

# Mystery of Lost Cyclops Probably Cleared at Last

Former Navigating Officer of U. S. Collier, Who Went Over Her Course Later, Convinced She Broke in Two Under Strain of Badly Stowed Cargo—Passed Buoy He Believed Hers.

New York.—In an interview given to The World, Lieut. James M. Hays who was navigating officer of the navy collier Cyclops until a few days before she put to sea on a voyage from which she never returned, said that when he went on the collier Orion over the Cyclops's course he learned enough from floating objects and inquiries made in Brazilian ports to satisfy himself as to the fate of the missing collier and her crew. From the bridge of the Orion, on which he also was navigating officer, he saw a buoy and what appeared to be a life-raft such as the Cyclops carried. The buoy was in latitude 15.31 north and longitude 53.27 west, or about 150 miles northeast of Bermuda.

In Bahia, Brazil, he learned that the Cyclops was loaded with 15,000 tons of manganese ore for the Bethlehem Steel company. There were only two stationary cranes to load the ore with and they were 300 feet apart. So 7,500 tons of the ore were loaded forward in the collier and 7,500 tons aft.

His conclusion may be a divulgence of the secret of one of the deepest sea mysteries of all times, which seafarers have said was guarded by the Southern Cross. The Southern Cross looms up at night down where Polaris, the North Star, which is often used by mariners for adjusting compasses, disappears from view.

"No Mystery in My Mind." "There is no mystery in my mind as to the fate of the Cyclops and her crew," Lieut. Hays said. "I believe that perhaps on a calm and sunny day, when the sailors off watch were dozing or perhaps at midnight, when all were asleep except the men on watch, the great ship, without warning, parted amidships, splitting her aerials (she sent no wireless call) and sank from sight.

"The current north of Barbados runs strong. If any objects floated free from her they would have been carried seaward, perhaps thousands of miles from where she sank. It is plausible that they were carried across the Atlantic, where navy wreckage from the war was so common was not all picked up. As a matter of fact, it was avoided by vessels as a warning of the proximity of submarines."

Just Escaped the Tragic Trip.

Lieut. Hays remained in the navy after the war, only leaving the service on March 27 last. From the Orion he went to England and was on cargo transports that crossed the English channel. After the war he was on mine-sweeping duty in the North sea. He went into the navy in the reserve force as a "gob" in Pittsburgh. That was on March 17, 1917, a few days before we entered the war. When war was declared he was assigned as a coxswain on the destroyer Downes, which was at Philadelphia. Three months later he was commissioned an ensign and sent to the reserve officers' training class in Annapolis. After that he went to Cape May as an instructor in seamanship, and from there, in November, 1917, he was assigned to the Cyclops as lieutenant, junior grade. The Cyclops was at Norfolk. Lieutenant Hays was detailed as navigating officer.

"On Christmas day I had lunch with the officers of the Orion, which was lying in the same dock," Lieutenant Hays said. "Her officers asked how I liked the Cyclops. I said I did not like the atmosphere on the ship. They asked me why I did not try for a transfer to the Orion. I did, and it was arranged through Captain Boesch of the Orion. Nering took my place on the Cyclops.

"Despite war time secrecy, every one in Norfolk knew the Cyclops was to take on a cargo for South America.

"On January 1, 1918, I stood on the Orion's quarter deck, near the stern rail, watching the Cyclops let go her lines and clear the dock under the Orion's stern. They 'let go forward' on the Cyclops, and the current carried her bow out in the river. They 'let go aft.' The cry 'All gone, sir!' rang out, and the Cyclops swung out into the stream.

"On April 1 we went to Lambert's Point, Hampton roads, to load 12,000 tons of coal, and from there to the Norfolk navy yard to load steel plates, gasoline drums and depth charges—all of which gave us 2,000 tons of cargo on top of coal. The detonators of the depth charges were hung in the rigging for safety. On April 3 I reported to the skipper that we were secure for sea. We were going to South America.

