

# PIRANOM PRATE SHIP MAY BE THE LOST CYCLOPS, SAY OFFICIALS

## Dauntless Daughter of Missing Skipper Soul of Search To Solve Most Baffling Sea Mystery of Modern Times

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### Naval Collier "Lost in Gulf" Could Be Raider That Captured Deering.

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### Young Maine Girl Indefatigable in Probe of Fate of "Ghost Ship" Carroll Deering, From Which Her Father and All His Crew Disappeared Before It Went Ashore With All Sails Set at Diamond Shoals, Va.

By HARRY P. MOORE. NORFOLK, Va., July 9.—Will Miss Lulu Wormell solve the fate of the crew and the five-masted schooner Carroll A. Deering, which came ashore at Diamond Shoals on January 30?

Miss Wormell has been of invaluable aid to the various Government agencies who are investigating the sea mystery and who are trying to learn whether the Deering fell prey on the high seas to pirates who either kidnapped the crew or made them walk the plank to their deaths.

### NOTE FOUND IN BOTTLE.

With the finding of the note in a bottle which was washed ashore at Buxton, N. C., stating that the Deering had been seized by an oil-burning boat—something like a chaser—and which the authorities first believed was a hoax, Miss Wormell set out to learn the identity of the writer of the appeal.

When Miss Wormell visited the home of each member of the crew, showed the handwriting and compared it with letters the sailors had sent to their relatives. It was at the home of Herbert Hoover, secretary of Commerce, that the letter writing was identified as his and this identification later was further confirmed by a handwriting expert.

This young woman, who never read detective stories or cared for thrills in the movie films, further set out to find from which country the paper on which the writing appeared had come, as well as the name of the vessel in which it was found when it was washed ashore.

### MISS WORMELL STIRS PROBE.

After days elapsed and no word was received from the crew, Miss Lulu Wormell, daughter of the Deering's skipper, came to Norfolk in the hope that she might learn something of the fate of her father.

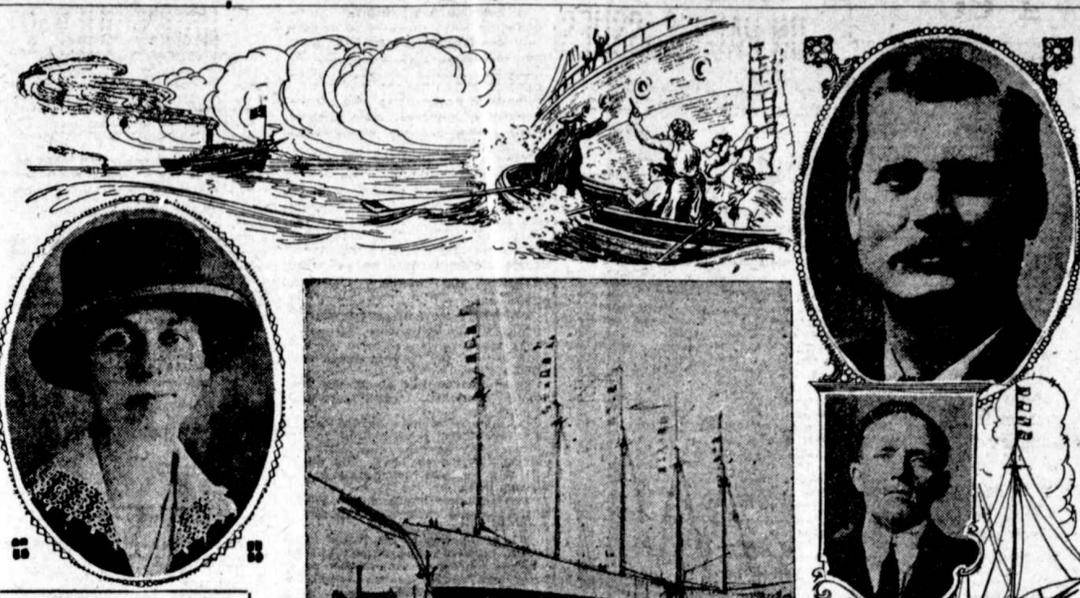
"I do not believe my father was in command of the Deering when she came ashore," she told guard officials here.

