

STORM BATTERED LINER BRAVES SHIP GRAVEYARD

NORFOLK, Va., Aug. 24 (INS).—Out of the graveyard of ships off the Virginia Capes just before dawn today limped a battered, reeling liner, with two of her officers missing and two of her crew badly hurt, but victorious in a thirty-six hour battle with the racing Atlantic.

She was the S. S. Madison, and for twelve hours yesterday she lay in the trough of a hurricane-whipped sea, piercing the ether with radio calls for help. But she came proudly into port under her own power.

Sailing from New York Tuesday afternoon, the steamer met the advance guard of the hurricane off Hog Island. That night, gigantic waves and a raging gale blew her off her course, but she plowed steadily southward into the teeth of the storm.

CABIN WRECKED

About 7 o'clock Wednesday morning a tremendous wave—the largest ever seen by veteran mariners aboard—swept over the bow and carried away an entire section of the forward cabin.

Quartermaster Corbett fought his way along the deck to inspect the damage and was making his way

back to the bridge when a second gigantic wave swept over the vessel and carried him overboard. He was not seen again.

Captain William ("Billy") Heath, "baby skipper" of the Eastern Seaboard Lines, sounded the order to heave to, and Mate Lawrence went forward to secure lifeboats loosened by the wave which claimed Corbett.

While he was at his task another wave broke over the bow and swept him overboard.

By this time the vessel was rapidly listing and filling with water. In the hold 699 barrels of beer had broken loose and were rolling about like tennis balls. At 7 a. m. Captain Heath ordered Chief Radio Operator Benjamin Beckerman of Brooklyn, N. Y., to broadcast an SOS.

All the passengers donned life preservers and huddled in the salon of the vessel.

CREW RISKS DEATH.

Risking death, the crew fought silently in the hold and managed to cast more than 300 casks overboard.

The liner's appeal for aid meanwhile had been heard and a fleet of navy and coast guard vessels rushed to her aid, but for twelve hours the fleet sought in vain for the liner.

"Be good children."

Praised hysterically by the passengers, Captain Heath grew embarrassed and tried to laugh it off. To reporters he said:

"I've never seen such a sea and I've been sailing this run since 1916. It was a real hurricane."

The Madison was convoyed into port by the Coast Guard Destroyer Upshur.

Besides the injured members of the crew, three Negro passengers were slightly hurt.

The superb seamanship of Captain Heath, and the bravery of members of the crew who worked in the hold, tossing out 300 rolling kegs of beer, were credited with saving the ship. The beer was supposedly a consignment being shipped to Virginia, whose Legislature has just legalized beer.

MADISON CREW CREDITED WITH SAVING OF 37

Passengers Cheer Captain as Battered Vessel Arrives at Norfolk by Own Steam

By Universal Service.

NORFOLK, Va., Aug. 24.—The courage of the crew which brought the crippled liner Madison safely to port today out of the howling fury of the storm was credited with saving the lives of her 37 passengers.

Two of her crew lost at sea, two others injured, the battered hulk of the Madison came into Norfolk, out of the graveyard of ships off the Virginia Capes, after a heart-breaking battle with waves and wind.

The dead were the second mate, Lycurgus Lawrence, swept to his death when he tried to cut loose a hanging lifeboat, and Quartermaster Edward Corbett, torn from his post in the forward deckhouse when a gigantic wave ripped the deckhouse from the deck.

INJURED AT WORK.

The injured were Malachi Nelson and Robert Turner, seamen, who suffered a broken leg and a broken ankle respectively, while laboring in the hold of the storm-twisted liner.

Stirring tales of courage in the face of expected death were told today by the haggard passengers, as they set to work to raise a fund for the families of the two officers who lost their lives in the storm.

As the ship steamed slowly into port at dawn most of her superstructure gone, the passengers, gathered in the lounge, set up a ringing cry:

"Three cheers for Captain Heath! Hip, hip, hooray!"

And Captain William S. Heath, his face worn from the almost superhuman battle with the waves, capless, wearing a gray overcoat and a blue shirt open at the collar, patted passengers on the backs as they went thankfully down the gangplank, and said:

