

# SECOND DISCOVERY OF AMERICA AT SANTA CRUZ TO-DAY



By Will Scarlet

COLUMBUS discovered America on the 12th of October, 1492. Everybody knows that. Even the fifth grade schoolboy, who cannot reasonably be expected to know of anything, is unshaken in his conviction that what is in some respects the biggest fact in history happened on that day and date. He may think that Pocahontas' father was called Pow-wow; he may think that John Smith's name was Tom Paine; he may think that Martha Washington said, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John" and that Miles Standish signed the Declaration of Independence. But he makes no mistake about Columbus. 1492 is a red letter date in American history—"the" red letter date, in fact—and the small boy just can't get it wrong. Columbus—America—1492. The words and figures are blazoned on his brain and blazoned there to stay.

And after today there will be another date that will likewise be blazoned—and to stay—on the small boy's brain. This date is the 12th of October, 1907. It will stick by reason of the law of association of ideas. The small boy and you and I may try to forget it in the course of years, but we simply can't forget. We shall never forget 1492 and neither shall we forget 1907.

On the 12th of October, 1492, America was discovered for the first time. On the 12th of October, 1907, America is being discovered for the second time. At this very moment, perchance, while this page is squirming beneath your Sunday morning scrutiny, Columbus the Second—the twentieth century Columbus—is standing on the deck of the twentieth century Santa Maria and peering intently at the western continent. His sailors, who, let us hope, will not follow an unworthy precedent and prove mutinous, are picturesquely grouped on the deck and presently will shout, "Land! Land!"—not in Spanish, Portuguese or Italian, but in plain United States.

In some respects the twentieth century Columbus is having an easier time of it than had the fifteenth century Columbus. To begin with, he hasn't had such a long voyage. Columbus the first sailed direct from the Azores; Columbus the second is sailing from long wharf, Santa Cruz, at 9 o'clock this morning. Wind and tide being favorable he ought to discover America about 10. And then, too, the twentieth century Columbus is not sailing west. At the present moment he is sailing east. But that makes no difference—he will discover America just the same.

The real name of Columbus the second is not Columbus at all. It is James D. Tait, and when he is not discovering America he is advocate of the Santa Cruz council of the Knights of Columbus. His faithful sailors, despite the picturesque costumes they are wearing, are members of the Santa Cruz division of the naval militia, and they have been shipped on this voyage of discovery by favor of Lieutenant Commander A. A. Morcy. Those dark hued, awe inspiring Indians grouped on the shore in front of the Hotel del Mar are on ordinary occasions peaceful and well ordered citizens of Santa Cruz, and good Christians, too, for they are in reality members of Santa Cruz council of the Knights of Columbus.

If you chance to be reading this on a southbound train this morning, get off at Santa Cruz and see the discovery of America for yourself. If, however, you are unable to see Columbus the second in the flesh, come with me and see, in the mind's eye, the twentieth century discovery of America.

Let us get a convenient place on the beach—not too near the Indians, of course—and await further developments. It is within a few minutes of 10 o'clock. The air is warm—almost too warm for loyal San Franciscans—and rich with the perfume of the great Pacific. The crowds round about us are all looking eagerly out to see the

conversation is hushed and the atmosphere is charged with expectancy.

### The New Columbus

"A sail! A sail!" Eight thousand arms point excitedly and 8,000 pairs of flashing eyes look sharply seaward. Yes, there is the sail. Rather closer than we expected, is an antique sloop, with bulky prow and elevated after deck. It is the Santa Maria. The consort ships, the Nina and the Pinta, have not yet hove in sight, but we can well get along without them. In comes the Santa Maria, gayly decked with banners and pennants. Proudly and fearlessly Columbus stands on the lofty prow. The sailors along the massive bulkheads lift their voices in song, and we on shore join in the refrain. A boat is lowered, Columbus and his band of chosen followers take their places and the water splashes merrily as the oars dip in unison. The boat is safely beached and Columbus steps solemnly upon the land. He carries, not the flag of Spain, but a flag the sight of which makes our heart throb joyously and brings cheer after cheer from our willing throats. It is our own star-spangled banner.

