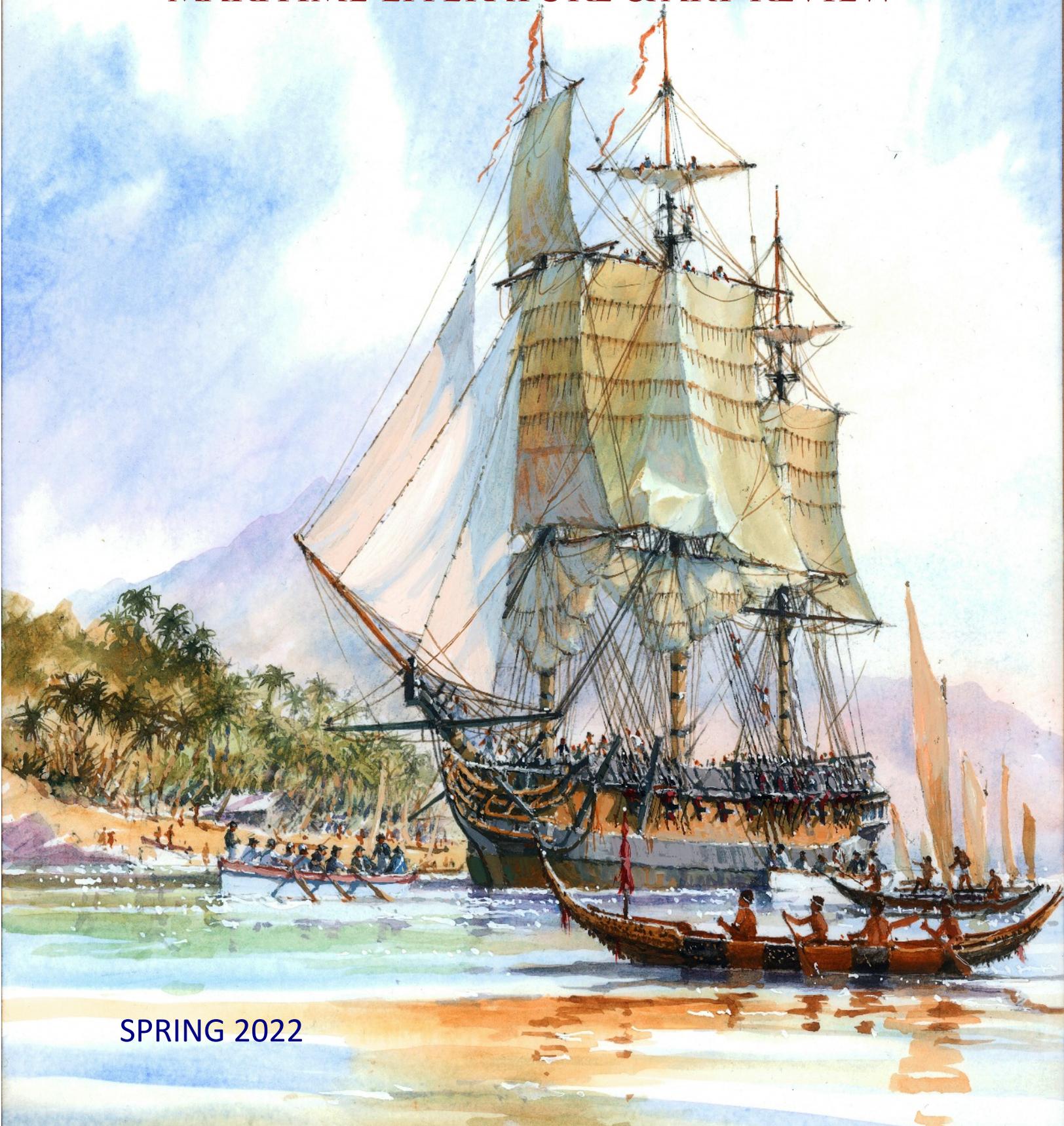
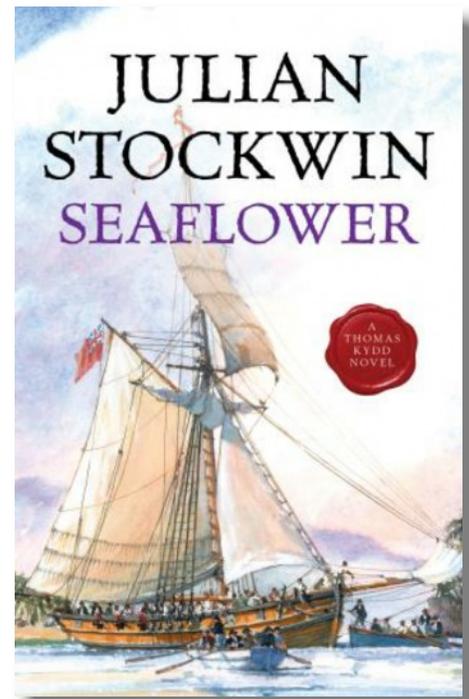
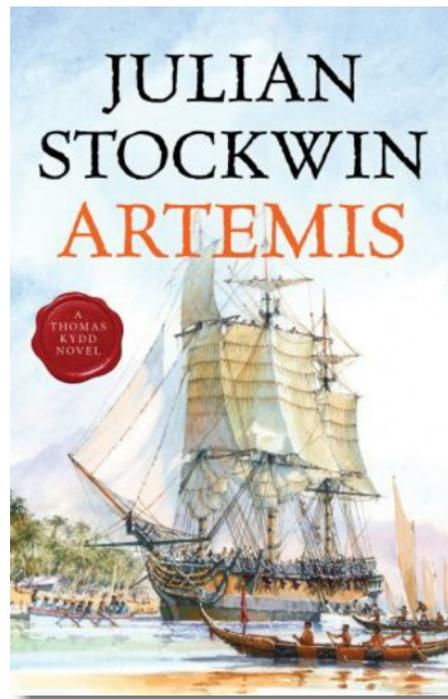
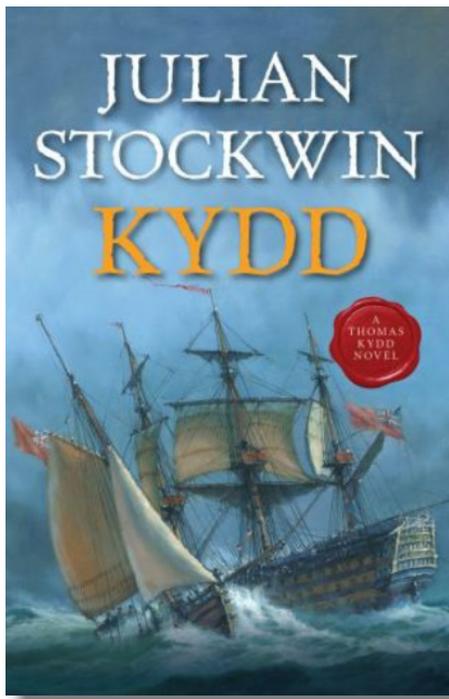


# QUARTERDECK

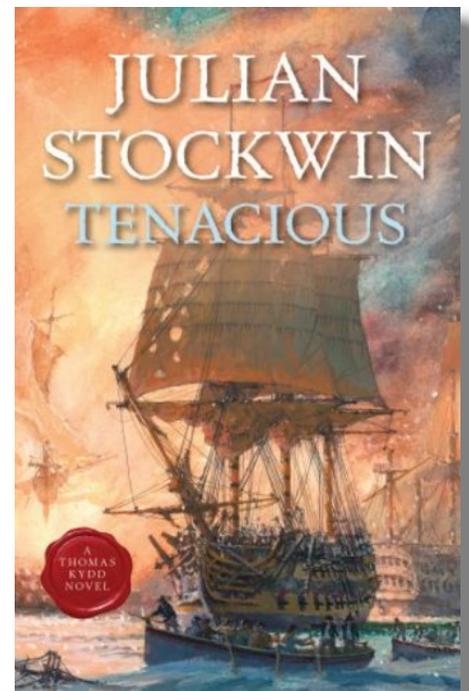
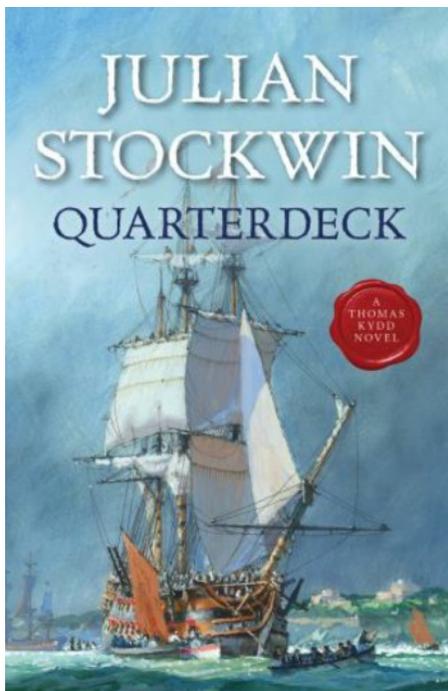
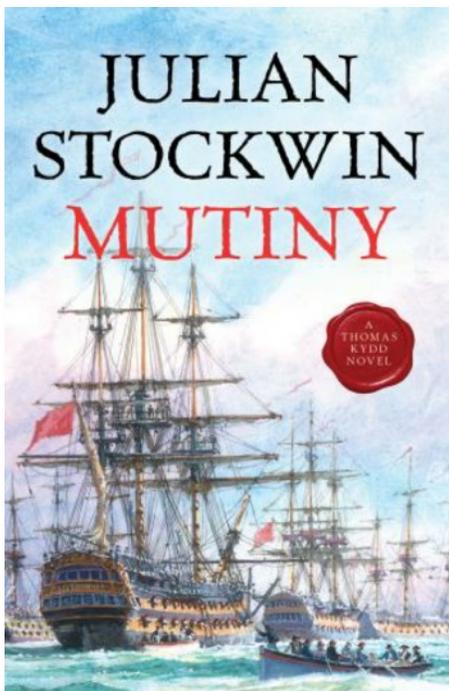
★ MARITIME LITERATURE & ART REVIEW ★



SPRING 2022



LAUNCHING IN AUTUMN 2022



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## ★ QUARTERDECK ★

MARITIME LITERATURE & ART  
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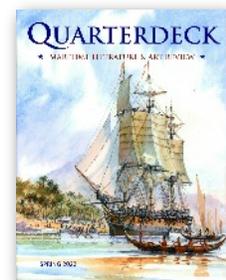
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### ON THE COVER:

On the cover: "Artemis,"  
a watercolor by English  
marine artist Geoffrey Huband  
commissioned for the cover of the book  
by the same title by Julian Stockwin.  
© Geoffrey Huband

© Tall Ships Communications



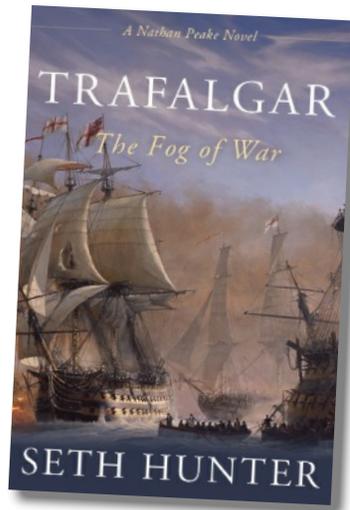
Photo courtesy of Paul Bryers.

## Seth Hunter

British naval officer and spy Nathan Peake finds himself entangled in the intrigue leading up to the Battle of Trafalgar in Seth Hunter’s latest naval thriller, *Trafalgar: The Fog of War*.

“All I need is three days of fog,” Napoleon told his admirals, and they would have his greatest enemy at their mercy and the world at his feet.

In the event, he had a lot more than three days, but it was the fog of war, and in it, even Bonaparte could



lose his way.

This is the story of the murders and intrigues, the myths and mysteries – and crucially the events at sea - that preceded the most famous battle in nautical history. This is Nathan Peake’s true story of the campaign.

McBooks Press will launch the book in the United States this November and the United Kingdom in January.

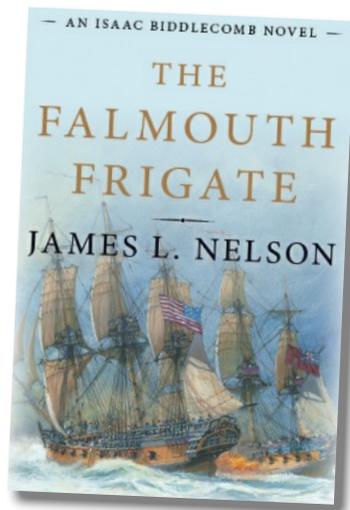


Photo courtesy of James L. Nelson.

## James L. Nelson

Captain Isaac Biddlecomb returns in James L. Nelson’s new naval adventure, *The Falmouth Frigate*. The year 1777 is bleak indeed for the cause of American Independence, with the British army twice defeating Washington and taking the capital city of Philadelphia and the Royal Navy sweeping aside the defenses of the Delaware Bay.

And for Captain Isaac Biddlecomb and the men of the half-built frigate,



*Falmouth*, things are direr still, trapped in a desolate harbor on the New Jersey coast and menaced not by the British but by the outlaw bands that terrorize the countryside and see *Falmouth* as a potentially valuable prize.

McBooks Press will publish *The Falmouth Frigate* in the US in November.

## BOOK LAUNCHES

### 2022

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

### APRIL

*Somewhere in the South Pacific* (USHB)  
by John J. Gobbell

*Code of Honor* (USHB)  
by Robert Macomber

*A Shot Rolling Ship* (USTPB)  
by David Donachie

### MAY

*Captain Hale’s Covenant* (USHB/UKHB)  
by Thomas E. Crocker

*Rebels at Sea* (USHB)  
by Eric J. Dolin

*An Awkward Commission* (USTPB)  
by David Donachie

*A Flag of Truce* (USTPB)  
by David Donachie

*The Admiral’s Game* (USTPB)  
by David Donachie

*Blown Off Course* (USTPB)  
by David Donachie

*A Call to Arms* (USTPB)  
by William C. Hammond

### JUNE

*A Private Revenge* (USTPB)  
by Richard Woodman

*On the Barbary Coast* (USTPB)  
by Alaric Bond



# An Unexpected Journey

## A Quarter-Century in the Book Trade

**RIGHT** One of many bookshops along Charing Cross Road in London.

**O**N A BOOK CRAWL ALONG Charing Cross Road in London twenty-five years ago, browsing shops for Georgian-era naval fiction, Amy and I had no idea we were on a course that would soon change our lives.

The story began in the early 1970s. Living in Michigan near the Great Lakes and sailing for pleasure, I discovered the Richard Bolitho novels by Alexander Kent. I often read late into the evening beside a crackling fire, an escape from my corporate life at the time. Then, one year, the Kent books disappeared from the US market, pulled I later learned by the author himself.

By 1997, we had switched careers and moved to a quieter life in land-locked rural Eastern Iowa's rolling hills. But the sea and maritime literature remained a constant, as my library grew with Patrick O'Brian's Aubrey and Maturin novels and James L. Nelson's Isaac Biddlecomb stories. And I had acquired a classic wooden sailing dinghy that we sailed on a nearby lake.

That spring, I chanced across a website for Tall Ships Books, an online shop specializing in naval fiction, including Alexander Kent's British editions. Amazingly, the shop was just 35 miles from our home. And suddenly, Richard Bolitho was back in my life.

Phoning the shop's owner, Richard Merritt, a fellow Bolitho enthusiast, I arranged



to visit his small stockroom. The shelves were filled with titles by British authors: Kent, Douglas Reeman, Richard Woodman, C. S. Forester, Showell Styles, Dudley Pope, and Alexander Fullerton, among others. At the time, I didn't know that Reeman and Kent were the same person.