"Lost With All Hands." "That afternoon a young ensign came down from the bureau of navigation in Washington with some confidential code books to be delivered to ships in South American ports. He spent an hour in the captain's cabin. After he went ashore the captain came into the wardroom where we were playing cards and listening to a victrola and said to me I ought to thank God I was there. The other

officers stopped the games and listened while the captain told me the Cyclops had been lost with all hands.

"We had orders from the bureau of navigation to keep a sharp lookout for any sign of the Cyclops on our journey south to Bahia, on our way to Rio Janeiro, Montevideo and Buenos Ayres.

"On the morning of April 7 I was on watch on the bridge, and the lookout reported a floating object 500 yards off the port bow. Impulsively I gave orders to the helmsman to change the course so I could get a closer look at the object. I soon saw it was a Franklin buoy or circular life preserver, made of copper and alight. Swinging from it was a small rod, to which had been attached the carbide light designed to ignite when the buoy struck the water. All large navy ships carried these Franklin buoys—one on each quarter deck. In case of a man overboard the buoys were dropped over the side to locate the spot as well as for something for the man to swim to.

"Thinking there might be some message scratched on the copper, or that we might be able to identify the buoy through its register number, I made three circles around it, in the meantime having a dozen sailors stationed along the rail from the forecastle aft, all equipped with grappling hooks on the ends of lines, and tried to pick the object up without stopping. After the third circle Captain Boesch, who had been awakened in his sea cabin in the lower bridge by the noise of the gears and steering wheel, came up on the bridge in his pajamas. It was 8:30 a. m. He saw the ship was off her course and ordered me back on my course. I made an observation and entered it with the incident in the ship's log. The rest of that watch was uneventful.

Next a Life Raft. "That evening, shortly after I came on duty for the mid-watch, I was standing in the chains, the wooden grating projecting from the sides of the bridge where the leadsmen stand to take soundings. For a moment I watched the cutwater of the Orion, and suddenly a life raft bumped under the flare of the bow and passed directly along under the bilge of the ship, whirling around as it did so. The raft was oval shaped, 9 feet long and 5 feet wide, with netting inside to stand in or grip. On each of these rafts is a bronze plate with a register number by which they are identified.

"This time I immediately sent my messenger to call the captain to the bridge. The captain came up three steps at a time and looked at the raft through the glasses. It was then astern, but plainly visible, as it is light down there as late as 9:30 in the evening. The captain shook his head and said: 'Better keep on your course.' After a glance at the evening sky he went below. Again I made an entry in the log, this time figuring out the raft's position by dead reckoning, as it was too late for a sun sight and too early for one by the stars.

"For nine days we kept on south with the ship running dark on account of the possibility of a lurking enemy submarine seeing us. About

## REMARKABLE WOMAN



A new and unpublished photograph of Lillian Moller Gilbreth, called the new "woman who lives in a shoe," and on whom the cares of rearing a family of ten children rest lightly. She is a graduate of the University of California and also has a Ph. D. degree which she received at Brown. Mrs. Gilbreth is not half as proud of her college degrees and of being the author of some authoritative books on psychology of management and fatigue study, as she is of being the mother of ten good Americans. The Gilbreth children of Montclair, N. J., are happy exponents of the industrial efficiency advocated by their parents.

April 10 we received a wireless that the news of the loss of the Cyclops had been given out publicly. Thereafter the trip was uneventful except for an occasional white sail on the horizon and an incident one night.

"At the end of the thirteenth day we put into Bahia and dropped off a few of our 300 army passengers. We had gobs, diplomats and marine officers on board. Then we put to sea again for Rio.

"We arrived at Rio four days later, and when we entered the harbor the U. S. S. Pittsburgh, with the admiral's flag flying, ordered us to take anchorage 1,000 yards astern of her. We lowered away one of our motor boats and sent to the Pittsburgh, among other passengers, Captain Harrington of the marine corps, who had been assigned to the Pittsburgh for duty.

