

LAUNCHED ON THE BILLOWS.

OREGON HER NAME.

The Great Battle-Ship
Now Afloat.

CHRISTENED BY BEAUTY.

Immense Crowds Witness the
Ceremony.

A GALA DAY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Local and Patriotic Enthusiasm
Voiced by Many Thousands at the
Success of the Enterprise.

From thousands of throats there came a mighty cheer, from hundreds of steam whistles a thundering roar. Above the din that was one grand shout of jubilee rose the strains of "America," the sweet music of the instruments being borne over land and sea by the great roar from man and machinery.

Down, down an inclined plane darted a mass of iron and steel—a mass that was red and gray. It touched the water, hesitated a moment, then plunged into its future home as though joyous at being born.

"I name thee Oregon," an American girl had said, and as the great wave swept onward before the moving, stately creation a banner of red and white bars with stars shining upon a field of blue was caught by the wind and made to flutter as it proclaimed the dedication of the new marine monster to liberty.

A battle-ship had been launched. The largest war vessel ever constructed on this coast was afloat.

For five minutes the whistles kept up a continuous war, and men cheered until they grew hoarse. They cheered one of the most successful launchings ever had in the United States, for true to man's bidding the hull of the great war vessel had gone to its future home without a single mishap.

Ranged in a semicircle in front of the Union Iron Works were craft of every description all gay with bright colors. Revenue cutters, excursion steamers, tugs, steam launches, yachts and rowboats were there gathered, their decks black with people. Along the tops of trestles in the yards were fringes of humanity as persons clung to fragile supports way up in the air in order to witness the spectacle. Thousands crowded the grounds while others sought the seats which had been arranged on platforms at a height of fifty feet from the ground. The shore line beyond the works was dotted with human beings and the Potrero hills back of the works were occupied. Men and boys and a few of the fair sex were venturesome than others climbed the many buildings in the yards and the vessels that were undergoing repairs in the drydocks.

The brilliant uniforms of naval and army officers were seen on the stands and the grounds, matching well with the gay attire of America's daughters who gathered there.

Nature, as if anxious to add her wealth of glory to the occasion, drove away the cold, gray fog that filled the great bay early in the day and caused the sun to enshrine all with a warm bright light that gave a deep blue to the ocean, brought out the whiteness of the many sails that dotted the waterway, and caused the many pieces of polished brass and steel to shine and shine again.

From early in the morning until high noon the thousands wended their way from the city to the scene. A large tug dashed down the bay from Mare Island Navy-yard, bearing officers from that place, a band on its deck sending music out over the waters. From every pier on the water front other crafts of the same kind carried sightseers, while excursion boats lent their aid. A procession of rowboats was moving from up beyond Mission-street to inside the rock of the same name all the morning.

On shore vehicles of every description were called into use, and before 10 o'clock these modes of locomotion became inadequate and thousands made the journey on foot.

From stand and rooftop, from far-away beach and near-by ground, from vessels' decks and hilltops in the distance, from perilous heights on the gaunt trestles and from mastheads and yardarms the people watched the mass of steel and iron, then all joined in the roar of sound that greeted the Oregon's christening and her baptism by the ocean. The wave that swelled from her sides rushed up on the beach and splattered hundreds with spray. It rocked the ships that were moored outside, making them dance like shells. Then the bay grew calmer, and there, resting quietly on the water's surface, was another great

ON THE GRAND STAND.

Ceremonies Attending the Launching
of the Battleship.

The invitations to the launch of the Oregon said that the ship would slide from the ways at 11:45 A. M., the moment when the tide would be the highest. But in order to secure good positions from which to witness the event, sightseers began leaving the city by land as early as 8 o'clock. The hundreds of boats which were brought into service to carry people by the bay route did not start from their anchorages and docks until after 10 o'clock. The first large boat to steam merrily down the bay was the Monarch, which before dawn had been sent up to Mare Island Navy-yard. It was thronged with officers, members of their families and friends. The order was for undress uniforms, so the double-breasted frock coats and caps were in evidence.

In addition to officers from the station, there were others from the recently arrived Boston, Mohican, and still others from the Monterey and Independence. The navy-yard band played lively airs as

policemen, while Messrs. Irving M. and Henry Scott signaled out those who were to be admitted. The invitations entitled bearer to enter the grounds only, but hundreds didn't understand this, and for a time there was a jam around the frail stairway that threatened to tear it down. Several ladies had their hats crushed and clothes torn, while a number of pieces of gold braid were dislodged from officers' uniforms.

The navy-yard band was taken to this platform as soon as the Monarch arrived. In this place of honor were members of the launching party, Governor Markham and staff, representatives of Governor Penoyer of Oregon, Commandant Howison of the navy-yard, army officers from the forts, members of the Engineering Corps and officers from ships in the yard.

