

NAVAL PAGEANT A PATRIOTIC LESSON

Stately Procession of Uncle Sam's Fighting Ships Thrills Beholder.

MAKES BETTER AMERICANS

Arthur A. Greene Says Money Fleet Cost Is Well Spent if Ships Never Need Fire Shot in Warfare. Impressions of Spectacle.

BY ARTHUR A. GREENE.
 ASTORIA, Or., May 20.—(Special Correspondence.)—I'm a better American today than I was yesterday, thank God. This is something so certain that you may bet on the effect produced on those of us who saw the pageant of fighting ships off the Columbia River bar this afternoon. Even if that fleet never goes under the hostile guns of a foreign foe, it is worth all the fifty and more millions it cost in inspiration. When the stately little ship Connecticut went alongside the majestic Kearsarge, both standing well in toward Clatsop Beach, every man, jack of us who was able to hold up his head for sea-sickness would have welcomed the chance to punch the head of any one who didn't agree that Admiral Sperry had the finest armada of modern times, or, for that matter, that had ever gone down to the sea.

The thousands of Portlanders who stayed at home and the commercial bodies of our town which sukked in their tents because the ships did not venture up the river, are not at all creditable to those of us who are genuinely fond of our common country. The shame and the pity of it! That two cities of Portland and Astoria's size should turn out but a meager list of perhaps 200 passengers for the Alliance and the Roanoke. There were sundry people on the headlands to see the spectacle, but these two small ships carried a visible patriotism which met the greatest fleet that ever plowed the ocean. The man who cut off his nose to spite his face was a Socrates by comparison with those who sought to administer a rebuke to the Government by remaining away. It was at once a pathetic and amusing display of pettishness.

Patriotism Bubbles as Colors Dip.

However that may be, those who were on hand were greeted right royally by the men-of-war, and they saw probably the greatest marine spectacle it will ever fall to their lot to witness. The sight of those 16 battleships, each with a chip on its shoulder for a foe, but a dip of the colors for a moment, was something to make a fellow talk thick and breathe hard.

I believe every man and woman on the Alliance except those down and out with waves complaint, felt the electric thrill of inspiration up and down his spine when the column of ships filed by. The effect was an antidote for all the un-American rot a Lincoln Steffens may write or a blatant street-corner Socialist may shriek in the next decade. Those who saw the fleet, as we saw it today, are walking a bit straighter and stepping a bit livelier than before. It is worth something to be reminded of the significance of the Stars and Stripes.

The early morning excursion-train on the Astoria & Columbia River Railroad (eight coaches I think there were) was well-filled by one-tenth the number of Portlanders who should have gone down for the occasion. Most of these passengers went on to Seaside. A considerable number, however, boarded the excursion-steamers at Astoria and had the very finest possible view of the sea parade.