Solemnly the banner is raised; solemnly is the cross lifted on high, and we all reverently fall on our knees. Now comes a long, happy pause, after which we spring eagerly to our feet, for over yonder the League of the Cross band and the musicians from the Presidio of Monterey have sent the first chords of the national anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner," floating over the crowded beach and the shimmering sea. The second discovery of America is an accomplished fact.

A procession is forming and we must hasten to secure good places. Up the beach we go, with Columbus at the head, till we reach the Hotel del Mar, where we assist at a low mass celebrated by Father Fortier, pastor of Capitola and Del Mar. The sermon is preached by the Rev. Joseph P. McQuaide, rector of Sacred Heart church, San Francisco.

The services over, we go to dinner. Plenty of friends in Santa Cruz will be glad to take us home, but the menu of the Hotel del Mar is altogether too tempting to resist. If fortune favors us we may dine at the same table with Columbus, who perhaps will contribute a little local color to the occasion by showing us how to make an egg stand on end.

### On the Board Walk

At 2 this afternoon the promenade on the board walk will begin. Have you ever seen the board walk at Santa Cruz? If you have not, no words can describe the treat in store for you. On this occasion it will be an endless procession of well groomed men and stylishly attired women, all on pleasure bent. The soft breeze that blows in from the ocean during the afternoon will fan the color into already glowing cheeks and blow m'lady's hair bewitchingly about her eyes and blazon

deep in every mind and heart the priceless memory of Discovery day.

For be it known that today is Discovery day. It is a sacred day to the Knights of Columbus. Every one in San Francisco has heard of this organization that, introduced here some five years ago, has waxed strong throughout California. Think of the number of your friends who wear the Knights of Columbus badge on their coat lapels and be convinced. The celebration of Discovery day this year is in the hands of the Santa Cruz council, and splendidly have they acquitted themselves of the duties and responsibilities entailed. Thomas W. Kelly, a well known Santa Cruz business man, is chairman of the committee of arrangements. In addition to his office of trustee of the Knights of Columbus, Mr. Kelly is president of the Santa Cruz board of trade. This organization has taken a prominent part in preparing for Discovery day, with the result that the visiting knights and ladies will be well provided for. Among the Knights of Columbus of Santa Cruz council who have done much to insure the success of the celebration are Grand Knight W. W. Smith, Financial Secretary W. A. Horton and Lecturer J. J. Doran. These men are all Santa Cruzans and have determined to do themselves proud in the interests of the city.

What celebration is complete without the ladies? You can say what you please of stag suppers, but stag suppers are not as popular as your entertainments would appear to warrant. There are not going to be any stag celebra-

tions in Santa Cruz today. Mrs. Thomas and the grand officers of the Catholic ladies' aid society at Del Mar have been attending to the details of decoration and are going to make the dinner at the hotel the more enjoyable for their presence. Miss Annie Rooney, the popular San Francisco vocalist, has also gladly volunteered her services and the choir that will sing at the mass will be under her supervision.

The Knights of Columbus from San Francisco left here yesterday afternoon on a special. The Santa Cruz reception committee took the visitors in charge at the station and all repaired to the new Casino for luncheon. In the evening an entertainment and ball was held in the Casino. Among the prominent persons present at this function were Lieutenant-Governor Warren R. Porter and Mayor S. A. Palmer of Santa Cruz. State Deputy Theodore Savage has his headquarters at the Sea Beach hotel.

