

Final Log of Vindictive Is Tale of Glory

Hail of Fire Sent Ship to the Bottom of Ostend Harbor.

SURPRISE IS WELL PLANNED

Attack Comes From Sea, Land and Air Before Germans Awake—Vindictive, Screened by Smoke From Launches, Plods Silently to Its Goal.

The British admiralty issued the following graphic story of the recent raid on Ostend, which resulted in blockading nearly all the entrance to the U-boat base by the sinking of the old cruiser Vindictive across the channel:

The Sirius lies in the surf some 2,000 yards east of the entrance to Ostend harbor, which she sailed so gallantly to block, and when, in the early hours of the morning, the Vindictive groped her way through the smoke screen and headed for the entrance it was as though the old fighting ship awoke and looked on.

A coastal motor boat had visited her and hung a flare in her stack and rusty rigging, and that eye of unsteady fire, paling in the blaze of star shells, or reddening through the drift of smoke, watched the whole great enterprise from the moment when it hung in doubt to its ultimate success.

Depended on Surprise Attack.

The planning and execution of that success had been intrusted by Vice Admiral Sir Robert Keyes to Commodore Hubert Lynes, who directed the previous attempt to block the harbor with the Sirius and Brilliant. Upon that occasion a combination of unforeseen and unforeseeable conditions had fought against him.

"Upon this, the main problem was to obtain the effect of surprise attack upon an enemy who was clearly, from his ascertained dispositions, expecting him. The Sirius and Brilliant had been baffled by the displacement of the Stroom bank buoy, which marks the channel to the harbor entrance. But since then aerial reconnaissance had established that the Germans had removed the buoy altogether and that there now were no guiding marks of any kind.

"They also had cut gaps in the piers as a precaution against a landing, and further, when toward midnight Thursday, the ships moved from their anchorage, it was known that some nine German destroyers were out and were at large upon the coast.

Night Nearly Windless.

The solution of the problem is best indicated by the chronicle of events. It was a night that promised well for the enterprise—nearly windless—and what little breeze stirred came a point or so west of north. The sky was lead blue, faintly star-dotted, with no moon, and a still sea for small craft, motor launches and coastal motor boats, whose work was done close inshore.

"From the destroyer which served the commodore for a flagship the remainder of the force were visible only as silhouettes of blackness.

"From Dunkirk a sudden brief flurry of gunfire announced that German airplanes were about. They actually were on the way to visit Calais, and over the invisible coast of Flanders the summer lightning of restless artillery rose and fell monotonously.

"There's the Vindictive!" The muffled seamen and marines standing by the torpedo tubes and guns turned at that name to gaze at the great black ship seen mistily through the screening smoke from the destroyers' funnels, plodding silently to her goal and end.

"She receded into the night astern as a destroyer raced to lay a light buoy that was to be her guide, and those on board saw her no more. She passed thence into the hands of the small craft whose mission was to guide her, light her, and hide her in the clouds of a smoke screen.

"There was no preliminary bombardment of the harbor and batteries, as before the previous attempt. That was to be the first element in the surprise. A time-table had been laid down for every stage of the operation, and the staff work beforehand even included precise orders for laying the smoke barrage, with plans calculated for every direction of the wind.

Gait Always Solemn.

"Monitors anchored in firing positions far seaward awaited the signal. The great sea batteries of the Royal Marine artillery in Flanders, among the largest guns that were ever placed on land mountings, stood by likewise to neutralize the bigger German artillery along the coast, and the airmen who were to collaborate with an aerial bombardment of the town waited somewhere in the darkness overhead. Destroyers patrolled to seaward of the small craft.

"The Vindictive, always at that solemn gait of hers, found the flagship's light buoy and bore up for where a coastal motor boat commanded by Lieut. William R. Slayter was waiting by a calcium flare upon the old position of the Stroom bank buoy.

"Four minutes before it arrived there and fifteen minutes only before it was due at the harbor mouth, the signal for the guns to open was given. Two motorboats, under command of Lieut. Albert L. Poland, dashed in toward the ends of the high wooden piers and torpedoed them. There was a machine gun on the end of the west-

ern pier, and that vanished in a roar and leap of flames which called to the guns.

"Over the town a flame suddenly appeared high in the air and sank slowly earthwards—the signal that the airplanes had seen and understood. Almost coincidentally with their first bombs came the first shells, whooping up from the monitors at sea. The surprise part of the attack was sprung.