Rich Merritt was affable, well-read, and a delightful conversationalist. On my second visit to Tall Ships, he casually slipped into our chat that Amy and I should purchase the business. Well, "surprised" doesn't >

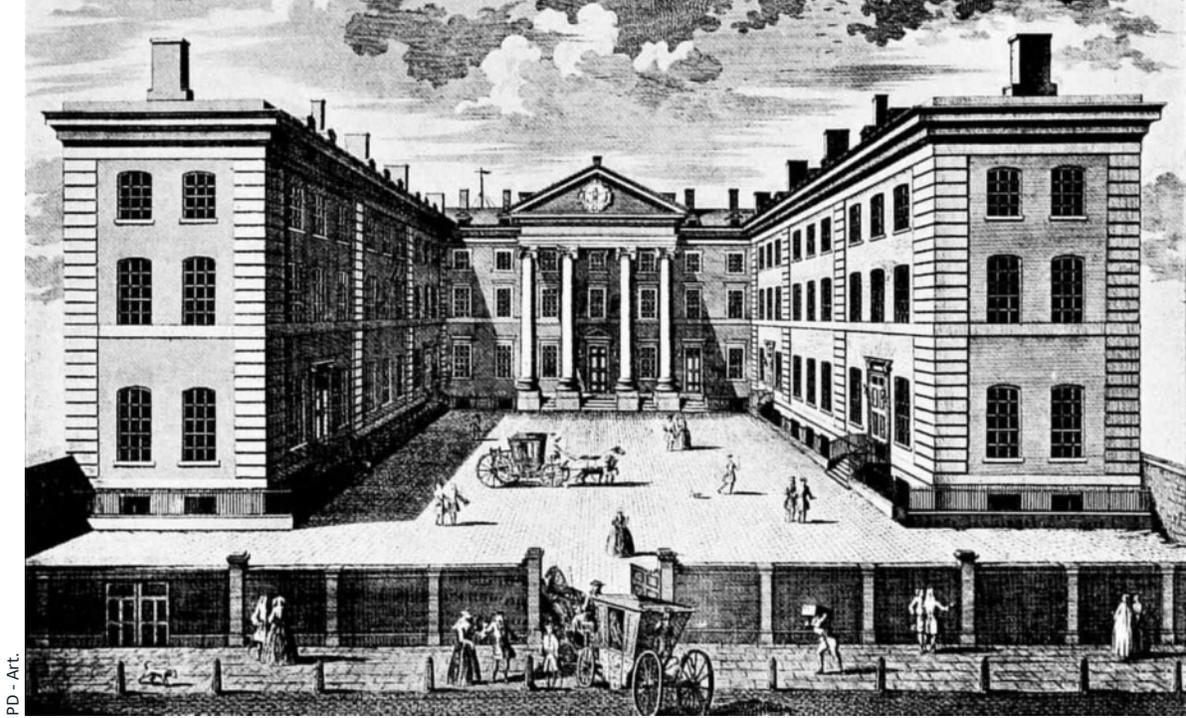
quite capture my reaction, but as a life-long bibliophile who had haunted local bookshops, the possibility had a certain Walter Mitty appeal. But, I reasoned, I had a job. Still, immersing myself in the books I loved was a strong lure.

Amazingly, when I broached the subject with Amy, she didn't dismiss the idea. As it happened, we were about to leave on an eight-day holiday in London, and we agreed to consider Rich's proposition while in the United Kingdom.

**B**y the time our overnight flight landed at Gatwick Airport early on a May morning, I was tired and grumpy. Acquiring a bookshop was the last thing on my mind. Boarding the Gatwick Express to London's Victoria Station, dragging our overstuffed suitcases, did little to change my mood.

As we neared the city, the view out the carriage window was depressing, adding to my dismal disposition. Trash and graffiti lined the embankments and fences along the tracks. "This *really* isn't what I imagined," I mumbled to Amy, doing her best to remain cheerful. She recalls that I was much more "graphic" in my anger, while she told me to "relax, things will get better."

Disembarking from the train at Victoria, we climbed a dark stairway, hefting our bags step by step. At the top, we emerged to a morning lit by a rising sun and bustling commuters. My mood instantly changed when I saw the queue of the iconic black cabs—this was the London I had expected.



*"I saw the queue of the iconic black cabs  
—this was the London I had expected."*

**ABOVE** The Old Admiralty in Whitehall, London, circa 1760, in an engraving by D. Cunego.

**BELOW** London iconic black cabs sweep along the Mall in London flanked by Union Jacks.



Soon we were whisking through the city, with a friendly cabby pointing out familiar historical sites. As we passed by Buckingham Palace, lines from Helene Hanff's bestselling *84, Charing Cross Road*, crossed my mind.

She wrote: "A newspaper man I knew, who was stationed in London during the war, says tourists go to England with preconceived notions, so they always find exactly what they're looking for. I told him I'd go looking for the England of English literature, and he said 'Then it's here.'"

And the England I was looking for was there. Over eight days, we traversed the London described by Alexander Kent, Patrick O'Brian, David Donachie, and Richard Woodman, seeking sites related to British naval history.

Among our stops was the Old Admiralty in Whitehall, where British naval officers in fact and fiction crossed the once cobbled courtyard, passed through the columns to the "apply named 'waiting' room" described by Leslie Gardner in his history, *The British Admiralty*.

There was a sense of reverence at

the National Maritime Museum in Greenwich as we viewed Nelson's pigtail, uniform coat, breeches, and stockings worn at Trafalgar. The museum's extensive ship model collection, dating from the 17th century, gave more significant meaning to the vessels described in naval fiction.

Another day, we traveled to Windsor Castle, where we saw displayed the lead shot that killed Nelson on board HMS *Victory* in 1805, mounted with shredded gold lace from his uniform in a silver locket trimmed with a gilded ropework border.

*Victory's* surgeon, William Beatty, extracted the lead shot but could not save Nelson. Later, with the musket ball mounted in its locket, Beatty was said to have worn it until his death when it was presented to Queen Victoria.

We scoured bookshops between sightseeing, including the used and rare establishments along Charing Cross Road, where we found Richard Bolitho titles in significant numbers. And we did locate 84, Charing Cross Road, but by then, it was no longer a bookshop.

Visiting Hatchards in Piccadilly, London's oldest bookshop, established in 1797 by the publisher and anti-slavery crusader John Hatchard, we discovered a section brimming with naval fiction and history.

Our enthusiasm for the new venture was palpable when our train rolled into Portsmouth Harbour Station across from the Historic Dockyard on a day out from London.



© Alamy

**RIGHT** Vice-Admiral Horatio Nelson's coat, which he was wearing at the Battle of Trafalgar on 21 October 1805. Note the hole in the left shoulder penetrated by a French Marine's musket ball.

**ABOVE** The shot that killed Nelson was extracted by HMS *Victory* surgeon William Beatty. After Trafalgar, he had the all mounted in a silver locket and is said to have worn it the rest of his life. Note the braid from Nelson's epaulette attached to the ball.

**BELOW** HMS *Victory's* figurehead in 1997.



© Alamy

Climbing aboard HMS *Victory* for the first time, catching a whiff of crisp salt air and Stockholm tar, was magical after reading about England's "wooden walls" for decades.

Returning to London, more memorable moments awaited us.

One chilly, overcast morning, we headed to Westminster Abbey and learned that it was closed for a remembrance service for World War II veterans. Soon black cabs began arriving with veterans and their wives

dressed in their finery, the men wearing bowlers and the ladies colorful, broad-brimmed hats.

We had found a place behind a barrier next to the Abbey's entrance to observe the proceedings when we heard sirens and motorcycle escorts leading the Queen's maroon Rolls Royce into the adjacent car park. A mo- ➤



Photo by George D. Jepson.



Photo by George D. Jepson.



Photo by Amy A. Jepson.

ment later, the car rolled to a stop by us.

Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip stepped from the Rolls, and the robed Dean of the Abbey greeted them. When the Queen moved to enter the building, she turned and made eye contact with Amy, leaving us with a special memory.

As our time in England ended, I told Amy, “We’re coming back,” and recalled a quotation credited to Sid Bernstein: “I loved England’s gentility and its civility . . . I love the beauty of its language, the ways it’s spoken. I love the green grass of England and the flowers.”

And we did come back.

A few days after our return to America, we acquired Tall Ships Books, embarking on a new chapter in our lives. Soon after, we began a relationship with McBooks

*“As our time in England ended, I told Amy, ‘We’re coming back,’ . . . And we did come back.”*

**LEFT** Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip about to enter Westminster Abbey for a remembrance service honoring Britain’s World War II veterans.

**ABOVE** With Douglas and Kim Reeman in the Oriental Restaurant at the Dorchester Hotel in London in 1999.

Press and its founder, Alex Skutt, as customers and friendly competitors. Alex had acquired US rights to the Richard Bolitho novels and several other naval fiction properties and was developing McBooks Press as a destination for maritime literature.

Within a year, we were back in London, lunching with Douglas and Kim Reeman in the Oriental at the famed Dorchester Hotel, the couple’s favorite restaurant in the city. At that time, Douglas, writing as Alexander Kent and under his own name, was a *Sunday Times* bestseller.

As new Reeman or Kent titles were published, Douglas regularly appeared for signings at Hatchards, as did many leading authors.

Early on, we decided to distinguish Tall Ships Books in the trade by offering new signed first editions by the British novelists. So, we arranged for UK publishers to send book shipments to the authors and, once signed, to have couriers collect and ship them to us. Later, the practice spilled over to American novelists.

Our annual trips to England became busman’s holidays, as we became acquainted with more authors, spending time with them in London and other parts of the country. These relationships developed over the years, with our experiences featured in our first newsletter, *Bowsprit*, and event- ➤

ually, *Quarterdeck*.

Books brought us together with wonderfully fascinating individuals, which we cherish as time passes. Alexander Fullerton, known for his Nicholas Everard series, and his wife, Priscilla—both Royal Navy veterans during World War II—hosted us in their home near Haywards Heath on England’s South Downs.

We first met Richard Woodman in 1999 under the collonade at The Ritz London. We most recently spent a day with him in Harwich, walking the storied cobblestone streets once graced by Nelson and Emma Hamilton and taking tea in his garden overlooking the North Sea with his wife Chris, an accomplished artist.

Woodman’s Nathaniel Drinkwater stories remain a staple in naval fiction, even as he has moved on to maritime history and standalone novels like his recently published *A River in Borneo*.

In 2003, we assisted in bringing naval fiction authors together for *Sea Warriors: The Royal Navy in the Age of Sail*, “a companion video to the great seafaring novels” hosted by Richard. Participating authors included Douglas Reeman, Julian Stockwin, historians Colin White, Andrew Lambert, Dr. Margarette Lincoln, Robert Gardiner, and Tom Pocock.

At the time, we also met British marine artist Tony Fernandes, who also worked on the film produced and directed by American cinematographer Chip Richie. We remain in contact with Tony, who creates fine, detailed pen-and-ink drawings and oil paintings featuring historic ships.



Photo by George D. Jenson.

*“We first met Richard Woodman in 1999 under the collonade at The Ritz London.”*

ABOVE Amy sips tea with Christine and Richard Woodman in their back garden overlooking the North Sea.

BELOW With David on the terrace at Walmer Castle.

David Donachie introduced us to Deal on the edge of the Channel and the North Sea, once an important naval and merchant port with its Georgian heritage. Visits to Deal Castle and Walmer Castle illuminated their history as two of three artillery forts ➤



Photo by Amy A. Jenson

built in the 16th century by Henry VIII to protect the strategic naval anchorage in the Downs.

Enjoying an afternoon cream tea on the Walmer terrace viewing the Downs over the parapet was a bit surreal, knowing the castle's history through several conflicts up to the Second World War.

Over two decades, from *Kydd's* launch in 2001, Julian Stockwin has led me through an informal course in British naval history, starting with a visit to the Chatham Naval Dockyard in March 2002. In recent years, we have explored the former Cornish smugglers' haunt, Polperro, and historical naval-rich sites in Plymouth, Devon.

English marine artist Geoff Hunt, who is known for his superb cover paintings on the Patrick O'Brian and Julian Stockwin novels, invited us into his studio, which sits on or near Nelson and Emma's Merton estate, now covered by an industrial park.

And Geoffrey Huband, whose brilliant paintings continue to appear on McBooks Press naval fiction covers, showed me Falmouth in Cornwall (see *Quarterdeck*, Winter 2021). It was here where Douglas Reeman, writing as Alexander Kent, memorialized the town in his twenty-eight novels featuring Richard and Adam Bolitho. This series has stood the test of time.

On this side of the Pond, we have shared fresh lobster with novelist and maritime historian James L. Nelson, author of the Isaac Biddlecomb series, and his family near Casco Bay in Maine.

A particular pleasure has been the emerging new authors in the genre through the past twenty years: Michael Aye (*The Fighting Anthonys*), Alaric Bond (*The Fighting Sail Series*), Chris Durbin (*the Carlisle & Holbrooke Naval Adventures*), and Philip Allan (*The Alexander Clay Series*).



Photo by George D. Jepson.

**ABOVE** Julian and Kathy Stockwin during a day at the Royal William Victualling Yard in Stonehouse, a Plymouth, England suburb. The yard was the major victualling depot for the Royal Navy, a complement to the adjacent Devonport Dockyard on the Hamoaze estuary of the River Tamar, flowing between Devon and Cornwall, England.

Douglas, who crossed the bar in 2017, and his wife, Kim, through their kindness and generosity, were responsible for us entering the book trade in 1997. Today, our relationship continues with Kim, author of the historical novel *Coronach*.

By the mid-2000s, Tall Ships Books and many independent bookshops fell prey to Amazon's burgeoning influence in the marketplace. So, reluctantly, we shut down, with our inventory going to McBooks Press.

At the time, *Quarterdeck* remained popular with readers, so Alex Skutt approached me about continuing, with McBooks Press distributing the publication. I agreed while also writing articles for *WoodenBoat* magazine.

Our trips to the UK continued, along with our author and artist relationships. Returning home from a visit in autumn 2019, Alex informed me that he was selling McBooks. When the Rowman & Littlefield Publishing Group acquired the imprint, they asked me to continue editing *Quarterdeck*.

A few months later, Rowman's CEO, Jed Lyons, offered me a position as editorial director for McBooks Press, a Globe Pequot imprint.

So, that's it. Quoting Ronnie Milsap, neither Amy nor I "wouldn't have missed it for the world." ■

# THE 80<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF

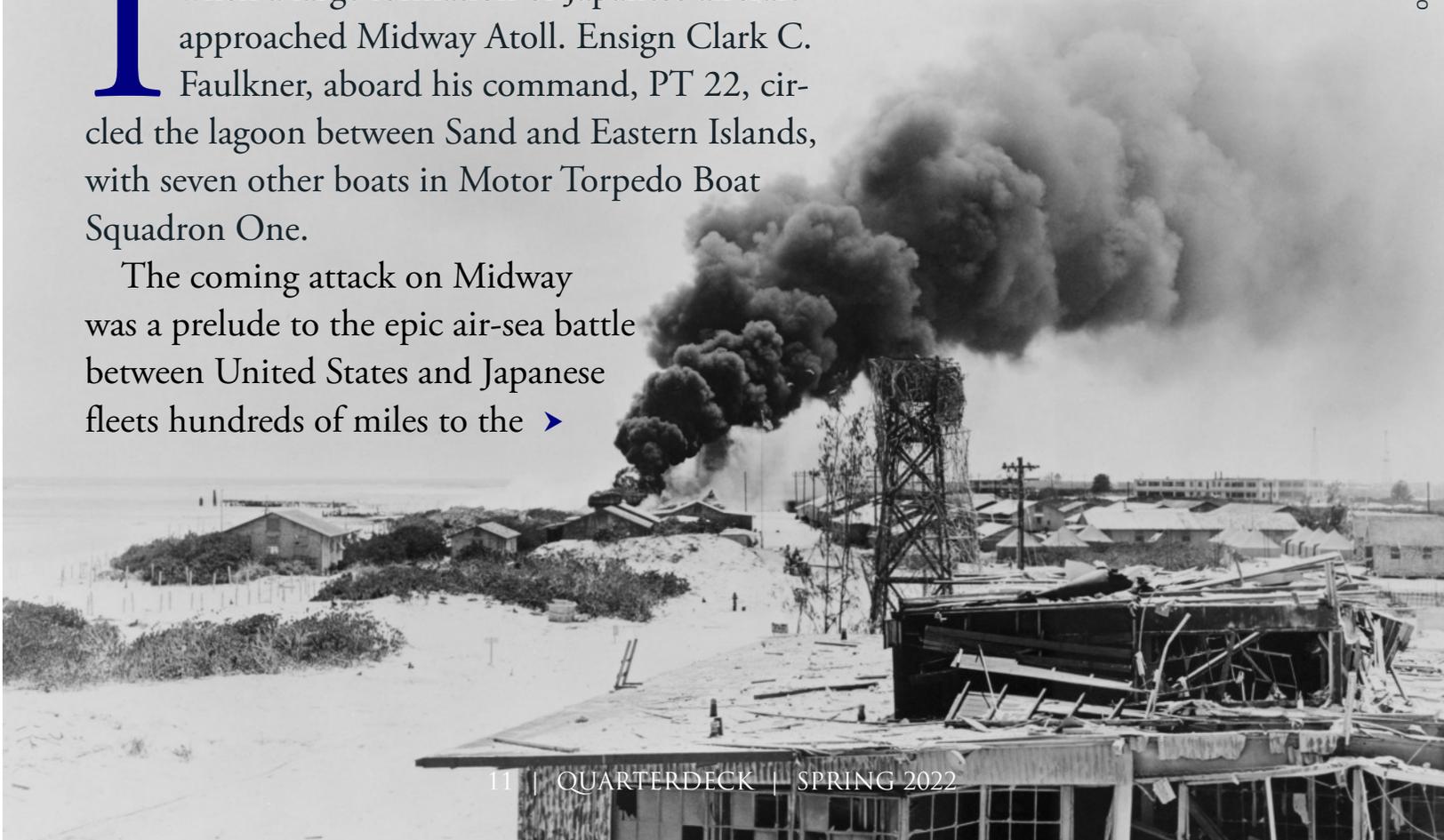
# MIDWAY

## REMEMBRANCE

**I**T WAS EARLY MORNING ON JUNE 4, 1942, when a large formation of Japanese aircraft approached Midway Atoll. Ensign Clark C. Faulkner, aboard his command, PT 22, circled the lagoon between Sand and Eastern Islands, with seven other boats in Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron One.

