

Bridge to Nowhere

Episode: Zeppelin 1917 - The Raid

PRODUCTION

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CAST

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 MIKE RAFFONE
 MINA TEMPLE
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 BARTON WILLIAMS
INTERSTITIALS TOM ROGERS

INTRO

+ <SERIES INTRO>

EPISODE INTRO

In this episode, we invite you on a journey through the streets and canal wharves of the Camberwell of 1917. Adapted from a performance given in front of a live audience on 21st October 2017 in the area we now know as Burgess Park, this special aural history has been created out of the findings of a dedicated research team of volunteers. Overseen by Project Manager - and narrator of our animated walk - John Whelan, a troupe of actors bring to life the characters of the real named individuals you might have encountered had you been there on the night in October 1917 that a German Naval Airship L45 dropped a bomb over Calmington Road, 20 yards from the enduring red postbox that stands on the corner of Albany Road today - the bomb killing 10 people, and devastated the lives and livelihoods of many more.

The Friends of Burgess Park, with support from the Heritage Lottery Fund, present the story of Zeppelin 1917.

Introduction

(1) WW1 was the first truly global war! It was also the first time new technologies meant that warfare would transcend the battlefield and come directly to the home front, with new weapons of terror!

(2) One such was the German airship known as the Zeppelin, named after its creator, Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin - a former army general and later aircraft manufacturer, who founded the Zeppelin airship company. Known in German as the Luftschiff, the airship took its first flight on the 2nd of July 1900, three years before the Wright brothers coaxed *their* flying machine into the air.

(4) The war was to come to the *home* front when the chief commander of German Imperial Navy Zeppelins, Peter Strasser sent his Luftschiffe to attack Great Yarmouth on the 13th of January, 1915. It resulted in the loss of 2 civilian lives.

(5) At first there were few ways for the Brits to deal with these new offensive weapons. The true extent of the damage caused by the Raids alone was in fact relatively limited - it was caused to a much greater degree by the *fear* that was created among the population of cities such as London.

(6) With the development of exploding bullets designed by British inventor John Pomeroy, the Zeppelins were vulnerable to defensive attack by another new invention of the time - the aeroplane.

(7) The German *response* was to build *new* Zeppelins which could climb to higher altitudes, thus evading the planes - "L45" was one of this new breed of High Climbing airships.

(8) Through the course of this narrative, we hope to offer you some understanding of the context of the lives of those living in the area at the time, and follow specifically the events that led up to the bombing itself, and the reaction, politically and personally, of those

most affected.

The Street - Calmington Rd:

(1) Albany Road linked two old coaching and livestock roads to London - Old Kent Road and Camberwell Road. Until the end of the eighteenth century it was surrounded by open fields.

(2) The opening of the Grand Surrey Canal to the Surrey Commercial Docks in 1807 - and later the arrival of the railways - encouraged intensive development and it became part of the London suburban sprawl.

(3) By the time of the bombing, Albany Road had become part of a network of streets, of dense - mostly two-storey terraced housing - accommodating 'the middle class and comfortable working class'. Some larger three-storey *town* houses were built on the south side of the road.

(4) The cluster of *shops* at the junction of Albany Road with Calmington Road provided the daily needs of the local community for all.

(5) At No. 103 Albany Road stood a doctor's surgery, with a consulting room and dispensary, in which Dr Robert Galloway Whitelaw from Scotland lived there with his wife, Catherine.

(6) To one side of the building was the fried fish shop and on the other, a fishmonger's, both run by the Skelton family. The businesses had been founded by the enterprising Eleanor Skelton, who, widowed by the age of 38 and with eight children - opened a traditional fish and chip shop at number 27 Bagshot Street, Camberwell.

(7) By 1911 Eleanor's youngest son, Stephen, had taken over a shop at 101 Albany Road and opened no. 99 next door as a *fresh* fish shop. His son, also Stephen John, was a junior fishmonger there. Eleanor's daughter Emma, who had married James Glass, a meat porter, managed the fried fish shop at no. 101, assisted by her daughter Alice.

