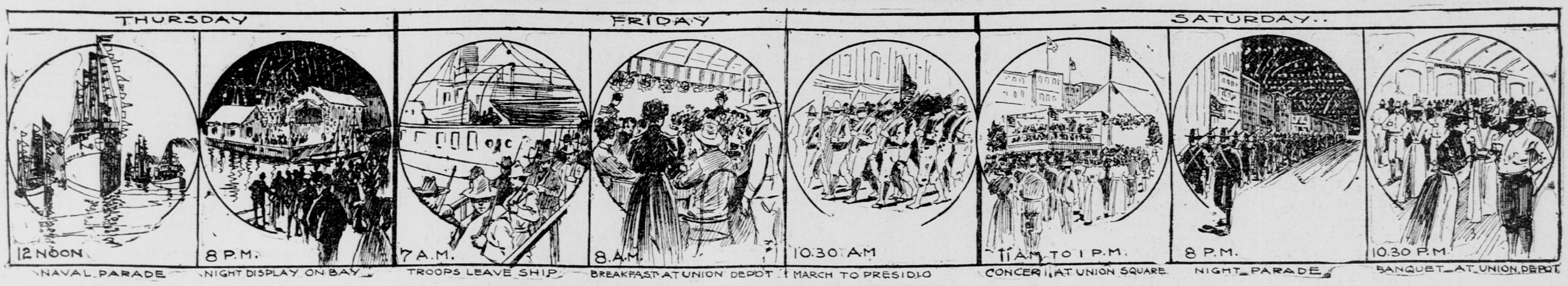
TO HONOR THE VETERANS



Story of the Programme of the Three Days' Reception Told in Pictures.

THE CALL FIRST TO HERALD THE RETURN OF THE TROOPS

Glad News Flashed by Wireless Telegraphy From Behind an Ocean-Haze Curtain.

"SHERMAN in sight." That was the message which came from the ocean yesterday to representatives of The Call. Inspired it seemed by some strange mystic power a telegraph instrument at the Cliff House ticked the welcome words and flashed to the watchers on the beach the glad tidings that California's heroes had ended their long journey from the wars and were approaching the Golden Gate. The news was sent into the city and in a few minutes the streets of the town were bedlam. Cannon were booming, whistles were sounding their shrill blasts and thousands of men and women, giving expression to excitement long suppressed, cheered in an ecstasy of honest gladness. The Call had scored a double triumph. It had the honor of announcing first to the people of San Francisco the arrival of the returning heroes and in doing so it demonstrated the absolute practicability of the latest of physical marvels—wireless telegraphy. It is a matter of unusual interest that the homecoming of the Californians was heralded in a test that is beyond question the most thorough and successful application of wireless telegraphy ever made in the United States.

The message came from out of the depths of the sea. For days the watchers of The Call had been waiting for it. Day and night men with keen eyes and ears stood by the telegraph instrument in the basement of the Cliff House. Now and again sounds created, as far as human senses could tell, by magic power would be heard.

H. J. WOLTERS.

The instrument moved by the force of some subtle influence in the air. Messages were coming through the air from the sea. A new physical miracle was happening under the very eyes of those who watched.

As the time approached for the return of the troops The Call determined to send the news ahead of all other agencies into the city. There was but one possible means to accomplish this feat and that was wireless telegraphy. Six weeks ago experiments were made in telegraphing from the dome of the Claus Spreckels building to Telegraph Hill, but with indifferent success. Local disturbances prevented accuracy and then the effort was made at the ocean beach. For five weeks expert electricians and telegraph operators labored on the strange problem and at last success was won.

Messages were sent and received at stations on the beach and then an attempt was made to telegraph over the water, to send words through the air to a determined point. Receiving instruments were placed on the yacht Lurline and the experiments began. They were in the highest degree successful. Messages were sent and received a distance of ten miles out at sea. In order that there might be no possibility of failure more sensitive instruments were secured and the watch for the Sherman began. Through the courtesy of Federal officials transmitting apparatus was placed on board the Lightship No. 70, which was anchored nine miles outside the Golden Gate. Charles M. Fisher was placed in charge and Lewis McKisick and H. J. Wolters, expert telegraphers and electricians, superintended operations at the shore end of the strange line. The receiving instruments were placed in the basement of the Cliff House.

Day after day messages were sent and received. The wireless line was working perfectly. At noon yesterday there was no longer doubt of success. During the afternoon a heavy haze settled down over the ocean. Gradually it grew deeper and

LEWIS McKISICK.

blacker and dropped down like a great curtain over the lightship. From the ocean beach the guardian ship was no longer visible, but the watchers at the Cliff House, alert, keen of ear and sharp of eye, sat at their instrument. Then, shortly after 5 o'clock, the instrument began to tick. Behind the haze curtain of the ocean the man on the lightship was sending the words, "Sherman in sight." Time and again the message came from the sea, thrilling those that heard it and spurring them to send it in all haste into the city. For the first time on the Pacific Coast and most successfully in the United States The Call had utilized wireless telegraphy to herald the homecoming of the California Volunteers.

