

CHAPTER XLIII.

EARLY EAST COAST RAIDS.

COAST DEFENCE—REVOLUTION CAUSED BY THE SUBMARINE—THE PROBLEM FOR ENGLAND—POSSIBILITY OF RAIDS—RAID ON YARMOUTH—ATTACK ON THE HALCYON—A FUTILE BOMBARDMENT—GERMAN MINES—A GERMAN DESCRIPTION OF THE RAID—THE SECOND RAID—THREE CONTRASTING EAST COAST TOWNS—HARTLEPOOL AND ITS INDUSTRIES—THE CHARM OF SCARBOROUGH—WHITBY AND ITS ABBEY—THE FORTIFICATIONS OF HARTLEPOOL—DEFENCELESSNESS OF SCARBOROUGH AND WHITBY—ATTACK ON HARTLEPOOL—TERRITORIALS IN ACTION—ATTITUDE OF THE POPULATION—DAMAGE TO THE PORT—CHURCHES INJURED—SOME EXAMPLES OF COURAGE—SCENES IN THE HOSPITAL—POPULAR ANGER—REPORT OF HOSTILE AIRSHIP'S APPROACH—RESULTS OF THE BOMBARDMENT—ATTACK ON SCARBOROUGH—BOMBARDMENT OF THE CASTLE AND TOWN—SOME INDIVIDUAL CASES—TRAGEDY AND HUMOUR—THE INQUESTS—HOW SCARBOROUGH SUFFERED—RECRUITING AND THE RAID—THE ATTACK ON WHITBY—ABBAY STRUCK—SLIGHT CASUALTIES—LETTER FROM A RESIDENT—OFFICIAL REPORTS—POPULAR SYMPATHY—THE KING'S MESSAGE—MR. CHURCHILL'S LETTER—FOREIGN OPINION—GERMAN COMMENTS—GERMAN PRESS VIEWS—SOME BRITISH CRITICISMS—AN ANSWER TO CRITICS—THE PRIMARY OBJECT OF THE ROYAL NAVY—ESPIONAGE—A BITTER BUT SALUTARY EXPERIENCE—NATIONAL RESOLUTION.

IN the early days of the war it became evident to all careful observers that the problem of the defence of the British coast had been revolutionized by the coming of the submarine. As far back as 1908, when a fleet of submarines made a non-stop run of five hundred miles and traversed some thousands of miles during the North Sea manœuvres, there were not wanting naval authorities to point out that we were face to face with a change in sea warfare as far reaching as the adoption of steam and the introduction of the ironclad. Up to then submarines had been employed at short distances from their base, when their main value was to protect coasts and harbours. But when it became possible for them to travel and operate many hundreds and even some thousands of miles away from their base they took rank at once among the most powerful weapons of naval offensive war. The war of 1914 brought to a practical demonstration what had hitherto been only a matter of theory. It then became

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clear that no large fighting ships could remain for long at anchor or on guard in the North Sea without affording the enemy an opportunity of attempting their swift destruction by their small and unseen foe.

The fuller aspects of the development of the submarine in naval warfare are discussed elsewhere in this History. The matter needs only to be referred to here in so far as it affects the defence of the British coast. Formerly it was possible for the stronger fleet to lie outside an enemy's coast, blockade its ships, and wait for them to come out to battle. A fast cruiser might occasionally slip by the guard, but it would almost certainly find the way closed against its return. But in 1914 the containing blockade could no longer be attempted. Had the British Fleet stationed itself in the North Sea waiting for the German ships to emerge into the open, it would have invited its own destruction from German submarines. The North Sea was watched by large numbers of small patrol ships of every kind, whose business

was to report any developments of German naval activity.

This changed condition of things obviously gave the fastest German ships much greater opportunity of attempting raids. There are 600 miles of sea-shore on the British East Coast, and it is difficult to place all along this coast adequate fleets sufficient to defend every point against strong attack. The land defences of the British East Coast had, up to the time of the outbreak of the war, been treated as a matter of secondary importance. One dominating principle in our policy was that our coast must rely for protection primarily and mainly not upon fortifications but upon the ships of the Navy. Certain points of special importance—harbours, river mouths and naval and military depôts—were guarded by forts, but in some cases these forts were little more than show places, unfitted for serious conflicts with modern armoured ships. Here and there a military station was to be found, such as Portsmouth, Dover or Sheerness, where adequate defence plans had been carried out, and where the land guns had kept pace with the growth of naval armament. The great majority of our East Coast towns had no land fortifications whatever. We relied on the declaration of The Hague Convention that unfortified towns shall not be subjected to bombardment, and it was accepted as an axiom in many circles that the town certain to receive the least damage was the town which had no defences at all.

Thus England found herself in the late summer and autumn of 1914 in a position involving some obvious risks. The dangers of a German invasion in force were comparatively small, for any attempt to land a force larger than a small raiding party at any point upon the coast would have given the British Navy time to come up and capture or destroy the entire flotilla. But the Germans could attempt to send their swiftest cruisers across the North Sea in the foggy days and long nights of the autumn and winter, to bombard our coast towns at dawn, and to escape in the sea fogs before a British Fleet could close in on them. The distance from Heligoland to such points on the coast as Scarborough and Yarmouth is about 280–340 miles. Scarborough is 385 miles from Wilhelmshaven. The fast German cruisers have a speed of from 25 to 28 knots an hour. They could set out at six in the evening, arrive off our coast at seven in the morning, open fire

as soon as dawn showed them their target, and retire at full speed at the first sign of danger. Such a plan had its very real perils, perils from mines and perils from the possibility of an overwhelming British Fleet being in the neighbourhood. Its very dangers gave it an attraction to the venturesome officers of the new German Navy, anxious to prove the value of their ships and the mettle of their men. It implied and demanded the existence of an intelligence service in England which should keep the Germans informed of the movements of the British Fleet. Events proved that this intelligence department existed.

Many British experts considered that such a venture would be hopeless. Wireless telegraphy would enable the arrival of such ships to be signalled immediately to the British Fleets nearest to hand, and they could not then hope to escape them. These experts were over-confident. The venture was twice tried in the closing weeks of 1914, at Yarmouth on November 3 and at Scarborough, Whitby and the Hartlepoons on December 16. In each case a very strong fleet of the fastest German battle cruisers and armoured cruisers was sent out. In each case the German plan was two-fold—first, to ravage our coasts and to irritate the British Fleet into pursuing it, and next to sow the seas with mines so that the attacking British Fleet would be caught on them and suffer serious loss.

THE RAID ON YARMOUTH.

On the afternoon of November 2 eight ships assembled at a point off the German coast. According to unofficial German accounts there were three battle cruisers, the Seydlitz, the Moltke and the Von der Tann, the armoured cruisers Blücher and Yorck, and the protected cruisers the Kolberg, the Graudenz, and the Strassburg. With one exception these were the pick of the cruisers of the German Navy, the one exception being the armoured cruiser Yorck, a comparatively slow boat, which was apparently used as the rearguard of the fleet, and which in the retreat was sunk by striking on a German mine. Two of the vessels, the Moltke and the Graudenz, had a speed of 28 knots, and the slowest—apart from the Yorck—made her 25 knots an hour. The Seydlitz and the Moltke carried each of them 10 11-in. guns and the Von der Tann 8 11-in. guns. The Blücher carried 12 8-in. guns, and the armoured cruisers were powerful fighting vessels.



THE NORTH SEA,
Showing distances from Heligoland, and sea depths near coasts.

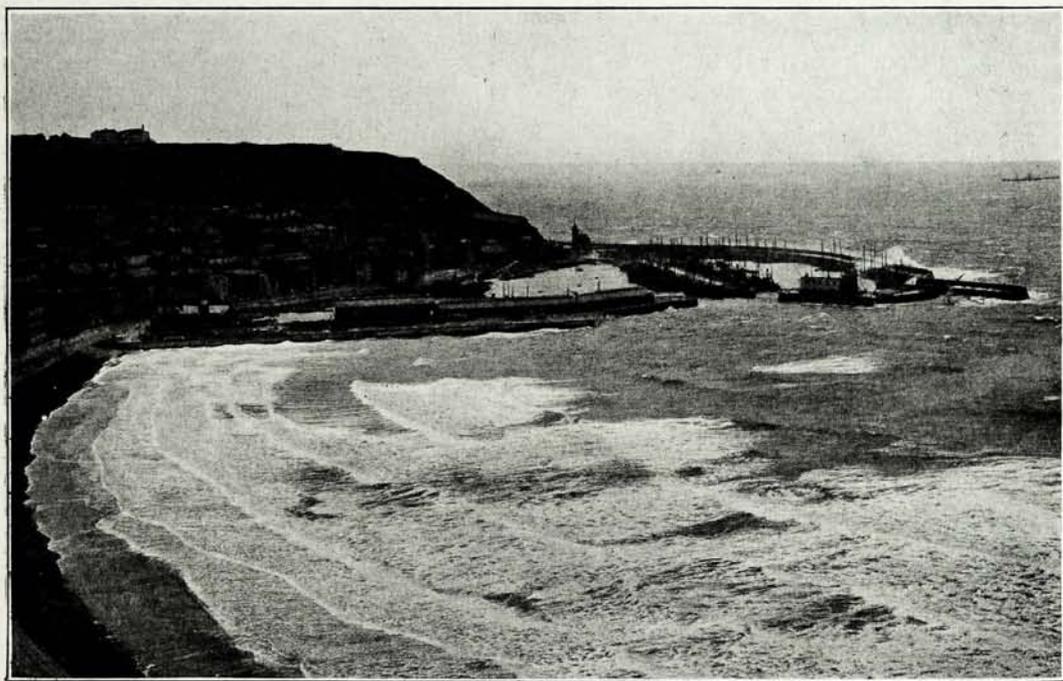
The ships prepared for action. Kitbags and hammocks were stowed away, to avoid danger from fire, and at six o'clock in the evening they started at full speed for the English coast, lights out, flying no flags, with the crews at their places ready for action. Soon after dawn next morning they passed through a fleet of British fishing boats, about eight miles north-east of Lowestoft. The fishermen at first thought they were British and waved and shouted greetings to them. Some of the sailors in the nearest warship shook their fists in reply. A second glance showed the fishermen that these were no British ships, and abandoning their nets they set off in hasty flight across the water. A few minutes later the German ships sighted the *Halcyon*, an ancient British gunboat used in coast patrol. They at once opened fire on her, damaged her wireless apparatus with one of the first shots, and struck her bridge and funnel. She attempted to reply but she was hopelessly outranged, and there was obviously nothing for her to do but to escape as quickly as possible. A member of the crew of the *Halcyon* gave that same evening an account of their experiences:—

We were about 10 miles out when we saw German vessels making towards us. We challenged them, thinking they were our own vessels, as the last things we expected to see were German ships 10 miles off the English coast. The only reply we got was a shot, and in a moment shells were raining around us. The skipper

was below, but he ran up to the bridge, and then the fun began. He called out to us, "Keep cool, and remember what flag you are flying." We raised a cheer, and we went to our stations. The ship was put on a course at top speed; the navigation was a wonder. We did not bolt for it. The Germans were firing at us as rapidly as possible. One shot wrecked the wheel-house, seriously injuring the helmsman. Another one went through our aft funnel, and several glanced off the water on to our sides. We were hit about eight times altogether, and, considering that we were covered with spray and going at a good rate, the German gunnery was really good. Our wireless was carried away by their second shot. Just before they cleared off one of our destroyers came up and put up a screen of smoke for us from her funnels.

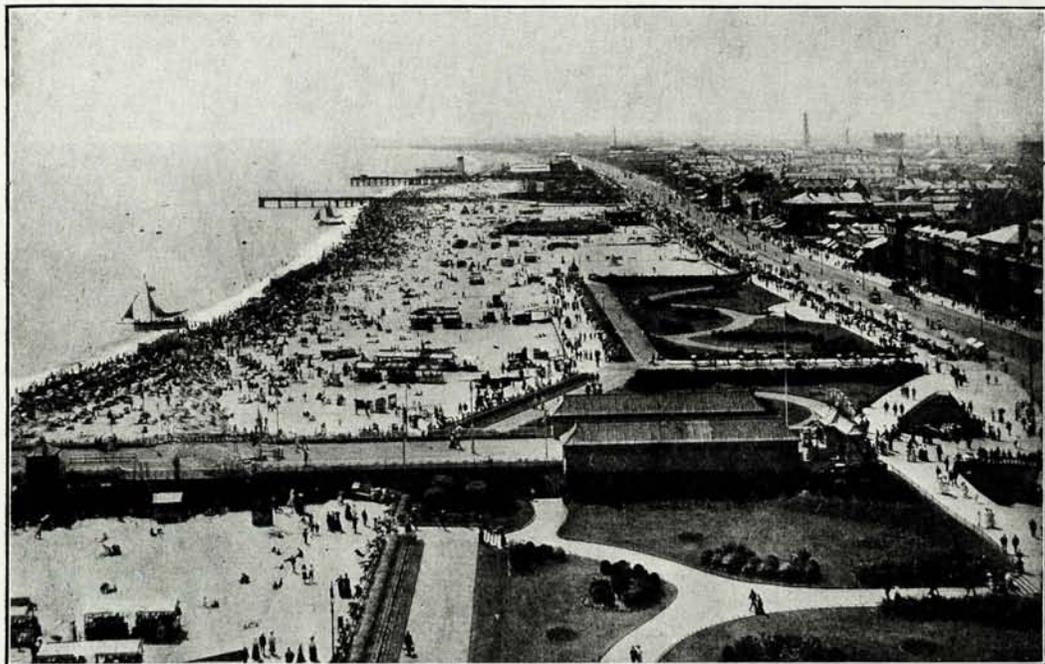
The German ships then opened fire on Yarmouth, evidently directing their fire on the wireless station, the naval air station, and the town generally. They kept up a very heavy but wholly ineffective bombardment for about twenty minutes. Their shells fell short, many of them dropping into the water between one and two miles out and others merely ploughing the sands. According to German writers, the commander of the fleet had information that an English mine-field had been laid in the waters ahead and he would not go into it.

The people of Yarmouth and Lowestoft were awakened in the early hours of the morning by the heavy thud of the gun fire and by the shaking of their windows from the concussion of the shell explosions. They hurried down to the sea front to learn what had happened.



SCARBOROUGH: THE HARBOUR.

[*"Times"* Photograph.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF GREAT YARMOUTH SEA FRONT.

and there amid the haze they could see cascades of water rising up in the sea where the shells were falling. Flash after flash was visible on the horizon. Even with the aid of powerful glasses it was only possible to distinguish one of the ships. She was steaming close to the Cross Sands lightship, 10 miles off the coast, and well outside the Yarmouth Roads. The nearest shell went within a few hundred yards of the naval air station. The main firing lasted about a quarter of an hour, and the ships then quickly made eastwards again. As they retired they dropped a large number of floating mines.

Two destroyers and two submarines set out in pursuit. One of the submarines, D5, struck a mine a few miles from the coast and sank in about two minutes, losing all of her crew except two. Two fishing boats were also caught that day on the mines and sunk, fifteen men being drowned. The German ship Yorck struck a mine on the journey back and went down with a loss of 300 lives.

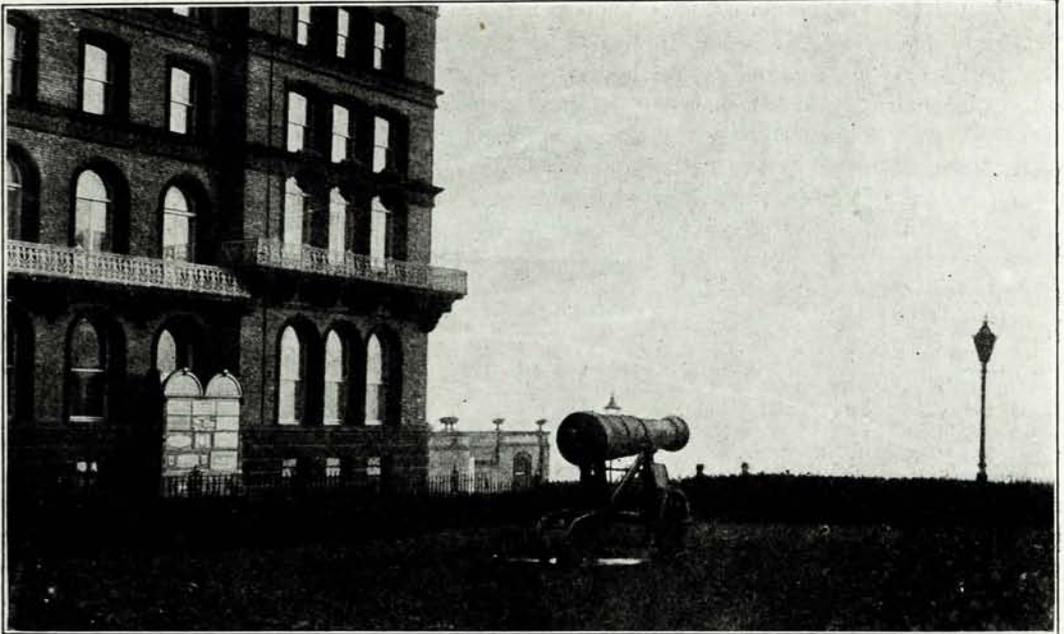
An interesting description of the raid written by a German sailor at Wilhelmshaven to his brother at Basel, appeared afterwards in the Vienna newspaper *Die Zeit* :—

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon of November 2 the order was given to stow away kitbags and hammocks, this being done in order that they cannot be set on fire when the ship is struck by a shell. After this had been done the

commander addressed the crew as follows : "At 6 o'clock this evening we shall start at top speed for England, and arrive there at 7 o'clock to-morrow morning, to bombard the English coast and to endeavour to entice the English fleet out of port. You know what you have to do. I will only impress upon you that all bulkheads are to be shut tight and well. Long live his Majesty the Emperor !"

