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H.H.S. WAVE ACROUD

On the rocky foreshore of the little seaside resort of St. Ives, H.M.S. Wave lies crippled - yet another victim of the treacherous gales that have been lashing the Cornish coast. Only twenty feet from people's house, the 1,000 ten minosweeper went aground. Immediately the villagers rushed to resoue the sixty-two members of her even by means of a presches buoy. The accident caused only one man to be hurt, though several suffered from shock.

The rooks upon which she foundered tore a hole in her side big enough to drive a car through and the ship's hows were twisted by the impact of the collision.

As salvage creft race to the Wave's assistance, work begins to fill the gaping hole with a barrage balloon, but first cotton waste is packed over the term motal to prevent the balloon being ripped. Commander Everett, her Septain, witches the operation.

The balloon is inflated, so as soon as the tide is right, they'll try and float her. Meanwhile the crew salvage all they can - just in case.

Now the tide is up - and the salvage vessels take the strain on the hawmers - and H.M.S. Wave is on the move again, with a 15 degree list to starboard. Slowly but steadily she is towed to the quay. It won't be long before Wave is repaired again - and sailing the seas that were almost her destruction.