

QUARTERDECK

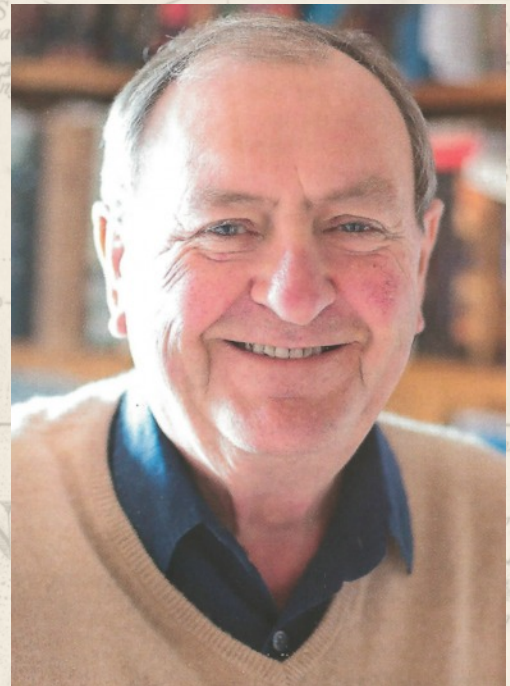
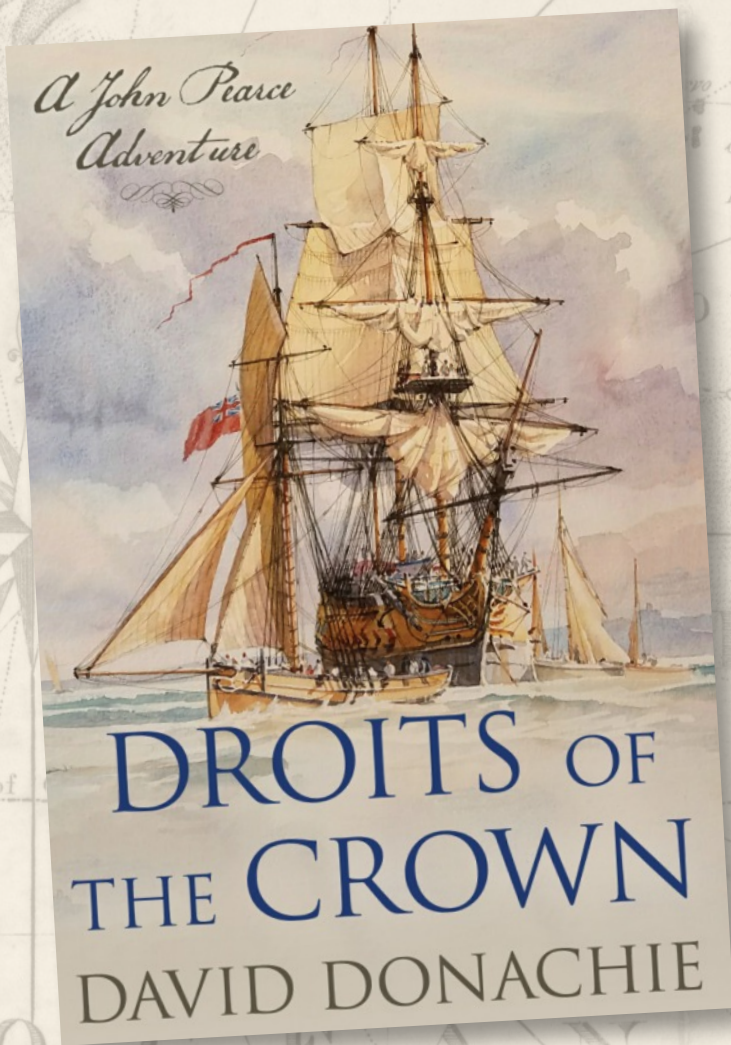
★ MARITIME LITERATURE & ART REVIEW ★



SPRING 2023

Geoffrey Hibbard

COMING IN SEPTEMBER



DAVID DONACHIE

“Donachie assails your senses with the whiff of salt air and the heave and roll of a living ship beneath your feet. His characters are gritty and authentic, and he describes their world in all its high adventure and low brutality.”

—Chris Durbin, author of *The Carlisle & Holbrooke Naval Adventures*



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Courtesy of Kimberley Reeman.

★ **QUARTERDECK** ★

MARITIME LITERATURE & ART
REVIEW



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COMMUNICATIONS

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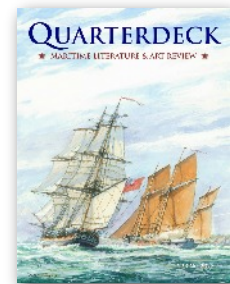
BOOK REVIEWS
Thomas Hines



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ON THE COVER:
“The Admiral’s Daughter,” a watercolor
by English marine artist Geoffrey Huband
commissioned for the cover of
The Admiral’s Daughter by Julian Stockwin.
© Geoffrey Huband

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© Geoffrey Huband

Robert N. Macomber

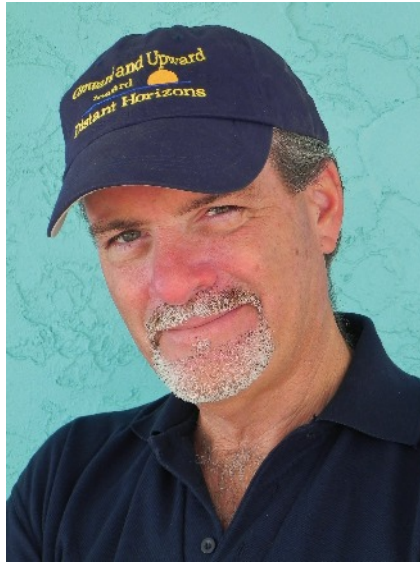
In April, Rear-Admiral Peter Wake's epic career in the United States Navy steams to a fitting conclusion in Robert N. Macomber's *Full Naval Honors: The Final Novel of Peter Wake and His Descendants* (see review on page 22).

Macomber launched the Honor Series in 2002 with *At the Edge of Honor*, introducing Peter Wake, a New England Merchant Marine, who volunteers as an officer in the United States Navy during the American Civil War.

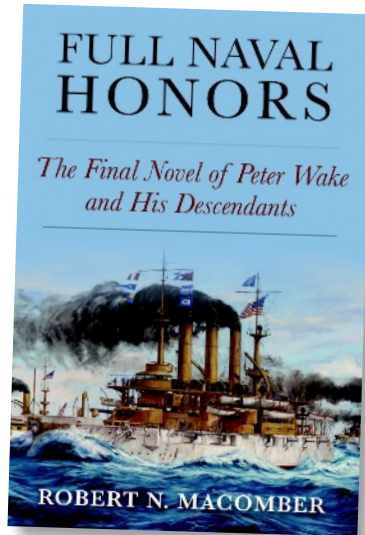
Through the seventeen novels representing Wake's memoirs, Wake's career rises from command of the small armed sloop *Rosalie* based in Key West, Florida, with the East Gulf Blockading Squadron to flag rank, dealing with European and Japanese spies and assassins in the Pacific while on a "diplomatic" reconnaissance mission ahead of President Theodore Roosevelt's Great White Fleet's epic 1907-09 voyage around the world.

Macomber, a multi-award-winning author and internationally recognized lecturer, was named "2020 Writer of the Year" by the Florida Writers Association. *Full Naval Honors* "is the last book for the Honor Series and likely the last of Robert's naval historical fiction efforts," said Nancy Glickman, the author's business manager and literary partner.

During Hurricane Ian, the couple lost their home and office in southwest Florida. "For the near future," added Nancy, "Robert will



ROBERT N. MACOMBER



concentrate on the book tour for *Full Naval Honors*, and on rebuilding his lecture circuit. He's busy researching new lectures as he wrestle multiple insurance claims. As Robert often says: 'Onward & Upward,' which remains our motto!" ■

Visit Robert Macomber online at www.robertmacomber.com.

BOOK LAUNCHES

US (United States)
UK (United Kingdom)
HB (Hardback)
PB (Paperback)
TPB (Trade Paperback)
EB (Ebook)

APRIL

The Vatican Candidate (USHB)
by Paul Bryers

Full Naval Honors (USHB)
by Robert N. Macomber

A Bitter Field (USTPB)
by David Donachie

Ebb Tide (USTPB)
by Richard Woodman

Command (USTPB)
by Julian Stockwin

The Admiral's Daughter (USTPB)
by Julian Stockwin

Crash Boat (USTPB)
by Earl A. McCandlish &
George D. Jepson

MAY

Unmoored: Coming of Age in Troubled Waters
(USHB)
by J. R. Roessl

Hidden Cargo (USTPB)
by Robin Lloyd

Steaming to Bamboola (USTPB)
by Christopher Buckley

What Is a Sea Dog? (USTPB)
by John Jensen & Richard J. King

The Last Roman: Vengeance (USTPB)
by David Donachie

Treachery (USTPB)
Invasion (USTPB)
Victory (USTPB)
Conquest (USTPB)
by Julian Stockwin

By George!



Douglas Reeman

Author extraordinaire and friend

On a summer's day in 1957, thirty-two-year-old Douglas Reeman walked out of the offices of Jarrolds Publishers Ltd., on Great Portland Street in London. He carried a freshly signed contract for his first novel, *A Prayer for the Ship*, and two yet to be written.

"I remember it very well," he told me years later. "Publishers used to be in Great Portland Street then, another dingy street in London, and there was a bus queue outside. I remember walking past. I spread my arms, in fact, I probably did a little jump, and said, 'I'm a writer!'"

A Prayer for the Ship hit British bookshops on June 9, 1958, launching an extraordinary career spanning nearly sixty years.

"I wrote something I knew: the war at sea in small craft, the navy's Light Coastal Forces," he said in 1958. "Young men, some of us very young, and a fast-moving war often fought at close range, in the Channel and North Sea.

"It was, I suppose, simply told, but I was proud of it, nervous about what might happen, and more than apprehensive about it being rejected." With World War II still fresh in people's minds, there was a legitimate concern that perhaps the public was weary of war stories.

Douglas needn't have worried. *A Prayer*



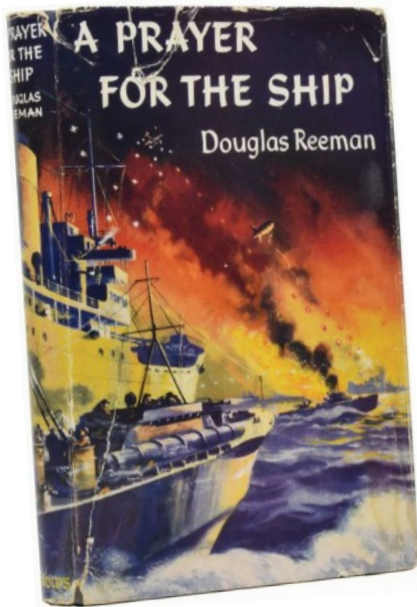
Photo courtesy of Kimberley Reeman.

for the Ship soon became a bestseller and it remains in print today. Jarrolds published his second novel *High Water* in 1959, followed by *Send a Gunboat*, in 1960.

As the 1960s progressed, Douglas was on pace to produce a new title annually. Each offering drew praise across the British media and he soon earned the moniker "master of the modern sea story."

Across the Atlantic in New York, legendary publisher Walter Minton at G. P. Putnam's Sons caught wind of Douglas's early success and acquired *Send a Gunboat* in mid-1960 and an option on his subsequent two novels.

During Minton's 23-year run at Putnam, he had a perceptive eye for bestsellers, in- ➤



cluding *The Godfather* by Mario Puzo and *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold* by John le Carré.

It was he who suggested that Douglas write the Richard Bolitho novels. “I [had] thought about it for a long time,” he told me. “But I actually decided to do it when I met Walter Minton, who said, more or less, that as I was so keen on the period, I should write about it. Then he said, ‘What are we going to call this guy?’ and I said without hesitation, ‘Richard Bolitho.’”

Minton’s discerning eye and Douglas’s ability to bring Nelson’s Navy to life launched the best-selling series. *To Glory We Steer* introduced Captain Richard Bolitho in 1968. Putnam published the book in America and Hutchinson & Co Ltd in London.

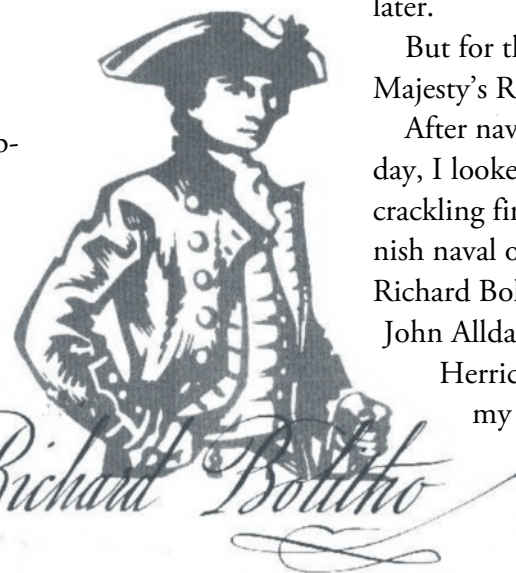
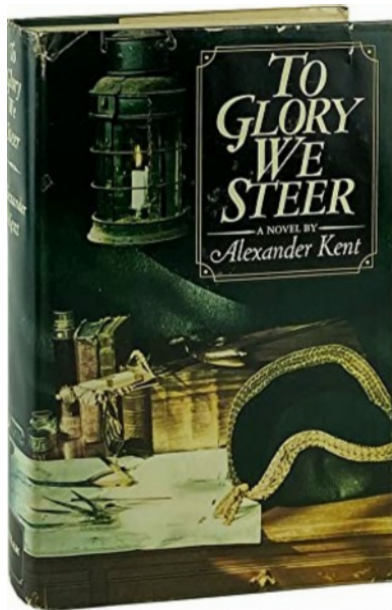
“What makes Reeman’s books a cut above the rest is his sensitivity to relationships played out against . . . extraordinary times,” said the Manchester *Sunday Mercury*.

Readers obviously agreed. Over his career, Douglas wrote 38 novels under his own name and 30 in the Bolitho canon as Alexander Kent. The books have been published in 20 different languages and, to date, have sold nearly 35 million copies.

The Reeman and Kent titles consistently appeared on bestseller lists, perennially at or near the top, including the United Kingdom’s definitive weekly book sales chart in the *Sunday Times*.

“Douglas Reeman earns a 21-gun salute for his portrayals of naval action in World War Two,” wrote the *Evening Telegraph* in Scunthorpe, England, on November 4, 1976, in its review of Reeman’s *Surface with Daring*.

And when Kent’s *The Flag Captain* appeared in 1971, a *News & Mail* reviewer in



Esher, England, said of Richard Bolitho: “This is not a kind of 18th-century superman who does all these things, but a believable Cornish naval captain of the period.

His victories are not gained by brute force but by sheer expert seamanship, unsleeping vigilance, and a subtle imagination.

“The key word about this book is vitality. Ships, harbours, coasts, men, and women are all intensely alive. Mr. Reeman’s hero, who he claims almost to exist in his own right, is given recognition at the Admiralty as ‘definitely a man to be reckoned with.’ So, for my money, is his creator.”



About this time, I chanced across the Richard Bolitho novels for the first time in a small independent bookshop. So, I snapped up several mass paperbacks. Little did I know that this purchase would change my life trajectory a quarter century later.

But for the present, I signed on to His Majesty’s Royal Navy as an armchair sailor.