At 6 o'clock we put to sea. All night we stood at our guns, without any idea of sleep, but we saw nothing of the Englishman. At dawn we were still about 30 nautical miles from the English coast. We saw only a crowd of Dutch and English fishing boats. They were fishing, and we tore through their nets. They must have been not a little surprised to see us steam by. At 8 a.m. on November 3 we came in sight of the lighthouse on the English coast, and soon the command rang out, "Clear for action! Load! Distance 10 kilometres." An English coast cruiser and some enemy destroyers came in sight. "Port side fire! Ten kilometres! Fire!" Our heavy and middle artillery thundered at the enemy. Soon came the command, "Starboard fire! Distance 104 hectometres! At the enemy cruiser! Fire!" Once more indescribable noise. The Englishman ran fast. Unfortunately we could not pursue him because of the danger of mines. Nor could we, on account of the enemy's mines, go closer to land. Soon there was no English ship still in sight.

Simultaneously with the bombardment of the English cruiser, which was injured and had some dead and wounded, our heavy artillery (11 in. shells weighing 640 lb.) bombarded the English coast—to be precise the town of Lowestone (sic), near Yarmouth. Unfortunately the distance (15 kilometres) was too great for us to do considerable damage. Some shells fell on the shore, window panes were broken, and so on. If only we had been five kilometres nearer to the coast Yarmouth would have been in flames. The main object of our enterprise had, however, been gained. In the first place our small cruisers, which were packed full with mines, had strewn the local waters with German mines. When the English submarine D 5 tried to attack us it struck a mine and blew up. In the second place we had shown the Englishman,



SCARBOROUGH: THE FORTIFICATIONS.

["Times" Photograph.]

who is always boasting of his command of the sea, that he cannot even protect his own coast, and that the German Navy is not, like him, afraid to attack. In the third place we have given the inhabitants of England, and especially the people of Yarmouth, a thorough fright. How elegantly (for the English are sportsmen) must they have sprung out of their warm beds when the German guns thundered in front of their town! The moral effect is also worth much. The noise which the heavy guns make can hardly be described. It is simply gigantic.

To some extent the German raid was a fiasco. Yarmouth and Lowestoft were undamaged. Against the loss of a British submarine there stood the loss of the German armoured cruiser, the *Yorck*, a 1905 ship of 9,350 tons. But the German vessels had demonstrated the possibility of crossing the North Sea undetected, and of returning before our fleet could catch them. And though they had failed in their effort to bombard the coast, the action was well calculated to encourage the German Navy and the German people. The attempted raid created less concern than might have been anticipated in England. Some surprise was expressed that the ships were not caught by our fleet on their return. The attempt had failed. It would lead to a strengthening of our coast defences, and no great harm had been done. The Germans had not dared to remain more than a few minutes and they had not ventured sufficiently near the shore to do real damage. The prevailing feeling was that it would be a mistake

to attach too much significance to the raid or to say too much about it.

THE SECOND RAID.

The second German attempt to raid the British coast was on December 16, and three towns were selected for attack—Hartlepool, Scarborough and Whitby. The second raid was possibly provoked by the destruction of the German Pacific Squadron in the South Atlantic by Sir Doveton Sturdee's Fleet. The British success had been followed by a great outcry in the German Press for revenge. Count Reventlow, the German naval writer, had in particular urged extreme action. "We must see clearly," he declared, "that in order to fight with success we must fight ruthlessly—in the proper meaning of the word." Germany was now to give us an example of her ruthlessness.

It would be hard to find a greater contrast along the English coast than the three places chosen. Hartlepool—or to be more exact, the Hartlepoons, for Hartlepool and West Hartlepool are separate boroughs—is an important shipbuilding, shipping and industrial centre, of over one hundred thousand people, situated on a south-eastward sweep of the coast. Hartlepool, the parent town, with a population of 25,000, has been largely overshadowed by the growth of its offshoot West

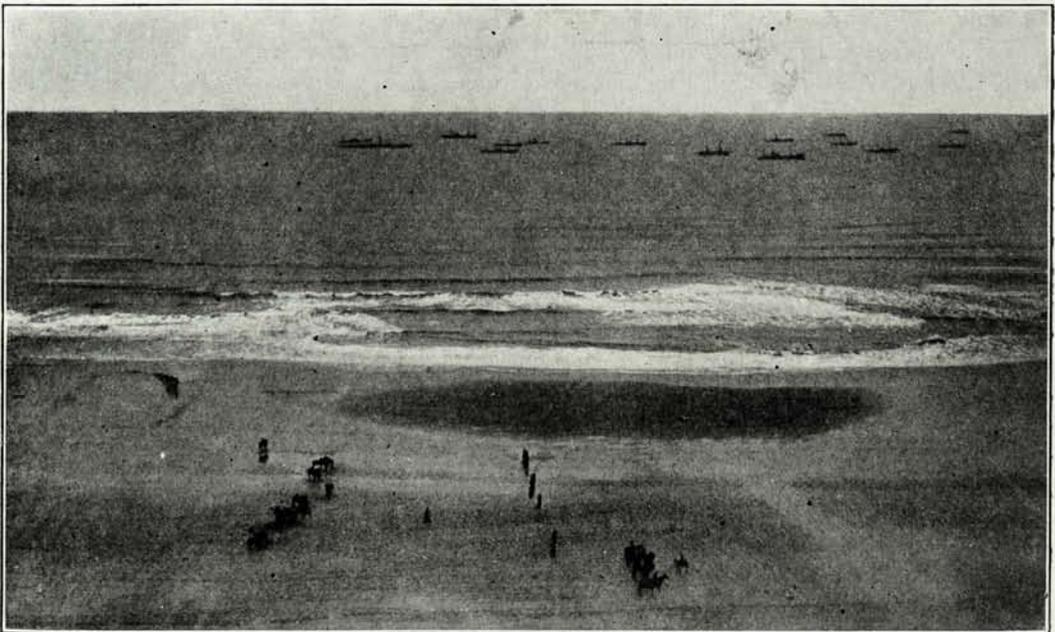
Hartlepool, whose population is about 75,000. The two towns, which are separated by the docks and a bay, are considered officially one port. Their industries include such important firms as Messrs. William Gray & Co., Messrs. Irvine, Messrs. Furness, Withy & Co., among the shipbuilders; Messrs. Richardson, Westgarth & Co. and Messrs. J. J. Harvey & Sons among engineering firms; and various saw-milling, zinc-making and iron and steel works. The Hartlepool Pulp and Paper Works are among the largest in the country. The port itself has a water area of about 200 acres and includes six docks, one basin, two tidal harbours and four timber ponds.

Hartlepool was at the time of the raid at the height of a period of industrial prosperity. Every shipyard was full with orders, and many of them were booked up for eighteen months and two years ahead. Labour was so scarce that more than one firm took the unusual course of publishing day by day large display advertisements to urge skilled men to come to it. Hartlepool, with its shipyards ringing with the sound of the hammers of the riveting squads, with its docks full, with every possible man employed, with its skies lit up at night time by the deep red glare of the blast furnaces, spoke in every street of prosperous industry.

Scarborough presented another picture. Here was a famous seaside resort—the Brighton of

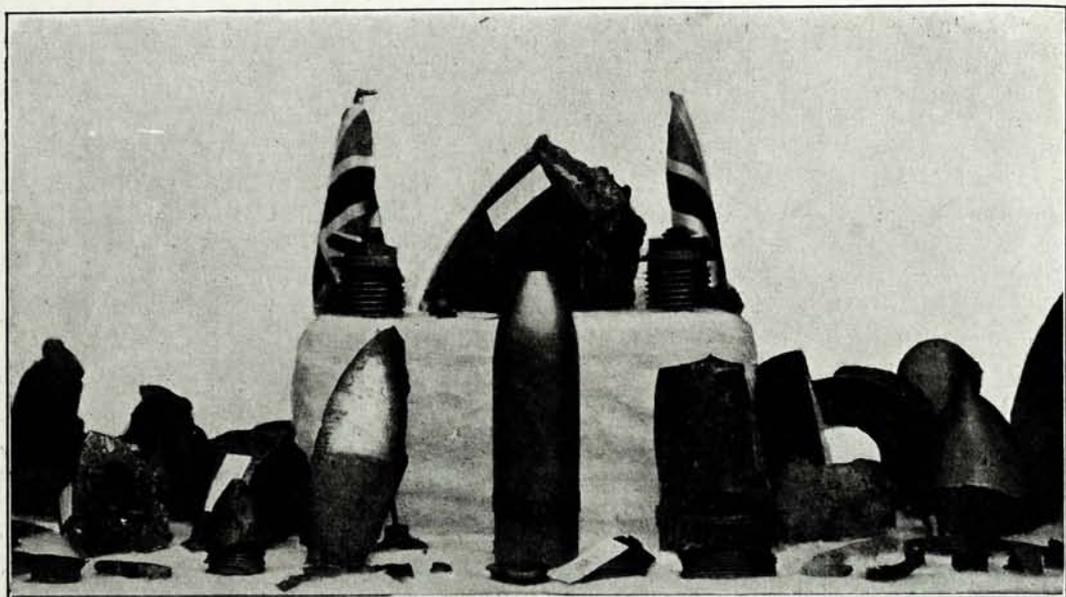
the North, as its admirers love to call it—sunny, clean and beautiful, with the hills of fine gardens stretching up behind the town, with a well-kept park coming through a picturesque valley in the centre of the town down to the sea front, with sea cliffs turned into entrancing walks, with a hundred attractions for the temporary visitor or the resident. Scarborough had developed in recent years as the permanent home of many wealthy and retired people, drawn there by its manifold charms. It boasted of its enterprise, its attractions and its amenities of life. Its municipal administrators managed it with all the skill of a great business, advertising its attractions throughout the country, and its catch-names, "Scarborough the Beautiful," "Scarborough the Queen of the North," were familiar to every one. The war, which had brought the Hartlepoons increased prosperity, had hit Scarborough somewhat hardly, preventing its summer season and driving out visitors. The hotel proprietors and boarding-house keepers were looking to the Christmas holidays to recoup them. Now their Christmas season was to be killed.

Scarborough's near neighbour, Whitby, was a seaside town of another type. If Scarborough boasted of its modernity, Whitby prided itself on its selectness. A quaint old fishing port and shipping centre, with steep, narrow streets on either side of the mouth of the river Esk,



MINE SWEEPERS OFF SCARBOROUGH, AND CAVALRY ON THE SANDS.

[*"Times"* Photograph.]



HARTLEPOOL: ["Times" Photograph.]
FRAGMENTS OF SHELLS PICKED UP IN STREETS AND BUILDINGS.

running sharply up to the East Cliff and the West Cliff, the favourite home of sea captains and pilots and men who love the northern breezes, it was dubbed, by its more modern rivals, old-fashioned and slow. Whitby had succeeded in retaining its ancient character, as few seaside resorts have done. It did not lay itself out for the "tripper" or the chance visitor, but it had a warm place in the affection of thousands who appreciated the fact that it was surrounded by some of the most beautiful country in England and some of the most attractive coast scenery to be found in these islands. Whitby was specially proud of its Abbey, one of the most perfect specimens of Gothic art in the world, now in ruins, but conveying even in its ruin a sense of grandeur, stateliness and dignity hard to exaggerate. To the people of Whitby the Abbey is something sacred. Its great outlines on the cliff top, ever visible, were the symbol of their town.

The only one of these places that could be considered fortified was Hartlepool. There was a small fort on the front, whose armaments at the time of the raid were inadequate against the armoured sides of the German ships that were soon to attack them. Scarborough had no fortifications whatever. Scarborough Castle, atop of a promontory jutting out from the sea, in the centre of the town, has in its time played its part in the history of England, in the Wars of the Roses,

in Wyatt's rebellion, and in the Civil War. It was besieged six times between 1312 and 1648, and was demolished by Cromwell's men. In recent years the ruins of the Castle, three hundred feet above the sea level, have been mainly a show place and have also been used as a look-out post. They were not fortified in any way.

Scarborough was, up to a few years ago, a depôt of the Royal Artillery, and then it had a battery of guns above the Marine Drive at the castle foot. This battery was removed when, under the Haldane scheme of army reform, Scarborough was changed from an artillery to a cavalry depôt. At the time of the raid, and for some time before, there was not a single gun in the place save an ornamental Russian 64 pounder, a relic of the Crimean War, a smooth bore, with its touch hole spiked and a tampion that had not been removed from its muzzle in our time, standing on a fancy carriage and placed alongside of an anchor by the municipal authorities as a decoration on the green lawn of a square in the centre of the town. Were this to excuse bombardment, the presence of a sixteenth century fowling piece in a civic museum would surely also be adequate reason. There was a wireless station to the rear of the town, but the authorities had not considered it necessary to provide any defence for it. There was a barracks where some of Kitchener's Army were in training,

and in addition a few hundred Yeomanry were stationed in the place. No attempt whatever had been made to fortify Scarborough. No gun was fired upon the German ships when they drew in close to the shore on the day of the raid, because there was no gun to fire. The statement which appeared in the German Press after the raid, that it was defended by a redoubt containing six 15 cm. guns, was absolutely without foundation. It may be placed alongside of another statement, issued by the German Naval Press Bureau, that it had learned from a trustworthy neutral source that the Scarborough gunners had not replied, because the defenders ran away from their guns when the German ships opened their well-aimed fire!

Whitby, like Scarborough, had no fortifications and no guns. There was not even the excuse of a regimental dépôt for the bombardment of this place. The total of soldiers in the Whitby district—a district several miles across—was at the time of the raid 26 men.

The Germans chose the time of their second raid carefully. A heavy mist hung over the North Sea, not a dense fog, but the condition known on the Yorkshire coast as "frosthagh." There was a moderate sea running, the result of a recent storm, but the air was calm. The

German fleet chosen for the second raid consisted of three battle cruisers and two armoured cruisers, two smaller vessels mainly used for mine-laying, and possibly other minor craft. One battle cruiser and one armoured cruiser, accompanied by the two smaller vessels, bombarded Scarborough and Whitby and laid mines in the waters there. Two battle cruisers and one armoured cruiser attacked Hartlepool.

Owing to the haze over the waters as the ships approached it was impossible for observers to distinguish their names. The ships which attacked the Hartlepoons might well have been the *Derfflinger*, the *Von der Tann* and the *Blücher*. It is more difficult to indicate what were the ships which attacked Scarborough and Whitby. They carried lighter armaments. The great number of the shells fired were 5·9 in. or 4 in. It is possible that one of them was the battle cruiser *Seydlitz*, and the other the protected cruiser *Graudenz*. If this were so, it is difficult to understand, however, why the heavy batteries of the *Seydlitz* were not more extensively used.

THE ATTACK ON HARTLEPOOL.

At eight o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, December 16, the people of Hartlepool were



[*Times*] Photograph.

WEST HARTLEPOOL: Nos. 20 and 21, CLEVELAND ROAD.



HARTLEPOOL: VICTORIA PLACE.
Practically the whole of this street was wrecked.

[*"Times"* Photograph.]

startled by the sounds of heavy distant firing. At first nothing was visible but flashes of flame far out at sea, but after a time the coastguards could faintly make out through the morning mist the dim outlines of three ships. The watchers on shore believed at first that the ships were part of a British fleet, firing on some approaching Germans, and they tried to exchange signals with them, but could obtain no reply. A number of men and women flocked down to the edge of the Town Moor to witness the spectacle. Proper defence precautions were not neglected. Word was passed to two patrol boats in the harbour and they made ready. A small force of garrison artillery—Territorials, with a few old regulars among them—stood by their guns at the fort. The local force of Durham Light Infantry took up positions at various points ready to resist any attempt at landing.

The three ships gradually drew nearer, until they were a little over two miles from the shore. It has since been said that they approached flying the White Ensign, and that they were firing out to sea to deceive the local garrison. Neither of these charges can be sustained. The morning was too misty to distinguish their flag, but responsible observers declare there was no reason to believe it was the White Ensign.

The German ships came suddenly out of the fog on the British flotilla and immediately started firing. They concentrated their fire on H.M.S. Doon, a destroyer of the "E" class, and H.M.S. Hardy, a more modern boat of the "K" class. Two men were killed, seven wounded, and three slightly wounded on the Doon, and two were killed, one died of wounds, fourteen wounded and one slightly injured on the Hardy. It was obviously impossible for the destroyers to stay and fight the great cruisers. They were, as one sailor picturesquely put it, like little rowing boats alongside of men of war, and all they could do was to attempt to escape, which they did. There is little credit to the German crews that they did not sink them. Evidently they believed they had done so, for in their official report they stated that one destroyer was sunk and the others disappeared in a badly damaged condition.

