Extract from the Magazine
"Digest of World Reading"
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The Oberleutnant pressed a button set in a panel on the bridge. From every quarter of the German masted Kormoran, buzzers droned like giant bees. Feet stamped on the rungs of ladders, and thudded along iron decks as men rushed to battle stations. Gun breeches banged. Then order and calm. The only sounds were the throb of engines, the monsoon fluttering a canvas dreeger on the bridge—and the hiss of air compression being tested at the torpedo tubes.

From the starboard wing the raider's commander stared through binoculars to the quarter where a blob of smoke smeared the clear sky. Away on the port beam, sunset flared like a tiger's yawn. Its crimson tongue licked around the sea and burnedished the bow wave of a racing ship. The Kormoran's Oberleutnant joined his commander in the bridge wing, and cupped glasses to his eyes.

"She is certainly not a merchantman. Harr Kapitän. Not with that speed," he said decisively. In the swiftening twilight the vessel's image etched its shape on the rim of the sea. For a few moments longer the raider's commander stared at it before he answered. He lowered his binoculars. "If we are in for trouble, Herr Oberleutnant. It's a light cruiser, and it can only be an enemy," he said grimly. He turned to the navigating officer.

"Hoist Norwegian colours, Herr Leutnant. Keep the vessel to her present course and speed." Raising his binoculars again he caught the growing shape of the warship in the lenses. He swore savagely. "Verdammte! It looks to be of the 'Amphion' class. Our job is sinking merchantman, not engaging cruisers." Only that she has not sent up her spotting flag, I would say she was the 'Sydney', said the Oberleutnant. "860 gun, and 32.5 knots. 'It's the Sydney, all right, Herr Oberleutnant. And perhaps they don't need to send up the plane. Maybe she knows."

"Then Har Kapitän we are certainly in trouble."

Clearly now could be seen the creamy ruffle spreading from the cruiser's bow. The Kormoran's officers watched her tensely. Relayed from their disguised control tower came the steady intoning of the range finding operator. The raider's commander repeated the range, in a voice laced with the strain. He was waiting for the sudden spurt of flame from the guns he knew were trained on his ship. "Perhaps she is not yet sure of us. If only we can lure her a little closer, Herr Oberleutnant, and get in the first broadside. Ah, here it is. She is signalling."

A string of flags soared up the Sydney's hullsails. "Close to half a mile, and heave to," she signalled.

"Acknowledged," ordered the Kormoran's commander. "We will engage the enemy immediately we have closed to half a mile, Herr Oberleutnant.

The officer saluted. "Under the flag of our Fatherland, Herr Kapitän!"

"Noo. Under the Norwegian ensign, Herr Oberleutnant. The first to get in a broadside at that point blank range will be the victor."

"At your order, Herr Kapitän!"

The Sydney came tearing up through the dark. The menacing bristles of her guns could be plainly seen pricking dead on the Kormoran. Her bearing raced around the compass. 35 degrees ahoft the beam. 20 degrees. The voice in the control tower kept chanting the shortening range and deflection. With the suddenness of a thunderbolt action began. The raider's gunports clanged. Her hidden broadside of 5.9's spurt flame and smoke. Before she had even screamed in recoil from the first salvo, a broadside from the Sydney tore a flaming wall along her water line. Shells burst in the engine room. The raider shuddered from truck to keelson. A geyser of greasy smoke belched from her torn plates. Her mangled engines ceased their wild throbbing. The deck was acres with the stench of cordite and hot oil. Below decks torrents of fire poured through alley-ways, darted through buckled plates, licked the wounded with hellish tongues. The Kormoran's own first broadside smashed into the Sydney's bridge, silencing her main battery. But with independent firing her guns still roared like rumbling thunder.

The raider floundered under the concussion of continuous shell bursts. The forecast buckled and thumped across the fo'c'sle in a snarl of flaying shrouds. The smoke stack folded up like cramped lid. On the main deck, plates belched. A broadside gun hurtled up. In the ghastly light of white hot metal, doors, stanchions, men, and folding sheets of steel all mingled in a debris of flying death. Men wretched and dragged their mangled bodies round and round, like kittens clawing in 'well of fire. From the Kormoran's torn and smoking bridge, came the sudden order: "Cease fire."

