

north, then west above the Arctic Circle and finally down into the Atlantic through Denmark Strait and around Good Hope in May 1940. Ready to hunt along the Capetown-Freetown route, the raider was camouflaged to resemble the Japanese *Kasil Maru* and the meticulous Germans paid careful attention to detail:

Bespectacled dark-haired ratings, wearing white head-scarfs and shirts outside their trousers, could be seen moving about the decks. A "woman" was pushing a pram; on the boat deck six "Japanese passengers" lay in deck chairs.

The *Atlantis* and her sister raiders depended on surprise. The unsuspecting victim was approached until the raider's guns would bear; if the ship did not immediately heave-to after a shot across her bow, or attempted to send a QQQQ, she was shelled. The *Atlantis* sometimes used an inadequate plane not only for spotting but to silence the merchant ship's radio by use of a grapnel and machine gun fire. Most of the captured ships were sunk; several were made prizes of war to be sent home or to neutral ports with prisoners.

The *Atlantis* was finally caught by H.M.S. *Devonshire* in the South Atlantic while she was refueling a U-boat. Captain Rogge and most of his crew managed to reach home after a remarkable 1,000-mile voyage in open boats and submarines and ends his account with the hint that he was "double-crossed." What appears to be continuing British Admiralty censorship attempts to refute the thought with an "other side" appendix on the *Atlantis* sinking. —F. R., JR.

END OF THE GRAF SPEE: Of World War II sea battles, probably none generated more suspense and news interest than the dramatic fight between the German pocket battleship, *Admiral Graf Spee*, and three British cruisers, the *Achilles*, *Ajax*, and *Exeter*. At that time (December 13, 1939) Germany's fortunes in Europe were high, the Allies' at a rather low ebb. For the latter the action off the River Plate served as a psychological shot in the arm.

The German ship, with its heavy armor and 11-inch guns, had a formidable record as a lone wolf raider. "Twenty powerful ships in nine hunting groups were eventually hunting the *Graf Spee*—and all but a few of them had to be withdrawn from other theatres of operations where they were badly needed." It took the three British cruisers to corner the *Spee* in the end.

In "*Graf Spee: The Life and Death of a Raider*" (Lippincott, \$3.95) Dudley Pope does a splendid job of recounting the furious fight off Uruguay. But even with all his impressive research and new documentation he leaves certain questions unanswered. Why, when the *Graf Spee* had virtually knocked out the *Exeter*, did it not finish off the British ship? Why did the *Spee* break off an engagement that was going well and take flight for Montevideo? Only Captain Langsdorff could furnish answers, and he is dead. The scuttling of the *Graf Spee* and Langsdorff's suicide provided a *Goetterdaemmerung* ending for this drama of the seas, forecasting the ruin of the Third Reich four and a half years later.—HENRY C. WOLFE.

GRAF SPEE, VERSION TWO: Still another version of the *Graf Spee* affair is offered in "*Death in the South Atlantic*" (Rinehart, \$3.95), by movie producer Michael Powell who, with Emerich Pressburger, wrote and produced the film "The Battle of the River Plate." Powell is partly responsible for the success of such films as "One of Our Aircraft is Missing," "The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp," and "Black Narcissus," so it is no surprise that this minute-by-minute account of the famous engagement makes exciting reading. The book moves through the story in scenes that have a vivid cinematic quality, and at the same time pays full attention to the niceties of naval tactics and diplomatic strategy that drove the *Graf Spee* to flaming suicide just outside of neutral Uruguayan harbor.—THOMAS E. COONEY.

ON TRAIL OF THE U-BOATS: Yet another phase of the war at sea is covered by Captain Donald Macintyre, RN, in "*U-Boat Killer*" (Norton, \$3.75). Macintyre had already had many years of experience as a destroyer officer when the war broke out, and was naturally fitted by training and aggressive temperament to become one of Britain's most successful anti-submarine captains in the convoy lanes of the Western Approaches. The captain recounts the tactics of dozens of U-boat hunts, many of them successful, and conveys a good deal of the mixed atmosphere of boredom, fatigue, and excitement that surrounded life in the rough-riding corvettes, frigates, and destroyers on which the burden of most of this warfare fell. —T. E. C.