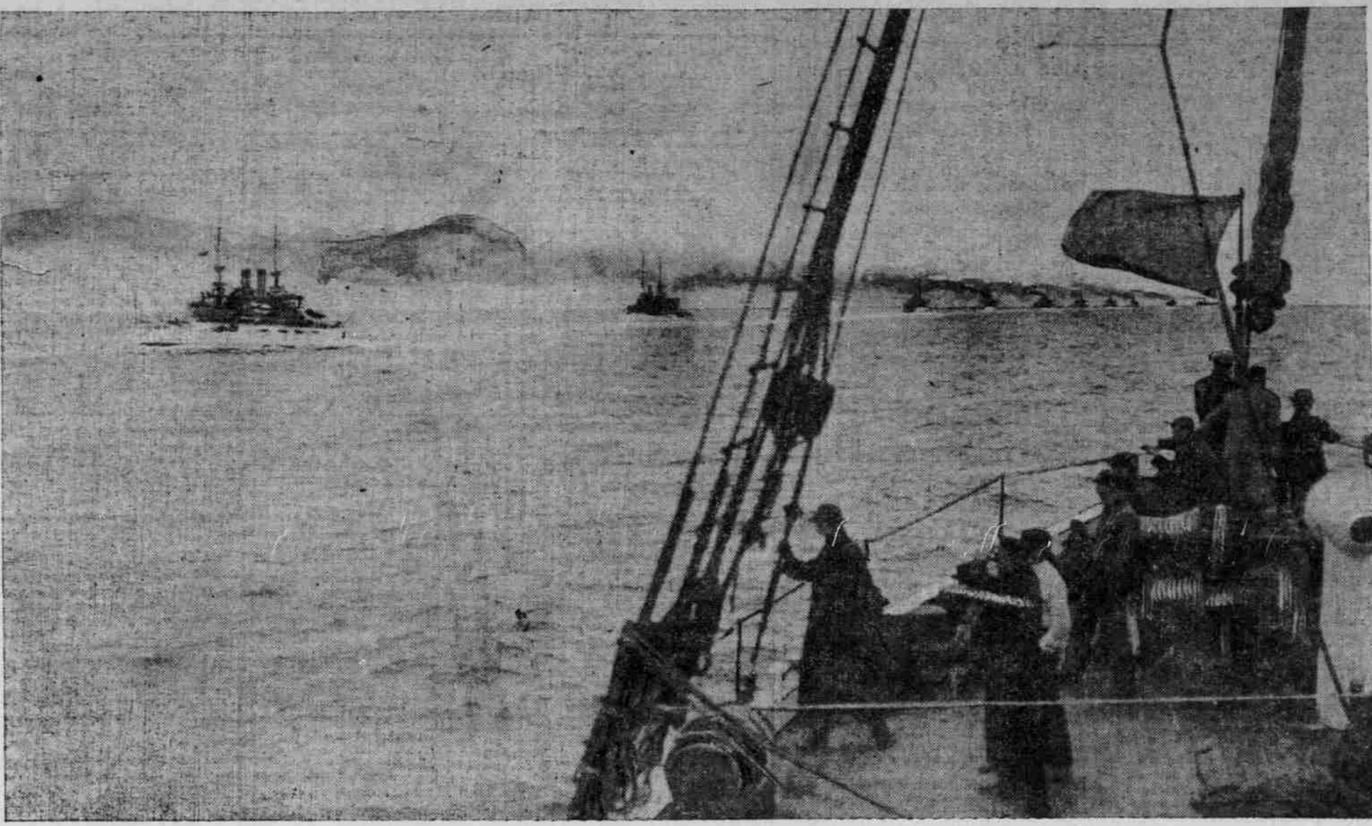
It was reasonably quiet on the bar, but as that the Alliance kicked up her heels like a sourette when she struck the long swell just where the Pacific gets a half-Nelson on the Columbia. A few patriots here threw up their hands and everything else detachable and retired to their staterooms, but others were left to strain their eyes and crane their necks to the seaward, whence the champions of the sea were to come.

First Glimpse of War Monsters.

When we were pitching the worst a man aloft called down that he made out seven ships moving abreast somewhere off in the southwest. "Bill! Souls, eminent naval authority, author of 'Cruisers I Have Licked,' and other nautical works, immediately went into the shrouds with his binoculars and confirmed the report. Before this, however, we had all discovered the smoke of many funnels blending with the clouds which hung over Tillamook Head.

Once well outside the bar we were able to distinguish first the upper works and soon the hulls of many ships, white below and yellow above, moving in a column, Indian-fashion. They filed in stately procession, but so close together that a strong thrower might toss a baseball from one to the other.

Here was the pagantry and the glory which have inspired poets and painters and warriors since the Roman triremes



OREGONIAN PHOTOGRAPH OF THE VANISHING FLEET, TAKEN FROM HURRICANE DECK OF EXCURSION BOAT, ALLIANCE.

First set out to conquer the Mediterranean.

The sea was rough enough to try small conclusions with the floating craft and the splendid Connecticut, holding high the blue badge of the Admiral's course, poked her nose into the swell and threw a great furrow of blue water on either side. Apparently all hands were mustered, for the decks and even the fighting tops were blue with men in their country's garb.

The flagship greeted us with a deep whistle, a baritone "hello." Then did the little Alliance strain her lungs. Captain Olson, son of the sons of the Vikings, was proud to do his bravest and put on his courtliest manner in the presence of these newest monarchs of the sea. The Connecticut dipped her colors and swept on imperiously, casting the whitecaps aside, continually pursuing her course, the pace-maker of the fleet.