The coming attack on Midway was a prelude to the epic air-sea battle between United States and Japanese fleets hundreds of miles to the **▶**

Smoke rising on Sand Island at Midway Atoll during the first minutes of the Japanese air attack on June 4, 1942.



Official US Navy Photo.



Oil-on-canvas painting by Lieutenant-Commander Griffith Bailey Coale, US Navy.

Northwest.

Six months earlier, on December 7, 1941, Faulkner, a 22-year-old Nebraska native, had a front-row seat for the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor from the deck of PT 22 (see the autumn 2021 issue of *Quarterdeck*).

Now, as approximately 180 enemy planes droned toward Midway in their signature “V” formation, he was about to be part of history again.

Eight available PT boats, commanded by Lieutenant Clint McKellar, Jr., were tasked with circling the lagoon, positioned to shoot down Japanese aircraft. The official Squadron One after-action report detailed the first minutes of the attack:

“At 0630, a tight formation of Japanese level bombers came in from the north . . . These were engaged by Marine AA batteries from shore and by PT 42 with caliber .50 machine gunfire. One aircraft from this formation burst into flames and crashed into the lagoon, her bomb falling separately into the lagoon, both narrowly missing PT boats in that area.

“The first wave was immediately followed



Photo courtesy of Clark Faulkner.

**TOP** Combat artist Lieutenant-Commander Griffith Bailey Coale captured Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron One boats defending Midway on June 4, 1942.

**ABOVE** Clark Faulkner.

**RIGHT** An aerial view of Midway on November 24, 1941, from the southwest across the southern side of the atoll. Eastern Island, with Midway’s airfield, is in the foreground. Sand Island, site of the base’s other facilities, is across the entrance channel. The lagoon where MTB Squadron One’s boats circled is between the two islands.



Official US Navy Photograph.

by another and by one over East Island, immediately after which approximately 18 dive bombers dived on East Island from the North East, all of which pulled out near the vicinity of the PT boats scattered about the lagoon and were engaged . . .”

As Japanese aircraft bombarded and strafed Midway, the torpedo boats drew fire from Zero fighters. Faulkner’s PT 20, along with PT 21, was credited with downing a Zero, with “tracers from both boats” causing it to “crash in trees on Sand Island.”

In early spring 2001, months before ➤

911 shocked America and the world, Faulkner shared his memories from Pearl Harbor with me.

A week later, he picked up his narrative, this time relating the events leading up to and during the Battle of Midway. At the time, it seemed incredible that fate and the United States Navy had placed his squadron smack in the middle of these two momentous historical events

This year marks the 80th anniversary of the US Navy's decisive victory at sea (June 3-6, 1942), defending America's vital base at Midway, turning the tide of the war in the Pacific. In remembrance, we share excerpts from our conversations, Faulkner's log, and the squadron's official after-action reports.

—George Jepson

BY CLARK C. FAULKNER

Early on the morning of Thursday, May 12, 1942, I was riding at anchor off the southern coast of Ni'ihau Island [in the Hawaiian chain] on PT 20 in company with PT 22 [both 77-foot Elco motor torpedo boats]. We had orders to return to Kauai, fuel, provision to the maximum, and rendezvous with the balance of our squadron 50 miles due west of Kauai at 1500 hours on May 13.

When we rendezvoused, I came alongside Clint McKellar's—squadron commander—and said, "What's up, and where are we going?" He threw a roll of charts to me and yelled, "MIDWAY! FALL IN ASTERN!"

The run from Pearl to Midway, 1,385 nautical miles, was the longest across open water that PTs had ever made. We refueled at Necker Island, French Frigate Shoals,



Official US Navy Photo.

*“He threw a roll of charts to me and yelled,  
“MIDWAY! FALL IN ASTERN!”*

**ABOVE** Clark Faulkner's PT 20 cuts across the stern of the Yorktown-class aircraft carrier USS Enterprise (CV-6) as the motor torpedo boat heads into Pearl Harbor.

and Lisianski Island.

All eleven boats arrived at Midway on May 21, mooring in nests along the submarine pier in the lagoon. If there ever was an American base preparing for a “last-ditch stand,” with little hope of success, it was the Navy and Marine garrisons on Midway.

It didn't take us long to learn that they anticipated an invasion. After breaking the Japanese codes, the high command was certain that the Nips would hit Midway with a powerful airborne strike force and land in strength following the attack. The frantic preparation was unbelievable, with [aircraft and matériel] moving onto the two small islands.

During the anticipated attack, our assignment was to form a mobile machine gun anti-aircraft force in the center of the lagoon, rescue downed pilots, and then proceed to sea to attack the surface vessels, primarily troop transports.

At about 0600 on June 4, the air raid alarm sounded, so we cleared the dock ▶



*“The Jap bombers blew everything up, decimating the island.”*

and formed a large circle at slow speed in the lagoon, which is not very big, maybe a half-mile. Looking up, we saw sixty Imperial Japanese Navy bombers escorted by fifty Zero fighters. It was quite a sight! So many things happened in a matter of just a few minutes.

The lead bomber was hit by five-inch antiaircraft fire and disintegrated. A body came out of the plane’s nose and fell just off the end of the pier. It seemed to take forever to hit the water, cartwheeling end over end.

It was the damndest thing. It was the first time I had ever seen a body fall from an airplane. It stuck in my mind. The word was Japanese pilots didn’t use parachutes. However, the wreckage from a plane we had shot down was on the island. Later, we went over there and retrieved the pilot’s canvas seat belt and parachute shrouds, which proved that they did have parachutes.

Our air cover, including obsolete Brewster F2A Buffalo fighters and Douglas F4F

ABOVE An aerial view of Midway Atoll under attack by Japanese aircraft on June 4, 1942. Note the two Zero fighters on the left diving toward the airstrip on Eastern Island.

Wildcats, flew at water level over our boats, giving us good shots at the low-flying Zeros on their tails.

In his official report, our executive officer, Lieutenant E. S. Parker, wrote: “On at least five or six different occasions, fighters or dive bombers started off for one or more of the boats, but invariably swerved off as soon as PT boats opened fire with caliber .50 guns . . . Fire was held until the range was closed for a sure chance for hits . . .”

We knocked down several Zeros. Our boat absorbed 500 bullet holes from one strafing Zero. Overall, the squadron only sustained minor damage and minor casualties and dodged all the bombs that hit

the lagoon.

Lieutenant Parker reported that “near the end of the raid, a fighter plane, thought to be one of ours, probably a Brewster Buffalo, was seen to crash just outside the reef,” with two Zeros in pursuit who likely strafed the pilot in the water. PT 26 searched the area but found nothing.

The bombers blew everything up, decimating the island. By 0730, the Japanese planes disappeared, and we returned to the Sand Island pier to assist efforts ashore and pulled spare engine parts, ammo, and guns from the large patrol plane hanger that was on fire.

At 0815, the air raid alarm sounded again, so we cast off our lines and headed into the lagoon, but no enemy aircraft appeared—the next wave of planes that never arrived because of the carrier battles underway at sea. Consequently, we headed to waters outside the lagoon to rescue pilots believed to be down. ➤

About 0945, we spotted a flyer on a reef off Sand Island. A crew member swam to the reef with a life ring on a line and pulled the Marine pilot, “suffering from shock and superficial cuts and bruises,” to safety. At 1030, we rescued a Navy pilot “with burns around the face.”

A Navy Douglas SBD Dauntless Dive Bomber had crashed in the channel during the battle. So, that afternoon, another chap and I went down with shallow-water diving gear, attached a line to the tail, and turned the airplane over so that we could get in the cockpit. Our purpose was to get the codebook from the cockpit should we be invaded later. We also salvaged the .30-caliber tail machine gun.

That evening, about 1730, we received orders to “refuel all boats to capacity” and proceed to a point 170 miles [northwest] of Midway “to contact and attack [the] enemy main body.” Arriving at the location about 0300 hours the next morning, we found nothing but wreckage and oil slicks.

Heading back to Midway, about 0730, an enemy float plane attacked us, twice strafed us, and dropped a 100-pound bomb about 15 yards off our starboard quarter. The concussion threw us all to the deck, but we sustained no damage. Despite our return fire, the plane escaped.

About noon on June 5, we spotted what be believed to be a Japanese cruiser. After making a high-speed torpedo run on the target—in broad daylight, no less—we identified the ship as the cruiser USS *Atlanta*, much to our relief.

Later we learned that we missed the Japanese ships because they had moved southwest over 100 miles from where they had been on June 4, the day before.

One June 6, the entire squadron went to



Oil-on-canvas painting by Lieutenant-Commander Griffith Bailey Coale, US Navy.

*“ . . . an enemy float plane attacked us, twice strafed us, and dropped a 100-pound bomb off our starboard quarter.”*

**ABOVE** “Sinking Sun,” an oil-on-canvas painting by US Navy combat artist Lieutenant-Commander Griffith Bailey Coale in 1941. A Marine stands at parade rest on the bow of a PT boat as she moves slowly out to sea from Midway to bury two Japanese fliers shot down during the battle. The red ball of the Japanese rising sun is reflected in the setting sun.

**RIGHT** The Midway Monument erected in August 2015 etched with a historical tribute to America’s armed forces who participated in the Battle of Midway, June 4-7, 1942.



Courtesy of the American Battle Monuments Commission.

sea to bury 11 Marines and two Japanese aviators who were killed two days earlier during the battle.

Our part if the decisive Battle of Midway was over! ■



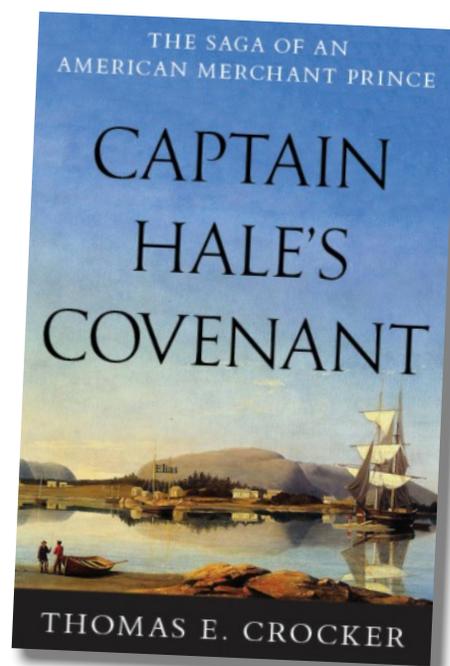
Photo by Thomas P. A. Crocker

# THOMAS E. CROCKER

*A Real-Life Character Inspires a Rousing American Novel*

**A**S THOMAS E. CROCKER'S career as a diplomat and lawyer unfurled over four decades, he harbored a passion for a personal "story of the sea but not a simple sea yarn," that became his debut novel, *Captain Hale's Covenant*—*The Saga of An American Merchant Prince* (see review on page 30).

Along the way, he researched and penned two significant histories, even as he contemplated *Captain Hale's Covenant*, a narrative based on his four-times great-grandfather's >



life. A native Washingtonian, Crocker graduated from Princeton University and Columbia Law School. Serving as a United States Foreign Service Officer, he specialized in Portuguese and West European politico-military matters and the expansion of NATO. As a partner in the large national law firm, Alston & Bird LLP, he co-headed the International Trade and Regulatory practice group.

In addition to *Captain Hale's Covenant*, Crocker has authored two histories. *Empire's Eagles—The Fate of the Napoleonic Elite in America* is the never-before-told story of how Napoleon's top brass escaped to America after Waterloo. *Braddock's March—How the Man Sent To Seize a Continent Changed American History* received the 2011 Distinguished Book Award from the New York and District of Columbia Societies of Colonial Wars.

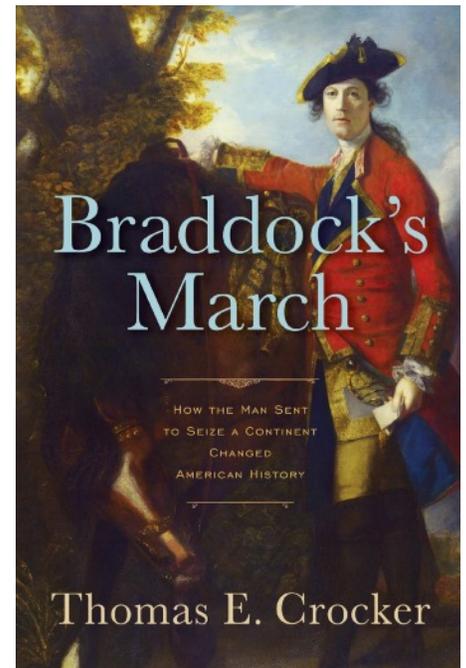
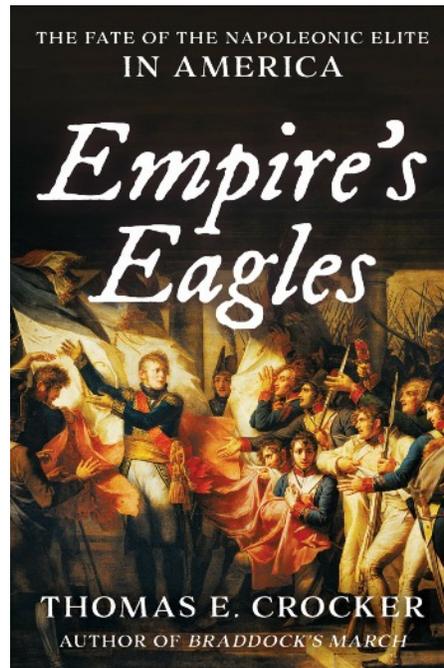
Crocker, currently a member of two national-level historical book prize committees, lives in Washington, DC, with his wife, Beth. He recently shared his journey as an author with *Quarterdeck*.

— George Jepsen

*Have you always been a reader?*

Yes, I taught myself to read before I started school at age three. My mother was a reader, so something must have rubbed off by either example or DNA. Reading opened up the world to me. It was like having my own private and fast cutter to sail and explore the unknown.

*What were some of your favorite topics?*



*“As a child, I devoured all the Landmark series of books on US history for young readers . . .”*

I loved history, even as a young boy. As a child, I devoured all the Landmark series of books on US history for young readers, as well as the World Book Encyclopedia. I discovered Charles W. Eliot's now-forgotten Harvard Classics (the once-famous “five foot shelf of books”) in my parents' den and delved deeply in those as well. They were quite a broadening education. I recall one volume in particular: *Voyages and Travels*, about Sir Francis Drake and other English explorers. I particularly gravitated toward US and British history and still do.