Suddenly the foremost German ship swung round and fired three shots right at the battery. They were well aimed. One fell to the right of the battery and killed several men, and a second, aimed a little high, struck the upper floors of a house near by. Two maiden ladies lived there. One of them was in the passage making for her sister's bedroom, possibly

disturbed by the noise outside. The shot struck one sister, inflicting terrible wounds in the chest and killing her instantly. When neighbours went, after the bombardment, to search for the second sister, they could not at first find her. Careful exploration of the wrecked house showed later that she had been literally blown to bits.

Even as the first shells came tearing through the air the Territorials in the battery opened fire in return. It must be a cause of regret to most Englishmen that in this first battle of modern times between a British battery on British soil and an enemy's fleet at sea, the British soldiers were hopelessly handicapped by inadequate guns.

The men were splendid. Their commander, Colonel Robson, was an old volunteer officer and a local business man. The gun squads were young Territorials, of the Durham Royal Garrison Artillery, called suddenly and unexpectedly for the first time into action. As the first shell fell close to them, almost blinding and deafening them with its roar and fumes, they seemed for a second overcome. A brusque phrase shouted through a megaphone by their Colonel met with a response which showed that they had not lost heart or courage. Veteran regulars near by say that they worked throughout with absolute steadiness and precision. "Nearly all my detachment were Territorials," wrote one old soldier who was in charge of one of the guns. "I had my eye upon them during the action and must say they worked like heroes." The men knew that it was useless to hit the armoured belts of the enemy ships, so they aimed at the upper decks. Onlookers, who watched the whole battle from Redcar, tell how the bridge of one of the German ships was carried right off by one of our shots. The infantrymen occupying positions around never wavered. The 18th Service Battery of the Durham Light Infantry, a "Pals" Company of lads with three months' training, stood their ground under heavy fire at every point. A shell burst at the lighthouse battery, killing two gunners and two infantrymen and wounding seven others. Two infantry sergeants went out of cover, exposed to the full German fire, and rescued a fisherman who had his leg broken in getting out of his boat. When the bombardment ceased the troops led in the highly dangerous work of making their way into the wrecked and falling houses and rescuing the wounded.

The three German ships, skilfully handled, moved rapidly to avoid submarine attack, and kept up an unceasing bombardment on the port with 12 in., 11 in., 8 in., and 6 in. guns. Competent military observers estimate that within fifty minutes about 1,500 shells were fired. A large number of these were directed into the waters of the bay, probably to cripple any approaching submarine. Most of the remainder were fired over the fort into the docks, the gas and the water works. The two leading ships, after bombarding the batteries, passed north, and from a new position fired indiscriminately over West Hartlepool. Some shots fell far out into the country. Others buried themselves in the sand. The marksmanship was not so good as might have been expected. The third ship remained off the main battery and poured in broadside after broadside of 11 in. and 6 in. high explosive shell. The battery should have been quickly wiped out; but even the lighthouse in the centre of it was not demolished. The gunners stuck to their guns till the close of the action, and then fired a parting salvo at the departing ships. Many shells fell in the quiet business



[*"Times"* Photograph.]

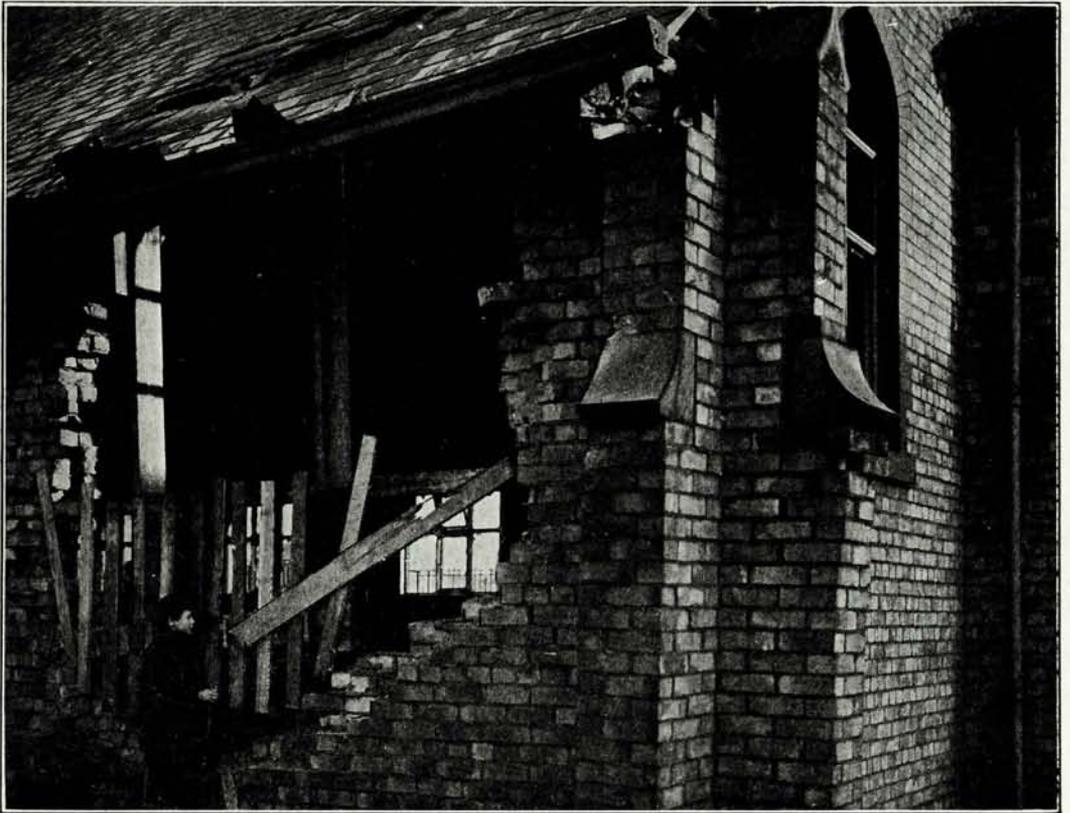
VICTORIA PLACE, HARTLEPOOL,
Where a Salvation Army Officer was killed.

and residential streets of West Hartlepool on the one side, and in the crowded poor streets of old Hartlepool on the other. These shots covered so wide an area that they cannot be explained by bad marksmanship. The German ships undoubtedly deliberately bombarded the residential part of the two towns, apart from the fort, the docks and the public works.

Some local authorities have considered it necessary to attempt to prove that the population were entirely calm under the rain of gun fire. Were this true, the people in Hartlepool would be either the most callous or the most steel-nerved the world has ever known. The attack came unexpectedly. There were no public instructions about what an individual should do in case of a raid. The first intimation most people had that anything was wrong was the tremendous noise of the firing of the heavy guns, the tearing approach of the shells, the crash and the roar as they burst and scattered. Fragments of shell came hurtling in all directions, varying from monster noses and thick steel bases, weighing from twenty to forty pounds, to jagged, terrible particles weighing only a fraction of an ounce. Windows

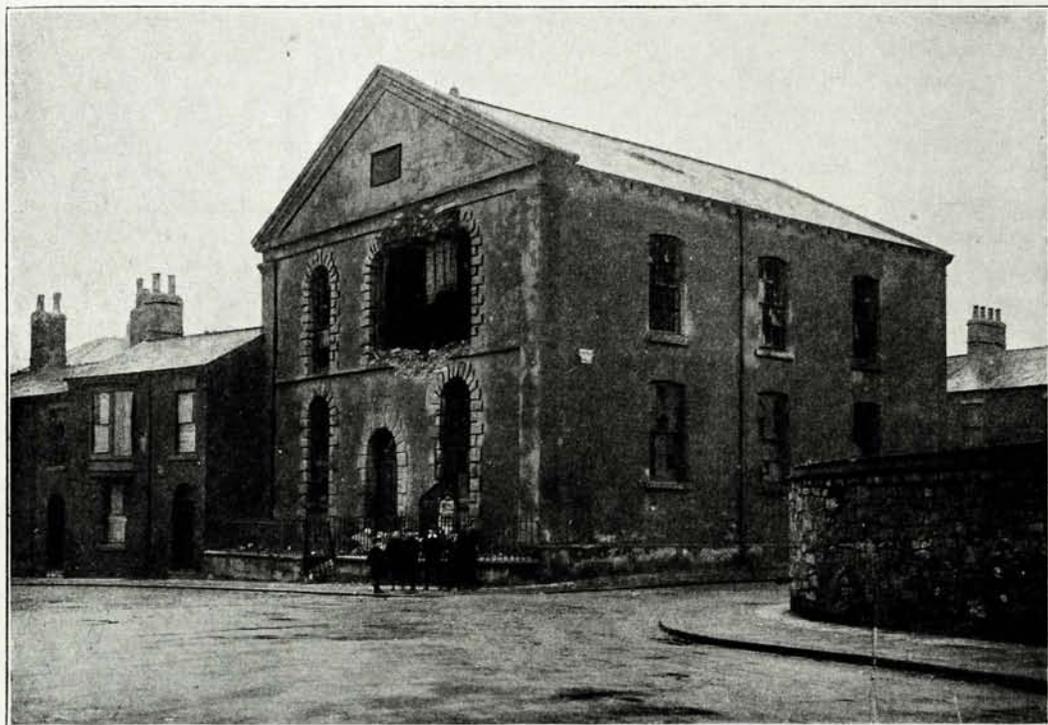
broke with the concussion. Houses shook until it seemed as though they would fall.

The closely-set streets of old Hartlepool, densely populated, suffered most of all. One street was wrecked; others were badly damaged. The people did not know what to do, whether to remain indoors or to rush out. Many ran to the railway station, and here a dense crowd assembled, women in all stages of undress, some barefooted, some in their night clothes, some with shawl or waterproof hastily thrown over them. Some brought their babies along in perambulators or carried them. The people were rushing into danger in coming to this spot, and the few policemen and officials present who knew it, quietly tried to move them on, and directed them to a road leading out to the country. A shell caught the top of the Carnegie Library near by, and sent great stone corner-pieces and ornaments down among the crowd. Some of those who started out were caught by the shell fire as they stepped on to the pavements. Others were struck down as they ran along the street. One sad case was that of the wife of a soldier, who sought to make her escape with her six children. A shell burst



WEST HARTLEPOOL: ST. BARNABAS CHURCH.

["Times" Photograph.]



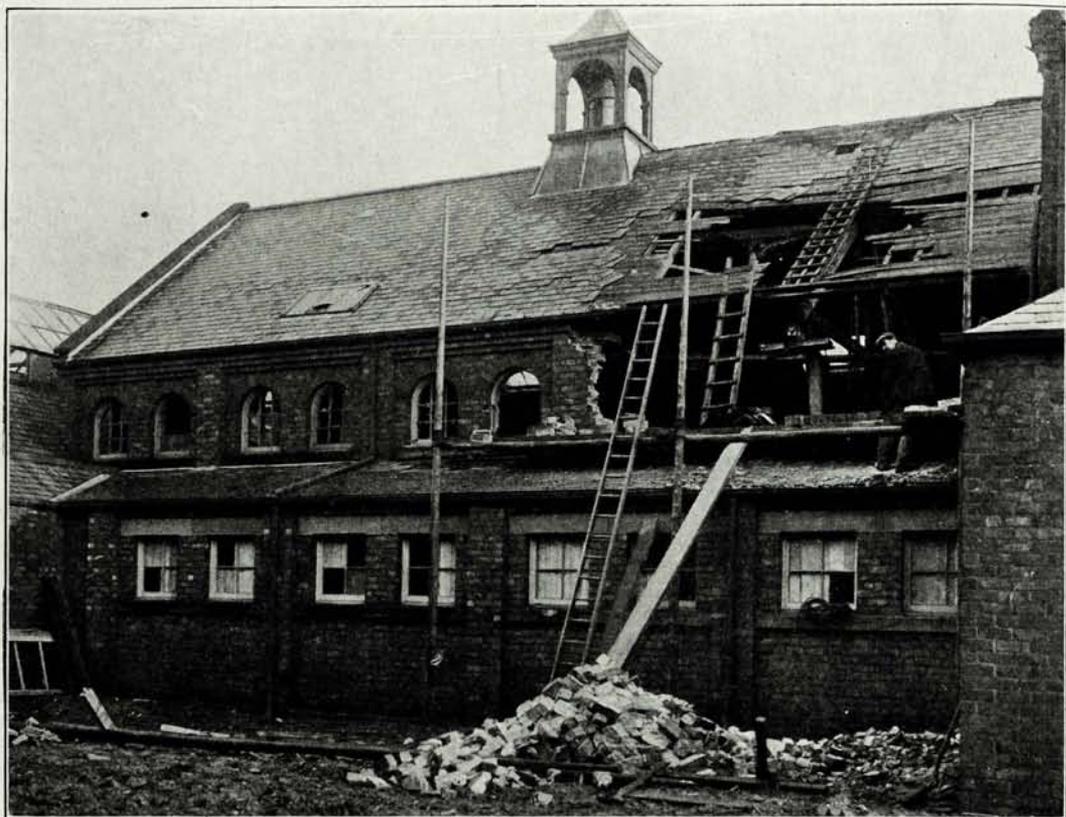
HARTLEPOOL: THE BAPTIST CHAPEL.

["Times" Photograph.]

near by, three of the children were killed, a boy of seven, a girl of eight, and a boy of fourteen, two of the other children were injured, and the mother was maimed. She was carried to hospital, where she lay for weeks before she was told of her children's death. A girl, nineteen years old, rushed into the street when the bombardment commenced. She was missed, and her body was found later in the mortuary by her stepfather. One arm and part of her head had been blown off. A poor woman had her body riddled while she was gathering sea coal. A lad of sixteen was killed while he was setting out to bring his mother, sister, and brother to safety. A young woman, twenty-five years old, was blown to pieces by a shell just as the family were sitting down to breakfast. Adjutant William Avery, of the Salvation Army, formerly a Cornish fisherman, was living in one of the most exposed streets. He had already brought his family downstairs and was coming down himself when a shell caught him and killed him instantly. A mission woman living in a house two or three doors off was killed by the same shell.

Perhaps the most tragic part was the deaths of the young children. Two brothers, six and eight years old, were going to school when two fragments of shell struck them; one was

killed outright, the other died later. A little girl of three was killed. The wife of a gunner in the Royal Artillery was taking a perambulator downstairs to convey her children to a place of safety when there came a tremendous explosion and she was plunged into darkness and almost suffocated. When she got free she found that her boy, five years old, was badly injured in the leg; he died later in hospital. Two little girls, four and six years old, the daughters of a naval stoker, were killed by a shell which struck the house where they stayed with their grandfather. The old man said: "I heard the rattling of the guns. I went to the door and saw a lot of people. I turned back to the house and was going to have a cup of tea when, all at once, smash went the corner of the house, and I was thrown to the other side of the room. After recovering myself I went to the door and saw my two poor little grandchildren lying dead among a lot of bricks." As against these deaths of children, place the case of an old lady of eighty-six, who was killed outright in her own home, a piece of shell weighing three pounds being afterwards found in her shoulder. There were some curious escapes. One mother was killed while carrying her child and the child escaped unhurt. In another case a young woman was hurrying along with her little



HARTLEPOOL : THE WORKHOUSE DINING HALL. ["Times" Photograph.]

brother. The brother was killed, while she was uninjured.

Churches seemed to suffer especially. The old church of St. Hilda, dating back to the late thirteenth century, one of the finest churches in the north, was struck by a shell which fell on the roof, broke it without exploding, and then burst close to the rectory across the way, doing great damage. The stone framework of the figure of the Madonna on St. Mary's Catholic Church was damaged, but the figure itself was unharmed. A shell passed right through the Baptist Church, smashing it front and rear, and it then penetrated into the bedroom of a young lady in a house behind, but did not injure her. The Scandinavian Church was badly splintered, broken and damaged.

The shipyards, the gasworks and the docks were subjected to special fire. At Messrs. Irvine's Middleton shipyard two men were killed, and the electrical and riggers' shops were set alight. A steamer in course of construction was hit by a shell, which pierced her hold, killing a man working there. The well-known works of Messrs. Richardson, Westgarth & Co.

suffered severely, and it was reported that seven men were killed there. Shells struck three great gasometers. The officials in charge had let the gas out of two at the first intimation of danger. The third burst into flames. Several men were injured around the gasworks. The office of the *Northern Daily Mail* was hit.