Inspires New Awe for Native Land.

And following her came the Kansas, I'm from the state whose name she bears, and as this amazon queen of the seas, sister ship to the Connecticut, swept by all the nuptial jokes about grasshoppers and cyclones that have been current for a generation, were avenged. I felt like "hollering" as I over the place.

Next came the Minnesota, and in turn the Vermont, Georgia, Rhode Island and Kearsarge, recalling brave old days, marched grandly by, followed by the rest in order.

I have lived in the white tents of 20,000 fighting men, have marched with an army corps and have seen some ships of the line. Military and naval circumstance is no novelty to me, but, as all others who beheld it, I felt a strange, new awe and a high new reverence for my native land. I know that now, after watching the parade of those 16 great gladiators, I'm a better citizen. When the band plays "The Star-Spangled Banner" I shall feel a better thrill and shall doff my hat in more sincere homage than ever before.

So went the passing of the ships, and when the Relief, hospital ship, a converted Fall River liner, brought up the rear, all of us felt that we had been given an object-lesson in Americanism.

Almost before we were aware, the fleet had changed its formation, and off to the north, having crossed our bows, we saw again the company of great ships, guiding always on the Connecticut, in a head-on charge like a military company-front deploy going gunwales-deep through the heavy rollers on its way to the Sound. Carl Kelly suggested the simile, and it describes the picture. He called it a poster effect. Sixteen mighty floating fortresses sailing on and on, all abreast, the smoke from many funnels rising in as many spirals to seek the sky, melting at last into a vanishing streamer of black athwart the sky. It was like a poster which an impressionistic artist might have made of fire-breathing giants going out to war, the smoke of their nostrils smooting black the firmament.

To those of us who are loyal and

proud of our land, the sight of them was an inspiration and a source of the joy of sheer strength—big brothers to see that no harm befalls us. To unfriendly eyes as they steamed away from us they might easily have been destroying demons or gods aroused to wrath.

And so I think those of us who saw the fleet will longest remember the time and the significance of it—as the realization of a dream and the justification of a boast—we will remember it as the most wonderful impressionistic poster we have ever seen. And so our fleet passed on.

SHIPS ENTERING PUGET SOUND

Atlantic Fleet Expected to Round Cape Flattery Last Night.

SEATTLE, May 20.—The Atlantic battleship fleet is off Cape Flattery tonight and at 3 o'clock tomorrow morning it will round the extreme Northwestern point of the United States mainland and enter the Strait of Juan de Fuca, proceeding to a peaceful conquest of the cities on the forest-lined shores of Puget Sound.

When Port Angeles is passed at 9 A. M., the Louisiana, Virginia, Missouri and Ohio will turn out of the line and drop anchor in that harbor. Opposite Port Townsend the Illinois, Kearsarge, Wisconsin, Nebraska and Kentucky will turn to the right. The two former will anchor at Port Townsend, while the two latter will go on to the Navy-Yard at Bremerton. The remaining vessels of the fleet, led by the Connecticut, will continue on through Deception Pass to the City of Bellinham.

On the morning of May 23 all the vessels will raise their anchors and assemble at Port Townsend and steam to Seattle for a visit of several days before proceeding to Tacoma.

SHIPS PASS IN THE NIGHT

Coos Bay Gets Glimpse of Lights Which May Have Been Fleet.

MARSHFIELD, Or., May 20.—(Special.)—Coos Bay people were disappointed in not seeing the fleet as it passed here. There was uncertainty as to when the fleet would pass, and it was not known until last evening that it was expected to pass during the night. About 200 people, however, gathered on the beach and built bonfires and made a general picnic of the occasion. About 10 o'clock someone saw lights which were thought to be the ships.

It had been promised that the fleet would stop off Coos Bay in the daytime, and the people were disappointed. The extensive plans which had been made for a welcome were abandoned.