Food

Intro

(1) At the start of the war, following its "business as usual" policy, the *government* was reluctant to impose any food controls initially, but as pressure on resources grew, it established in 1916 the Ministry for Food Control.

(2) Food became increasingly in short supply as the war progressed thanks to a diminished labour force available to supply and cultivate food, further complicated by failed harvests and, from 1917, sustained U-boat attacks on the *ships* bringing supplies to UK ports.

(3) Voluntary rationing in 1917 - becoming mandatory the following year - plus the introduction of *local* food control systems - meant that food prices increased, and long queues became a common sight.

Monologue: 'Local resident'

(as if reading from a recipe book): "...the husks of oats are sent to the mill to be ground up, and are returned with the meal. These husks should then be put into cold water."

Well, so far so good. I really hope that my little Charlie will enjoy this treat. He's having it tough lately. He keeps asking me when will his father be back. I hate not being able to answer him. Not knowing when and if he will be back. He's somewhere in France fighting. I receive letters every once in awhile. He says he's fine, but I know him way too well to be fooled.

This war changes you. It creates scars that will not heal. Every one of us is fighting: George with his rifle, and me, with this ladle!

Yes. This is *my* weapon to fight this war. This is the only way I have to defend myself - my family - from those U-boats; those brutes who are trying to starve us. They sink our boats, the ones bringing food for us to survive. We're almost under siege, having to ration our supplies. They think *that* way they will make us so miserable that we'll just surrender. But they obviously haven't taken into account what the creativity a woman with a ladle can do!

(reads on) "The husks *remain* in water for few days until the mixture acquires a sourish taste. Then pour it off to separate from the husk and put it in a pot to boil."

How I wish I could cook something more appealing for Charlie than Sowens! He's only 5 and he's already thinking too much like an adult. I wish he could just focus on playing, and have some sweet jam instead. This recipe is the best I can do with the ingredients I can find. I copied the recipe from Margot's book. Her mother-in-law gave it to her for Christmas. "How to save cookery" by May Byron. She is a hero. A true hero of war. Her creativity in the kitchen allow us to treat ourselves to some nicer meals, to have some sort of feast, to feel that

life can be normal again, even if only for few moments. It helps to keep me grounded into what life is supposed to be, and forget the living hell that war is.

As soon as the war is over and George will be back home I will cook him and Charlie the best Sunday roast. And then I can try making parsnip marmalade...fish custard - and marrow tart! Life will be simple and sweet again. Until then, sowens it is.

Those Germans and their U-boats will not win!!! I am determined to fight them. One potato pudding at a time!!!

Outro

(1) The ministry ran campaigns to discourage waste, appealing to people to consume less of the scarcest foods. As the war progressed, more active measures had to be taken.

(2) Food Control Committees were established in 1917 to oversee the distribution and prices of a range of foods; they granted licenses and also prosecuted local businesses that breached orders.

(3) *Camberwell's* committee was initially comprised of councillors, but its membership later expanded after a complaint was received from the unions, sent to the district council:

"the appointment of one labour representation in a Borough where the vast majority of inhabitants are workers is grossly inadequate".

[Narration continues]

(4) From February 1918, the government urged councils to open National Kitchens as a way to provide affordable, nutritious food. Despite local efforts, the threat of severe shortages in 1918 led to the introduction of *compulsory* rationing of meat, fats, cheese, tea, jam, and sugar.

(5) Camberwell opened *its* communal kitchen at Wells Street Public Baths on June 10th. It was run entirely by volunteers and managed to serve 15,000 portions a week; this was the very same place where residents like Carolyn Reynolds whom we'll meet shortly, had come to take shelter from the Zeppelin Raids.

Artwork and Entertainment in WW1

(1) Life wasn't entirely without its pleasure however. A typical night out might have included, for example, a visit to the music hall, which was still at that time enjoying what would have been its last peak of popularity during WWI, though entertainment's newest diversion - the cinema! - was now also drawing mass audiences.

(2) The area around the now-Burgess Park was well-served by a variety of music halls, ranging from the opulent Camberwell Palace on Denmark Hill, to the Montpelier Palace pub at Newington which allowed variety performers to entertain in the back room. The audiences would rightly join in on the fun too, *singing* along to choruses they loved - booing the acts they loathed!