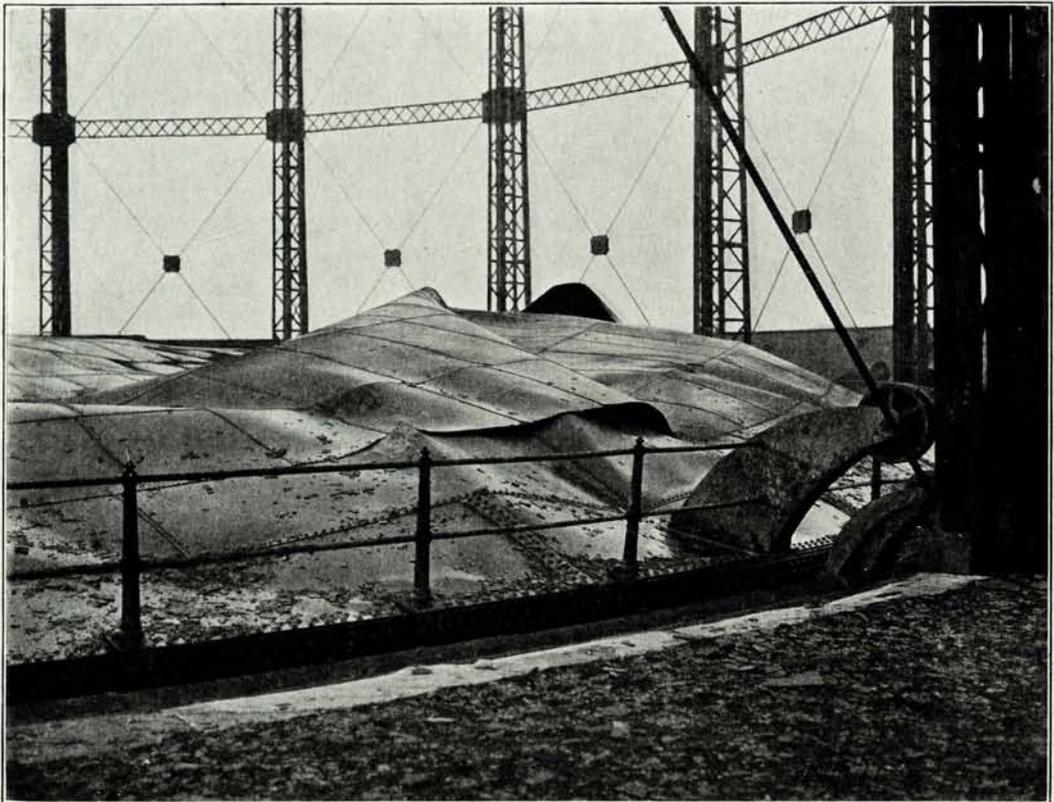
Invalids rushed from their beds into the street to get away. One woman only two days confined jumped up, wrapped a shawl around her babe, and ran out, away beyond the town, wide-eyed, terror-stricken, thinking of nothing else if she could only save her child. If there were much alarm, there were also many deeds of quiet heroism performed. Even young children displayed courage and helpfulness. One old lady for a long time afterwards tried to discover the name of a little lad who befriended her grandson, a boy of eight. The grandson ran from their home, which was near the gasworks, when shells were dropping all around and the gasometer took fire. As he ran, with nothing on but his shirt and a pair of knickers, another boy, a stranger, drew up alongside of him, asked him if he was not

cold, and then took off his own overcoat and put it on him. "That's all right. I have another at home," he declared. In another case a husband was striving to get his family out of the town, the wife being very much alarmed. "I think they've hit me," one boy whispered to his elder brother. "But don't say anything. It'll only make mother more frightened." The boy kept on for some time until his father, noticing that he looked ill, took him to a doctor, who discovered a small brown wound in his body, and declared that it was merely a superficial scratch. The boy, still trying to conceal his pain, grew so bad that the father took him to another doctor. The latter examined him with X-rays and found that a particle of shell had penetrated downwards right through the pleura, the lung and the stomach, and was resting then on part of the spine. This story was related at the inquest on the boy.

People were so excited that in several cases they did not realize that they were shot until some time after the event. One man whose left hand was struck off declared that he never knew his hand had gone until he chanced to

look down at the stump. Many were struck by splinters and knew nothing of their wounds until the bombardment was over. People made for the country. Large numbers went off by rail. Thousands tramped into Stockton and elsewhere. On the other hand, those who had any public duties kept on with them, disregarding danger. The girls in the Hartlepool telephone exchange continued steadily at their work right through the bombardment. Special constables and the members of a local Citizen Training Force did work beyond praise in keeping the crowds in order, aiding the wounded, and in generally helping the regular police.

A number of shells fell on the workhouse, but no lives were lost. The first fell on the top of the school dining-hall, where only five minutes before about ninety old people had been present at a religious service. Then shell after shell followed in different parts of the building. Apart from the female mental cases, who showed some panic, the inmates acted splendidly, and, in the words of the master, "The officials did their duty like trained soldiers, regardless of personal danger."



[*"Times"* Photograph.

HARTLEPOOL : WRECKED CONTAINER AT No. 2 GAS-WORKS.

The two small patrol ships in the harbour set out to attack the enemy. One of these, the *Patrol*, got under way and prepared for action, but before it was out of the harbour the firing had commenced and a shot caught it, striking the forebridge. The *Patrol* promptly opened fire, but its small 4-in. guns were of little use against the heavy metal of the enemy. "I don't think our fire reached them at all," said one sailor, writing of the event. Further shots struck the little vessel and then she sheered off, having received some considerable damage, and took refuge in the Tees. The second patrol boat does not seem to have been engaged.

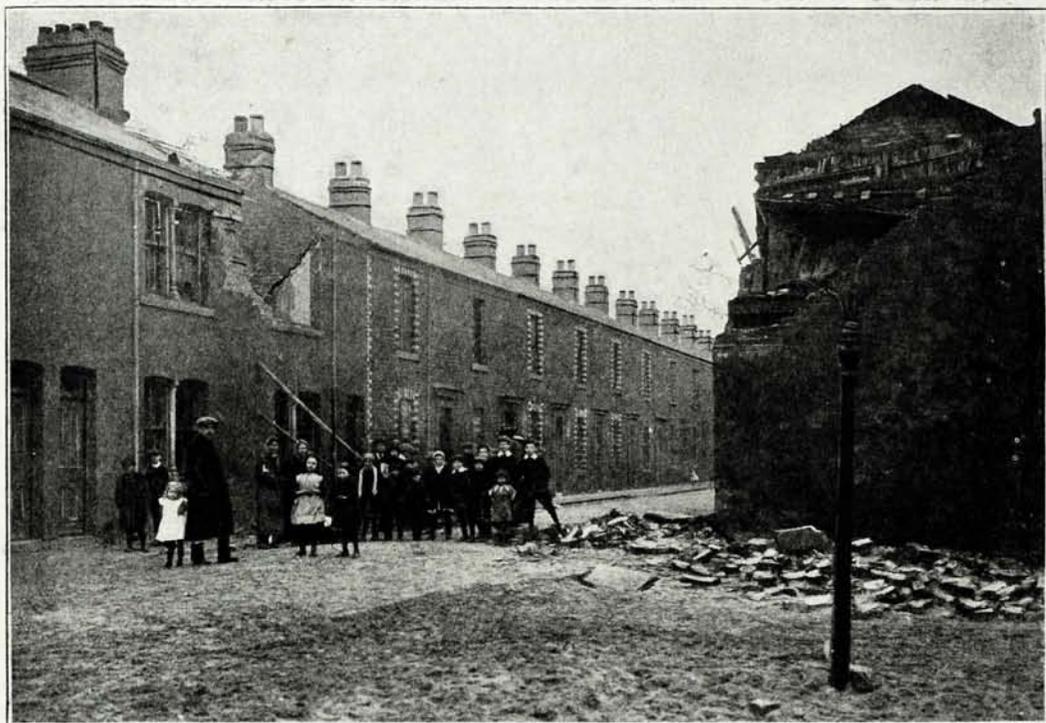
The firing lasted for about fifty minutes, and then the ships retired in a northerly direction, scattering mines broadcast in their wake as they did so. The firing had barely ceased before men were at work everywhere, repairing the damage, calming panic-stricken people, and attending to the wounded. It is said that within half an hour of the battle glaziers were at work in business houses in West Hartlepool mending the broken panes.

A number of buildings were turned into temporary hospitals. Over forty of the wounded were conveyed to the workhouse. The Masonic Hall was used as a refuge. Forty odd cases were taken into Hartlepool Police Station and were laid around the men's billiard room there. All the hospitals were taxed to their utmost capacity. The Hartlepool Hospital, a fine building on the site of the ancient Friarage, which lies behind and quite close to the fort, was in the full line of the fire from the sea. Its beds were all occupied that morning with ordinary cases. When the bombardment began these were immediately transferred from the wards facing the front to the out-patients' department and the basement at the rear, where they were least likely to be hit. Before they were completely removed the wounded began to arrive, some carried along in roughly improvised stretchers by their friends, or brought in by the military or police. They were ghastly spectacles—some horribly torn, some with several great shell wounds, and many minor wounds from splinters. One victim had twenty separate wounds. All were incredibly filthy from the



WEST HARTLEPOOL: THE BACK OF RUGBY TERRACE.

[Times' Photograph.]



HARTLEPOOL : LILY STREET.

["Times" Photograph.]

Three people were killed in the house on the left.

black, the slime, and the *débris* that had been torn up in the approach of the shells. They laid them down in lines in the out-patients' department, and, shutting their ears to the apparently unceasing, overwhelming din of the shells flying overhead and around, the doctors and nurses and attendants strove to give some quick first-aid. A dose of morphia was administered to every one of the wounded to ease immediate pain, until opportunity arose to do more for them.

Suddenly there came an almost painful silence. The din of the bombardment ceased as quickly as it had begun. Word came in that the ships were retiring. The patients were taken back again to the ordinary wards, and the doctors began their work in the operating theatre. Close on twenty of the people brought in died before anything could be done for them. Then began a long and dreadful task. Hartlepool doctors are accustomed to tragic cases from the great works around. But those who toiled on hour after hour until midnight in the beautiful operating theatre of Hartlepool Hospital—one of the finest operating theatres in the country—admit that their imagination had scarce conceived such a shattering and tearing and disfiguring of the human frame as

came before them in the fifty cases they dealt with that day.

Apart from the size and number of the wounds made from the pieces of jagged shell, the cases presented many difficulties. In nearly every instance, in addition to the damage directly done by the shell striking a person, there was further damage caused by the splinters of wood and stone and the dirt and wreckage which had been forced into the victims' bodies in the upheaval of the explosions. Then the chemical constituents of the German shells were found to carry a poison in themselves, a poison which blackened the flesh, prevented healing, and afterwards, in spite of every care, made it in many cases impossible to save wounded limbs.

Two further features completed the grimness of the scene. There was one discomfort, minor compared with others, and yet serious enough in itself. The bombardment had injured the gas-works, and all gas supplies were cut off. The hospital employed gas largely for cooking and other purposes. Hot water, fortunately, could be obtained from another source. Then from immediately after the bombardment until late at night the hospital gates were thronged with an eager, anxious crowd of



Reading from left to right:—Top: ALDERMAN T. W. WATSON, Mayor of Hartlepool; LIEUTENANT-COLONEL L. ROBSON, "Fire Commander" of Hartlepool Batteries on December 16, 1914. Centre: C. C. GRAHAM, Esq., Mayor of Scarborough. Bottom: ALDERMAN DAVID McCOWAN, J.P., Mayor of Great Yarmouth; J. EGAN HARMSTON, Esq., Chairman, Whitby Urban District Council.

insistent people, demanding to know if their friends and their relatives were among the wounded and dead there.

In the afternoon a proclamation was issued: "The civil population are requested as far as possible to keep to their houses for the present. The situation is now quiet. The group leaders will advise in case of further damage. Any unexploded shells must not be touched, but information may be given to the police." Committees were immediately formed to care for the wounded and the distressed. The special constables and the Citizen Force worked under direction, clearing up the *débris*. All theatres and places of amusement were closed for some days. Owing to the damage done to the gas-works, no gas could be obtained, and apart from electric light the people had to rely on candles and lamps. The military authorities ordered everyone to be off the streets by seven o'clock at night, and this regulation was strictly enforced.

Hartlepool had been noted before the raid both for its military and non-military temper. It was its boast that it had given more recruits to the new Armies than any place of the size in the country. But in the days before the raid one section of the citizens of Hartlepool

had gravely protested against the guns and the gun practice of the fort. The noise of the practice firing disturbed them and broke their windows. Their fellow-citizens did not forget to remind them of their old complaints after the bombardment was over. The immediate effect was to produce a feeling of bitter resentment among the men of the port and among the men of Durham and of Yorkshire—resentment which took the form in this district of an immediate increase in recruiting. Large numbers of men sent their wives and children away, while remaining themselves at work. They felt, and it is difficult to blame them for it, that while it might be their duty to stay in the town and endure the risks of what might come, they had no right to keep their dependents in a place which the authorities apparently could not adequately protect.

The first estimates of the injured were 22 killed and 50 wounded. It soon became apparent that these figures were wholly inadequate. The authorities in the beginning, for some reason best known to themselves, apparently tried to minimise the death-roll. Within a few days it was known, however, that the killed were close on a hundred, and as one after another of the badly wounded died, the



[“Times” Photograph.]

SCARBOROUGH: HOLE MADE BY A SHELL NEAR THE WIRELESS STATION.



H. Walker.

SCARBOROUGH:
INTERIOR OF 24, ROTHBURY STREET.

death-roll rose until early in January it had reached 113. The wounded numbered as nearly as can be told about 300. It is a cause for wonder not that so many were killed and wounded, but so few. When the enormous velocity and destructive power of the great German shells are realized, it is hard to understand how the port escaped so lightly. The German officers and crews might well have believed, as they steamed away, that they had laid the larger part of Hartlepool in ruins and had wiped out many of its population. Had a single shell landed in the dense crowd around the railway station, or in the park, the death-roll would have been enormously increased.

It was only by degrees that the people of Hartlepool realized the full horror of what they had gone through. Later, on Wednesday and on Thursday, they had abundant opportunity to witness the ruin wrought. Then, on Friday morning, when their nerves were taut, an unfortunate incident occurred. A notice was posted up in the Post Office as follows:

"Telegraph message from Staff-Captain Lyons, Headquarters, Hartlepool, 6.30 a.m., December 18, 1914:

"Received message to look out for hostile airship. Warn all constables to warn all residents on approach of airship to go into basements of their homes and remain till danger is past. Advise them to keep cool, and not congregate in groups in streets. Rumours may be false, but everyone to be prepared."

The special constables were called together and warned. Unfortunately, they or their advisers misunderstood the message, and they hurried from house to house and from works to works, ordering people to their cellars, commanding the workmen in the shipyards to go home, and telling everyone that German aircraft were approaching. The result was what might have been anticipated. The people poured out into the streets. All business ceased. Crowds made for the park. Still greater crowds made for the country, to get away anywhere from the dropping bombs. Some of the women were in a state of high excitement and pathetic scenes were witnessed. Crowds thronged to the railway station and the outgoing trains were packed, mainly with women and children. When the harm had been done the police discovered their mistake, and the mayor issued a proclamation in the afternoon requesting the inhabitants of West Hartlepool to pursue their usual work quietly, as the message sent round in the morning was due to a misunderstanding. "There is no cause for alarm." The message came, however, much too late, and many women and children who had remained after the first bombardment now left the town. The people of West Hartlepool generally agreed, when subsequently surveying the history of the bombardment, that there was much more excitement in the streets on the Friday than on the day when the German ships were shelling them.

The mines scattered by the German vessels when retiring greatly impeded traffic at the port. Three ships were destroyed that night, the South Shields collier *Eltwater*, the Norwegian steamer *Vaaren*, and the Glasgow cargo steamer *Princess Olga*. The *Eltwater* struck a mine off Flamborough Head and six of her crew were killed. The *Vaaren* struck a mine off Whitby. She had seventeen men on board and only four escaped. The third ship, the *Princess Olga*, was blown up after striking a mine off Scarborough. In this case there was no loss of life. One result of the raid was almost to suspend business on the Newcastle



SCARBOROUGH.

DAMAGE DONE TO LIGHTHOUSE CASTLE WALLS, AND BUILDINGS.



SCARBOROUGH BARRACKS.

[H. Walker.

Exchange for a day or two. Another was to help to stiffen shipping freights.

The German cruisers succeeded in causing a considerable loss of life amongst civilians. Some six hundred houses were damaged more or less. But they did not strike any vital blow at Hartlepool industry. The docks and the railway were uninjured. The gasworks were put right in the course of a few days. The shipyards scarcely stayed their activity for a day. The cruisers were not out of sight before the lorries of the corporation were around mending the broken tramway and other wires in the different streets. Business men whose premises were damaged found plenty of neighbours willing to lend them office room. A certain number of women and children cleared out of the town. But the essential prosperity of the manufacturing capacity and the national utility of the Hartlepoons remained unimpaired. The Germans had failed to inflict vital damage; they had succeeded in arousing against themselves bitter and lasting anger that was yet to have far-reaching results.

THE ATTACK ON SCARBOROUGH.

Shortly before 8 o'clock on the same morning the coastguardsman stationed at the look-out point at Scarborough Castle telephoned to the wireless station behind the town: "Some strange

ships are approaching from the north. I cannot make out what they are. They do not answer my signals." Then the man's voice could be heard by those listening at the other end in quicker, more agitated tones: "They are Germans. They are firing on us." The voice then ceased. The coastguardsman had scarcely given his warning before a shell from the foremost ship tore over the station, breaking the wires in its flight, and lodged in an empty barracks on the opposite side of the Castle grounds. The coastguardsman and a policeman were in a little wooden house on the cliff top with their telephone and other instruments. As the first shell passed over they made a rush for shelter. They had not got many yards away before a second shell followed, smashing to atoms the building they had just left. Shell after shell, thirty of them in all, poured in rapid succession on the same spot.

