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View-Master:

Pochette cartonnée...

Recto Verso

The luxury liner S. S. Poseidon, on her last Mediterranean cruise, was the scene of fun and gaiety as the passengers gathered at midnight to welcome the new year. Suddenly, an underwater earthquake loosed a tremendous tidal wave that turned the ship upside down. Trapped inside the explosion-wrecked hull of the capsized liner, an oddly-assorted handful of survivors began a battle for life against seemingly insurmountable odds. Led by a powerful, dynamic minister who wouldn’t take “no” for an answer—not even from fate—the ever-dwindling little band met hazard and heartbreak at every turn. Each of them had to fight every step of the way against fear, grief, despair, and the limits of human endurance.

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... à l'intérieur :
3 disques

et un livret

Couverture du livret
**VIEW-MASTER REAL ONE**

**PICTURE** A proud ship still, alone, though bound for an ignoble end in a Greek scrapyard, the veteran luxury liner Poseidon steamed eastward through the Mediterranean.

It was New Year's Eve and her thousand-odd passengers and crew were preparing for the old ship's final gala celebration. There was a new comradeship among them because earlier in the voyage from New York they had survived a brief but violent storm. Not one of them could know that the God of the Sea, for whom the vessel was named, was at that moment upon them the mightiest, most dreaded force known to seafaring men—the underwater earthquake. The *tsunami*, as the Japanese call it, which without warning shakes the ocean as a dog shakes a rat, spawning a wave that races across the surface of the deep—towering, irresistible, devastating.

Of the hundreds aboard, a mere handful were fated to survive, marked forever by memories of death, terror, and destruction—but also of incredible courage and sacrifice and devotion.

**PICTURE** It was a festive gathering at the captain's table beneath the sea god's statue in the vast dining salon, as the last minutes of the old year ran out. Among them were the Rev. Frank Scott, a dynamo of a clergyman who preached that only those who fought their own battles could expect help from God; Manny Rosen and his mountainous but wise and loving wife Belle; and Mike and Linda Rogo, who knew life's scampy side at first hand—he as an ex-cop and she as a one-time gangster's girlfriend.

The cares of these travelers and their companions were put aside as they filled their glasses to be ready for a toast to the new year. The gray-haired captain, too, was jovial until the light flashed on his table phone and he answered a call from the bridge. "Duty call," he said, excusing himself with a smile that concealed deep concern.

**PICTURE** Few observed the captain's departure, and none of course heard the grim report of the first officer a few minutes later. "Seascape report, sir. Near Crete. Major bottom displacement. Heavy swell building..."

Below, the master of ceremonies, eyes on his watch, swung his arm in a signal to the bank which burst into the strains of "Auld Lang Syne." Tin whistles piped, streamers snaked over the heads of kissing couples, hundreds of voices were raised.

...Should acquaintance be forgot..."

**PICTURE** On the bridge there was no singing. The radarscope had picked up a strange white crescent. It was closing on the Poseidon's position from the northeast at an unbelievable speed of sixty knots. A junior officer swore softly but explosively.

The captain wheeled toward a window. As he aimed his binoculars, he turned rigid. What he saw was an incredible wall of water, far higher than any wave he had seen in forty years at sea. It was racing straight for the port beam.

"Hard left!" His roar to the helmsman drowned all other sound. Spokes glittered as the wheel spun over and the great ship shuddered as she was thrown into a tight turn. The only hope was to point her bows into the monstrous wave.

But there was not enough time. The old ship had little more than begun to make her turn when, with a roar like that of a thousand jet bombers, what looked like the entire ocean rose up and slammed itself against the vessel's side.

**PICTURE** Helpless as a chip in a rampaging flood, the great ship heeled over—farther... farther... farther... until she lay on her beam ends. In the wheel house, made hideous by the screech of tearing metal, there was time only to order and transmit, in an all-too-brief burst, the May Day signal of distress—and the sea came bursting in.

Still she rolled, her superstructure plunging deeper, deeper...
When the giant wave struck and the ship went into her sickening, terrifying rollercoaster, the scene in the salon was straight out of Hell. The sounds torn from human throats were lost amid the grinding shriek of ripping, twisting steel, the thunder of monstrous objects tossed from wall to steel wall like dice in a box.