Reports to Admiral Caperton. "An hour later a semaphore message from the Pittsburgh read: 'Captain Hays will repair on board Pittsburgh immediately and report to the force commander.'

"A boat called alongside and I shoved off for the Pittsburgh. Upon arriving on board her I went to Admiral Caperton's cabin and was greeted by him very kindly. He asked me to tell him about the Orion's journey southward and particularly about the objects we had sighted off Barbados. Captain Harrington had told him in a chat about the incidents.

"In reciting them to the admiral I made it clear to him that in both cases the Orion's captain ordered me not to stop.

"This relieved me of all responsibility, and as I left the Pittsburgh Captain Boesch was ordered on board the flag ship. He came back to the Orion some time later, apparently upset as a result of his talk with the admiral, and he called me into his stateroom.

Captain Boesch "In Trouble." "He told me it looked as though we were in trouble. He said almost every one on the Orion had seen the Franklin buoy, but as far as he knew only the two of us had seen the life-raft. He asked me in a subtle way if I was sure it was a life-raft. I answered that it might have been a phosphorus spot in the water.

"The captain called in his yeoman and dictated a letter to this effect: 'After careful consideration I have come to the conclusion that the object reported as a life-raft was not a life-raft but a phosphorus spot in the water caused by small fish.'

"I heard nothing more about the matter. I thought several times, though, of Amphitrite, beloved of sailors, who dances under a ship's prow.

"From Rio we went to Montevideo. On our way home we stopped at Santos, Brazil, to take on a cargo of 12,000 tons of coffee. We were glad it was not manganese. We stopped at Rio again to pick up travel passengers for the States.

A Dread Prophecy.

"While in Bahia the paymaster of the Orion and I went to the cruiser Raleigh one evening to have dinner. During the course of the meal we were told that as the Raleigh's officers stood on deck watching the Cyclops put to sea on her homeward journey they bet each other the Cyclops would never get back to the States.

"I have often stood on the forecastle of the Orion looking aft and watched her deck give in a calm sea. The cause of this is that the twin-screw colliers are so long that when both engines happen to thrust together the longitudinal strain is so great there is a give to the framing of the ship. Ofttimes during that vibration I have looked up at the bridge and watched the foremast bend like a carriage whip.

The Raleigh's officers, even from a distance, had seen the Cyclops' deck give under the strain.

The Cyclops' Cargo.

"I went ashore at Bahia to see the dockmen who had loaded the Cyclops. On the dock where the cargo was stowed, the foreman, named Martins, explained to me as best he could remember just how the loading was done.

"He pointed out two cranes set about 300 feet apart on the dock and told me the cranes had lowered the cargo into the Cyclops's holds. I asked him if the cranes had been moved during the course of the loading, and he said 'No.' He also said the Cyclops had not shifted either forward or aft along the dock.

"This implied that one-half the cargo had been loaded into one or two forward hatches and one-half into one or two after hatches.

"With a collier's 12,000-ton cargo of coal all the hatches are filled to the covers. Manganese ore is so much heavier than coal that 12,000 tons of it spread evenly over a big ship's bottom would be only a few feet deep.

"I have given these facts as I found them. Think them over. Then decide for yourself the fate of the Cyclops."

Great to Be Alive, He Says, Then Dies.

Des Moines, Ia.—"It's great to be alive," remarked Victor Diemer, thirty years old, to a fellow worker, within five minutes a dirt embankment at his back rolled down on him. He was dead when the others were able to dig him out.

## America "Says It With Flour" for the Near East



An impressive ceremony at pier 2, army base New York, attended the loading of the Mopang with 10,000 bags of flour and 2,000 tons of general foodstuffs for the starving of the Near East. Dr. Herbert Shipman, Suffragan bishop of New York, at the special request of Bishop Manning, blessed the ship and its cargo. The flour supplies were purchased with the funds raised by the Near East relief through their novel posters, "Say it with flour."