(3) In print meanwhile, artists were creating pieces designed to convey the righteousness of the British cause, to bear witness to the experience of war, remembering the fallen, and... to provide *effective propaganda*; more on that aspect, later.

Women and WW1

Intro

(1) While the men were away at the front, the absence of husbands, fathers, and brothers left domestic and breadwinning responsibilities wholly to the women.

(2) As the Zeppelins brought the war to the *home* front for the first time, it was women too who began to be counted among the victims.

(3) On the Friday evening L45 flew over London, Alice Glass - a 21 year-old factory machine worker - was helping her mother out in the fried fish shop she managed for her brother-in-law, counting the takings.

(4) The bomb landed on Calmington Road, killing Alice, her mother Emma, and brother Stephen.

(5) For women, for many reasons, this was a time of great upheaval.

Monologue: 'Carolyn Reynolds - munitions worker'

Thank god for these baths. They're our safe haven - we come down here every time we hear the air-raid siren go off!

Sorry I've not introduced myself... My name is Carolyn Reynolds - I live just over there opposite the baths! And I bet looking at my skin though - wondering why I looks like I should be in some sort of a birdcage, twittering away! (She laughs)

You see we work in the factories filling these things called "toffee apples"- in fact they're 56 pounder shells. Each one weighs 23lb for just the shell on top, then we put in 23 lbs of powder. We're what people call the 'munitionettes'! Fancy title hey!

It's a hard job let me tell ya. And if the powder gets wet they're useless. It has to be kept really dry you see!

And they thought women were not able to work as hard as men! Every day we get the train right to the factory. Or sometimes the soldiers take us down. You know at the start if we weren't there by 7.30 they'd send us back to London - throw us out for the day! - we had to lobby parliament about it.

They did eventually change that and we now get bonuses if we make more than 60 shells a day, so we work hard and fast and then we girls can enjoy a few drinks at the weekend.

Oh, I do go on with myself I have not explained this OLD boat race!!!! It's the stuff we have to put in the shells that makes us this colour. The powder sometimes gets in our stomachs though. A lot of the other girls seem to have constant stomach pains but somehow I never do. They also give us milk to counteract all the different poisons in the shells. That is why I'm this wonderful yellow!

Right I best get going to work; don't wanna miss making my bonus!

Outro

(1) Many women were employed in local factories, some along the Grand Surrey Canal.

(2) But the Great War created a demand for women to work in munitions - something resisted by many - but the urgent need at the time trumped social mores.

(3) Furthermore, those factories were now becoming short of the raw ingredients required to operate, so many women were now free to go and work for the war effort. They were now seen working in every walks of life: as bus conductors, ambulance drivers, and munitions workers like Carolyn Reynolds.

(4) Carolyn worked at Slade Green and Woolwich Arsenal. These 'canaries', as they were known, developed a yellowing in their hair and skin after a reaction with the chemicals involved in the manufacturing process. Although the colour faded after a while, some women even gave birth to yellow babies.

(6) Carolyn lived in Camberwell, where the BMX track is found today, and recounts also working - like Alice Glass - as a machinist in the Elephant and Castle, making Khaki shirts.

(7) Visitors today to London's Imperial War Museum - one of the partners on our project - will find the original audio recordings to listen to, of working women such as **Carolyn Reynolds**, as part of their extensive collection of 'Community Memories'.

Conscientious Objectors

Intro

Regardless of their sex, not everyone agreed with the war, of course.

(1) With conscription having been introduced in March 1916, those identifying themselves as Conscientious objectors who refused to take on alternative work - such as farming or driving ambulances, were imprisoned.

(2) Across Southwark there were between 100 and 150 conscientious objectors, nationally - about 16,000 - the most common *reasons* for objection being religious or humanitarian.

(3) One local objector was Arthur Creech Jones - Secretary of Camberwell Trades and Local Council. Refusing military orders, he was court martialed in 1916, telling the assembled court:

"I view War merely as a test of might, resulting from dynastic ambitions, commercial rivalries, financial intrigues and imperialistic jealousies. It is a stupid, costly and obsolete method of attempting to settle the differences of diplomatists, in which the common people always pay with their blood, vitality and wealth."

