

You know how the fleet looks to you, but how do you suppose it looks to a crab in the bay? A marine artist has drawn a crabseye view, which will appear in **The Sunday Call**

THE CALL



For The Call's Index of News of the Day See Page 12, Column 2

VOLUME CIII.—NO. 159.

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES

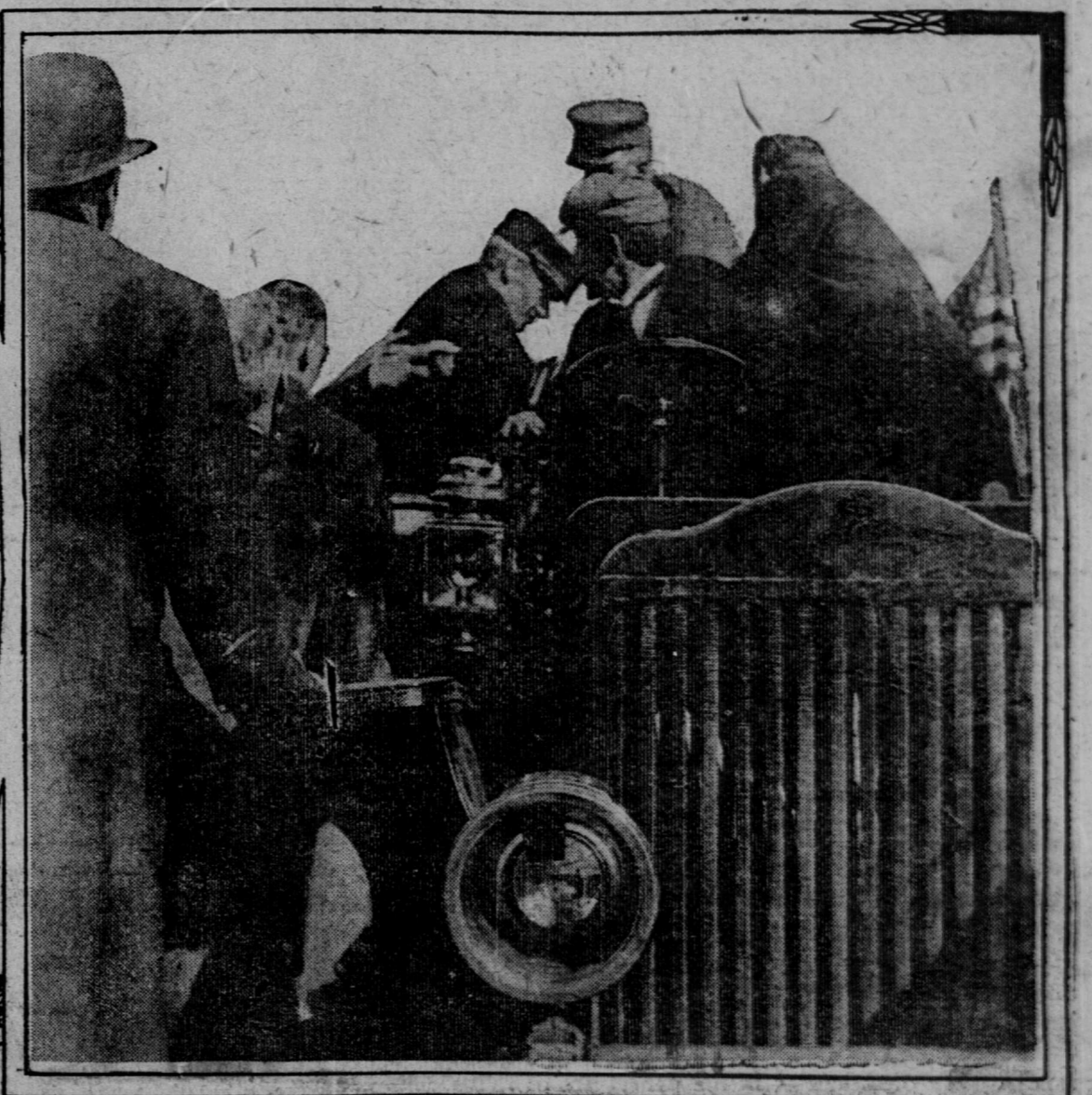
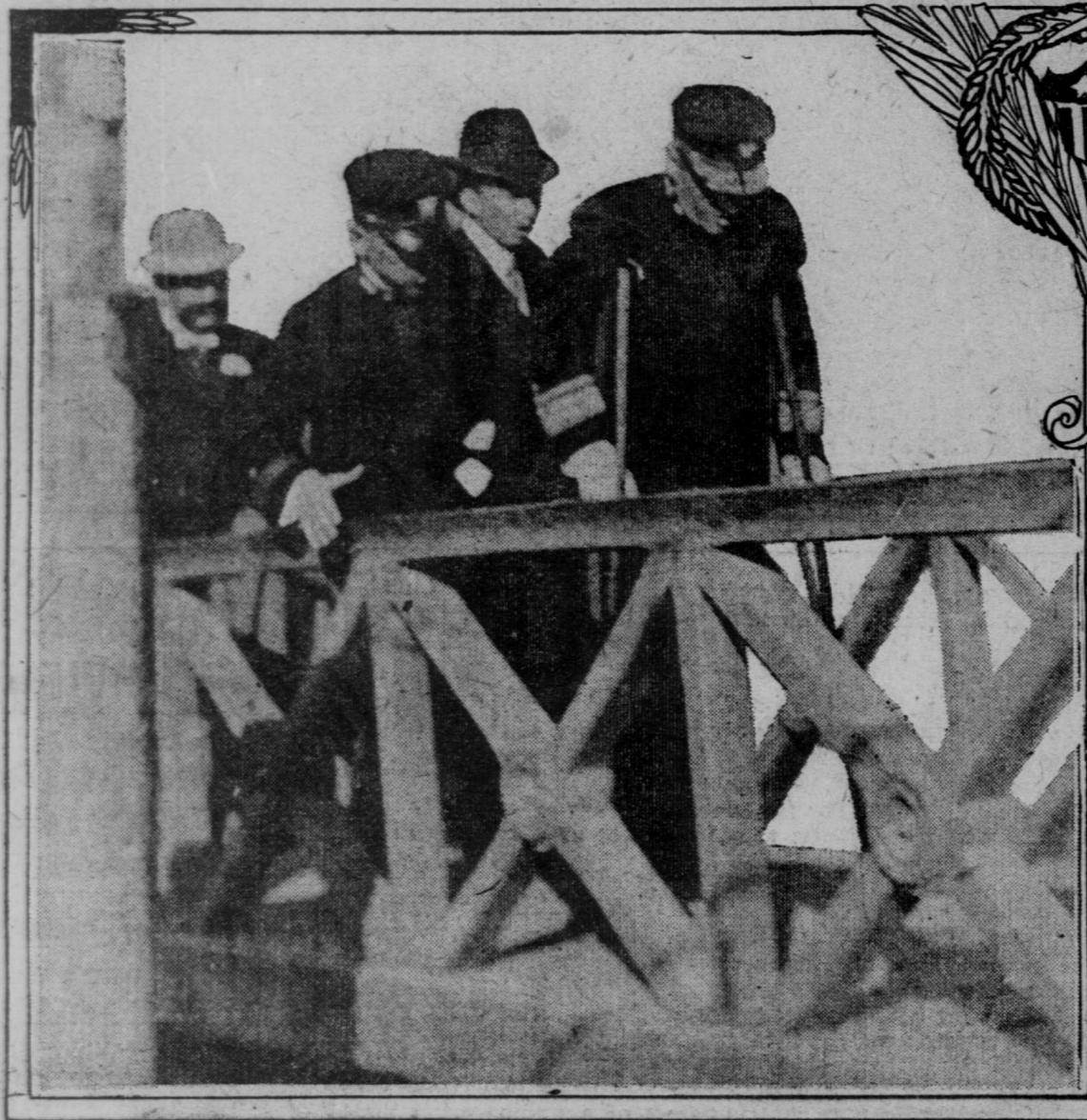
SAN FRANCISCO, THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1908.

