

# THESE REALLY "REMEMBERED" THE MAINE

## Valiant Band of Men Who Fought to Have Battleship Raised, and Finally Won From the Government

It was on February 15, 1898, that the battleship Maine was blown up in Havana harbor, with a loss of 261 lives. Today, the United States Government, having been authorized by Congress to act, is engaged in devising plans for raising the bones of the ill-fated battleship and of the 63 sailors whose bodies were never recovered from their ship. Today, after a lapse of more than 12 1/2 years, this is being done because, in all that time, and despite obstacles after obstacles, discouragement piled on discouragement, most slight heaped on slight, a valiant band of Americans has never ceased to "remember the Maine." Due solely to their undaunted efforts, a Government that seemed content to forget the Maine as far as to let it rot forever in a foreign harbor, was at last aroused to action; and before long, it is hoped, the remnants of the ship that was once the pride of the American Navy will have been taken from the mire of Havana harbor and the bones of the 63 sailors imprisoned therein will have received a sepulchre in American soil befitting that of the heroes they were.

It is not a long list, this of the names of the men and women who have labored incessantly in season and out of season for the raising of the Maine, and placed at the head of the list should be the name of William Sulzer, Tammany Congressman from New York. No one of the little group—not even Admiral Sigbee, who, when a Captain, was in command of the Maine on the night of her destruction—has been more persistent in his efforts to bring about the resurrection of the battleship. He formulated a bill after that to this end, and when the matter was delayed by more pressing legislation he made the very halls of Congress resound with his insistent "Why?"

Mr. Sulzer became an enthusiast on the subject of raising the Maine shortly after the Spanish war was decided in our favor. For several years he made it his special object in life to bring the business to a satisfactory issue. With that end in view he traveled constantly from one governmental department to the other in his endeavor to discover what was the real cause of the delay. At the height of this activity one of Mr. Sulzer's intimate friends advised that, should he wish to raise the Maine until not only were his shoes full of holes, but the pavement between the departments was in a like condition, it would be better to let the Tammany representative in behalf of the Maine.

Figuratively speaking, Mr. Sulzer left no stone unturned, except, possibly, those he had already worn into holes. He hammered away at Congress, beset the White House, enlisted Spanish war veterans, governors, mayors, society women and what not, and got them to petition Congress, kept on introducing bills, and right up to the last moment he did not let the House forget that it had a duty to perform away off in Havana Harbor.

Mr. Sulzer's interest in things maritime has not been limited to the wreck of the Maine. From the moment of his entrance into the lower House of Congress he has been a tireless advocate of the expansion of the American Navy, and he has devoted himself to the exploitation of the proposition to add to it two new battleships yearly. He is also the originator of the plan now operative of building a fleet of 15,000-ton colliers for the navy, that its fuel may be carried in American-owned and built bottoms. He had a stiff fight to put this idea through Congress, and he looks upon it as a notable victory in behalf of a bigger and better navy.

Mr. Loud's interest in maritime affairs is not the passing fad of a man of wealth; in his case it amounts to a passion. It was not close at hand, as in the case of Senator Hale, maritime expert of the Upper House, but when it finally made its appearance it soon dominated all other influences. The story of its development is full of human interest.

Mr. Loud's father was a pioneer lumberman of the Wolverine State and his boys and youth were passed in the woods. He and his husky brothers were bred in the primeval forests of the upper peninsula. They were nourished on the rough fare of the lumber camps and slept on spruce boughs. Bears, wolves, deer and abundant smaller game were close at hand, and the boys and their fill of the joy of outdoor living and became adepts in woodcraft.

As time passed the family prospered. The boys were sent within the bounds of civilization to have some of the rough corners rounded and polished. George went to the Ann Arbor high school, and after graduation from the secondary institution he returned to the woods and resumed his career as lumberman, with no much energy as consequent success that he soon became a rich man. Then, with leisure and abundant means, he indulged in globe trotting to the rough fare of the lumber camps while he was so occupied that Mr. Loud was offered an opportunity which appealed to him so forcibly that he accepted without a reservation. It was an invitation from an old friend, Captain D. B. Hodgeson, of the United States revenue service, to make a voyage with him on the McCulloch, a schooner fitted up with an armament of light guns and designed to prevent seal poaching. Since a civilian is not permitted on board a Government vessel, Mr. Loud enlisted as paymaster.

