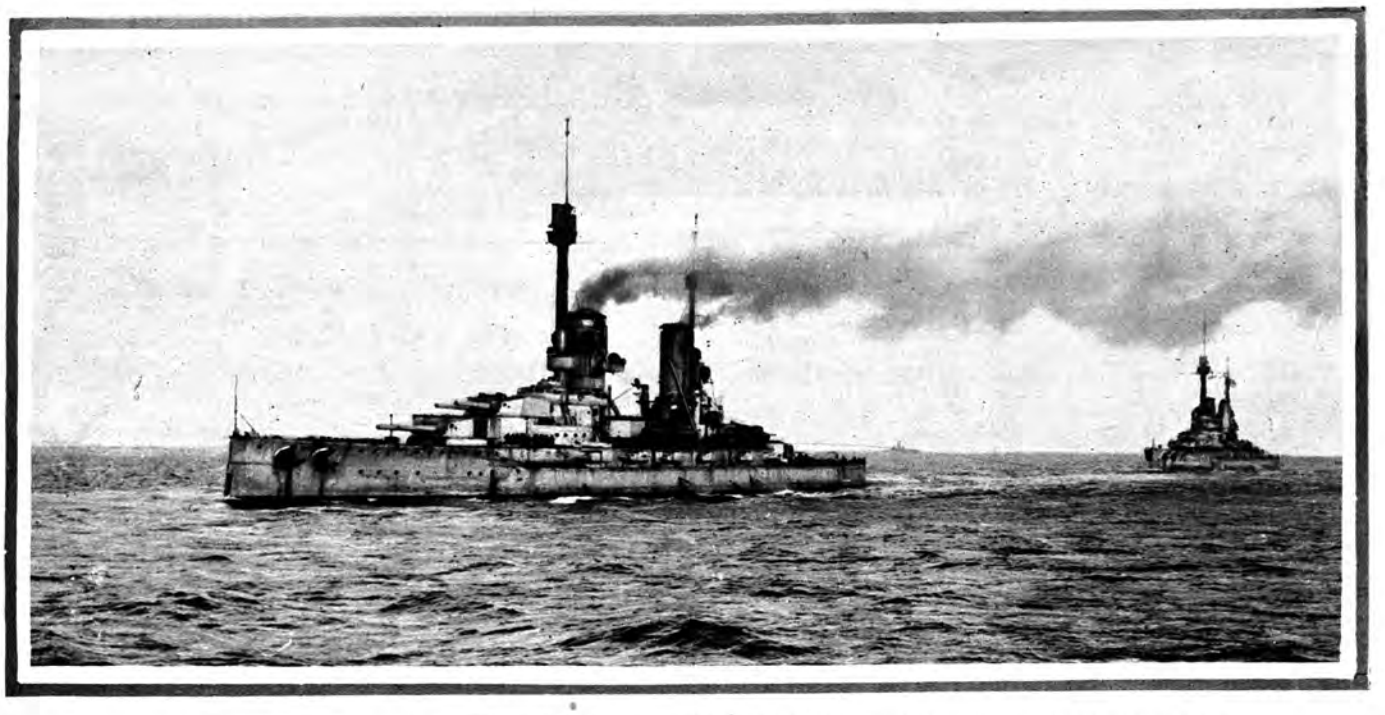
The first German battle-cruiser of our "Indefatigable" type. She was very badly damaged at the Dogger Bank and Jutland. She was present at the Spithead Review in 1911, and took part in the bombardment of Scarborough.

noon, they were all moored in the Firth, and the *Queen Elizabeth* had returned to her moorings far up stream, beyond the great bridge, steaming through a lane of ships whence the cheers of the crews saluted the Admiral.

III.

THE *EMDEN* FROM WITHIN.

Towards evening, the lead-grey mists which drifted in the Firth of Forth took colour from the subsiding sun, and from the level of the picket-boat which carrried the search-party

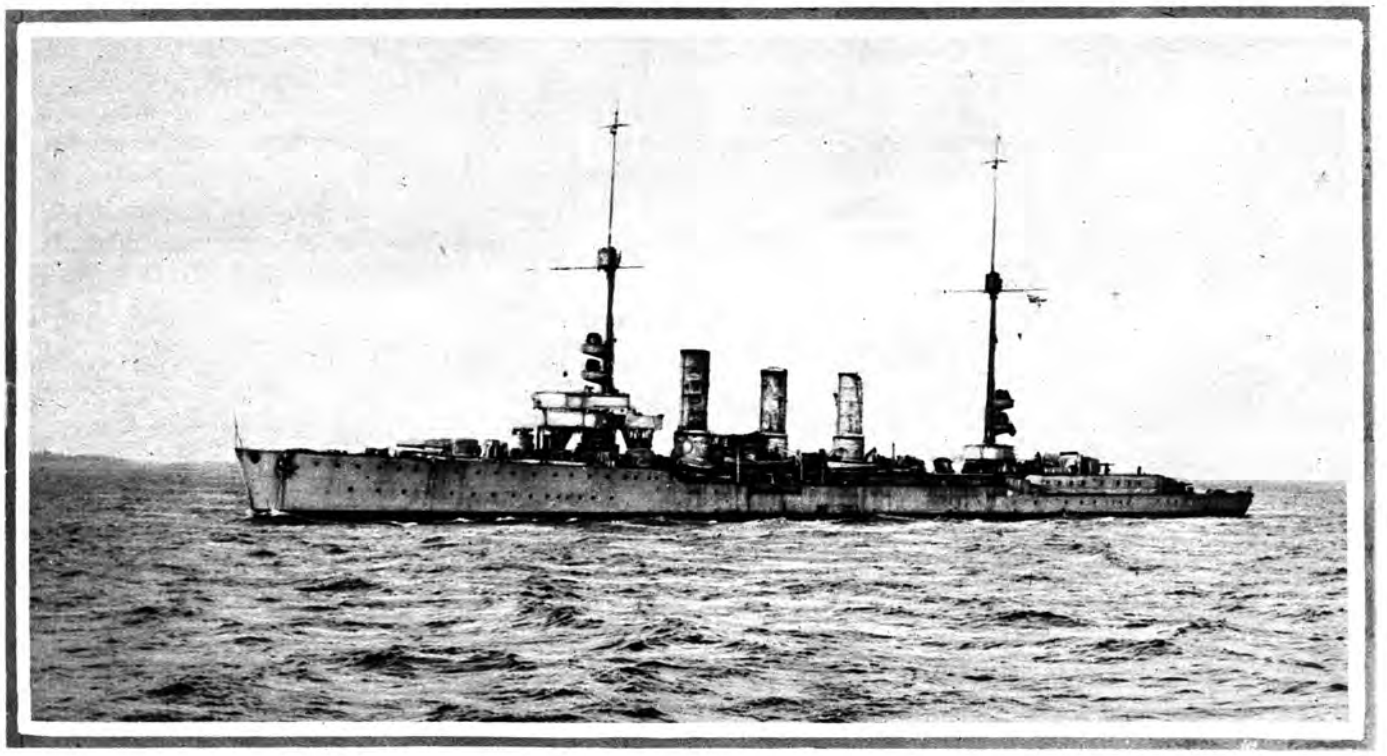


THE BATTLE-SHIP "KRONPRINZ WILHELM," FOLLOWED BY THE "MARKGRAF."

This vessel was originally known as the "Kronprinz"; but when German hopes were raised during 1918 by the progress of the army of the Crown Prince on the Chemin des Dames, she was renamed "Kronprinz Wilhelm."

across the dully-shining floor of water to the German light cruiser *Emden*, the great city of ships which lay at anchor to the south-west of May Island was transfigured in the sunset flush, and to the glory of the event was added a glamour of beauty and strangeness.

There was the quality of a mirage in the scene, its marvel and its unreality. The ships stood upon the lazy sea like an idle population — great battle-ships, grotesquely vast battle-cruisers, and smaller ships beyond counting; and among them, like a leaven, flavouring them with victory and making them purposeful with achievement, lay the Germar



A LIGHT CRUISER OF THE "KÖNIGSBERG" TYPE.



THE PRIDE OF THE GERMAN FLEET.

The battle-ship "Bayern"—the first German ship to carry 15-in. guns—surrenders without ever having fired her guns in action. Her sister-ship, "Baden," is the Fleet Flag-Ship of the German Navy.

ships. To the onlooker it was as if all were shut together into the privacy of a great chamber, walled about and over-roofed by the shifting architecture of the sunset-flushed mist that gave them not only a background, but an atmosphere. The mist-wreaths, drifting and sun-tinged, floated through them and about them, so that at one instant they were stark and black to see, and at the next they were vague and spectral. And, since most eyes were for those melancholy guests, the German ships which the Fleet had met at sea that morning and shepherded to the anchorage that afternoon, the thought was irresistible that here one beheld, not mere things of steel, but things of dream—the frustrate ghosts of a dead Navy.

THE LAST OF THE GERMAN ENSIGN.

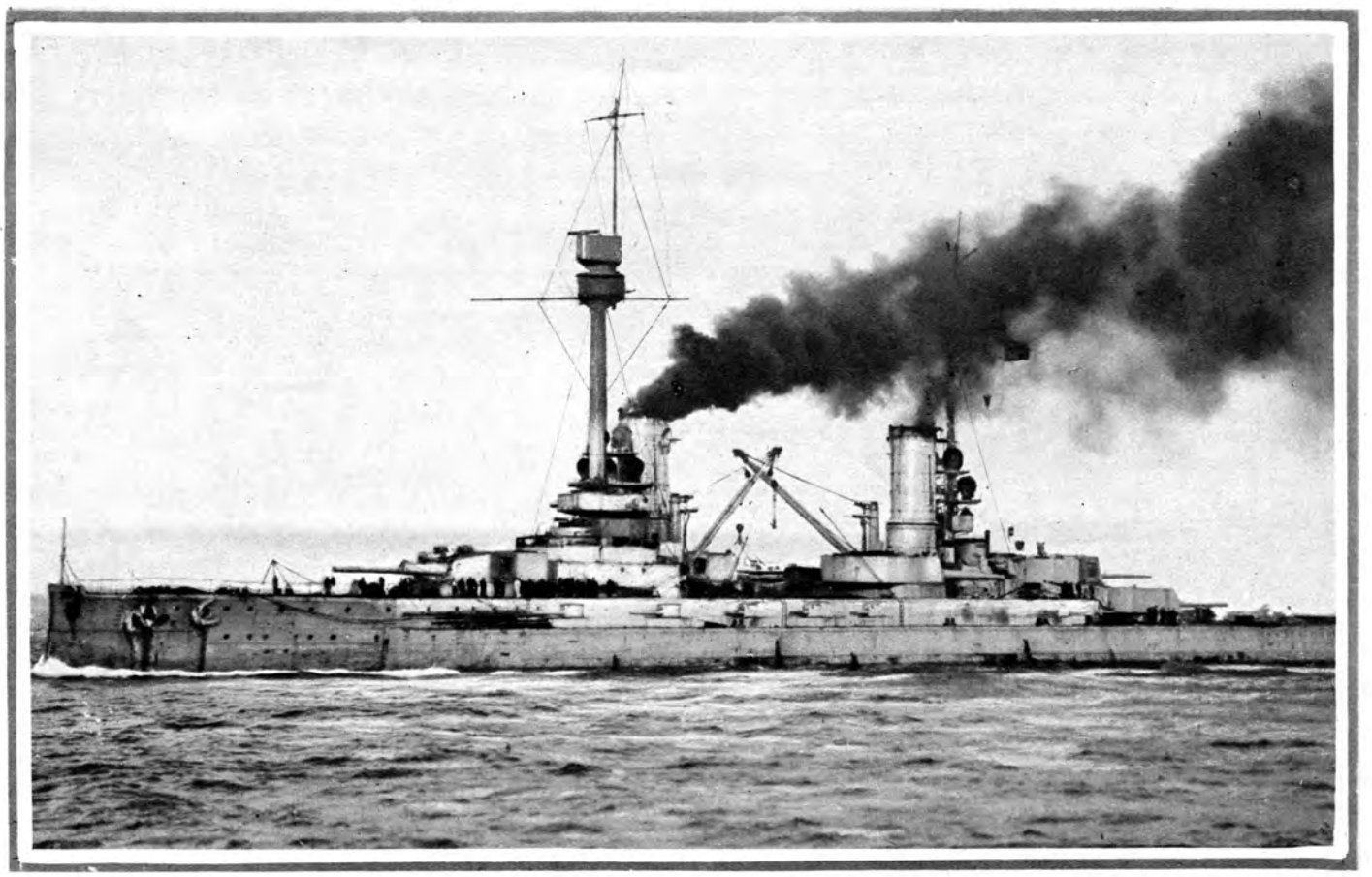
The sun, at four o'clock in the afternoon, was a red-hot iron ball in a cold leaden sky,



THE GERMAN CRUISER "KÖNIGSBERG."

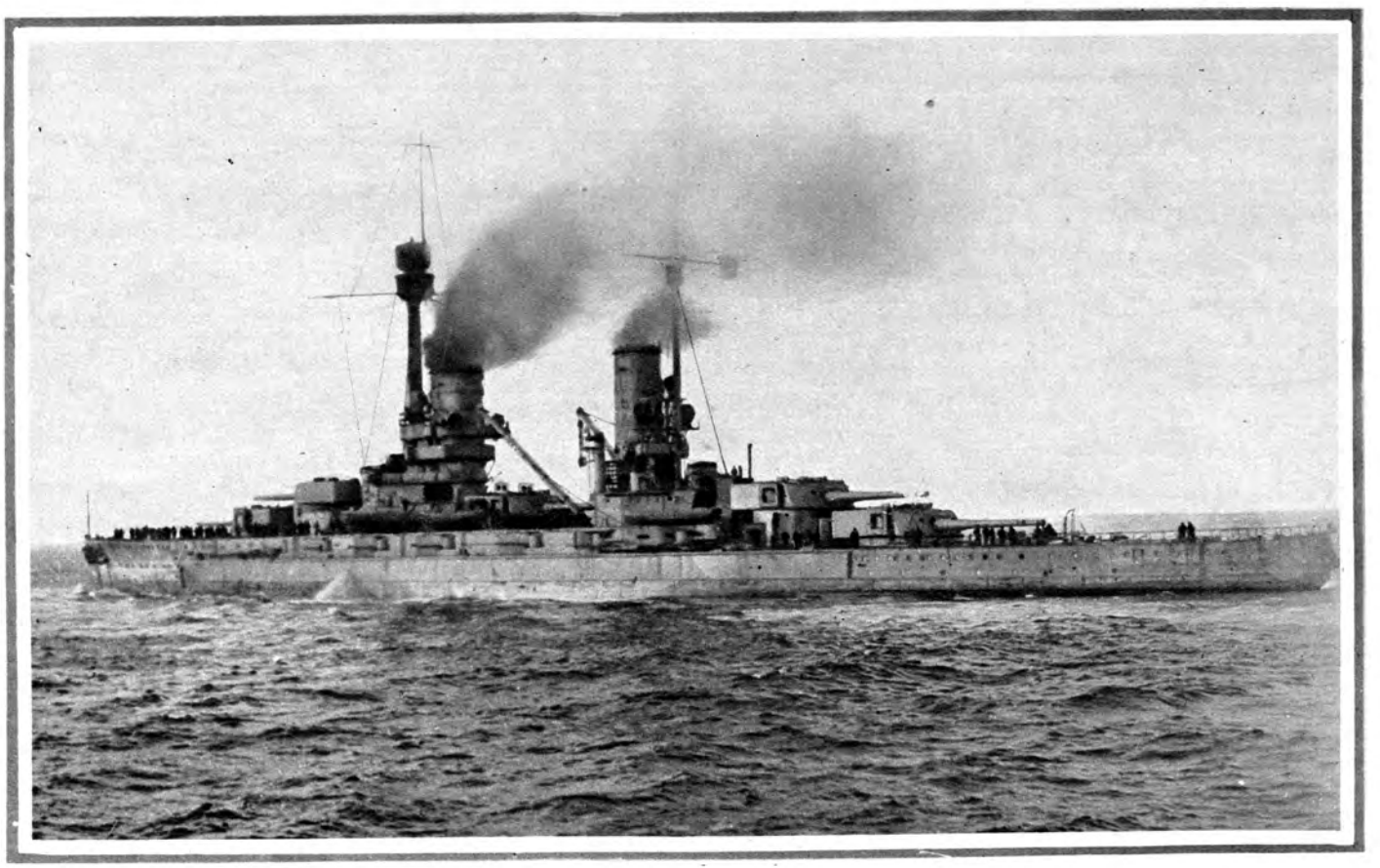
scarce spilling his sunset fires about him. The occupants of the picket-boat, tiny in that glassy immensity, gazing fixed and fascinated while the little craft fussed and throbbed through the water, saw upon a moment the German ensigns slide from the peaks of their ships. It was four o'clock in the afternoon of the 21st November; it was an hour as significant for the future and for the security of humanity and civilisation as that early morning hour of the 11th November, when the German delegates at General Foch's headquarters signed their names to the terms of the Armistice: for *they* merely implied a promise of surrender, and here was surrender itself — if not in name, yet in the irretraceable act of a great and beaten Navy. The German Imperial Ensign was lowered to the order of a British Admiral, not to be hoisted again without his orders.