[Narration continues]

He was found guilty and was imprisoned.

Some *campaigned* to stop the war and refused to serve, identifying themselves as pacifistic in their outlook, including local councillor, Ada Salter.

Monologue: 'The Pacifist-Ada Salter'

War. A word we've been forced to learn inside out - and boy do we know it; we're living its meaning on our skin every day. I think it is time we rethink our system and get rid of such a stupid thing as war.

vc

Trust me when I tell you that I *know* how daunting it is to start fighting for something that no-one has ever experience before. As the first female councillor in Bermondsey I have faced many difficulties myself. Many people have tried to belittle me and my ideas just because I am a woman. That made me only *more* determined to show them what a woman is capable of - and how the world can be different. In the same way, we need to be brave in this time of war, and firmly ask for Peace. It is about time we make our voice heard loud and clear.

We see and experience the effects of war: the starvation, the bombing, the demolition of the human spirit as the days go by. It is time we demand for it to stop: now. It is time we get back to our lives and start building a world of peace - a world where conflict does not have to be resolved with war; where a diplomatic solution can be found; a world where our society can grow and everyone can be equal.

I say that we, today, here in Peckham Rye, at this march for peace, we make ourselves heard and shout with the loudest voice we have: We want Peace.

Let this beautiful sound resonate through the city, through our parks, across the Thames, and let it be heard in *Westminster*. Let the sound of Peace travel far. Let it be heard in France, in Germany, Spain, in the whole of Europe. Peace. We owe it to our children and we owe it to ourselves.

The Silent Raid

Intro:

(1) On October 19th, 1917, from Tondern Airstrip, came the last big attack of the war!

(2) The airships were being *built* at Friedrichshafen near Lake Constance on the Swiss German border, where they were fitted with engines manufactured by Maybach - a subsidiary of Luftschiffbau Zeppelin.

(3) They were an incredible piece of manufacturing - 196m - 644 ft long - approximately the length of two football pitches, with a top speed of 64 mph.

(4) Eleven of these Zeppelin airships were sent that night to attack the industrial heartlands of the North: Manchester, Sheffield, and Liverpool.

(5) Whilst onboard, given the altitude, her crew *would* have had access to oxygen in cylinders, taking the air through a small pipe directly into the mouth. But often the men chose not to partake, as not only did it taste of oil, but to do so was regarded as a sign of a weakness!

(6) The weather over the North Sea appeared favourable, but as the airships rose to 16,000 feet on their approach, their commanders found the wind veering towards the north and rapidly freshening, pushing the Zeppelins vastly off their original course!

(7) The most northerly of the raiding Zeppelins L45 (referred to in some records as LZ-85) came in north of Flamborough Head. Manning this particular ship were Captain Lieutenant Waldemar Kolle, Lieutenant Karl Schulz - the second in command, and Heinrich Bahn - the rudder-man.

(8) They had set a course for Sheffield but Kollé had allowed *his* ship to veer vastly off-course in the strengthening winds, forcing the raiders south.

(9) It is suggested that, had Commander *Strasser* accompanied the raiders, this disaster might not have occurred since he would have undoubtedly called the whole raid off.

(10) Kollé had left Tondern at 11.25 that morning , carrying sufficient petrol for a journey of twenty-two hours.

(11) The Maybach engines were almost inaudible, and on the night in question weather conditions made the airships and their exploding bombs even harder to hear - producing what has come to be known as the terrifying 'Silent Raid'.

Monologue: 'Zeppelin Commander'

My name is Kapitanleutnant Waldemar Kollé. I am The Commander of the German Naval Zeppelin Airship L45 and I hereby surrender myself to this detachment of German Prisoners of War.

We have spent the last 24 hours in a living hell. Having left Tondern Airstrip yesterday morning, our bombing run to northern England was routine enough. Weather conditions were good and morale was high as we left Northern Germany. It was as we crossed the North Sea that conditions began to change unexpectedly.