Before sailing, the objective point of the McCulloch was understood to be Sitka, Alaska, but instead the little vessel steamed slowly across the Atlantic to Gibraltar, on to Malta and through the Suez Canal, and when she reached Colombo, Ceylon, advice from Washington awaited her commander to the effect that trouble was brewing with Spain and that the vessel was to join Dewey at Hongkong. Mr. Loud was advised to go ashore at Colombo, but he begged Captain Hodgeson to let him proceed with the ship, and after some demurring the captain consented.



REPRESENTATIVE WILLIAM SULZER.

his Maine-raising bills passed by Congress. Representative George A. Loud, of Michigan, who is as ardent a Republican as Mr. Sulzer is a Tammany Democrat, is the legislator who framed the bill passed at the last session of Congress appropriating money for the resurrection of the battleship. Like his colleague from New York, Mr. Loud, who represents the Tenth Michigan district, has been an enthusiast of years standing on the subject of raising the Maine, and whenever he saw an opportunity to be carried in American-made bottoms he did not let the House forget that it had a duty to perform away off in Havana Harbor.

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So it happened that, with the exception of a couple of newspaper correspondents who landed to be on the scene, George A. Loud was the only American to Gibraltar, who actually took part in the battle of Manila Bay. The role played by the McCulloch in that memorable affair was of considerable importance. During the fight Mr. Loud had charge of the after powder magazine and when the engagement was over he went with the McCulloch with dispatches to Hongkong telling of the destruction of the Spanish fleet and the effect that trouble was brewing with Spain and that the vessel was to join Dewey at Hongkong. Mr. Loud was advised to go ashore at Colombo, but he begged Captain Hodgeson to let him proceed with the ship, and after some demurring the captain consented.

When he made his first entry into Congress he was already familiar with the sea "and all that in them is." He was a modest young fellow in those days, but during his 10 years' service in the lower House his fame as a maritime expert became so pronounced that President Hayes tried to induce him to accept the naval portfolio. Mr. Hale declined the honor, but continued to have an active participation in naval matters as a member of the committee on naval affairs. So intimate and far-reaching was his understanding of the naval situation at that time that nothing of importance was ever done by the department without his consultation.

In 1881 he took up his quarters in the Senate chamber, where he has remained to this day, in length of service the oldest tenant of that august establishment. For 29 years Senator Hale's opinions on ships and the medium in which they float have been accepted as final; no one has the temerity to question his knowledge, although his policy has been subject to the most violent criticism. So there is singular appropriateness in the leadership of Senator Hale in this business of raising the Maine.

Mr. Hale's fondness for things maritime is emphasized by his fondness for swimming. At one time, when he was several years younger, he was regarded as among the best amateur swimmers in the country, and today, though his years are more than three-score and he delights in a twice-a-day dip in the water in Summer. Dip, however, is a misleading word, since the Senator is a long-distance swimmer, and the lake near his beautiful Summer home in Maine has been traversed frequently by him. Mr. Hale's first swim is usually taken during an early morning hour, and the second late in the day. Those of his friends who are fortunate enough to be his Summer guests are in the habit of accusing him of spending a large part of his Summers in the water.

Senator Hale's Washington mansion is one of the finest in that city occupied by a Government official, elective or appointive. It contains 35 rooms, 22 of them are living or sleeping rooms, and each one has its open hearth. In the grand reception hall of golden oak is a magnificent Italian fireplace, with curved settees on either side, and above the fireplace is a balcony. The art works that the mansion holds are among the finest in Washington, and the Senator's "workshop," as he calls it, is one of the most luxurious private mansion offices to be found in America, or Europe, for that matter.

Among the Americans not of Congress who have been exceedingly active in the raise-the-Maine movement, none has been a more earnest and consistent worker than Rear-Admiral Charles D. Sigbee, whose name is destined to go down to posterity as the commander of the Maine on the night she met her doom. Of all those who have been waiting so patiently, but hopefully, it is likely that there is a more vigilant watcher than this veteran survivor of that sickening holocaust.



REAR-ADMIRAL CHARLES D. SIGBEE.

There is still another reason why Senator Hale's intimate connection with the business of raising the Maine seems most appropriate—for many years he has been the acknowledged authority on naval matters in the United States Senate, and this acknowledgment has been made by both his admirers and his enemies. "Putting it mildly," said a naval official to the writer, "Eugene Hale knows more about ships and about the water than any other civilian living. From his youth he seems to have made a study of such things, and I have never been able to find him at fault in the business. What he doesn't know about the water and its following cannot be learned from books or in any other way that I know of."