After navigating the corporate world by day, I looked forward to evenings beside a crackling fire, immersed in the young Cornish naval officer’s adventures. Besides Richard Bolitho, his coxswains Stockdale, John Allday, and fellow officer Thomas Herrick—the “happy few”—became my constant companions.

The early stories, stretching from Britain’s naval action during the American Revolution to the French Revolution, were captivating sea yarns. But more importantly, I was drawn to Bolitho’s humanity and leadership from his days as a midshipman forward. It’s a thread that carries through the entire series.

The first scene in *Stand Into Danger* is ▶

a favorite passage. Newly-made Lieutenant Bolitho—now “a King’s officer”—waiting on the jetty in Plymouth for a boat to take him to join the frigate *Destiny* in the Hamoaze, takes time to engage the man who carried his sea chest, “poor and ragged, but there was no mistaking what he had once been: a seaman.”

When Bolitho asks the “ragged figure with all the fingers missing from one hand and a scar on his cheek as deep as a knife” in what ship he served, “the man seemed to expand and straighten his back . . . ‘The Torbay, zur.’”

One year, Richard Bolitho editions disappeared from American bookshops. So, my reading strayed in other directions.

And then, in 1997, after moving to rural Iowa, I discovered an online shop called Tall Ships Books, offering the Bolitho backlist and new hardbacks. Amazingly, the shop was only a few miles from our home.

On an early spring day, I arranged to visit the shop’s owner, Richard Merritt, a fellow Bolitho enthusiast. Beyond the Alexander Kent novels, his shelves were filled with naval fiction by Richard Woodman, Dudley Pope, C. S. Forester, Patrick O’Brian, Showell Styles, Nicholas Monsarrat, and many other authors new to me.

During a second visit, my future was about to change when Rich suggested that Amy and I buy Tall Ships Books. Crazy as it sounded then, Amy and I took the plunge after a planned holiday in England. The clincher? Access to the Alexander Kent novels, bringing that original purchase years earlier full circle.

The Kent connection grew stronger at the same time, when McBooks Press, under its founder Alex



Courtesy of Kimberley Reeman.

ABOVE Artist Val Biro, who designed the image Captain Richard Bolitho (see page 6), created this cartoon to mark Douglas Reeman’s 21st year as an author.

BELOW Douglas and Kim Reeman with the author at the Oriental restaurant at The Dorchester hotel in 1999.

Skutt, contracted with Douglas to publish the Bolitho novels in the US.

Soon after taking the Tall Ships Books helm, I wrote to Douglas and Kim Reeman, introducing us. The email was not yet in everyday use, so over several months, we exchanged letters.

Within the year, we were back in London, joining Douglas and Kim Reeman for lunch in the Oriental, their favorite restaurant in The Dorchester hotel on Park Lane across from Hyde Park.

Sitting next to the man whose books ▶



Photo by Amy Jepson.

were responsible for us entering the book trade seemed at first surreal, but we were soon put at ease by the Reemans.

Douglas ordered his favorite cocktail, a horse's neck (brandy and ginger ale), while we sipped white wine. His charming baritone accent, quintessential English, reflected the world in which he had grown up and been educated.

Our initial time together grew into a friendship that lasted until he sadly crossed the bar in 2017. And our relationship with Kim continues to this day.

Over the years, I learned that Richard Bolitho's compassion for others came straight from his creator. Amy and I lost two of our beloved Yorkshire Terriers within two years. Douglas was on the phone in each instance, easing our pain.

With a worldwide following, he encouraged readers to write to him. Each letter received a personal response, usually written in the mornings before he began work for the day on a book.

During one conversation with Douglas, I inquired why his books had been withdrawn from the American market. His answer was unsurprising. After Walter Minton had left Putnam's, readers wishing to contact him through the publisher were being ignored. So, when his contract was due for renewal, he instructed his agent to decline.

On occasions when we visited the Reemans outside London, we were warmly welcomed into their lovely two-story brick home. A painting over the fireplace by English marine artist Geoffrey Huband depicted the various ships on which Bolitho served.

Douglas's snug, a small study had a desk with his ancient electric typewriter at its center, with photos of Kim on the verges. As you faced his desk, a floor-to-ceiling bookcase on the right held research volumes and notebooks containing details from his previous novels.

On the terrace, overlooking their seclud-



Photo by Kimberley Reeman.

ABOVE Douglas Reeman in July of 1984 in the gardens of St. James's Cathedral, Toronto, where he and Kim were married a year later.

ed garden and Kim's small greenhouse, a 24-pounder cannon from the British television drama "I Remember Nelson" was pointed toward France.

After nearly three decades in the book trade, I remain grateful to the man whose early Bolitho novels caught my interest on a summer's day many years ago and later welcomed Amy and me into the book trade.

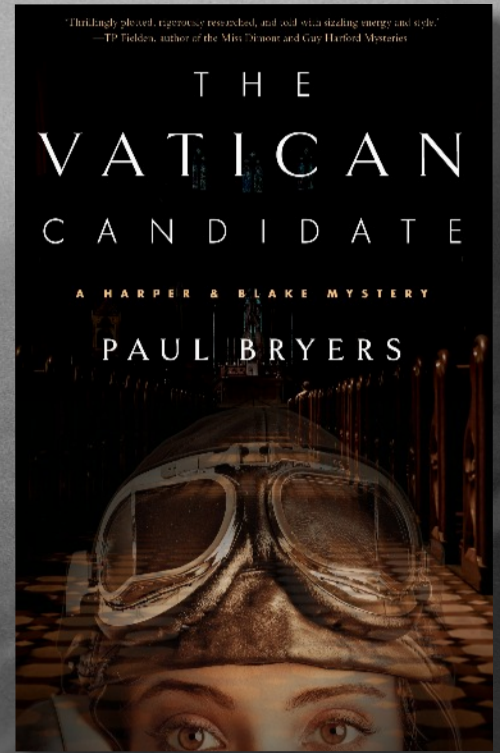
My last enduring memory of Douglas is of him standing in the doorway, smiling and waving goodbye after a lovely autumn afternoon visiting and listening to his witticisms from years in the trade.

As he said that fateful day outside Jerrolds in 1957, "I'm a writer!"

And indeed, he was. ■



German aviatrix Hanna Reitsch



© Alamy

Paul Bryers

Shifting from the sea to a thrilling World War II mystery

English novelist, film director, and screenwriter Paul Bryers was born in Liverpool in 1955. After studying Modern history, politics, and economics at the University of Southampton, Bryers worked for the *Daily Mirror* before moving to commercial television as a reporter and presenter, eventually becoming a producer and director covering African, Middle Eastern, and South American armed conflicts. ➤



Photo by Sharon Goulds.

Paul Bryers

After his reporting career, Bryers produced, wrote, and directed award-winning documentaries and docudramas for British and American television, including *Nelson's Trafalgar* for Channel Four in the United Kingdom and *Queen Victoria's Empire* with Donald Sutherland for PBS in the United States. The latter won the Outstanding Achievement Award at the New York Film Festival in 2002.

Writing under his pen name, Seth Hunter, Bryers is the author of eight Nathan Peake naval adventures set during the French Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars, including his latest in the saga, *Trafalgar: The Fog of War*.

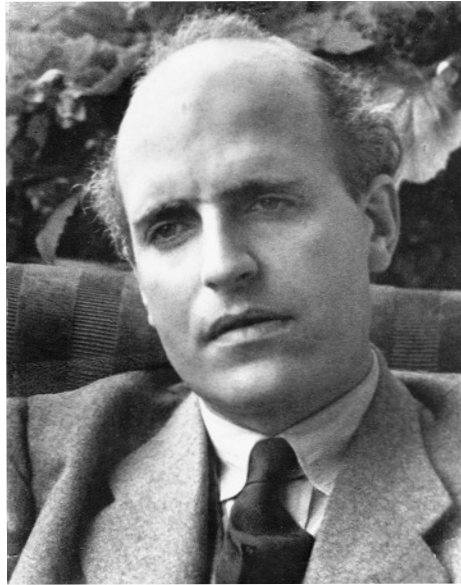
While working on a documentary for British television, Bryers became intrigued by stories about World War II's final days in Nazi Germany and a connection to the Vatican and Pope Pius XII. The result was *The Vatican Candidate*, a thrilling mystery based on actual events.

Bryers recently shared the story behind the novel with *Quarterdeck*.

—George Jepson

What was the genesis behind *The Vatican Candidate*?

Well, that is a long story in itself. It began when I was writing and directing a television drama called *A Vote for Hitler* based on events in Oxford, England, in 1938, which changed the tide of opinion in Britain and possibly the United States from appeasement of Hitler and Fascism to active opposition. Then,



Adam von Trott

while we were filming at Balliol College, in Oxford, I was intrigued to see a couple of German names on a plaque outside the college chapel commemorating those students who had died in the war against Germany and Fascism—the names were Adam von Trott and Helmut von Moltke. It turned out that they

“ . . . I heard many stories about what happened at the very end of World War II when Hitler was sheltering in the Fuhrerbunker . . . ”

were Rhodes scholars at the college before World War II and that they had been executed by the Nazis when they were implicated in the June 1944 Officers' Plot to assassinate Hitler.

As a result, I started writing another script, about Adam von Trott's life, loves, and death, and I



Helmut von Moltke

met a number of people who had been involved with him, including people who later became important statesmen, historians, and members of the intelligence services in Britain and the United States. Subsequently, I was asked to produce and direct a documentary on the *History of Germany* for the BBC, and another for Channel Four on the Jewish counterfeiters who were forced by the SS to forge fake British and American currency, initially in a bid to wreck the Allied economies.

In the course of all this, I heard many stories about what happened at the very end of World War II when Hitler was sheltering in the Fuhrerbunker under the Reich chancellery in Berlin and the allies were closing in on him—the British and Americans from the west, and the Russians from the east. It is well known that he was trying to sow division among them to save himself and his regime, but my informants went further than this, suggesting that he may have tried to pressure the allies by threatening ➤

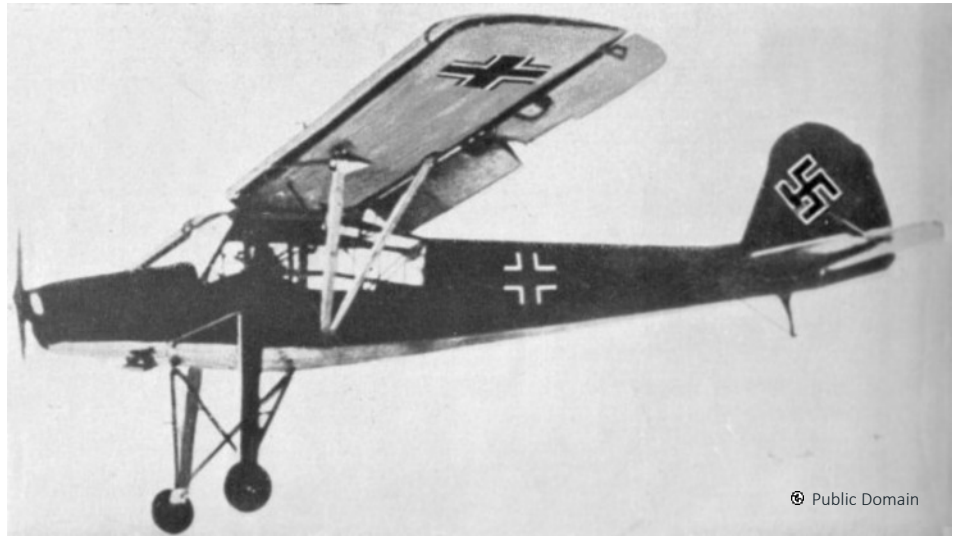
to release information that would name and shame well-known figures in the west who had secretly supported the Nazis before and during the war, or—even worse—nurture a fear that the Soviets would get hold of them.

I always intended to follow up on this and I was prompted to do so by Pope Francis’s announcement that he planned to open up the Secret Archives relating to the policies of his predecessor Pope Pius XII before and during World War II—and the hostile reaction of senior churchmen and political parties of the far right. The announcement came in 2018, then came Covid, and for two years, there was no access permitted—the first revelations came out in 2022.

I thought this was material for a novel, set in the present day, but referring back to the last days of the war when the Nazis were looking for a way out of the hole they were in and seeking to secure not only their future as individuals but the rebirth of their movement sometime in the future.

What can you tell us about the individuals you met with as you developed the story?

Many of the stories I heard were off the record or passed on to me by researchers working on the films I’ve outlined above and there was no firm documentary evidence. However, our informants included people who were either expert historians, journalists, or eyewitnesses of the events described in *The Vatican Candidate*—people with a particular insight into those events, and



Public Domain



TOP A Fieseler Fi 156 Storch similar to the one German aviatrix Hanna Reitsch landed on an improvised airstrip in the Tiergarten near the Brandenburg Gate during the Battle of Berlin in 1945 to meet with Adolf Hitler.

ABOVE Hanna Reitsch circa mid-1930s.

they built up a very intriguing picture.

They included Traudl Junge, Hitler’s secretary and Sergeant Rochus Misch, one of his personal bodyguards, both of whom were with him in the Führerbunker right up to the end; and Alfred Kernl, the chief curator of Berlin, who explored the bunker complex when it was discovered by security guards clearing the site for the famous Wall concert held by Led Zeppelin and other bands to celebrate the demise

of the Berlin Wall. Photographs were taken of the interior, including the notorious SS murals that feature in the novel, before the complex was filled with sand to prevent it becoming a shrine for the neo-Nazi movement.

Others included family and friends of Adam von Trott, including his wife Clarita and his friends Peter and Cristabel Bielenberg, all of whom had been involved in the German opposition to Hitler; the English historian A. L. Rowse and the former publisher and editor of the *Observer* newspaper, David Astor who had both been close to von Trott and von Moltke; Philip Kaiser, the US ambassador in Hungary and Austria; British prime minister Edward Heath; and Charles Wheeler, journalist and wartime intelligence officer who was in Berlin shortly after the war ended.

Many of these people had a special insight into Hitler’s attempts to divide his enemies and contrive a separate peace with the British and Americans. They expressed a particular interest in the flight of the German aviatrix Hanna Reitsch into ➤

Berlin in the last days of April 1945 and her meeting with Hitler in the *Fuhrerbunker*. She flew out again on a secret mission for Hitler and was arrested by the Allies in Kitzbuhel, Austria. No one really knows why she made this flight, despite a lengthy interrogation by a captain in the US intelligence service which I read. The incident convinced the Soviets that she had flown Hitler out of Berlin, and these suspicions remained even after they found his supposed body. Others, including several of my informants, believed she had flown out certain documents which could have been used to put pressure on the allied commanders and politicians in the west to make peace before they fell into the hands of the Russians. They speculated that they contained evidence of clandestine dealings with the Nazi regime by leading figures in the west, including members of the British royal family and aristocracy, American congressmen and newspaper publishers, and the Vatican. It was the Vatican connection that most interested me.

Did you learn anything more about the documents?

There was a suggestion that they detailed the links between Vatican officials and the Nazi regime from the time the Concordat was negotiated in 1933 between Hitler's government and the Vatican foreign secretary Cardinal Eugenio Pacelli (who later became Pope Pius XII) and continued throughout the war and that the pope and his closest associates had known of the Nazi



Pope Pius XII

plans to murder six million European Jews and done nothing about it. Even more interestingly, that Hitler wanted the pope to help negotiate peace with the western allies, Britain and the United States—and a new alliance with Germany and Italy against Stalin's Soviet Union.

