

After nearly a week in which the work of salvage crews had been defied by bad weather, the main fuselage of the airliner wrecked in the mouth of the River Shannon in Ireland, was raised and kept afloat by air-filled balloons. Tugs were able to gear out with the team of expert investigators, to begin the work of determining the cause of the accident.

The sixty-ton giant had broken up into three main parts; the experts were specially anxious to examine the section containing the controls --- as it was thought that there might be found the clue to the aircraft's sudden dive into the estuary, within sight of the airfield.

Half across the world, --- a grim companion in the week's news to this epilogue to a tragic flight --- is the work that is being carried on in Algeria; the work of salvage, once again --- the search for still more of the victims, of the visitation from below the earth that wrecked the town of Orleansville. This was a catastrophe of Nature, whose extent is yet to be fully measured; whose toll of lives has <sup>now</sup> been set at more than twelve hundred.

~~Even as they talked across the water, about more victims were felt... half-drowned... death-roll mounted...~~