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In the man who will have charge for the Government of the task of raising the Maine—William H. Bixby, the recent successor of General William Marshall as chief of the engineers of the United States Army, after 30 years of service, during which time he has put a long list of successful river and harbor improvements to his credit.

Almost 30 years ago General Bixby was sent by the Government to attend the French war maneuvers and to inspect and report on the French fortifications then in use in Europe. His report on his return to America was one of the most exhaustive and illuminating papers ever turned in to the War Department, and was a report that gave its author instant recognition as one of the most capable engineers in the corps, and his services have been in constant requisition ever since. When the inland waterway development scheme now agitating the Mississippi Valley became so prominent, it was General Bixby who was largely responsible for the fact that he was made president of the Mississippi River commission. One of his most interesting details resulted when he was ordered to make a special inspection of the damage wrought by the Charleston earthquake.

Personally the new chief engineer is thoroughly companionable. Despite his devotion to Uncle Sam's interests he is always ready to answer a question or listen to a joke. Asked recently to give his opinion as to the value of a vacation, General Bixby declared that for him any period of recreation absolutely free from work would be an actual hardship.

"That's right, Bixby," put in a fellow-engineer who did not agree with him on this point. "I've noticed that you always combine business with pleasure. When you're fishing, for instance, you put in your time while waiting for a bite in selecting a location for another light-house."

"Oh, I hope it isn't as bad as that," laughed the general.

"It is, though," insisted the officer, and then he proceeded to "make good" by telling how on a certain fishing trip the general and he had been fishing for an hour with a patience that would have delighted Sir Isaac Walton, but without encouragement, when the broke a fish, the general by inquiring in a cautious whisper:

"Had a bite yet?"

"No," returned the general thoughtfully, "but that's the one yonder is a bully place for a light-house."

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### TOUCHING SECOND

Continued From Page 3.

break" came, the Cubs began a slashing batting assault upon Crandall and before McGraw could make a move Chicago so had two runs and a man on bases. Tenney, Bridwell and Devlin were striving desperately to steady Crandall, who was getting worse and worse, and McGraw sent in C. Q. D. for Mathewson to save the day.

Delaying, arguing, using every trick and device, McGraw played for time. Reports came that McGraw had ordered "Bobby" already had his shirt on. Two substitutes were acting as his valets, and he was dressing rapidly as possible, when the cruel umpire ordered McGraw to play to win. McGraw, however, had already sent in to pitch. He used up as much time as possible, but finally was compelled to pitch one ball. Slagle rammed a safe ball into the hands of the catcher, and McGraw's bat was broken. McGraw had wasted 11 minutes and the umpire was getting peevish. Mathewson's arm was "cold" and to attempt to use either curve or spit ball was to invite disaster. McGraw dropped three slow, twisting fadeaways near the plate, two of them fading until they hit the glove and McGraw's bat was broken. McGraw, struck out, and the Giants were saved.

Pitchers of the Mathewson stripe hold the key to the situation in the deciding moment of games, and upon their coolness depends the success of the efforts to resist "the break" influence.

Clark Griffith, now manager of Cincinnati, than whom no brainer pitcher ever lived, was past-master of handling batters in the psychological moments. Once in Washington, with the Senators needing a run to tie—and with men on second and third, Al Seibach came to bat. Griffith's best line was taunting and nagging at batters, delaying and stalling to the very last moment. "You big stiff, you couldn't hit this one with a board," and then he pitched wide and high, and he kept up that kind of work until two strikes and three balls were called and Seibach was wild with anxiety to hit, and rising onto his toes with eagerness. Then Griffith, smiling and exasperating, said to Seibach, "You can't hit, and he deliberately tossed the ball underhand toward the plate, so slowly that Seibach, in his eagerness to hit, overbalanced, fell to his hands and knees before the ball reached the plate and was called out on strikes.

Griffith's greatest feat, though, was in a game between Portland and Seattle in the old Northwest League, when he and the afterwards famous "Dad" Clarke were opposing each other in the final game of the season. The game went 14 innings, with neither side able to score, and in the first of the fourteenth, before a man was out, a hit and two errors filled the bases with Portland leading 2-1. Clarke was running around, taunting Griffith, who walked out of the box, went over to "Dad" and said, "I'll bet you \$10 I strike out the next three men." He did and Clarke was so angry he refused to pay the bet until years afterwards when both were in the National League.

