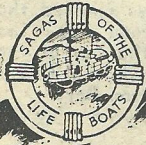


The desperate cross-country dash to launch the Barhaven lifeboat!

The SEVEN MILE SLIPWAY



GET A MOVE ON THERE, BILL! THE MEN ON THE SAILING SHIP WILL ALL BE LOST IF YOU DON'T HURRY!

IT'S NO GOOD, COX! THE HORSES CAN'T PULL US ANY FARTHER AGAINST THIS SEA! WE CAN'T LAUNCH THE LIFEBOAT!



THE spring of 1890. A gale-lashed sea pounded in on Barhaven, the fishing village on the west of Mannington Head. Under Cox Joe Blake, the lifeboat crew struggled to launch the Barhaven boat, to rescue a sailing ship.

IF WE CAN'T LAUNCH FROM HERE, WE MUST TAKE THE BOAT OVERLAND TO SHELTERED GREENAWAY BAY! GET THE BOAT ON ITS CARRIAGE AND WE'LL HEAD UP THE MAIN STREET!



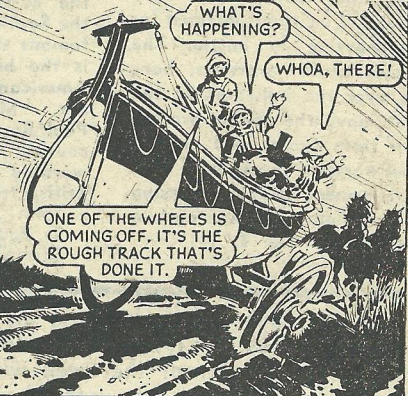
CAN WE MAKE IT, JOE? THE STREET IS NARROW AND IT'S TERRIBLY STEEP!

GEE-UP, HORSES! GOSH THE DAYLIGHT'S FADING FAST!



KEEP GOING, BILL! WE'VE SEVEN MILES TO GO!

At last the lifeboat cleared the village, and headed across a moorland track.



WHAT'S HAPPENING?

WHOA, THERE!

ONE OF THE WHEELS IS COMING OFF. IT'S THE ROUGH TRACK THAT'S DONE IT.

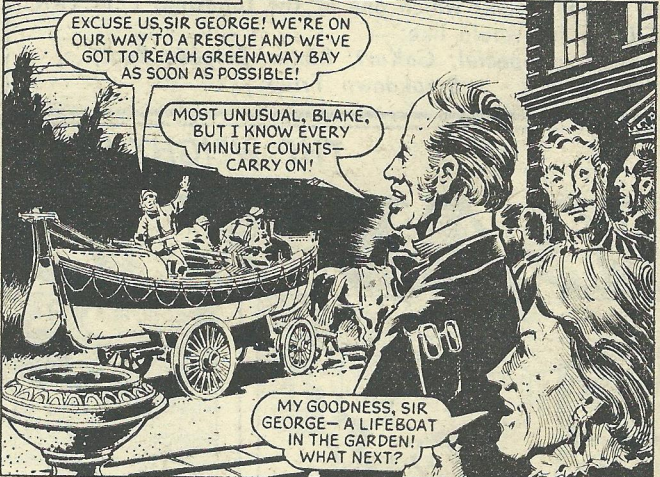


COME ON, LADS! YOU'VE GOT TO RAISE HER! HEAVE!

HEAVE!

WE'RE READY TO PUT THE WHEEL BACK ON, COX!

WE'LL SAVE SOME TIME IF WE CUT THROUGH SIR GEORGE GLASSEN'S ESTATE!



EXCUSE US, SIR GEORGE! WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO A RESCUE AND WE'VE GOT TO REACH GREENAWAY BAY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

MOST UNUSUAL, BLAKE, BUT I KNOW EVERY MINUTE COUNTS—CARRY ON!

MY GOODNESS, SIR GEORGE—A LIFEBOAT IN THE GARDEN! WHAT NEXT?



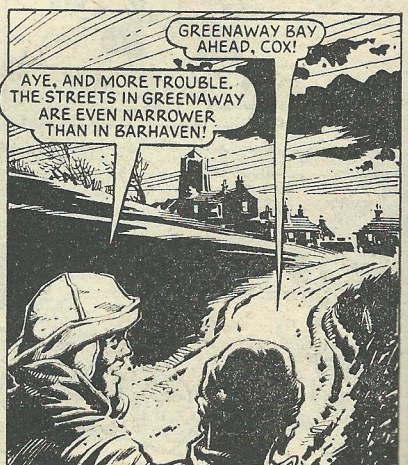
MORE, TROUBLE, COX. THE BRIDGE IS DOWN AND THE RIVER'S IN SPATE!

WE'LL FORD THE RIVER. THE WATER WON'T HARM THE LIFEBOAT.



STEADY IN FRONT, THERE! EASY DOES IT!

ONLY A FEW MORE YARDS TO GO, COX, AND WE'LL REACH THE BANK.



GREENAWAY BAY AHEAD, COX!

AYE, AND MORE TROUBLE. THE STREETS IN GREENAWAY ARE EVEN NARROWER THAN IN BARHAVEN!