## Tells Tale of War's Changes

Map Published by National Geographic Society Reveals Made-Over Continent of Europe.

LOOKS LIKE A NEW WORLD

Changes Effected by All the Treaties, Agreements and Plebiscites Are Recorded to Date—Show Remnants of Bygone Splendor.

Washington.—"Mayflower colonists encountered a new continent in 1620; Americans of 1921 can almost imagine their sensations as we gaze at a map of the New Europe," says a bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic society.

"To a man who has been on Mars since 1914, the continental Europe of 1921, save for its peninsulas and islands, virtually would be a new world," continues the bulletin, issued in connection with a map recently published by the society to record changes effected by all treaties, agreements and plebiscites to date.

Even a bird's-eye view of the made-over continent would disclose:

Cleaver-shaped Czechoslovakia, unwittingly symbolical in contour, jamming its western wedge far into Germany, lightly tipping with its eastern panhandle a much magnified Roumania.

"Shrunken Austria and pared down Hungary nestling below, remnants of bygone splendor and objects of present economic charity, seem not much larger than Maine. And they are not.

Add Flavor of Medieval.

"Resurrected Poland to the north bespeaks a reincarnation rather than a relic. Two free cities, Flume and Danzig, give added flavor to the medieval. "Even the shapes of the nations of central Europe tell a significant story. Compare their curving contours, as if they had been ground and rounded by ceaseless war storms, with the angular mosaic patterns of the Western states of the United States.

"Three tiny republics—Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania—rear their Aphrodite heads from the Baltic waters. Above them is suspended Finland, born without the terrible birth pangs of the new lands farther south. "The patchwork that formerly de-

## FROM FRANCE TO K. OF C.



Supreme Knight James A. Flaherty with the magnificent Sevres vase presented to the Knights of Columbus by Dr. Marcel Knecht, French high commissioner, on behalf of President Millerand and the French government. The vase, which is valued at \$5,000, will be exhibited throughout the United States before being placed in the K. of C. home office building in New Haven, Conn.

noted the Balkan states seems to have squirmed its queer way northward toward the Baltic. As new countries are scattered freely about, Montenegro, of romantic memory, has disappeared. And familiar Turkey has all but gone.

"Ukraine tentatively slices off a corner of Russia an area comparable to that of France. Jugo-Slavia is the architrave for a pediment of states that bear down upon the tripartite Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes until it fairly bulges into the Adriatic.

"A map of the new Europe visualizes some phases of geography more clearly than many pages of explanation. Obviously, a peninsular people have a preferred safety insurance in modern warfare. The 'freedom of the seas' seems to have a double entendre respecting the shores that reach out for its kindly protection.

"All Europe is a peninsula of Asia. Then again western Europe is a secondary peninsula, pendant from Russia, its broad isthmus spanning the eastern boundaries of Poland and Roumania from the Black to the Baltic seas.

Were Aloof From War.

"Scandinavia, Denmark, Spain, Italy and Greece therefore may be described as third-degree peninsulas. The first three were aloof from the war; actual fighting did not penetrate far into the latter two.

## Bedridden, He Earns His Way

With All But One Arm Paralyzed, Hal Ehrig Learns Painting and Music.

MAKES BIG MONEY AT BOTH

Injury That Laid Him Up Is Rather a Mystery to the Medical Profession, but He Has Hopes That He Will Be on His Feet Again.

Chicago.—How much courage and optimism would you have left if you had lain on your back for seven years, able to open your mouth one inch, and the rest of you numb and lifeless except your left arm? Would you feel very much like taking up painting and music and Russian wolf hounds, and making your living by them?

