

THE SINKING OF THE GERMAN FLEET 201

execute one final underhanded deed in violation of the terms to which he pledged himself. Weird sights await the returning British squadron. Do their eyes deceive them? What are those violent explosive shocks? Why does that strange cloud of steam rise up from the surface of Scapa Flow? Breathlessly, unwilling to believe their eyes, they crash full speed ahead and cleave the waves to reach their custody. No longer the peaceful haven of rest do they find in Scapa, but a wild chaotic turmoil. Here a ship's prow points skyward as her stern sinks rapidly. There a great pair of screws dance aimlessly between them a rudder, in mid-air. Again, a hiss of steam and a muffled roar as boiler bursts beneath its icy plunge. Great monster ships, millions of dollars in steel alone, lurch sleepily on their sides and disappear. The British squadron halts in awe. Can it be true? The German flag in Scapa Flow? Yes, and true enough more than enough! Crews rowing off from the sinking ships awake the echoes with arrogant "Hochs!" A nasty business, a grotesque scene! The British ships fully aroused and aware of venomous treachery, dash in to check what has already passed beyond control. They call on their prisoners in the boats to stop. Some do. Others hesitate, and are fired upon, point blank. A few examples and the rest are meek enough; for they are Germans. Orders flash to the German ships which are still floating to jam the sea cocks, stop the