The *Emden's* ladder was down, and there were men in uniform loafing about the deck at the head of it, but no officers to receive the search-party. The Commander in charge of the



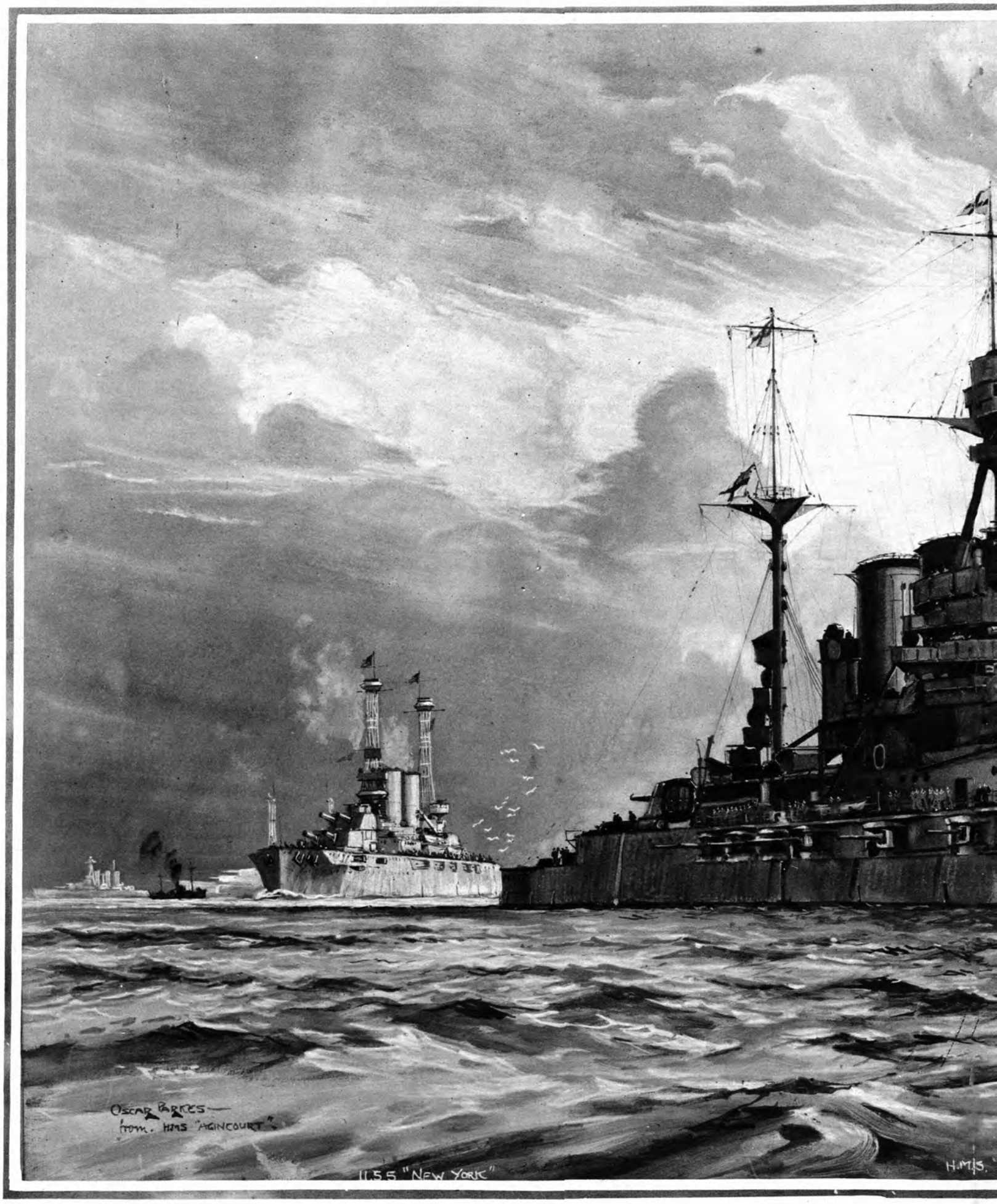
A BATTLE-SHIP OF THE "KAISER" CLASS.

Showing the ugly thick foremast tried by the Germans before adopting the tripod mast, which was objected to as being an invention of the "verdammte Engländer."



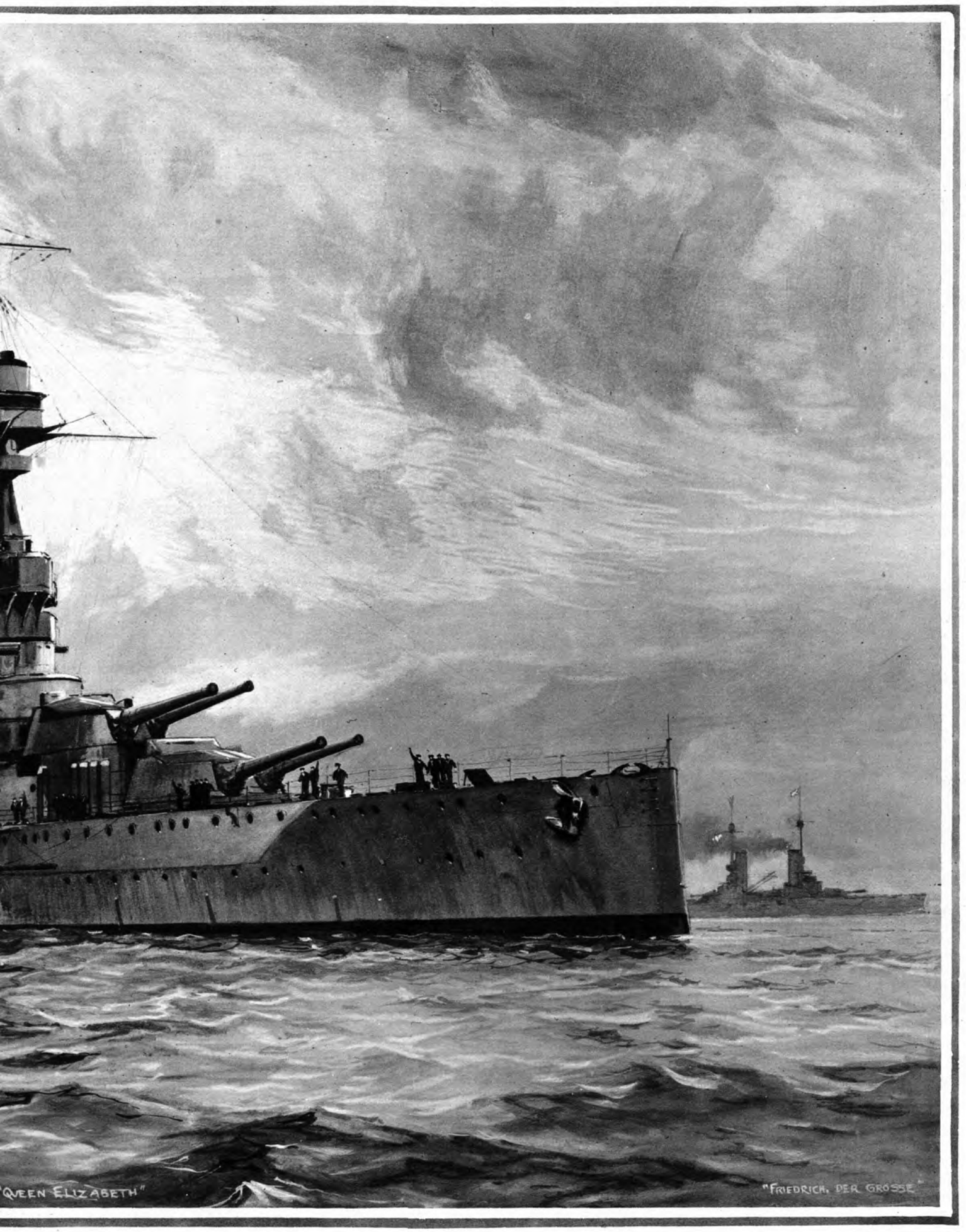
THE BATTLE-SHIP "MARKGRAF."

A unit of the "König" class, the most powerful battle-ships of the German Navy until the "Bayern" arrived with her 15-in. guns. The thick foremast was substituted for the former light pole-masts instead of a tripod, as this was considered to be "too much of enemy origin."



"FLAG-SHIPS

The U.S. Flag-ship "New York" coming up astern of H.M.S. "Queen Elizabeth,"



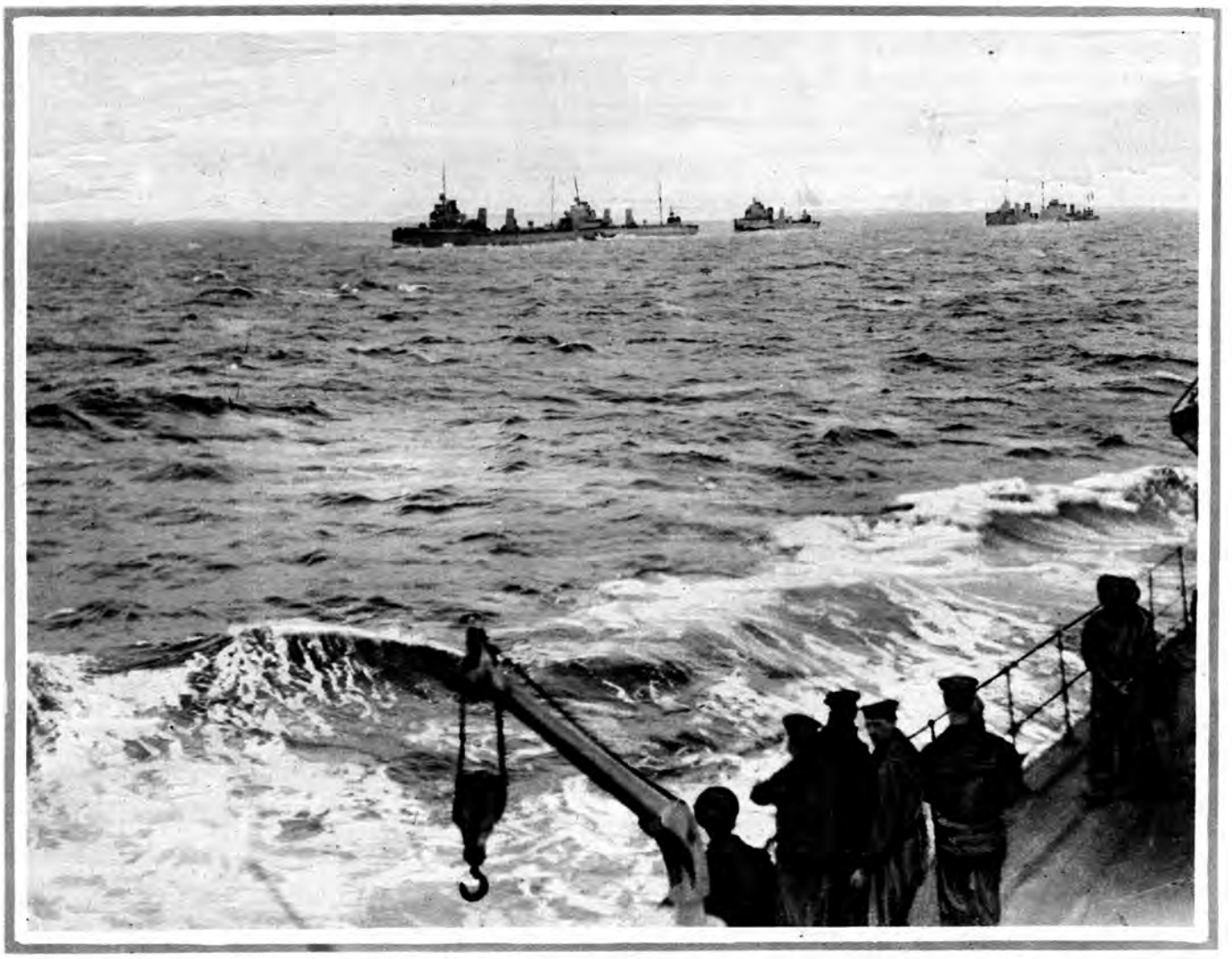
THREE."

with the German Flag-ship "Friedrich der Grosse" passing on the port bow.

party went up the ship's side, followed by the Marine officer charged with the duty of interpreter; the remainder came after. No one received them. Forward, men of the cruiser's crew stood in groups, staring; aft, her decks beside the superstructure, built wide for the stowage of mines, were vacant. There was a moment of waiting. Then, from a door in the deck-house, where her officers are housed, appeared the Commander of the ship (Korvetten-Kapitän).

THE *EMDEN'S* OFFICERS.

He saluted; his salute, according to orders and to the Navy's handsome custom, was returned.

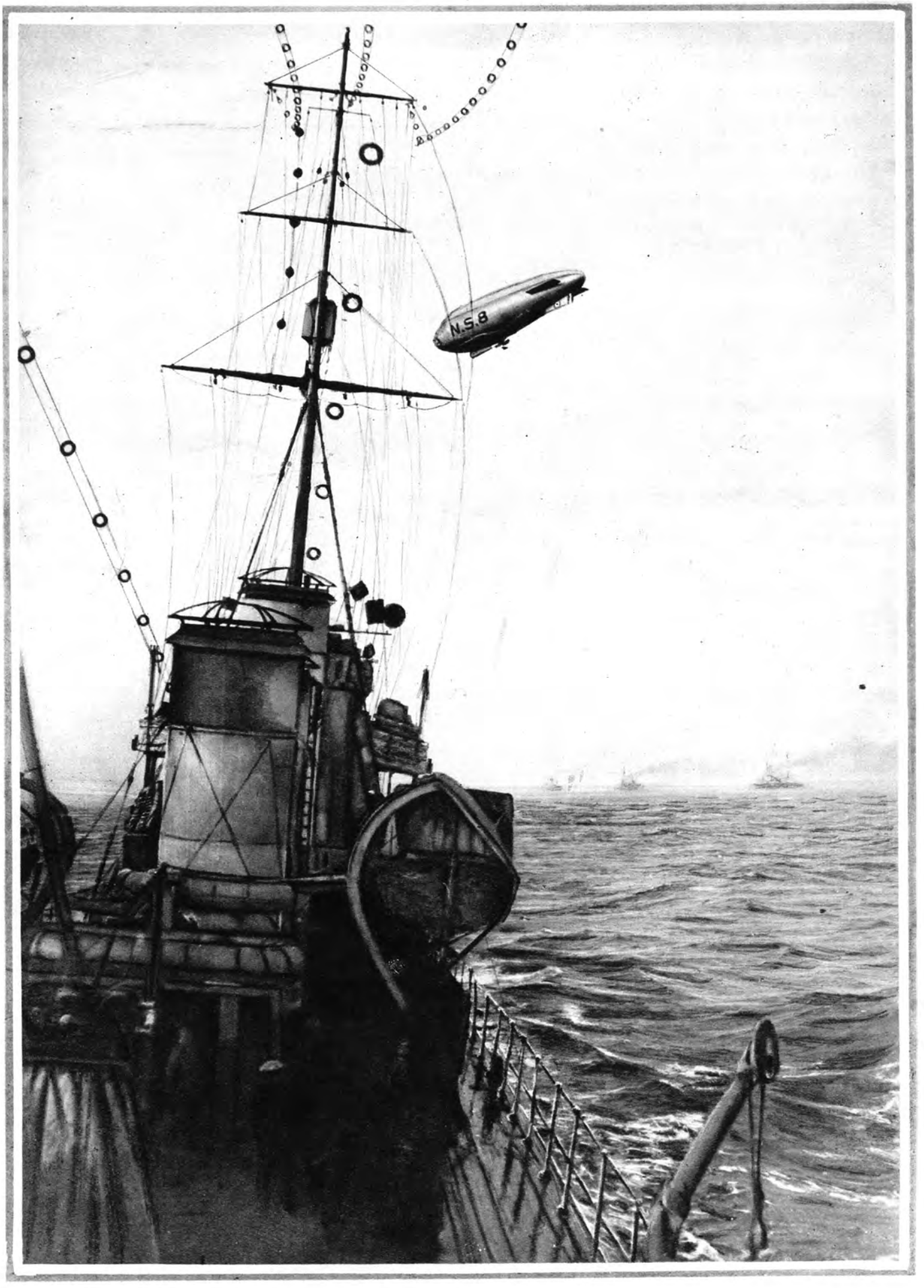


GERMAN DESTROYERS OF THE 1250-TON TYPE.

He was a small man, blonde as new straw, meagre-faced, iron-lipped, and perhaps thirty years of age—a Prussian, as it afterwards appeared. He was neat and correct as a new doll; at the level of the second button of his monkey-jacket he wore the Iron Cross—black, with silvered edges; and he had armour-plated whatever his personal feelings may have been with a chill and impregnable formality of manner and demeanour, so narrowly limited to the matter in hand, so restricted to the minimum of the forms of official courtesy, that he made something of the effect of an ingenious automaton.

"You wish to see the Captain?" he enquired, and, receiving his answer, turned and led the way into the deck-house.

The *Emden* is fitted for an Admiral as squadron-leader, and the Captain's day-cabin was a



A BRITISH AIR-SHIP FLYING OVER THE GERMAN FLEET IN THE NORTH SEA.



BRITISH AND GERMAN DESTROYERS AT ANCHOR OFF INCHKEITH AT SUNSET;
OUR "V" AND "W" CLASS BOATS IN THE FOREGROUND.

spacious room the full width of the superstructure, white-painted, with white-enamelled furniture and large square windows on either side. Under the clock upon one side was a large photograph of the Kaiser as Admiral, and upon another side hung an exquisite little oil painting, with an indecipherable signature, of the battle between the *Emden* (the earlier *Emden* which the present one was built to replace) and H. M. S. *Sydney*. A coffee service, but no coffee, was arranged on a side table, and the whole room gave the impression of a handsome and comfortable apartment from which much in the way of personal possessions and the accoutrements of usual life had recently been removed. Upon the entrance of the Commander in charge of the search-party and the interpreter, Fregatten-Kapitän Becker, commanding the ship, rose from his seat by the table to receive them.

Every officer who assisted in the search of the German ships has in memory that first awkward and embarrassing moment, when, with the fact newly impressed upon him by his orders that he was dealing with an enemy still at war, an enemy with the character and record of the German, he beheld an officer humbled and powerless, a beaten and degraded man, precariously mounted upon the ruins of his official dignity and the débris of the prestige of his caste. British officers, by order of the Commander-in-Chief, were warned against all actions that might compromise them and their Service; they were to avoid or evade such gestures as handshakes, to decline refreshments and cigarettes, and generally to abstain from any actions or concessions that would or could imply fraternisation with the Germans. And it

is the due of the Navy to place on record that in the fulfilment of functions that were difficult at the best and painful at the worst, the British officers showed a tact, an impersonality, and a restraint which are beyond all praise.

Captain Becker, of the *Emden*, had commanded the ship for only four weeks; he had brought her across with a skeleton crew of 284 men as against her normal complement of something over five hundred; and this voyage, to surrender her for internment, was the first time he had taken her to sea. He appeared as a man of about forty, large, dark, and serious. He acknowledged briefly the orders given him regarding his anchors and the lights to be shown, and placed guides at the disposal of the search-party to conduct them through the ship.

SOVIETS IN THE SHIPS.

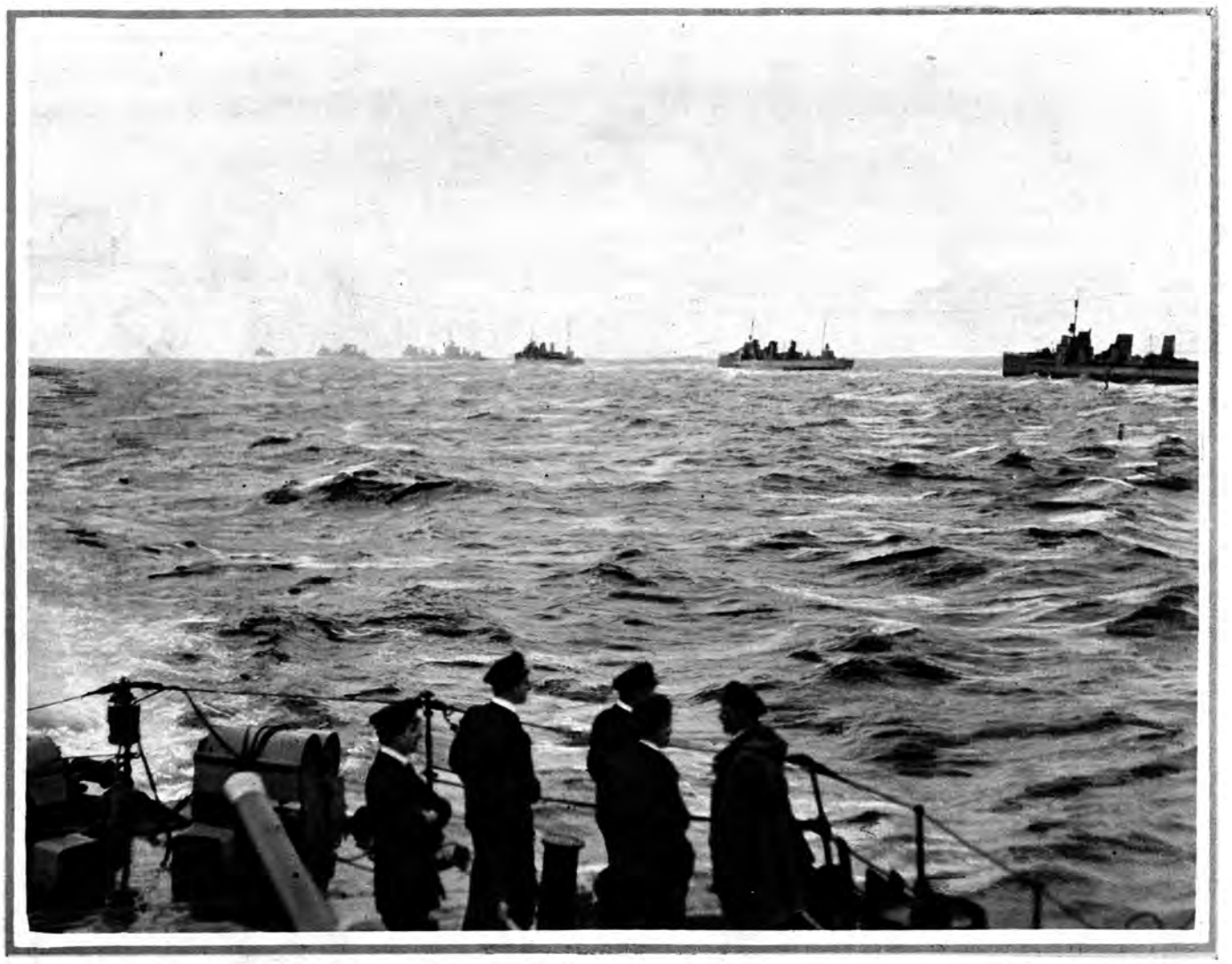
The *Emden*, like all the other ships, had scrupulously complied with the requirements enunciated by Admiral Beatty. She had been emptied of explosives to the last shell-fuse and detonator; her magazines, in which shells and charges were stowed together instead of, as in the British practice, in separate stores, were utterly empty; the breech-blocks of her guns and the sights had also been removed, though her range-finders and control-gear had been left in position. Her internal sub-division was exceedingly elaborate, according to the German use which makes their ships so difficult to sink by torpedo attack, and the officers of the search-party speak highly of her general arrangements.



THE BRITISH FLEET AT SUNRISE, AS SEEN FROM THE DECK OF H.M.S. "QUEEN ELIZABETH."

In the foreground are our latest battle-ships of the "Royal Sovereign" type.

Her men seemed sufficiently fed and well-enough dressed. They varied in physical quality from sturdy bluejackets to the veriest weeds, and there was a like divergence in their demeanour. While some were sailorly and decent enough, there were others who seemed to be at pains to preserve a manner of affront towards the officers of the ship, who would answer them without removing their cigarettes, and even pointedly salute the British officers while ignoring the presence of their own superiors. The battle-ship *Bayern* was actually controlled by a council of six lower-deck ratings, and her Captain was watched by a sentry and fed upon strictly apportioned rations. His midday meal, for example, was scheduled to consist



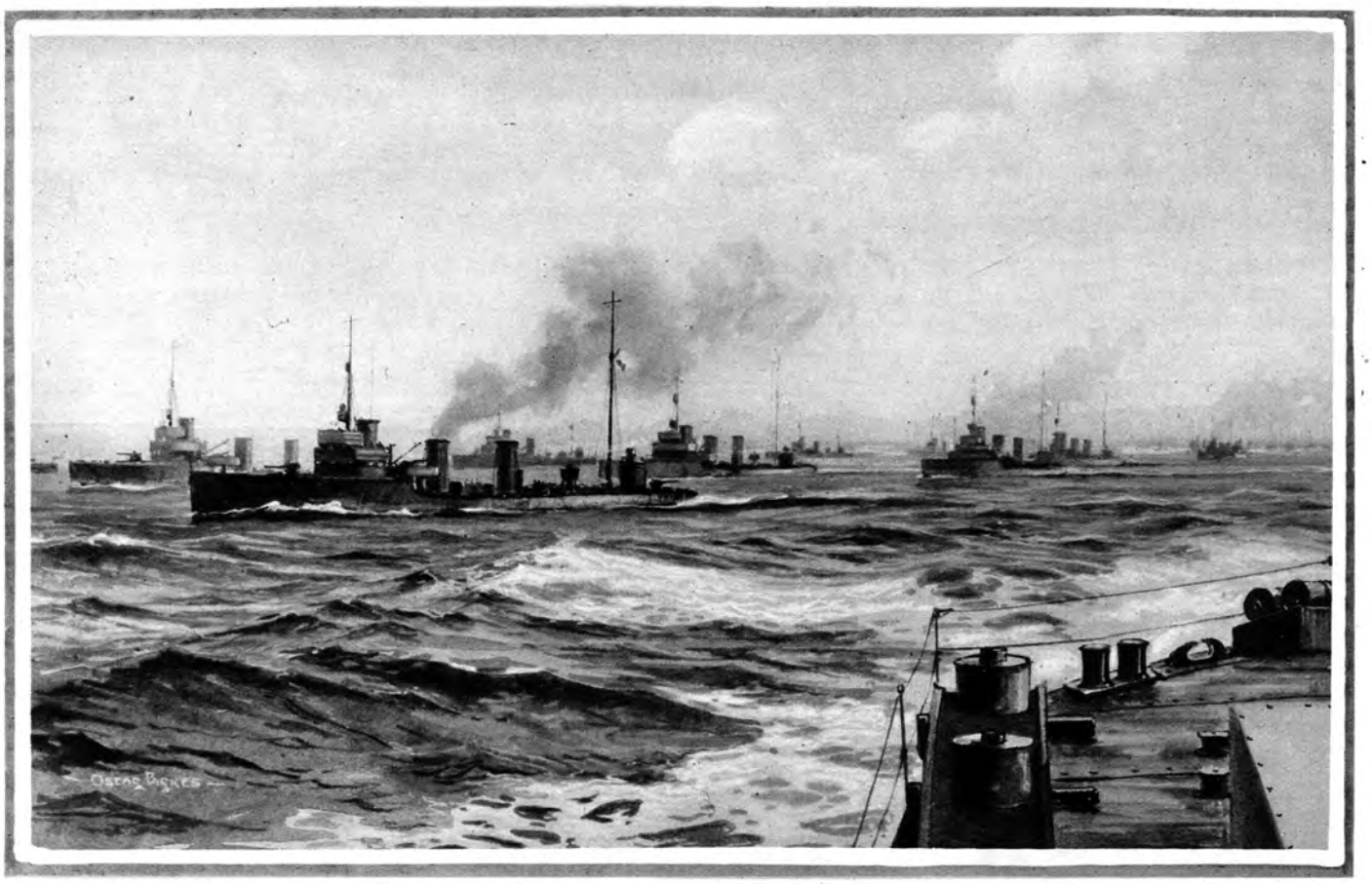
GERMAN DESTROYERS.

These are the 1250-ton three-funnelled flotilla leaders, of which the German Navy possesses about ten. The first four of this type were building in Germany for Argentina, and were seized at the outbreak of war.

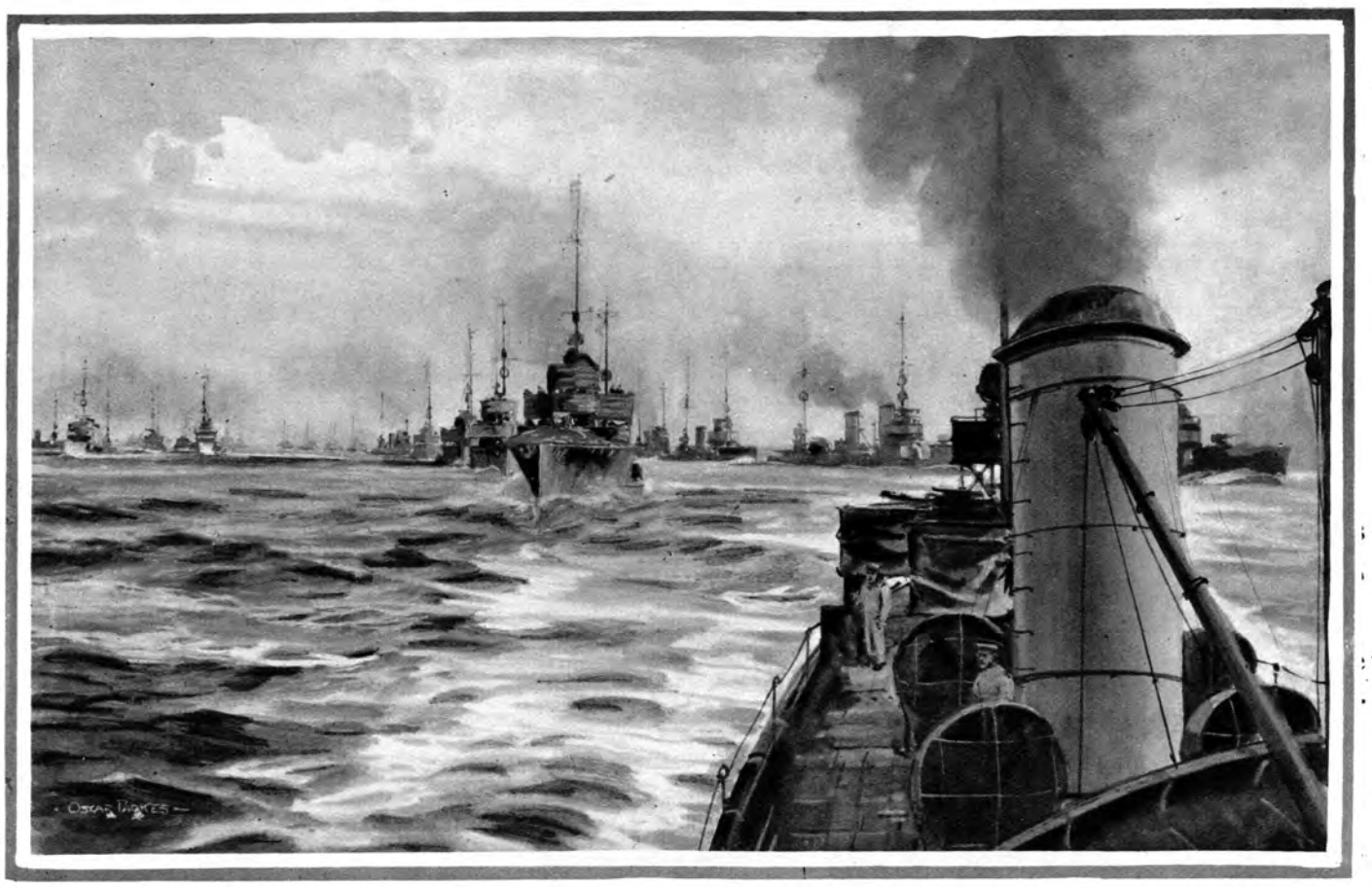
of a piece of meat and four potatoes. In another ship, the Captain rang for his messenger and asked if certain lists were yet made out for delivery to British officers. "Wie kann ich wissen?" replied the man contemptuously—"How can I know?" and turned his back and left the cabin. The Captain had to go out and make his enquiry himself.

"I DON'T KNOW."

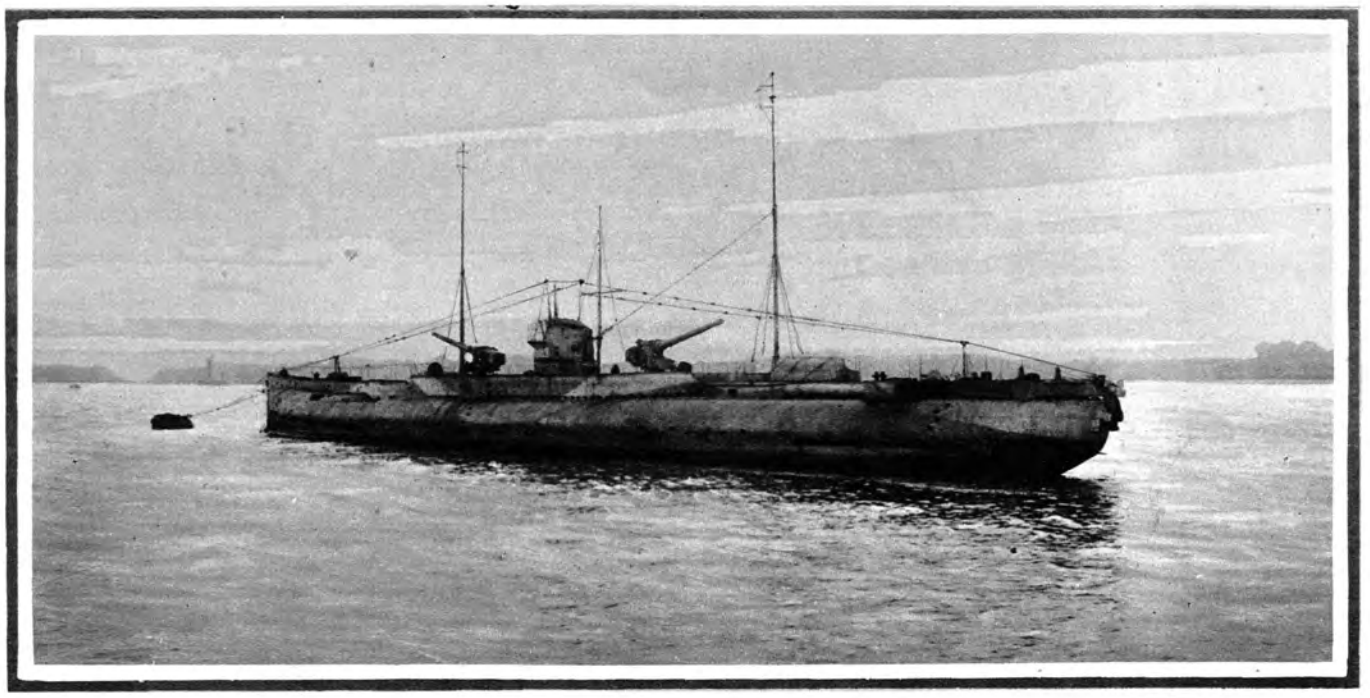
Many of the officers made attempts to gain information from members of the search-parties. "I really don't know," was the answer most commonly employed; but their queries none the less gave an index to the direction of their chief anxieties. One officer employed as



EVENING: THE GERMAN DESTROYERS IN LINE FORMATION, ESCORTED BY BRITISH DESTROYERS IN THE GREY DISTANCE.



THE END OF THE GERMAN DESTROYER FLOTILLAS: SOME OF THE FIFTY SURRENDERED BOATS STEAMING IN LINE TO INCHKEITH.

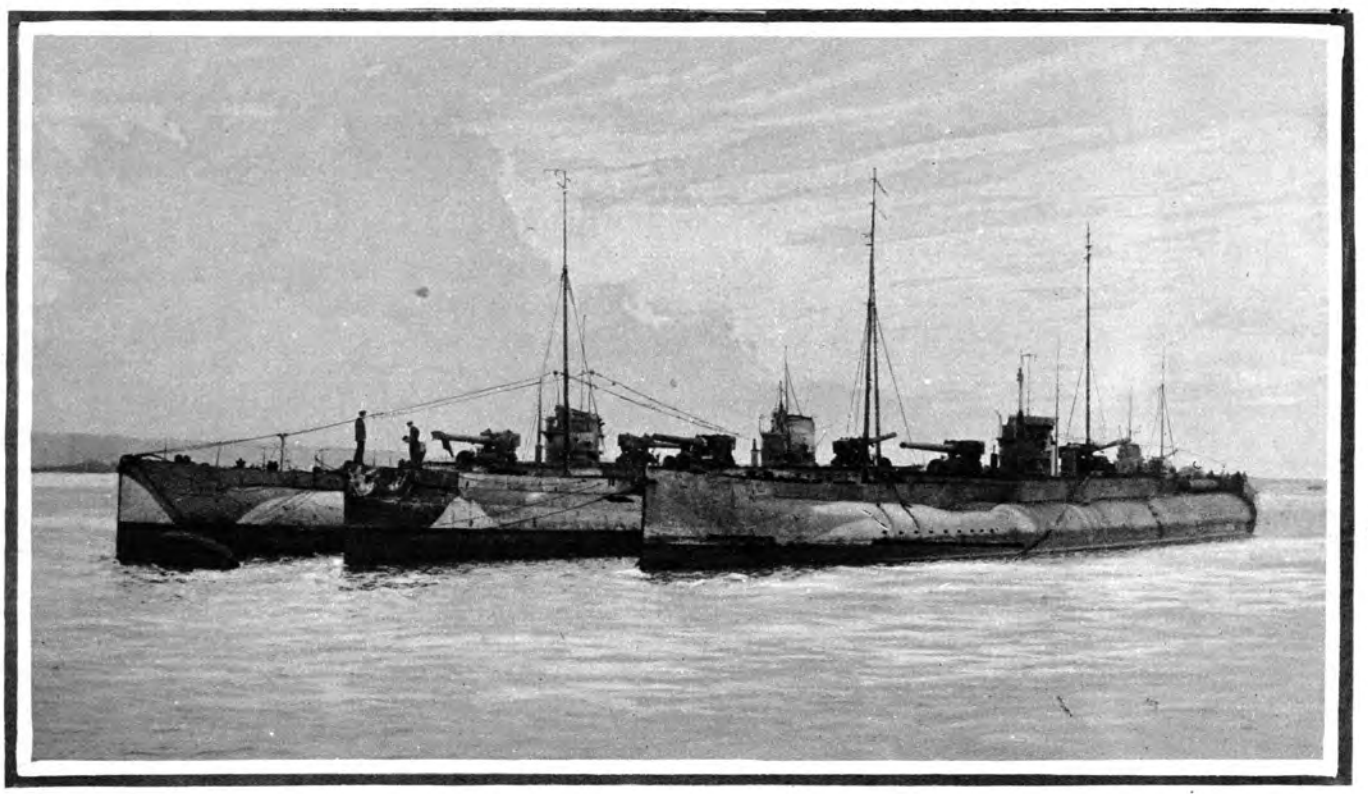


A LARGE CRUISER U-BOAT, OF THE SAME TYPE AS THE "DEUTSCHLAND," LEAVING THE LINE OF U-BOATS.