The above was all speculation, of course. But the story of these documents surfaced in a film I made some years later—this time for Channel Four—about the Jewish concentration camp prisoners

forced to forge British five-pound notes and, later, US dollars for the SS. One of our locations for the film was Schloss Labers near the spa town of Merano in the north of Italy which had been the headquarters for an SS *einsatzgruppen* that specialized in forged currency and documents. As well as filming there I interviewed Count Jeorg Stamf Neubert, whose family owned the property and who had lived on the castle farm during the SS occupation.

Did Stamf-Neubert have anything significant to share?

He told me that the SS officers dealt in documents as well as currency. The SS commander—Colonel Schwend, a banker in civilian life—met regularly with his father during the war and revisited the castle during the 1950s. Schwend intimated that these documents would cause a sensation if revealed and that in the war's closing days, certain deals were made between ➤



Schloss Labers near the spa town of Merano in the north of Italy.

the SS and representatives of the Allies to either “bury” them or use them for “intelligence” purposes which may have included blackmail. Whoever possessed them would obviously have a hold over some fairly influential figures. In return, the SS men were given false identities and safe passage to South America. It is quite possible of course that Schwend was lying or even the documents implicating the Vatican in Nazi atrocities were also forged.

Did you meet with other contemporaries?

In Israel, I met a man in his late nineties who was still mentally and physically alert and who had played a more personal part in these events. At the end of the war, he had been based in Italy with the Jewish Brigade of the British Army and he told me that he and his comrades would venture out at night, with the tacit permission of their officers, and hunt down all the SS men they could find among the captured German soldiers.

“You mean they killed them?” I asked.

“Well, we did not send them to South America,” he said.

So, with this historical background, did a novel immediately come to mind?

No. I was primarily interested in making a documentary or docudrama—which was then the day job, so to speak. I have to be honest and say that the one reason I didn’t do this was lack of solid documentary

evidence. It was mostly speculation. But also, and more significantly, I think I was diverted by a commission to help direct and produce a 90-minute film for Channel Four called *Nelson’s Trafalgar*, which in turn led to the commission to write the Nathan Peake novels about a British naval officer during the period.

Had you read much in the mystery and thriller genres over the years?

Oh, yes. Along with the nautical historical genre, this is what I read most. My favorite writers of myster-

“. . . I like reading thrillers and mysteries. I like writing them, too. The plotting, the puzzle solving—the creation of a labyrinth—and then finding your way out!”

ies and thrillers are John Le Carré, Graham Greene, Stieg Larsson, who wrote *The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo* and its two sequels, Thomas Harris, who wrote the Hannibal Lecter novels, P. D. James, who wrote a series of detective stories involving Commander Adam Dalgliesh, Patricia Highsmith, writer of the Ripley mysteries, Ruth Rendell, Andrea Camilleri, who writes the Montalbano detective series, and Alan Furst, who writes a series of historical spy novels. There are many others. I have even written a couple myself—*The Prayer of the Bone* and *The Used Women’s Book*

Club.

How did you begin to turn the historical record, as you learned it, into a Harper & Blake mystery?

The honest answer is I don’t know. I am usually so immersed in the late 18th and early 19th centuries for the Nathan Peake series I can’t honestly remember now how I got my head into this. I think I had a two-year break from Nathan Peake around 2018 when I began to look at this story again and I wanted to do something set in the present day, albeit with a historical resonance. I began to see how the things that happened in that closing week of the war, and just after, have influenced the shape of the world since and I imagined interweaving past and present. It was only a small step to imagine then how the secrets of that period could be the motivation for a series of murders in the present day.

As I’ve said, I like reading thrillers and mysteries. I like writing them, too. The plotting, the puzzle solving—the creation of a labyrinth—and then finding your way out! Also, in my own personal or professional life as a journalist and filmmaker, I’ve been quite involved in subterfuge and deception over the years. That sounds rather sinister, but I think I must have a strong inclination towards artifice and pretense. Well, most fiction writers do. Sometimes in the past I’ve had to work undercover, posing as an arms dealer in Brussels, filming stuff in secret with a hidden camera, making films in South America and Africa while pretending to be some- ➤

one other than who I am.

I remember once in Bolivia making a secret film about a mysterious plan to sell millions of acres of the Amazon basin to farmers from South Africa and Zimbabwe. While traveling with the cameraman, sound recordist and researcher, we were picked up by the police, and a senior officer studied our passports while we stood rather nervously in front of him. He looked at them, in turn sneering at the job descriptions they contained as he tossed them contemptuously onto his desk one by one—Submarino (this was the cameraman, and we were in La Paz, 12,000 feet above sea level); Ornitologo (Ornithologist—this was the sound recordist); Investigadora (this was the researcher who later became my wife and was at least, honest); and Novelista (this was me). It struck me then, even though I was sh—ing myself, that this wasn't a bad team for probing life's mysteries.

Did your approach to the book differ significantly from the Nathan Peake naval adventures you write as Seth Hunter?

Mostly, but not entirely. I always try to go on location—as I do when I'm making dramas and documentaries. I find it gives me ideas for the plot, just as it gives me ideas for how to shoot a scene in a film. I visited most of the locations in *The Vatican Candidate*—New York, Berlin, Merano, Rome, Venice and Sicily. I even visited three Sicilian cathedrals to find the one most suitable for an assassination attempt and found one where the organ was

undergoing repair which suited me perfectly.

However, with the Peake series I have a cast of characters already in place and I am steeped in the period. When I approach another Peake adventure, I start with the timeline of what really happened during the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars and then I weave Peake into the particular events of a particular year. I've written two Nathan Peake books since I started *The Vatican Candidate* and now I'm writing another, so it's very hard for me to recall how, exactly, my approach

“I always try to go on location—as I do when I'm making dramas and documentaries. I find it gives me ideas for the plot, just as it gives me ideas for how to shoot a scene in a film.”

differed. Okay, I knew what had happened in 1945—Year Zero as the Germans call it—and I had all the speculations and suspicions of the people I'd interviewed about what happened in the *Fuhrerbunker*, the missing documents, the flight of Hanna Reitsch and so on, but I don't know how I got to the murders and the cover ups. I think maybe once I'd started to think about these a motive emerged, and once I had the motive, I found a murderer, or murderers. I remember reading about the present pope's decision to open the archives that

covered World War II and the correspondence of Pope Pius XII, and then reading about some scandal involving the Vatican Swiss Guard and I think it probably followed on from there. But I don't know for sure.

The “Borgesian conundrum,” named after Argentine writer Jorge Luis Borges, is a philosophical question of “whether the writer writes the story, or it writes him.” Where do you stand?

Ah—maybe this is the answer—maybe the story wrote me! I'd like to think that some secret historical mystery, some ghost of the past, prompted me into an obsessive search for the answers. Truth will out, even in a novel! To my shame, I have not read Borges, nor did I understand the conundrum named after him until now—and I'm not at all sure I do understand it now—but I would agree that there are times when the story “takes the writer over” but I would say this is because if your brain is constantly plotting and weaving it tends to produce a fabric. Sometimes that fabric surprises the writer—where the hell did that come from, you think? Well, it came out of your brain, mate. God help you and everyone associated with you.

Borges was once quoted as saying that all great novels are detective stories. Do you agree?

I think a lot of them are, but not all. It depends on how you define detective story. But I agree that most historical novels, most his- ➤

tory for that matter, is a form of detective story.

How did you select or create your protagonists, ex-British Royal Marine Aiden Blake and New York-based researcher Hannah Blake?

To some extent, Aiden Blake is who Nathan Peake might have become if he had been born again into the modern world—a British special forces officer who becomes involved in the murky world of espionage and the security services. I gave him some of my own background in Liverpool, though he is born in Belfast where I worked on the *Daily Mirror*. In an earlier draft, I placed him in Syria where I worked for a time, but for various reasons I cut that out of the final version. Hannah Blake is based on an amalga-

tion of several TV researchers I have known, including my wife Sharon. I gave her my own passion, or obsession, for movies, particularly the Alien franchise.

Are there more mysteries ahead for Harper & Blake?

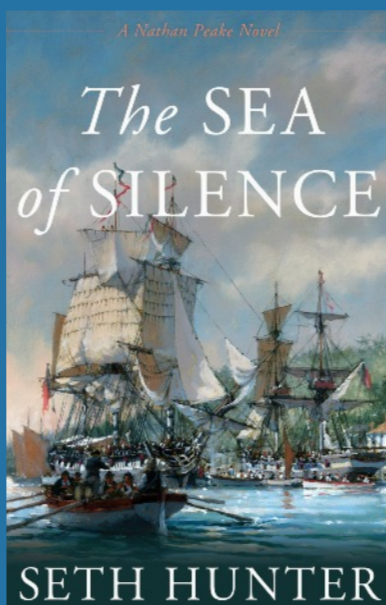
I would like to think so. Having invented them, or been invented by them to tell their story, I think they probably deserve another shot. They have plenty of targets in the modern world. You can see how some of the fantastical villains of Ian Fleming now have their real-life equivalents. Name the real Goldfinger, Blofeld, Hugo Drax, for instance. It wouldn't be that difficult. We are living in interesting times. A new age of the oligarchs.

Is there anything else you would like to share with our readers?

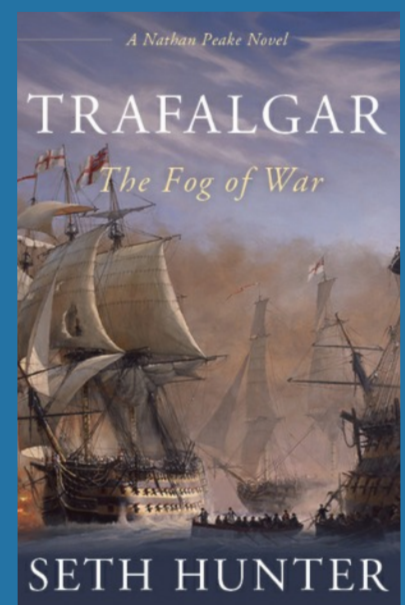
Only that, when I was researching this story and looking up everything I could find on Pope Francis, I started to be bombarded by emails and tweets and other social media messages relaying the information that he was a Communist or an agent of Satan, or both. Obviously, my interest had been logged by the algorithms. There is nothing necessarily sinister about this. When I was researching what kind of gun my assassin uses, I was bombarded by ads for guns. But I knew there was strong pressure on the pope to make way for someone more “traditional,” say, and I felt that this reinforced the plausibility of my plot. ■

Visit Paul Bryers online at www.paulbryers.com.

NATHAN PEAKE'S LATEST ADVENTURES



Paul Bryers / Seth Hunter



THE VATICAN CANDIDATE

BY PAUL BRYERS

The Vatican Candidate is a brand new historical thriller by British novelist Paul Bryers, who writes The Nathan Peake naval adventures under his pen name, Seth Hunter. This is an excerpt from the book.

It was dark by the time Hannah arrived back at the house. She dropped her keys and her phone on the kitchen table and drank some water from the fridge. It was seven o'clock. Very quiet. She was soaked in sweat—it had been an especially punishing run. She decided to take a bath instead of the usual shower.

She put in lots of her mother's expensive bath gel and lay there among the bubbles with the water up to her chin and her eyes closed. It felt good. She did not often take a bath. She felt almost relaxed for the first time since her drive to Westhampton.

Then she heard something, like someone moving around downstairs. A door opening maybe.

'Mother!' Hannah shouted. 'Is that you?'

She had left the bathroom door slightly ajar. She held herself very still, listening for sounds of movement. But there was nothing. Then what could have been a creaking stair.

She climbed quickly out of the bath and pushed the door shut, sliding the little bolt at the top. It didn't look as if it would keep anyone out for more than half a second. She opened the window. It was at the side of the house looking out on the neighbours, just beyond the hedge. Hannah had never met them but she knew they were an elderly couple, with a dog. She looked down. It was a long drop to the ground but there was a drain she thought she might be able to reach.

But this was ridiculous. This was Mystic, Connecticut.

Even so . . .

Where was her phone? She must have left it on

the kitchen table. Why had she not brought it into the bathroom with her? She looked around for something she could use as a weapon. Nothing obvious. She looked in the bathroom cabinet. The usual stuff. Lotions, toothpaste, medication, plasters . . . And a small pair of surgical scissors. She was starting to feel cold with the window open but she didn't want to close it. She clenched her fist round the scissors and crossed to the door again and pressed her ear against the thin wooden panelling.

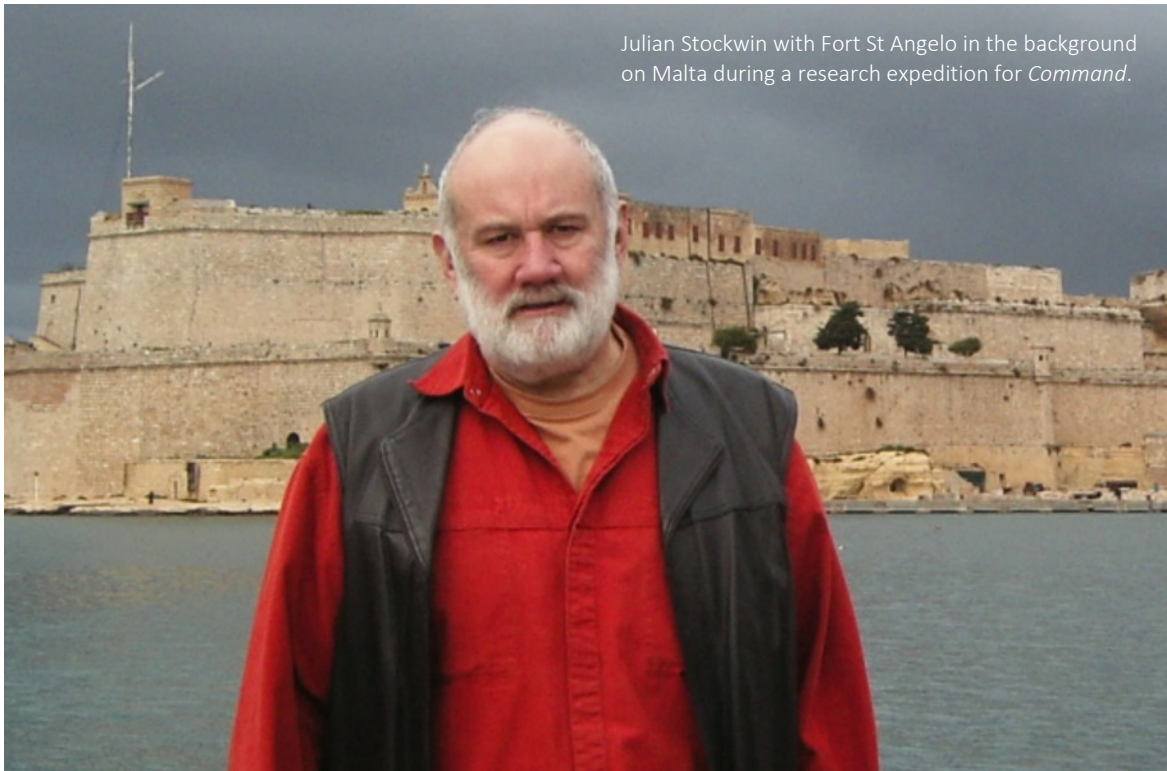
The door burst inward with a violence that threw her back against the edge of the bathtub and into the water. She caught a glimpse of a large figure in black wearing a black mask or hood. Then she was drowning, hands on her shoulders pressing her down. She kicked and clawed without noticeable effect. Then suddenly the pressure eased and she thrust her head up out of the water, gasping for air.

A masked face inches from her own. A black woollen ski mask. Holes for the eyes, a slit for the mouth. The lips moved.

'Hannah? Hannah, right? You know what I mean?'