She declared she was going to make an investigation.

How well she has progressed is shown by the commendation she has received from the secretary of Commerce, Herbert Hoover, the Departments of Justice, Treasury, State and Navy.

It is mainly on the facts gathered by Miss Wormell, that the department of the Government set agents at work to ascertain the Deering had been captured by Bolsheviks or pirates.

It is the belief of Miss Wormell and Government agents that the Deering was seized by a gang of sea rovers who sailed the vessel until they sighted the coast of Virginia, where the steamer and turned the schooner adrift to be tossed about at will by the sea and tide.



Above—Miss Lulu Wormell, of Portland, Me.

In center—Schooner Carroll Deering as she came ashore at Diamond Shoals, Va.

Below—U. S. S. Collier Cyclops, which disappeared while en route from Bahia, Brazil, and may be mysterious pirate ship.

Upper right—Capt. Willis B. Wormell, master of the Carroll Deering and father of Miss Lulu Wormell.

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looked strangely familiar to Miss Wormell.

She secured the aid of handwriting experts, one of them being an official of one of the Portland courts. He said the same hand that wrote the letter to Miss Bates also wrote the note that came ashore on the Carolina coast.

It is possible that on board the unknown steamer when she passed the lightship were Captain Wormell and the crew of the Deering. The captain signaled her several times but received no answer.

Several theories were advanced at the time of the collier's disappearance, among which was that she was captured by Germans; that her crew of life-terminers sank her or ran her into a South American river and are spending their lives there after killing the captain and crew; that she went down in a storm and that her cargo of manganese ore, dumped in a pile, broke her in two; also the later theory that she was captured by pirates.

So far as the Navy Department has announced no trace has ever been found of the Cyclops. But a life buoy, believed in naval circles to be one of the Cyclops, was sighted in latitude 15.30 north and longitude 83.27 west by the collier Orion when that craft went over the Cyclops' course a short time after the collier was reported missing.

The Cyclops carried many men from this section, as will be seen from the following list, which was made public when the Navy Department announced that the Cyclops had been given up for lost.

The officers on the Cyclops were: G. W. Worley, lieutenant commander, 523 Pennsylvania street, Norfolk; Harvey Forbes, lieutenant, Fort Huron, Mich.; Louis J. Fingleton, lieutenant, Portsmouth, N. H.; G. E. Mangot, lieutenant, Water Valley, N. J.; C. R. Hodge, lieutenant, Bound Brook, N. J.; H. Schonnoff, ensign, Baltimore, Md.; J. J. Cain, ensign, Fair View, Ohio; Charles J. Holman, boatswain, Baltimore, Md.; C. E. Montgomery, boatswain, no record; R. T. Smith, ensign, Phoenix, Ariz.; E. J. Green, machinist, Brooklyn, N. Y.; S. Koskovich, ensign, 122 York street, Norfolk, Va.; C. G. Page, assistant paymaster, Hyde Park, Va.; High P. Morris, clerk, New York; Burt J. Asper, assistant surgeon, Chambersburg, Pa.

Above—Miss Lulu Wormell, of Portland, Me.

In center—Schooner Carroll Deering as she came ashore at Diamond Shoals, Va.

Below—U. S. S. Collier Cyclops, which disappeared while en route from Bahia, Brazil, and may be mysterious pirate ship.

Upper right—Capt. Willis B. Wormell, master of the Carroll Deering and father of Miss Lulu Wormell.

Lower right—Herbert P. Bates, mate of the Carroll Deering, who is believed to have written the messages found in a bottle washed ashore.

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### Ingenuous "Pirate" Calls on Dozing Reporter to Unravel Mystery of the Fate That Befell the Crews of the Carroll Deering and Other Vessels Which Have Disappeared on the High Seas Since the First of This Year.

By ED DUFFY.

"I have sailed the seas as a pirate—"

I was seated dozing at my typewriter when these words, though quietly uttered, caused me to look up with a start and my gaze fell on one of the most weird of the many strange creatures who daily wander into a newspaper office.