RISE AND FALL OF THE JAPANESE NAVY: The growth of the Japanese war machine in little more than half a century from medieval beginnings to a peak of European efficiency astounded

the Russians in 1906 and, in the true sense of the word, surprised the Americans in 1941. Perhaps the most amazing part of that machine was the superb Japanese Navy, intelligently officered, well designed, and employed with daring and brilliance in such engagements as Pearl Harbor, Savo Island, and the operations supporting the invasion of Malaya, New Guinea, and Java. In "*Death of a Navy*" (Devin-Adair, \$5.50), French naval captain Andrieu d'Albas traces the brief rise of this fleet at the beginning of the war, and then its long decline under the weight of superior American strength and the tactical caution which defeat imposed on the Japanese admirals. The book is a systematic, battle-by-battle account, written primarily for the layman, but containing enough detailed information about tactics to interest the professional. Admiral Robert A. Theobald, USN, who has his own views about Pearl Harbor, has added some notes giving an American view on some of the battles. —T. E. C.



—From "The Living Sea."

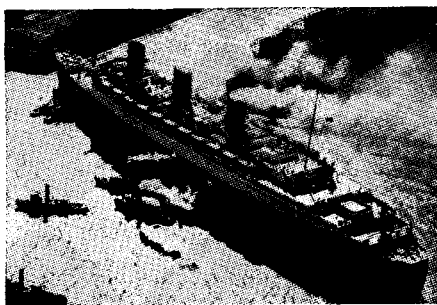
"... marvels of the sea."

WEALTH for the taking—from the holds of gold-laden ships that rest on the ocean floor—is the first thought evoked by a book that goes below the surface even though the authors may be in search of nothing more than knowledge. Since the publication of Rachel Carlson's best-seller "*The Sea Around Us*" there has been a flood of books on the unknown underseas and the appeal is almost exclusively to landmen; centuries of fear have confined the sailor's interest to the onshore depth of the water and the character of the bottom.

WHAT LIVES IN THE SEA: John Crompton's "*The Living Sea*" (Doubleday, \$3.50) has little of the poetic reverence that we found in Rachel Carlson's book, but it imparts pleasant, discursive, sometimes humorous flavor to its ramblings over geology, marine biology, and some of man's more significant intrusions into the world of water. In Mr. Crompton's book the sea is "living" not in a metaphorical sense as some vast en-

tity, but in the more prosaic sense of being full of living creatures, and it is on these beings, from plankton to whale, that he concentrates.

—T. E. C.



—From "Tugboat."

Tugs easing the *Queen Mary* to her pier.

THE cold accounts of ships sunk and lives lost in World War II, which led to the minute-by-minute reconstruction of the *Titanic* and *Lusitania* foundering, are now being followed with an emphasis on rescue in factual stories that show man battling desperately against the sea. An underlying lure from the business point of view is the financial gain of salvage.

RESCUE TUG: Among the most seaworthy ships in the world are the high-bowed, broad-beamed powerful sea-going tugs that tow broken down ships into port and huge sea-going drydocks half way around the world. One of the greatest exploits of these tugs was the job of the rescue tug *Turmoil* that almost succeeded in towing Captain Henrik Kurt Carlsen's *Flying Enterprise* into Falmouth. "Rescue Tug," by Ewart Brookes (Dutton, \$3.50), gives the history of the development of these sturdy craft, and climaxes that history with a seaman-like presentation of the actions of Carlsen, of Dancy, the tug officer who leaped aboard the *Enterprise* to help the lone Carlsen handle the tow line, and of Captain Parker of the *Turmoil*, who hated the sea, but learned to fight it.

—T. E. C.

SEA MYSTERIES: The Captain Parker of "Rescue Tug" figures in two of the stories in Robert de la Croix's "Mysteries of the Sea" (John Day, \$3.50), which adds the *Flying Enterprise* exploit to the usual collections of maritime puzzlers, including, inevitably, yet another version of the *Mary Celeste* story. De la Croix is a merchant marine officer, a Breton native, and a poet, so his book has considerably more flavor and authenticity than such anthologies usually have.

—T. E. C.