Hurtling from bulkhead to bulkhead as the floor in this huge three-storied room became the ceiling, men and women were battered to death by the score before the eyes of the few who were able to cling for their lives to some secure object, such as a chair or table leg.

Even some of those who clung desperately could not hold on indefinitely. Weakening, as stunned survivors watched, they plunged through the glass skylight that was now part of the floor. If the impact against splintering glass didn't kill them, they drowned in the swiftly-rising seawater below.

One of the lucky ones, though, was Susan Shelby. Young Robin was first to hear her frantic call from her perch on the underside (now the topside) of the captain's table high above.

Turning to the shaken but unharmed minister as people instinctively do to a natural leader, Robin cried, "Mr. Scott! Please sir! You've got to help my sister!"

From there they made their way through the wreckage of the vast galley where steam still hellishly swirled from overturned cooking pots and mangled dishwashing apparatus.

Scott's best ally turned out to be Robin, whose quick mind and endless bird-dogging of officers and crew had crammed him with knowledge of the ship's inner workings. It was his idea to seek a way out through the propeller shaft.

From Susan's lofty perch the net looked impossibly small and far down. She closed her eyes. "I can't!" she moaned. "I can't do it!"

But Scott's voice was magnetic, compelling. "Trust, Susan! You must put your trust in us! Jump!" And jump she did, flinging herself prayerfully into emptiness. The men staggered as her slim body struck the net—but she was safe, and in a moment she was clasping Robin in her arms.

Martin, meanwhile, had found the lovely young singer Nonnie Parry huddled over the crushed body of her beloved brother, leader of their rock combo, and gently but firmly was urging her to her feet. "You owe it to your brother to save yourself," he told her. "I'll stick with you."

Scott's message, in his ringing voice, was similar. "We've got to climb out! As long as she's afloat we've got a chance!"

Thanks to his inspiration they used the tall Christmas tree—so short a time ago the center of merriment—as a means of climbing from the salon's ceiling to its floor.

Every step of the perilous way, fitfully lighted by the emergency power system, was full of terror. Wrecked by explosions, the dying ship resounded with their din, with the hiss of steam, the rush of the encroaching seas, the screams of the doomed.

At one point Scott and two of his charges came within a split second of being trapped as the sea surged through their passageway. The two were Linda Rogo, clad now in Mike's shirt, and Nonnie who still was in shock over her brother's violent end.

Trembling with exhaustion, the girls seemed near collapse, but Scott forced them to new exertions with the power of his will.

"Fight!" he exhorted them, as he had done the others. "Fight, and the God within you will help you all the way!"
Finding their way blocked by a mass of wreckage, the group knew a moment of despair—particularly poor, half-blind Belle who was all too aware that her bulk was slowing the others down. But Scott, Martin and Rogo managed to break into one of the ducts in the ship's labyrinthine ventilation system. The object, Scott explained, was to climb up the duct to a horizontal passageway leading to the engine room, and from there to reach the propeller shaft.

As they fought their way on, the meeting obstacle after obstacle, nerves grew raw as bodies grew nearer to the limits of endurance. Rogo, strong-willed himself, became increasingly rebellious as Scott seemed to be changing from leader to tyrant. When they reached the horizontal shaft at last this smouldering hostility broke into the open. Accusing Scott of usurping the place of God Himself, he hoisted the clergyman into what could have been a disastrous clash, had it not been for Martin. The mild little haberdasher, dapper no longer, threw himself between them. "Whatever you want to do to each other," he panted, "you haven't got the right to destroy the ones who are depending on you!"

The only way now to reach the propeller shaft, seven Holy Grail of the tiny group's nightmarish expedition through the bowels of the doomed ship, was through the engine room. But they found one route after another blocked by wreckage, by rampaging steam, or by rising water.

Even the indomitable Scott neared despair until, on a lone side excursion, he found a way. It would mean traversing a narrow corridor and a twisted maze of upside-down catwalks to reach a hatch on the other side of the cavernous ruin of the engine room.

By the time he had rounded up his dwindling band and returned to the catwalk, he saw, in an agony of hopelessness, that the corridor had filled with water in the meantime. Only the look of trust in Susan's eyes kept him from breaking into a roar of rage against the God in whom he had put his faith.