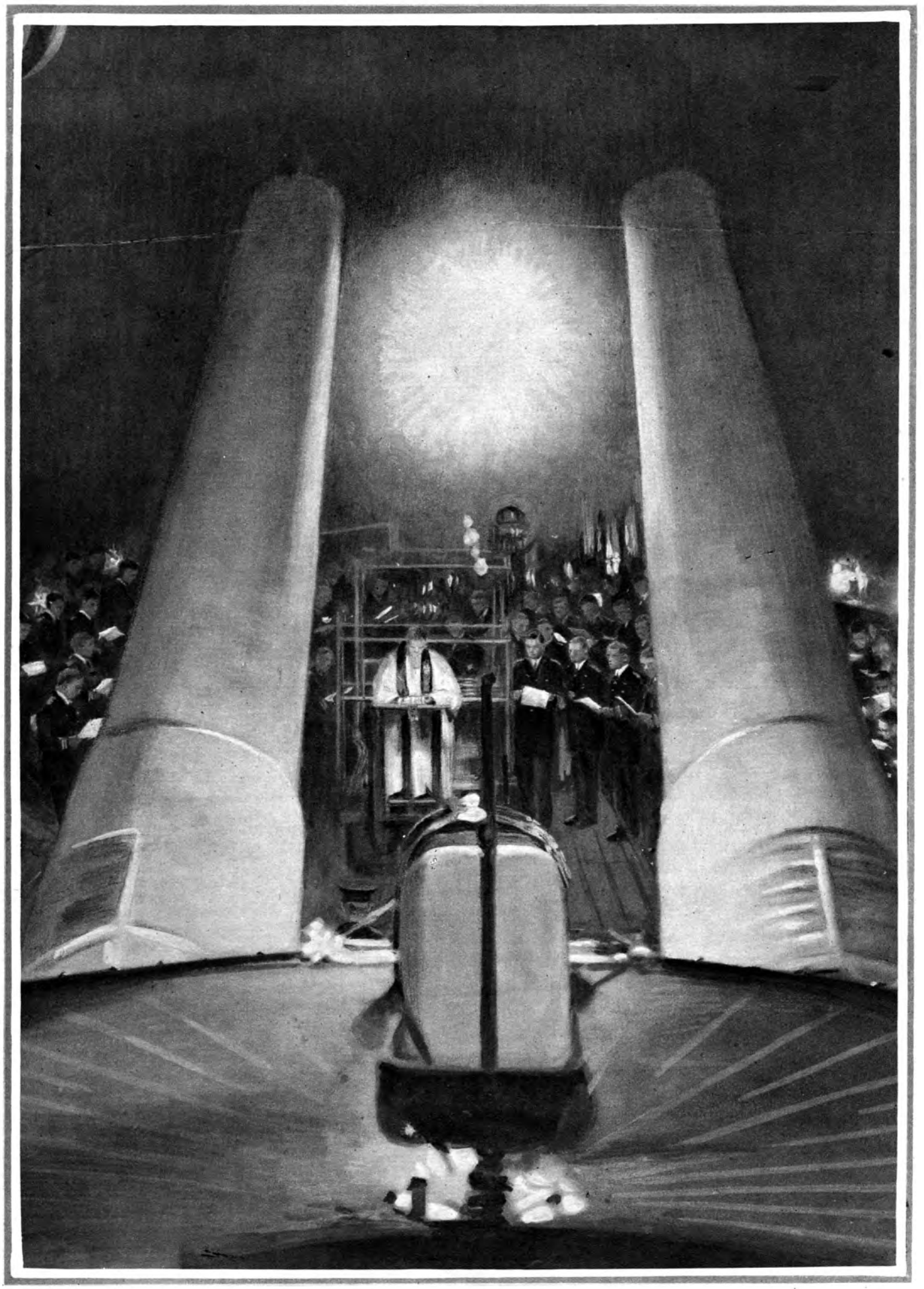
interpreter was sent back upon a German ship late at night to fetch certain documents. They were not completed, and he found himself seated before a table in the Captain's cabin, with forty minutes to wait and nothing to say—according to order. Wine and cigarettes were offered to him and declined. Then—

"Have you any news as to whether the peace negotiations have started?" enquired the German Captain.

"I really don't know," was the reply.



THE "DEUTSCHLAND" BETWEEN TWO OTHER SUBMARINES OF HER CLASS.



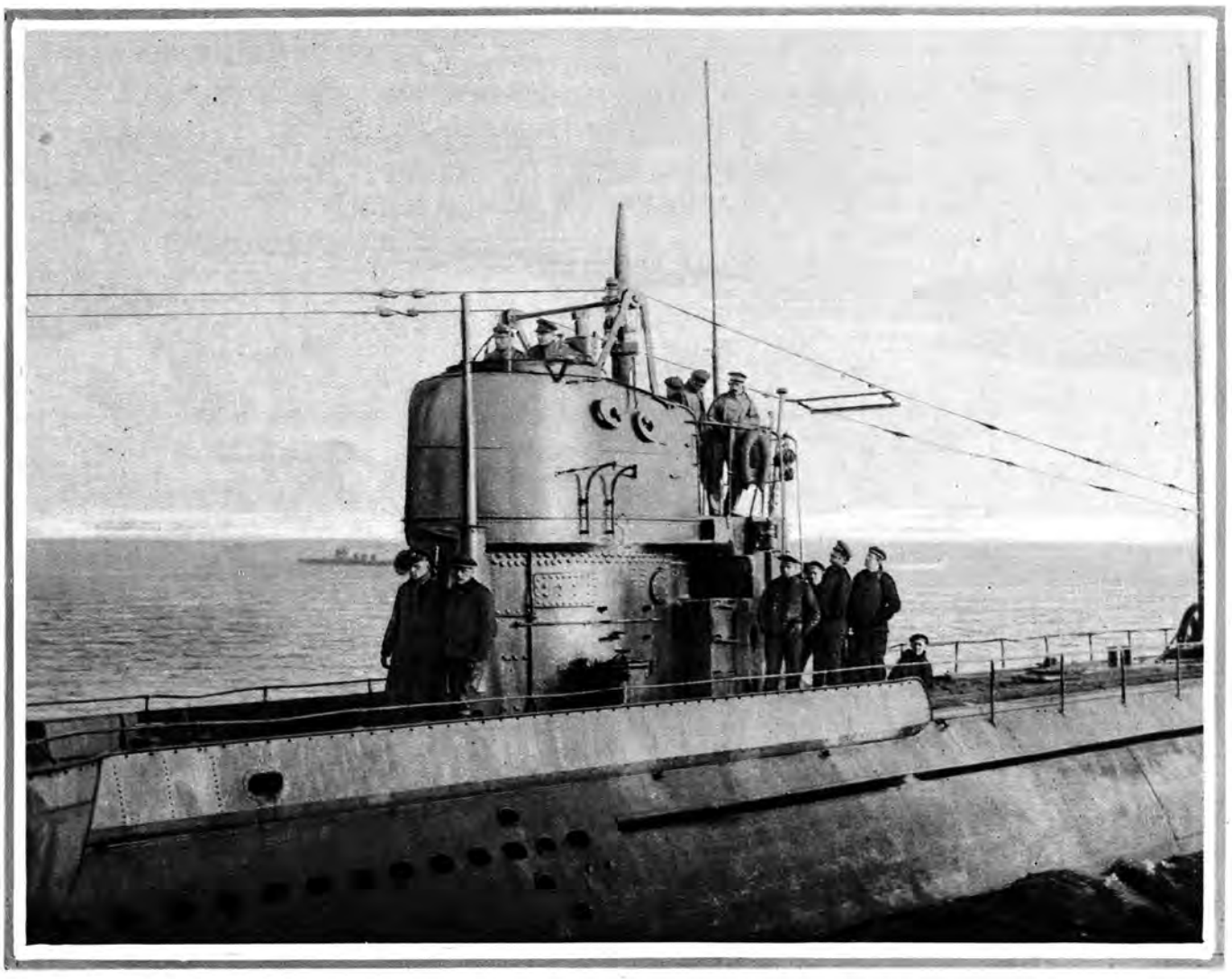
THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE HELD ON BOARD H.M.S. "QUEEN ELIZABETH" AFTER THE GERMAN NAVAL SURRENDER.

A pause, while the Captain examined him with sad, suspicious eyes, and he stared uncomfortably at the big photograph of the Kaiser.

"There's no reason for delaying them," said the Captain. "We've got to accept your terms, even if you make them as hard as the Armistice. We are defenceless (*wehrlos*) now, and everybody in Germany has gone mad. Do you think this internment will last long?"

"Can't say, I'm sure."

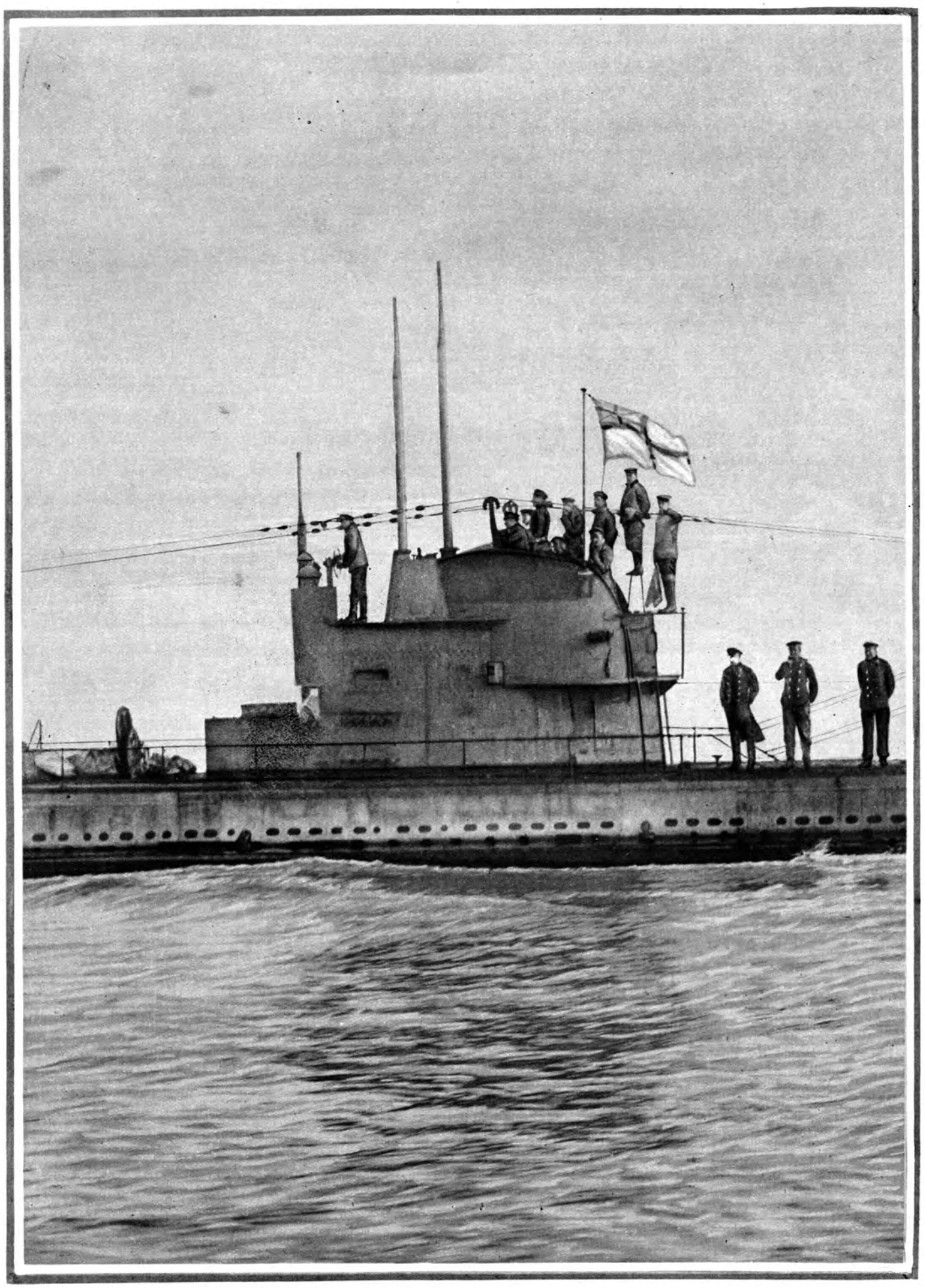
The detailed search upon the following morning took some hours, and was conducted without incident everywhere. The first visit of the British officers seemed in some measure



THE CONNING-TOWER OF A MODERN SUBMARINE.

Showing the "jumping wires" designed to carry nets and other obstructions clear of the vessel. The mast, periscope, and ensign staff can, of course, all be lowered below the level of the wires.

to have relieved the Germans of their fears of bad or humiliating treatment, and the party that again inspected and searched the *Emden* was piped up her side and received on deck by the Commander with all the due forms. Gunnery, torpedo, and engine-room parties were taken on board this time, and the cruiser was scrutinised from end to end exhaustively by our experts. German warrant officers and seamen were put at their disposal as guides; and save for the double bottoms, about which special orders had been issued, every recess of the ship, every locker and store-room, was opened up. It was noteworthy that a number of the German seamen who guided our men had obliterated from their cap-ribbons the letters "S.M.S." (*Seine Majestäts Schiff*). The whole of the lower deck was apparently ready to

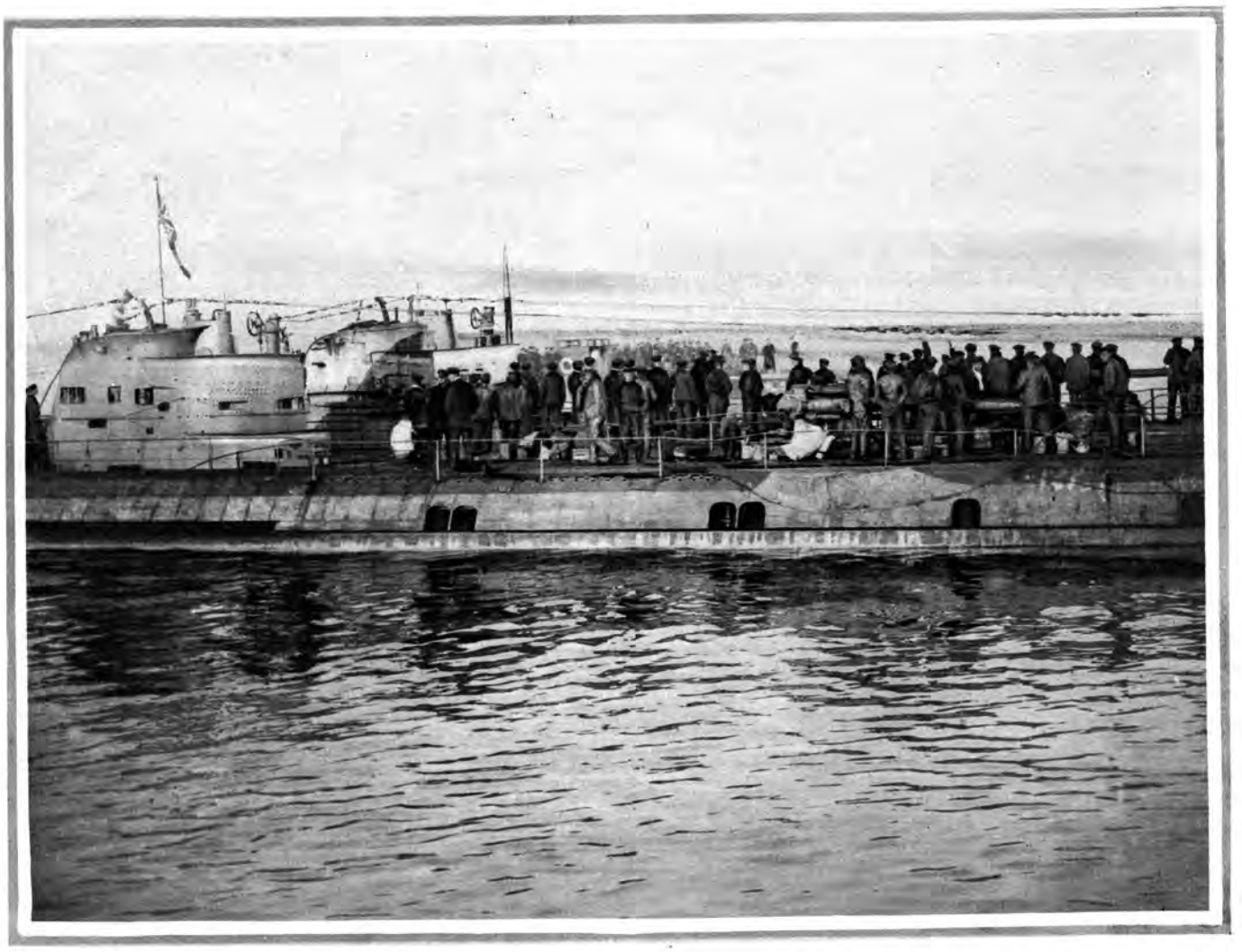


VIEW SHOWING A PORTION OF A SURRENDERED U-BOAT.

fraternise if they had been allowed to do so, but our men, taking the cue from their officers, were rigidly business-like and intent only on the matter in hand. Some of the men stated afterwards that they had seen notices hanging here and there commencing "Kameraden!" and that among the *Emden's* crew were sailors distinguished by red-and-white armlets, supposedly the members of the ship's Soviet.