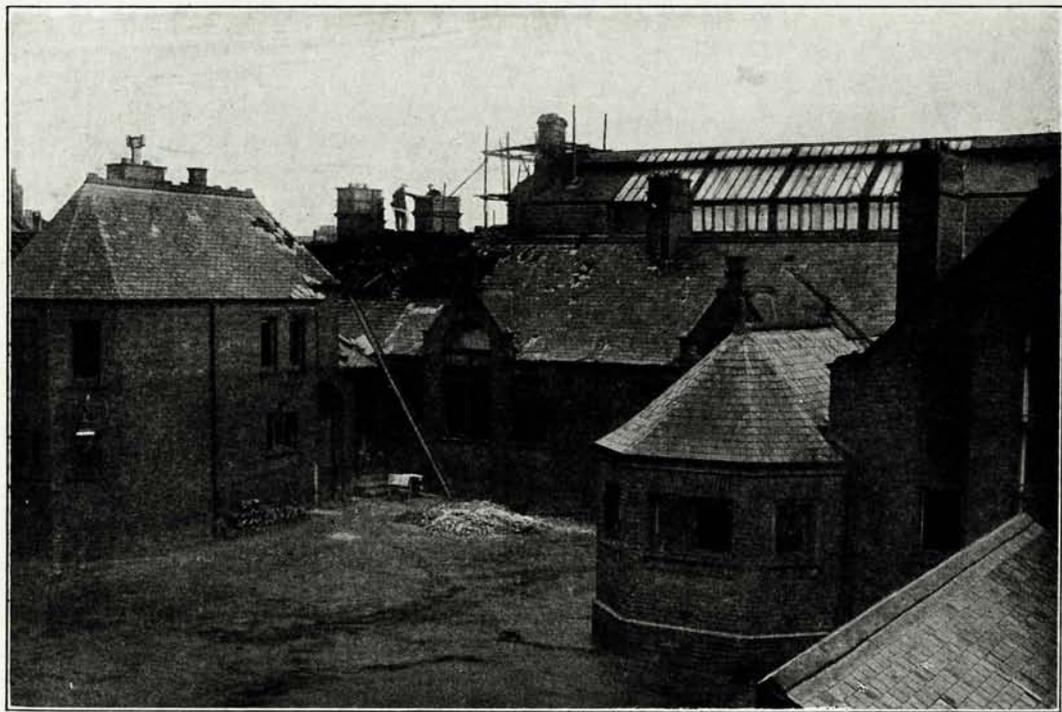
The German attacking force, which approached from the direction of Cloughton in the north, consisted of four vessels, two cruisers which carried out the main attack, and two smaller vessels which were mainly engaged in mine-laying. The two larger ships moved past the old Castle, being then about eight hundred yards out at sea, and steamed slowly in front of the town, firing all the time, until they came within little more than five hundred yards of

the shore. Old fishermen, gazing at them, could not understand how it was possible for such large ships to come in so close. It was evident that the German pilots had intimate knowledge of Scarborough waters, otherwise they would certainly have run aground. They had learnt a lesson from the Yarmouth fiasco, and did not mean that their shells should fall short again. Their steady and regular progress showed also their confidence that there were no submarines in Scarborough Bay, for as they moved past the town they would have formed an ideal target.

As the ships moved forward they first thoroughly covered the ground in front of the ruins of old Scarborough Castle. They evidently believed that there were guns there and that the old barracks within the grounds was held by troops. Their heavy fire smashed the barracks, made a great gap in the old Castle walls and tore up the ground around. Possibly they considered it incredible that we should have neglected to fortify so ideal a defensive position. Their shell fire on the Castle grounds was merely wasted. The old barrack buildings were unoccupied, and had been unoccupied for some time, although just previous to this a suggestion had been made that women and children should be housed

there. It was fortunate that the suggestion had not been carried out. In various other ways, to which it would be unwise to refer, it could be seen from the direction of the German fire that their intelligence department was seriously at fault concerning the place.

From the Castle, the guns turned their attention to the town. Some of them directed their fire on the Grand Hotel, a large building and prominent landmark on the sea front. The upper floors of this hotel were shattered and the entrance floor from the front and the ground all around broken up. Many of the shells were directed towards Falsgrave, a suburb of Scarborough, where an important wireless station was placed. The wireless station itself was very little injured, but the private houses in the vicinity were badly damaged and many people wounded and killed. Some shells were also sent towards the gasworks and the waterworks, but the German fire was not confined to these spots. The claim that the ships aimed solely at the Castle, the wireless station, and one or two places where they believed troops to be stationed, cannot be sustained. The whole town was fired upon recklessly and indiscriminately, save those streets which were protected by the steep hills between them and the sea. Shells dropped



SCARBOROUGH: GLADSTONE ROAD SCHOOLS.

["Times" Photograph.]



SCARBOROUGH: No. 2, WYKEHAM STREET,
Where four people were killed.

["Times" Photograph.]

from very close by Clarence Gardens in the north to the grounds of the Yorkshire Lawn Tennis Club in the south, and from the sea-front eastwards to the small suburban streets on the extreme west side of the town. They landed over St. Oliver's Mount, a high hill to the south. They wrought great destruction in many of the wealthy residential sections, on the Esplanade, and in the Crescent. They killed and wounded people and destroyed houses in the central business portion of the town. They were widely scattered in the small residential streets off Gladstone Road. They went in lesser numbers to the north. It was evidently the purpose of the German commanders to rake the town from end to end, and to some extent they did it.

The people of Scarborough do not keep early hours in winter-time, and large numbers of the inhabitants were in bed when the firing started. At first they thought it thunder, but as the loud continuous explosions kept on, and as the shells burst in street after street, they quickly learned their mistake. One local alderman and magistrate, Mr. John Hall, was dressing in his bedroom when a shell burst in the room, injuring him so that he died as he was being carried up the steps of the infirmary. No. 2, Wykeham Street has since been named the house of tragedy. Four people were killed

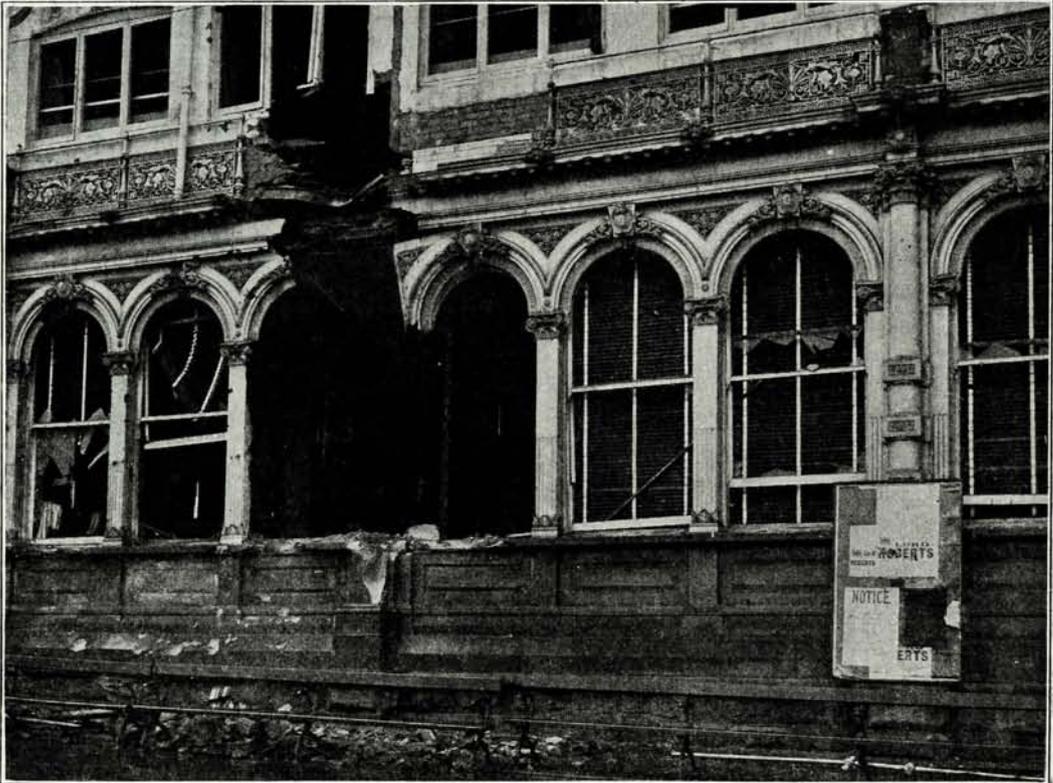
here. A young soldier in the Royal Field Artillery, Driver Albert Bennett, was protecting his mother when a shell penetrated the house, killing him, the mother, and two boys, one nine years old, the other five. A tradesman's wife in Columbus Ravine was going down from the house above into the shop when a shell hit her, wounding her in such fashion that she died soon afterwards. Her husband in the shop was almost buried by the *débris*. A young woman picked up a baby to soothe its crying and took it into a bedroom for safety. A shell burst through the roof of the room, killing them both. A hairdresser's wife, on hearing the first shell fire, set out to fetch two neighbours and give them shelter in her cellar. As she was standing near the door of her house a shell glanced off a stone pillar and struck her body, killing her. A servant went upstairs to her mistress when the firing began, and reassured her, telling her that she thought the ships were practising. A few minutes later there was a loud crash and the mistress found her servant dead, struck in the breast by a shell. Mr. J. H. Turner, ex-sheriff of Yorkshire, living in Filey Road, took two of his servants into the boiler-house at the back of the building for safety. The third was missing. He went to look for her when a shell burst near, but left him uninjured. He still kept on with his

search, and entering the library he found her there, covered with wreckage, dead.

A postman, Alfred Beale, was on his round on the Esplanade when the bombardment began. He continued delivering his letters although he was in a part of the town where house after house was being wrecked. He knocked at the door of one house almost at the end of the town and a maidservant came to take the letters. As he was handing them to her a shell burst at the front of the house, doing considerable damage to the building and killing both of them. The hospital was hit. Public buildings of all kinds were badly damaged. Scarborough people still recall with pride how, when the bombardment began, Morning Communion was being held at St. Martin's Church on South Cliff. A shell passed through the tower and damaged part of the roof. The congregation showed some concern, but Archdeacon Mackarness told them that they were as safe in church as anywhere else, and he quietly carried through the service to the end.

Many of the people in the town were naturally greatly alarmed. Women rushed into the street, not taking time to put anything on.

Great throngs poured down Westborough to the railway station, and soon the station was crowded with people clamouring to get away. The officials carried on their duty as usual, put on extra carriages where possible, and got as many off as they could. Large numbers escaped from the town by road. Men with motors or traps filled them with women and children and drove them out of the town as quickly as possible. Many of the cases of death and of wounded were mainly due to the people being in the streets, as shells exploding in the streets scattered their splinters over a very wide area. But the people did not know what to do. They had received no instructions. The bombardment had come on them as a surprise, and it is not to be wondered at that many thought it well to rush from the shell-stricken houses. In many boarding schools, where the children were starting breakfast, the masters quietly paraded the pupils and marched them into the cellars or out into the shelter of some rising ground. One chauffeur, eighteen years old, in a house on the South Cliff, where the shells were constantly falling, saw another man struck down in the street by



SCARBOROUGH: EXTERIOR OF GRAND HOTEL BUFFET.

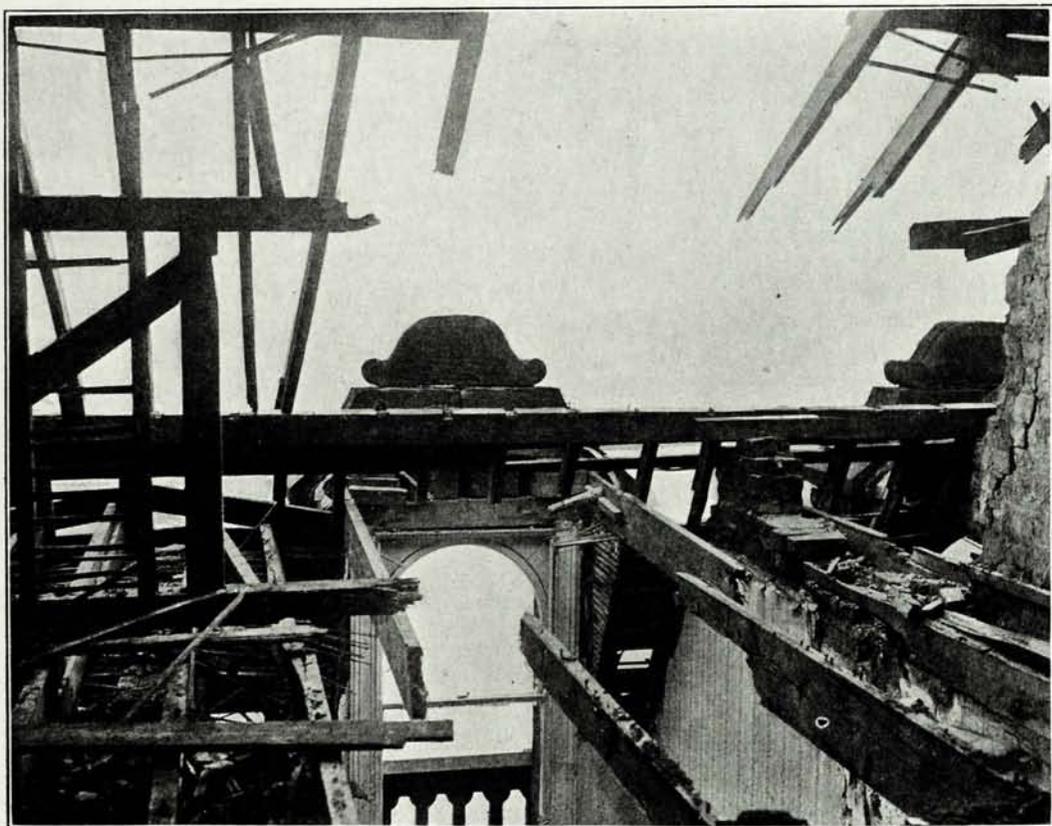
[“Times” Photograph.]

a shell. The lad at once rushed out, raised the man on his shoulder and carried him under fire into shelter. There were many incidents of this kind.

Humour was not lacking. A Territorial officer tells how, as he was hurrying down one of the main streets to the front, a typical British workman, with a basket of tools over his shoulder, stopped him: "Aye, sir," said the workman with great emphasis, "this kind of thing would never have happened if we had a Conservative Government in power!" "I did not want to hear about Governments," the officer added, when telling the story; "there was too much high explosive shell bursting in the vicinity for one to thrash out political arguments just then." One citizen, much excited, hurried into his garage to tell the driver, an old man, to get ready at once to take the family away. He found the driver quietly polishing a bit of brass. The old man looked up from his task with a face expressing great satisfaction: "Ah! Master George," he said, "they've coom! Ah've always said they'd coom, and they've coom!" One old lady,

living on South Cliff, picked up a gun and hurried out to the sea front, anxious to have a shot at the enemy. Another, called upon to get out of the house, at once looked around to see what she could take with her, and seized upon a Christmas pudding, tucked it under her arm and ran off with it.

The German ships moved on to a point almost opposite the Grand Hotel. Then came a pause in the terrible noise of the shell explosions, and for about three minutes the gun fire ceased. This pause was due to the ships swinging round and reversing their course. They then re-opened fire with their guns on the other side and moved steadily up northwards again. While they were shelling the town the two smaller vessels moved out to sea, dropping long lines of mines from a little way off the shore in an outward direction. The Germans undoubtedly hoped that the bombardment would bring the British fleet up from the south and that in attempting to pursue them as they ran along the coast it would fall foul of the lines of mines. Steaming back, and firing as they retired, the two German cruisers slowly



[*"Times"* Photograph.

SCARBOROUGH: REMAINS OF TWO BEDROOMS IN GRAND HOTEL.



SCARBOROUGH: INTERIOR OF THE GRAND HOTEL BUFFET.

passed their own minefield and then their guns ceased and they started off at full speed for the north.

The bombardment commenced at five minutes past eight and it was over at about half-past eight. During that time about five hundred shells were fired at the town and on the Castle. Quite a number of these shells fell into the sand on the sea front. The only possible explanation of this is that either the guns were too depressed or the Germans believed that some troops were entrenched there. Other shells went many miles out into the country. One struck the lighthouse and injured it so that it had afterwards to be taken down. Seventeen persons were killed, all of them civilians, including eight women and four children, one of the children being a baby of fourteen months. The number of wounded was about five times as great.

When the inquests were held on the victims of the raid, the jury wished to bring in a verdict that they had been murdered. The coroner suggested that the verdict should be that they had met their death through the bombardment of Scarborough by the enemy's ships. The foreman emphasized his demand, but the coroner pointed out that if the jury returned a verdict

of murder he would have to go through the formality of binding the police over to prosecute someone, and as the only persons who could be prosecuted seemed to be the officers of the German ships, such a course would be an absurdity. Nothing could be gained by returning a verdict of wilful murder against the commanders of those vessels, although he agreed with the foreman that it was a murderous attack. In the end the coroner's counsel prevailed.