Hannah opened her mouth, not to answer, but to scream or bite, she hadn't made up her mind which. It didn't matter either way. Her head was back under the water and this time she knew it was for good. But even as she was drowning she felt something hard pressing into her buttocks, and some remaining clarity of thought told her it was the scissors. She groped for them with her right hand and wrapped her fist around them and lashed out, out and up.

The hands left her shoulders. She surfaced again. Her assailant was holding his chest, just below the armpit, and she could see the blood spurting out through his fingers. Then she rose up out of the water and stabbed him again in the middle of his black mask with all the force that fear and fury could give her. ■



Julian Stockwin with Fort St Angelo in the background on Malta during a research expedition for *Command*.

Photo by Kathy Stockwin.

Julian Stockwin

Favorite passages from the Thomas Kydd canon

BY JULIAN STOCKWIN

*When George Jepson asked me to select my favorite passages from *Command*, *The Admiral's Daughter* and *Treachery*, just re-published by McBooks Press with stunning new covers featuring specially commissioned original artwork from Geoffrey Huband RSMA, I took some time to revisit the manuscripts and I hope you enjoy these choices as much as I did writing them.*

In *Command*, my hero has achieved the majesty of his own quarterdeck, and his life will never be the same again. It may seem an improbable transformation of a young perruquier of Guildford, press-ganged into His Majesty's Navy less than ten years before. Still, the historical record tells us that there were Thomas Kydds, not many, admittedly, but enough to be tantalizing to a writer's imagination. Yet we have so few records of their odysseys—how they must have felt, ▶

what propelled them to the top. What triggered this series were some statistics that I came across. It seems that in the bitter French wars at the end of the eighteenth century, there were, out of the hundreds of thousands of seamen in the Navy over that time, some 120, who by their courage, resolution, and brute tenacity, made the awe-inspiring journey from common seaman in the fo’c’sle to King’s officer on the quarterdeck. And of those 120, 22 became captains of their own ship—and a miraculous three, possibly five, flew their pennant as admirals!

In this excerpt, Kydd is outward bound on his first war cruise as captain of *Teazer* and allows himself a playful indulgence.

COMMAND

A deep, shuddering sigh came from his very depths. His eyes took in the sweet curve of the deck-line as it swept forward to the sturdy bow, the pretty bobbing of the fore spars in the following seas and the delicate tracery of rigging against the bright sky—and the moment burned itself into his soul.

In a trance of reverence his eyes roamed the deck—*his* deck. Within *Teazer’s* being were over eighty souls, every one of whose lives was in his charge, to command as he desired. And each was bound to obey him, whatever he uttered and without question, for now all without exception were in subjection below him and none aboard could challenge his slightest order.

It was a heady feeling: if he took it into his mind to carry *Teazer* to the North Pole every man must follow and endeavour to take the vessel there; in the very next moment, should he desire, he could bellow the orders that would clear the lower decks and muster every man aboard before him, awaiting his next words, and not one dare ask why.

The incredible thought built in his mind as his ship sailed deeper into the sea. Controlling his expression, he turned to Dacres and snapped, “Two points t’ star-board!”

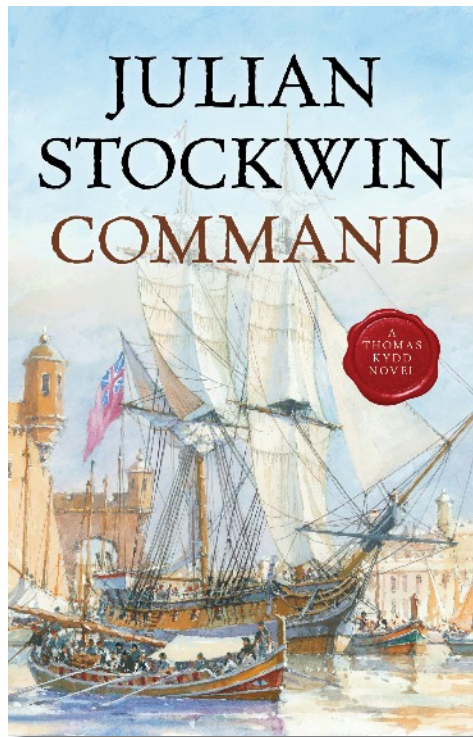
“Two points—aye aye, sir,” Dacres said anxiously and instantly turned on the quartermaster. “Ah, nor’ east b’ north.”

The quartermaster came to an alert and growled at the man on the wheel, “Helm up—steer nor’ east b’ north.” While the helmsman spun the wheel and glanced warily up at the leech of the foresail the quartermaster snatched out the slate of course details from the binnacle and scrawled the new heading. Returning it he took out the traverse board and inspected it. At the next bell the line of pegs from its centre would duly reflect the course change. He glanced down at the compass again, squinting at the card lazily swimming past the lubber’s line until it slowed and stopped. “Steady on course nor’ east b’ north, sir.”

“Sir, on course nor’ east b’ north,” Dacres reported respectfully, nodding to the expectant mate-of-the-watch who hurried forward, bawling for the watch-on-deck. There would now be work at the braces, tacks and sheets to set the sails trimmed around to the new course before the watch could settle down.

“Very well,” Kydd said in a bored tone but fighting desperately to control a fit of the giggles at the sight of the serious faces of the men around him, under the eye of their new captain, who, no doubt, had a very serious reason for his order. He

had laid a course to raise Cape Passero and this indulgence would throw them off; but perhaps he should wait a decent interval until he resumed the old one?



The Admiral’s Daughter was the first Kydd book set in home waters—and I found it to be as wild and exotic a location as any, with spectacles such as the incredible complex of the Plymouth naval base and dockyard. In those pre-factory times, it was the wonder of the age, employing thousands of men, when most industries counted their workers in tens at most. ►

No one in England lives far from the sea, and a strong and abiding relationship with Neptune's kingdom is a national characteristic, but it's perhaps in the West Country where the maritime heritage is most robust. Since time immemorial, the sea has provided food and transport links between isolated communities. Yet, with hundreds of miles of rocky coastline and winter storms equal to any, it's also been the graveyard of so many fine ships.

Deep into document-based research I discovered that my wife Kathy is related to one of the real-life characters in the story! Did she, I casually asked one day, poring over some arcane document or other, by any chance have an English ancestor by the name of John Stackhouse? Unsure, Kathy emailed her parents in Tasmania, Keith and Cressey Stackhouse, and was amazed to learn that indeed she was related to him. John Stackhouse was born in Cornwall in 1742. After completing his education at Oxford, he spent several years studying marine biology around the Mediterranean; his particular interest was seaweed. He married a Susanna Acton and built Acton Castle above what is now known as Stackhouse Cove. Kathy is a descendant of Alfred Stackhouse who settled in Van Diemen's Land in the nineteenth century and whose grandfather was John Stackhouse's brother!

In this passage from the book, Kydd has just rescued a group of British subjects fleeing France at the end of a fragile peace. He soon finds himself in dire straits—and being assisted by a strong-featured man whose identity comes as somewhat of a shock.

THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER

As far as he could tell they had gone aground on the southern edge of the Gambe d'Amfard tidal bank. The critical question was, what was the state of the tide? Would they float off on the flow or end hard and fast on the ebb?

He looked about helplessly. Virtually every vessel in

the estuary had vanished at the sound of guns, the last scuttling away upriver as he watched. The battery rumbled another salvo and he felt the wind of at least one ball. It was now only a matter of time. Was there *anything* at all? And had he the right to risk civilian lives in the saving of a ship-of-war? Did their duty to their country extend to this? If only Renzi was by his side—but he was on his own.

"T' me! All Teazer's lay aft at once, d' ye hear?" he roared against the bedlam. Frightened seamen hurriedly obeyed, probably expecting an abandon-ship order.

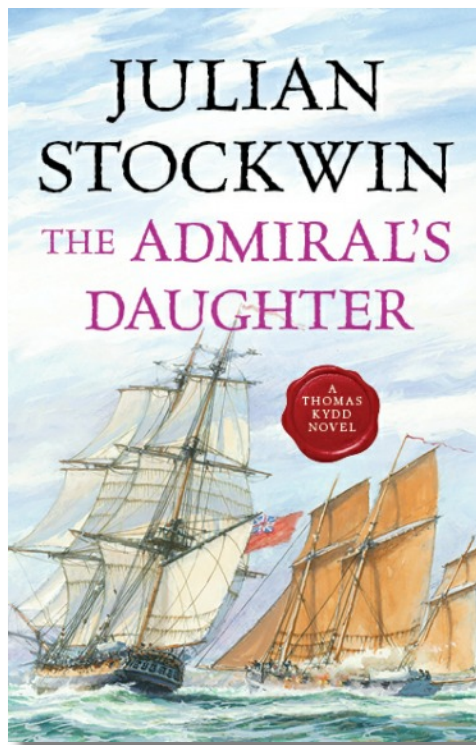
Kydd became aware that the strong-featured man had joined him. "Captain Massey," he said simply.

"How can I help ye?"

After just a moment's pause, Kydd said, "That's right good in ye, sir. I've lost m' only l'tenant and if you'd . . ." It was breath-taking gall but in the next instant HMS *Teazer* had a full post-captain as her new temporary first lieutenant, in token of which Kydd gave him his own cocked hat as a symbol of his authority. Together they turned to face the seamen as Kydd gave out his orders, ones that only he with his intimate knowledge of *Teazer* was able to give, and ones that were her only chance of breaking out to the open sea.

In any other circumstance the usual course would be to lighten ship, jettison guns and water, anything that would reduce their draught, even by inches. But *Teazer* had not yet taken in her guns and stores and was as light as she would get. The next move would normally be to lay out a kedge anchor and warp off into deep water but he had neither the men nor the considerable time it would take for that.

And time was the critical factor. As if to underline the urgency another ripple of sullen thuds sounded from across the water and seconds later balls skipped past, ever closer. "Long bowls," Massey grunted, slitting his eyes to make out the distant forts. A weak sun had appeared with the lessening airs and there was glare on the water. ►



The last element of their predicament, however, was the hardest: the winds that had carried them on to the bank were necessarily foul for a reverse course—they could not sail off against the wind. And Kydd had noticed the ominous appearance of a number of small vessels from inside the port of Le Havre. These could only be one thing—inshore gunboats. A ship the size of *Teazer* should have no reason to fear them but with empty gun ports, hard and fast . . .

What Kydd had in mind was a common enough thing in the Mediterranean but would it work here?

From below, seamen hurried up with sweeps, special oars a full thirty feet long with squared off loom and angled copper-tipped blades. At the same time the sweep ports, nine tiny square openings along each of the bulwarks, closed off with a discreet buckler, were made ready. The sweeps would be plied across the deck, their great leverage used to try and move *Teazer* off the sandbank.

“Clear th’ decks!” Kydd roared, at those still milling about in fear. Through the clatter he called to Massey, “If ye’d take the larboard, sir...” Then he bellowed, “Every man t’ an oar! Yes, sir, even you!” he bawled at the fop, who was dragged bewildered to his place. Three rowers to each sweep, an experienced seaman the furthest inboard, the other two any that could clutch an oar.

“Hey, now—that lad, ahoy!” Kydd called to a frightened youngster, “Down t’ the galley, y’ scamp, an’ find the biggest pot an’ spoon ye can.”

Kydd, at an oar himself, urged them on. The ungainly sweeps built up a slow rhythm against the unyielding water, then with a grumbling slither from beneath it seemed that a miracle had happened and the brig was easing back into her element—in the teeth of the wind.

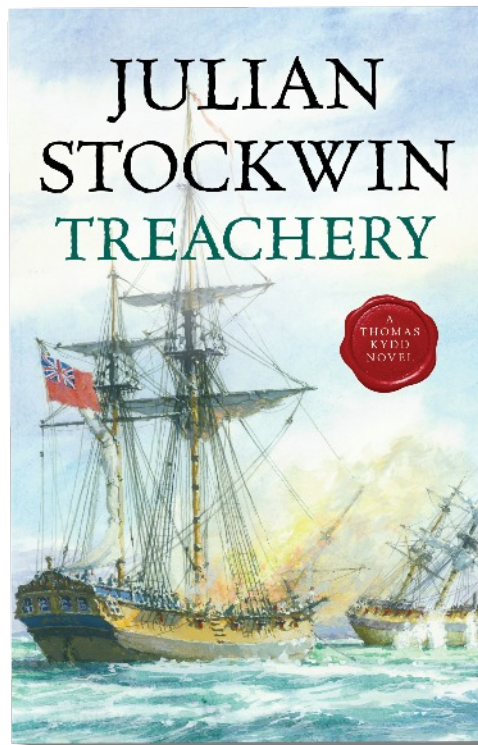
To the dissonant accompaniment of a cannon bombardment and the urgent, *ting-ting-ting clang* of a galley pot, His Majesty’s Brig-Sloop *Teazer* slid from the bank and gathered way sternwards and into open water. The

sweeps were pulled in, the playful breeze obliged and *Teazer* slewed round to take the wind on her cheeks. With sails braced up sharp she made for the blessed sanctuary of the open sea.

After all this, it seemed all the more unfair when Kydd saw the three gunboats squarely across their path, a fourth and fifth on their way to join them. Clearly someone had been puzzled by the lack of a spirited response from *Teazer* and had spotted the empty gun ports. One or two gunboats she could handle but not more, not a number sufficient to surround and, from their bow cannon, slowly smash her into surrender.

It was senseless to go on: these could close the range at will and deliver accurate, aimed fire at the defenceless vessel with only one possible outcome. This was not what could be asked of innocent civilians and, sick at heart, Kydd went to the signal halliards and prepared to lower their colours.

“I’d belay that if I were you, Mr Kydd,” Massey said, and pointed to the bluff headland of Cap de la Hève. Kydd blinked in disbelief: there, like an avenging angel, an English man-o’-war had appeared, no doubt attracted by the sound of gun-fire. He punched the air in exhilaration.



Treachery sees Kydd deep in misery

following the tragic loss of his fiancée Rosalind. He makes his way to a drinking haunt of merchant seamen, where he will not be recognised, to try to dull the memories. Soon, the appeal of joining them for far voyaging as a common sailor becomes more and more compelling. But as he ponders his future, his world is turned upside down.

TREACHERY

A splintering crash and female screams slammed into Kydd’s consciousness followed by urgent shouts and a strident bellowing from the door. Reeling, he tried to make sense of it as his companions shot to their feet ▶

and yelled at him. “The press! Skin out while y’ can, Tom – jowla, jowla matey!” They disappeared hurriedly into the scrimmage and Kydd clumsily tried to follow but fell headlong. Before he could rise he felt knees in his back and his thumbs secured with rope-yarns, and he was yanked to his feet.

“Got a rough knot ’ere, sir,” the press-gang seaman called, his hand firmly on the scruff of Kydd’s neck as he tried to writhe free.

A young lieutenant was approaching and Kydd hung his head in stupefied dejection, waiting for recognition. “Ah, yes. Looks fit enough. Hey, you—which ship? What rate o’ seaman?”

Kydd struggled with his befuddled mind. “Er, there’s a mistake,” he mumbled.

“That’s ‘sir’ t’ you, cully,” the seaman said with a sharp cuff to Kydd’s head.

“Um, sir, y’ can’t take me, I’m . . . er, that is t’ say, I’m . . .” he trailed off weakly.

“And pray what are you then? A gentleman?” he said sarcastically, eyeing Kydd’s appearance. “Or possibly the captain of your ship, as can’t be spared?”

The seaman tittered.

Kydd said nothing, overcome with mortification. The lieutenant changed his tone. “Now there’s nothing to be ashamed of! Should you show willing, in the King’s service we can make a man of you! Proud to serve! Who knows, there’s been those who’ve been rated full petty officer in just a few years.”