ASTORIA GETS VIEW OF FLEET

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tugs from Astoria, crossed the bar out to sea about 10 o'clock. Thirty gasoline launches and small steamers from Astoria took thousands of passengers across the river to Fort Canby. About 150 fishing boats sailed across the river. As these spectators swarmed up on North Head, Cape Disappointment and other points of vantage near the river's mouth, where the passing fleet was in plain view.

Fifteen Thousand See the Ships.

Trains to Seaside were crowded and many left Astoria for south beach points in carriages and automobiles. Hundreds of people climbed to the summit of Tillamook Head, where an old Indian trail has been cut out and made passable during the past week by residents of Seaside. Thousands of people viewed the passing fleet from the Seaside beach. There was an endless parade on the board walk along the ocean-front. Fifteen thousand people saw the spectacle from the various points at the mouth of the river and the excursion steamers. The people came from all parts of Oregon and many from the inland Empire.

Despite the enormous crowds, not a serious accident happened and no one was hurt. What came near being a mishap was the breaking of the machinery of the little launch Tourist, while on its way to Fort Canby from Astoria. The hapless craft drifted into the breakers at the mouth of the river, but was rescued by the Cape Disappointment life-saving crew, which went after the dis-

FLEET'S COMMANDING OFFICERS

Following is a list of the flag and commanding officers with the fleet which passed the Columbia River yesterday:

- Rear-Admiral C. S. Sperry, United States Navy, commander-in-chief, United States Atlantic fleet.
- Rear-Admiral W. H. Emory, United States Navy, commanding second division United States Atlantic fleet.
- Captain S. Schroeder, United States Navy, commanding fourth division United States Atlantic fleet.
- Captain R. Walwright, United States Navy, commanding second division United States Atlantic fleet.
- Captain H. Osterhaus, United States Navy, commanding U. S. S. Connecticut.
- Captain C. E. Vreeland, United States Navy, commanding U. S. S. Kansas.
- Captain W. P. Potter, United States Navy, commanding U. S. S. Vermont.
- Captain J. Hubbard, United States Navy, commanding U. S. S. Minnesota.
- Captain H. McCrea, United States Navy, commanding U. S. S. Georgia.
- Captain R. F. Nicholson, United States Navy, commanding U. S. S. Nebraska.
- Captain W. H. H. Southerland, United States Navy, commanding U. S. S. E. P. Newberry.
- Captain J. B. Murdock, United States Navy, commanding U. S. S. Rhode Island.
- Captain K. Niles, United States Navy, commanding U. S. S. Louisiana.
- Captain A. Sharp, United States Navy, commanding U. S. S. Virginia.
- Captain C. W. Barrett, United States Navy, commanding U. S. S. Ohio.
- Captain G. A. Merriam, United States Navy, commanding U. S. S. Missouri.
- Captain H. Morrell, United States Navy, commanding U. S. S. Wisconsin.
- Captain J. M. Bowyer, United States Navy, commanding U. S. S. Illinois.
- Captain H. Hutchins, United States Navy, commanding U. S. S. Kearsarge.
- Captain W. C. Cowles, United States Navy, commanding U. S. S. Kentucky.

abled launch and towed it to shore with the lifeboat.

Two Hours with the Fleet.

The excursion-boats kept close to the battleships for two hours, being within speaking distance of the vanguard for almost the entire time. While there was a slight sea running, the water was not rough enough to mar the occasion and few on the excursion-steamers experienced any inconvenience.

While the war vessels did not stop, wireless communication was maintained during the entire time and many messages of felicitation were exchanged. Mayor Wise of Astoria was on board the Roanoke, and shortly after crossing the bar, he received the following message from Rear Admiral Sperry:

Message From Admiral Sperry.

Mayor Wise: Will pass light vessel at 12:30. SPERRY. Mayor Wise then invited the Admiral and his staff to come on board the Roanoke to exchange greetings, and asked if it would be practicable. Admiral Sperry wired in reply: Many thanks for the invitation, but it is quite impossible to visit the Roanoke today. Later in the day, as the excursion boats were about to drop out of line, Mayor Wise sent Admiral Sperry a message as follows: This is a glorious spectacle. God bless the United States Navy. Good bye. To this Admiral Sperry replied: Many thanks for your kind message, which is highly appreciated.

