

forecastle in clouds. Instinctively Willie looked to (XO) Maryk, and was deeply relieved to see the exec hanging with both arms to an overhead beam, his back planted against the bulkhead, calmly watching the swift veer of the forecastle across the water."

The exec was really anything but calm when short minutes later:

"Once again the *Caine* took a sickening roll to starboard and hung there. Waves coming from the port side broke over the ship as though it were a floating log. It wallowed feebly under the tons of water, but did not right itself. It came halfway back to level and sagged further to starboard again. Willie's face was pushed against the window and he saw water no more than inches from his eyes. He could have counted little bubbles of foam. Stilwell, hanging to the wheel, with his feet sliding out from under him, stammered, 'Still falling off, sir—heading 125--'"

"An unbelievably big gray wave loomed on the port side, high over the bridge. It came crashing down. Water spouted into the wheelhouse from the open wing, flooding to Willie's knees. The water felt surprisingly warm and sticky, like blood. 'Sir, we're shipping water on the goddam bridge!' said Maryk shrilly. 'We've **got** to come around into the wind!'"

"The *Caine* rolled almost completely over on its port side. Everybody in the wheelhouse except Stilwell went sliding across the streaming deck and piled up against the windows. The sea was under their noses, dashing up against the glass. ...."

About this point in their typhoon, I became conscious of the fact that I needed to leave the *Caine's* bridge! Our ship's unstable seakeeping combined with the vivid words of Mr. Wouk served to turn a stomach that had never felt that queasiness before. Our ship was not air-conditioned and all the hatches and air intake blowers had been closed due to heavy seas breaking over the bow and green water running down both sides of the main deck, but I needed air—fresh air! Dropping the book, I made it out to the passageway and up a ladder to a Water Tight Door (WTD) opening to the main deck but now closed securely by levers; with quick flips, I undogged it just in time to grab a big lungful of clean, cold, fresh air—and a full frontal drenching of cold spray!

I tell this tale because the cold air and spray served to prevent the closest I ever came to being seasick throughout my Navy career—it was worth getting soaked, but I will admit Mr. Wouk's typhoon was not opened again until our weather settled!

Although Mr. Wouk's sea story was published in 1951 and won the Pulitzer in 1952, this as well as his other books have made fascinating reading and viewing not just for their period in time but for all time. This *almost* seasick reader heartily recommends them. After thought: does it strike anyone else that Mr. Wouk's WWII assignment was the DMS ZANE while the munity was on the CAINE?