Numb, Kydd was led off with the others by the Impress Service, the regular organisation for supplying the fleet with men. He knew they were going to the receiving ship, an old, no longer fit-for-service hulk moored well out.

There, they were herded down into the darkness of the hold, and the gratings slid into place with a hopeless finality. Two dim lanthorns revealed dirty straw and pitiful bodies, a pail of water in the corner. In the

morning he would be cleaned up to go before the regulating captain who he recalled was Byam, honourably wounded at the Nile. Without question he would be recognised.

The drink-haze fled, leaving him in full knowledge of the horror of his situation. He would be laughed out of the Navy. Even the merchant sailors would chortle with glee at the story of his downfall. To the disgrace of his family wherever he went he would be pointed out as the captain who had been pressed by his own press-gang.

The long night passed in condemnation, recrimination and torturing images of his shocked friends and relations as they heard the news. How could he bear the shame? What excuse could he offer? He lay sleepless on the rank-smelling straw, dreading the day to come.

With first light the guards took up position at the grating. Kydd heard footsteps approaching and saw figures peering down. He shrank away. There were muffled voices, then a guard lifted the grating away and swung over a lanthorn. “Hey! Yair, you wi’ the grego!”

Kydd looked up miserably.

“Yes, that’s him, the villain,” came a cultured voice. Another loomed next to him.

The ladder was slid down. “Up ’n’ out, matey, an’ no tricks!”

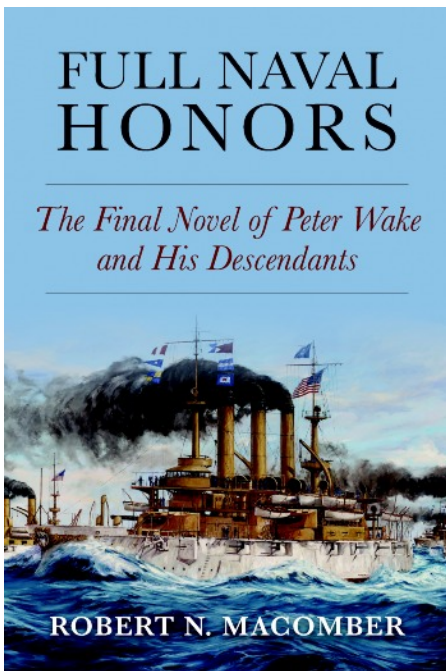
Kydd climbed slowly, his misery overflowing. He reached the top and raised his eyes—to be met with the grave face of Nicholas Renzi, who said, with a sigh, “It’s him. Tom Brown, gunner’s mate. Never to be trusted ashore. I dare to say that *Teazer*’s captain will know what to do with him.” He turned to the lieutenant. “I do thank you for securing him for us—we’ll have him back aboard immediately. I don’t believe Captain Byam need be troubled.” Then he ordered the thick-set seaman next to him, “Hale him into the longboat directly if you please.”

“Tobias Stirk grinned mirthlessly and frog-marched Kydd away.” ■

“Stockwin’s writing is enriched by his own experiences in the Royal Navy, which gives scenes of fighting and tempest an authority to delight anyone who shares his passion for the sea.”

—DAILY TELEGRAPH

BOOK REVIEWS



Full Naval Honors

BY ROBERT MACOMBER

NAVAL INSTITUTE PRESS, US Hardback / e-Book
\$29.95 / \$16.17
AVAILABLE NOW

Robert Macomber brings American naval hero Peter Wake's epic memoir to an inspiring conclusion in *Full Naval Honors*, as storm clouds threaten peace in the twentieth century's early years.

After more than four decades serving his nation, Rear Admiral Wake accepts one final commission from his friend, President Theodore Roosevelt, "a grandiose scheme that both thrilled and concerned [him] with its audacity."

Roosevelt dispatched the Great White Fleet—"sixteen battleships that proclaimed America's might"—on a round-the-world voyage in December 1907.

Wake and his wife María, with longtime friend Sean Rork, travel three weeks ahead of the naval force aboard luxury liners. According to Roosevelt, Peter will be "keeping a weather eye out for diplomatic, logistical, or espionage problems that might possibly come up."

In July 1908, aboard SS *Siberia* steam-

ing in the Pacific south of Honolulu, Wake and Rork are nervous that matters have gone too smoothly. But, things change dramatically during a diplomatic stop at German-controlled Samoa. An assassin's bullet goes astray, and the body counts increase.

Macomber's crisp prose flows at a page-turning clip as Peter Wake's memoir chronicles his final years in a naval uniform and a perilous last service to the nation as a civilian at the request of Assistant Secretary of the Navy Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The final mission in 1914 takes Wake and Rork to Central America's Mosquito Coast, with the Panama Canal about to open. On the cusp of war in Europe, there is a fear that Germany may establish supply depots for raiders and long-range submarines that would threaten the critical waterway.

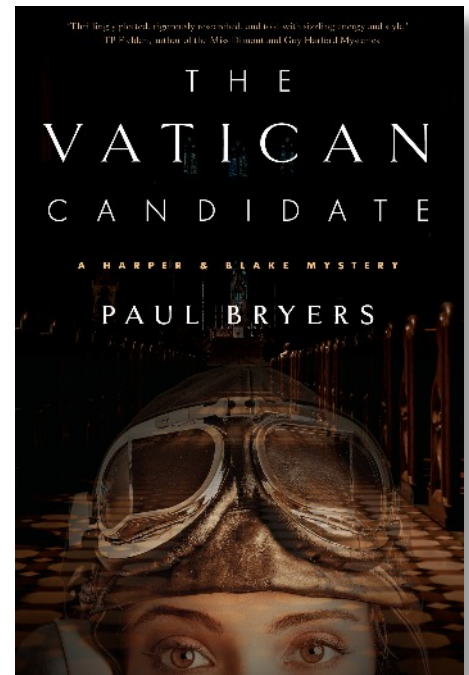
Scattered throughout Macomber's narrative, Wake harkens back to previous events in his naval career relating to his present day, including a cross-generational vendetta against him. These references tie the 17-title work neatly together.

This memoir sometimes seems all too real, not a work of fiction. Macomber's historical and fictional characters come alive on the pages. Their actions and details about their lives elicit raw emotions from the reader. The Wake story is about life and death, good and bad, embodying the spirit of those who have served America in uniform.

In the second part of *Full Naval Honors*, Macomber follows the Wake family naval tradition launched in 1863 during the American Civil War to deep into the twentieth century. Succeeding generations serve the navy from World War I to Peter's great-great-great granddaughter's commissioning as an officer in 2023.

The Wake saga, an uplifting American story, reflects Robert Macomber's sense of service to country, always with his motto, "Upward and Onward!" ■

—George Jepson



The Vatican Candidate

BY PAUL BRYERS

McBOOKS PRESS, US Hardback / e-Book
\$27.95 / \$10.99
AVAILABLE NOW

On April 26, 1945, the German aviatrix Hanna Reitsch flew a Fi 156 Storch into embattled Berlin, landing under fire from Soviet troops on an improvised airstrip in the Tiergarten near the Brandenburg Gate to meet with Adolf Hitler in the Führerbunker.

Shocked at his appearance, "stooped and broken . . . his voice was a croak," she listened as he told her, "I want you to take a message for me—to the Pope." Then, just after midnight on April 29, piloting an Arado Ar 96, Reitsch took off from the Tiergarten strip with the Vatican Papers and SS-*Sturmabannführer* Heinrich Bechmann, one of Hitler's bodyguards aboard.

In early autumn in 2018, at a mountain retreat in Sicily, masked gunmen arrive in SUVs and massacre everyone while an old priest watches from his canvas chair in the shadows among the olive trees. ➤

BOOK REVIEWS

Two weeks later, Hannah Harper meets Englishman Michael Blake, a Visiting Professor in European History at Columbia, to interview for a position as his research assistant “to help him with his next book . . . about Zero Hour, the summer of forty-five” in Germany.

According to Hannah’s friend, Emily, Blake “was a man on a mission,” carrying an anger and “preoccupation with the Nazis,” wanting “people to know about history.” And then Hannah discovers Blake’s murdered body, and is attacked in her bath by an assailant wearing a black ski mask.

When Aiden Blake, an ex-Royal Marine and Michael’s brother, arrives, Hannah reluctantly agrees to investigate the possible connection between Michael’s death and research, despite not fully trusting Aiden.

Paul Bryers’ cinematic prose, increasingly riveting with each page turned, leads the unlikely partners to Berlin in their search for answers. At the same time, Hannah unexpectedly discovers Third Reich horrors in her family’s past.

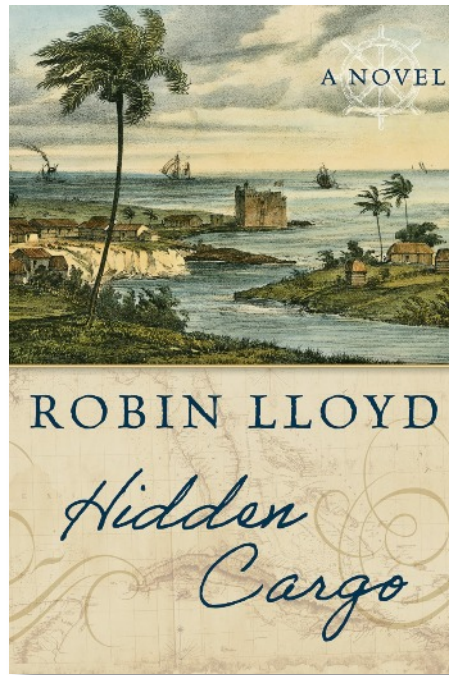
Hanna Reitsch’s flight, with Bechmann and the Vatican papers, becomes central to the mystery. What did the Pope know about the Final Solution and when did he know it.

As Aiden and Hannah connect the events from nearly eighty years earlier with the present, they find themselves on the run to Italy, their lives at risk. But from whom?

Bryers threatens Blake and Harper at nearly every turn, as they race from Berlin’s dark back streets to a Gothic castle in the Italian mountains to Rome and the Vatican to rugged and dangerous Sicily.

With *The Vatican Candidate*, Paul Bryers emerges as a master of the mystery and thriller. ■

—George Jepson



Hidden Cargo

BY ROBIN LLOYD

Lyons Press, US Trade Paperback / e-book

\$27.95 / \$20.49

MAY

Waiting his discharge from the United States Navy in the months following the end of the Civil War, Lieutenant Everett Townsend commands the gunboat USS *Rebecca* as she acts as a dispatch and supply vessel in the Dry Tortugas off the Florida Keys.

With the small boat caught in a hurricane, battling against a raging sea, Townsend spies what appears to be the wreck of a large schooner. As the storm passes, Townsend and his crew investigate the unfortunate ship and her crew and make a horrifying discovery: the bodies of black freedmen who appear to be prisoners returning to slavery.

In Key West, Townsend reports the matter to his commander, who cares little about the news. Dismissed, Townsend is bothered by the thought of a revival of the slave trade, yet has no means to investigate his concerns.

Finally, dispatched to Cuba to in-

vestigate the murder of an American sailor, Townsend returns to the home of his love, Emma, and his Spanish grandmother, who hopes that Everett will return and take over the family plantation. However, as his investigation into the murder begins, he uncovers clues about the kidnapped freedmen and their subsequent return to slavery.

While Townsend works to connect the clues, he realizes there is more behind the scenes than he initially suspected. With the increase of anti-Spanish rule sentiment rising among the locals, Townsend is torn between his family’s loyalties and the affairs of his conscience and heart. His investigation leads him deeper into the chaos and seditious activities that pit him against his love.

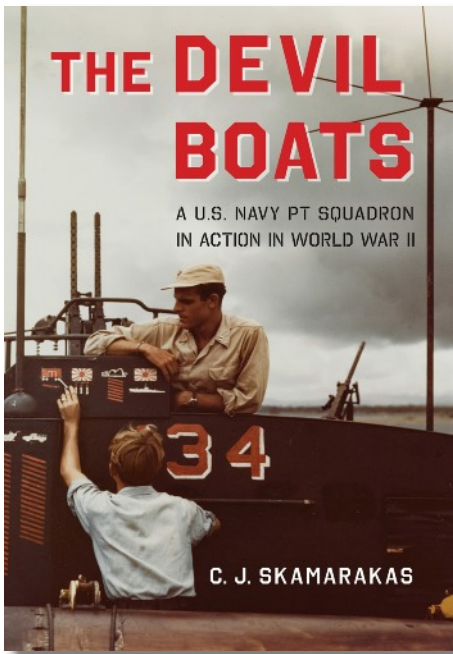
With clues signaling a deeper conspiracy, Townsend realizes that his family connections are deeply rooted in the conspiracy. His loyalties torn apart, he is forced to walk a delicate line between his family’s pro-Spanish stance and his love for Emma, who is engaged in the anti-Spanish movement. At the root of it all, the slave trade proves to be alive and well more than Townsend realized, and his own beliefs cast him at odds with his family history and threaten to destroy everything in which he believes.

Richly detailed and full of intrigue, *Hidden Cargo* is a compelling story about the challenges of family and career, loyalty against feelings of love and conscience.

Set against the backdrop of the deplorable practice of slavery, author Robin Lloyd provides a solid narrative of incidents in Key West and Cuba in the first few months following the Civil War. Sourced from real-life events and full of detail, *Hidden Cargo* is a treat for historical fiction lovers. ■

—Tom Hines

BOOK REVIEWS



The Devil Boats

BY C. J. SKAMARAKAS

Stackpole Books, US Hardback / e-book

\$32.95 / \$23.49

AVAILABLE NOW

The Imperial Japanese Navy caught the United States Navy flat-footed at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, pulling America into World War II. The outdated US fleet relied on an obsolete doctrine that envisioned major naval battles slugged out by massive battleships and large fleets in open water. The US Navy did not envision a war fought between the island chains of the South Pacific.

However, as the war developed, that reality forced the Navy to change its philosophy. Favored by President Franklin Roosevelt and General Douglas MacArthur before World War II began, motor torpedo boats, or PT Boats, were not seriously considered by the Navy before 1942.

Following the evacuation of MacArthur to Australia by PT boat, and the fall of the Philippines in early 1942, the Navy re-prioritized the use of PT boats.

Following the development of a PT

boat doctrine, albeit not realistic, and an earnest request from MacArthur for a fleet of the small but capable craft, the Navy green-lighted the mass production and employment of PT boats in the Pacific Theater. As island-hopping warfare became a reality, the Navy's ideas on using and deploying PT boats evolved from coordinated large-scale attacks to small hit-and-run operations that typically employed two boats working in tandem against the enemy.

Proving highly effective, the missions of the PT boats expanded to include reconnaissance, commando insertions, air-sea rescue operations, and many other challenging missions that led the Japanese to nickname the PT boats "Devil Boats."

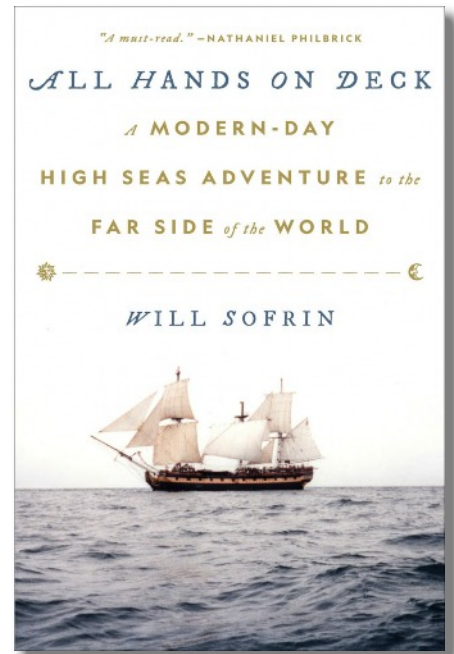
Following the development, training, and missions of Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron 25, *The Devil Boats* tells the compelling story of how PT boats contributed to the US Navy's success in the Pacific Theater.

