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There was no hint of peril on the sea this day; no least suggestion that the friendly calm masked fury untamable. There was no sign that over the white, sun-warmed cottages of Mumbles hung more than once the shadow of black tragedy. Three times a Mumbles lifeboat has been wrecked; brave village men been victims of the insatiable sea; most recently last April, when the Sampamper broke her back on terrible Sker Point.

In halves lay the Samtamper when the gale blew out. All eight men of the Mumbles lifeboat perished in vain attempt to save the tanker's crew of thirty-nine. The sea, its worst accomplished, has again lay cynically mann calm.

The cemetery near Mumbles mutely communicates its tale.

Four men were lost in 1883. Twenty years later

six. And where no stones yet stand lie buried eight claimed affail

by the hurricane that matched outrageous odds against courage godlike and sublime. When the new lifeboat came in higher a pang of fear stabbed many a woman's heart.

Yet in Mumbles they know there must always be a lifeboat near Sker Point. The William Gammon, named after the coxswain drowned in April, provides as fully as in possible every safety device. Two 40-horse, water-tight Diesel engines; loud-hailer, line gun, oil spray, searchlight;

and for crew, more Mumbles fishermen, who know Sker Point.

It was a good day for Coxswain Garner, manhanta for Jack his son and their six crewmates when they tried out the boat; this craft that stays at sea 200 miles and does eight knots.

The good citizens of Manchester and Salford gave the sea.

Mumbles; a lifeboat worthy of the men that Mumbles gave the sea.

It is a good slay 4 loxswain farw, to be crownates, out the best to of all day a said menon Mus. Chavies, w hurband fillert diet 5 1 Som tumper, en of muched Mounting & fine new crieff to does ext knots fisheren is fathers in the april tragody.