As for fiction, I loved Robert Louis Stevenson and Kenneth Roberts's historical novels, such as *Northwest Passage* and *Arundel*. Later I read everything written by F. Scott Fitzgerald.

As I grew older, my reading

branched out considerably to include more arcane topics: in-depth British, Colonial and Revolutionary history, Stoic philosophy, religion, travel writers like Sir Richard Burton, historians like Caesar, Josephus and Gibbon, and many others—wherever my fancy took me.

By the time I was in my early thirties, I had long finished my formal education but turned into something of an autodidact. Nevertheless, this continual learning process became a passion and still goes on.

*Your first two books were histories. What drew you to write fiction?*

I initially saw myself as a fiction writer and started writing *Captain Hale's Covenant* in 1991, long before the two history books. So it ▶

took me over 26 years. For me, fiction is often more demanding to write than narrative history. The fact that the other two books sold first perhaps also says something about the place of fiction in the publishing industry these days.

*“Captain Hale’s Covenant” is truly an American novel? What was the genesis for the story?*

Yes, it is very much an American novel. Although fictionalized, I broadly based it on the true story of my four-times great grandfather. I was inspired to write the story when I was ten years old and visited his grave in Eastern Cemetery, Portland, Maine, and that of his daughter, who died at age thirty. I vividly recall determining on the spot to tell “their” story so that they would not be forgotten. That was the genesis back in 1959, but the book morphed into much more. Over the years, I developed some of the book’s central themes and dilemmas, though not yet written. Then, in 1991 St. Antony’s College at Oxford offered me a fellowship to write this book – historical fiction exploring the differing concepts of citizenship between Britain and America. Unfortunately, I was unable to accept the fellowship because of family obligations at the time, but I nonetheless put pen to paper and started to write it. Over the ensuing years, it evolved into something much more complex. As I have often said, it is a story of the sea but

not a simple sea yarn.

*What most appealed to you about the late eighteenth century in which your novel primarily takes place?*

That is an excellent question. The late eighteenth century was the height of the Enlightenment, when, like the hero of the book Captain Adam Hale, people read the Roman and Greek classics and tried to adopt a philosophy for living and interacting with other people – a code if you will. In the eighteenth century, these codes often took the form of either a code of virtue (such as Captain Adam Hale’s) or a code of honor. People’s lives were governed more by free will and conscious choices than they appear to

*“. . . in America, it was a time for civic choices – namely, what it meant to be an American . . .”*

be now. The struggle posed by those choices is part of the book’s plot. At least in America, it was a time for civic choices – namely, what it meant to be an American, to be free, and the concomitant obligations of such citizenship. There is a lot of tension and uncertainty in these concepts -- all dealt with in-depth in the book. But the point is that individuals can choose how to live their lives. That is, I think, highly relevant today. We’d do well to study the model of those who went before us. Unfortunately, the exercise of free will gets short shrift in America today.

As for the rest of it, America was newly on the world stage – but vulnerable. Our captains sailed all over the world, generating great wealth and bringing Americans into contact for the first time with cosmopolitan thoughts and culture, art, literature, and material goods. America, freed from trade constraints only within the British Empire, was fast growing up. Still, at the same time, it was a risky enterprise. Our shipping was preyed upon by both British and French privateers, press gangs, and Barbary pirates, not to mention storms at sea, illness, and self-defeating trade embargoes imposed by our Presidents at the time. These tensions culminated in the War of 1812 when the British invaded Maine

and New England contemplated seceding from the United States.

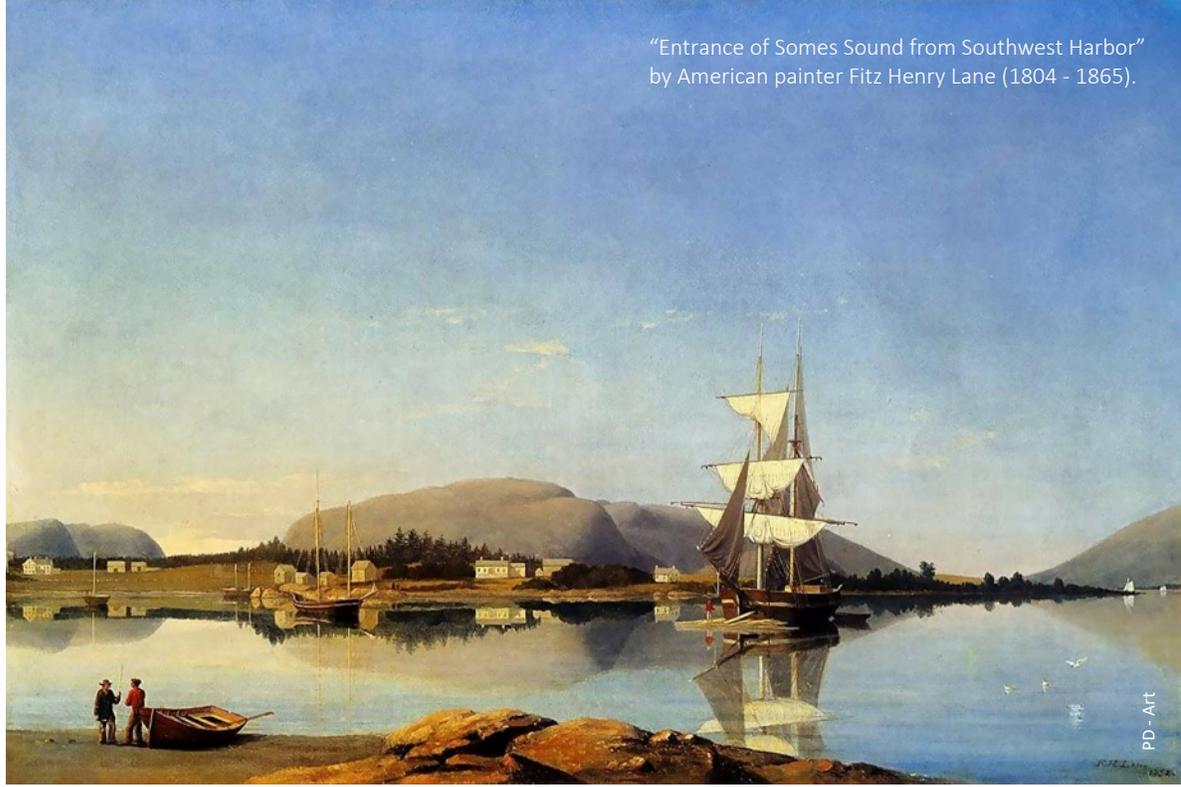
*How did you research the story?*

The basics of the story were handed down to me by my great aunts, born in the 1860s and ’70s. They knew a few of the people depicted in the story and were close to it. Although significant parts of the story are fiction, many elements are true. In the book’s opening scene, the tavern is a real place still standing in Barnstable, MA, known as the Crocker Tavern (no coincidences there!). Moreover, the historical person on whom Captain Hale is based was a blockade runner captured and imprisoned by the British at the Mill Prison during the Revolution. The names of some of the ➤

ships and the details of their cargoes are factual. One of the hero's sons did die at the Great Spring Garden plantation in Jamaica. The construction and collapse of the “Bridge of Boats” in Porto, Portugal, happened. However, the tragedies suffered by the real “Captain Hale” far exceeded those depicted in the book, and I had to simplify them for narrative flow. I put a lifetime of research into this book, reading contemporary newspapers, diaries, ships' logs, and letters. I researched how New England (and Maine in particular) merchants operated at the Maine Historical Society and the Southwest and Northeast Harbor public libraries. I lived in Portugal for two years, so I am intimately familiar with what is depicted there. I have traveled the Kennebec River. I read deeply on the theological quandary of theodicy and discussed it with various scholars. In a sense, this book is an accretion of decades of reading, observing, and thinking.

*Is “Captain Hale’s Covenant” the sort of story you would like to read or written for a particular audience?*

Well, it certainly is the type of book I would like to read. It is a saga of historical fiction with accurate details and plenty of action. But at the same time, it explores deeper questions and reflects upon evil in the



*“I wrote it in a cottage that now stands behind the ship shown in that painting.”*

world and what it means to be an American in the best sense. I don't know that I consciously composed it for a particular audience. Still, I would say that people who enjoy historical fiction by Patrick O'Brian or Bernard Cornwell would probably enjoy this. So also might people who read military history and matters nautical. I often think that Baby Boomers, who have an eye for quality fiction and the time to read, might be a natural audience.

*What has been the greatest influence on your work as an author?*

There is no single one. In the case of this book, Giuseppe di Lampedusa's *The Leopard* certainly influenced in terms of approaching it as a family saga focusing on the patriarch. Teddy Roosevelt's *The Naval*

*War of 1812* was also an invaluable resource. Anyone writing in this genre cannot help but have been inspired by Patrick O'Brian's Jack Aubrey series. In creating the character “Captain Adam Hale,” I had only sketchy knowledge of the personality of his real-life historical inspiration. It is probably fair to say that I poured a little of myself into the fictional character. As his closest living descendant, I figured that I had a modicum of license to do that. As for other influences on my historical writing, I am a great admirer of Francis Parkman. I know that's not very PC these days, but I think his *Oregon Trail* is one of the greatest history books ever written. And his *Montcalm and Wolfe* is not far behind.

*Where did your process begin when* ▶

*you started the novel?*

I started and wrote the novel when working more than full-time as a partner in a large law firm, not something I would particularly recommend. As a result, I wrote the bulk of it during vacations strung out over decades, almost all of them on Mount Desert Island, Maine. The Fitz Hugh Lane painting on the book's jacket shows the entrance to Somes Sound, where I wrote it in a cottage that now stands behind the ship shown in that painting.

*Did you plot out the story before beginning to write?*

No, I did not. I had certain themes or issues that I wanted to explore in my mind. My ancestor's contemporary newspaper accounts partially guided me, so they provided a rudimentary framework. But the plot took on a life of its own as I started to write. So it was very much an organic process.

*Please describe where you write?*

As I wrote it almost entirely in Maine, this book was the exception. I have written other books on my laptop in my study at home, which is in Washington, DC. I live in a house that dates to the Federal period, so the ambiance of that epoch surrounds me.

*Do you have a writing routine?*

I am writing and editing on my laptop by about 8:00 AM. I continue nonstop until about noon or 1:00

PM. It goes very fast and is pure joy. Nothing gives me more pleasure than the art of creating.

*Do you ever experience writer's block?*

It has happened to me once or twice, including when I wrote *Captain Hale's Covenant*. I had writer's block after writing Chapter 10. To break it, I "borrowed" a scene from another of my draft manuscripts to bridge the gap and let me continue. What you see in the second scene in Chapter 11 is a much-revised remnant of that temporary graft. Fortunately, writer's block does not often impede me. Usually, the story tells itself and flows naturally like a stream, gushing even.

*Do you have another book project on the stocks?*

Yes, another piece of fiction based on a true story set in Portugal during the Cold War. It is a story of seduction, intrigue, murder, and power run amok.

*Are there other historic periods or subjects you would like to explore with your writing?*

The 18th century and the Early American Republic are my sweet spots. But I have also researched and read a lot about America in the 17th century, a difficult, unhappy century. America was a very raw place indeed then. Check out Bernard Bailyn's *The Barbarous Years*. And yet there were some great characters and brave, epic struggles which made us what we are today. I don't have a specific book in mind to write, but this largely forgotten

century was quite fascinating. Beyond that, I have always been interested in the Elizabethan age and the adventures of the gallant British sea dogs from Devon. My family came from Devon, so maybe that's why I like writing about the sea.

*If you could host three historic figures from any era at a dinner party in your home, whom would you invite?*

Oh, boy! That's a tough one. Setting aside the founders of the world's great religions (so I could learn whether they were who they were portrayed to be), I would have to say:

Diarist and Chief Secretary to the Admiralty Samuel Pepys (1633-1703) because he would be rollicking good company.

Peter Stewart Ney (1769-1846), so I could ask him if he really was Marshal Michel Ney of France or, if he was not, who the heck was he (see the central mystery in my book *Empire's Eagles*).

I cannot erase the concept of dinner with King Henry the Eighth of England (1491-1547): brilliant Renaissance monarch, gourmand, and terrifying person. That one probably better just be left as a concept.

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

Two old but valid clichés: "Knowledge is power. Therefore, read," and "If you don't read history, you are condemned to repeat it." ■

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Visit Thomas Crocker online at [www.thomascrocker.com](http://www.thomascrocker.com).



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# BOMSCHUIT

## *The Dutch Flat-Bottomed Fishing Boat in Art*

BY MATTHEW HONAN

*Matthew Honan, who currently resides in the United Kingdom, spent nearly two decades in the Netherlands, where he developed a passion for Dutch marine art. He writes on 17th and 19<sup>th</sup>-century marine art.*

**T**he Dutch wooden flat-bottom fishing boat *bomschuit* (pronounced bom-scout), was unique to the Netherlands, sailing from North Sea coastal fishing villages for over 150 years. The iconic vessels and scenic surroundings inspired numerous Dutch and foreign marine artists ➤



Matthew Honan

who, in particular, visited the Netherlands fishing villages Scheveningen and Katwijk to paint during the nineteenth century.

The bomschuit's amphibious nature allowed for appealing artistic compositions featuring the beach, surf, and sea. Dutch painter Hendrik Willem Mesdag (1831 - 1915) led the genre. This article discusses the bomschuit and the major artists who depicted the boats and their picturesque environment.

Fishing was the primary source of income for North Sea coastal villages in the Netherlands as far back as the thirteenth century when the Dutch sold fresh fish in English and European cities and towns. Cod and plaice were the major fish caught up until May each year. In addition, most fishing vessels caught herring along the Dutch coast and off the Shetland Islands in Scotland from June.

Bomschuits developed from pinks, smaller Dutch North Sea fishing vessels that sailed from the beach where they were also stored. The pink was often depicted in paintings by Dutch marine artists in the seventeenth century.

The larger two-masted, rectangular shaped bombshuit, with its heavy flat bottom, rather than a keel, was ideal for landing on the beach. The vessel had a large central mast and a smaller mast positioned on the stern. Additionally, a wooden *zwaard* (or sword) on each side functioned as a keel. Though the bomschuit was not a fast sailing ship, it carried more crew and transported more herring than the smaller pink.



*“Fishing was the primary source of income for North Sea coastal villages in the Netherlands . . .”*

**ABOVE** Detail from “Fisherfolk and bomschuit vessels on the beach at Scheveningen” (1872) by Henrik W. Mesdag (1831 - 1915), With thanks to Simonis & Buunk Fine Art, Ede, The Netherlands.

In use from 1750 to 1918, the boat's greatest activity occurred in the second half of the nineteenth century. It was the main fishing vessel used by Dutch coastal villages. The length-to-width proportion was always twice as long as wide. The length varied between 9 to 14 meters and the width 4 to 7 meters. The distance between the bow and deck and ground ranged from 2 to 3 meters, depending on the craft's size.

In 1831, Dutch coastal towns had 127 bomschuits, with 81 in Scheveningen, situated near The Hague. Scheveningen became the most important coastal town for herring fishing. Also, from 1818 it became the country's leading seaside bathing resort. As a result, locals from The Hague and foreign tourists and artists frequented it.

From 1866, fishermen used the bomschuits to harvest herring by large-scale coastal trawling. The boats increased in numbers to 255 in 1883. From the second half of the nineteenth century, prosperity gradually ➤



ABOVE "Preparations for Departure" by Henrik Willem Mesdag.

returned to the coastal fishing villages.

Shipbuilding yards, typically situated within 500 meters of a beach, constructed bomshuits from oak over one to three months without drawings. Once completed, the heavy hull was placed on wooden logs and tugged by horses to the sandy beach. Once the vessels weighing up to 50 tons were finished and fitted out with masts and *zwaardes*, they were coated with tar and painted.

Newly built bomshuits were dragged on wooden logs by horses further down the beach to join the fishing fleet. Finally, nine horses moved the bomshuits over heavy wooden planks and logs to the waterline in June. The boats usually lasted up to ten years.