Recounting the riveting and heroic missions of the motor torpedo boats and their stalwart crews, historian C. J. Skamarakas provides a detailed account of how Squadron 25 successfully carried out their missions and helped to expand the operational usefulness and effectiveness of the PT boats.

Despite the contributions of the PT boats of Squadron 25 capably documented within *The Devil Boats*, the US Navy's official history of the PT boats, *At Close Quarters*, commissioned in 1946, failed to fairly report the accomplishments and contributions of motor torpedo boat squadrons made within the Southwest Pacific Area.

Replete with daring, suspense, and action, *The Devil Boats* is a refreshing, exciting, and detailed history providing a glimpse into this significant yet overlooked period of US Naval history. ■

—Tom Hines



All Hands on Deck

BY WILL SOFRIN

Abrams Press, US Hardback / e-book

\$28.00 / \$9.99

APRIL

While we're stuck waiting (and waiting) for a sequel to *Master and Commander: The Far Side of the World*, perhaps the next best thing is a previously untold account of what went into making Peter Weir's masterpiece. As it turns out, the story of how a rundown replica tall ship known as the *Rose* became our beloved *HMS Surprise* is a tale worthy of Patrick O'Brian himself.

Laid down in the summer of 1969—in a curious twist of fate, the same year *Master and Commander* was first published—the *Rose* saw multiple owners and purposes throughout her early life before she was purchased by Twentieth Century Fox in 2001. Ahead lay a full refit and subsequent film production in San Diego, California.

Enter Will Sofrin, one of twenty-nine crew members hired in 2002 to sail the *Rose* more than 6,000 miles from Newport, Rhode Island, down ▶

the Atlantic, through the Caribbean and the Panama Canal, and then up the Pacific Coast to San Diego.

Sofrin's chronicle is a fitting tribute to the works of O'Brien and classic Age of Sail stories, and a testament to the highs and lows of life at sea. There are plenty of awe-inspiring moments: the experience of laying out on a yard, the strange juxtaposition of sailing under canvas in the company of modern vessels, and the intricacies of navigating a tall ship through the Panama Canal.

Yet it is also an honest account of the uncertainties and rigors that sailing entails. Sofrin does not sugarcoat the physical discomforts, recounting the lack of air conditioning below decks in tropical climates, the periods of boredom and monotony, and the little privacy among the crew.

The *Rose* endures several severe storms, is dismasted in the Caribbean, leaks copiously, and requires emergency repairs to her bowsprit. Sailing hardships aside, there are strong personalities aboard, differing beliefs on the best way to lead the crew, and shipboard romances.

While Sofrin's personal recollections shape the overall narrative, he deftly interweaves observations and anecdotes from fellow crew members, as well as Peter Weir and Captain Richard Bailey. He also intersperses helpful technical illustrations, a thoughtful consideration for readers new to the nautical world.

Additionally, Sofrin interweaves snippets from the O'Brien books to help compare how the experiences of the modern-day *Rose* crew mirrored or differed from those of the nineteenth-century sailors on the *Surprise*.

Taken altogether, *All Hands* is a vivid reminder not only of how far the sailing world has come, but also of how much we still share with the Jack Tars who came before us. ■

—Brittany Stoner



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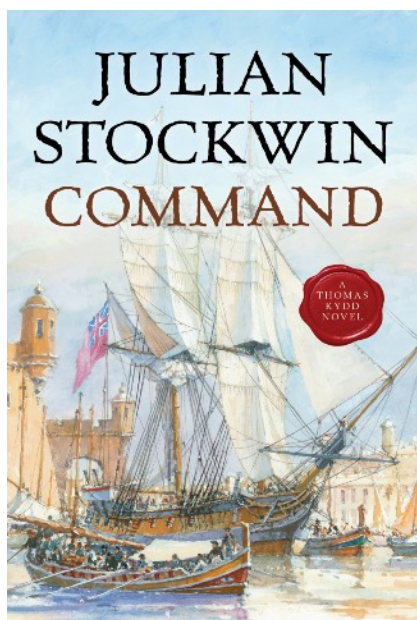
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NAVAL FICTION



7 - *Command*

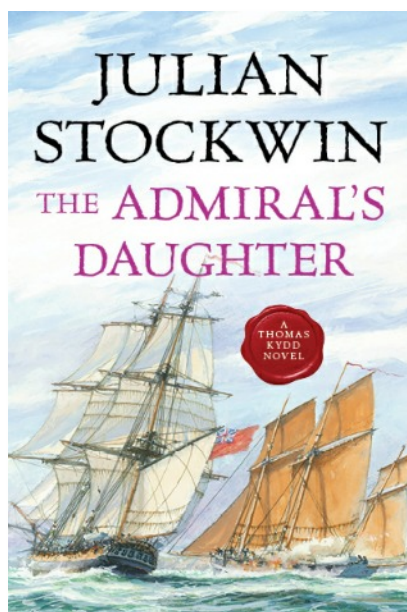
BY JULIAN STOCKWIN

McBooks Press, US Trade Paperback / e-book

\$19.95 / \$5.99

AVAILABLE NOW

1802: Thrilled at his first command, a little brig sloop called *Teazer*, Thomas Kydd must race to bring his ship to battle readiness. The Napoleonic wars continue and he is desperately needed to defend Malta against Barbary corsairs, ferocious privateers and the French, who are frantically trying to rescue the remnants of their army in the Levant. But a cruel twist of fate puts paid to Kydd's dreams and ambitions for his beloved ship. A rare chance gives him the opportunity to once again go to sea. He sets sail as captain of a convict transport for the penal colony in New South Wales—and challenges that will test both his seamanship and humanity to the limit.



8 - *The Admiral's Daughter*

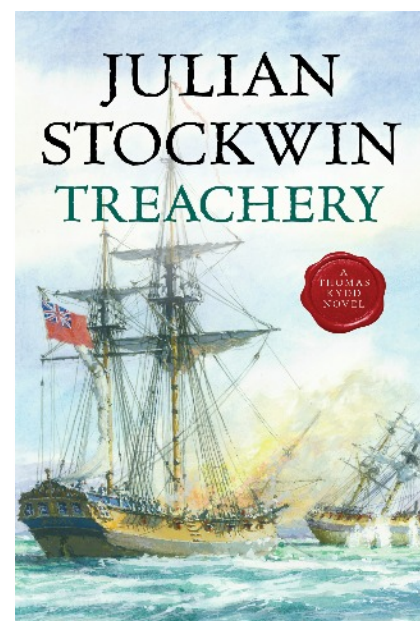
BY JULIAN STOCKWIN

McBooks Press, US Trade Paperback / e-book

\$19.95 / \$5.99

AVAILABLE NOW

1803: Tensions are escalating again between England and Napoleon's France. While the Royal Navy launches rescue and reconnaissance missions on the Continent, French privateer ships lurk in English waters poised to strike at British trade. Smugglers, perilous storms and a treacherous coastline all threaten to overcome HMS *Teazer* as her men fight to gain control of the seas around Cornwall and Devon. Thomas Kydd's attention, however, is being drawn to another quarter. The beautiful and determined admiral's daughter could be the key to realizing all the young captain's hopes and ambitions. But high society, he soon finds, can be as treacherous as his first mistress—the sea.



9 - *Treachery*

BY JULIAN STOCKWIN

McBooks Press, US Trade Paperback / e-book

\$19.95 / \$5.99

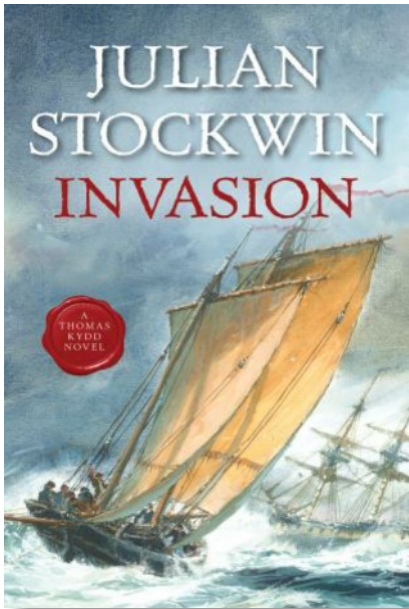
MAY

1803: Thomas Kydd has dragged himself up in the Navy from press-ganged seaman to captain of his own ship. Now he faces disgrace. After losing favour with his superiors, and suffering terrible personal tragedy, Kydd and his ship are sent to guard the Channel Islands from Napoleon's forces. When he is brutally betrayed off the Normandy Coast and removed from command, only his old friend Renzi is willing to stick by him. Kydd is determined to clear his name, but soon finds himself fighting yet another battle he seems to have no chance of winning. Can he defeat his enemies on both sides, and win back the glory taken from him?

“Stockwin’s richly detailed . . . portrait of life on ship and shore in Britain’s oceanic empire is engrossing.”

—PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY

NAVAL FICTION



10 - *Invasion*

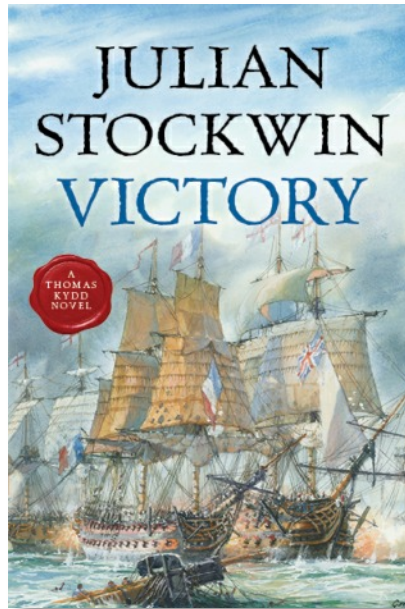
BY JULIAN STOCKWIN

McBooks Press, US Trade Paperback / e-book

\$19.95 / \$5.99

MAY

1804: Napoleon's forces are poised to invade Britain, and Commander Thomas Kydd's ship is at the forefront of the fleet defending the English coast. His honour restored after temporary disgrace in the Channel Islands, and reunited with his ship *Teazer*, Kydd seizes the chance to fight for his country. Then Kydd is abruptly withdrawn from the fleet and sent back to Dover on a secret mission to guard a mysterious American inventor. Having worked his way up from press-ganged seaman to captain of his own ship, Kydd is furious to find he will miss his opportunity to prove himself in battle. And Kydd's baffled superiors are equally angry to lose Kydd and his ship at such a dangerous time. Yet Kydd's role in the approaching war may be the most crucial part he has ever played.



11 - *Victory*

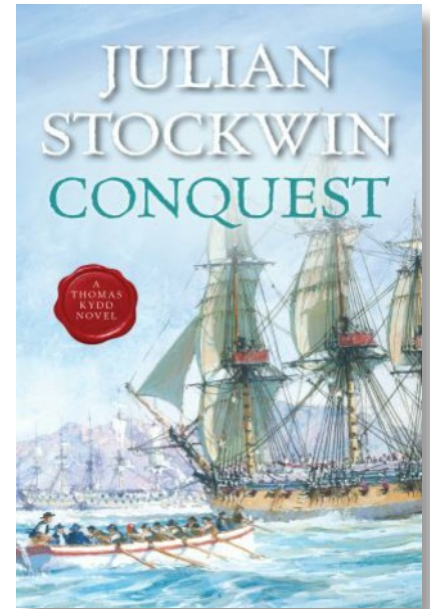
BY JULIAN STOCKWIN

McBooks Press, US Trade Paperback / e-book

\$19.95 / \$5.99

MAY

1805: Commander Thomas Kydd is eager to play his part in thwarting Bonaparte's plans for the invasion of England. Joining Admiral Nelson's command, Kydd and his ship soon find themselves at the heart of the action that leads up to the famous clash of the mighty British and French fleets at Trafalgar. Kydd's most important adventure so far takes him from false sightings of the enemy and dramatic chases across the Atlantic, to the bloody annihilation of the enemy during the actual battle, and the heroic aftermath. The description of Trafalgar itself reads as freshly as though it happened yesterday, and Stockwin's trademark rich historical detail and heart-pounding action combine to bring to life the greatest sea battle in history.



12 - *Conquest*

BY JULIAN STOCKWIN

McBooks Press, US Trade Paperback / e-book

\$19.95 / \$5.99

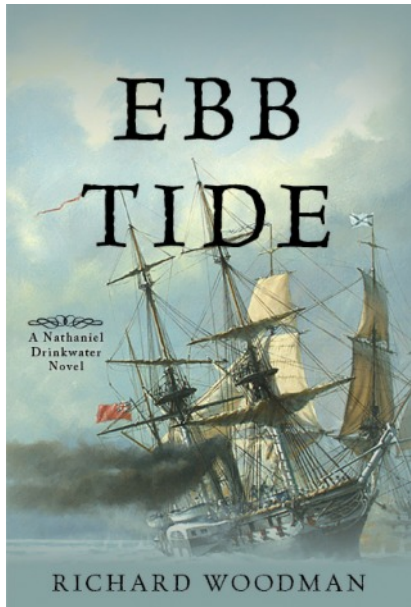
MAY

1806: Captain Thomas Kydd's first mission after the triumph of Trafalgar is to capture and protect a fragile new British colony: nineteenth-century Cape Town. Victory at the Battle of Trafalgar removed the spectre of invasion and England is now free to seek conquests and colonies in the furthest reaches of the world. Kydd joins an expedition to take the Dutch-held city, a strategic imperative to secure the rich trade route to India. But even if the British can defeat the enemy and take possession of the capital, there is still more fighting to be done. Kydd and his men must fight off attacks by the enemy from all sides, while braving the wild beasts and hostile environment of Africa's vast and savage hinterland.

"Paints a vivid picture of life aboard the mighty ship-of-the-line . . ."

—DAILY EXPRESS

NAVAL FICTION



14 - *Ebb Tide*

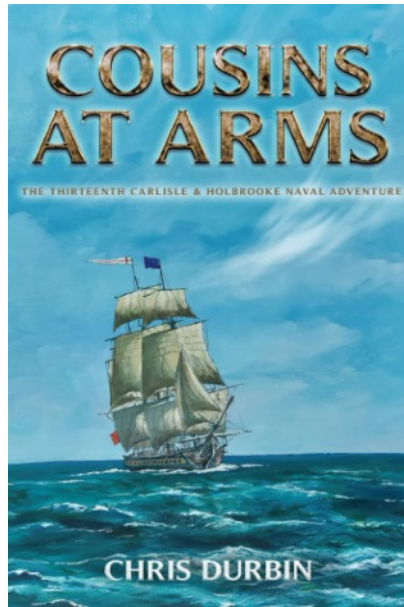
BY RICHARD WOODMAN

McBooks Press, US Trade Paperback / e-book

\$19.95 / \$5.99

AVAILABLE NOW

1843: Captain Nathaniel Sir Drinkwater embarks on the paddle-steamer *Vestal* for an inspection of lighthouses on the west coast of England. Bowed with age and honors, the old sea officer has been drawn from retirement on half-pay to fulfill his public duty. The following day, tragedy strikes, and Drinkwater is confronted with his past life: his sins and follies, his triumphs and his disasters. Drawing on a true incident, Richard Woodman deftly concludes the career of his sea hero. Drinkwater's complex character is revealed in its entirety. Far from being the reminiscences of an old man, the novel skillfully weaves the past with the present; the personal tensions below decks, the straining creak of a man-of-war under sail, the crack of a cannon shot, and the plaintive mews of the trailing gulls are never far away. To the end, Nathaniel Drinkwater's life is full of incident and the unexpected, so typical of the sea officers of his day.