My visitor undoubtedly was a sailor, if one may judge by garb, but his uniform—if a uniform it could be called—was puzzling. The main garments—trousers and blouse—though ragged were unmistakably of those which Uncle Sam issues to his "gobs," but he wore "spiggotty" slippers such as one sees on the Caribbean coast, and no hat. His unshaven features were crowned with a handanna handkerchief, jauntily bound about his straggling locks. He had the swagger of a deep sea swashbucker but his face, despite its tan and stubble was that of a clean, wholesome American youth, typical of the boys who so valiantly man their nation's fighting craft.

"You have what?" I gasped.

"I have sailed the seas as a pirate," he repeats, and as though to prove his claim, he lifts one of the more or less expensive cigarettes from the box that reposed on my desk, lights it, looks around for the visitor's chair, never found in well-regulated newspaper offices, then seats himself alongside my typewriter.

"Since the first part of 1918," he resumes, "I have been a part of the crew of a pirate vessel. Before that I was a seaman, first class, in the U. S. navy, which latter I hope to be again."

"How did you become a pirate?" I ask, between gasps. "What was your ship in the navy?"

"The Cyclops," he replies, and then proceeds to unfold this story: "We left Hampton Roads in January, 1918. The boys never thought then the trip would end up as it did. Everything went fine on the trip to South America. There was no hint of trouble."

"Our first contact with anything unfavorable came as we left Bahia, Brazil, bound for home. That word sounded good. They had lighted us fore and aft with red, blue and green lights. It was so heavy it affected our displacement. Besides there were a lot of explosives aboard. But what was worse, and what caused all this trouble was our passenger list. We carried criminals. About fifty there they were."

"Talk about piracy. These birds had Captain Kidd and 'Blind Beggar' Few backed off the boards. The stunts they pulled, even today, would shade the doings of the worst pirates. They knew they had nothing to live for. Rather than face death behind the bars, they schemed to capture and sail the ship."

### AERO SUPREMACY DEPENDS ON NEW BOMBING SIGHTS

Science of Dropping Projectiles Shows Loopholes By Iowa Test.

By JOSEPH S. EDGERTON. Future success of aviation as an offensive arm of navies depends entirely upon the refinement of bombing sights and bombing methods.

The science of aerial bombing is still in a crude state and a long period of intensive experimentation and invention must come before the bombing plane can be looked upon as a dependable offensive weapon under all conditions.

The urgent need for immediate improvement of bombing equipment and procedure was emphatically shown during the course of attacks by bombers on the radio-controlled ex-battle ship Iowa, sixty miles off the middle Atlantic coast. This test was the second of a series of five which began with the sinking, by bombing, of an ex-German battleship, the destruction by gunfire of three sister ships, and the bombing of two ex-German capital ships, the cruiser Frankfort and the dreadnaught Ostriesland.

The test of the aviation force scored its great triumph in scouting and concentration of an adequate bombing force. In the bombing operations it was weak. Of eighty dummy bombs dropped during the course of the attack, but two found the mark, though a fair percentage fell within close range.

Both of the bombs, filled with concrete, failed upon striking the deck, after their fall of nearly a mile, littering it for yards with scraps of torn metal and powdered concrete. Reports of the observers indicated that the deck armor was scarcely dented, the bombs showing no penetrative qualities worthy of consideration.

Though the sky fighters were weak in the actual bombing, their scouting and concentration performance was decidedly impressive.

The target vessel was given 10,000 square miles of sea in which to choose her starting point and 10,000 square miles additional in which she might hide. The scouting forces designated to locate the target in this 20,000 square miles of ocean consisted of but twelve seaplanes and four blimps.

LOCATED SHIP IN TWO HOURS. With absolutely no indication as to the whereabouts of the Iowa, the air force located her within two hours after the zero hour, at a distance of approximately fifty miles from shore. In fact, had the aircraft reported the spot in which she lay, they would have been able to reach her only twenty-one minutes before she would have disappeared.

Plotting the course by dead reckoning, having sighted back and forth in their search, the observers of the aircraft located the vessel in a position with an error of but fifteen miles, a feat which is considered another triumph for the air force.