The wind picked up so I climbed higher to keep us on course. The temperature started to really drop. Minus 10, minus 15, minus 20 degrees centigrade. What else could I do? We reached the British Coast at around eight in the evening. The wind had blown us off course and there was much confusion as to where we were.

Suddenly the glare of searchlights broke through the thick cloud that had enveloped us and then...we were surrounded by enemy gunfire. Without thinking I leapt up grabbed the controls and steered the only course I knew would evade the planes. Upwards!

"Nineteen thousand feet" shrieked Hashagen, our navigator. He looked a ghastly green colour in the pale searchlight as he stared at the glass of the altimeter. As we climbed up and up, the temperature plummeted even lower.

It was now minus twenty-seven.

Exhausted, confused and lost, the strain on the crew was beginning to show. We were now way off course and drifting south. We saw what looked like industrial lights and dropped some of our payload, then followed the path of a railway track. We saw lights in the distance, and then The Thames - we *knew* we were over London. We dropped the remaining ammunition, and expected to see British planes approaching, but

strangely there was nothing.

Thanking our lucky stars we sped back to Germany, but by now, the crew and I were at breaking point. Maybe it was the altitude sickness, but I found myself just yelling at everyone in a desperate attempt simply to stop them from fainting. Even the engines froze due to the cold at that altitude. By some miracle we managed to get them going again but realized that we had by then drifted over France and couldn't make it back to base. We tried to reach Switzerland, but we were running quickly out of fuel and so we had to ditch.

We knew that the war was over for us, but at least we had fulfilled our mission; my crew had done their duty and never deserted their posts.

You know... I'm glad it's over. It's easy for the likes of Kapitan Strasser and Airship Command to talk, with their indiscriminate absolutes, of 'total war', but we are the ones who have to release such devastation onto innocent victims. You see I'm old fashioned when it comes to military matters. I never liked the thought of killing civilians, but that's the way it is these days.

Outro:

(1) Having released several bombs over Northampton, a half-hour before midnight, L45's astonished crew realized that they were driving straight across London in a gale.

(2) It was a 300 lb bomb that caused such heavy casualties in Camberwell, before one final shell was let fall over Hither Green.

(3) In fact, most of the damage and casualties of the raid were caused by Kölle's bombs.

(4) In its short career this single Zeppelin carried out a total of 12 Scouting flights and 3 raid - the first taking place on 2nd April 1917, its last being the Silent Raid over Camberwell.

(5) Throughout the course of WW1 over 40 Zeppelins were reported as destroyed, including L45...

Police & PM

Intro:

(1) Along with many brave local residents helping the trapped and injured that night, three police officers were crucial in saving several lives:

Inspector Frederick Wright, PC Jesse Christmas, and PC Robert Melton..

Monologue: 'PC Melton'

I hate this war and the horror it has caused to our local community. It was one night in October - around the 19th I think - - that my life and the lives of those poor people on Calmington Road were to change forever!

There was this almighty explosion down the road. I remember running from my house straight towards it!

The devastation was unbelievable. I was shouting, "Can anyone hear me? I'm here to help". That building had been literally crushed to the ground. All you could see was smoke and debris everywhere.

The explosion would have been heard for miles around, and people - like they do in this close-knit community - came from near and far to help. "Stay back! Everyone back now! There's an open gas main, get back and put your cigarettes away NOW! Please get back!". I shouted!!!

Screaming at the top of my voice, it's almost as if time stands still in moments like this and everything becomes a dream. The horror of WAR!

I was only a few doors down when it happened, so I managed to get to the site fairly quickly to help those poor souls. Thankfully Inspector Wright and PC Christmas were there to help me find any survivors.

I honestly thought there would be no-one alive.

We had to check everywhere, but in the thick smoke I realised we would have to cut a hole through the floor if we were to get down into the basement of this particular house.

You know I think the memory of that day will be with me for the rest of my life; I don't think I will ever be able to forget hearing the cries of those poor kids as we reached the basement.

We were almost blinded - *pulling* our way through the destruction, the smoke... the smells... the gas.

You *might* say I was a hero... but no.

We were no heroes. Those children and the people whose lives were extinguished were the real heroes.