Herring fishing lasted from June until November. In the winter, the fishermen placed the bomshuit fleet in rows high up on the dunes for necessary repairs. At the same time, they painted the vessels and tarred the hulls. Finally, the vessels trawled with nets for flatfish along the Dutch coast in January. The bomshuits fished for dab, plaice, and roundfish in the spring.

The bomshuits, crewed by six fishermen, caught fish using a large and heavy trawling net. Once hauled in, the herring would be sorted, gutted, salted, stored in wood barrels, or kept alive in various onboard containers. One man could process almost 2000 fish per hour. While processing the first catch, the crew would immediately put a second net overboard.

From the end of May until the end of June each year, literally hundreds of bomshuits would set sail from the Dutch coastal fishing villages for the herring-rich waters of the Shetland Islands situated north of Scotland.

After June, herring shoals moved south to warmer water. At the weekend, fishermen would dock their boats at Shetland's main town, Lerwick, and were known for buying English peppermint, postcards, and small ceramic dogs as souvenirs. Sunday was never a day at sea. In Shetland, the last Saturday of June was called "Dutchman's Saturday." Along Lerwick's long, narrow, and winding Commercial Street, the sound of clogs and the smell of cigars among Dutch fishermen were familiar.

Safety was a concern onboard the overcrowded and weather-exposed bomshuit vessels. As a result, fishermen often fell ill, and some even died. Between 1875 and 1927, thirty fishermen from Scheveningen were buried in the cemetery at Lerwick.

The bomshuits anchored on the beach waterline prepared to depart for fishing. Horse-drawn carts loaded with supplies, such as food, water, and salt (stored in ➤



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wooden barrels), and the nets offloaded onto the vessels. One would have to wait for a favorable wind to depart, which may have taken days or even some weeks.

Each bomschuit had a crew of nine to ten men. On returning home from fishing, each boat anchored in shallow water, with a heavy rope thrown overboard to a man approaching from the beach on horseback. The rope would then be attached to a large anchor embedded in the sand.

Once the tide had receded, horse drawn wagons unloaded and transported herring-filled baskets and wooden barrels from the bomschuits. Baskets of fresh fish were auctioned directly on the beach, while the barrels were processed by workers near the shipyard.

The Dutch coastal fishing villages were close, tight-knit communities whereby the church and the Bible were firmly anchored just like the bomschuit fishing vessels that served the well-being of the inhabitants.



**TOP** "Ship stranded at Scheveningen, 1837," oil on panel by Andreas Schelfhout (1787–1870).

**ABOVE** Andreas Schelfhout, Dutch landscape artist, etcher, and lithographer.

Villagers often wore traditional clothing and clogs and spoke with a dialect. There was a solid social identity in each fishing village, and many inhabitants were involved in some aspect connected to fishing.

While the men were out at sea, the women prepared and dried fish to help support their large families. Each village had factories to smoke-cure the herring and plaice after drying. Many fishermen maintained a small vegetable garden in the dunes. Women looked after the potatoes and beans for storage, ready for the long winter months.

After each fishing trip, the nets were transported by horse and cart to a designated field behind the dunes, where young women repaired them.

### *ART AND THE BOMSCHUIT*

Seventeenth-century marine artists, such as Jan Porcellis, Adriaen van de Velde, Jan van Goyen, and Simon de Vlieger, painted Dutch coast and fishing scenes. However, beach scenes were not encouraged in Netherlands artists' formal training. An estimated 160 Dutch and foreign artists painted at Scheveningen by the nineteenth century.

One of the first artists to revive beach scenes in the nineteenth century was Andreas Schelfhout (1787–1870), who lived in The Hague and visited nearby Scheveningen to observe fishing boats, fisherfolk, and holidaymakers. In addition to making preparatory sketches with pencil and pen, he would also make plein-air sketches with watercolors for later studio compositions. Schelfhout significantly influenced marine artists, including the most successful, Hendrik Willem Mesdag. ➤

Mesdag was born in Groningen, a northern Dutch town, on February 23, 1831. His father, a successful banker, established his firm, Mesdag and Sons, in 1851. Hendrik later joined his brother Taco in the family business; however, his real passion was art.

After studying art in Brussels, Mesdag moved to The Hague in 1869, with his mind made up to become a marine artist. The beach at Scheveningen, the sea, the fisherfolk, and the flat-bottomed bom-schuit remained the source for his moving and picturesque compositions.

*Baedeker's Handbook for Travellers of Belgium and Holland*, published in 1869, stated the following:

“Scheveningen, a large fishing village with 7436 inhabitants is connected with The Hague by a well paved road. The road is shaded by a beautiful avenue the whole way, and bordered with plantations of venerable oaks and other trees . . . the clean and prosperous village, with its well-built brick houses, is protected from the sea by the dunes. Scheveningen possesses about 100 fishing-boats (pinken), the cargoes of which are sold by auction on the beach immediately on their arrival, an event which is announced by a public crier. The scene on such an occasion is often remarkably picturesque and entertaining. The herring-fishery is also prosecuted with considerable success, many of the boats occasionally venturing as far as the North part of the coast of Scotland.”

At Scheveningen, Mesdag walked each



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TOP "Panorama Mesdag, 1881."

ABOVE Henrik Willem Mesdag (1831 - 1915).

day along the dunes and the beach. And he would often rent a room in a hotel along the beach. He worked hard and made countless detailed and rapid sketches of his subjects, closely observing the changes in colors, movement, and differences between sea and sky. He used his sketches as material for his studio oil paintings.

Success and recognition came rapidly to Mesdag when in 1870, at the Paris Salon, he was awarded a gold medal for his oil painting featuring waves off the

coast of Scheveningen, "*Les Brisants de la Mer du Nord*." After that, he enjoyed a period of great recognition. Exhibitions of his work followed in several cities in Europe. He became a member of the elite Dutch Pulchri Studio, a club or Society for outstanding artists to meet and exhibit their work. Mesdag received a gold medal from the municipality of the Hague in 1872 and a second gold medal from the Paris Salon in 1878. ➤



**ABOVE** "Fishing Vessels at the Shore" by Henrik Willem Mesdag.

Mesdag's magnum opus, presently housed in The Hague, is "Panorama Mesdag, 1881," a cylindrical painting measuring more than 14 meters high and 120 meters in diameter depicting Scheveningen on a summers day, including the beach, sea, bommschuit fishing boats, and village. Mesdag began work in March 1881. With the collaboration of several other artists (Blommers, Breitner, De Bock, and Mesdag's wife, Sientje), they completed the work in August 1881.

The painting was not Mesdag's typical portrayal of the bommschuit and the sea. It was too grand a scale to allow his artistic license to use subtle color nuances and atmospheric effects associated with his oeuvre. It was, in fact, a testament of reality, a scene frozen in time unaffected by the industrialization and rapid changes of the nineteenth century. It was a world Mesdag knew would not last for future generations—a world of silence, beauty, and pristine, unadulterated nature.

Mesdag thought the Panorama was one of his best works as it gave a significant impression of nature. Vincent van Gogh who

saw the Panorama, was very impressed by it. Mesdag also wanted to remind the public of Scheveningen's posterity and its bommschuit fishing fleet. Two events changed this idyllic image.

First, in 1894 a severe storm destroyed most of the 150 bommschuits beached in Scheveningen. A harbor in Scheveningen was completed in 1904 and could harbor keeled ships. Secondly, a fishing vessel introduced to the Netherlands from France in 1866, the logger, supplanted the bommschuit. A two- or three-masted ship, the logger, was a much faster and more productive fishing vessel. However, unlike the bommschuit, it could not be landed on a beach and was moored at harbor being a keeled ship. By 1916, only one bommschuit remained in the coastal village Katwijk with 85 loggers.

### *MESDAG'S ART*

Henrik Mesdag was a proponent and leading artist of The Hague School, a term first used in 1875 to describe a group of realist landscape and genre artists who gave a nostalgic depiction of a world that was rapidly under pressure to change with industrial- ➤



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zation and population growth.

The Hague School testified that nature should be revered and cherished, requiring only a minimal palette of tonal colors to project the Dutch landscape's often gray and subdued colors. Paintings gave an esthetic pleasure and a fleeting moment capturing a scene or subject to cherish in all its fragility.

Mesdag had a productive life painting at Scheveningen from 1870 to 1911. Twelve of his sketchbooks remain intact. He carefully studied the bomschuit, fishermen, the sea, clouds, and sky, creating charcoal and pencil sketches. He perhaps also used ship models to paint the bomschuit accurately.

Mesdag painted mainly in oils, with watercolors occupying about a quarter of his oeuvre. In 1876, he was one of the founders with other prominent painters of the *Hollandsche Teekenmaatschappij*, the Holland Drawing Association based in The Hague. The association, primarily Hague School artists, promoted and exhibited their watercolors. Mesdag was also chairman of the

**ABOVE** Detail from "Fishing boats near the coast." by Henrik Willem Mesdag.

Dutch art society, *Pulchri Studio*, based in The Hague from 1898 to 1907.

Compositions were classed by theme or after a time of day or weather pattern. Mesdag's artistic mastery of painting sky and sea provided an overall atmospheric effect. The bomschuit is present in the majority of compositions. Accurately depicting each stage of a bomschuit's activities challenged Mesdag and other artists of the genre—at sea, departing and returning, in the surf, at anchor, offloading and loading, and on the beach.

Mesdag often used earthy tones of green, blue, brown, and yellow to paint the sea, ships, and figures. For example, the headgear colors of local women resemble wave crests, and their dresses the sand or sea. It is as if Mesdag used color as a metaphor that all elements are part of the same environment and depend on each other.

Mesdag took great care in accurately painting the ships' architecture. However, he diminishes fishing boat details in compositions showing atmospheric effects such as a sunset with vessels almost silhouetted. His ➤



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other works focus more on the bomschuits and all phases of their activity at sea, in the surf, at anchor, departing, and returning.

Compositions of boats being loaded and unloaded, with villagers congregating by the boats on the beach, offer an insight into the fishing practice at Scheveningen.

The atmospheric effect was central to many of his compositions. Many painted with a low horizon emphasized the sky and clouds and their color and atmospheric relationship with the sea. Calm and rough waters painted with yellow and green tones realistically reflect conditions in the North Sea.

By 1875, Mesdag exhibited widely in the Netherlands and elsewhere in Europe while selling his work to museums. In America, in 1876, his work was exhibited at the World Exhibition in Philadelphia and again in 1896 in Chicago.

Mesdag once explained his marine art to an American journalist, “Holland is a gray

**ABOVE** “Dutch Pincks Off Hatwyk” by William Edward Cooke, English marine artist (1811 - 1880).

country often gloomy. The sentiment of Holland’s atmosphere is melancholy. The sea has usually its saffron note. The only nature I know and am confident to paint is the nature of Holland, and should I undertake to paint clear or softly glowing skies, and limpid, deep-tone, sparkling water, imagination alone would have to be my mentor. I am too much of a realist to paint studio dreams, and whatever be the prevailing characteristics of my work, those characteristics find their excuse and justification in a studious effort to depict facts, without distortion or idolization, as they are observed here in Holland.”

Mesdag was never a “struggling artist,” achieving success and wealth early on in his career. Moreover, despite his significant productivity, he did not commercialize his work or lower his artistic standards. Instead, painting the sea and the bomschuit vessels became a devotion. He became wealthy through inherited wealth and sales of his ▶

art.

His wife, Sientje, died in March 1909, and on July 10, 1915, Mesdag died at 84. In 1915, the last bomshuit was decommissioned and removed from the ship register at Scheveningen. Together Mesdag and the bomshuit departed the world forever.

Other Dutch Mesdag contemporaries painting the bomshuit were Jacob Maris (1837-1899), Anton Mauve (1838-1888), Hendrik Weissenbruch (1824-1903), Johannes Evert Hendrik Akkeringa (1861 – 1942) and Philip Sadée (1837-1904).

There was also increasing interest by English marine artists to visit Holland and paint along its coast and waterways. The most successful and prolific English artist was Edward William Cooke (1811-1880).

Cooke's first plein-air painting trip to Scheveningen was in 1837 and his last in 1879.

Cooke jealously guarded his growing reputation as the best foreign painter at Scheveningen. Poking fun at Dutch artists, he could afford to be conceited, signing some paintings on the bow of a bomshuit as "Van Kook!"

He was the forerunner of a significant art movement, painting beach scenes and the bomshuit, followed by Mesdag and many others. From 1835-79, he exhibited 129 works at London's Royal Academy and was elected a Royal Academician in 1863.

### *PAINTERS OF KATWIJK*

The coastal fishing village of Katwijk (pronounced cut-vake), situated some five kilometers west of Leiden in South Holland province, has been an important fishing center since the fourteenth century. Unlike Scheveningen, Katwijk never had a harbor (though it had a canal). Its bomshuit fleet was one of the last to be decommissioned.

From the 1870s, a growing number of Dutch and foreign artists preferred to paint at the less-visited Katwijk. The town was quaint, authentic, and picturesque. Roughly



ABOVE "Bomschuiten, circa 1900" by Canadian-born American painter (1860 - 1940) William Edward Cooke.

1100 artists painted at Katwijk, the majority between 1870 and 1914. An artist colony there flourished from 1880 to 1910.

Mesdag was a significant influence for aspiring artists who painted at Katwijk. Moreover, there was a growing market in Europe and North America for beach and seascapes featuring the bomshuit and The Hague School art in general.

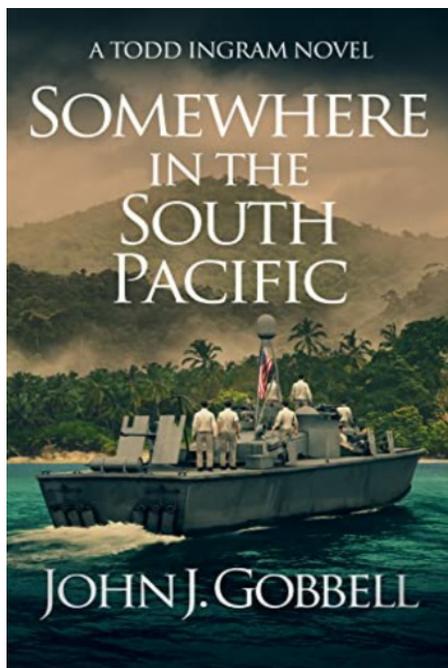
Notable Dutch artists who painted at Katwijk were G. A. L. Morgenstjerne Munthe (1875-1927), Johan Frederik Cornelis Scherrewitz (1868-1951), Willy Sluiter (1873-1949), Jan Toorop (1858-1928), Johannes Hermanus Barend Koekkoek (1840-1912), Hendrik Willebrord Jansen (1855-1908), B. J. Blommers (1845-1914).

A number of foreign artists painted at Katwijk, including notable American artist Charles Paul Gruppé (1860-1940). He was self-taught and moved to the Netherlands, where he lived from 1897 until 1913. In 1889 he enrolled at the Academy of Fine Arts in The Hague, where he received lessons from Mesdag. After 1894, Gruppé painted mainly at Katwijk. As a result, his work is similar to Mesdag's.

The bomshuit brought together whole fishing communities in the Netherlands, which depended on the boat for their livelihoods, including the builders, sail, barrel, and rope makers. ■

*The author is grateful to Willem van den Haak (Noordwijk, The Netherlands) for information on the fishing history.*

## BOOK REVIEWS



### *Somewhere in the South Pacific*

BY JOHN J. GOBBELL

SEVERN RIVER, US Trade Paperback / e-Book  
**\$17.99 / \$6.99**  
 APRIL

“**C**RACKCRACK. The aerial bomb exploded . . . with a brilliant orange-yellow flash.”

The Imperial Japanese Navy Nakajima NK1C floatplane—nicknamed “Rufe”—appeared suddenly out of the nighttime sky over PT 72, surprising the American motor torpedo boat in the Solomon Sea.

It’s spring in 1943, and war rages in the Southwest Pacific, where the sun beats down “with a sizzling intensity.” Life is tenuous for the young officers and sailors in PT Squadron Two, operating from its Tulagi Island base across Iron Bottom Sound from Guadalcanal.