When the special train pulls into San Francisco tonight it will carry some 5,000 men and women who have been present at one of the red letter events of history, who have participated in the

McQuaide, the orator of the day, when seen recently at the handsome new rectory of Sacred Heart church. "He did his work magnificently and the glory is all his own. Others, like Queen Isabella and the great Cardinal Mendoza, aided him very materially, but Columbus himself was the head and front of the great undertaking. And we admit



THOMAS W. KELLY



J. J. DORAN



W. W. SMITH



W. A. HORTON

For years of the biggest, warmest... and what is more to the point, he was a singularly good man. You know it is quite possible that the Catholic church may eventually canonize the discoverer of America—not necessarily because that he was the discoverer of America, but because he was through all his life a model Catholic. But speaking not as a Catholic, but as an American, I am convinced that the memory of Columbus cannot be held in too great reverence. Whenever we speak of him we might well say what Antony said to Brutus, "This was a man!"

### Another National Holiday

One pet project the Knights of Columbus have at heart. It is their desire to have the 12th of October set aside as a national holiday. And, really, when we consider what the 12th of October, 1492, meant for the future of the American continent we can see nothing unreasonable in the wish. Discovery day should take its place with the 4th of July and Washington's birthday in our national calendar.

And this project of making the 12th of October a national holiday is more than a mere matter of sentiment. It would serve as a link binding together

all the peoples of the western continent. It would be, not a national holiday merely, but a continental holiday. If it were to have no other good effect it might in part allay the proneness of our South American neighbors to civil strife. It would be a step forward in putting the Monroe doctrine into intelligent practice.

But the greatest argument that can be adduced in favor of establishing the 12th of October as a national holiday is the simplest argument of all. The memory of Columbus deserves it. Few other men suffered as he did in the performance of his heroic task. The galling chains wherewith he was loaded have left a mark that the gayest garlands we tardily proffer can never altogether hide. In his life he suffered the penalty of greatness. "To be great," says Emerson, "is to be misunderstood." Surely, it is about time that we should begin to understand Columbus. It is no exaggeration to say that we owe our western civilization to him. Sometimes the remark is flippantly made, "If Columbus hadn't discovered America somebody else would." The absurdity of the statement is its most decisive refutation. The fact of supreme importance is, not that Columbus discovered America, but that he showed the world that the discoverer of America was in the truest sense a man.

We recall no celebration of discovery day that can compare with the second discovery of America conducted under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus. In 1892—the fourth centenary of the great event—the Catholics of San Francisco held a celebration at St. Mary's cathedral. The school children, dressed in a body, and a very attractive procession marked the conclusion of the festivities. But this four hundred and fifteenth anniversary of the discovery of America is emphatically the greatest celebration yet. It is on a grand scale and there is nothing conventional about it. It is a delight to the eye and ear and a glorious stimulus to the imagination. It flings wide the gates of heaven and opens the doors of fancy and gives a vista of the ages.

William Makepeace Thackeray, the English novelist, was a very candid man. In particular he was very candid with himself. The story goes that after he had written that superb passage in "Vanity Fair" wherein Rawdon Crawley beats a certain lord within an inch of the certain lord's life, Thackeray flung down his pen, sat back in his chair, slapped his knee and exclaimed: "That is a stroke of genius!" And Thackeray was right.

Who is the originator of this year's celebration of Discovery day? He certainly must be a man worth knowing. Let us hope that he is candid—and candid with himself. If he is, what do you suppose he will do tonight? He will take a solitary walk along the board walk at Santa Cruz beside the phosphorescent sea. As he rambles on and on he will think about the great events of the day—events that will drive home the conviction that there is no longer anything unlucky about the number 12. He will see in fancy the crowds on the shore, the Santa Maria coming in serenely over the dancing sea, Columbus striding up the strand and planting the cross and the banner in the soil. He will hear once more the lusty voices of the men and the sweet voices of the women mingling with the strains of the bands and will all unconsciously murmur the spirited refrain:

"Tis the star spangled banner! Oh, long may it wave,  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"  
And then, if that man is really sincere, he will pause there on the dim beach and like Thackeray slap his knee and like Thackeray exclaim: "That was a stroke of genius!"  
And, like Thackeray, he will be right.