Segue

(1) Even with the threat of a gas explosion, the Police on site all raced to the scene, putting their lives at significant risk.

(2) Incredibly, the Camberwell bobbies managed cut a hole into the floor of number 103 Albany Road in order to get access to the basement; it was there they discovered two children amid the smoke and chaos.

(3) Ignoring the possibility that the building could collapse at any time, they led the terrified children and a group of shell-shocked adults to safety.

(4) The Salvation Army also came to the scene soon after the bomb hit. They assisted in the rescue efforts, and alleviated the suffering with meals from their travelling kitchen.

(5) The very next day, the Prime Minister himself, Lloyd George even came down to meet and congratulate the officers on their efforts...

Monologue: 'David Lloyd George'

Good morning everyone. It is my solemn privilege to address you all - each and every one of you - as your Prime Minister, and indeed YOUR friend.

I am so sorry to visit all of YOU brave people on such a tragic occasion for both our country and for Camberwell. You have suffered enormously. I am honoured and humbled by you all gathered here today.

I am so pleased to see that the representatives of the blessed Salvation Army are here amongst you and indeed they have been MOST valiant in their efforts. What a sight to behold - to see at first hand the devastation in this area and to hear of the tragic loss of so many loved and treasured local persons!

Can I say to you ALL that my government is here for you! We will do everything within our power to help rebuild and ensure that compensation is deservedly awarded! Oh yes, and further to that, no-one should have to suffer such cowardly attacks again!

These dastardly Germans shall be defeated! Great Britain and her majestic Empire will prevail as she always has and always will! As I once said before, what is our task? 'To make Britain a country fit for heroes to live in', and indeed we shall!

Tomorrow their Majesties, the King and Queen will arrive here in Camberwell. They are most gratified and moved to be coming to visit you ALL! Do not despair! You are Britain. Your spirit proves the very character of British resolve - a spirit that will not be beaten or broken by the enemy! Our men on the front lines, our husbands, fathers, and sons are heroes. But all of you here today are our heroes at home.

Outro

(4) In a letter to a local paper that week, one eye-witness spoke of 'the great bravery' of the those police officers remarking

'I can assert that their conduct was exemplary, deserving the highest possible praise and public gratitude.'

(5) Inspector Frederick Wright was awarded the Albert Medal, while the two police constables were decorated with the King's Police Medals.

Propaganda

Intro

(1) In times of war, governments have always felt the need to control the way people think and communicate with each other, and by the same token, do **not** communicate with the enemy.

(2) Propaganda - both positive and negative - is useful, and as with technology, WW1 saw a step change in the development and application of censorship - it was seen as essential.

Monologue: 'Newspaper reporter'

Those Germans have been bombing this country for two years now! For those of you that are reporters, please be careful what you write.....Be very careful!

As many of you will know, at the start of the war, the government passed a law known as "DORA" - the "Defence of the Realm Act". These so-called "D-notices" could be issued to any newspapers or other publisher, effectively banning publication of certain items, and restricting us to reporting information that was out there in news reports already.

This, together with the censorship of everyone's postal mail, ensures that the facts are hidden from the likes of of you and me - the British public - be they German victories, any military blunders on our side, and the horrific nature of trench warfare over in Flanders.

Why you ask? Well it's pretty simple: the Government can justify all war events, no matter how many people die. By controlling all stories it's a great way for them to move on to more positive matters by just ignoring the tragedies of warfare and focussing on trivial matters. (Ironically) I mean - I suppose cricket and rugby scores *do* make for happier news than warfare, don't they!

You know... all I have ever aspired to do as a reporter is to share real stories, to inform others of what is happening around them - give the facts - the truth! That is a considerable challenge when our own Country enforces CENSORSHIP and forces us to abide by "DORA"!.

Our Government sees it more important to share a different side to the war; to muddy the truth through their mist of false propaganda and 'official' announcements; to trivialise the war and the outrageous loss of lives!

Take this for raid the other day for example! *This is* what was written about the bombing on Calmington Road; "Another bomb shattered the corner of a compact block of buildings, partly shops and partly tenements, and killed nine or 10 persons".