Aboard the 72-boat, Lieutenant (JG) Jack Kennedy, fresh from the United States, is about to command PT 109 in Ron 2 under Lieutenant-Commander Al Cluster.

Navy Lieutenant-Commander Todd Ingram, earlier recovered by PT 72—tagged *Little Lulu* by her crew—from a near-suicide mission on enemy-held Mondo Mondo Island, off New Georgia in The Slot, is bound for a well-deserved Stateside leave and a shiny new Silver Star.

John Gobbell’s rip-roaring tale of US Navy PT boats battling Imperial Japanese Navy forces in the Solomon Islands bursts with daring exploits by America’s Greatest Generation, including a young John F. Kennedy.

And as with Gobbell’s previous naval thrillers, there’s a mystery, with a shady, unsavory character called “Alvin Chartré”—or maybe “Richard Clausen of the FBI,” suggests Cluster—snooping around about Kennedy, threatening to scuttle his career.

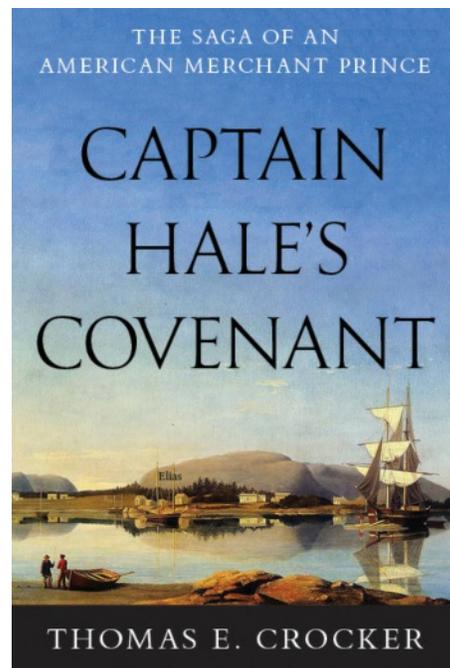
Adding intrigue is Kennedy’s intimate relationship with Inga Arvad, the stunningly beautiful Danish national and journalist who “captivated Chancellor Adolf Hitler during a visit to Berlin,” raising FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover’s consuming scrutiny.

The backstory to *Somewhere in the South Pacific* dates to the author’s close relationship with the genuine Al Cluster, who commanded Ron 2, in which Kennedy skippered PT 109. Cluster spent hours with Gobbell, recounting his time in the Pacific, including his part in rescuing Kennedy and the PT 109 crew.

As a sidelight, on July 15, 1960, Kennedy crashed Gobbell’s wedding reception in a Pasadena hotel that happened to be his campaign headquarters soon after accepting the presidential nomination.

John Gobbell’s World War II novels are second to none in portraying the bravery, sacrifices, and human frailties of ordinary men and women during the best years of their lives. ■

—George Jepson



### *Captain Hale's Covenant*

BY THOMAS E. CROCKER

McBooks Press, US Hardback / e-Book  
**\$29.95 / \$12.99**  
 MAY

**O**N A DIRTY All Hallows Eve on Cape Cod in 1783, Captain Adam Hale finds cheer and warmth from the chill wind and drizzle in the Cincinnatus public house—once called the “Royal George”—by the taproom’s roaring fire.

It is a night for patriots to celebrate peace and independence from Great Britain in the wake of a bloody conflict on land and sea lasting eight years.

Once a Yankee blockade runner during the war, suffering as a British prisoner in England’s infamous Mill Prison, after losing his sloop and cargo, Hale has “an abiding antipathy to Britain’s abuse of authority.”

So, when the tavern’s heavy wooden door opens, and a bedraggled stranger wearing a Royal Navy officer’s dark blue dress uniform appears, Hale “knew that his life was about to take a turn the consequences of which he ▶

could only conjecture.”

Prize-winning author Thomas Crocker’s epic debut novel, a historical family saga based on the lives of real-life individuals and events, stretches over four decades, from Maine across the Atlantic to England, France, Holland, and Portugal, and to Jamaica in the Caribbean.

Establishing a home at Falmouth, the “northernmost settlement . . . in the newly independent colonies” on the Maine coast with his young family, Captain Adam Hale returns to the sea in the the pivotal naval mast trade.

Sailing the armed Down East brig, *Atheling*, “with a privateer’s rake,” Hale navigates lawless seas as his business expands in a world that would soon erupt in a lengthy war between Britain and Revolutionary and Napoleonic France.

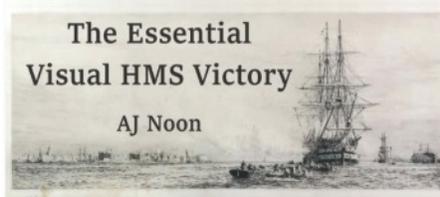
Crocker spins a first-rate, enthralling family saga filled with compelling characters based on factual history and the men and women who built a young nation during its formative years and exhibited the best in what it meant to call themselves Americans.

Hale faces a deadly decades-long blood feud with a treasonous nemesis, obsessed by a chance encounter thirty years earlier. Now more dangerous and influential, wearing a British vice-admiral’s uniform, the threat to Adam and his family is all too real.

Crocker writes with a historian’s command of the period and a novelist’s flair for dramatic, entertaining prose. The action reaches from America’s seaboard to Gibraltar and the Mediterranean to Plymouth Hoe overlooking the English Channel and beyond.

In *Captain Hale’s Covenant*, Thomas Crocker paints a brilliant picture of one man’s triumphs and tragedies at sea and ashore while living the American experience. ■

—George Jepson



*The Essential Visual*  
*HMS Victory*

BY AJ NOON

Redvark Publishing Ltd, UK Large Paperback

\$20.00

AVAILABLE NOW

IT’S BEEN NEARLY THREE YEARS since I last stepped aboard HMS *Victory* in the Portsmouth Historic Dockyard, a pilgrimage made each time we’re in London.

So, when *The Essential Visual HMS Victory* by AJ Noon arrived in the post, I couldn’t wait to crack the cover and wade into the richly illustrated, oversized book.

British author Noon, the editor of *The Trafalgar Times*, a quarterly, not-for-profit newsletter, has produced an engaging, informative guide to the Georgian-era warship, a naval treasure resting in a drydock within the dockyard.

Now over 250 years old, *Victory’s* keel was laid down on July 23, 1759, at Chatham Dockyard in Kent. The 104-gun first-rate ship-of-the-line was launched in 1765, too late to partici-

pate in the Seven Years’ War, during which Great Britain’s Royal Navy established itself as the world’s premier naval force.

“There are many tales to tell,” says Noon early on. “The Battle of Trafalgar, Vice-Admiral Nelson, the American War of Independence, and Cape St. Vincent are just a few.”

And if a first visit to the “old girl” is in your future, heed Noon’s final introductory remarks: “Mind your head!” Despite several occasions on board, I have taken my lumps on the low-hanging timbers below decks.

*Victory* appears today as she was on September 14, 1805, as she embarked for the waters off Cadiz, Spain, bound for immortality with Vice-Admiral Horatio Nelson at the Battle of Trafalgar.

Noon’s tour begins on the top deck, moving from the quarterdeck behind the main mast into the cabins under the poop deck and proceeds down through the gun decks, the orlop, and the hold.

Along the way, he shares historical tidbits, explaining, for example, that Nelson was wearing his “undress” uniform when he was shot, not his “best dress uniform”—a common belief.

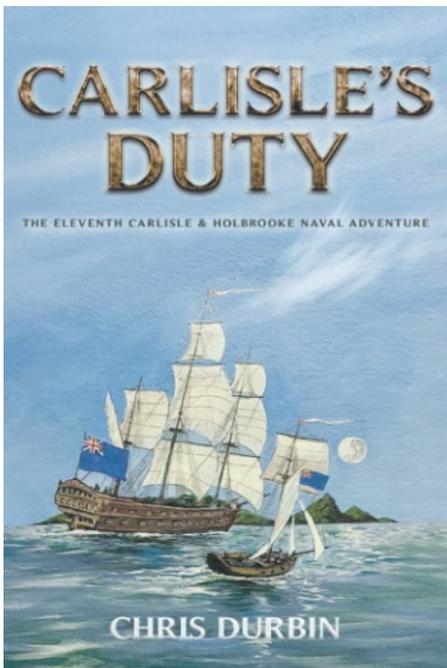
Crisp, explanatory prose accompanied by historic and present-day photos, paintings, drawings, personal journal entries, battle diagrams, and a detailed appendix listing additional reading and resources create a delightful step-by-step virtual tour.

The author’s personal photos detailing every exterior and interior nook and cranny on the ship have a “you-are-there” sense about them, the next best thing to passing through *Victory’s* ornate entry port.

AJ Noon has created *the* indispensable guide to HMS *Victory* and the Georgian Royal Navy. ■

—George Jepson

## BOOK REVIEWS



### *Carlisle's Duty*

BY CHRIS DURBIN

Independent, US Trade Paperback / e-Book

*\$14.71 / \$6.68*

AVAILABLE NOW

**S**AILING IN *DARTMOUTH*—a 50-gun fourth-rate ship-of-the-line—Captain Edward Carlisle commands a small flotilla of British warships in the Leeward Islands, harassing the French as the Seven Years' War winds down.

Trading cannon fire with enemy privateers and New England merchantmen challenges Carlisle's duty to King and Country while balancing his loyalty to the American colonies where he was born. Although France is no longer an immediate threat to the American colonies, Britain remains at war with France.

When a French privateer overpowers the British sloop-of-war *Rabbit* on a reconnaissance mission, with Carlisle aboard, the encounter exposes him to the lucrative and illegal smuggling trade between his native colonies and French sugar traders.

As the French and Indian War has

recently concluded, Americans are anxious to resume trading with French sugar merchants. Carlisle is duty bound as a British naval officer to challenge and confiscate ships illegally trading, casting him apart from his countrymen.

At the mercy of a New England Admiralty Court, he questions the limits of his duty, skirting the line between naval officer and colonial native. With a few stolen weeks back at his home in Williamsburg, family troubles test Carlisle's loyalties even further. Facing down his troubled brother threatens family relationships and his financial future.

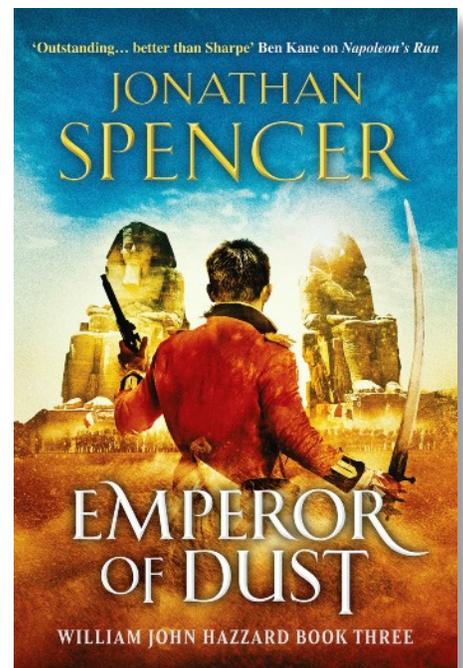
Courting the favor of Virginia's Lieutenant Governor, Carlisle risks losing the trust of his superior officers while trying to manage his personal and professional lives.

Finally, back at sea, stormy weather rocks the small armada of ships Carlisle escorts south as he returns to his station only to find the fleet has sailed without him, and he must catch up en route to invade a neighboring French island.

With only two small ships at his command, he must ensure that marauding French warships remain at bay until the British complete the attack. Richly detailed with period-correct historical context and nautical terminology, Chris Durbin offers a highly plausible and detailed story in the time when American loyalties to England began to falter. Complete with a historical synopsis and a recommended bibliography, he crafts highly engaging historical fiction.

*Carlisle's Duty*, the eleventh offering in Chris Durbin's Carlisle and Holbrooke saga, sets the stage for more excitement to come as the American colonies struggle against the Crown is just warming up. ■

—Thomas Hines



### *Emperor of Dust*

BY JONATHAN SPENCER

Canelo, US Trade Paperback / e-Book

*\$18.16 / \$5.99*

AVAILABLE NOW

**L**EADING A BATTLE-WEARY team of British Marines and a small consort of Bedouin rebels, Captain William John Hazzard continues to elude and harass the French in Egypt, who the British Navy has cut off following the consequential Battle of the Nile.

Operating independently, Hazzard and his men become witnesses to the rising Arab resistance to Napoleon Bonaparte's French Army and a plague outbreak.

As Hazzard searches for his French adversary, Citizen Derrien, he suspects that the Admiralty Intelligence at Room 63 encourages a widespread revolt against the French. Nearly driven to run rogue against his superiors, Hazzard must balance service to the Crown with his loyalty to those who have served and fought alongside him and his company.

Fearful that Bonaparte's legions ➤

will seek vengeance against the Egyptian people, Hazzard finds himself racing against time to save the Bedouins. The latter have fought bravely beside him and his company.

Moving in secret to avoid capture by the French, Hazzard leads his men further from the security of the His Majesty's ships off the coast. While working with local spies and tribesmen, 9 Company marines penetrate deeper into the Bedouin world where Hazzard will stop at nothing to see the French pay for their cruelty.

Meanwhile, Napoleon is determined to crush the revolts. Identifying Al Djeddar, "The Butcher of Acre," as the uprising leader, he marches to conquer Acre and the surrounding region. At the same time, Hazzard and his company join forces with Mamluk to challenge French forces trying to slow the advancing Army.

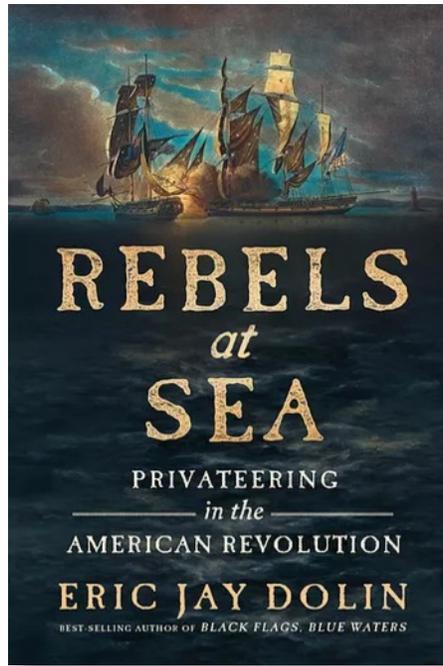
Determined to stand firm against the advancing French, Hazzard and his unlikely band of marines and Bedouin rebels must hold fast against the strongest Army in the world to keep Bonaparte from becoming the Emperor of the East.

Eloquently crafted and dripping with richly detailed historical and fictional characters, *Emperor of Dust* is a riveting tale of heartbreak, anguish, courage, and love.

Jonathan Spencer is a master storyteller in historical fiction set against the Napoleonic period, captivating and entertaining in ways seldom done in adventure literature today.

The third title in the Hazzard series, *Emperor of Dust*, is solidly written and researched and works well as a stand-alone book, but certainly provides more than enough incentive to continue following the exciting adventures of Royal Marines Captain William John Hazzard. ■

—Thomas Hines



*Rebels at Sea*

BY ERIC JAY DOLIN

Liveright, US Hardback / e-Book

\$32.50 / \$16.05

MAY

**B**RITANNIA RULED the seas when the American Revolution flared, pitting King George III's Royal Navy against the emerging Continental Navy, formed only six months after open hostilities boiled over at Lexington and Concord on April 19, 1775.

History trumpets John Paul Jones' exploits and George Washington's "secret navy" but largely ignores the Yankee privateers that harassed British naval and merchant shipping.

In *Rebels at Sea*, Eric Jay Dolin, best-selling author of *Black Flags, Blue Waters: The Epic History of America's Most Notorious Pirates*, recounts the contributions privateers made to America's fight for independence.

Privateering, initially "sponsored by England in 1243, during the reign of Henry III," spread in use among the French, Dutch, and Spanish. But the English, especially under Elizabeth I,

stretched defensible limits, issuing letters of marque, or licenses, allowing "her so-called sea dogs to attack her sworn enemy, the Spanish," and seize their riches. Critics called it piracy.