TOO FAR OFF TO COUNT THEM

Newport Can't Decide Just How Many Ships Went By.

NEWPORT, Or., May 20.—(Special.)—A flag of smoke on the horizon just at dawn marked the coming of the big fleet into view off Yaquina Bay this morning. For three miles up and down the bluffs, thousands of people watched the flag slowly unfurl and lengthen, until the naked eye could distinguish three vessels creeping up the coast, followed at intervals by either 12 or 13 more. There is great variance of opinion today as to how many ships there were, some people counting 15 and some 16.

This shows how small a glimpse Yaquina Bay got of the fleet that was so confidently expected to stay part of a day close to the shore and give the citizens of the Upper Willamette Valley their only sight of the famous fleet. All day Monday and yesterday people from all Lincoln County came in throngs to Newport. Yesterday 200 people came down from Albany, Corvallis and intermediate points in hopes of catching at least a glimpse of the warships. The glimpse was all they got, but that seemed to satisfy them.

The morning was cool and cloudy, yet clear enough to see the 16 miles that separated the squadron from the shore. Most of the watchers stayed on the bluffs all night or danced away the hours at the ball given by the Commercial Club in

honor of the occasion. Every few minutes word was sent to the lifesavers' lookout to see whether any ships had been sighted. When word was finally received it was just dawn.

There was great disappointment here over the outcome of the efforts to get the fleet to come to anchor. This disappointment was intensified when it was found at the last moment that most important message sent by the Commercial Club had not been delivered, owing to an error. When the error was finally discovered, it was too late. However, the people of Lincoln County generally feel that they have been repaid for their efforts in getting the fleet to stop by the advertising the whole community has received and the harmony evinced in the united efforts.

SPLENDID NAVAL SPECTACLE

Parade of Fleet Off Oregon Coast Proves a Grand Success.

ON BOARD STEAMSHIP ALLIANCE, the warships. The vessels sailed from Astoria at 10:15 A. M. The steamer Sun H. Elmore, bound for Tillamook, was the first vessel leaving the Columbia River to salute the advance craft of the battleship fleet. The Elmore blew three whistles and dipped her colors to the flagship. The salute was promptly answered. Then followed the Roanoke and Alliance, which crossed the bar and proceeded as far south as Clatsop Beach, where the Connecticut was passed. The excursion steamers passed within hailing distance of each battleship. Patriotic spectators were aroused to the highest pitch, and as each ship of the line dipped her colors, first to the Roanoke, then to the Alliance, she was greeted with a cheer.

MAKES THEM ALL AMERICANS

Sight of Old Glory Stirs Patriotism in Cosmopolitan Throng.

SEASIDE, Or., May 20.—(Special.)—This was field day for Seaside. Special trains last night and this forenoon brought in hosts of enthusiastic citizens to see the fleet pass up the coast. In the early morning hours the trail to Tillamook Head was full to overflowing with men, women and children. The Head and the whole face of the cliff was packed with people. They were of all nationalities—Japanese, Chinese, Lapps, Scandinavians and Finns. All were bubbling over with patriotism, all were Americans. There was not one single foreigner in the crowd.

When the battleships came into view, a mighty shout went up from a thousand throats. Every heart in the vast crowd, throbbing in unison.

The boulevard on the Beach was also filled with an excited throng that cheered the fleet to the echo. Old men and women vied with each other in their patriotic shouts, and gray-haired veterans shed tears at the sight of Old Glory as she waved in the breeze.

Excursion Steamers Sight Fleet.

The fleet was first made out about 20 miles to the southwest of the Columbia River at 11 o'clock by the lookouts on the Roanoke and Alliance. They were steaming north in single column, and making eight knots. The schedule of the fleet was for it to arrive off the river at noon Wednesday, and the vessels under Rear-Admiral Sperry made the time of a railroad train.

The excursion steamers Roanoke and Alliance carried 600 Portlanders and Astoria people out over the bar to see

Why Is It So?

Why do the Columbia Tailors make more clothes than all the others?

Why do more men wear Columbia Tailored clothes?