And after all the mystery of the message from the sea seems simple. In the sending station at the lightship was a Ruhmkorff coil, which transmitted the waves from the electric dynamos on the lightship. The Morse characters were made by the opening and closing of an ordinary telegraph key. This charged an aerial wire which was suspended eighty-two feet in a vertical direction from the topmast of the lightship. Electric waves were pulsated through the air and were received through a coherer from a similar wire suspended from the top of the Cliff House at the receiving station. This coherer actuated the Morse relay, which in turn worked the ink writing register, making the characters on the tape.

The boys who had served their country so well and who are the pride of their native State were peering over the white sides of the big steamer, shouting first and then listening with strained ears for news from home or the sound of a familiar voice from the tugs below.

Colonel Duboce, senior military officer with the regiment, walked from a stateroom out onto the deck. The black line gave way, a voice from the rigging shouted, "There's Colonel Duboce," and that officer lifted his cap in response to the cheers of a thousand men. Colonel Duboce, his tall form silhouetted against the glare from the open stateroom door behind him, advanced to the rail. The voice of a friend rang out in greeting to him, and he responded.

"I, in fact, all of us, are glad to be home again. We are now contented beyond measure. To tell the truth, we haven't had anything to eat since we left home, almost a year and a half ago, and that is a long time to deprive the stomach of accustomed food. We're home now, however, and we are glad."

"Right the colonel is," came from the voice in the rigging. "It's nothing but stew, stew, three times a day."

"And not enough of that," rang out a voice from the bridge.

THREE "PRISONERS."

As soon as The Call's tug got within hailing distance Pilot Jordan on the Sherman called out that no newspaper representatives would be permitted on board. Here was a setback for an instant, but only for an instant. "We have papers and letters," cried the leader of the expedition. "We'll send a boat." And without waiting for anything further a boat was launched and into it jumped Reporters Fred Healy, William Britt and Louis Honig. When they were alongside of the transport the customs officers called for them to send up the packages on a line. It was done in a manner not in accordance with the quarantine regulations or the officials' expectations. The three men sprang up and before the astonished officers realized what they were doing they had mounted the rope ladder nearly to the deck.

There a halt was called and the small boat drew away from the side of the ship and there was nothing to do but to let the reporters go on board or throw them overboard. A few minutes later they were safe on deck, and the rope ladder drawn up, which prevented any one else from getting aboard. However, the reporters were arrested for violating the quarantine laws, but this did not prevent them from getting the news. From officers and soldiers they gathered the latest items of interest, which will be perused with so much concern by thousands of the anxious relatives of the returning soldiers this morning.

The next difficulty encountered was getting the news to those remaining on the tug. Again the small boat was called into service, and under the glare of the searchlights the rowers pulled to the great rolling transport. The "imprisoned" reporters made up their reports item by item, and these precious scraps of paper were heaved overboard. A few fell into the water, and the difficulty of recovering the wet reports was no mean task. Others were lowered by means of strings, the soldiers furnishing tin cans, etc., to keep the paper from getting wet. In the meantime The Call's tug was plying around the ship, much to the concern of the master of the latter, who seemed to fear that his vessel might be boarded by the tug men for the purpose of rescuing the prisoners. When the last of the news was handed down, or thrown down, the dingy pulled away from the Sherman and The Call's newsgatherers started for the shore. The tug gave a parting toot of the whistle, which was answered by the transport, accompanied by the wild screech of the latter's siren, and one hour later the wet reports were in The Call's editorial rooms.

STORY OF THE VOYAGE.

In keeping with the regulations of the War Department a record of all happenings and noteworthy incidents from the time Colonel Duboce received word that the boys from California were to embark on the Sherman and begin their voyage home until the anchor was dropped off the heads was kept. This report, as given out by Colonel Duboce, is as follows:

On June 8 Colonel Duboce received cable advices from Manila to the effect that the First California Volunteers would be returned home on the United States transport Sherman, and was instructed to have his command ready for embarkation by June 20. The regimental headquarters, with two companies, band and hospital, were located at Bacolod, the capital of the island of Negros, and the other companies were scattered along the coast towns and through the interior of the island, in most cases by single companies, but in several cases by a half company and smaller detachments. As soon as the order could be sent to the many localities occupied by the troops, all the heavy baggage was transported to the coast lines in accordance with the programme, while the officers and men counted the hours until the Sherman would arrive. The transport was delayed somewhat at Manila and Iloilo and arrived at Bacolod on July 2 with the Sixth United States Infantry on board, which command relieved the Californians.

At this time of the year the monsoons and typhoons prevail and it was with the greatest difficulty that the companies of the Sixth Infantry were debarked at the several points around the island, and the companies of the Californias embarked. The coast line of the island of Negros is irregular and of a coral and rocky formation, and in many cases shallow water necessitated the Sherman lying two or three miles off the shore, requiring transportation by small boats under tow and sail. It required two weeks' time to embark the command, the transport having to make the complete tour of the island under many disadvantages in the way of shallow roadways requiring the detour of other islands. Several narrow escapes from what would have been serious calamities occurred, for at times the wind and rain were severe and vicious. Fortunately the regiment finally was boarded without a casualty, although very few reached the transport's deck except in a wet and half-drowned condition, in several cases some of the detachments being out in the open twenty-four hours or longer.