PAGES 1 TO 12.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

GREAT FLEET IN FINAL HAVEN Anchors in Placid Bay Under Gaze of Million Eyes

Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, commander in chief of the Atlantic battleship fleet. On the left is a photograph showing the veteran naval officer going up the gangway of the flagship from the launch, while on the right the admiral is shown while being assisted into the automobile that conveyed him to the St. Francis.



Men of Armada Strain Eyes to See Goal of 14,000 Mile Cruise

Officers and Tars Alike Forget to Eat as Golden Gate Shines Through the Mist

By W. Russell Cole

Special Correspondent for The Call on Board the Battleship Minnesota
As the greatest fleet of warships ever mobilized under the star-spangled banner swept majestically through the Golden Gate yesterday morning to find a glorious welcome in San Francisco bay we stood on the forward bridge of the battleship Minnesota, flagship of the second squadron of the Atlantic fleet, and looked down over her prow into a swirling chaos of water churned snowy white. Ahead of us, so near that we could almost call to the officers on her quarterdeck, steamed the Nebraska, one of the newcomers. We walked to the after bridge, where paced Rear Admiral Thomas, second in command, and looked over the stern to the Ohio cutting the sea in our wake.

Those were the only two ships of the great white fleet in sight. The others were there—15 of them—but we were racing over the sea at a 10 knot gait in line of column, and so perfect was the alignment of this four mile procession that, looking forward or aft, it seemed but a single ship leading and a single ship in the rear. Then came a change in the direction of our course as we reached an angle in the channel, and we saw from our position in the center of the line the imposing beauty of all the wonderful spectacle.

ENDS 14,000 MILE CRUISE

Holding their places in formation with such exactness that never for a minute did the regulation distance of 400 yards between mainmast and mainmast of the individual ships vary sufficiently to be perceptible to the naked eye, the fleet was rushing proudly to its San Francisco welcome and to the completion of its 14,000 mile history-making cruise.

San Francisco at last!

All night long the fleet had rolled

at anchor on a typical Pacific swell at the lightship 10 miles off the heads. At midnight the bonfires on the shore were visible, there was a white haze that lit up the whole sky in the east and told the watchers that San Francisco was still awake, and through the headlands came the intermittent flash of Alcatraz island light. Then the fog came down and the ships were alone in the waste of night.

Dawn came and the mantle of fog still rested over the sea. By 8 o'clock, when the watch was changed, the decks of the ships were alive with officers and sailors gazing anxiously out into the mist for a glimpse of the Golden Gate, but the clouds hung low toward the shore and only directly overhead had the sun fought its way through the rifts and revealed a ragged patch of blue.

Continued on Page 3, Column 1

Armada Swings Through Golden Gate to Echo of Guns and Cheers of Thousands

History of Country From Balboa to "Bob" Evans Read in Marvelous Voyage of Battleship Fleet

By Edwin H. Clough

History, past, present and future, was the theme of the spectacle upon which we gazed as the warships of the American navy entered the Golden Gate and steamed slowly to their anchorage. History was written in every phase of the pageant—in the names of states on the battleships; in the names of cities on the bows of the cruisers; in the names of the naval heroes commemorated in designation of the units of the torpedo flotilla. As the fleet went by the multitude on the overlooking cliffs, capes and mountains read the history of their country from the landing of the pilgrims to the hour when, like a drop scene in a vast theater, the offshore mist that had curtained the world famed Golden Gate all night lifted, revealing to the actors the stage upon which they were to play their brief part and the audience assembled to greet them. Not only was this history the culmination of a cruise that shall be recorded in naval annals as one of the most remarkable ever undertaken by a nation's war fleet; not only was it an epitome of our national greatness, power and ambition—there was more, infinitely more, in the significance of that passing show than the mere termination of a long, peaceful epoch marking voyage. It was history completed, history in the making—but it was also history begun. When the Connecticut crossed the bar of San Francisco harbor, leading that steel clad armada, the vision of the poet prophet was fulfilled. Westward to the verge of the ultimate continent the course of empire has taken its way; the four first acts of the centuries old tragedy of conquest and civilization were past; the fifth, amid the thunderous orchestral accompaniment of 12 inch rifled cannon, was prelude to the drama that shall close with the day to give the waiting nations "Time's noblest offspring."

