

3-210000

MINESWEEPING IN THE FAR EAST

War has robbed the blue waters of the Pacific and Indian Oceans of their peaceful charm. Today, Minesweepers attached to our Fleet in the Far East, are trawling for the underwater seeds of death ~~about~~ sown by enemy minelayers. With the sweeps trailing astern to cut adrift any mines in their path, a radio message brings news of one of these deadly weapons reported floating on the surface. The officer on the bridge alters course and over goes the wheel. One of the ships boats is lowered, and a crew well versed in the hazards of their dangerous calling, pull away to rid the sea of another ugly customer.

There it is, a real barnacle-encrusted terror of the deep. Many mines break loose during storms, particularly when their mooring chains have become weakened by long submersion. With a line made fast, it's taken in tow, after ^{being} rendered harmless. Those contact horns will no longer spell death to anything that strikes them.

A ticklish job, but to these men who sweep the seas it's all in the day's work. Hoisted aboard, the mine is now well out of harm's way and the little ship goes back on her course. Once aboard the sweeper and what's theirs is "mine".