It would be idle to deny that the Germans succeeded in inflicting very real damage upon Scarborough. One immediate result was that a large number of well-to-do people who had made this place their home left it. It was estimated, a fortnight after the raid, that fully six thousand people had gone away, and many more were going. In some of the wealthy streets only two, three or four families were left. Old people who had come here to end their days in peace naturally felt no call to remain and to expose themselves to unnecessary risks. The loss of so many people told heavily on the tradesmen of the town. The hotels and boarding-houses found themselves faced with a very serious prospect.

Once the first excitement was over, Scar-

borough settled down to take the thing philosophically—maybe too philosophically. It is somewhat astonishing to read that the places of amusement were open as usual that same evening. People went about their work as before. One shop whose front was blown out bore a notice on its shutter, "Business as usual." A new industry sprang up—the selling of relics of fragments of shell. For a few weeks large numbers of visitors poured into the town to see the ruin wrought. The mayor and the local authorities did their best to meet the situation. The local evening papers were not allowed for some time to say anything about what had happened, not even allowed, until late in the evening, to describe the scenes in their own streets. The mayor issued a notice that day: "I have been asked by many people what they should do in consequence of the bombardment of Scarborough this morning. I have only one piece of advice to give, and that is: 'Keep calm and help others to do the same.'"

The local recruiting authorities attempted to turn the occasion to profit. Special bills were posted throughout the town and throughout the county, urging the people to vengeance. Here is a specimen of the bills:

MEN OF YORKSHIRE

JOIN THE

NEW ARMY

And help to Avenge the Murder of innocent Women and Children in Scarborough, Hartlepool & Whitby.

Shew the Enemy that Yorkshire will exact a full penalty for this COWARDLY SLAUGHTER.

ENLIST TO-DAY

Recruiting Office:
ST. NICHOLAS STREET. SCARBOROUGH.

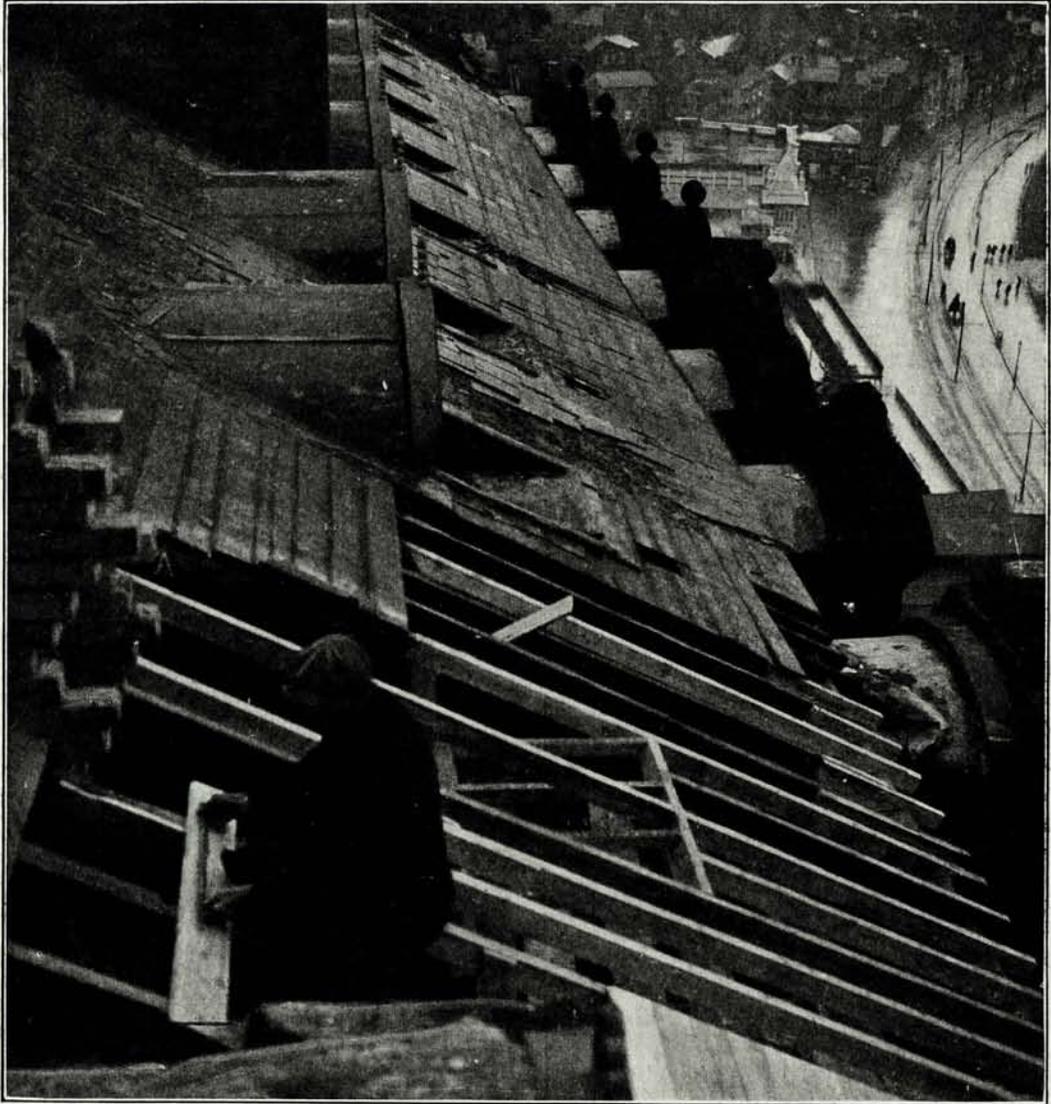
The response, however, was somewhat disappointing as compared with Hartlepool. The country districts in Yorkshire responded very well, but in Scarborough itself the recruiting did not immediately receive the stimulus which was anticipated. It must be remembered that Scarborough, a professional pleasure town, has a larger proportion of old people and a much smaller proportion of active young men than is the average in the great trading centres.

The mines sown by the German ships on their retirement caused some trouble and some loss before they were all cleared up. A fleet of mine-sweepers was put to work under a naval officer and officers of the Royal Naval Reserve, and the seas fronting this part of the coast were patiently swept day by day. There are few more dangerous tasks on sea than this, and before the mines were cleared more than one mine-sweeper was wrecked, several ships were sunk, and more than one sailor went to his final rest.

THE ATTACK ON WHITBY.

The two German ships, after bombarding Scarborough, made in the direction of Whitby. Half an hour later the chief officer of the coastguards at the signal station on the East Cliff, Whitby, noticed through the haze the ships approaching at great speed, the sea constantly breaking over their stems and largely hiding their bodies from view. Within ten minutes the ships got within easy range and slowed down, immediately opening fire on the signal station.

The bombardment began before ten minutes past nine and lasted only a few minutes. The ships were two miles from the signal station when they opened fire. The first broadside hit the face of the cliff just underneath the station. Four or five coastguardsmen, a sentry, and some boy scouts were standing in the signal station. They at once ran outside for shelter. As they ran, a second broadside struck the station, and one large splinter of shell hit a coastguardsman named Randall, taking a large part of his head off. His death must have been instantaneous. One of the boy scouts, Roy Miller by name, set out from the station to deliver a message, when he was caught in the leg by a piece of shell. It was said at the time that he showed his pluck by insisting on delivering his message before he had his wound attended to. The wound was at first believed to be only slight, but



SCARBOROUGH: ROOF OF THE GRAND HOTEL, ["Times" Photograph,
Which was badly damaged at both ends.

complications set in and the leg had to be amputated.

The firing was very heavy while it lasted, the number of shells thrown into the town being variously estimated at from 60 to 200. Probably the smaller was the more correct estimate. The guns were aimed, save for a few chance shots, in the direction of the coastguard station. The ships were so close in to the shore, the cliff immediately in front of them being from 200 to 250 feet high, that they found it difficult to control their angle of fire, and most of the shells went high, passing over the station and alighting in what is known as the Fishburn Park district, immediately behind the railway station. A few shells went wide. Two or three of these

struck the Abbey, doing some damage, more particularly to the west wing, but there is no reason to believe that the Abbey was aimed at. Had the Germans chosen to take this as their mark they could scarcely have failed to demolish it with a few well-placed shells. There is reason for congratulation that more damage was not done, seeing that it lies only two or three hundred yards from the Admiralty buildings. Some of the shells went so high that they fell in the village of Slights, four miles inland. But nearly all the real damage was done within a radius of 300 yards in the district immediately facing the back of East Cliff.

When the firing broke out two men in the Whitby Town railway station started to lead a

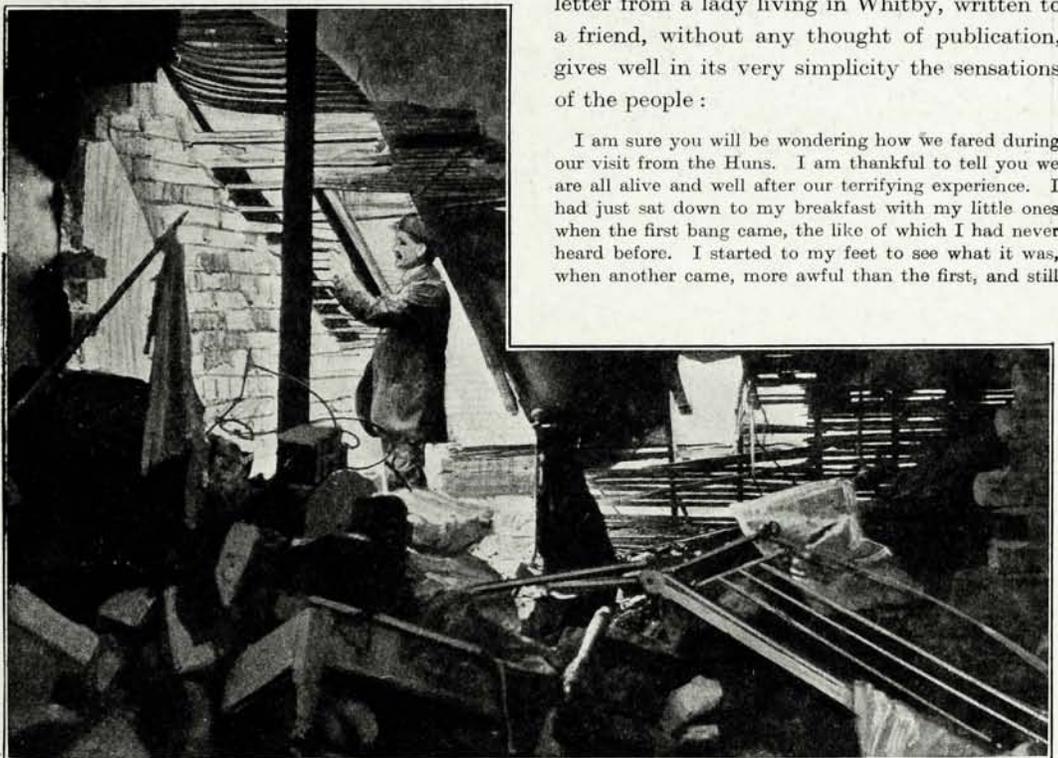
horse along the line into safety. Just as they passed through a gate a shell exploded in the cattle dock near by and a piece hit an old goods porter, William Tunmore. He died within a few minutes as he was being conveyed to the hospital. The coastguard station itself was repeatedly struck. An invalid lady, Mrs. Miller, was in bed in a house in Springhill Terrace, when a shell struck the front of the house and some of the splinters wounded her. She was conveyed to a convalescent home near by and after lingering some time she died from *tetanus*. A Mrs. Marshall was hit in the leg. The total casualties were three killed and two wounded. One old seaman, 70 years old, was found dead on the day following the raid in one of the almshouses, and it was believed that his death was brought about by the shock of the bombardment. Many people had surprisingly narrow escapes.

Quite a number of houses were badly damaged, the shells bursting in Fishburn Park and scattering destruction around for hundreds of yards in every direction. Some of the houses had their roofs torn completely off. Some had their fronts blown in, and some their brickwork dislodged and windows shattered. A pig was

wounded, and a dog bled to death. It is surprising that two modern warships could fire powerful shells into a town for from eight to ten minutes and accomplish so little.

The people of Whitby scarcely realized what had happened before the whole thing was over. In many parts of the town, out of the line of fire, the people did not comprehend that the town had been bombarded until the news was brought to them. The story was told in the town how the children in one school were singing the Lord's Prayer when they were startled by the explosion of a shell near at hand, an explosion which smashed the windows of the school. There was no panic and no rush. The mistress drew the children up and quietly marched them to the most protected part of the school building, where they remained until the end of the bombardment. An experience such as this comes as a severe shock to everyone. But Whitby was not nearly so perturbed, and had not so much reason to be, as Scarborough or Hartlepool. Its people, a hardy race of seamen, took their misadventure more as a matter of course and congratulated themselves that it was no worse. A few hundred people left the town, but many of them returned within a few days. The following letter from a lady living in Whitby, written to a friend, without any thought of publication, gives well in its very simplicity the sensations of the people:

I am sure you will be wondering how we fared during our visit from the Huns. I am thankful to tell you we are all alive and well after our terrifying experience. I had just sat down to my breakfast with my little ones when the first bang came, the like of which I had never heard before. I started to my feet to see what it was, when another came, more awful than the first, and still



["Times" Photograph.]

SCARBOROUGH: WRECKED TOP FLOOR OF HOUSE NEAR THE STATION.

more, and I soon realized that we were indeed in the hands of the enemy. I was dumbfounded. I took my children into my next door neighbour, who is an old lady 75 years old, and nearly blind, and lives alone, and there we stayed until the bombardment was over. I was afraid for my children; Laura trembled like a leaf, and my dear little boy, I thought he would have died in my arms; he lay with his eyes closed and never moved until the firing ceased. Jack (her husband) had a narrow escape; he was working on the East Pier with four or five more men, and was watching these two ships, thinking they were English battleships, when they opened fire and shells flew all around them. They scrambled over the Pier side, and fortunately the tide was low and they were able to get on to the concrete ledge which runs along the piers on the harbour side, and there they had to stay until the bombardment was over. He saw every shell that was fired come over the town and explode, and it was agony for him, for he did not know what might be happening to us, yet they dared not move for their lives. You can imagine the joy when he came home and found us all safe: he went back and picked up several pieces of shell. It is impossible for me to try to explain to you what it was like; the noise of the shells as they whistled and exploded over our heads was terrifying, and much worse than the heaviest peal of thunder I have ever heard, and we live in fear of their return. Three or four hundred people have left the town, and I feel I would like to take my little ones to a place of safety, but one hardly knows what to do for the best. But we thank God we are alive, and pray we may never hear the sound again.

Various official messages were published in London telling of the raid. They are of historic importance:—

“Admiralty, 11.25 a.m., Dec. 16, 1914.

“German movements of some importance are taking place this morning in the North Sea.

“Scarborough and Hartlepool have been shelled, and our flotillas have at various points been engaged.

“The situation is developing.”

“War Office, 1.35 p.m.

“The Fortress Commander at West Hartlepool reports that German war vessels engaged that fortress between 8 o'clock and 9 o'clock this morning. The enemy were driven off.

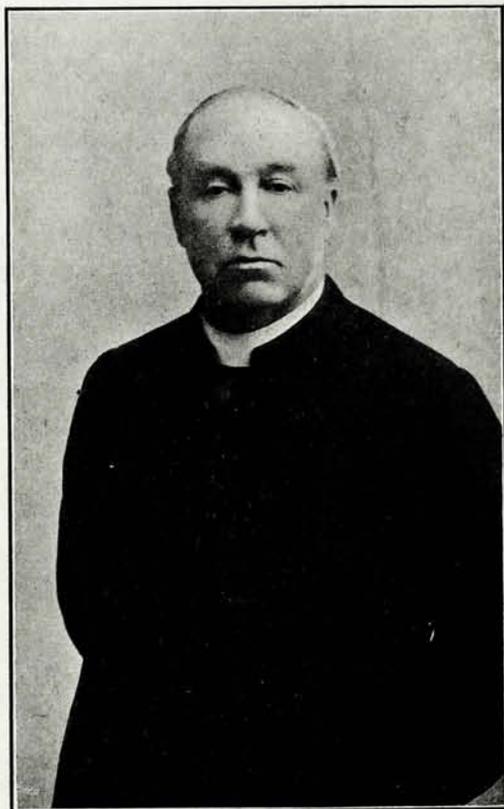
“A small German war vessel also opened fire on Scarborough and Whitby.”

“Admiralty, 9.20 p.m.

“This morning a German cruiser force made a demonstration upon the Yorkshire coast, in the course of which they shelled Hartlepool, Whitby and Scarborough.

“A number of their fastest ships were employed for this purpose, and they remained about an hour on the coast. They were engaged by the patrol vessels on the spot.

“As soon as the presence of the enemy was reported a British patrolling squadron endeavoured to cut them off. On being sighted by British vessels the Germans retired at full speed, and, favoured by the mist, succeeded in making good their escape.