"The surprise, despite the Germans' watchfulness, seems to have been complete. Up until the moment when the torpedoes of the motorboats exploded there had not been a shot from the land—only occasional routine star shells.

Great Batteries Blinded.

"The motor launches were doing their work magnificently. These pocket warships, manned by officers and men of the Royal Naval volunteers in reserve, are specialists at smoke production. They built to either hand of the Vindictive's course the likeness of a dense sea mist driving landward with the wind. Star shells paled and were lost as they sank in it; the beams of searchlights seemed to break off short upon its front. It blinded the observers in the great batteries, which suddenly, upon the warning of the explosions of guns, roared into action.

"There was a while of tremendous uproar. The coast about Ostend is ponderously equipped with batteries. These now opened fire into the smoke and over it at the monitors and marines. And the monitors replied.

"Meanwhile the airplanes were bombing methodically, and anti-aircraft guns were searching the skies for them. Star shells spouted up and floated down, lighting the smoke banks with spreading green fires, and those strings of luminous green balls, which the airmen call "flaming onions," soared up to lose themselves in the clouds.

"Through all this stridency and blaze of conflict the old Vindictive, still unhurrying, was walking the lighted waters toward the entrance. It was then that those on the destroyers became aware that what seemed to be merely smoke was wet and cold; that the rigging was beginning to drip, and that there were no longer any stars. A sea fog had come on.

Air Attack Suspended.

"The destroyers had to turn on their lights and to use their sirens to keep in touch with each other. The air attack was suspended, and the Vindictive, with some distance yet to go, found herself in gross darkness.

"There were motor boats on either side of her escorting her to the entrance.

"The Vindictive then put her helm over and started to cruise to find the entrance. Twice she must have washed across, and at the third turn, upon reaching the positions at which she first lost her way, there came a rift in the mist and she saw the entrance and the piers on either side, and an opening dead ahead. The Vindictive steamed in.

"The guns found her at once. She was hit every few seconds after she entered, her scarred hull broken afresh in a score of places, her decks and upper works swept by machine guns.

"After the control tower was demolished by a shell which killed all the occupants, including Sublieut. Angus H. MacLachan, who was in command of it, the upper and lower bridges and the chartroom, swept by bullets, Commander Godsal ordered the officers to go with him to the conning tower.

"They observed through the observation slit in the steel wall of the conning tower that the eastern pier was breached some 200 yards from the seaward end, as though at some time a ship had been in collision with it.

"Immediately after passing the breach in the pier Commander Godsal left the conning tower and went on deck, the better to watch the ship's movements. He chose a position and called in through the slit of the conning tower his order to starboard the helm. The Vindictive responded and laid her battered nose to the eastern pier and prepared to swing her 320 feet of length across the channel.

"It was at that moment that a shell from the shore batteries struck the

conning tower. Lieut. Sir John Alleyne and Lieut. V. A. C. Crutchley were still within. Commander Godsal was close to the tower outside. Lieut. Alleyne was stunned by the shock. Lieut. Crutchley shot through the slit to the commander, and receiving no answer, rang for the port engine full speed astern, to help the swinging ship. By this time she was lying at an angle of about 40 degrees to the pier and seemed to be hard fast; so it was impossible to bring her farther around.

"After working the engines some minutes to no effect, Lieutenant Crutchley gave the order to clear the engine room and abandon ship, according to the program previously laid down.

"Engineer Lieutenant Commander William A. Bury, who was the last to leave the engine room, blew the main charges by a switch installed aft. Lieutenant Crutchley blew the auxiliary charges in the forward six-inch magazine from the conning tower.

Her Work Is Finished.

"Those on board felt the old ship shrug, as the explosive tore the bottom plates and bulkheads from her. She sank about six feet and lay upon the bottom of the channel.

"Her work was done.

"It is to be presumed that Commander Godsal was killed by the shell which struck the conning tower. Lieutenant Crutchley, searching the ship before he left her, failed to find his body or that of Sublieut. MacLachan in that wilderness of splintered wood and shattered steel.

"All was according to program. Recall rockets for the small craft were fired from the flagship at 2:30 a.m.

"It is not claimed by the officers who carried out the operations that Ostend harbor is completely blocked. But its purpose to embarrass the enemy and make the harbor impractical to any but small craft and render dredging operations difficult, has been fully accomplished. The position of the Vindictive is with stern on to the eastern pier, and not her stern, as shown in certain published illustrations."