PEACETIME CONVOY: Though uneventful voyages are pleasant for owners and masters of ships, voyages where

nothing ever seems to go right are more likely to interest the world. Kenneth Ainslie's "Pacific Ordeal" (Norton, \$3.75) is about a voyage so badly planned and begun that in all logic everything could only go wrong; and how nevertheless one man, by virtue of courage and skill and patience and love of calling, brought ship and shipmates through. It is a fascinating and edifying story, and unusual, too, for the vast voyage it tells of concerns not a single ship but a peacetime convoy: a tug and four tows.

In 1947 Captain Ainslie's employers bought the *Wallace R. Gray* in Norfolk, Va., and asked him to bring her out to Manila, P. I. They told him it would be a holiday cruise. But they did not say that the tug would have in tow four decommissioned wooden minesweepers, and that in fact the formation was already at sea. Ainslie was to take command when it reached the Panama Canal. So it was in Cristobal Bay that the Captain first saw the 900-ton lady and her brood. Going on board he discovered a dirty, ill-found, unhappy ship. The crew was green. Worst of all, the tow rig was weak.

He patched up the tow gear as best he could, cleaned and provisioned the tug, and began the instruction of inexperienced hands. Halfway to Palmyra Island, a speck in the ocean 1,000 miles south of Hawaii, where supplies of fuel oil awaited the *Gray*, the tow lines played out. A spare line was fumbled by the crew and went to the bottom. The tows broke loose. Days and weeks were lost in makeshift repairs. When fuel ran low, Ainslie improvised sails for the big-funnelled tug, and thereby gained half a knot. But finally the delays proved too much. When only 200 miles from Palmyra, the Captain had to slip the tow in order to run to the island for oil. Half a mile from Palmyra reef his tanks went dry.

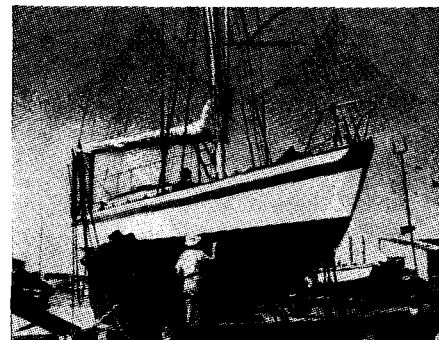
This really great Captain drove ship and crew, but most of all, himself. After one of the longest and toughest voyages of its kind on record, he delivered the *Gray* and half the tow. In the Philippines he said goodbye to a "band of men who . . . finished up as seamen with whom I would not hesitate to ship again."

—WALTER TELLER MAGNES.

TALES OF THE TUGS: Back in the middle years of the last century, a young Irish immigrant named Michael Moran walked the towpaths of the Erie Canal, and as he did dreamed of some day owning his own boat. In time, this crystallized into a desire to own a towboat or, as most of us call it, a

tugboat. Those were days of real opportunity and soon Michael, a young man possessed of much intelligence and quiet drive, began buying craft around New York Harbor, to begin the Moran tugboat fleet which, with the giant M on smokestacks, is so familiar to transatlantic voyagers. Each of the many Moran tugboats is, incredibly, named for a member of the large and industrious family and in "Tugboat: The Moran Story" (Scribners, \$5.95), Eugene F. Moran, the current patriarch, tells (with Louis Reid) the story of the growth of the dynasty. Anyone who believes that all nautical adventure takes place on the high seas will be surprised and delighted by this volume. Moran tugs have often ventured out of New York port, especially in wartime, and in so doing have played a part in most of the great sea sagas along the eastern seaboard. But they have also played a vital part in every event over the last hundred years in New York harbor. When, for instance, the *Stockholm* limped home after last summer's collision with the *Andrea Doria*, the *Alice M. Moran* and three other company tugs assisted her into berth. The snub-nosed tugboats are individualistic craft, and so are the men who man them. One agreeable non-conformist was Captain Daniel Anglim, who when he became the company's chief dispatcher insisted in a technocratic age on shouting his orders through a megaphone from the balcony of the harborside Moran office. His human voice worked every bit as well as short-wave or inter-com. But the greatest of the individualists were the Morans themselves. Messrs. Moran and Reid here tell a story that smacks of harbor smells and all the great excitement that is to be found in the development of a mighty modern port. The illustrations, old and new, are excellent.

—ALEN CHURCHILL.



—From "Around the World in Wanderer III."

" . . . people abandon the highways."

ANOTHER category of sea tale that is in the province of the amateur sailor is the account of a voyage in
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