There is one more interesting incident that stands out in the memory of one by which Jimmy Slagle staved off disaster to the Chicago team in a 23-inning battle between Chicago and Philadelphia, which Reulbach finally won two to one. In the 23rd inning of that struggle, with a runner on first base, Sherwood Magee drove a hard line hit to left center. Slagle had just shoved his hand into his hip pocket to get a cigar, and when he saw the ball was hit, and as he started in pursuit of it he discovered to his horror that his right hand was caught in the pocket and refused to come out. A quick jerk failed to release the hand, and Slagle, racing on, leaped, stuck up his left hand, and caught the ball, saving the Cubs. Then he pulled out his tobacco, lit off a piece, and grinned as the crowd applauded.

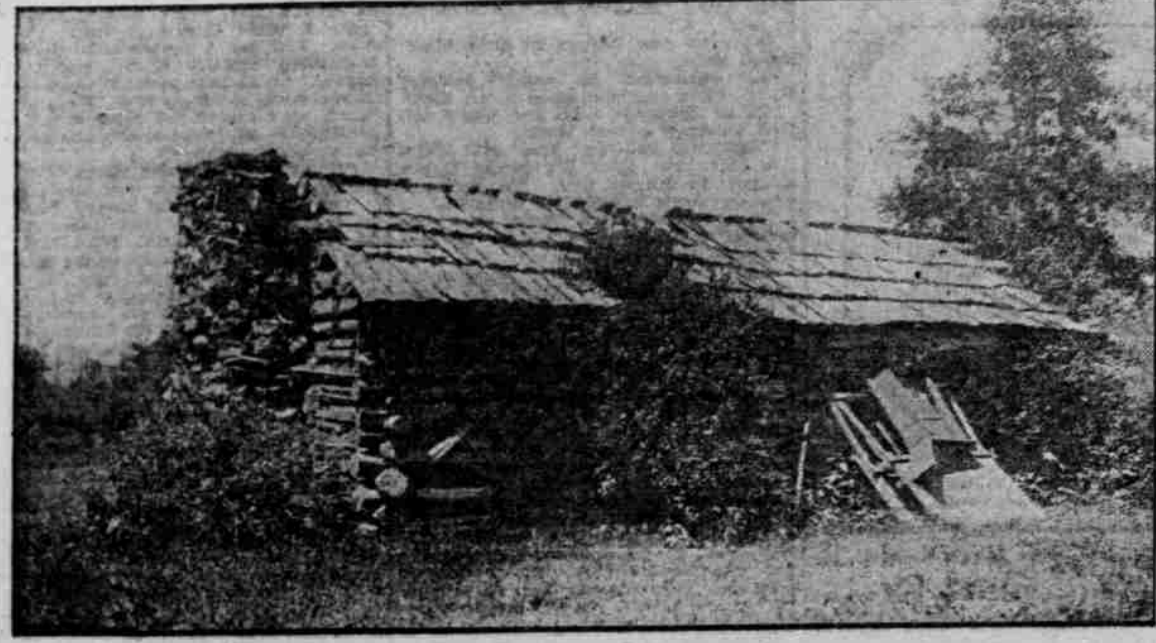
Wireless March in Australasia.

Baltimore American.

The governments of Australia and New Zealand have decided to establish a system of wireless telegraphy which will be under their control and which will embrace various groups of British islands, including Ocean, of the Gilbert group, where the Pacific Phosphate Company of London, owns immense deposits of high-grade phosphate.

Today the hopes of this valiant little band of men and women are centered

### CABIN BIRTHPLACE OF WALLOWA COUNTY'S CLERK AMONG FIRST BUILT IN THE VALLEY



ONCE HOME OF W. C. BOATMAN.

This cabin was built by S. K. Francis and M. K. Boatman, the latter the nephew of the former and the father of Wallowa County's present clerk. The cabin, when erected, was among the first to be built in the lower valley, known as the Lostine Valley today. It still stands, near the present site of the O. R. & N. Station at Lostine. In this cabin W. C. Boatman, the present County Clerk at Enterprise, was born in October of 1831, the year of its building. It is the intention of the family to preserve the cabin intact as a historic monument. It stands on the family estate and is guarded from destruction by the heirs of the estate.