Counterfeiter Shortage Another Result of War

Washington.—The war has caused a shortage even of counterfeiter.

The spurious ten-dollar note, the fashioning of which was the favorite indoor sport of a group of skilled imitators, has practically disappeared, it was said by secret service operatives, who are inclined to the belief that the slump is directly due to the war.

It was thought that the foreign members of these bands had been rounded up in the mobilization of reservists, and that the Americans had been taken in the draft. However, secret service operatives are not resting on their oars. On the contrary, recognizing the possibility of new talents appearing almost at any time, they are continuing to subject the nation's paper currency to the closest scrutiny.

BUILD "FABRICATED" VESSELS

Component Parts of British Ships Made Inland and Assembled on Coast.

London.—"Fabricated" vessels are one of the latest and most interesting developments of Great Britain's shipbuilding drive. A fabricated ship is one whose component parts are manufactured in other than shipbuilding yards, usually in plants inland. The new fabricated ship is larger than most of the standard ships and there is not a curved frame in it.

In fabrication of ships the aim was to increase speed of production and also to utilize for shipbuilding purposes such plants as bridge-building yards and land engine factories.

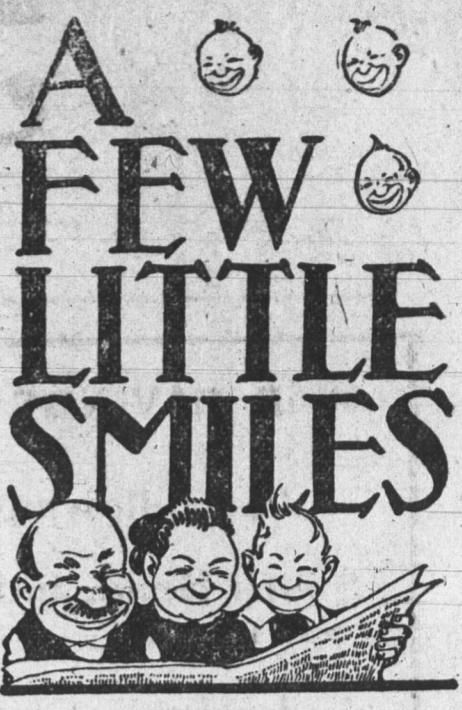
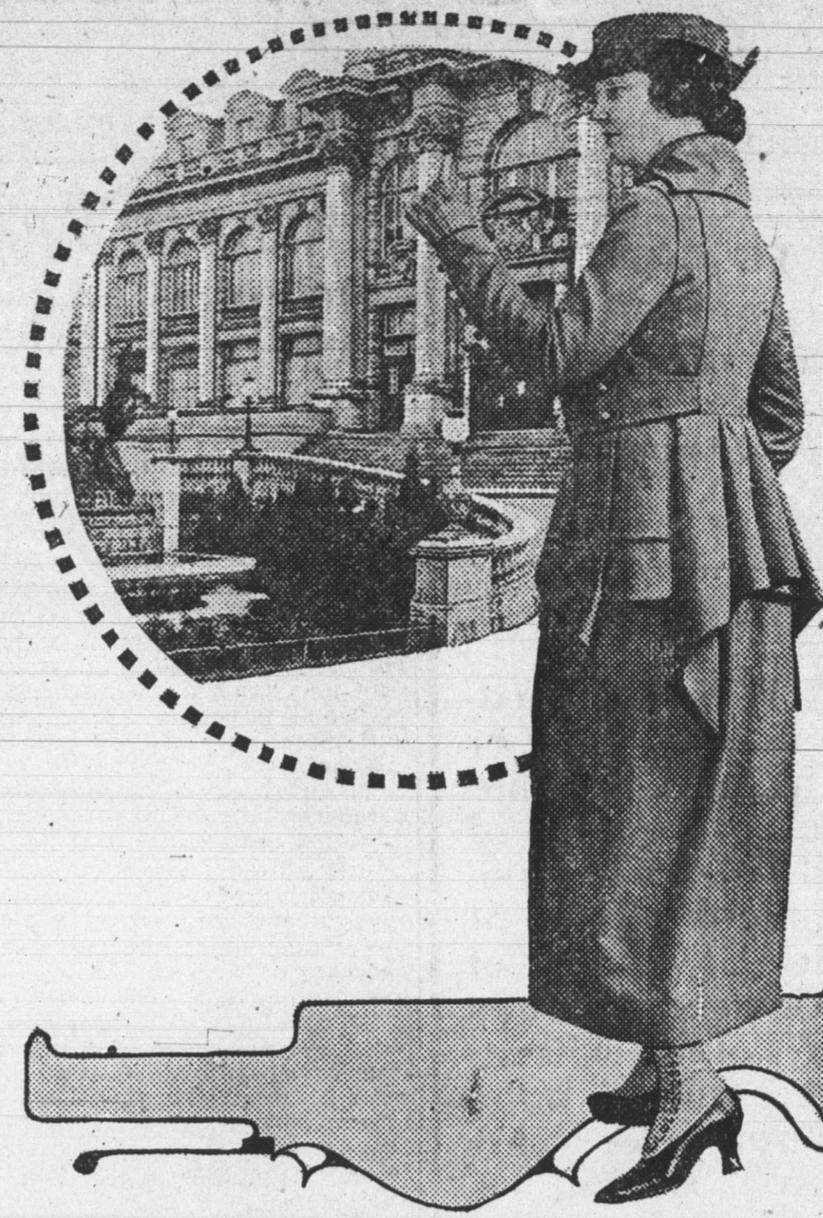
It is expected that ships of the new type soon will materially increase the tonnage output.

FRANCE REFUGEES FLEE FROM GERMANS



With all their household goods loaded on the cart and their two cows being led behind these French refugees are fleeing to points of safety behind the British lines. Many of the inhabitants of the front-line towns were forced to seek shelter thus when the first attack of the German drive was launched. Many less fortunate than these pictured in this British official photo were compelled to leave all their worldly possessions behind when they fled.

New Arrivals in Street Suits



A MISQUE.

Sir F. E. Smith told a queer story at a Washington luncheon.

"There are so many queues in England now," he said, "that one is apt to get mixed up."

"A young American soldier passed four hours in a very long queue the other day. His spirits were superb. He amused everybody with his quips and sallies. But he uttered a low cry of dismay when his turn at last came, and a girl thrust a small greasy packet in his hand, saying:

"'No tea today, but here's a nice half-ounce of margarine.'

"'Well, I'll be jiggered!' said the American. 'Is this or ain't it the gallery entrance to the Frivolity theater?'

Not Quite.

"It was the sure way the caveman took to secure his lady love by pursuing her and knocking her down."

"Oh, I don't know. Even then it was a case of hit and miss."

His Sort.

"Molly's husband is a fine, manly young fellow, isn't he?"

"Well, from what I have seen of him when with her, I should say he is something of a Molly coddler."

The State of the Case.

"While making these allegations the witness shed crocodile tears."

"How could that be when he was an allegator?"

Opposing Attacks.

"So Smith's friends squarely attacked him for his stand on that measure."

"Yes, and roundly denounced him."

VERY SARCASTIC.



Sunny Mike—I don't blame dat dog of yours for tryin' to bite me.

Lady—Why not?

"Because it shows his intelligence. De last time I came dis way I handed him a piece of pie you gave me."

Works Both Ways.

"The more we get," you've heard before,

"The more we want"—and yet it often works this way: The more we want the less we get.

Infinitesimal Capacity.

"What do you think? Jiggers is boasting of how well he can drive a car."

"Drive a car! Why, that dub can't even drive a nail."

Fortunate Man.

Weary—Soy, mister, would you mind stakin' a pore man wot ain't got no home t' a few pennies?

Mr. Jar—Got no home? Say, old fellow, you are playin in great luck. Why, you can stay out all night any old time you want to.

Makes a Difference.

"The young man before marriage is light and gay. She's all the world to him."

"Why does he look so careworn after marriage?"

"He has the world on his shoulders then."

The Real Match.

"She's quit trying to land a rich man for a husband."

"Yes. She says she'd pass up a millionaire any time now to marry an officer in the army or the navy."

Prussian Fashions.

"The iron cross is still highly esteemed."

"I should say so. So many of them are worn now that they are a regular fad."

Between Girls.

"Young ladies in offices meet many nice men."

"I know."

"And often make happy marriages."

"That's what. I think I could get a husband myself if I could give my chaperone the slip once in a while."