THE FATE OF THE SHIPS.

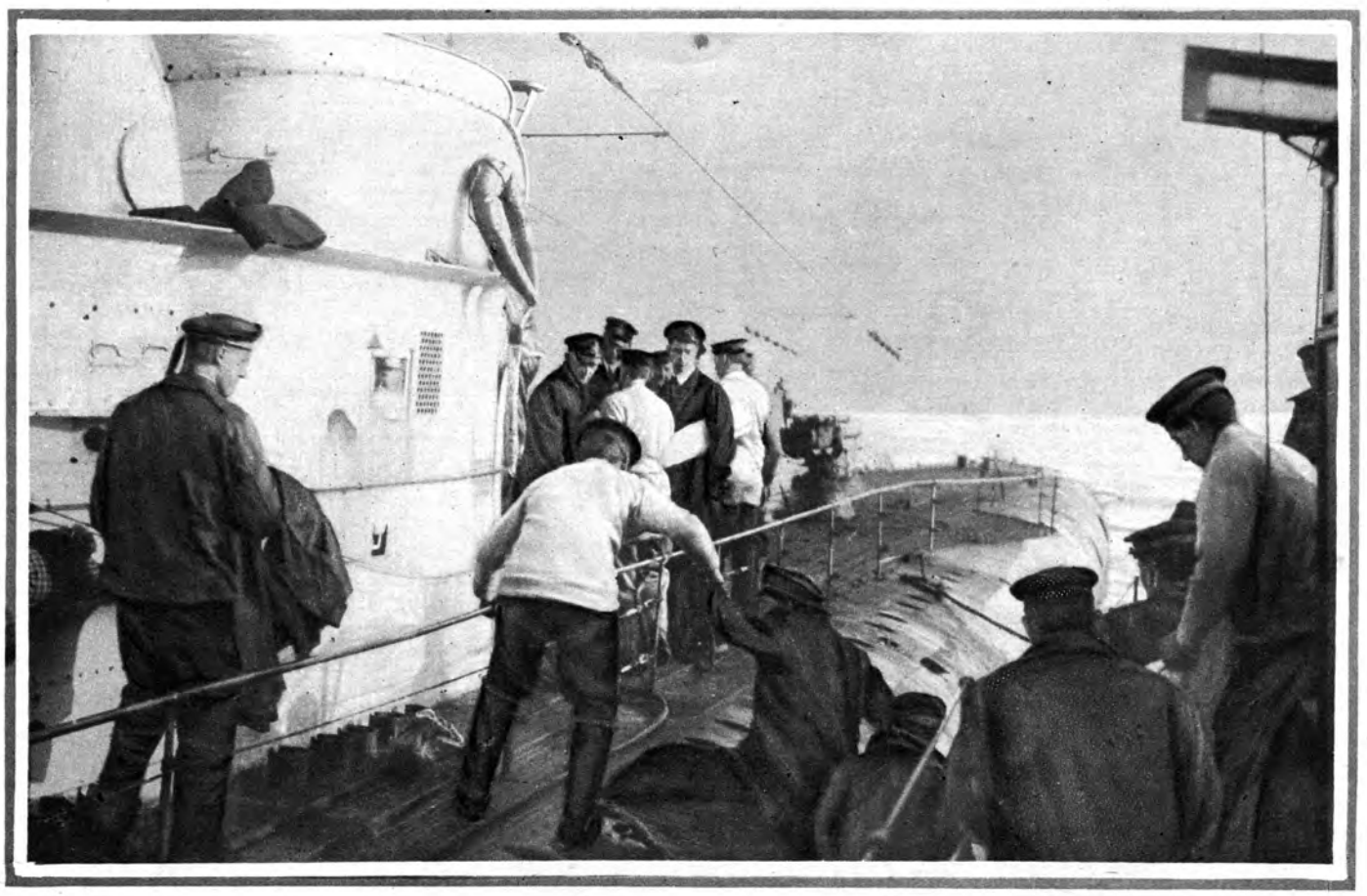
Several officers in charge of search-parties report that the German officers endeavoured to confide their troubles to them. "I am detaining you," said one Commander to a German



A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE SURRENDERED U-BOATS, SHOWING SOME OF THE CREWS ON DECK.

Captain; "no doubt you have things to do." The German shook his head sadly. "There is nothing for me to do now," he lamented, "except to think, and my thoughts are not pleasant ones." Many German officers seemed to take it for granted that the ships would return to Germany after the Armistice. They were all convinced that they were to be sent to Scapa Flow for internment—whither, as a matter of fact, they have since gone—and that the whole of the present crews would be detained on board as care and maintenance parties.

There was yet another view of the Firth when the winter night thickened through the star-masking mists, and the darkness upon the water was like the night of the blind. For four years and more no ray of light had assaulted that blackness, save when some fighting ship gesticulated with the long arm of her searchlight to a distant sister. But now the war that

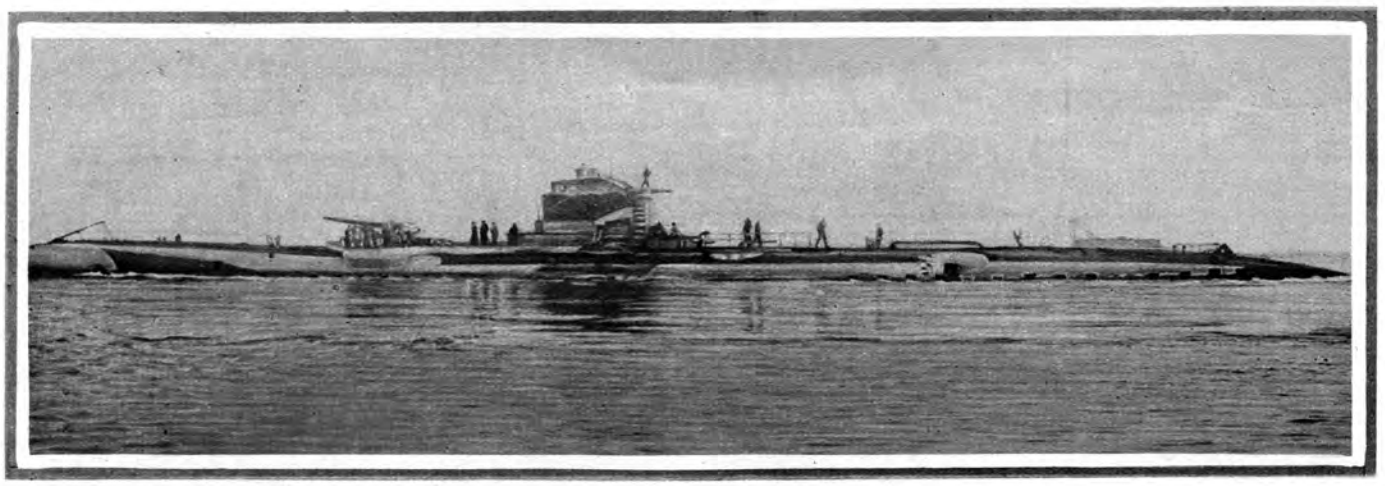


BOARDING A GERMAN SUBMARINE.



EXAMINING A GERMAN COMMANDER'S PAPERS, ON BOARD AN EX-GERMAN SUBMARINE.

of her escort lying around her. The fog had thinned a little with the evening; the darkness



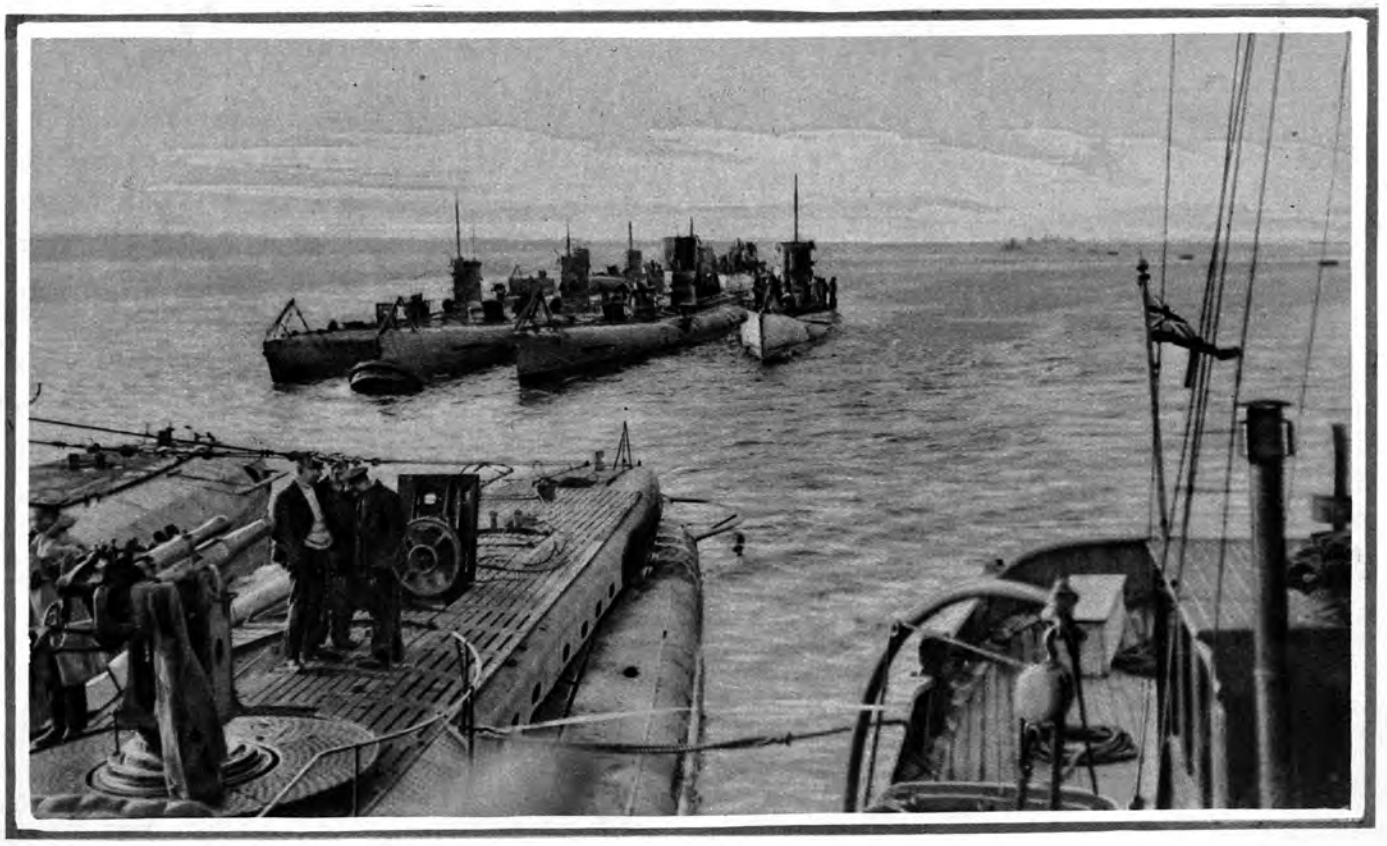
A GIANT U-BOAT—A SUPER-SUBMARINE.

darkened the world yielded like a conquered fleet; on November 22nd came the signal that anti-submarine precautions might be abandoned, as all the submarines were accounted for; and at the mouth of the Firth the night was freckled with the eyes of the ships. There were lights in long lines, in pinnacles, in clusters—leagues of lights making paths of beams on the water, lights that told unforgettably of the candle lighted that day in Britain and the world which shall never be put out.

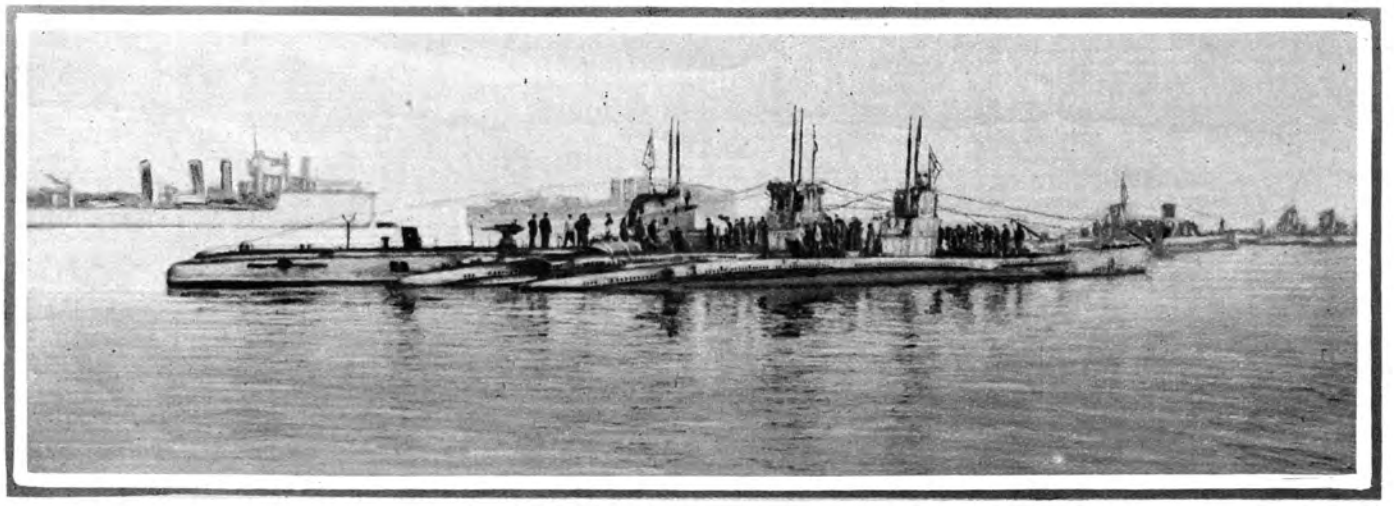
IV.

THE END OF THE U-BOATS.

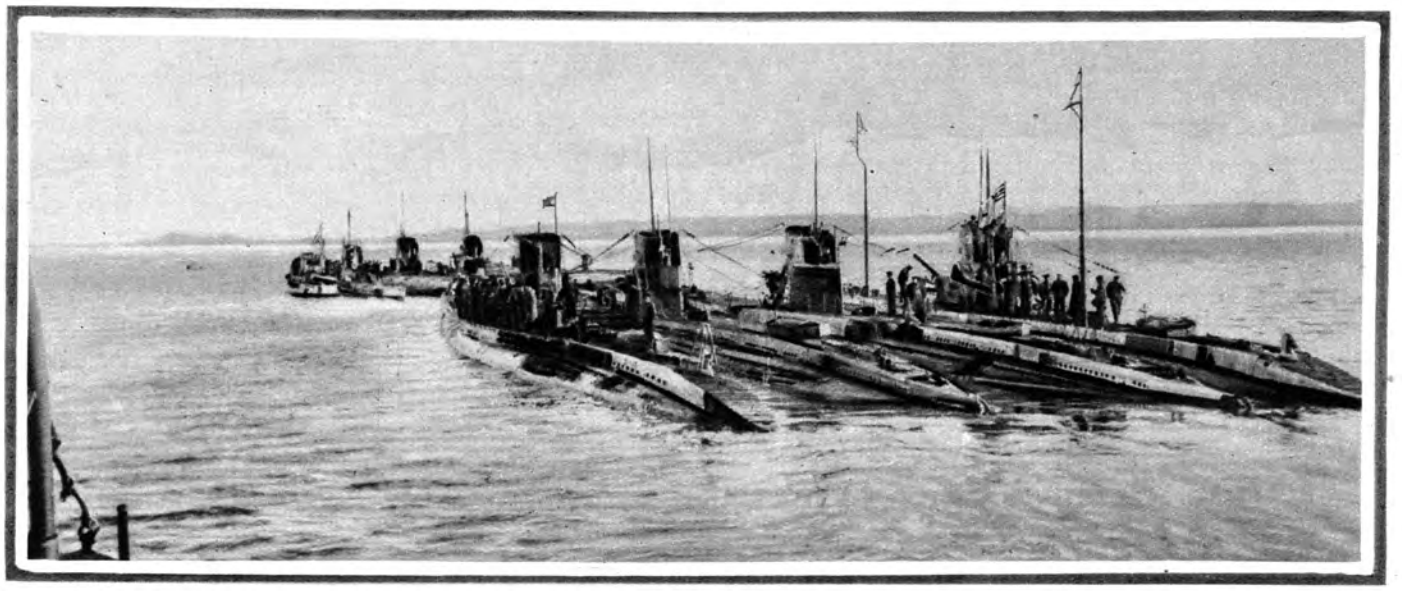
The surrender of the submarines—no handing over for internment this, but a final and absolute cession—commenced at Harwich on November 20th, the day before the great scene in



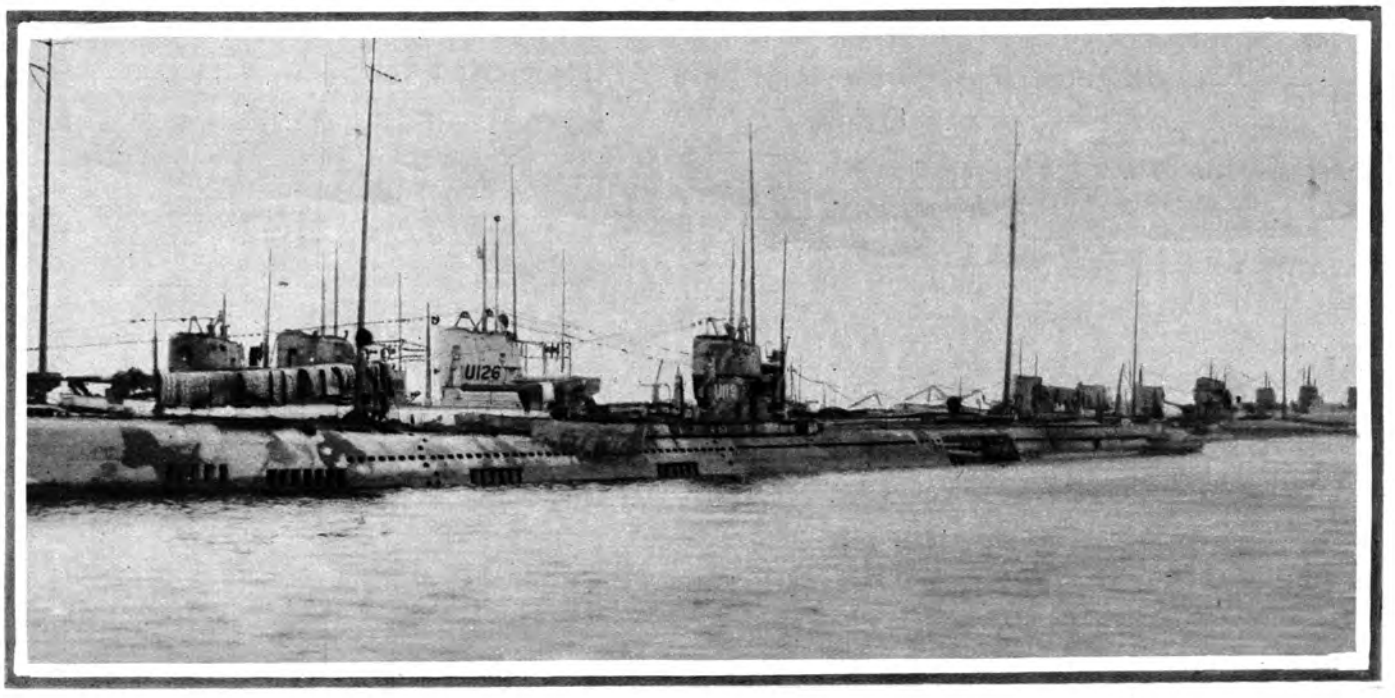
EX-GERMAN SUBMARINES AT PARKESTON QUAY, HARWICH.