In the vacuum for seconds, guns rose the grinding of metal on metal, the terrible cries and moaning of the wounded and dying. Somewhere a dangling, wrecked bridge ladder banged.
monotonously to each roll of the sinking ship. Along the broken decks, tangled
fire hoses curled like enormous viscera wrenches from the ship's broken
bowles. ....... The Komoran's commander clung to a twisted bridge stanchion.
As the victorious guns of the Sydney ceased into chivalrous silence, he stared
at her with fanatical fury. He turned to the grinning figure beside him. ......
"Herr Oberleuitnant"........"Jawohl Herr Kapitaen?"........"You quite understand your
orders?"........"Jawohl Herr Kapitaen." All able are to abandon ship in the remain-
ing nicky boats and pull towards the enemy cruiser as if seeking to be picked
up by her. Immediately our boats are clear, I am to loose two torpedos at the
Sydney from the undamaged tubes on the main deck. I am than to join
you with the tube crews in the remaining boat"........."And quickly, Herr Ober-
leuitnant. By the feel of her she will drop from under us at any moment"........
"Our wounded, Herr Kapitaen ?"........."They will have the honour of dying for
the Vaterland and their Rassher," was the harsh reply. ........"Heil Hitler"........
"Heil Hitler". The Oberleuitnant acknowledged with up-flung arm. ........
From the sinking Komoran he packed boats splashed into the water and pulled
away in the flame-lit sea...... Across the narrow channel, the Sydney waited
for her victims survivors. Her midships still glowed with the fire that
destroyed her own boats and Carley floats........ Suddenly two bubbling tracks
marked a treacherous errand from the raider's sea-lapped deck. Two terrific
roars merged into one tremendous explosion. Half the ocean seemed to be
in the tower that spat out into the night. Within its soaring blackness a great
ship disintegrated. ........ Gone was a brave ship and her crew of gallant men.
"All sunk beneath the wave"...........There remained only the monsoon murmuring
an eternal requiem to a nation's immortal dead.... And the memory of Nazi per-
fidy writ forever in every wave upon the seas.......
1.12.1941.
Australischer Kreuzer "Sydney" (6830 t) versenkt.
Von der "Sydney" liegen keine Meldungen vor, bis jetzt keine Überlebenden. Angeblich sollen Überlebende eines deutschen Hilfskreuzers einige Zeit nach dem Gefecht gerettet worden sein und gemeldet haben "Die "Sydney" im Kampf mit deutschem Hilfskreuzer diesen durch Geschützfeuer versenkt??
3.12.1941.
Auszug aus Bericht des OKW.
Eine andere deutsche Stimmung.
30 Deutschen und 2 Chinesen gingen, die Kiste Westaustraliers zu erreichen, einige Boote landeten aus eigener Kraft und andere wurden auf See aufgepickt.
List of our dead.
(Here follow 83 names)
Liste unserer Toten:

Hermann Stehr
Egbert v.Gaza
Friedrich Nagel
Fritz Hoelzel
Johann Duismann
Alfons Storny
Johann Hahn
Willi Bolt
Fritz Tiemann
Wilhelm Hinkel
Leonhard Treutler
Alfred Ross
Otto Lenz
Heinrich Knopper
Helmut Heinzemann
Gerhard Gause
Franz Heinze
Willi Dobileit
Franz Pastuschka
Herbert Rickert
Kurt Quednau
Aleq Bartel
Horst Schuster
Berthold v.d.Twer
Bruno Demandt
J oachim Martin
Rudolf Loesche
Hermann Lange
Siegfried Haase
Wilhelm Havekost
Josef Bednarek
Erich Dembnicki
Fritz Grabow
Kurt Hufer
Robert Kuemmel
H ein MMX Dhein
Werner Berges
Oskar Packosch
Georg Salzgeber
Hubert Pregler
Eduard Eberhardt
Eugen Heumann
Hans Haase
Kurt Waechter
Theo Clander
Karl Hudasch
Erich Bruechig
Herbert Prystuppa
Hans Salinski
Alfred Rennig
Josef Tschanter
Ernest Schoeneberg
Heinz Feldmann
Ernst Georg
A lbert Hille
Gerd H aarnagell
Heinz Mueller
Alfred Bez
Paul Mayer
W illi Kreuzer
Heinz A ron
August Bilges
Robert Wulf
Erich L angenbach
D ieterich Lohmann
Ludwig Bussjäger
Karl Zeitter
Josef Hurter
Franz Breidenstein
H ermann Ebert
Fritz Hemmerich
Karl Seiler
Franz L eger
O tto Herstell
Fritz Hoffmann
P aul Brachvogel
Fritz MM M M M M Mai erk el
Willi Fischer
August Breer
H ans H ofmann
Reinhardt Czech
Rudolf Ulbrich
Erich Meyer
Details of the last battle of H.M.A.S. Sydney with the Nazi raider "Kormoran" on November 19, 1941 are revealed for the first time. Announcing this, a correspondent of the Associated Press of America, Mr. John Horosco, states that the story was pieced together from reports by the master of the "Kormoran", Captain Dettmers, and others of the 317 survivors of the raider.

The "Kormoran" was cruising at 10 knots 300 miles west of Carnavon, West Australia, at 4 p.m., when she sighted the "Sydney". The raider turned into the sun and increased her speed from 15 knots. The "Sydney" approaching from the starboard, signalled the raider to hoist her signal letters. The raider hesitated, and then hoisted the letters P K Q L, belonging to the Dutch steamer "Brass Malaka", 4,439 tons, which was built in 1939. The Nazis used apparent efficiency in signalling to lure the "Sydney" closer and the Australian cruiser came abeam 1200 to 1500 yards distant, and asked for further identification.

Screams Dropped.

When the ships were parallel the raider dropped plates which concealed her guns, and hoisted the Nazi flag. 4 5.9 guns then fired without warning and struck the "Sydney" bridge, apparently killing most of the officers.

The "Sydney" responded furiously with a 6" gun salvo, hitting the raider's engine room and fuel tanks. Fire spread over the "Kormoran" as the battle went on at point-blank range, and a torpedo hit the "Sydney" 20' from the bow, apparently crippling her forward guns. Shell fire blasted the "Sydney"'s scout plane. Four torpedoes from the "Sydney" missed the "Kormoran" and one from the "Kormoran" missed the "Sydney".

The dying "Kormoran" stopped as the "Sydney", burning amidships and settling by the bow, drifted to the south east and disappeared over the horizon at 11 p.m., never more to be seen. The "Kormoran" blew up at midnight. The battle had lasted half an hour.

Resembling shameless Dutch merchantman the "Kormoran" sank 11 A.14'd ships before meeting the "Sydney". She carried six 5.9's, stowed in her holds and raised hydraulically, six torpedo tubes, six anti-aircraft guns, and also an Arado 196 plane.

The correspondent states that the United States Navy is using the lesson of the battle to teach sailors to be careful when investigating strange ships. It's policy is, "When in doubt shoot first and talk afterwards."