These tests were witnessed by a party of 300, composed of army, navy and marine corps experts, military and naval attaches of various foreign governments, members of the Senate and House of Representatives, Military Committee, and representatives of the press. This party was aboard the U. S. Henderson, marine transport ship, and was within 3,000 yards of the target vessel while the bombing was in progress.

FREDKUT "TURTLE-BACKS." Army and Navy officers aboard the Henderson expressed the opinion that, with further refinement of bombing sights, drastic changes in deck armor would be required. Some went so far as to predict turtle-back covering the upper decks, unless it sinks the ship. I disagree. If a bomb went through the upper decks it would work such havoc among the ship's vitals as to disable her before she could get underway. You don't have to bury a man after you shoot his head off in order to kill him.

### Widows and Orphans Mourn Lost Cyclops

By LEWIS T. JESTER.

—And for years and years there were fond hearts watching for the ship which never returned.

NEWPORT NEWS, Va., July 9.—Tiny lamps, fed and trimmed by widows, mothers and orphans, cast their beckoning glow night after night, week after week, month after month and year after year on the glistening waters of Hampton Roads, from which the naval collier Cyclops sailed early in January, 1918, never to return.

The craft was last heard from in Bahia, Brazil, from which place she sailed early in March for the United States. She had on board some explosives, a large cargo of manganese ore, forty-seven life-term prisoners and a commanding officer whom many over-patriotic persons fruitlessly attempted to convict as a pro-German scoundrel.

Several theories were advanced at the time of the collier's disappearance, among which was that she was captured by Germans; that her crew of life-terminers sank her or ran her into a South American river and are spending their lives there after killing the captain and crew; that she went down in a storm and that her cargo of manganese ore, dumped in a pile, broke her in two; also the later theory that she was captured by pirates.

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The theory is advanced on the fact that the Cyclops carried forty-seven life term prisoners, who may have freed themselves, overpowered the crew, run the ship into a South American river. It is pointed out that the Cyclops, an oil-burning vessel of great speed, could easily run rings around any of the vessels that have mysteriously disappeared, and after capturing and sinking them, could have easily escaped to some hidden island.

### LAST SPOKEN IN BRAZIL.

The Cyclops was last heard from in Bahia, Brazil, from which place she sailed early in March, 1918, for the United States. She had on board some explosives, a large cargo of manganese ore, and forty-seven life-term prisoners.

Did these prisoners escape, overpower and kill or take captive the captain and crew and then retire to some mysterious South American river until the war was over and then become pirates?

On the Cyclops when she disappeared were Frank Morgan, former employe in the composing room of The Washington Times, who was a member of the crew. The last heard from Morgan was a postal card addressed to Frank A. Hushbee, another Times employe. It was mailed at Rio de Janeiro.

Not since the days of Captain Kidd and the Flying Dutchman has the world been stirred by the mysterious disappearance of ships as it is at the present time.

It is pointed out that a large number of the forty-seven life termers who were on the Cyclops were experienced sailing men, including navigators. If such is the case, they would have little, if any difficulty, in keeping out of the way of searching parties, and being an oil-burning vessel of great speed, could easily outdistance most of the merchant vessels that now sail the high seas.

It is also significant that the pirate ship has been described as an oil-burning vessel which looks something like a submarine.

### BOTTLE GAVE FIRST CLEW.

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### BLIND MAN CAPTURES BOY THIEF IN HOME

NEW YORK, July 9.—William Johnson, a blind man, caught and held a fifteen-year-old burglar in his home yesterday until a policeman answered his cries for help. The sightless man, with \$250 in savings beneath his pillow, was awakened by the boy crawling over his head.

### PROSECUTOR OF I. W. W. IN KANSAS SHOT DEAD

GREAT BEND, Kan., July 9.—Arthur C. Banta, thirty-five years old, a well-known criminal lawyer of this city, was shot and killed Wednesday night on a lonely road about three miles out of Great Bend. Banta's body, pierced by five bullets, was found in his car in the morning by farmers.

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