U-BOATS MOVING TO MOORINGS OFF PARKESTON QUAY, HARWICH.

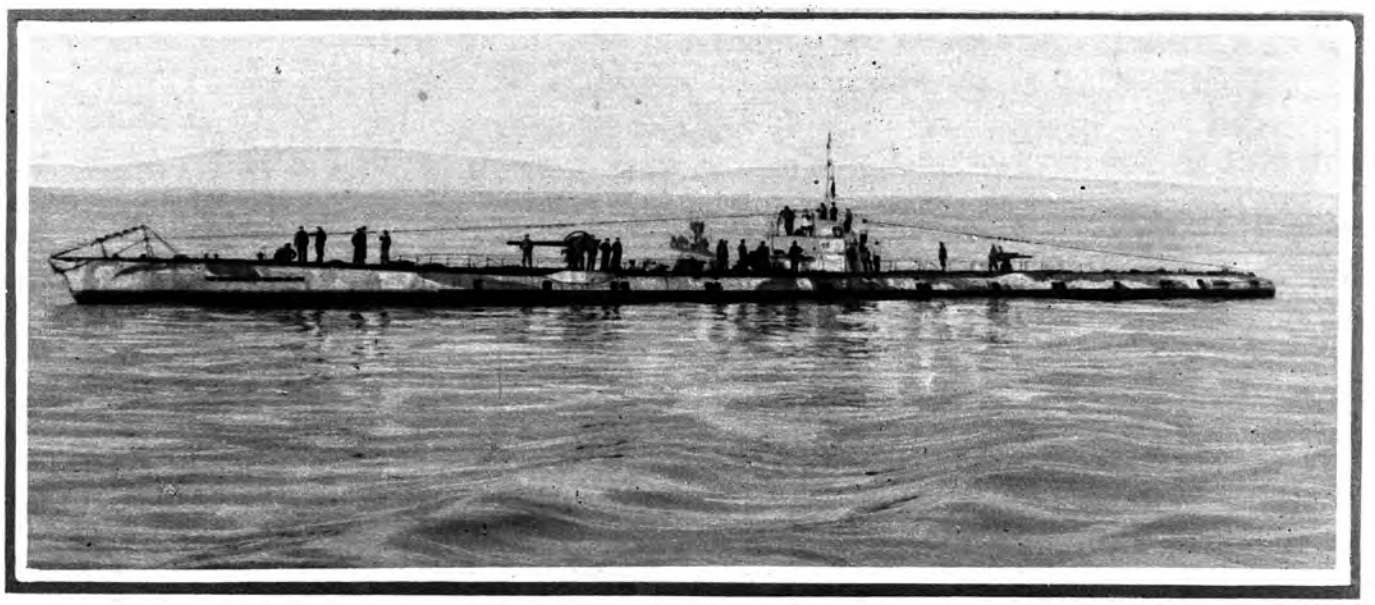


EX-GERMAN SUBMARINES.

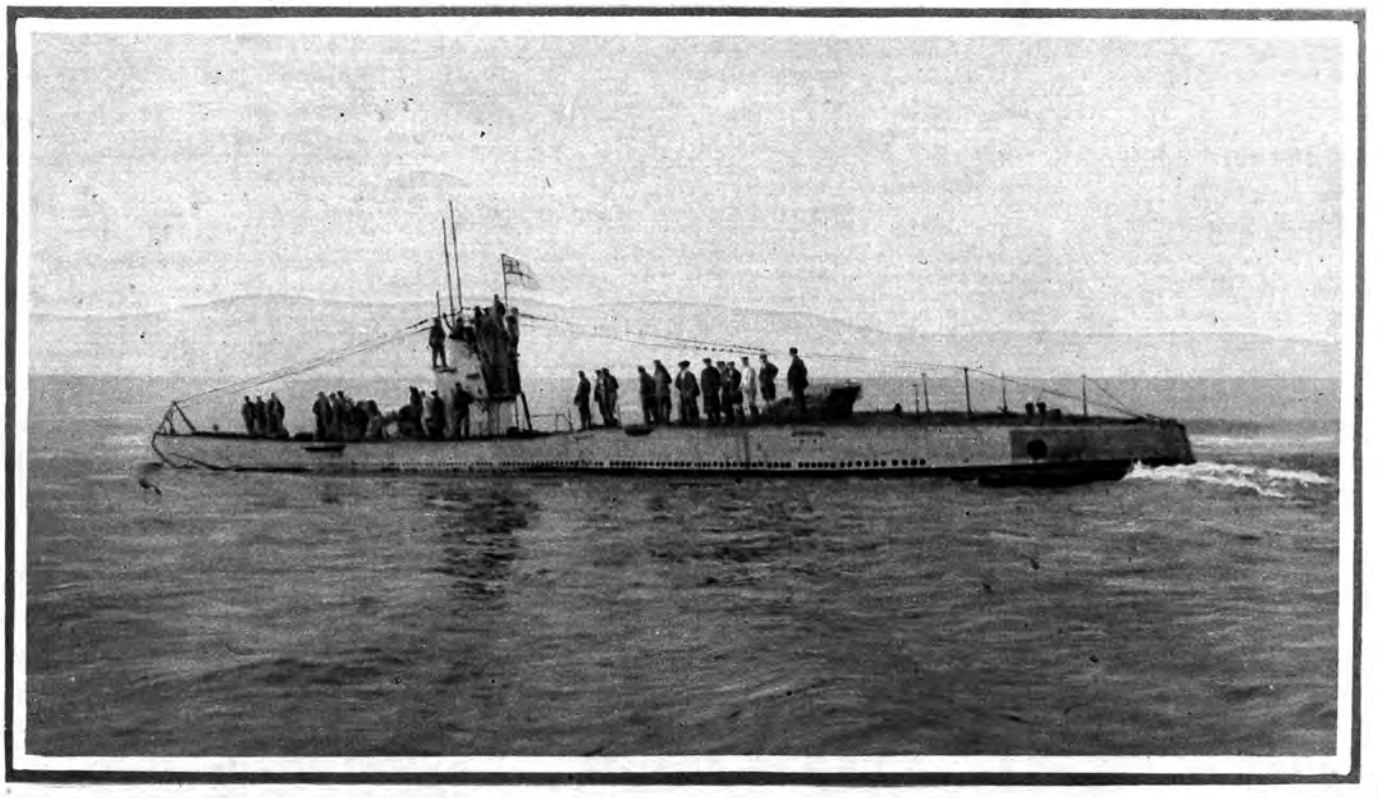


CAMOUFLAGED CRUISER U-BOATS.

the Firth of Forth. And if it lacked much of the overpoweringly picturesque and spectacular quality of the taking over of the Fleet, its significance as bearing upon the German defeat and the success of the Allies' anti-submarine war was almost greater. Captain Persius, ungagged by the revolution, has revealed how Germany's hopes of a

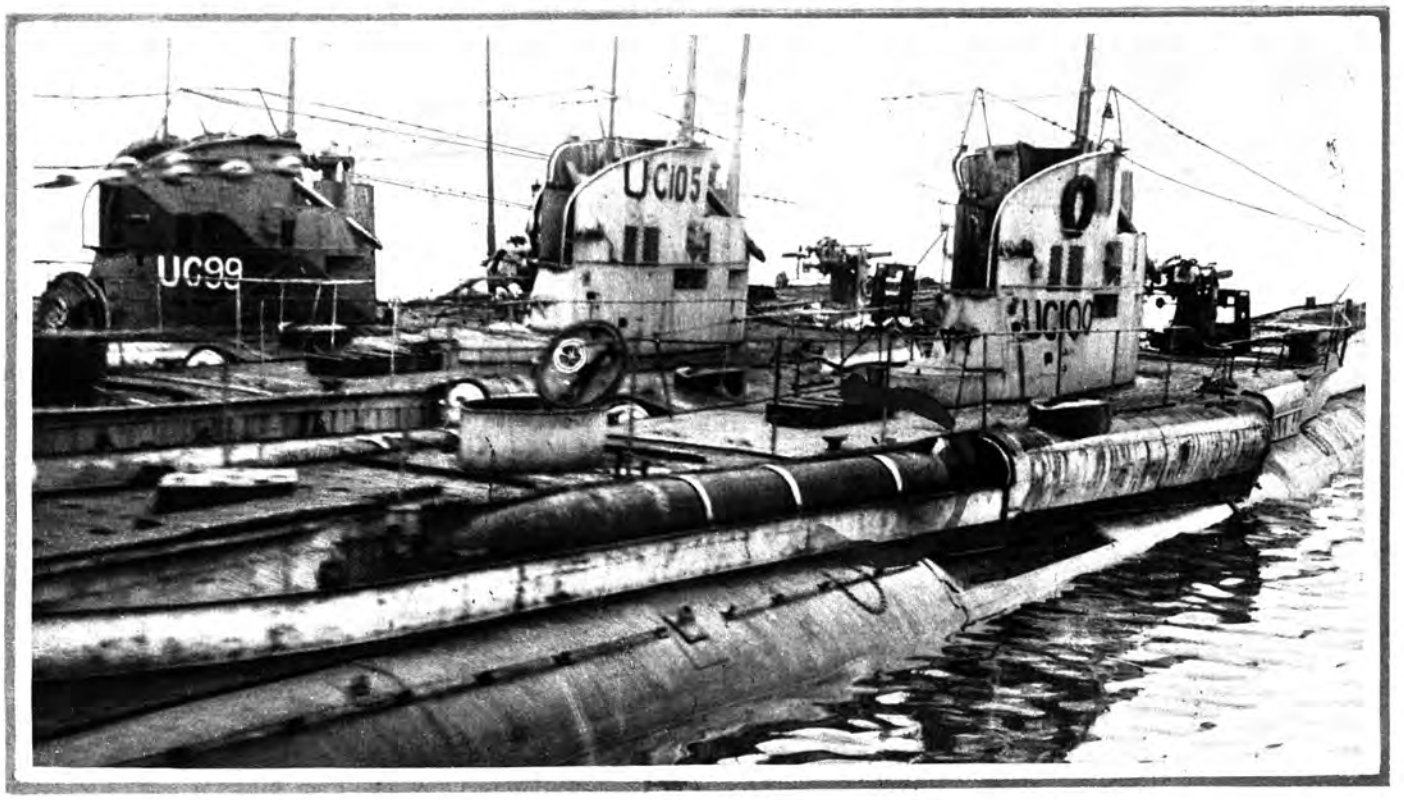


AN EX-GERMAN SUBMARINE.



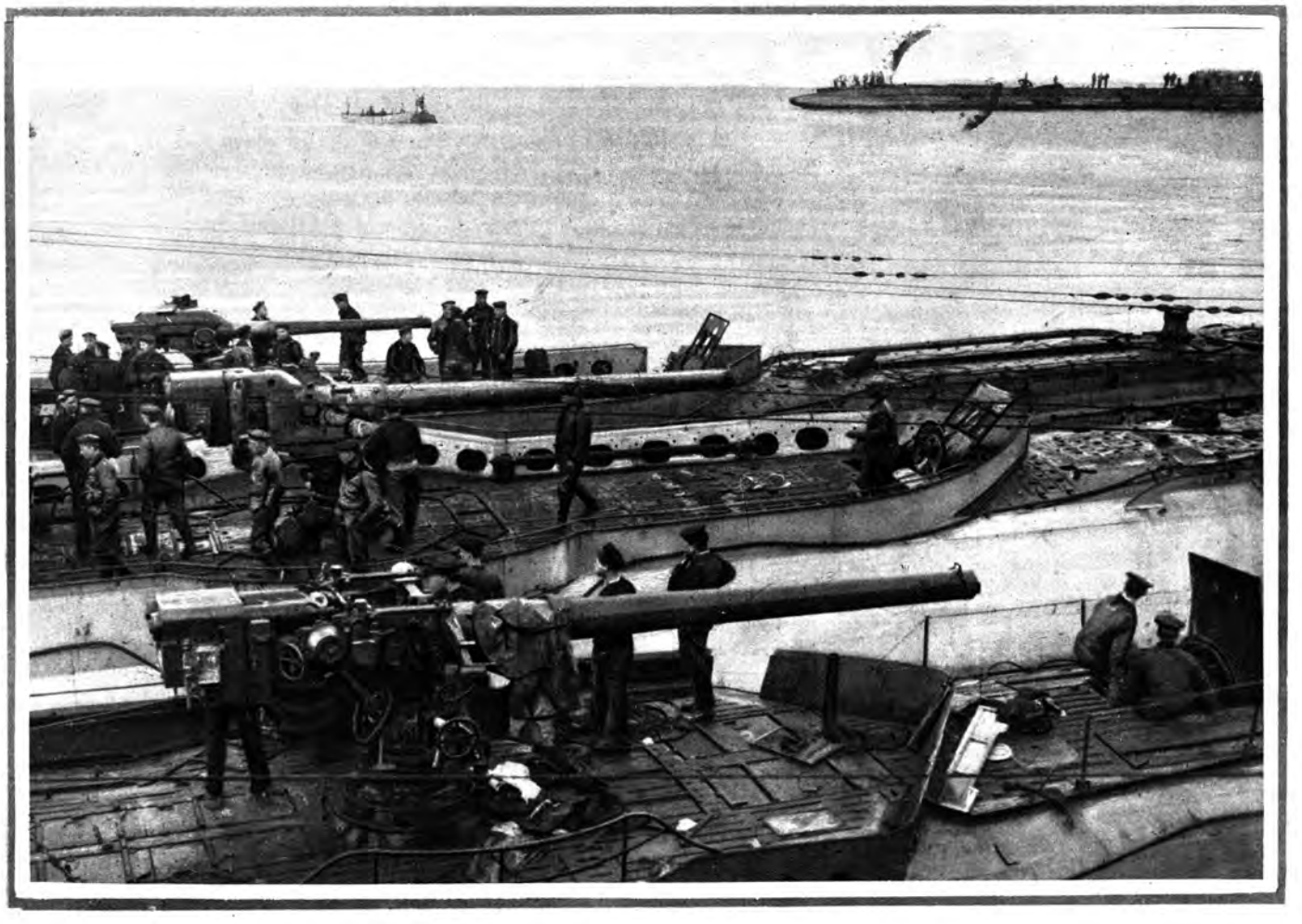
A U-BOAT ENTERING HARWICH HARBOUR FLYING THE WHITE ENSIGN.

naval action above water which should destroy or cripple the British Fleet were brought to nought by the Battle of Jutland; and it was to her assassin-weapon, the submarine, that Germany looked thenceforward to slacken the noose of the blockade and re-establish her sea-power. The surrender of the submarines was for Germany the abandonment of her last hope.