Calling upon his last reserves of courage, he said, "There's only one way. I'll swim through with a rope. Once I've secured it, the rest of you can pull yourselves through. It's our only chance now."

A minute passed, then five—ten—fifteen seconds. Suddenly Rogo cursed explosively, at the same time tugging sharply on the rope: "It won't give!" he said. "It's caught on something solid!"

Suddenly before anyone could stop her, Belle gulped a huge mouthful of air and launched herself into the foul water with a mighty splash. Frantically Martin began a new set of timing calculations. Nonnie moved close to Maxey, whose lips were moving, his eyes tight shut: "I'll help you pray, Mr. Rosen," she said softly.

Seconds passed—and more seconds. In the murky depths the dauntless Belle was battling to free the rope that had fouled itself on the projecting splinter of ice, tethering the helpless Scott. He was still struggling, but only feebly. At any instant, Belle knew, his will would give way and he would gulp his lungs full of the lethal water. Her own lungs were near to bursting, her heart pounding thundersously.

Abruptly the rope came loose, and with a mighty heave Belle sent the nearly unconscious preacher floating upward. In a moment he emerged into the blessed air of the engine room, gasping and retching. Belle, gasping too, popped up beside him, and with the last of their strength they swam to a girder, clinging desperately to it, and to each other.

Once more Death had been cheated—but not for long.
“Told you!" Belle gasped when she could speak. “Told you—I was the swimming champ!” She managed to smile. “Gimme the rope—I’ll fasten it—signal the others.”

She had just succeeded in securing the rope to the girder when devastating pains stabbed through her chest. Her overburdened heart had failed, though her courage had triumphed. Moments later she died in the preacher’s arms.

One by one the others made the terrifying underfive water trip, and each in his own way made his peace with the stark fact of Belle’s passing. But there was little time to mourn. Minutes after they had embarked on the next and still more perilous part of the journey disaster struck again. As they inched their way toward the long-sought propeller shaft through a maze of twisted metal, laced by live steam pipes and quivering pressure hoses, a new and violent explosion blasted their ears. A shudder swept the hull from stern to stern, and as it tilted sickeningly, the scream of metal against torqued metal played a hellish counterpoint to the roar of escaping steam. Below them the water boiled as in a giant cauldron and into the fog of steam that rose from it Linda Rogo dropped, torn from her precarious perch. Evidently, she didn’t utter a sound.

Battered and numbed by this new blow, the group could only stare dumbly to the spot where scalding steam from a huge broken pipe sprayed against the hatch through which they must pass. Now there was no escape.

Even the strongest of men has a breaking point, and this was Scott’s. Leaping erect on his swaying catwalk, he brandished his fists toward the unseen hearens and screamed, “What more do you want? We’ve fought our own fight, begging no help from you—but you go on torturing us! Are you a heathen god demanding more and more human sacrifice?—Well then, take me! I’ll cheat you of the others yet!” With that, while the others watched appalled, the blaspheming minister crouched and hurled himself into an incredible leap that carried him to a huge wheel controlling the steam pipe’s shut-off valve. Dangling there high above the boiling inferno, beyond all chance of human help, he fought the wheel—turning—turning—Abruptly the spray of steam stopped. The way was open now to the others.

He shouted hoarsely, “Rogo—lead them on! You can make it now! Go! Go!”

A cloud of steam surged up, and when it cleared away again Scott was no longer there.

Taking up the challenge, grief-crazed Rogo hurtled himself madly against the obstacles that remained, and soon the rag-tag party stood at the sternmost end of the great propeller shaft.

Even then fate mocked them for they knew that a solid inch of steel still barred them from the air and sky—from life itself. Now it was Rogo’s turn to lash out against the gods. Seizing a length of pipe he battered at the unyielding steel as if to smash through it by brute strength.

Suddenly—miraculously—from overhead came answering hails and the beautiful sound of voices. It was the helicopter crew of a French naval rescue force. As cutting tools speedily opened an escape hatch, the exhausted battlers against fate were struck blind by the first rays of the sun, and they clung to one another, unashamed that strangers should see their tears.

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