HISTORY OF THE CENTURIES CONNECTS BALBOA AND EVANS

From Balboa, "silent upon a peak in Darien," to "Bob" Evans, erect upon the bridge of the Connecticut, is an interval of four centuries lacking but five years. We know the story of the great ocean as it has been written since "with eagle eyes" the old commander "stared at the Pacific"—and all his men looked at each other with a wild surmise; we know the story of Cabrillo and Drake and Sebastian Vizcaino and Bartolome Ferrello, the pilot mayor who weathered the cape now called Mendocino 366 years ago; we know the story from Cortez and Pizarro to Dewey and Evans—but we may only guess what that story shall be when the memory of Dewey and Evans is as the memory of Cortez and Pizarro. The portent is in what we saw yesterday and in what we are doing today; but not even the keenest visioned seer may predict what lies behind the curtain of the future. We are greeting the actors in the fifth act, but what they will be called upon to do in succeeding scenes of this great drama no man may say.

The watchers were early at their places on the hilltops and the housetops. Long before it was a weatherwise conclusion that the westerling wind would clear the fog from the harbor bar multitudes had massed on Telegraph and Russian hills and other multitudes were gathering on the heights overlooking the Presidio and the ocean beach—and the approaches to these vantage points were thronged with thousands hurrying to the outlook; the streets were crowded with vehicles loaded to their capacity and the pavements were a moving picture of all sorts and conditions, all moods and dispositions, all ages and castes. It was like moving day on April 18, 1906, and the trend of the pilgrimage was in the same direction; but not with the same purpose. On that day San Francisco

Continued on Page 2, Middle Columns 1, 2 and 3.

Eight Hundred Thousand Hearts Beat Fast With Patriotism

Thrilling Scene of Fleet Pageant Causes Cry, "Aren't You Glad You're an American?"

By Paul Sinsheimer

"Aren't you glad you're an American?" exclaimed a girl in blue, standing on the Presidio headland, as she swung her arms impulsively about the neck of her escort. She had felt the deep thrill of patriotism—the same thrill that made 800,000 hearts beat faster as the fleet cut the narrow strip of water between the hills. A sense of power, a feeling of new strength permeated the vast multitude. It did not find its outlet in wild huzzahs, but rather in calm reflection upon the grandeur of the scene and the significance of the occasion. It was more than an arrival; it was in truth a home coming.

No drama ever had more imposing setting. The vast arena, stretching for miles about the liquid stage, provided ample accommodation for nearly half the population of the state. There was room for all and countless millions more. It was an agreeable surprise to those who had figured with some anxiety upon a comfortable position from which to view the spectacle. The geographical possibilities of the bay region proved a revelation even to those who had studied the available sites. Thousands ranged themselves in groups upon the slopes, but viewed from a distance they appeared as little more than smudges upon the landscape.

CROWD GATHERS AT DAWN

The Presidio drew the largest crowd, some 200,000, while the beaches, hills, bluffs and islands afforded resting places for 600,000 more. The ocean beach, Sutro heights, the Presidio slopes and beaches, Pacific heights, Fort Mason, Russian hill and Telegraph hill were the gathering places on the eastern shore. Yerba Buena island, Alcatraz, the Alameda shore and the Contra Costa peaks were capped with humanity, while thousands more perched on the lofty bluffs of Sausalito and Fort Baker.

The crowds began to gather with the dawn. The ocean boulevard was lined with the tents and camps of those who had come the night before from nearby points to witness the event. The early cars were run through without stop to the shore line and by 10 o'clock a long fringe of human beings skirted the semicircle of the amphitheater. An hour later the eager thousands pressed to the vantage points in solid formation—an army of men, women and children—on foot, in carriages and automobiles, bedecked with flags and bunting. More practical and poetic was the well filled lunch box with which every party was equipped.

THRONGS AWAIT VESSELS

By 11:30 o'clock the great throng had ranged itself about the great basin to await the approach of the vessels. At Fort Mason General Funston

Continued on Page 5, Middle Col. 4.

Today's Program of Events

- Grand military and naval parade, 15,000 men in line. . . 9 a. m.
- Admirals and commanding officers of fleet pay official calls on Governor Gillett and Mayor Taylor at Fairmont hotel 12 m.
- Religious auxiliary committee entertains chaplains of Pacific and Atlantic fleets at luncheon at the Hotel Stewart 12:30 p. m.
- Band concert in Union square 2 to 5 p. m.
- Band concert in Washington square, Fillmore street and the Mission 8 to 11 p. m.
- Wrestling and athletic events at official naval pavilion, Market and Eighth streets 8 p. m.
- Governor's banquet to secretary of the navy and commanding officers of the fleet at Fairmont hotel 7 p. m.