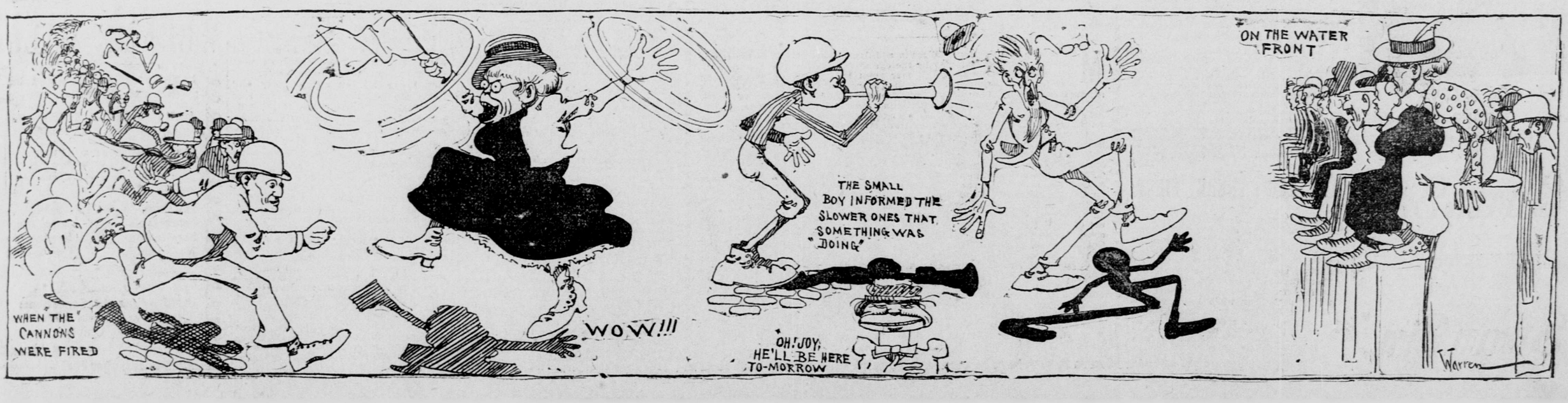
At 3 p. m. on July 16 the transport sailed for Iloilo, where, after a stop of three hours, it shaped its course for Manila, arriving there at daylight on the 18th. At Manila all the extra quartermaster, commissary and ordnance stores were turned in and accounts in general settled with the several departments. Eighty odd men availed themselves of the privilege of discharge in the islands and quite a number accepted their discharge to reenlist in a new volunteer regiment then being organized, in which Major Hugh T. Sime obtained a commission. Two batteries of the California Heavy Artillery, under Major Rice, were taken on board at Cavite, as well as some 250 discharged soldiers and numerous other passengers.

At midnight July 26 the Sherman sailed out of Manila Bay with the two California commands homeward bound. The weather had somewhat moderated, and after a pleasant voyage of four days and a half the good ship passed into Nagasaki harbor, one of the most beautiful in the world, where the ship coaled and obtained other necessary supplies, the officers and men enjoying thoroughly the characteristic beauties of Japan.

On August 3 at 5 p. m., the transport left Nagasaki and after a most delightful voyage through the Inland Sea, with its thousand islands and wondrous beauties, Yokohama was reached early Sunday morning, and by special permission forty-eight hours was devoted to sightseeing, Colonel Duboce having given full shore leave to all the officers and men.

An agreeable surprise was in store at Yokohama, where the American ladies, assisted by many of the local inhabitants, had formed themselves into a reception and entertainment committee, with headquarters on the Bund, with ample accommodation for disbursing refreshments and other delicate attentions. Many of the convalescent sick were taken ashore from the hospital and here entertained and cared for by the ladies. The trip through Japan, including the two stops with the opportunities for sightseeing and shopping, were thoroughly appreciated by all, and when the time for sailing arrived it was with some regret that a longer time could not be given to fathom the wonders of Japan.

At 5:30 p. m., August 8, the Sherman started on its last and longest run, taking the "great circle route," which would carry her into the 48th degree north latitude, but after three days out the weather became so cold that on the fourth day, having reached the 45th degree north latitude, and it not being considered wise to subject the command to unnecessary hardships, the commanding officer requested the captain of the ship to modify the course, and the same was changed

AS CHARLES C. COONLEY SAW THE FUN IN FAR-AWAY JAPAN.

The artist is home with his comrades from the land of the common enemy. With the same spirit that characterized his fighting from the trenches and charges across rice fields in the face of the enemy's fire he charged the guards on the Sherman and tossed his pictures out on the deck of the waiting Call tug. The guards tried to head him off and defeat his purpose. They only succeeded in demoralizing his aim and the picture struck near the tug rail and bounded overboard. It was soon rescued from the deep, however, and here it is.