Do you not find it strange that the location of this horrendous act was never disclosed? Nor is the information even accurate?

This is real life, people are dying! Yet somehow there seems to be a vagueness, a lack of detail, in order to make people feel better? I don't understand this type of reporting! It's not reporting - it's sanitation of the FACTS!

I hope this isn't a sign of things to come, more Government censorship and hidden agendas!

It's already happening though, anything with a German connotation is now being removed from British life like it never existed! It was the Local Councils what started things off by erasing any former street names that sound somehow even vaguely Germanic! The less we remember about Germany the better!

Well no... it seems the less we know about the *facts* the better!

Outro

(1) All manner of different communications were censored during the war - not only newspapers, but books, private letters between civilians and military personnel, and even entertainment such as films and music hall performances.

(2) As far as the Camberwell raid was concerned, as we've heard - although the strike was reported, the exact whereabouts were never revealed.

The Victims

Intro

(1) In the course of this narrative, we've hoped to bring you some of that lost local detail and also to put it into its greater historical context in order to offer a better understanding of the events of that weekend now, one-hundred years on.

(2) The Silent Raid of 1917 injured 9 men, 5 women, and 10 children, and killed 10 people.

(3) We'll conclude our journey through Camberwell's streets by imagining now what it might have been to have heard the ghostly echoes of just some of those individuals - not only of those killed, but of the families and neighbours whose lives were so sorely devastated in so many ways.

Name

Stephen John Glass: died, aged 20.

Monologue: 'Stephen John Glass'

There I was at home on leave. It was great to be getting away from this war and have some fun! Jessie was playing some songs on the 'Old Joanna' above the fried fish shop! We had bottles of ale and some lovely cod in newspaper from the fish shop below.

Fish and chips were one of the few things that weren't rationed since the Germans and their u-boats started sinking our ships.

I remember we had just finished singing *It's a Long way to Tipperary* when we heard the news that there was a Zeppelin Raid on somewhere over in the City. Up til then we were just having fun - being typical young people I suppose! - It wasn't that often I got home to to see my friends! You think you are invincible at that age!

It was then we heard a sudden screeching and whizzing noise. I could tell it was coming straight for us.

That was the VERY last thing I remember, just like it would have been for my friend Jessie Martin.

Summary

Stephen Glass was on leave from his service in the navy. He was crushed in the wreckage of a 4-storey house which collapsed into its basement without warning.

Name

Doctor Robert Whitelaw: survived.

Monologue: 'Dr Whitelaw'

103 Albany Rd, on the corner of Calmington Road...the site of my surgery and my home.

About an hour before the explosion, we'd seen the bikes patrolling the streets with their messages to "take cover" from the raid.

When we first moved into the area, my wife and I soon realised the warmth of this community - the kind of place where neighbours looked after each other would rally around in the times of need!

My wife had told everyone that if we were to have more of these raids, they could come to our place and take cover in - what we thought then - was the safety of our basement! How wrong she was!

The Hun doesn't care about life; they bring their weapons of HATE and horror to wives and children. In the trenches that's fair game but not our wives and children! That for me is despicable!

Summary

Doctor Whitelaw had effectively become imprisoned in his own basement as he and his wife took cover, along with the 16 other people they'd encouraged to shelter below the surgery above. Of the three exits from their cellar, only the narrow coal shoot had any sort of access, with just about enough room for the doctor's wife, carrying a young baby in tow, to crawl through the rubble and alert the fire service to break through. Doctor Whitelaw survived the bombing raid without injury.

Name

Stephen Skelton: died, aged 15.

Monologue: 'Stephen Skelton'

The pain! Can someone stop the pain!

I was working in the fish shop just clearing up from a busy evening.
Then this awful pain all over my body!

We had only just finished cleaning the fryers, busy putting away the unused fish back into the cold store for the next day. Then there was total darkness and this incredible pain! The whole shop had literally fallen around me after hearing that whizzing sound of the bomb coming down on us.

The pain - PLEASE someone help with the pain.

I was grateful for the morphine they did give me - it was like a magic bullet flowing through my veins!

I died in the early hours the following morning; just another life extinguished in the horror of modern warfare on the home front.

