

## The Indianapolis Times

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Member of the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance • • • Client  
of the United Press • • • The N.E.A. Service and the Scripps-Paine Service  
• • • Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Published daily except Sunday by Indianapolis Times Publishing  
Co., 214-220 W. Maryland St., Indianapolis • • • Subscription Rates:  
Indiansapolis—Ten Cents a Week. Elsewhere—Twelve Cents a Week.  
PHONE—MA 3500.

For we must needs die, and are as water spilt on the  
ground, which cannot be gathered up again; neither doth  
God respect any person.—2 Sam. 14:14.

Heaven gives its favorites early death.—Byron.

## A THRILL OF PRIDE

A DARK New Year's night off the Delaware coast. Temperature below freezing. A wet, sleety forty-mile-an-hour gale driving a mountainous sea before it, drenching the decks with icy waters at every plunge. Two hundred passengers asleep or sea-sick below decks and half of a crew of seventy-six on duty. Blinded officers on the bridge in their heaviest sea-gear, shivering and straining ears that must take the place of eyes. A weary quartermaster wrestling with a stubborn wheel, straining to keep the vessel's head up to the rushing seas.

At such a moment a week ago a frightened member of the crew of the Clyde liner "Mohawk" reported to the bridge a serious fire in the forehold. Smoke was already beginning to stream into the cabins. Investigation showed the whole cargo ablaze, the entire hold a mass of smoldering flame.

How the fire started nobody knows. Probably nobody will ever know. Fires start that way at sea.

But what was done about it by those who were in charge of the "Mohawk" and responsible for the lives of her 207 helpless passengers is a matter of glorious record. Captain James M. Staples was issuing his orders. SOS calls were broadcast by wireless. The course was changed to run for the nearest port, which happened to be Lewes, inside the Delaware Bay entrance. More power was called for from engineers and firemen, to drive the big 6,000-ton hull through an angry sea at a speed that would never have been attempted except in case of emergency, the jolt, the jar, the crash of the waves on her bow becoming heavier with every extra turn of the propellers. Pumps were started. Every man who could be spared from the actual running of the ship was sent forward and below to direct streams from the fire hose, to batter down bulkheads and partitions with ax and sledge.

Last, the stewards were sent to waken the passengers and serve out life preservers, quietly, without alarm. They were told to stay with the passengers, to serve food and hot coffee, to display calm themselves and prevent panic. The stewards—and the stewardesses—obeyed orders. There was fear among the passengers. But there was no panic, no loss of control, no screaming, in spite of the terror of the situation. The passengers must have sensed immediately that the officers and crew of the "Mohawk" were on the job, thinking and acting coolly, doing everything that could be done.

THE Coast Guard service also showed that it was on the job. It was a wild night. But within an hour of the first SOS the Coast Guard cutter "Kickapoo" was alongside the doomed "Mohawk," accompanying her on her mad race for a landing place. It was the "Kickapoo" that finally took the "Mohawk's" people ashore. Two ocean tugs also answered the alarm. It was impossible to take the passengers off outside the bay because of the fury of the storm.

Finally the "Mohawk" did make port. Her passengers, still orderly, were landed. The crew followed. The captain and a few others, the last to leave her steaming decks, opened her sea cocks. The proud vessel, one of the finest of the Clyde fleet, and with a war record as a transport, turned on her side and sank hissing in forty feet of water. It was the only way to save what was left of the gutted hull.

A great defeat of the sea, a great disaster, with the loss of hundreds of lives, has always awakened a thrill of horror throughout the length and breadth of this country. But for prompt action, based on sound seamanship and perfect organization of the personnel of the "Mohawk," this New Year's night fire off the blizzard-swept Delaware coast might easily have been done just that—might easily have been a pitiful tale of wholesale suffering and death.

A great victory of the sea, the saving of every one of 283 lives in the face of terrible odds, should awaken a thrill of pride. Captain Staples and his officers and men may mourn their lost ship. For weeks many of them will nurse broken bones, bruised limbs, frozen fingers and perhaps shattered nerves. But they have started the New Year right. They have shown what American seamen can do on American ships, even when the ships are sinking. They have stirred the hearts of millions of inland living Americans who had almost forgotten that we had coast lines and a merchant marine. They, and the Coast Guard men who aided them, have lived up to the best traditions of the sailors of all time, and in so doing they have proved that the claims of the United States to a place in the world as a seafaring nation are real.

## Telling It to Congress

conservation of our oil deposits and more thorough and economic methods of recuperation to be comprehended in a national continuing oil policy is an urgent necessity in the interests of the public.—Report of the secretary of the interior.

## Gift Ties

By HAL COCHRAN

When you stop and consider your necktie by heck, just think of the things that you get in the necktie. Since Christmas day morning your tie rack has held free ties; yet to wear them you're really compelled.

From Aunt Sarah Susie a greenish tie came. Perhaps she just trusted that you would be game. No need to explain; the tie speaks for itself. It's one that you'd rather tuck way on a shelf.

Another relation has sent to you a rack tie that's as black as they've ever made black. Why couldn't the thing been a livelier hue. The mournful affect's not appealing to you.

The tie that your tie rack now presents and such are well meant, but never amount to so much. When presents are due you, they're purchased, no doubt, 'cause buying a tie is an easy way out.

Come look to your tie rack; now that's not true. It's that way with me and it's that way with you. As Christmas ties wear, 'tis my honest belief that the wearing just brings

the Canal

There were no serious delays to shipping due to the faulty operation or failure of equipment at Panama Canal and no accidents of any moment to vessels in the locks.—Report of the Governor of Panama Canal.

To Conserve Oil

The formation of a permanent Federal oil commission to include

the formation of a permanent

the formation of a permanent