During the American Revolution, privateersmen from the colonies, especially New Englanders from Massachusetts, on the whole, acted honorably under international laws and regulations set down by Congress.

Eric Jay Dolin's lively narrative rivals fiction, with rousing anecdotes culled from extensive research, a quality shared by his previous histories.

In July 1775, the Continental Congress recommended that the colonies defend "their harbors and navigation on their sea coasts" against British warships enforcing the Navigation Acts requiring European goods to be transported to America "on English ships manned predominantly by Englishmen."

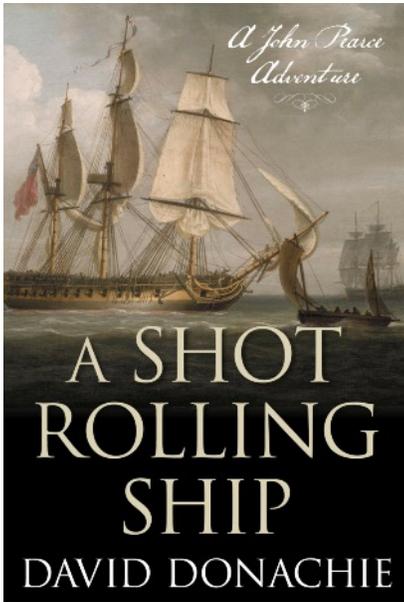
When His Majesty's schooner *Gaspee* ran aground in Narragansett Bay while chasing the colonial packet *Hannah* and locals burned her, British authorities dispatched the more powerful frigate *Rose* to halt maritime trade. The event increased tensions and eleven colonies launched state navies.

Still missing was official approval for privateering. Finally, in early 1776, Congress sanctioned American privateers to capture British ships. Throughout the Revolutionary War, over one thousand privateers, ranging in size up to 40-gun men-of-war, sailed against the Royal Navy and England's merchant fleet at no cost to the colonial government.

*Rebels at Sea* is captivating reading for those drawn to American and British history or armchair sailors seeking high seas adventure. It is also an important contribution to American Revolution literature. ■

—George Jepson

## NAVAL FICTION

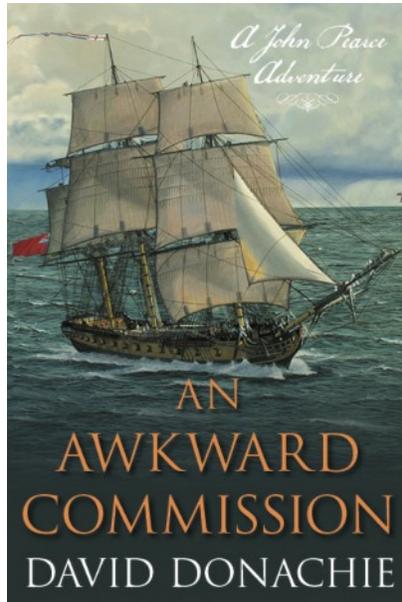


### 2 - *A Shot Rolling Ship* BY DAVID DONACHIE

Pressed into King George's navy for the second time in a month, John Pearce finds himself working aboard HMS *Griffin*, sailing the English Channel searching for the numerous French privateers preying on English merchant ships. Pearce, however, has other things on his mind. He must find a way off the ship to rescue his ailing father from the dangers of revolutionary Paris. By inciting mutiny, he hopes to escape the ship unnoticed. But traveling to France, John Pearce discovers that his worst fears have become a reality. All he can do is return to the *Griffin*—and exact his revenge.

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McBooks Press, \$19.95 / \$5.99  
US Trade Paperback | e-Book  
APRIL

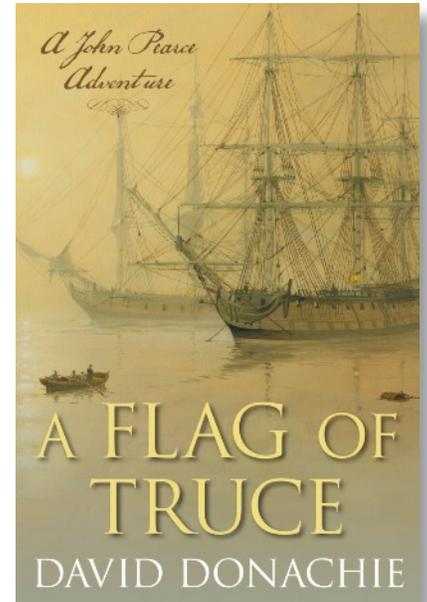


### 3 - *An Awkward Commission* BY DAVID DONACHIE

After several months, a whirlwind of the press gang, service at sea, wild storms, bitter battles with the enemy, and a promotion, John Pearce finally finds himself free to follow his wishes rather than being forced to serve any longer in His Majesty's Royal Navy. But unfortunately, the same does not apply to the trio of Pearce's closest friends who call themselves the Pelicans with him as their leader. Unaware of this, and arriving in Portsmouth, Pearce feels confident he can free his comrades.

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US Trade Paperback | e-Book  
MAY



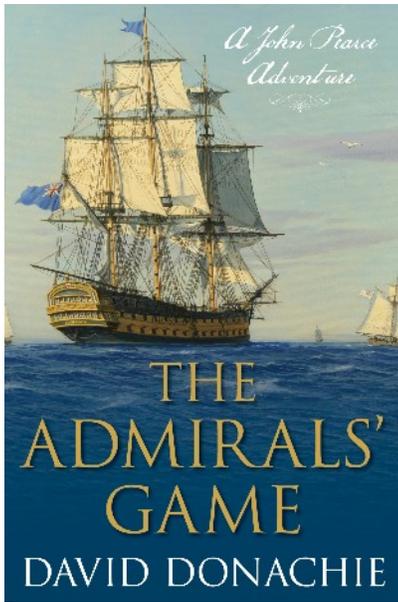
### 4 - *A Flag of Truce* BY DAVID DONACHIE

Revolution. Bloodshed. Glory. 1793. Returning triumphant from Corsica, Lieutenant John Pearce receives a mixed welcome. But with the siege of Toulon escalating in violence and the French Revolutionary Army preparing to attack, all thoughts of revenge must be on hold as Pearce embarks on a dangerous mission. When their assignment goes awry, it is up to Pearce and his comrades to prevent the inevitable bloodshed, but challenging the Revolutionaries as well as their navy could be a fatal mistake. Set against the bloody French Revolution, *A Flag of Truce* brilliantly combines a gripping adventure with intricate historical detail to explosive effect.

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McBooks Press, \$19.95 / \$5.99  
US Trade Paperback | e-Book  
MAY

## NAVAL FICTION

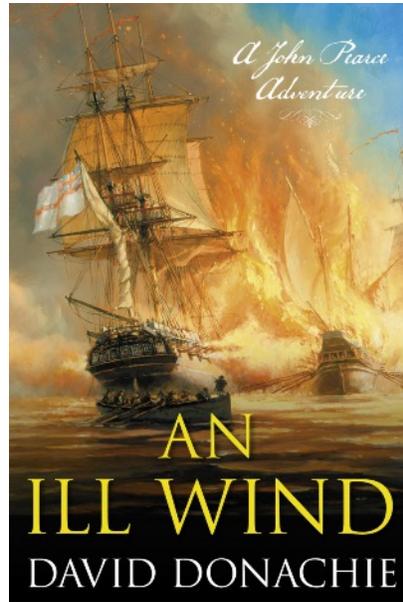


5 - *The Admirals' Game*  
BY DAVID DONACHIE

Lieutenant John Pearce is caught between a feuding trio of admirals. One puts him in danger while another asks him to undertake a hazardous commission to protect his friends, the Pelicans. Meanwhile, Pearce is also trying to construct a perjury case against Admiral Ralph Barclay. Barclay's wife has turned against him, but she cannot testify against her husband by law. Her cowardly nephew has become a pawn in the Admiral's game, the objective of which is to finally silence Pearce.

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McBooks Press, \$19.95 / \$5.99  
US Trade Paperback | e-Book  
MAY

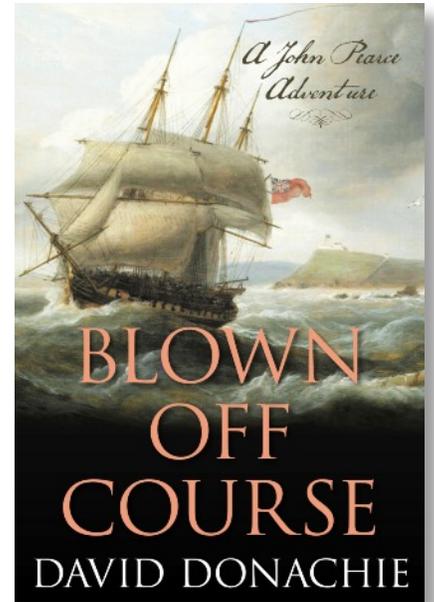


6 - *An Ill Wind*  
BY DAVID DONACHIE

John Pearce and his Pelicans are going home - to gain their freedom and put the treacherous Captain Ralph Barclay in the dock. Emily Barclay discovers Pearce has papers that would ruin her husband's career and her future security. And then comes that dread thing, a fire aboard a wooden ship of war! Cast adrift, Pearce and his Pelicans find help from an unlikely source. Finally, back on British soil, they hope they have reached the end of their troubles, but with the documents missing, the real concerns have only just begun. Emily Barclay holds the key, but where do her loyalties lie?

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McBooks Press, \$19.95 / \$5.99  
US Trade Paperback | e-Book  
JUNE



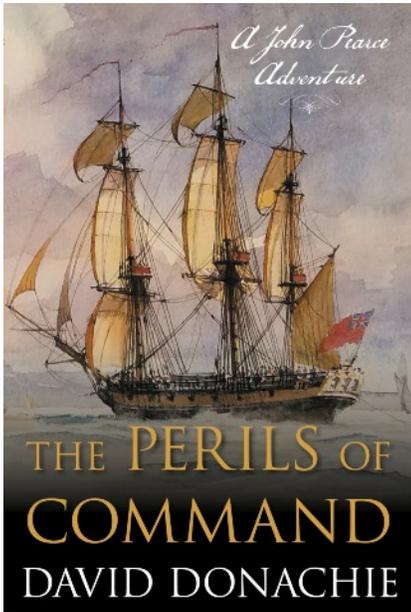
7 - *Blown Off Course*  
BY DAVID DONACHIE

Lieutenant John Pearce is in London seeking protection for his friends, the Pelicans, from a reluctant Admiralty. Pearce considers his future in the tavern where they were first press-ganged. Although lacking the evidence of perjury, he once had to bring Captain Ralph Barclay to justice; his prospects are not promising. Ralph Barclay's young wife, Emily, refuses to live under the same roof as him, and she has the means to get her way: the evidence Pearce believes lost at sea. Pearce's companions finally arrive in London just in time to join him in fetching a ship laden with contraband back from France—an illegal act but very profitable. Are Pearce and his Pelicans sailing into prosperity or danger?

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McBooks Press, \$19.95 / \$5.99  
US Trade Paperback | e-Book  
MAY

## NAVAL FICTION

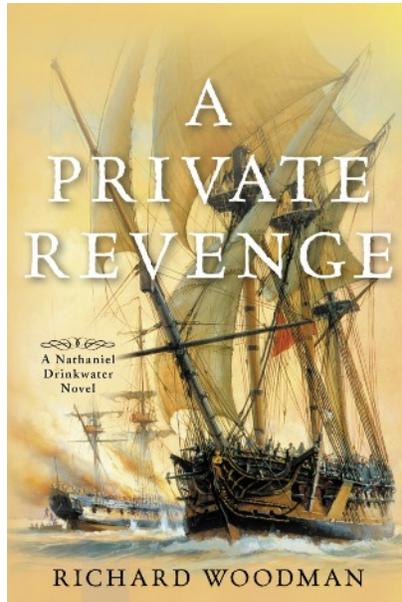


12 - *The Perils of Command*  
BY DAVID DONACHIE

John Pearce, having negotiated the highly questionable sale of the two French prizes taken in *The Devil to Pay*, has left HMS *Flirt*, as well as the crew and the wounded Henry Digby in Brindisi, and is headed for Naples to see his lover. In an uncomfortable journey, he seeks to work out a way to best both Admiral Sir William Hotham and Captain Ralph Barclay, men who are his sworn enemies. However, all his calculations are thrown into turmoil when he discovers that Emily is pregnant, which, while it is a cause for joy, is also a reason to worry; she is still married to Ralph Barclay, and by the laws of the time, he can claim the child as his own.

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McBooks Press, \$19.95 / \$5.99  
US Trade Paperback | e-Book  
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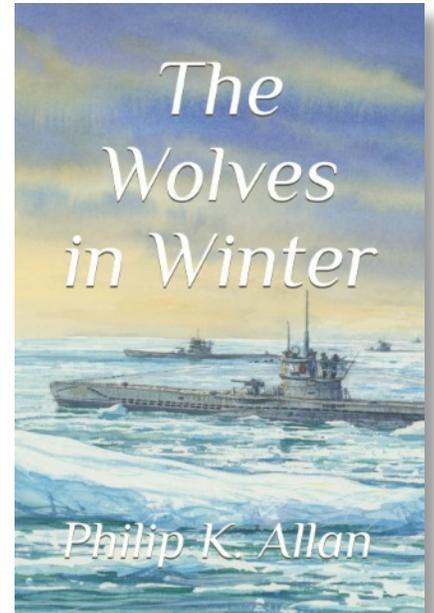


9 - *A Private Revenge*  
BY RICHARD WOODMAN

In the aftermath of a typhoon, Captain Nathaniel Drinkwater brings his British Majesty's frigate *Patrician* into the shelter of the Pearl River upon the China Coast. He is entangled in bizarre events following the British occupation of Macao and Admiral Drury's attack on Canton. Initially relieved to be assigned the duty of a convoy escort to Penang, Drinkwater discovers that the enemy's cargo contains a mysterious quantity of silver and a single passenger. The resurrection of an embittered hatred suddenly complicates a routine task, and Captain Drinkwater finds himself drawn in by treachery and greed towards a climactic rendezvous in the tropical rain forest of Borneo.

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McBooks Press, \$19.95 / \$5.99  
US Trade Paperback | e-Book  
JUNE



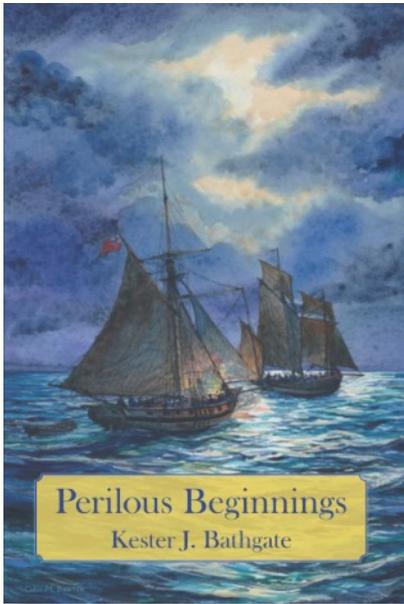
2 - *The Wolves in Winter*  
BY PHILIP K. ALLAN

Summer 1941: Hitler launches his surprise assault on the Soviet Union. As German Panzers drive deep into the heart of Russia, the Red Army is desperate for help that can only be delivered through convoys of Allied merchant ships sent through the bitter Arctic. But appalling weather and deadly cold are not the only dangers awaiting the crew of the little escort ship HMS *Protea*. They must run the gauntlet of attacks by German aircraft and surface raiders and the wolfpacks of U-boats waiting for them amid the ice. Following *Sea of Wolves*, *The Wolves in Winter* plots the lives of those caught up on both sides. Triumph and tragedy await them all in a battle fought across the roof of the world.

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Independent, \$19.50 / \$5.99  
US Trade Paperback | e-Book  
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## NAVAL FICTION

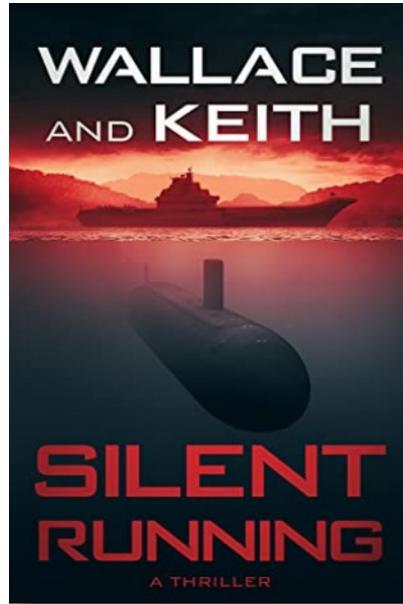


*Perilous Beginnings*  
BY KESTER J. BATHGATE

September 1797, during the “Year of Peril” and set against the background of the French Revolutionary War, Thomas Devenish takes command of His Majesty’s Revenue Cutter *Diligence*. However, she is an unhappy vessel, and besides gaining the trust of her demoralized crew, he discovers that he is under scrutiny as a former smuggler. While investigating the murder of one of his men, he faces a scheming adversary. In addition, his family’s past returns to haunt him, and the ongoing conflict with France brings a threat of its own. Yet, he finds companionship and perhaps love in the midst of it all.

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*Independent, \$16.26 / \$6.60*  
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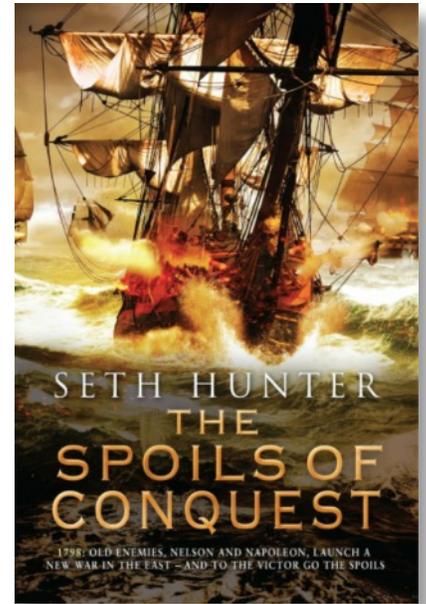


*7 - Silent Running*  
BY GEORGE WALLACE & DON KEITH

Biding its time for decades, China has patiently lain in wait for its chance at global dominance. Long content to needle the West while secretly amassing intelligence, technology, and resources, the war chest is now full, and the gears of the colossus are grinding into motion. New arenas of modern battle emerge as China wages an all-out cyber assault on the West. And the more familiar tactics of brute strength play out in its bold attacks against sovereign neighbors. The scope of the Chinese menace draws the US into the melee. But then US Naval Intelligence learns the actual reasons for, and the vulnerabilities of, the Middle Kingdom’s aggression.

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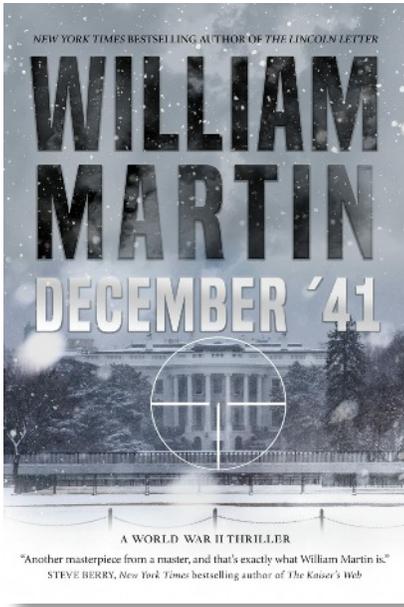
*6 - The Spoils of Conquest*  
BY SETH HUNTER

The Mouth of the Nile, 9 August 1798: Admiral Nelson has sent Captain Nathan Peake on a desperate journey across the Middle East to convey a grim warning to British India. Bonaparte’s army is poised to deliver a fatal blow to the source of Britain’s wealth and power by marching overland to India. Arriving in Bombay, Nathan takes command of the East India Company’s naval wing, the Bombay Marine, to stop the flow of French supplies to their Indian ally and protect the Company’s trade from the pirates and privateers. Still, when Nathan discovers the truth behind the East India Company’s honourable facade, he confronts some tough personal choices in a dangerous battle to gain it.

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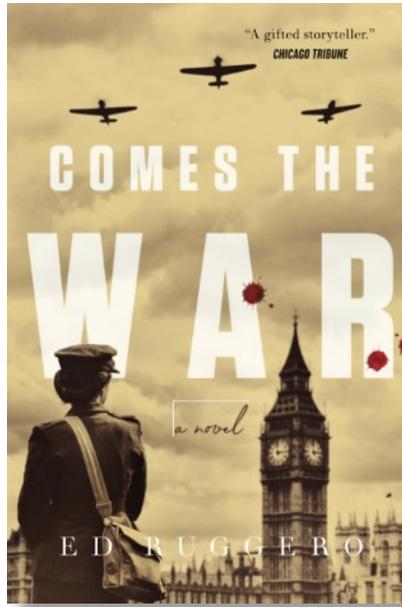


*1941*  
BY WILLIAM MARTIN

On the day after Pearl Harbor, shocked Americans gather around their radios to hear Franklin Roosevelt declare war. In Los Angeles, a German agent named Martin Browning plans to kill FDR on the night he lights the National Christmas Tree. Who will stop him? Relentless FBI Agent Frank Carter? Kevin Cusack, a Hollywood script reader who also spies on the German Bund of Los Angeles and becomes a suspect himself? Or Vivian Hopewell, the aspiring actress who signs on to play Martin Browning's wife and cannot help but fall in love with him? The clock is ticking. The tracks are laid. The train of narrow escapes, mistaken identities, and shocking deaths is right on schedule. It's a thrilling ride.

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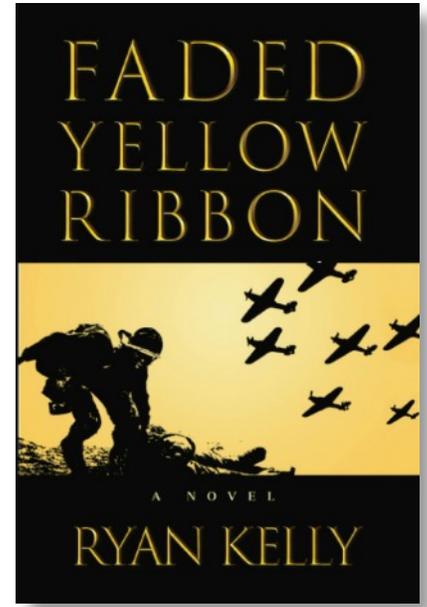


*Comes the War*  
BY ED RUGGERO

April 1944. The entire island of Britain fairly buzzes with the coiled energy of a million men poised to leap the Channel to France, the first, riskiest step in the Allies' long slog to the heart of Germany and the end of the war. Lieutenant Eddie Harkins is tasked to investigate the murder of Helen Batcheller, an OSS analyst. Harkins is assigned a British driver, Private Pamela Lowell, to aid in his investigation. Lowell is smart, brave, and resourceful; like Harkins, she is prone to speak her mind even when it doesn't help her. Soon a suspect is arrested, and Harkins is ordered to stop digging. Suspicious, he continues his investigation only to find himself trapped in a web of Soviet secrets.

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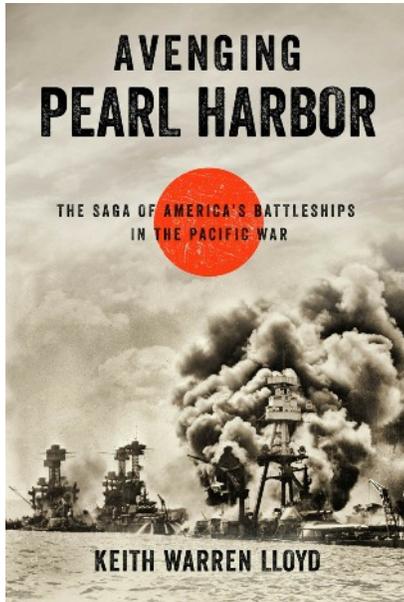


*Faded Yellow Ribbon*  
BY RYAN KELLY

A turbulent air of nostalgia envelops the therapist's office where Lance Corporal Mel Sheya sits. He does not speak yet, but the lingering damage war cedes to its survivors is palpable, as seen in our returning veterans today. In a moment, Mel surrenders to a sudden melancholy—one conjured after fifty years of silence. He loses himself into the narrative of what happened to him and his four best friends on his Odyssean journey through the Pacific Theatre of Operations during World War II. *Faded Yellow Ribbon* is an epic, character-driven story of war, its survivors, and its immediate and enduring costs. Inspired by Mel's true story, this fictionalized book for "the forgotten" is sprinkled with heavily researched, historically accurate events, names, places, and battles.

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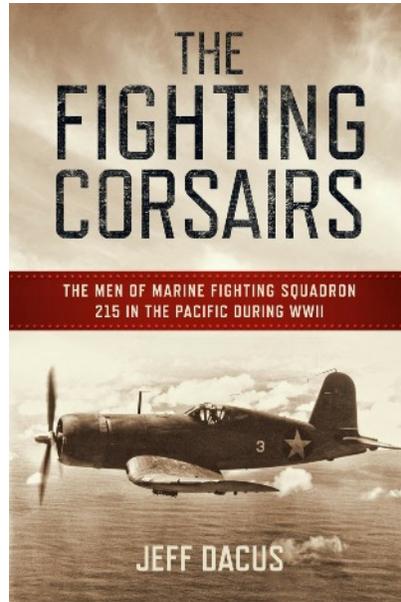


*Avenging Pearl Harbor*  
BY KEITH WARREN LLOYD

It was a miracle three years in the making, a testimony to American grit and ingenuity—and perhaps the key to why the United States won a war that after Pearl Harbor seemed hopeless. *Avenging Pearl Harbor* takes readers from the December 7, 1941, attack, telling the story of the severe damage each ship suffered and the incredible acts of courage performed by the crews that morning. It continues with how each ship was raised and repaired—Herculean in scope—and the mustering of new commanders, officers, and crewmen. Impeccably researched, *Avenging Pearl Harbor* is colorfully written, personal, chilling, visceral. It is a story that has never before been told in such detail and with such vibrancy.

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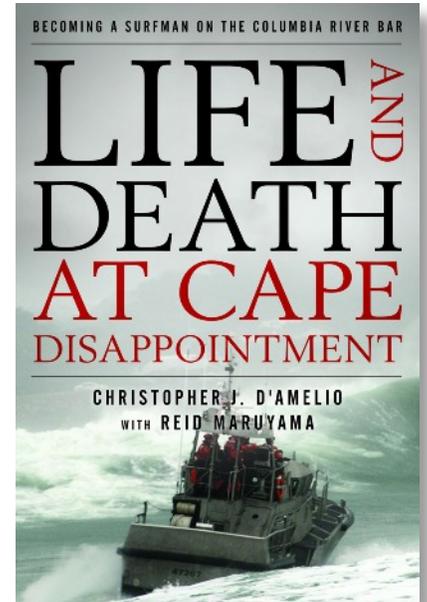


*The Fighting Corsairs*  
BY JEFF DACUS

From Jeff Dacus, historian, and columnist in *Leatherneck* and *Armor* magazines, this is the exciting, personal account of a Marine fighter squadron in the South Pacific during the critical days of 1943 when the tide turned against the Japanese. Based on individual interviews and wartime documents, this is a thrilling narrative of the Marines who lived, and died, during the toughest battles of the entire war. In addition, it looks at the war through the eyes of some of the greatest fighter pilots of all time, including Bob Hanson, the “Maharajah of Rabaul,” and the highest-scoring Corsair pilot in history.

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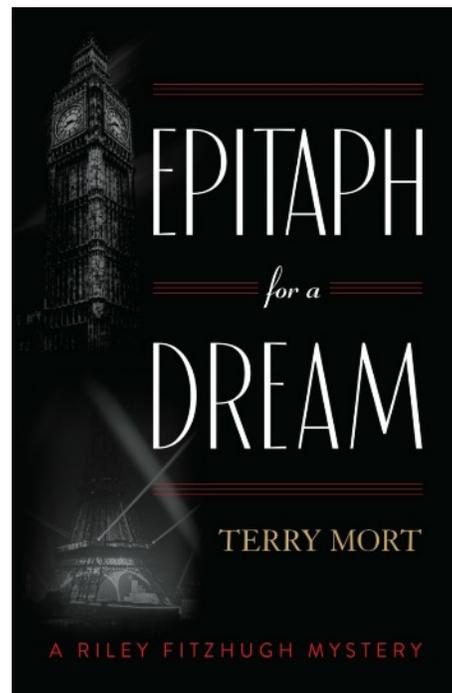
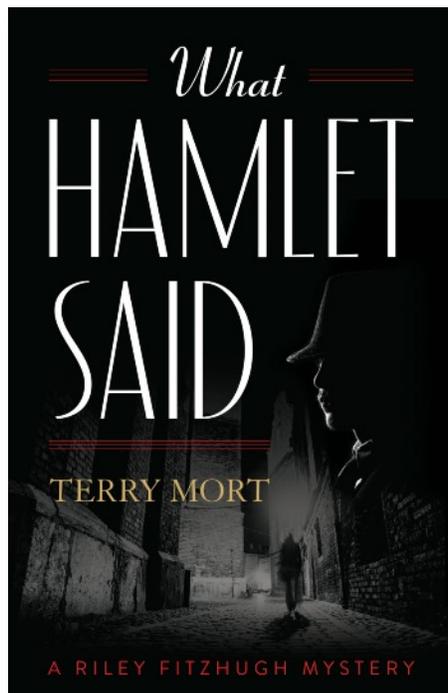
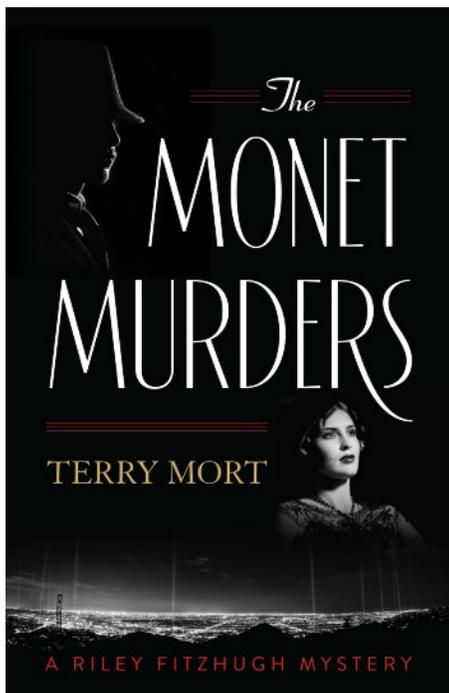


*Life and Death at Cape Disappointment*  
BY CHRISTOPHER J. D'AMELIO  
with REID MARUYAMA

The ocean is one of the few untamed places on earth, unpredictable and unsympathetic to the lives lost there. For this reason, people remain fascinated by its tides, currents, and mysteries. This is the author's first-hand account of life as a surfman at one of the Coast Guard's most dangerous stations. Cape Disappointment is one of the most notorious Coast Guard units on the Pacific Coast, its area of responsibility referred to as the “Graveyard of the Pacific.” The book focuses on five of the most significant search and rescue cases during the author's tour and how such work affected him and his colleagues mentally and physically.

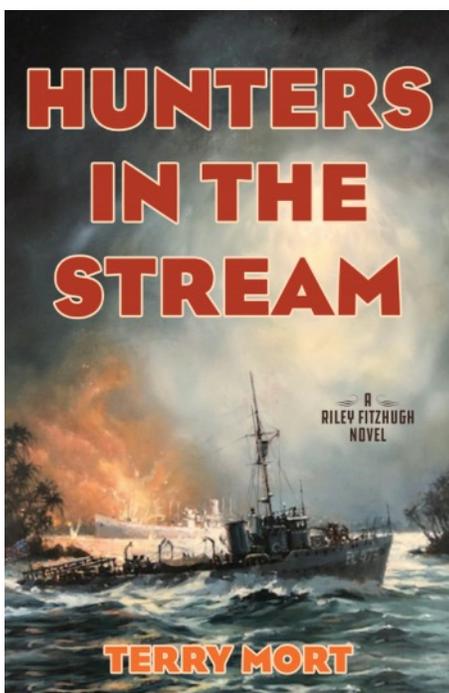
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