THE VEN. ARCHDEACON MACKARNESS,
M.A., D.D., of Scarborough.

“The losses on both sides are small, but full reports have not yet been received.

“The Admiralty take the opportunity of pointing out that demonstrations of this character against unfortified towns or commercial ports, though not difficult to accomplish provided that a certain amount of risk is accepted, are devoid of military significance.

“They may cause some loss of life among the civil population and some damage to private property, which is much to be regretted; but they must not in any circumstances be allowed to modify the general naval policy which is being pursued.”

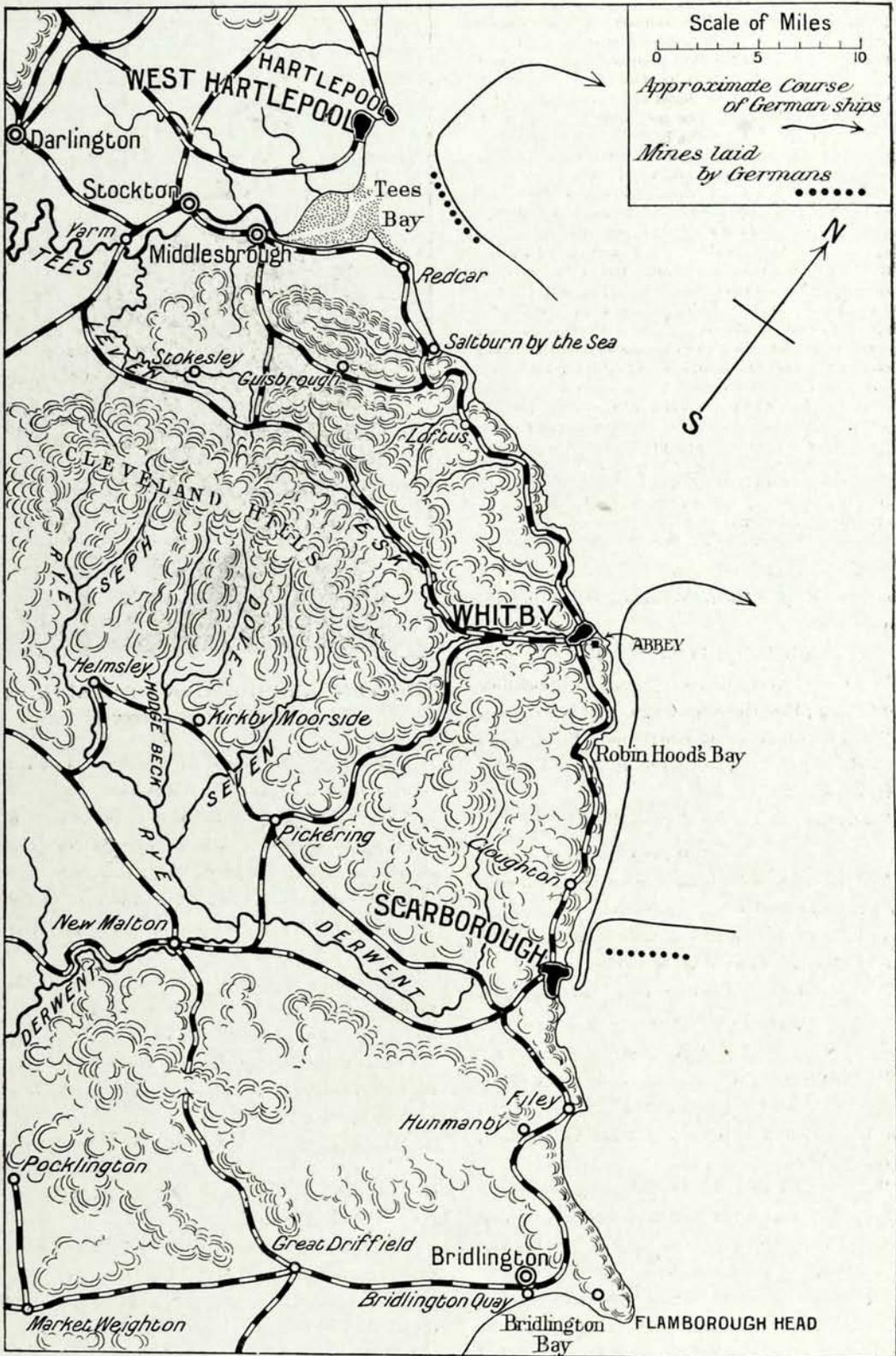
“War Office, 11.35 p.m.

“At 8 a.m. to-day three enemy ships were sighted off Hartlepool, and at 8.15 they commenced a bombardment.

“The ships appeared to be two battle cruisers and one armoured cruiser. The land batteries replied, and are reported to have hit and damaged the enemy.

“At 8.50 the firing ceased, and the enemy steamed away.

“None of our guns were touched. One shell fell in the R.E. line and several in the lines of



THE SCENE OF THE SECOND RAID.

the 18th (Service) Battalion of the Durham Light Infantry.

"The casualties amongst the troops amounted to seven killed and fourteen wounded.

"Some damage was done to the town, and the gasworks were set on fire.

"During the bombardment, especially in West Hartlepool, the people crowded in the streets, and approximately 22 were killed and 50 wounded.

"At the same time a battle cruiser and an armoured cruiser appeared off Scarborough and fired about 50 shots, which caused considerable damage, and 13 casualties are reported.

"At Whitby two battle cruisers fired some shots, doing damage to buildings, and the following casualties are reported: Two killed and two wounded.

"At all three places there was an entire absence of panic, and the demeanour of the people was everything that could be desired."

The authorities seemed at first anxious to keep back further information of the raid. Thus local newspapers in Scarborough and in Hartlepool were not allowed, until late in the day, to publish any independent descriptions

of what had happened. The Leeds Post Office, one of the largest offices in the Provinces, refused to handle any telegraphic messages describing it. It was explained afterwards that this action of the Leeds Post Office was due to a misunderstanding of instructions. But the authorities later relaxed the attempt to suppress details. They were wise to take this course, for the accounts of the raid, circulated throughout the Empire, put a new edge to the temper of the British. Hitherto, in spite of all efforts, it had been difficult to bring home to many of our people the fact that this war was no alien thing, fought in other lands, demanding sacrifices no doubt, but never threatening our shores or the persons of our civil population. Hartlepool and Scarborough, with their shelled streets and wrecked buildings, were a living and actual demonstration that Britain was now engaged in a battle for life. It was not fear that came to the people, but a spirit of indignation and of determination. Some of the daily newspapers printed groups of photographs of the little children murdered by shell fire. Men cut these photographs out of the papers and kept them as reminders of duty. In hundreds of towns and thousands of villages the pictures



SCARBOROUGH: "BUSINESS AS USUAL."

Mr. Merryweather's wife was killed whilst taking some ladies down to the cellar for safety.

of the slain women and children of Scarborough stimulated recruiting and increased effort.

A great wave of sympathy for the people of the towns was manifested. The King voiced it in a message enquiring as to the condition of the wounded and trusting they would have a speedy recovery, when he told how much the people of the bombarded towns had been in his thoughts during the past weeks and how deeply he sympathized with the bereaved families in their districts. Mr. Winston Churchill wrote, as First Lord of the Admiralty, to the Mayor of Scarborough :

ADMIRALTY, S.W., December 20, 1914.

MY DEAR MR. MAYOR,—I send you a message of sympathy, not only on my own account, but on behalf of the Navy, in the losses Scarborough has sustained. We mourn with you the peaceful inhabitants who have been killed or maimed, and particularly the women and children. We admire the dignity and fortitude with which Scarborough, Whitby, and the Hartlepoons have confronted outrage. We share your disappointment that the miscreants escaped unpunished. We await with patience the opportunity that will surely come.

But viewed in its larger aspect, the incident is one of the most instructive and encouraging that have happened in the war. Nothing proves more plainly the effectiveness of British naval pressure than the frenzy of hatred aroused against us in the breasts of the enemy. This hatred has already passed the frontiers of reason. It clouds their vision, it darkens their counsels, it convulses their movements. We see a nation of military calculators throwing calculation to the winds; of strategists who have lost their sense of proportion; of schemers who have ceased to balance loss and gain.

Practically the whole fast cruiser force of the German Navy, including some great ships vital to their fleet and utterly irreplaceable, has been risked for the passing pleasure of killing as many English people as possible, irrespective of sex, age, or condition, in the limited time

available. To this act of military and political folly they were impelled by the violence of feelings which could find no other vent. This is very satisfactory, and should confirm us in our courses. Their hate is the measure of their fear. Its senseless expression is the proof of their impotence and the seal of their dishonour. Whatever feats of arms the German Navy may hereafter perform, the stigma of the baby-killers of Scarborough will brand its officers and men while sailors sail the seas.

Believe me, dear Mr. Mayor,
Yours faithfully,
WINSTON S. CHURCHILL.

The Mayor of Scarborough's reply indicated the temper of the people of the attacked towns :

It is evident the enemy did not dare to face our Fleet, and so attacked an undefended town in this way. Scarborough has taken her part in the great struggle now proceeding. Whilst we deplore the loss of life and property, mourn for our dead and sympathize with our wounded, we are nevertheless as fully determined as ever that the war must be fought to a successful finish.

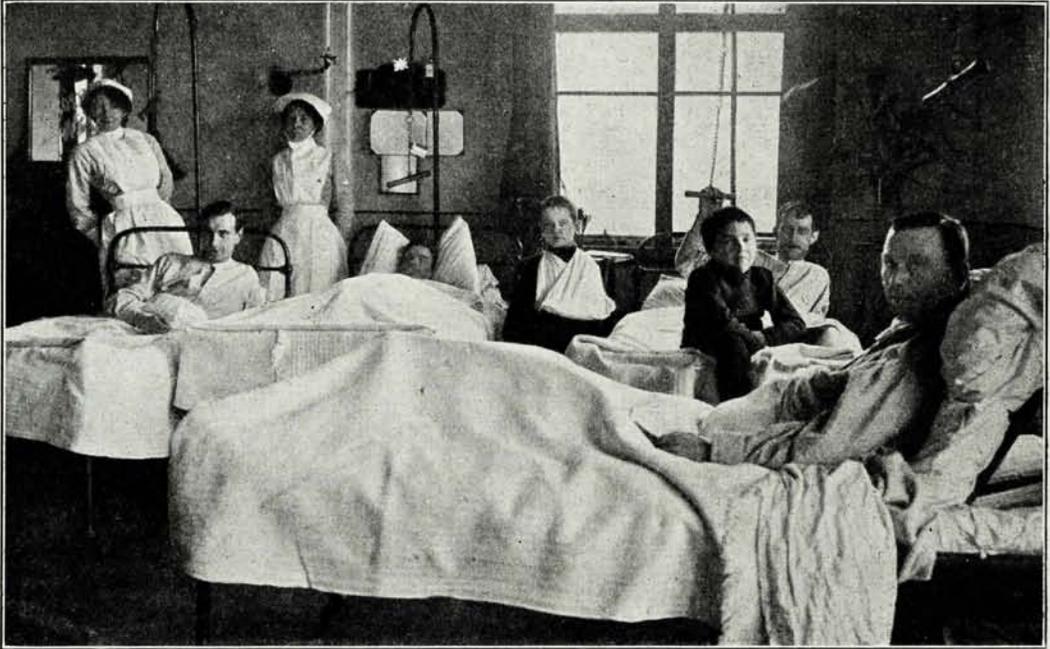
Our surprise at the attack was greater as we were led to believe from the conduct of the plucky commander of the Emden that German sailors understood something about the glorious old traditions of the sea. It is evident from our experiences of Wednesday that this is not so. Some newcomers into honourable 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 breast even by King Herod will not shield them from the shafts of shame and dishonour.

Neutral countries felt that some explanation was required from Germany as to its reasons for bombarding undefended towns such as Scarborough and Whitby. This feeling found particular expression in the United States, the nation which has strongly and persistently supported the plan of preventing war by inter-



WOMEN'S WARD, SCARBOROUGH HOSPITAL.

[*"Times"* Photograph.



MEN'S WARD, SCARBOROUGH HOSPITAL.

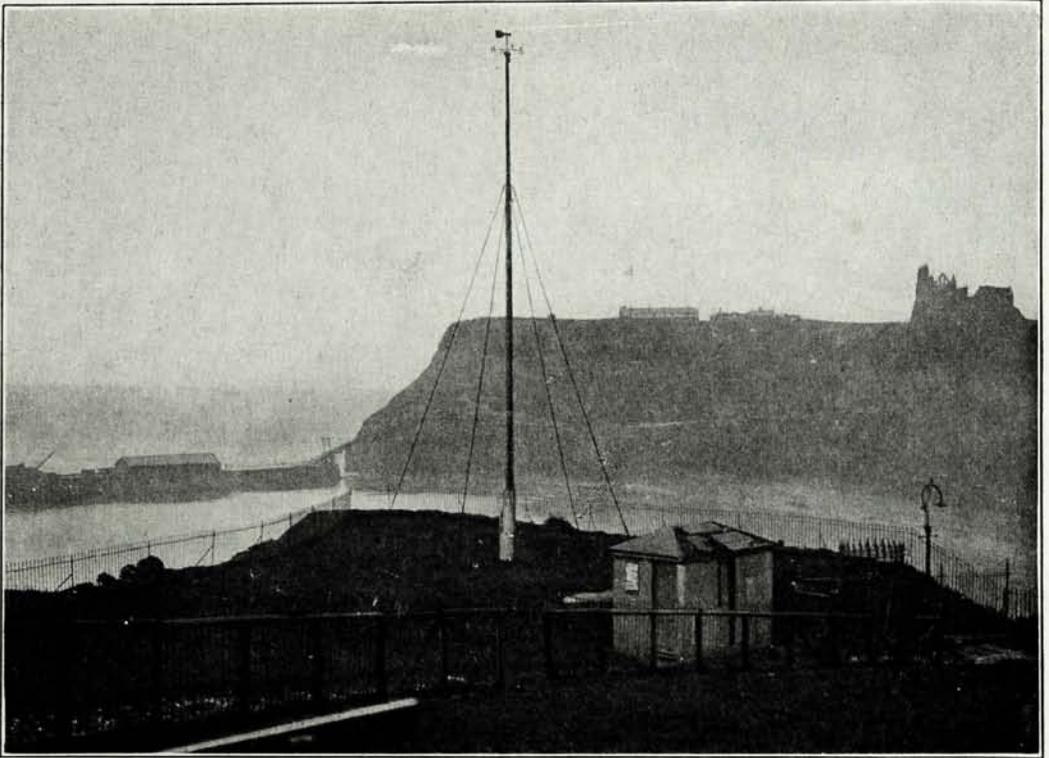
["Times" Photograph.]

national agreements and by mutual conventions. If conventions are to count for nothing and their stipulations are to be broken at the first period of strain, of what use are they? This question was raised by many American papers. At the same time the American public recognized that England was likely to gain rather than lose by the incident, mortifying as it was. "The danger has been brought home in the most effective way," said the *New York World*, "and the new knowledge of this danger ought to be worth a million recruits to Kitchener's Army. It may be doubted if those recruits could have been obtained in any other way. In the long run Great Britain stands to gain infinitely more in this daring raid by the German cruisers than the Germans themselves can hope to do." The same feeling found expression in Italy, where the newspapers expressed the conviction of the Italian people, that once more Germany had attempted to terrorize an unarmed and innocent population in the hope of distracting the attention of the fighting men from their more important task.

The first note of the German Press was one, not of excuse, but of triumph. "Once more," said the *Berliner Tageblatt*, "our naval forces, braving the danger of scattered mines in the North Sea, have shelled English fortified places." The *Berliner Neueste Nachrichten* said: "This time it is not merely a daring cruiser raid or the

mere throwing of a bomb, but a regular bombardment of fortified places. It is a further proof of the gallantry of our navy." Other papers declared the bombardment was the possible herald of greater events to come. Berlin was jubilant. The city was decorated with flags and, in the words of the Copenhagen correspondent of *The Times*: "The Press exults over the opportuneness of the *coup*, which shows that the initiative and the energy of the German Fleet have not been affected by the British victory off the Falklands. It emphasizes with pride that the Germans traversed both mines and patrols, and greeted British towns while their inhabitants were sound asleep."

Captain Persius, one of the best-known German naval critics, declared in the *Berliner Tageblatt* that Scarborough is "the most important harbour on the East Coast of England between the Thames and the Humber, and is protected by powerful batteries." The chief export from Scarborough, he declared, was corn, and he hoped many shiploads were sent to the bottom. Captain Persius, some time before the war, visited English naval stations, and was even granted special facilities by our authorities. The probable explanation of his statement is that he mistook Scarborough for Harwich. This fable about the defences of Scarborough was persistently repeated in the



“Times” Photograph.

WHITBY: THE ABBEY AND THE COASTGUARD STATION ON THE CLIFF.

German Press and in neutral newspapers under German influence. Some of the papers even went so far as to tell the number of the guns, the size of the guns and their position. They failed to explain, however, why, if the guns were there, they did not attempt to reply to the German fire. The bitter regret of old military men at Scarborough was that some of the guns that were there in old days had not been left, for they were confident that even old guns could have raked the decks of the German cruisers, so close were they in to shore. Later on, the more serious defenders of the German action declared that the presence of a wireless station at Scarborough and of a naval signal station at Whitby justified them in bombarding those places.