Hal Ehrig, 646 West 61st street, survived two serious motorcycle accidents, one in 1911 in an endurance race to Michigan City and another in 1912 in the bowl at Riverview park. Each time his left hip was badly injured, but each time he recovered with apparently no permanent disability. But with Hal, the third time was the charm. While driving an automobile at dusk he encountered a drainage ditch in the road. The car overturned on his body, lacerating the same hip.

In Bed Seven Years.

To-day he lies in a half reclining position in a bed by the window. He has lain that way for seven years. But he has a smile on his face and unshaken belief that a few years will see him on his feet again, playing with his Russian wolf hounds.

"My injury is rather a mystery to the medical profession," said he. "I've got a wonderful appetite and eat my three square meals every day. But I can't move except this one arm." And he gripped the wooden bar that runs parallel to his bed and raised himself. "The doctors explain my condition as being nervous shock—when the left hip tightened up it pulled the other side of me for support.

"I could feel myself stiffening all over. I didn't know how long I was going to be laid up, but decided to be as comfortable as I could. So I had

"The eye notes obstacles that strew Berlin's one-time path of ambition to Bagdad. One may trace the sea route which island Britain gained by legitimate means to her Asiatic spheres.

"Karl'sbad may be as charming by its new name of Karlovy Vary but it is harder to find. Our mythical Martian needs with his map an index with old and new names to learn his way about. Patriotism has made many restored cities unrecognizable without such aid.

"Formerly the average layman regarded a map much as he did a railroad time table. It was essential upon rare occasions. Today the well informed must employ a map to understand the great educational value of his daily newspaper.

"To him who reads a map with the care that he scans the printed column the map will impart its fascinating story of historic peoples, their present-day struggles, the constant inter-action of the human being and his physical environment."

Caught Pocketbook in Trout Stream.

Bellefonte, Pa.—While fishing for trout near here William Garman noticed something floating down the stream. As it came closer he recognized it as a pocketbook and worked it ashore. It contained \$55 in bills, with no clew to the identity of the owner.

"Dry" Officers Get Corks but Not Man.

Clarksburg, W. Va.—More than 1,000 corks are held in jail here. They will fit half pint whisky bottles somewhere. The police are trying to locate the bottles and also the moonshine still to which the corks were consigned. A man dropped them when chased by prohibition officers.

'em prop me up with pillows like I am now.

"I intended going into the jewelry business at the time I was hurt. But, of course, I couldn't go on with that. And so for a while I just lay here."

One day a girl friend who dropped in to see Hal brought along a box of pastels that she didn't want. She knew he had been clever with his pencil at one time and thought he might amuse himself with them.

"I'm naturally right-handed," went on Hal. "But there's nothing like trying. I played around with the pastels and copied a magazine cover. There it is." He pointed to the wall. "When I found I could use the old mitt I got an old Bohemian artist to show me how to handle oils. He left something of his own over here one day and I copied it. He couldn't tell 'em apart."

The living room of the Ehrig abode is bright with evidences of Hal's south-pawed artistry. And he's sold a lot more, two of them for \$150 each. Some of his canvases are six feet long. Hal has them suspended from the bar running parallel with his bed and works as if painting on the ceiling.

How He Took Up Music.

"I took up song writing 'about three years ago," Hal went on. "Some fellows were over seeing who could write the best poetry. They liked mine, and we sent it to a music house to have it put to music. It was a war song called 'When We Whirl Into Berlin.' Some copies went to a pal of mine overseas and it pretty near started a riot. The boys wanted to dash right up to the front."

Since his initial venture into the realm of song Hal has written several more.

"I'm crazy about music," he continued, "but I really think I'll make most of my money on my dogs. Got two of 'em—Russian wolf hounds, worth \$5,000. They're wonderful dogs. I expect to open exclusive kennels and sell puppies. A pup brings as much as \$200.

"You know, when I went to bed I was 21 years old and 5 feet 7 inches tall. Now I am 25 years old and I'm 6 feet 2 inches tall. And my face hasn't changed—I don't look a day older than when I was hurt. Funny, isn't it?"