13 - *Cousins at Arms*

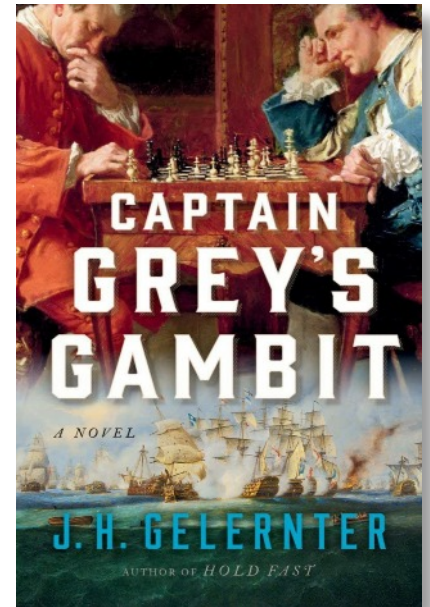
BY CHRIS DURBIN

Independent, US Trade Paperback / e-book

\$14.46 / \$6.02

AVAILABLE NOW

In 1761 the cousins King Louis of France and King Charles of Spain agreed in secret that Spain would enter the war against Britain by spring of the following year. Edward Carlisle's ship of the line *Dartmouth* is sent from Jamaica on what looks like a trivial mission intended to demonstrate friendship to Spain. However, in Havana he finds evidence of growing cooperation between the French and Spanish navies. While carrying the new governor of Guatemala to his domain he uncovers further plots, and his wife, Lady Chiara, uses her talents for languages and diplomacy to earn a seat at the ship's councils of war. Carlisle's search for evidence of preparations for war takes him further west into the Gulf of Mexico, and to a final battle with a more familiar enemy. *Cousins At Arms* offers the reader the thunder of guns and the clash of cutlasses, but at its heart it's a thoughtful analysis of a nation's ill-judged slide into war.



2 - *Grey's Gambit*

BY J. H. GELERNTER

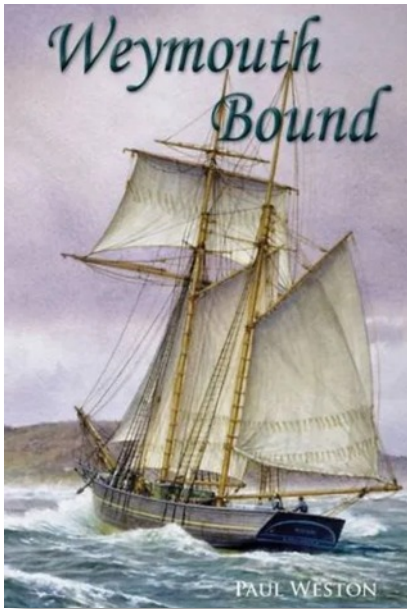
W. W. Norton, US Trade Paperback / e-book

\$25.95 / \$12.99

AVAILABLE NOW

December 1803: A French invasion fleet is poised to cross the Channel and storm the beaches of southern England. A member of Napoleon's inner circle, disaffected by Napoleon's creeping tyranny, contacts the British naval intelligence service in hopes of defecting to London. His escape plan calls for a rendezvous at an international chess tournament in Frankfurt, a rare opportunity for him to travel outside France. Naval intelligence sends its top man, and best chess player, Captain Thomas Grey, to orchestrate the Frenchman's escape to England. But Grey's mission changes dramatically when the defector demands that his pro-Napoleon daughter come with him, expecting Grey to act not just as escort, but kidnapper. *Captain Grey's Gambit* continues Gelernter's story, "smart, fast, twisty, and dangerous" (Lee Child) in a "richly imagined early nineteenth-century world" (Richard Snow).

NAVAL FICTION



1 - *Weymouth Bound*

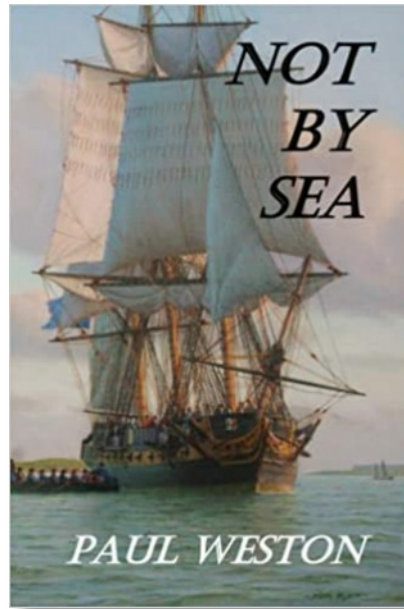
BY PAUL WESTON

Independent, US Trade Paperback / e-book

\$10.71 / \$4.81

AVAILABLE NOW

The merchant ship *Cicely* is captured by the brilliant and ruthless Captain Morlaix of the French Navy. Apprentice Jack Stone's life is changed forever. Can he survive? Can anyone stop Morlaix and the French striking a damaging blow to the heart of the British Establishment? In the time of the French wars, Jack Stone, son of a Portland smuggler, considers himself fortunate to have been apprenticed to the owner of a sailing ship carrying cargoes along the coasts of Britain and to Europe. His dreams of a peaceful seafaring career are shattered, and he finds himself, alone in France, the only loyal Englishman with the knowledge of a plan which Napoleon himself has conceived. Jack must find within himself the resilience to overcome hunger, loneliness and fear, and to use his resourcefulness and seamanship in the service of his country. Enter the world of Jack Stone, a rapidly changing, dangerous world, but full of opportunity, evoked by the author with an original storyline.



2 - *Not By Sea*

BY PAUL WESTON

Independent, US Trade Paperback / e-book

\$9.63 / \$4.99

AVAILABLE NOW

The brief respite of the Peace of Amiens is over, and Britain is once again at war with France. Napoléon knows that if he is to win the war, he must invade England, but the Armée d'Angleterre is blockaded in Boulogne by the Royal Navy. Frustrated by British sea power, Napoléon entrusts an alternative scheme to the brilliant Captain Morlaix which if successful, could lead to the subjugation of Britain. During the Peace, English visitors had flocked to France, among them Midshipmen Stone and Snowden. At a soirée in Paris, they attracted the attention of Fouché, the feared minister of police, who believed that Jack Stone was a civilian when he fought the French in Normandy, and was therefore a criminal. In the subsequent war, Lieutenant Snowden leads a raid to disrupt France's invasion plans. The era of the Napoleonic wars is evoked by the author in this fast paced, historically accurate novel.



8 - *Snapshot*

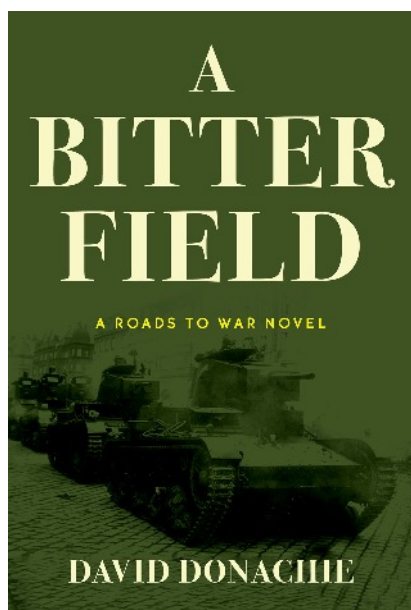
BY GEORGE WALLACE & DON KEITH
Severn River, US Trade Paperback / e-book

\$17.99 / \$6.99

MAY

The Sea of Okhotsk north of the Japanese Home Islands is a cold and unforgiving place. Far from Mother Russia, beyond Siberia, it is a mostly forgotten land—even though it is the home of the Russian Navy's Pacific Fleet. It is here that the Children of the Gulags have slowly maneuvered into position. Their leaders are convinced they can now carve out and lay claim to a homeland of their own. But they must fan the flames of international tension among the Chinese, North Koreans, the Russians, NATO, and the Americans. Thrust into a simmering conflict that threatens to spill over into nuclear Armageddon, head of US Naval Intelligence Admiral Jon Ward is faced with the impossible task of keeping the peace between nations. Forced into a game of intrigue and sinister political maneuvering, he must utilize the stealthy US submarines, SEALs, and other US assets to extinguish a conflict at the edge of the world.

HISTORICAL FICTION



3 - A Bitter Field

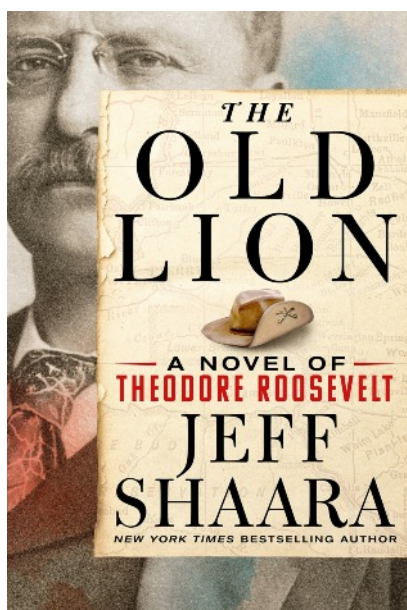
BY DAVID DONACHIE

McBooks Press, US Trade Paperback / e-book

~~\$24.95~~ / ~~\$5.99~~

AVAILABLE NOW

1938: The final installment in British novelist David Donachie's sweeping series is set in the pre-World War II European powder keg. As Hitler sets his sights on the Sudetenland, not everyone in Britain is willing to appease him. Convinced that the Führer's land hunger is insatiable, the head of the SIS recruits Cal Jardine to help him prove that Czechoslovakia is threatened with invasion. But before heading undercover to Prague, Jardine must first extricate himself from France, where his attempts to smuggle guns to Spain have been held up by a group of fanatical fascists. In their struggle to overthrow the French government, they are prepared to kill for the sake of procuring weapons. When Cal finally arrives in Czechoslovakia, working undercover for the SIS proves no less dangerous as jealousy and mutual suspicions within Secret Service ranks make it impossible for him to tell friend from foe.



The Old Lion

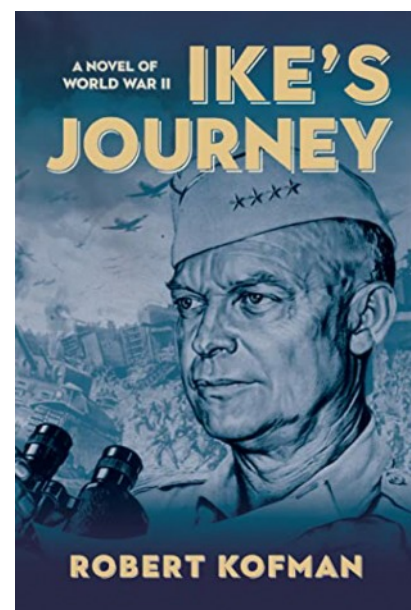
BY JEFF SHARA

St. Martin's, US Trade Paperback / e-book

~~\$30.00~~ / ~~\$14.99~~

MAY

In one of his most accomplished, compelling novels yet, Jeff Shaara accomplishes what only the finest historical fiction can do—he brings to life one of the most consequential figures in U.S. history—Theodore Roosevelt. From the mid-nineteenth century to the early twentieth century, from the waning days of the rugged frontier of a young country to the emergence of a modern, industrial nation exerting its power on the world stage, Theodore Roosevelt embodied both the myth and reality of the country he loved and led. From his upbringing in 19th-century New York society to his time in rough-and-tumble world of the Badlands in the Dakotas, from his rise from political obscurity to Assistant Secretary of the Navy, from national hero as the leader of the Rough Riders in the Spanish-American War to his accidental rise to the Presidency itself, Roosevelt embodied the complex, often contradictory, image of America itself.



Ike's Journey

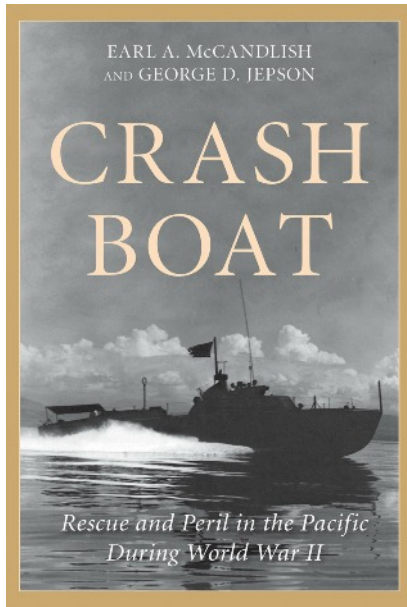
BY ROBERT KOFMAN

Lion Valley, US Trade Paperback / e-book

~~\$17.95~~ / ~~\$1.99~~

AVAILABLE NOW

Ike Eisenhower is charged by Franklin D. Roosevelt and Winston Churchill with leading an alliance to liberate Europe from Hitler's iron grip. The US Army is humiliated in its first battle with the Germans. Prima donna generals Patton and Montgomery create crises that threaten to rip apart the alliance. Fractured French politics and Charles de Gaulle cause Eisenhower more headaches than the Nazis. In the tunnels of Gibraltar and Malta, he makes monumental decisions involving the lives of his soldiers. Under enormous stress, he finds comfort and camaraderie with his beautiful English driver, Kay Summersby. A wartime romance could help him cope with the crushing burdens of command, but the thought of betraying his loving wife, Mamie, offends his deep sense of morality. From Pearl Harbor to Washington, London, North Africa, and Italy, Kofman follows Eisenhower's odyssey in the early years of World War II.

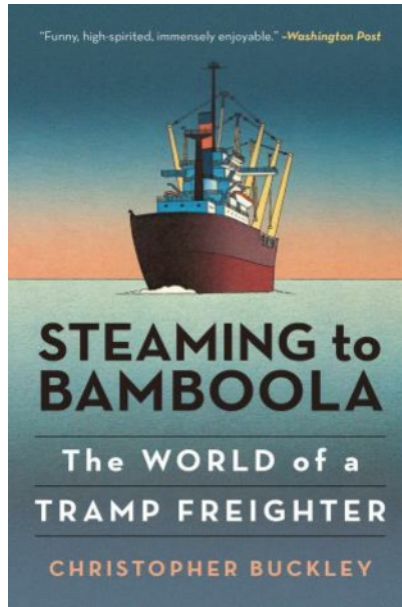


Crash Boat

BY EARL A. MCCANDLISH &
GEORGE D. JEPSON

Lyons Press, US Trade Paperback / e-book
\$19.95 / \$14.49
AVAILABLE NOW

After the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, young Americans lined up at recruiting stations across the nation. *Crash Boat* is the compelling story of an armed United States air-sea rescue boat crewed by volunteers during World War II in the South Pacific. Only months earlier, they had been civilians, living the best years of their lives. In the Pacific, they conducted dramatic rescues of downed pilots and clandestine missions off of enemy-held islands at great peril and with little fanfare. George Jepson chronicles these ordinary young men doing extraordinary things, as told to him by Earl A. McCandlish, commander of the 63-foot crash boat P-399. Nicknamed *Sea Horse*, the vessel and her crew completed over 30 rescues at sea, weathered typhoons, fought a fierce gun battle with Japanese forces, experienced life from another age in isolated native villages, carried out boondoggle missions, and played a supporting role in America's return to the Philippines.