Underneath the many German comments two things could be observed—one a feeling of satisfaction that English people had been made to suffer, and next, the confident belief that the nerves of the English people and of the British Navy would be shaken. These sentiments were brought out in comments such as the following :

Cologne Gazette : “We think we may say that—the English part of the world apart—people everywhere will

have heard with satisfaction and just *Schadenfreude* of this second punishment of the great sea robber who oppresses the whole world. The punishment has been inflicted with England’s own particular weapon, and inflicted in England’s very own country, on the soil of the arrogant island upon which John Bull believes himself to be secure and safe from punishment.”

Tägliche Rundschau : “Will the overwhelming effect upon English nerves be diminished by the fact that it is from a German source that the people of London hear the painful news of the destruction of two destroyers and of serious injury to a third? Already the European echo of the thunder of German guns on the English coast rings unpleasantly in English ears. What will it be like when the world learns the news kept back by the English Admiralty of the complete success of the German blow? The world will learn with new astonishment that England is able to make the North Sea a field of death and destruction for all neutral shipping and even for its own shipping, but that it was not able to make the North Sea unsafe for the German Navy.”

Count Reventlow wrote : “The news has created a sensation throughout the whole world. We do not think of drawing the inference that the German blow and the destruction of two English destroyers possess considerable military importance. It would be wrong if people in Germany were to suppose that. The enormous sensation excited everywhere is of all the greater psychological interest because it indicates the superstitious respect which Great Britain was able to procure for herself. The destruction or even the bombardment of a British warship was regarded as something unheard of, but the idea of throwing shells, real shells, which destroy and kill, at the coastworks of Great Britain—that is a crime against the majesty of British supremacy such as no enemy of Great Britain ventured upon. The German people is not disposed to reply to this war of annihilation with a bow and politeness. We hope confidently that

this truth will be brought more and more to the consciousness of the English, because it is upon this that our success depends."

In Great Britain itself the raid brought two questions to the front—coast defence and espionage on the East Coast.

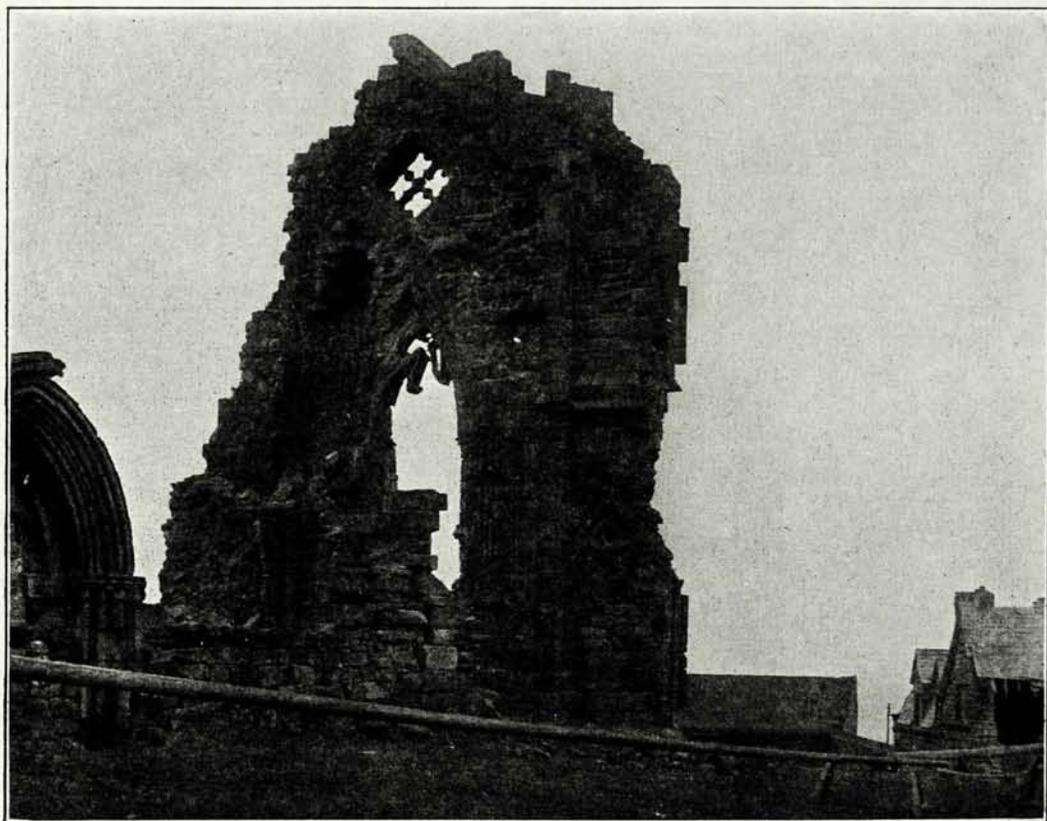
The first and the natural question of the average layman was why the Admiralty had not prevented this raid or why, if it was unable to prevent it, it had not succeeded in capturing the German ships before they got back. The paragraph in the Admiralty official announcement of the raid, in which it stated that the bombardments might cause some loss of life among the civil population and some damage to private property, which was much to be regretted, but they must not in any circumstances be allowed to modify the general naval policy which was being pursued, came in for special criticism. It was felt that the authorities had attempted to minimize the bombardment, and the opinion was generally expressed that they ought not to have committed themselves to the early statement that the civilian casualties at the Hartlepoons were twenty-two killed and fifty injured. The feeling on the

North-East Coast was voiced by two men of position and influence. Sir Walter Runciman, M.P. for Hartlepool, and father of a Cabinet Minister, asked: "How does it come to pass that when German vessels did risk into the open from their hiding-place they were allowed to come to our shores unobserved, unchallenged, and obviously unknown? I think it fair criticism to ask, without casting any reflection on a branch of the national service whose deeds during the present war have thrilled us with pride of race, why it happened that the German ships were first of all allowed to get here without interruption, and, secondly, why they were allowed to escape. What has the Intelligence Department to say to this? Were we caught napping?"

Mr. Samuel Storey declared that, translated into simple language, the Admiralty declaration meant:

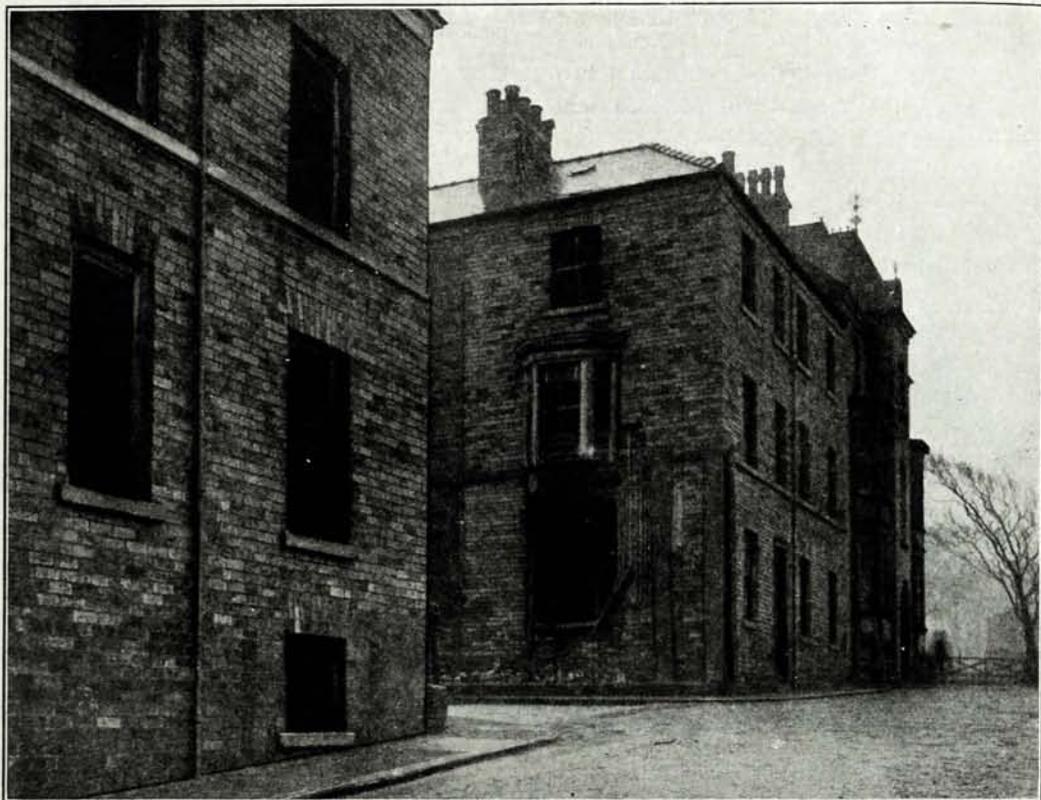
"(1) Open towns on the East Coast must expect to be bombarded, and we cannot help it.

"(2) Those who are killed must be killed, and their relatives who mourn must mourn. We are sorry, but this cannot be prevented.



WHITBY: THE ABBEY.

[*Times* Photograph.]



WHITBY: CORNER OF GEORGE STREET.

["Times" Photograph.]

"(3) Though we are supposed to command the North Sea, we cannot scatter our big ships about to prevent bombardments, which, though deplorable, are devoid of military significance.

"I think that nothing more calculated to depress and alarm the public—mind you, not a record of facts, but a prophecy of future misfortunes—could be designed by the most irresponsible alarmist."

The answer to such criticism was given in a leading article in *The Times* :

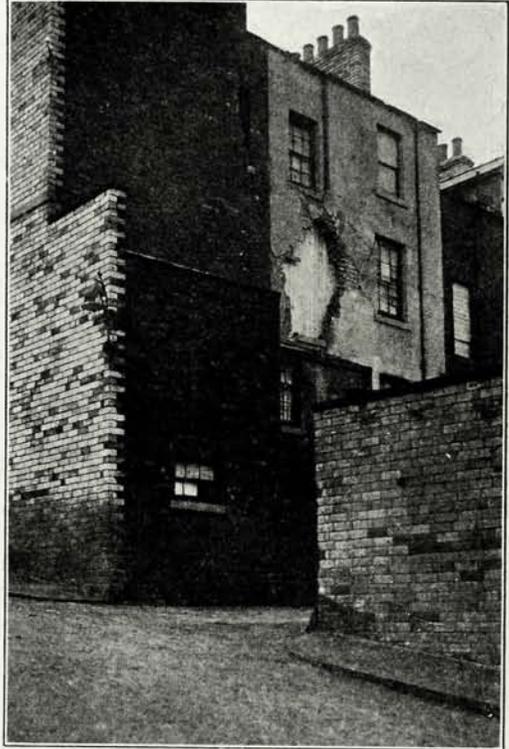
The protection of these shores is not the primary object of the Royal Navy in war. The safeguarding of England—not necessarily of little bits of England—is a consequence of naval strategy, but not its primary and immediate object. The purpose of the Royal Navy is to engage and destroy the ships of the enemy, and that purpose will be inflexibly pursued in spite of all subtle temptations to abandon it for other objects. Neither raids nor even invasion will deter our Fleet from the aim for which it was created, and for which it keeps the seas. A good many people in this country still think of our warships as stationed like a row of sentinels on a line drawn before the German ports. Whatever their occupation may be, it is not that. The possibility of a German raid upon the English coast has always existed since the war began, and will continue to exist so long as a single German warship of great speed remains afloat; but the indignant protests we have received whenever we have pointed these matters out show that the first principles of naval strategy are still imperfectly understood even by this maritime race. The duty of repelling invasion, should

it be attempted, rests upon the manhood of the nation. Perhaps it will now be more clearly discerned. The Royal Navy is doing its work, doing it resolutely, and doing it well. It has not failed us yet, and it will not fail us upon that great day for which it longs and waits.

While the Navy could not and must not turn away from this main task, even for the admittedly important work of guarding undefended towns on the coast, there was a general feeling that something should be done to make such raids more difficult, and to ensure that the enemy should meet with some adequate resistance were he again to penetrate our guards. Shortly afterwards satisfactory assurances were given to the people of some of the towns affected that such steps had been taken. At the same time the local authorities in the different districts along the coast recognized the unwisdom of keeping back definite instructions from the public generally about what should be done in case of a raid, lest the people be alarmed. It was frankly recognized and admitted that no absolute guarantee could be given that further raids would not take place, but the authorities at least saw to it that people generally received such elementary instructions of what to do in case

of a raid that there should not be, as was the case in Hartlepool and Scarborough, needless loss of life by people rushing into danger through ignorance of how to act.

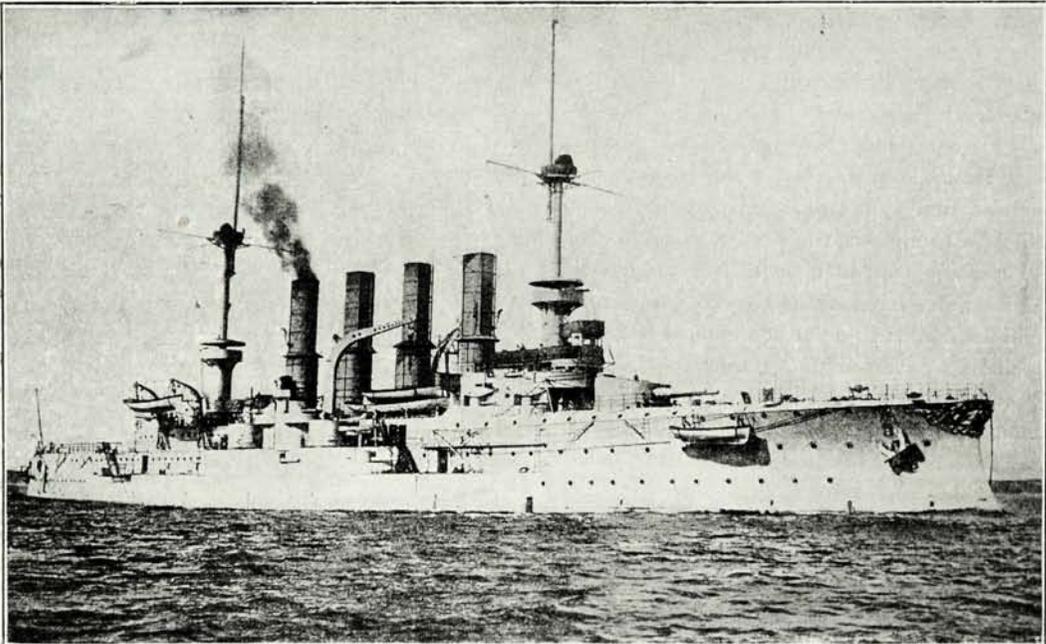
Much interest was aroused over the question of espionage. For some weeks before the raid there had been a general feeling on the East Coast that the authorities there were too lax in dealing with possible spies. Strangers were allowed to travel freely anywhere they pleased, by motor-car, by rail, or on foot, over almost the whole of the East Coast danger zone. Large numbers of Germans and of naturalized Germans still lived on the coast. Thus at Seaton Carew, just outside West Hartlepool, several dozen Germans were employed by one firm alone. The people were convinced that there were numbers of German agents who, by signalling out to sea and other means, gave the enemy valuable information. Most of the spy stories were wholly groundless. Fevered imaginations twisted the most harmless acts into deadly conspiracies. Innocent people were suspected, and the police were kept busy enquiring into charges which had no foundation whatever. But the attacks on the different ports proved that in some way or another the German authorities kept themselves informed of our naval doings along the coast. It was not by accident that German ships



[*Times*] Photograph.

WHITBY: CORNER OF ESK TERRACE.

fell on these places when the usual strong naval forces guarding them were absent. It was not by accident that they ran success



GERMAN CRUISER "YORCK."

She was sunk by a German mine when returning from the Yarmouth Raid.



SCARBOROUGH: THE MONTEPELIER HOTEL.

["Times" Photograph.]

fully through British mine fields. It was not by accident that the ships before Hartlepool stationed themselves in such a way that our fire should be least effective against them. The task before our authorities was much more difficult than detecting thinly disguised conspirators who flashed lights as signals out to sea. It was evident that along the East Coast careful espionage was being carried out. The raids led to a more determined attempt on the part of the authorities to locate this. As a beginning, many of the Germans resident on the coast were arrested and conducted to detention camps, and others, including naturalized Germans to the second generation, were ordered to leave some of the main points.

The second raid was a bitter but salutary experience for the British people. It taught them the danger of over-confidence. It gave

final proof to their conviction that they were face to face with a foe who was restrained by no scruple in his endeavour to carry out his purpose. The long lists of dead and wounded civilians, and the sight of the ruined homes, the broken churches, and the injured hospitals and schools, told us what we as a nation might well expect should the Germans effect any landings here. The nation as a whole did what it could to recoup the bombarded towns for their material loss. The Government announced its intention of paying compensation to those who had suffered. But it was well felt from end to end of the kingdom that the only right answer to the East Coast raid could be an increase of our fighting power, and a renewal of the national determination to conduct the war to a final stage that would make, not for ourselves alone but for generations yet unborn, such attempts in future impossible.