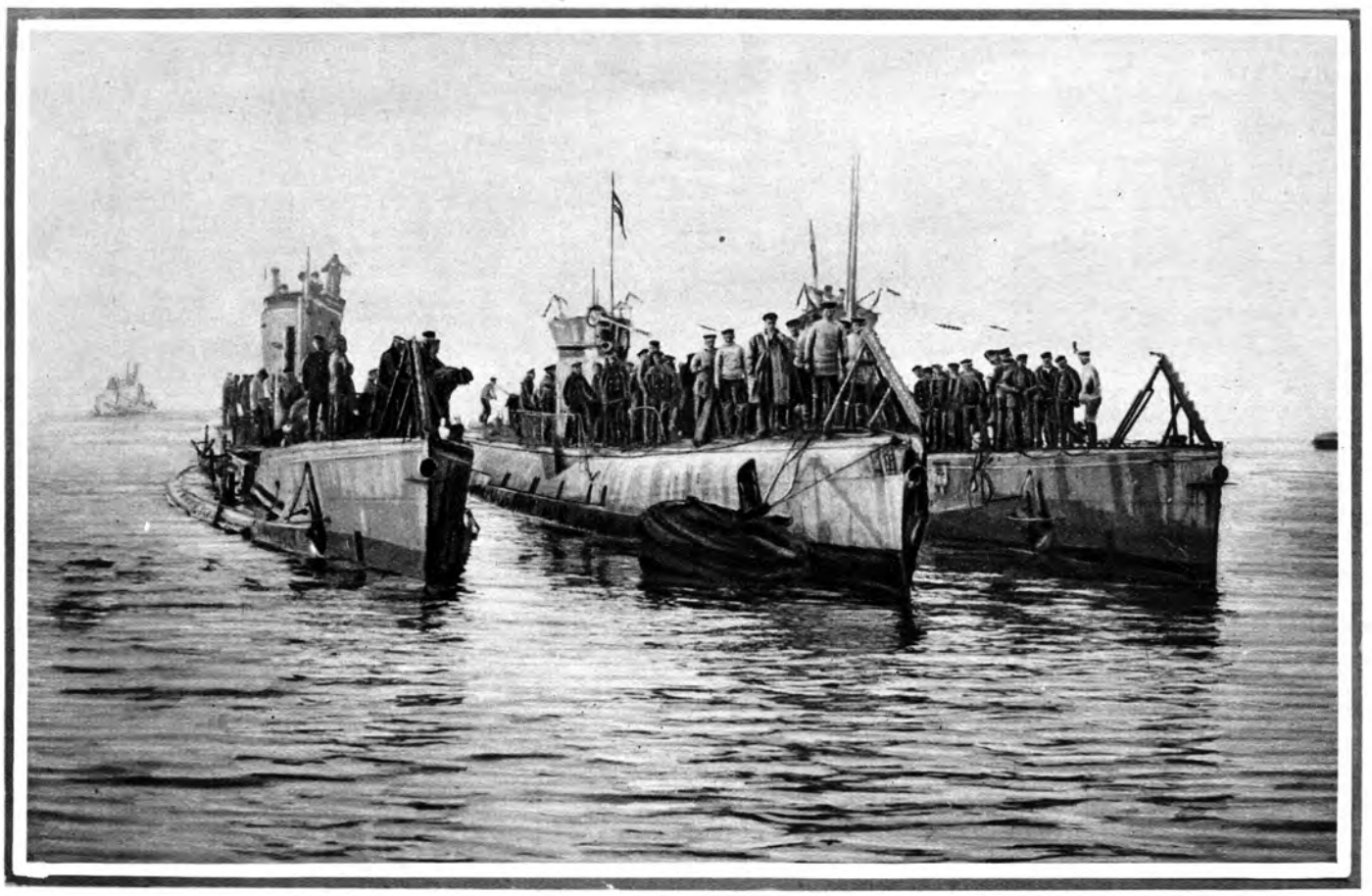
THE NEWEST TYPE OF GERMAN MINE-LAYING SUBMARINE.

So much of the space inside the submarine is taken up by the mines and gear connected with them that the torpedo-tubes have to be fitted externally. The starboard tube can be seen abreast the conning-tower with a spare torpedo lashed abaft its breech.

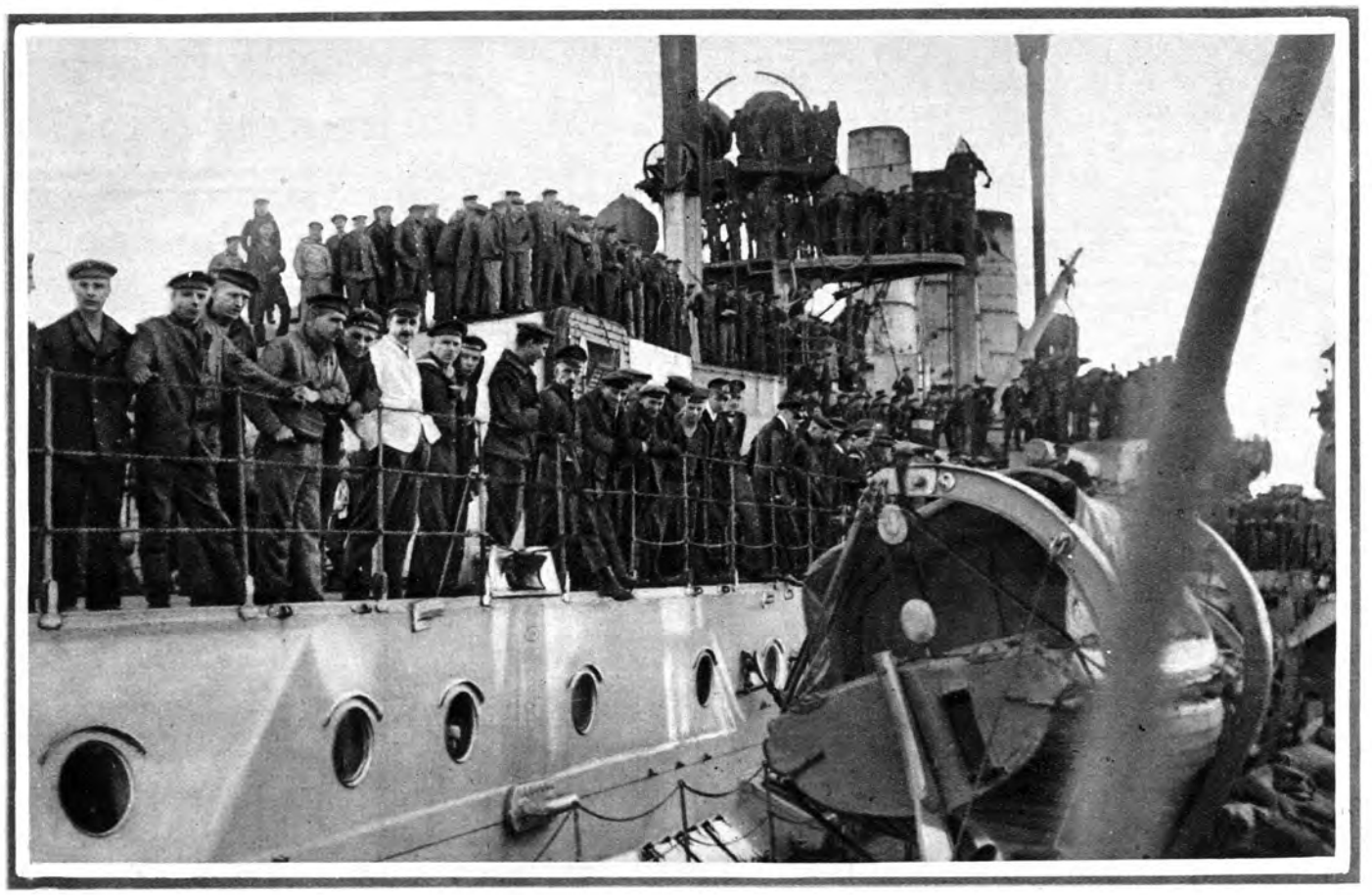


U-BOAT MINE-LAYERS.

In the foreground, "U 117"; middle, "U 126"; outside, "U 124": 5·9 guns.



THREE U-BOATS WITH THEIR CREWS ON BOARD.

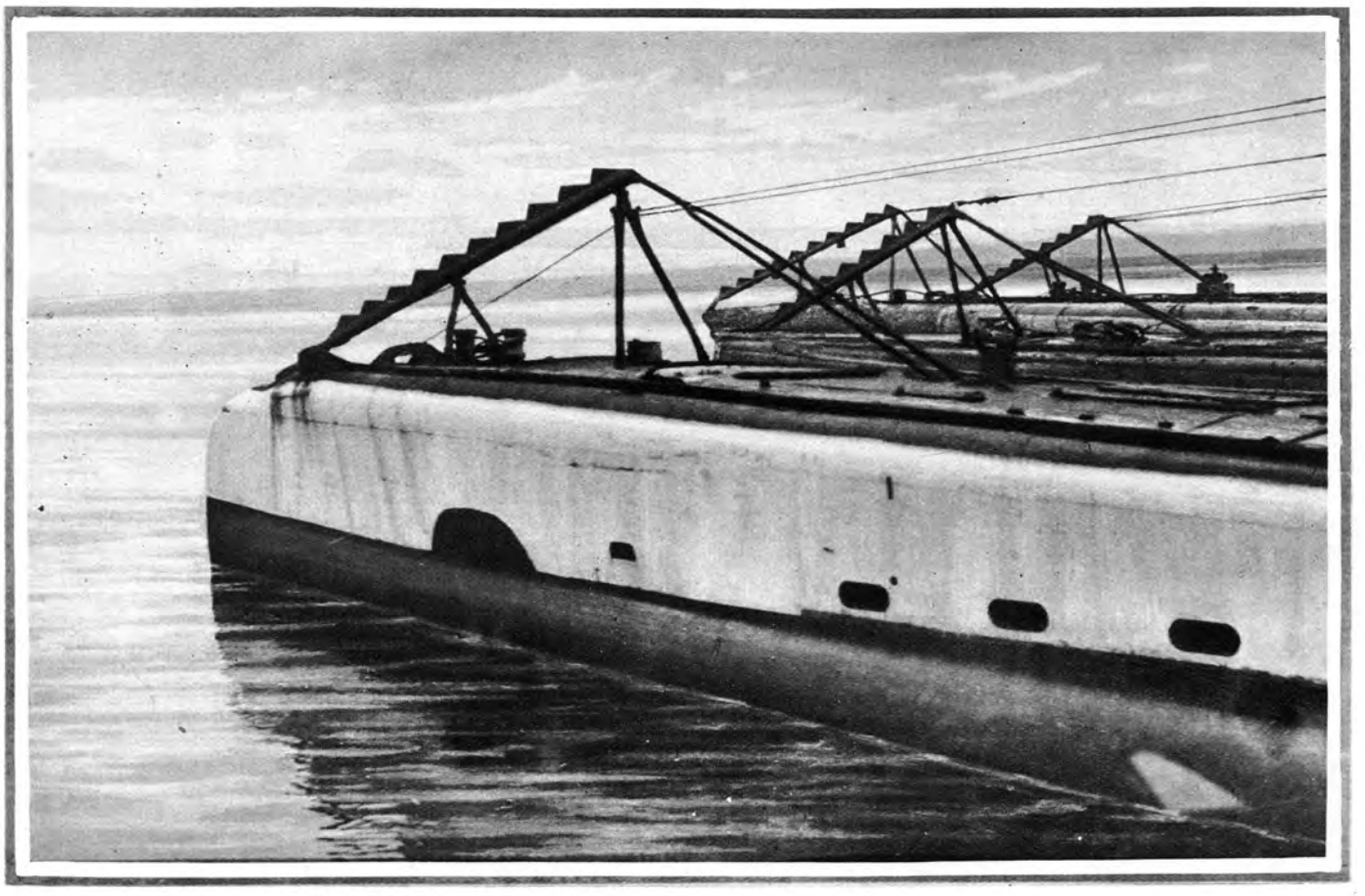


THE GERMAN BATTLE-SHIP "HELGOLAND," WITH SUBMARINE CREWS ABOARD.



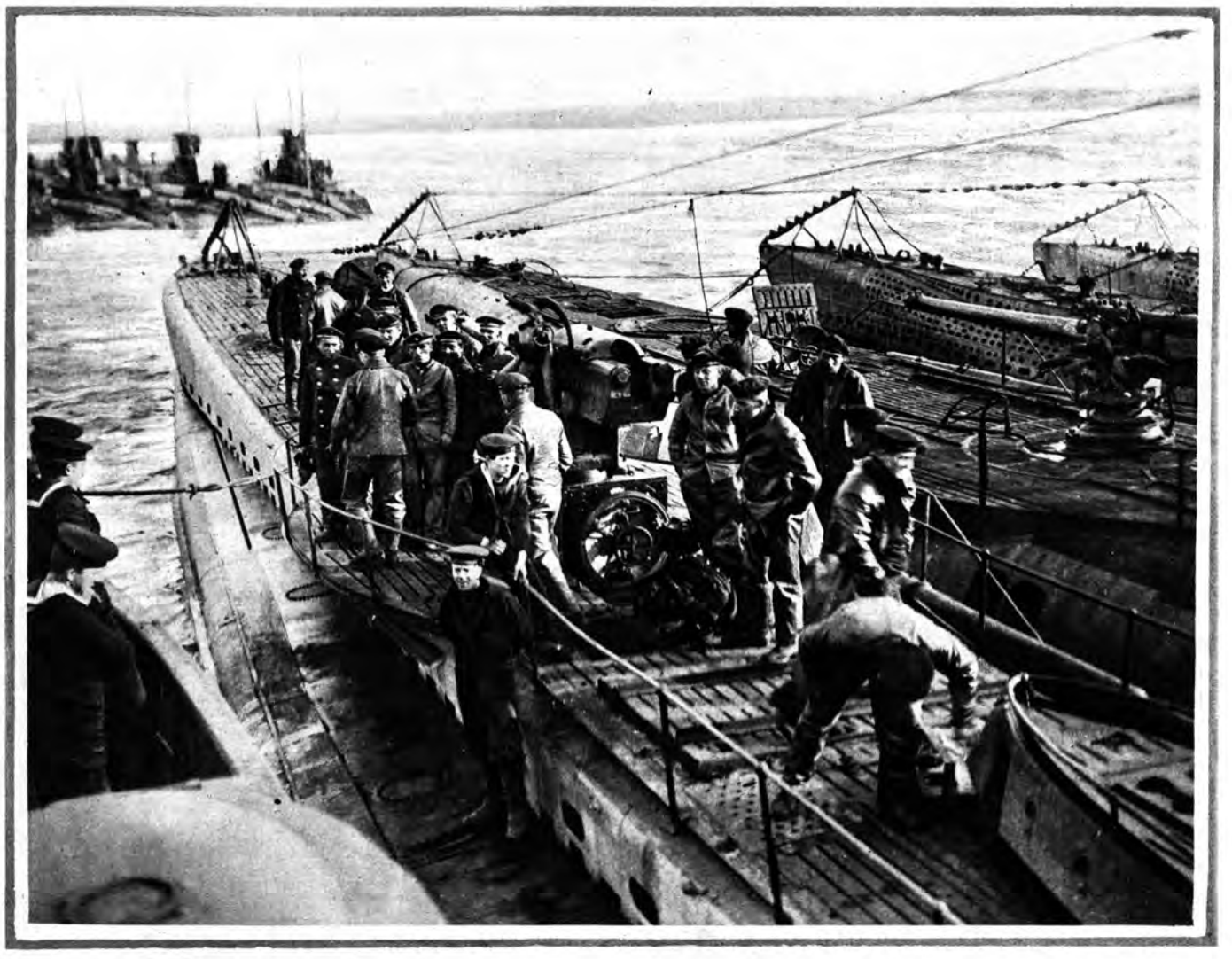
ONE OF THE BIGGEST OCEAN-GOING SUBMARINES ALONGSIDE THE DEPOT-SHIP "PANDORA," AT HARWICH.

This type ("U 117-138") mount a 5·9 gun forward, and were specially designed to operate off the Azores and the American coast. They can carry a number of mines, as well as torpedoes.



THE STEEL CUTTERS LATTERLY FITTED ON MOST GERMAN SUBMARINES FOR THE PURPOSE OF CUTTING THROUGH OUR NETS.

It was at 7.10 in the morning that Rear-Admiral Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt, waiting upon the rendezvous off Harwich in his flag-ship *Curaçoa*, saw the first of the U-boats, flagless, her identification-number painted out, her hatch open, and her crew on deck, come stealing into sight, sliding out of a bank of mist like a rat from a hole in a wall, into the lane which the destroyers and light cruisers left open for her. Behind her the others followed, twenty in all — mixed types that varied from battered antiques, survivors of nearly four years of war, to the newest and most formidable type of submersible



A GERMAN CREW ABOARD THEIR SUBMARINE.

cruiser, scarcely three months old. All had painted out their numbers; many, perhaps, had records they were not willing to admit. They moved in a single line ahead, with some four hundred feet between each.

RECEIVED IN SILENCE.

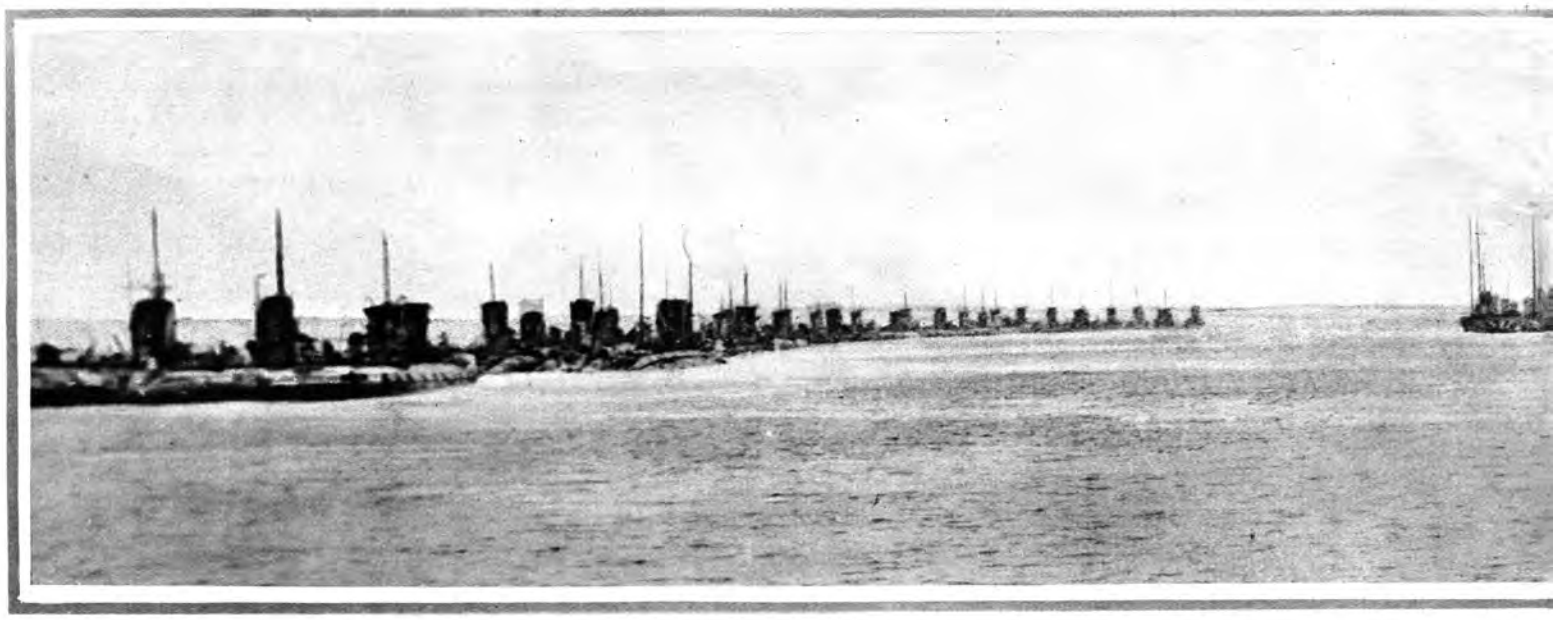
The second meeting-point, where the submarines were to be boarded by British officers and men for the run into Harwich, was between the Cork Light-ship and the South Cutler Buoy; and there Captain A. P. Addison, commanding the submarine depôt at Harwich, awaited them with his destroyers. The mist had cleared somewhat by ten o'clock, as the submarines commenced to arrive, shepherded in by the British ships and the motor-launches, and the whole



A GERMAN SUBMARINE CREW.