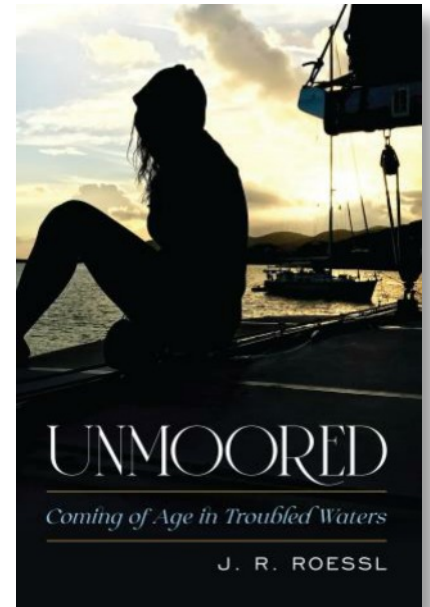


Steaming to Bamboola

BY CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

Lyons Press, US Trade Paperback / e-book
\$18.00 / \$18.00
MAY

The *Columbianna*, an ancient tramp steamer with a notably eccentric crew, 200 layers of paint on her decks, a sailing history going back to 1945, and demons in her plumbing, was crossing the Atlantic for the umpteenth time—but on this occasion with a sharp-eyed observer, whose brilliant account brings to life the harshness, humor, and bizarreness of life on board. *Steaming to Bamboola* is a story of the author's time at sea. He tells first-hand about typhoons, cargoes, smuggling, mid-ocean burials, rescues, stow-aways, hard places, hard drinking, and hard romance. It is the tale of a ship and her crew, men fated to wander for a living—always steaming to, but never quite reaching, Bamboola. This was the first book by renowned author and humorist Christopher Buckley, which was originally published in 1982 to glowing reviews. Forty years and over twenty books and hundreds of articles later, Buckley introduces *Columbianna* and her roguish crew to a new generation of readers.



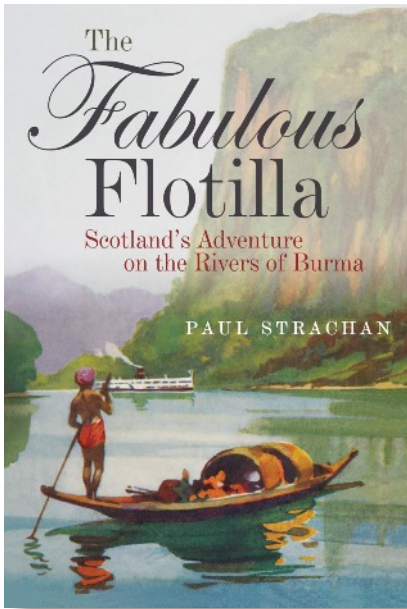
Unmoored

BY J. R. ROESSL

Lyons Press, US Trade Paperback / e-book
\$32.95 / \$31.49
MAY

It's the '60s in San Francisco. Peace, love, and rock 'n' roll reign. Counterculture has arrived and the times, they are a-changing, but while the beat goes on, a sixteen-year-old girl thinks only of endless summers beyond the dark waters of the Golden Gate Bridge. After spending a decade helping her father build their forty-foot sailboat, *Heritage*, she will leave behind everything she has known for the promise he's made to her and her sisters and mother: that on this trip of a lifetime, he will be a better man and father. Heading out to sea on the night of their departure, she fears how ill-equipped they are for the enormity of what lies ahead. After all, her father has failed his celestial navigation course, her sisters can't swim, and no one knows how to sail. Is it just departure jitters, or does she see something others don't? Set against a backdrop of the tropics, teenage torment, and a coterie of colorful and unforgettable characters, *Unmoored* tells a parallel story of a young woman's budding independence and personal growth

MARITIME GENERAL



The Fabulous Flotilla

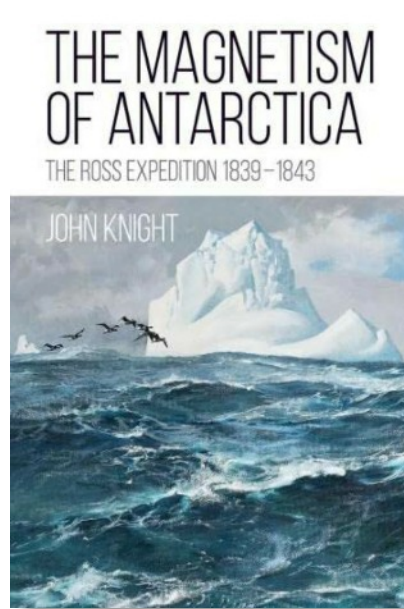
BY PAUL STRACHAN

Whittles Publishing, UK Paperback

\$24.95

APRIL

The “Fabulous Flotilla,” called the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company in colonial Burma, was the largest privately-owned fleet of ships in the world. It was an entirely Scottish enterprise with nearly all its investors, management and ship’s officers drawn from Scotland. These ships carried the majority of the population of Burma on its river network without loss of life. The flotilla began as a naval task force in the 1820s, was commandeered in five wars, and was to end its life with the British evacuation of Burma in 1942, the greatest evacuation in British military history. Fascinating personalities emerge from Strachan’s descriptions of Irrawaddy commanders and the flotilla’s key players. The ships evolved over a hundred years into riverine versions of ocean liners with plush cabins, restaurants, shops and even post offices on board. The author who himself has spent much of his life running ships on the rivers of Burma, takes us on a journey 1,000 miles upriver to explore the different regions of the country often highlighting Scottish connections.



The Magnetism of Antarctica

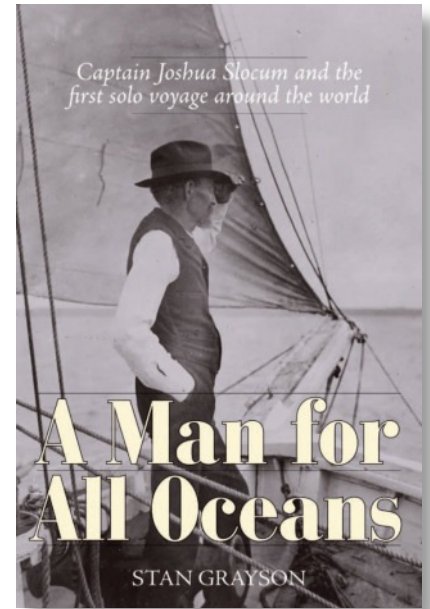
BY JOHN KNIGHT

Whittles Publishing, UK Paperback

\$24.95

AVAILABLE NOW

This under-documented expedition was a pivotal moment in the annals of polar exploration and was the starting point, in historical terms, of revealing the great unknown continent of Antarctica. It was the first time in nearly 70 years since Captain James Cook had circumnavigated Antarctica, that a Royal Naval voyage of discovery had ventured so far South. They set a new “furthest south” record in the process beating the one set up by James Weddell in a whaling ship in 1823. The expedition set sail from Greenwich in 1839. It consisted of two wooden sailing ships commanded by Captain James Clark Ross and Commander Francis Crozier. The ships were manned exclusively by Royal Navy personnel. Their primary task was of a scientific nature to study the Earth’s magnetic field and build up a set of results that could provide a greater understanding of the effects of magnetism on compasses and their use in navigating the world’s oceans. This voyage had a set of planned targets and all were accomplished.



A Man for All Oceans

BY STAN GRAYSON

Tilbury House, US Hardback / e-book

\$29.95 / \$22.49

AVAILABLE NOW

In June 1898, three years and two months after departing Boston in his aged oyster sloop *Spray*, Captain Joshua Slocum made land fall in New England and became the first person ever to sail alone around the world. The voyage capped a lifetime of adventure for the indomitable Slocum, who had advanced from seaman to captain during the challenging final years of commercial sail, surviving hurricanes, mutinies, shipwreck, and the death at sea of his beloved first wife, Virginia. *Sailing Alone Around the World*, Slocum’s book about his circumnavigation, is a seafaring classic. Yet despite several biographies over the decades, Slocum the man has remained unknowable to his legions of admirers, the facts of his life and career as elusive as a ship on a fogbound sea. Here is the real story of Slocum’s Nova Scotia childhood, his seafaring career, and how he became an American citizen. Grayson gives ample evidence of Slocum’s uncanny genius as a navigator while also noting the occasional role that good luck played in his voyages.

MARITIME GENERAL



What Is a Sea Dog?

BY JOHN JENSEN & RICHARD J. KING

Muddy Boots, US Paperback / e-book

\$12.95 / \$12.00

MAY

What is a Sea Dog?

Why it's any dog who loves the water,

Or lives along the shore.

Whose tail wags and ears jump

When stormy winds roar.

Join little Skipper, a curious puppy in an orange life preserver, as she meets a galaxy of sea dogs from past and present. *What Is a Sea Dog?* combines poetry, history, and fun in a celebration of the many dogs who love the water. Inspired by the exhibit *Sea Dogs! Great Tails of the Sea* at Mystic Seaport, *What Is a Sea Dog?* was written and illustrated by two seafaring storytellers, historian John Jensen and artist/writer Richard J. King. Both have known many real sea dogs.

Practical Celestial Navigation



Practical Celestial Navigation

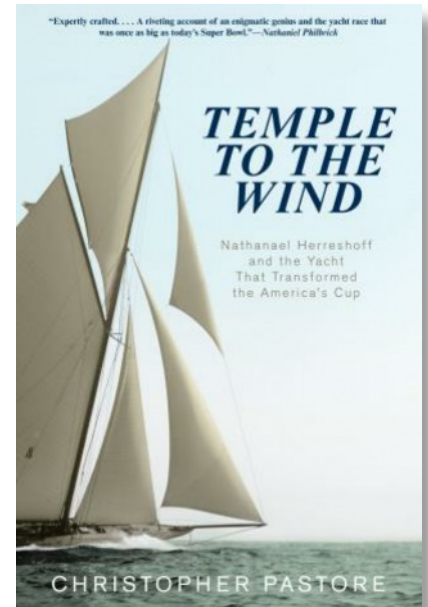
BY SUSAN P. HOWELL

Sheridan House, US Paperback / e-book

\$34.95 / \$33.00

JUNE

A textbook/workbook praised by *The Practical Sailor* as “a first-class piece of work,” Susan P. Howell’s *Practical Celestial Navigation* was developed for Mystic Seaport’s navigation courses. This third edition, originally published by the Seaport’s Planetarium, retains the step-by-step format of the original, along with an abundance of diagrams and practice problems. *Practical Celestial Navigation* is recommended as a self-instruction text for beginners or for old celestial hands getting back in practice.



Temple to the Wind

BY CHRISTOPHER PASTORE

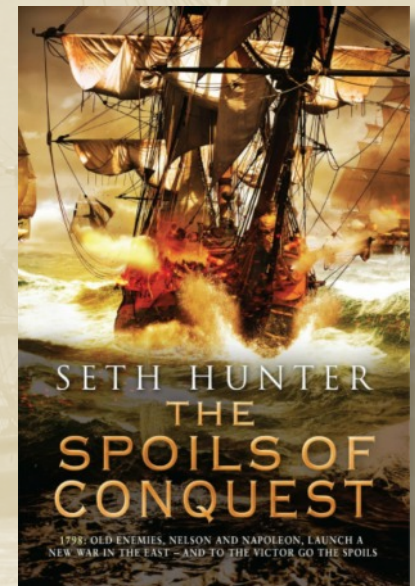
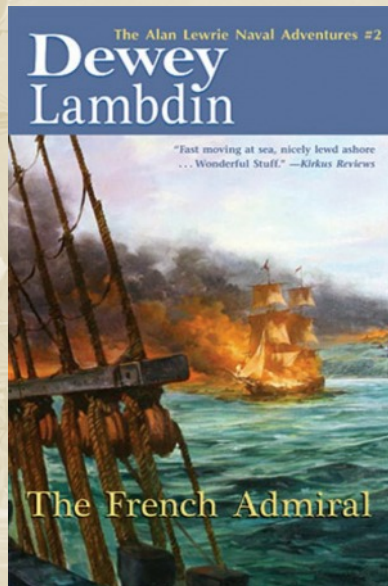
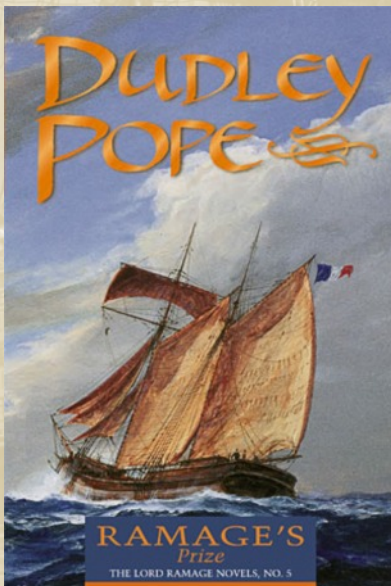
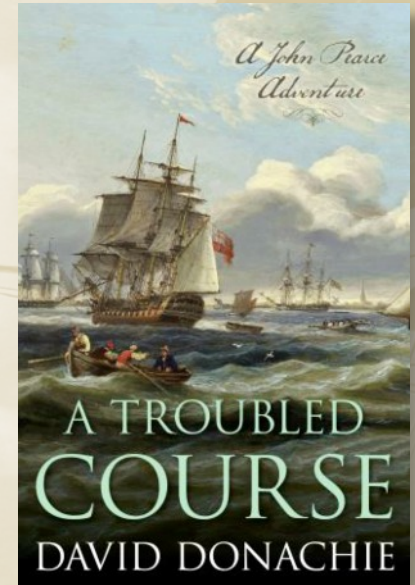
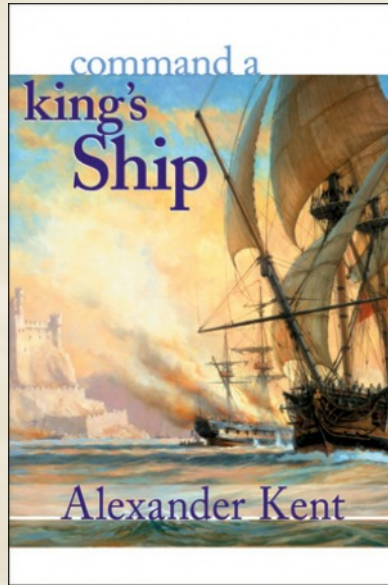
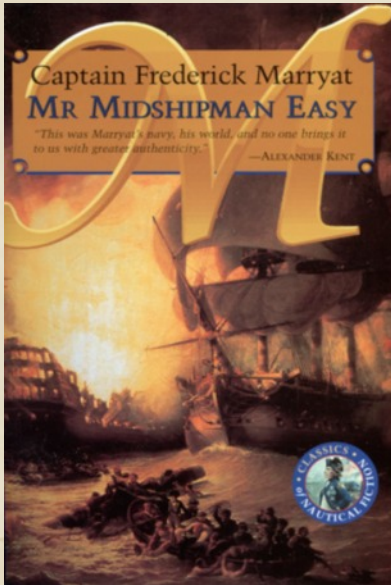
Lyons Press, US Trade Paperback

\$16.95

AVAILABLE NOW

In 1903, racing for the America’s Cup was no longer a gentleman’s game – it had become a race entangled with political tension and awesome, dangerous stakes. In this pivotal year, the two great rivals Britain and America raced head to head, with Britain determined to win with their privately funded *Shamrock III*, and America’s bravado backed up by *Reliance*. *Reliance* was a yacht like no other—a work of beauty carrying more sail than any single-masted boat before. Some believed that the boat towering 190 feet above the water was simply too dangerous, but the race called for such staggering risk. Pastore brings life to this strikingly astounding vessel from conception, to construction, to the hair-raising trials at sea. It is simply one of the most exciting sea tales ever told.

*Sail the literary seas with
the best in naval fiction . . .*



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