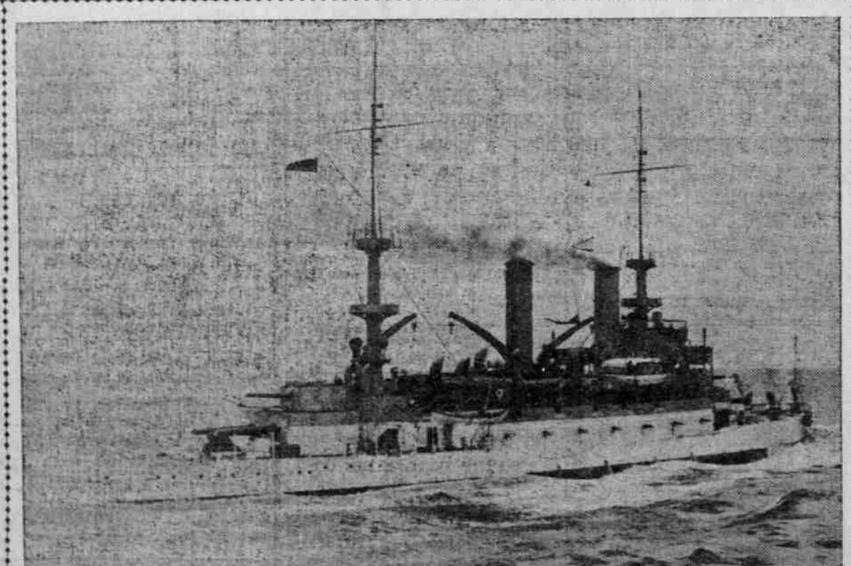
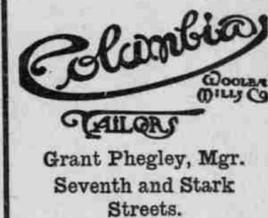
Why are Columbia Tailored men better satisfied?

Why do Columbia Tailored men appear better dressed?

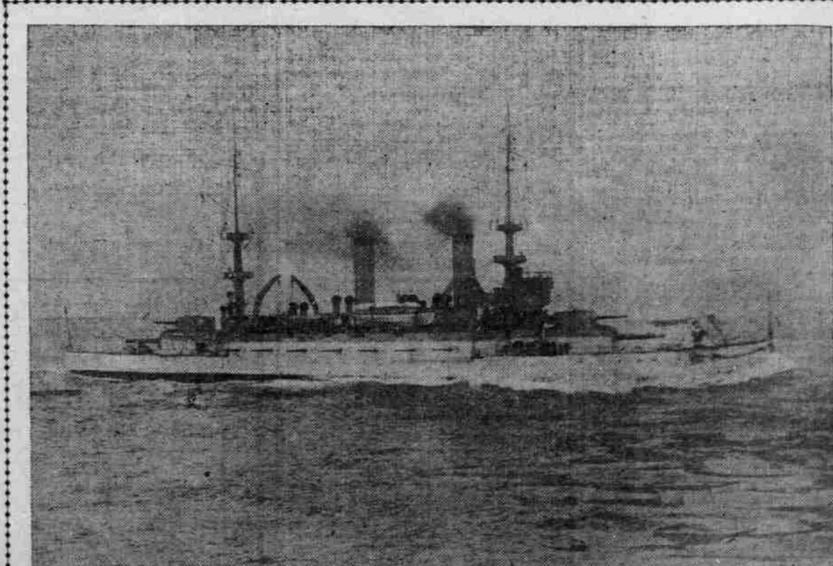
Why do Columbia Tailored men wear the latest in material, cut and pattern?

Why is it easy to pick out a Columbia dressed man in a crowd?

Simply because Columbia Tailors are more advanced than the others in stock, skill in measuring, cutting, fitting, and alive with a desire to satisfy every customer. That's all.



FIRST-CLASS BATTLESHIP CONNECTICUT, ADMIRAL SPERRY'S FLAGSHIP, AS AN OREGONIAN PHOTOGRAPHER CAUGHT HER OFF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.



THE KEARSARGE AS SHE APPEARED IN LINE, TAKEN BY AN OREGONIAN PHOTOGRAPHER.