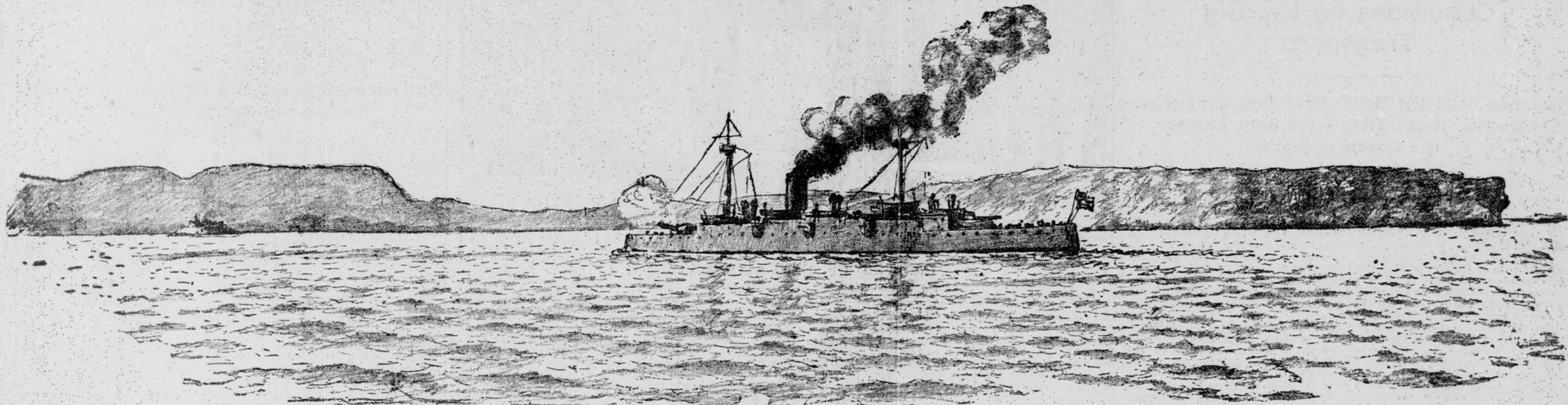


## STARS AND STRIPES UNFURLED WHERE FLOATED THE FLAG OF SPAIN



THE CHARLESTON FIRING ON FORT SANTA CRUZ IN THE HARBOR OF SAN LUIS DE APRÁ.

From a Photograph Taken for The Call by a Naval Officer.

### MOST UNIQUE OF EXPEDITIONS EVER UNDERTAKEN

#### No Parallel Found in All the War Records of History Past or Present.

BY SOL N. SHERIDAN.

ON BOARD UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP CHARLESTON, off the island of Luzon, Philippines, June 29.—The long trip across the Pacific is almost finished, and before the American army of invasion lies the land they have come so far to conquer, in which some of them, it may well chance, have come so far to lay their bones.

The California boys know now that going to war is not going to a summer encampment. It has been a cruise in summer seas, this cruise of the Charleston and her consorts. Perhaps the summer and the seas have been too tropical for the perfect comfort of men bred in lands even so little frigid as the Pacific Coast of North America.

These are the smaller discomforts. The greater are suffered by the soldier boys on the transports who, despite the utmost care of their officers and of the ships' officers, find themselves improperly clad for cruising in the tropics, and consequently, as we get glimpses of them now and again from the Charleston's deck, in large measure go clad not at all; and improperly fed by reason of the prodigality of the Government in supplies of a quality calculated to enrich the blood in cold climates and to make men ill in tropic lands. Salt pork and beans make a good basis for men to fight upon in northern countries. Men in the tropics do not feed so highly.

This has been, altogether, a most remarkable expedition. Never before in the world's history has an army been sent over 8000 miles of sea to invade the territory of a foe. One-third of the distance around the world we sailed.

Genghis Khan marched his fierce warriors for thousands of miles across the wilds of Central Asia; Alexander thought he had reached the end of the world when his Greeks halted beside the banks of the Ganges; Hannibal was credited with breaking all records when he crossed the Alps and went down upon the plains of Italy to find Capua; in more modern days our British cousins have conquered and held an empire in India. It has remained for the youngest and strongest of the powers to reach out across the broad Pacific to strike at one of the oldest and the most decrepit. It is an expedition which will go down into history as unique. Even the humblest individual making up its components will achieve, by that participation, immortality.

So much the soldier boys from California and Oregon realize of the main purpose of their long trip. They have, en passant, made history by the way.

They have seen since leaving Honolulu an American warship steam boldly into a Spanish port, whose dangers were an unknown quantity, throwing out her gaze of defiance ahead of her in the booming of her guns. They have seen the Spanish Governor and the Spanish garrison of the island of Guam surrender to an American show of force. They have seen Captain Glass of the Charleston take his place in history also by running up the stars and stripes on the Spanish fort of Santa Cruz, saluting it with twenty-one guns. Finally, they have seen the Spanish Governor of Guam and his garrison carried away as prisoners of war, and the fine harbor of San Luis de Apra left for the American Government to establish a coaling station upon if it should be concluded, in the wisdom of the powers that be, that the time has come for the great republic to throw aside the outgrown swaddling clothes and take its place as a power among the nations of the world.

### CRUISER CHARLESTON FIRES HER MAIDEN HOSTILE SHELLS

#### Governor of the Ladrone Islands Forced to Surrender and Munitions of War Captured at Guam.

BY SOL N. SHERIDAN.

ON BOARD THE U. S. S. CHARLESTON, HARBOR OF SAN LUIS DE APRÁ, Island of Guam, June 22.—Events followed each other in quick sequence once the Charleston had headed up for the channel through the coral reef which makes San Luis de Apra the best harbor for all purposes in the Middle Pacific.

The Charleston steamed in up the harbor, until, 3000 yards ahead, loomed the walls of the old fort of Santa Cruz, built in 1808. It was impossible to tell from the ship whether the place had guns or garrison, although some people, evidently native Chimorros, could be seen on a point, off the starboard bow, jutting out in front of the town of Sumala. It was behind this point the chart located the fort of San Luis, though no trace of it remains now.

Thirteen shells from her forward 3-pounders the Charleston sent shrieking across the calm water, shortening the range with each shot, but getting no return. Fort Santa Cruz, as afterward appeared, must have been deserted by its garrison and its armament removed at least ten years before.

The Charleston ceased firing and Ensign Evans, with a boat's crew, which had been ordered to visit the Japanese vessel to make sure of its identity, had just started from the ship when two boats were seen coming off through the reefs at the northern side of the bay, the foremost carrying the Spanish flag and evidently containing several officials. It was 9:30 when the Charleston opened fire on the fort. It was 10:30 when the Spanish officials came on board, ignorant of the fact that war was waging between Spain and the United States and profuse in their apologies that, their saluting battery being at Agaña, they had been unable to return the Charleston's salute.

The visitors were the captain of the port, Lieutenant Commander Jose Garcia y Gutierrez of the Spanish navy, and Dr. Jose Romero of the Spanish navy, port surgeon. They were taken below

to the captain's cabin, promptly told that they were prisoners of war and ordered to convey to the Governor of the Ladrone Islands, Don Juan Marina, a demand from Captain Glass on behalf of the United States Government that he should come on board. The gentlemen returned to shore considerably more crestfallen than they had come, promising, however, that the Governor, who was at his country house nine miles away, would be on hand to meet the captain.

The Governor's secretary, Captain Duarte, and the Governor's interpreter came back to the Charleston in the afternoon with a letter from the Governor. This epistle forms a part of the official correspondence, but it was clear from what took place later that its language was not at all satisfactory. The Spaniard was playing for delay. Captain Glass was in a hurry to proceed to Manila. He was not, therefore, in a humor to accede to a request that he come on shore to negotiate, Don Juan Marina's envoy having represented that the Spanish law would not permit that official to come on board a foreign man-of-war. The captain of the port, under parole, went back to the landing at Piti through the coral reefs protecting the low island of Apapa, and the interpreter was instructed to return to the Charleston early on Tuesday morning, June 22.

Early on Tuesday morning, in a small boat, Lieutenant Braunerreuther, Ensign Evans, the Spanish interpreter, myself and half a dozen stalwart Jackies, all well armed, pulled away from the ship for the landing at Piti. Mr. Braunerreuther bore a letter from Captain Glass to Governor Marina, demanding the surrender of the Ladrone Islands without condition. He had been instructed to allow not more than thirty minutes for the consideration of the demand.

In the meantime, out on the fleet there was the greatest possible activity. Captain Glass had not sent his navigator ashore without support, and we saw later how completely we would have been avenged had Don Juan Marina played us false at Piti. Even before we left the ship all preparations had been made for a landing party. On the landing stage at Piti—which is really the port of Agaña, that place affording no protection to shipping—we waited with what patience we might for the Spanish officials to end their consultation. Precisely twenty-five minutes had elapsed when the Spanish Governor and the three gentlemen who had taken part in his deliberations—the captain of the port, the doctor and Captain Duarte of the Spanish infantry, the Governor's secretary—came down the landing with a sealed letter addressed to Captain Glass.

Here a second surprise awaited the dons, for Lieutenant Braunerreuther promptly broke the seal and handed the communication to an interpreter. It was a surrender, in due form, without condition, of everything in the way of troops and military supplies on the island of Guam.

Lieutenant Braunerreuther completed at 4 o'clock the work which he had so well begun in the morning. Taking the company of marines from the Charleston, under command of Lieutenant Myers, in four boats, he proceeded once more to Piti.

The Spanish garrison, its two officers, Lieutenant Ramos and Lieutenant Bermejo, of the Spanish naval infantry, with guns not loaded, lounged about the landing stage, and behind them the Chimorro militia was lined up.

Lieutenant Myers, carrying the flag, led his marines ashore, drawing them up at present at the head of the little wharf, covering the Spaniards. The work of disarmament, although pathetic, was set about in businesslike fashion and was soon accomplished. Fifty-four Mauser rifles, all in good condition, and four Spanish flags were taken from the regulars and loaded into the boats. Fifty-four Remington rifles, also well kept, were taken from the militia. There were also 7000 rounds of ammunition. Then the militiamen were set at liberty, the Spanish regulars, little more than boys, were loaded upon a sampan with their officers and the Governor and all transferred on board the Sydney, which vessel had been called inside the bay to receive the prisoners.

The guns and ammunition and flags were of course brought aboard the Charleston. It was, all in all, as neat a bit of work as was ever done in war.

### TARGET PRACTICE PREVIOUS TO THE TAKING OF GUAM

#### First Expeditionary Force Expected to Fight for the Ladrone Islands.

BY SOL N. SHERIDAN.

ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP CHARLESTON, in the Harbor of San Luis de Apra, island of Guam (or Gaujan), June 20.—The expedition for the occupation of Manila and the relief of Admiral Dewey began making history very soon after leaving Honolulu. We had done something of that, possibly, at the chief seat of the Hawaiian Islands, but it had been in a small way and entirely among friends. The whole character of the play changed when we had left our cheering friends, the Hawaiians, behind us and breasted the long swell of the blue Pacific, really en route at last for the enemy's country. It was the enemy's country, moreover, in grim lament. The boys in blue nor the Jackies of the Charleston were out to do spectacular politics.

It was on Saturday, June 4, the Charleston, with the City of Peking, the Australia and the City of Sydney under convoy, sailed out of the harbor of Honolulu bound for Manila. The ships, per sailing orders issued by Captain Glass, fell into the positions they were to keep on the long 5000-mile cruise to Manila. The Peking took position on our port quarter, 800 yards from the cruiser, and there she has hung, with marvelous persistence ever since. The Australia was the same distance away on the starboard quarter, keeping her position well at all times, and the Sydney was, or should have been, 800 yards off the starboard quarter of the Australia. Sometimes she was in position, at other times she was almost hull down astern, and at still other times she would be miles away to starboard, and seemingly headed to cross the bows of the Australia. The Sydney's erratic sailing, in fact, was the one constant source of entertainment for the squadron. She behaved alike in no two days in succession, and speculation was always in order as to what she would do on the next day. Her erratic sailing ended after we left the island of Guam.