Name:

Ada Brame: survived.

Monologue: Rachele - 'Ada Brame'

"Daddy, I want to come out of here! Daddy, I want to come out of here!"

- those words I kept repeating, as I lay in the basement that dreadful evening. I was only a child and I remember how exciting it was that all of us had managed to escape the Zeppelins by hiding deep down in the cellar. I didn't think about the danger - it was just like a big game!

That night was to become the longest of my life and I have never been able to recover from the horrors.

As I lay there with a beam across me - fallen from the roof, I recall a man - I think a fireman - who kept putting this warm liquid into me that made me visit this strange fairy-tale world.

Eventually they got me out and I remember through the haze, they took me to the hospital and they saved my life.

But the horror has never left me and I have constant nightmares; and now they've put me in this hospital to protect me from myself!

Daddy, I want to come out of here!

Summary

Ada's father had suffered a head injury in the explosion, preventing him from being able to help his trapped daughter. The fireman who administered the painkillers stayed with Ada until the morning to prevent the debris from covering her.

She never recovered from the trauma of that night.

Name

From across the Albany Road came the entire Balls family, seeking shelter in the surgery basement. Mother Nellie and Father Henry Balls both survived, together with *three* of the their five children, one of whom was their daughter Greta - nearly two at the time - and whom the Friends of Burgess Park were honoured to have attend our centenary exhibition in the park in October 2017. Nellie Balls:

Monologue: Kim - 'Nellie Balls'

When I heard about the Raid I was just so nervous about those enormous Zeppelins coming to destroy us all - like great black birds of death flying high in the sky! When we heard about the approaching raid I started shaking all over; I've never been someone who deals with fearful situations well!

Catherine - the local doctor's wife - a really good friend of mine lived at 103 Albany Rd. She invited us as a family into their basement to escape! I thought we were somewhere safe, but then my life was to change in an instant!

It must have been about 11.30 pm?

How can I explain the blast to you? It is the strangest thing to try and convey. It's almost as if time itself stands still, and the noise... it just shakes every bone in your body and I really thought that my ears might explode from the pressure!

When I heard the explosion I did what every parent would do! I threw myself over my two children to try and protect them from the falling debris raining down on us from the floors above.

The next thing I remember was the utter darkness, and I could hear the muffled cries around me - grit and plaster in my eyes and nostrils.

In the distance I could hear the crackling of fire and through the

smell of the plaster I could make out the reek of burning gas!

I couldn't move for what seemed like an eternity. Then in my confused state of consciousness I could hear the rescuers pulling at the timbers, saying, "We'll get you out, we're coming!". I did get out that night but my beautiful babies Reginald and Edward were lost forever! Every day I have had to carry the burden of the fact that I survived and they perished far before their time.

Summary

Nellie Balls was injured in the back, as she tried to protect her sons, aged 5 and 3. The two boys were crushed under a fallen beam.

Name

Finally, Mrs Emma Glass. On the night of the raid, the two youngest of Emma's seven children, Emily and Jesse had gone up bed in the top floor front bedroom. Mrs Glass, and 8-year Emily were both killed as the building collapsed around them.

Jesse Glass survived, and her daughter, Barbara, attended the original performance of this work in October 2017, given in Burgess Park.

Emma Glass, died, aged 53:

Monologue: 'Emma Glass'

For some reason, I stayed in the bedroom with the children upstairs. I should have moved into the cellar. How I wish I could turn back the clock now!

You see I didn't want to disturb the children sleeping; they looked so peaceful.

As the bomb hit the shop, sitting on my second-hand bed, they lay in my arms... at peace.

EPISODE OUTRO

In Zeppelin 1917 - The Raid, **the Narrator** was **JOHN WHELAN**, and the monologues were performed - in order of appearance - by **RACHELE FREGONESE, KIMBERLEY FREEMAN, MIKE RAFFONE, BARTON WILLIAMS, MICHAEL TUFFNELL,** and **MINA TEMPLE.**

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It was based on an original live performance written and directed by JOHN WHELAN and RUTH PEARSON, and the podcast was script-edited and produced by TOM ROGERS.