GERMAN SAILORS ABOARD THE "FIREDRAKE" WAITING TO BOARD A HOSPITAL-SHIP TO RETURN TO GERMANY.



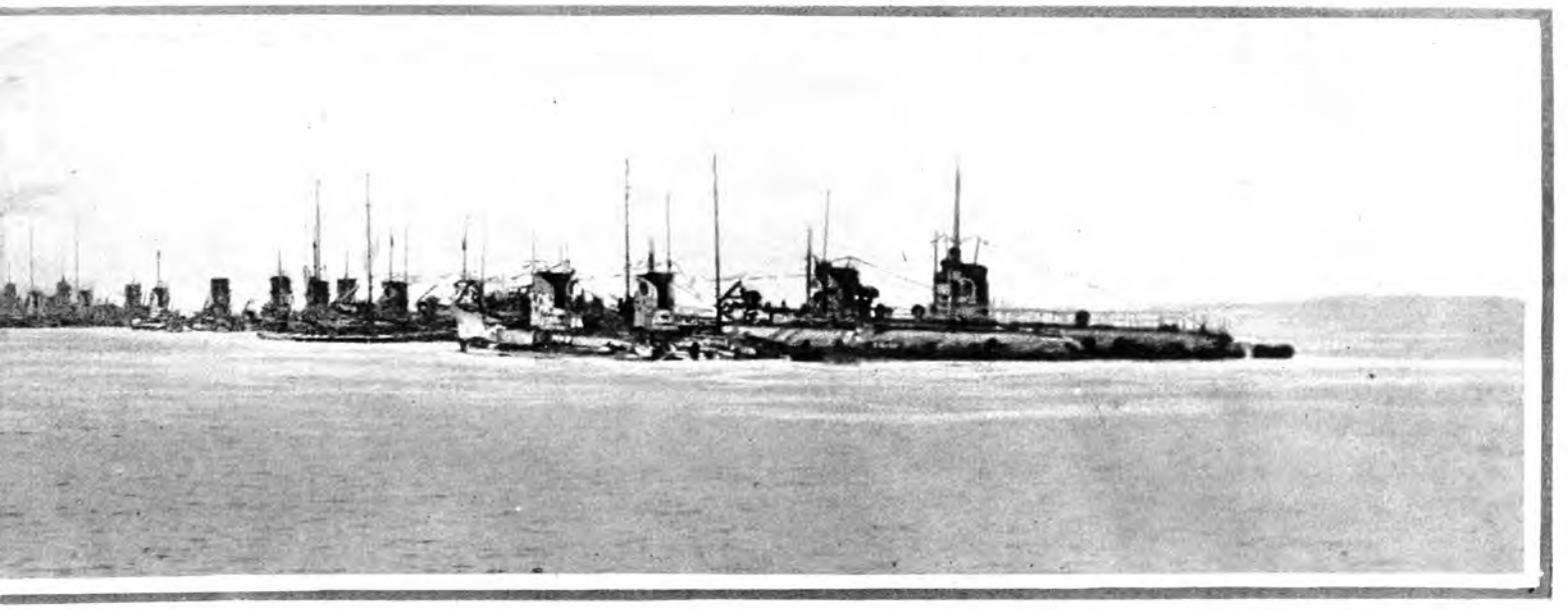
APPROACHING THE TWO

fleet of them, strange shapes lying low along the water, was plain to see. With them were the two transports which were to convey the crews back to their own country; one of these, the *Sierra Ventana*, carried the insignia of a hospital-ship.

The officers and men who were to board them and take them over stood watching while they moved into position. These were seamen who for years have worked against the German under-sea campaign, who know, as no others can know, all that tale of horror, of joy in cruelty and slaughter, of cowardice and treachery. Now had come the hour of their supreme triumph; across the dully-shining water, not a pistol-shot away, they saw their enemies, the men of the submarines, standing about the narrow decks of their craft, gazing, some gloomy and depressed; as many others, with that strange national psychology which finds no bitterness in shame, openly smiling and waving their hands. The British seamen watched them, and in silence: there was not a jeer, not even a cheer or a shout.



APPROACHING THE TWO



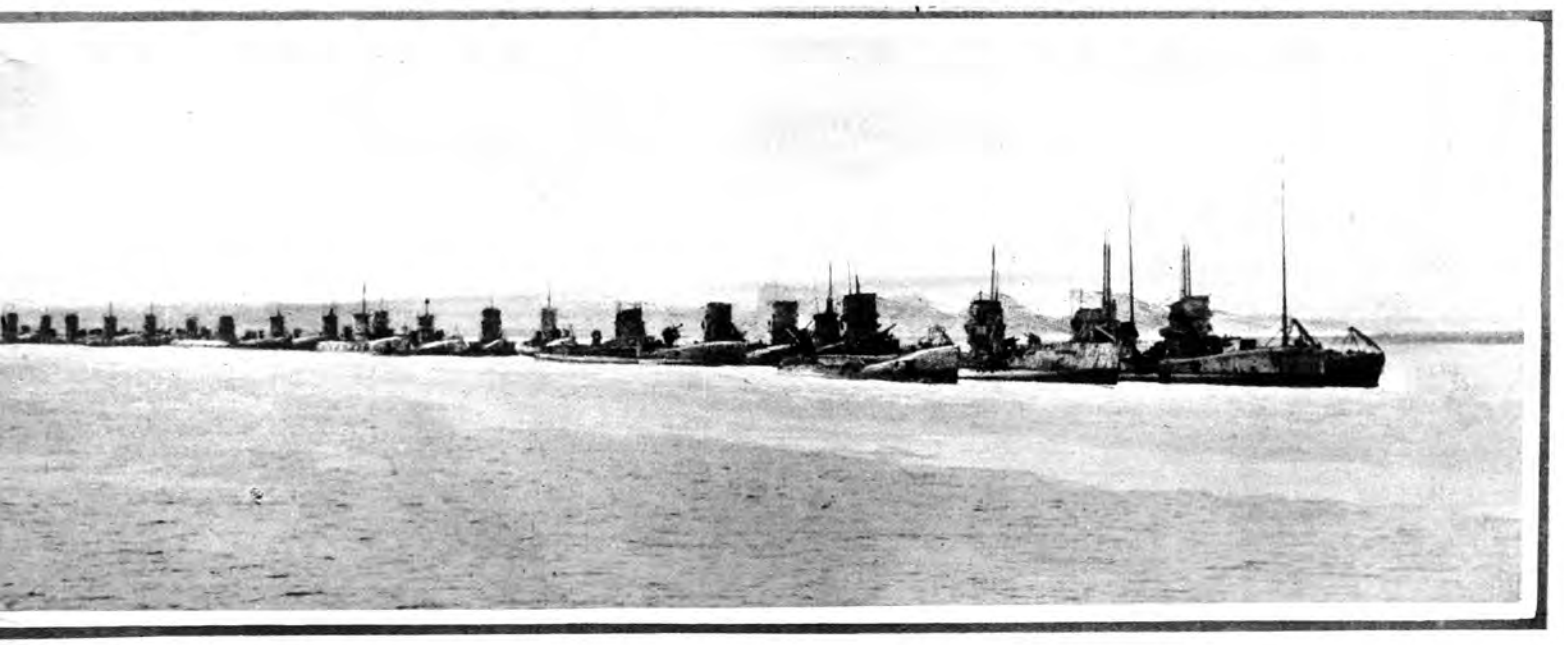
LINES OF U-BOATS.

HOISTING THE WHITE ENSIGN.

The motor-boats took the parties across to the submarines, and in each case an officer boarded first and saluted. "Your papers, please," was his formula for accosting the German commander, and not till those had been produced and examined, and an interrogatory regarding the ship's gear and armament concluded, did the bluejackets go aboard.

With them they took the White Ensign, and when the Germans who were still below, save those required at the engines, were sent on deck, it was to find the British naval flag already flying from periscope or wireless mast. The submarines had ceased to be German for ever.

A British officer then took command, though the German helmsman remained at the wheel; and, with the British prize-crew on the after-deck and the Germans herded forward, the long procession headed for the boom that guards Harwich harbour. By two o'clock, they were all berthed in tiers of three at the buoys off Parkeston.

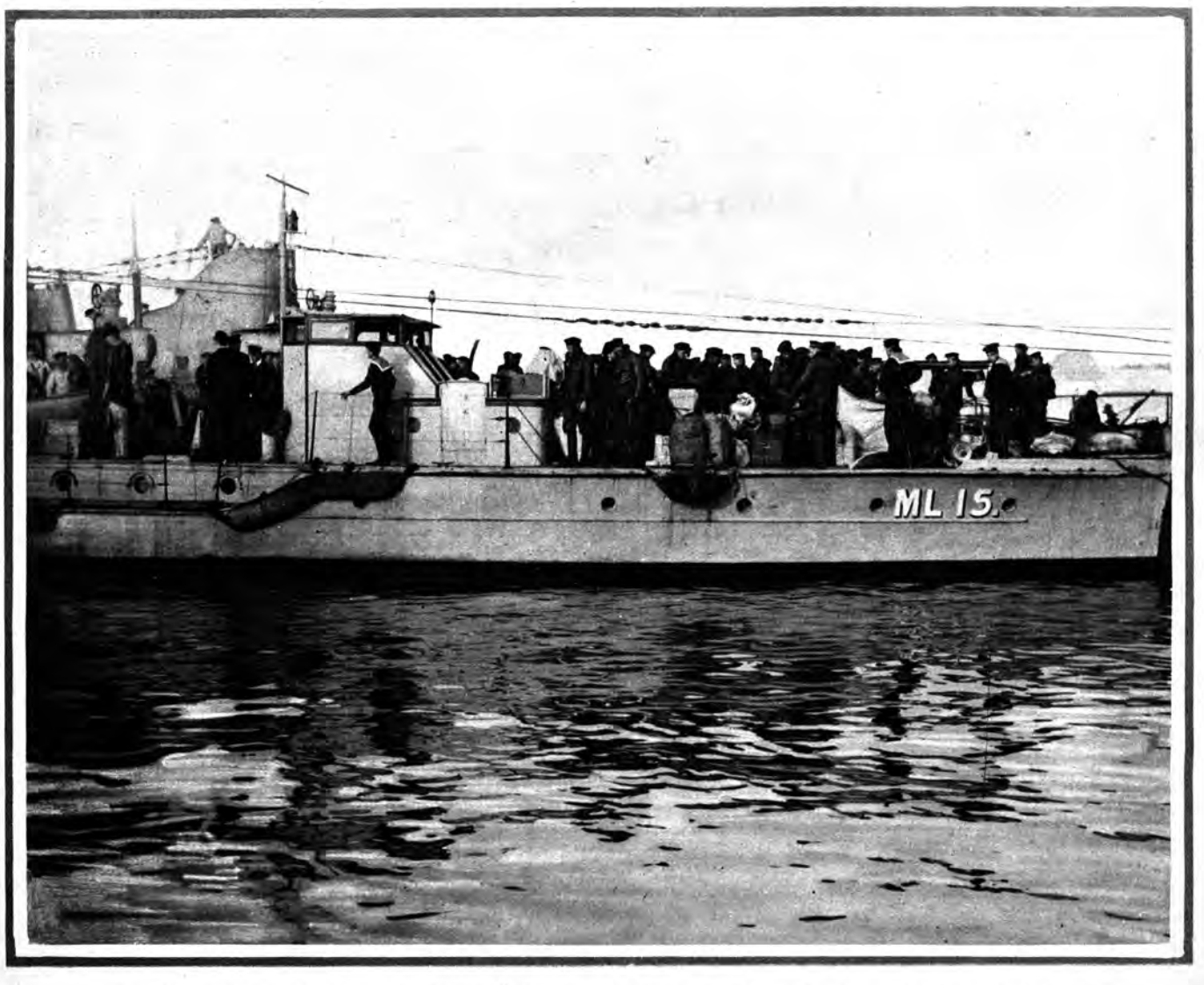


LINES OF U-BOATS.

Most of the German sailors and all the officers seem to have been quiet and depressed; those who laughed and showed signs of wishing to fraternise and enter into conversation with our men were few, probably members or upholders of the Soviets which are the cancer-centres of the German Navy. The men wore pea-jackets and sea-boots, and many had the cap-bands with the legend of their service — *Untersee Kreuzer Flottille* (Submarine Cruiser Flotilla). Their luggage, as they brought it on deck to embark for the return voyage to Germany in the transports, seemed to consist chiefly of paper parcels and cardboard boxes.

The surrender of U-boats continued upon the following day, when nineteen more were handed over, brought in, and their crews re-embarked—this time upon the German battle-ship *Helgoland*, which had escorted them across — and continues until the full number is delivered.

Well, there once was a naval Power called Germany; now there is none. So one sums up the events of those last weeks in November. The memory of them presents itself in unforgettable pictures of vast spaces of sea, of grey and silver mists, of dim and troubled lights in which the shapes of history moved like great ghosts. And through those pictures, like a colour-note dominating the half-tones, there persists the clear image of British Sea-Power once more supreme and undisputed, of the world's seas enfranchised for all free peoples.



TRANSPORTING CREWS OF SURRENDERED U-BOATS TO BRITISH MOTOR-LAUNCHES.

BOOKS BY THE AUTHOR OF "IN THE NORTHERN MISTS."

"It is the absolute duty of everyone who feels grateful to the Navy for all it has done for us in this war, to study these volumes."—*Evening Standard.*

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"Here are fifty-six *capital yarns*, about life in the Grand Fleet in war-time, by the Chaplain of one of the large vessels. The author has the seeing eye and understanding heart, and, writing in a pleasant and discursive style, is able to convey to his readers an excellent idea of the soul of the Navy and the spirit—brave, cheery, and patient—of its officers and men. . . . In all the sketches *the Padre succeeds in throwing interesting sidelights upon phases of life in the Fleet which are not to be found in more serious books.* The result is a volume which can be dipped into at any time with the assurance of providing a delightful half-hour."—*Times.*

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"Nobody can read the book, and very pleasant reading it is, dip where you choose, without getting from it good cheer and some modest share of the courage and sense of comradeship which it describes so well."—*Daily Telegraph.*

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"'The Curtain of Steel' is the fourth book which the author of 'In the Northern Mists' has given us during the war, and in essentials it is the most valuable of the quartette. For here we have real history, served, it is true, with some trimmings, but none the less a true record of the doings of our Grand Fleet since the day when the 'curtain' was lowered. 'Nothing,' our author says, 'nauseates a naval man so much as the attempt to represent him as a hero or to theatricalise him and his profession.' It behoves me, then, to choose my words with the utmost circumspection, and I beg him to forgive my audacity when I say that, if I were Book-Controller, a copy of 'The Curtain of Steel' would be in (and out of) the library of every school in the Empire. I find courage to make this statement because I see that he does not deny that a part of our 'disease of ignorance' concerning the Senior Service is due to the modesty of Naval men. If he will please go on correcting that ignorance, and in the same inspiring style, I wish an even greater access of power to his elbow."—*Punch.*

HODDER AND STOUGHTON, PUBLISHERS, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C. 4

INTERNMENT OF GERMAN HIGH SEA FLEET, Thursday, 21st November, 1918.

POSITIONS OF SHIPS at 10.0 a.m. en route for the Firth of Forth.

13th Flotilla.

20th, 11th and 12th Flotillas.

Champion — Valorous — Valhalla — Valentine — Anzac — Grenville

49 boats totalling **German Flotillas,**

14th and 15th Flotillas.

3rd and 21st Flotillas divided up.

NORTHERN LINE.

1st L.C.S. Inconstant
Galatea
Royalist
Caledon (Flag)

6th L.C.S. Caradoc
Calypso
Ceres
Cassandra

1st C.S. Glorious
Courageous (Flag)

5th B.S. Warspite
Valiant
Malaya
Barham (Flag)

6th B.S. Florida
Wyoming
Arkansas
Texas
New York (Flag)

2nd B.S. Agincourt
Conqueror
Monarch
Thunderer
Orion (Flag)
Erin
Centurion
Ajax
King George V. (Flag)

Fleet Flagship Queen Elizabeth
(Flag of C.-in-C.)

1st B.C.S. Renown
Repulse (Flag)
Tiger
Princess Royal
Lion (Flag)

4th L.C.S. Cordelia
Comus
Constance
Cambrian
Calliope (Flag)

Castor (Flag)

Brummer
Bremse
Frankfurt
Emden
Nürnberg
Cöln
Karlsruhe (Flag)

Phaeton

King Orry

Blanche — Boadicea

Markgraf
Kronprinz Wilhelm
Grosser Kürfurst
Bayern
Kaiser
Prinz Regent Luitpold
Kaiserin
König Albert
Friedrich der Grosse
(Flag of Senior Officer)

Fearless — Blonde

Von der Tann
Derfflinger
Hindenburg
Moltke
Seydlitz (Flag)

Cardiff (Flag)

SOUTHERN LINE.

3rd L.C.S. Birkenhead
Chester
Southampton
Chatham (Flag)

2nd L.C.S. Melbourne
Sydney
Yarmouth
Birmingham (Flag)

2nd C.S. Minotaur (Flag)

Flying Squadron Vindictive
Furious (Flag)

4th B.S. Bellerophon
Colossus (Flag)
St. Vincent
Neptune
Hercules (Flag)

1st B.S. Canada
Marlborough
Iron Duke
Benbow
Emperor of India (Flag)
Royal Oak
Royal Sovereign
Resolution
Revenge (Flag of Second-in-Command of Fleet)

2nd B.C.S. Inflexible
Indomitable
New Zealand
Australia (Flag)

7th L.C.S. Undaunted
Aurora
Penelope
Cleopatra (Flag)

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