Captain Glass did not know whether a Spanish gunboat might have been left at one of the Carolines, and did not propose to take chances of losing one of his transports. The Sydney was given orders accordingly, and kept her place for the balance of the cruise.

On Sunday, June 5, it began to be whispered about the ship that there would be something of more than usual interest when the crew was called to general muster at 9:30 a. m. It was one of those whispers starting nobody knows how, but the air of expectancy about the ship when the crew assembled was visible in the faces of officers and men alike. The rumor had basis, moreover. The skipper had the basis, grouped about him on the quarterdeck, and in the presence of the whole crew stated that he had received from Washington per the Peking sealed orders which he had not opened until out of sight of land. By these orders he was directed to proceed to the island of Guam, or Gaujan, in the Ladrone group, and destroy the Spanish ships and fortifications he might find there. It had been reported at Honolulu that there was one Spanish gunboat, possibly two, at the port of Agaña, or Guam.

In the meantime Captain Glass changed the course of the squadron, heading down for Guam. The island

is in 13 degrees north latitude, a little south of Manila. The run down was not without grim preparation for what every man on the fleet believed might be a sharp battle. Executive Officer Blockinger, his hand upon every part of the ship, doubled the drill of the crew without seeming to inflict any hardship upon the men. They jumped to their work in a way that told of a realization that the time for business had come. On Monday, June 13, there was more wigwagging to the fleet, and presently the Peking steamed ahead of the Charleston and began dropping boxes overboard for targets. The crews sprang to their guns in a way that would have done your heart good to see, and on the Peking the soldier boys, crowded into the rigging, cheered the Jackies on as the subcaliber bullets from the big guns went skipping across the blue waves. There was more of this target practice on the 15th, and on the 17th of June I heard on board, for the first time, the boom of big guns.

The ships had been hoisted to in mid-ocean, and Captain Glass, calling away his gig, was rowed across to the Australia for a consultation with General Anderson and the fleet commander prior to the attack on Guam. There he was presently joined by Captain Gilson and Captain Smith from the Peking and Captain Pillsbury from the Sydney. Then the transports ran ahead a mile or more while the Charleston dropped a target overboard and proceeded to demolish it with her main battery. It was wonderful shooting. Sixteen shots in all were fired, two from each gun, and if a Spanish ship had been lying where the target was not one single shell of the lot would have failed to destroy her. It would have been wonderful work for any crew in the navy. When it is considered that many of the Charleston's crew were listening to the roar of these guns for the first time the matter goes beyond mere wonder. They were green boys a month ago, and they were behaving now like veterans.

Captain Glass came back to the ship after a couple of hours, the several commanders returned to their ships, and the fleet was put in motion again. The island of Guam was not far to seek now. Two days more of sailing would fetch it, and whatever chanced there the line of action had been agreed upon.

On Sunday afternoon, June 19, the ships were hoisted to once more, and Pilot Hallett was taken on board the Charleston from the Australia, and Father McKinnon from the Peking. Naval Engineer Leopold was also taken from the Peking, to act on the cruiser in case of emergency.

Then the ships were squared away again. Navigator Braunerreuther had figured that he would get the landfall in the island of Guam at daylight on June 20. It was precisely 5 o'clock on the morning of that day when the cliffs of the island came into view through a tropical shower. The whole squadron approached the coast rapidly to a point where the houses of Agaña were plainly visible about three miles off on the port bow. Here the transports dropped behind, while the Charleston ran close in shore to look for a gunboat, finding no sign of one. It was seen by the nature of the place that if any Spaniard lurked about the island, he would be found in the harbor of San Luis de Apra, six miles to the southward. To San Luis de Apra, therefore, the Charleston took her way, the transports following at a safe distance. The day's entertainment was about to begin.



CHIEF STREET IN SAN LUIS DE APRÁ, GUAM, LADRONE ISLANDS.

From a Photograph Taken for The Call by a Naval Officer.