A low table was on the platform just in front of and touching the mass of iron. On it were two electrical instruments that resembled the keys in a telegraph office. A wire from one led to a huge knife, the dropping of which would sever the few ropes that were the only bands holding the great hull on land. The other wire carried electricity to a bit of mechanism at the top of a steel rod that was placed at the right of the table. Pendent from an arm of this rod was a bottle of champagne. Incased in red, white and blue ribbons. Pressure of the second key would release the lever and the beverage-laden receptacle would be dashed against the side of the hull.

before the ways had been well slushed with a greasy mixture, and once the blocks were out of the way only the ropes would prevent the hull resting in its cradle of wood from slipping into the bay.

At 11:30 o'clock Messrs. Irving M. and Henry Scott ascended to the platform, while John Scott, with a force of men, went upon the deck of the warship about to be launched, one of them carrying an American flag to be planted in the vessel's stern as soon as she got clear of the high trestle.

A few minutes later United States District Judge Morrow stepped upon a bench on the grand stand. He read a telegram from the Mayor of Astoria extending the congratulations of the Chamber of Commerce of that city, and then introduced Mrs. Narcissa W. Kinney of San Rafael, who, he said, would read a poem written by Samuel L. Simpson of Astoria.

In a clear voice the lady thus introduced read the following lines:

O ship, like crested Pallas armed;
O bride, the hoary god hath charmed;
Leap to his proud and strong embrace,
In Freedom's squadron take thy place.

Northward, in aseen of crystal mail,
A scarf of cloud upon his breast,
The mighty daughter of the West;
And hail with broad, uplifted shield
The sea, thy home and battlefield,
While the vast hosts of phalanxied fires
Swirl the deep song of warships.

That brow of prescience, wreathed with dreams,
The mind through which his grandeur gleams
In storm and calm, has brooded o'er

on its cradle, went down to the sea. As it moved the second electric button was pressed and Miss Ainsworth christened the new warship. But the mechanism failed to work, the bottle still rested on the pendant. Irving M. Scott jumped on the rail, seized the receptacle and crashed it against the ship's side just as the bow was retreating, and the white beverage made damp the bow soon to be wet with salt water.

In less than half a minute the Oregon was floating in the bay, the pieces of wooden cradle in which she slipped down the ways bobbing up about her sides. As she started a whistle gave the signal and then all was excitement. The wave caused by the ship rushed upon the beach opposite and many spectators were drenched, while out in the bay the spray soured a hundred occupants of small boats, but not a craft was overturned, and it was the most successful launching ever had on the coast. The Messrs. Scott were heartily congratulated by the naval officers present. Tugs and vehicles were again called into requisition, and the thousands went their way homeward.

The Oregon will be towed alongside the dock to-day, and then will begin the work of fitting her for service as a battleship. When completed she will carry four 12-inch breech-loading rifles in turrets, eight 8-inch rifles in turrets and four 6-inch guns in barbettes. She will also carry a large secondary battery of rapid-fire guns and is fitted for six torpedo tubes. The act

sheds; perched on fences and walls, clinging to the rigging of ships, piled into rowboats, with which the bay was dotted, and even the long line of piles stretching out into the water bore every stick a boy. Some of these had managed to run out and secure their perches from a raft of piles that floated in the stream. Some had clambered up from boats, others had waded where the water was not deep, but one enterprising wharf-rat had done none of these. Out in deep water was a pile from which a magnificent view could be had of the great spectacle. But how to reach it? A simple question. He had merely to strip and swim out to it. This he did, and, nude, but happy, sat perched on the top of the solitary pile, oblivious to the gaze of 20,000 people, oblivious to the raw, fog-ridden October wind that blew damps from the south, oblivious to everything save the great scurrier and lead-colored hull that, stern on, lay half-hidden in the gigantic wooden cradle prepared for her two years ago. The sleeping beauty of the Pacific would soon awaken from her long slumber and glide along the inclined way to the arms of her waiting prince, the sea. What mattered a wet skin and a cold wind to him who might witness the wondrous sight?

The seafaring craft were gathered in force about the docks. There were stately steamers and great ships with every available inch of deckroom and rigging occupied by sight-seeing humanity. Up in the tops of the new cruiser Olympia, nearly ready for her trial trip, dozens of people stood,

the sea prince awaited but the pressure of a girl's slim finger, to glide from between the sides of the confining cradle, hence forth to be rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Eleven fifty—eleven fifty-five—the hush grows more intense as the crucial moment is delayed. A few of the small boats dart in and out among the larger hulls, seeking a better point of view. It wants one second of the noon hour, when a sudden impulse stirs the crowd, and from thousands and thousands of throats, from scores upon scores of steam whistles and from the brazen mouths of many musical instruments arises a simultaneous cry. There is a shudder along the great red bulk in the cradle; a shiver that awakens a sympathetic thrill in the heart of every spectator. With an almost imperceptible motion, the edge of the rudder appears beyond the line of the ways. The stern is seen to shiver. There is one instant of hesitation, the last halcyon pause and half-fearful heart-questioning ere the awakening beauty takes the irrevocable step. Then the whole hull is in motion, and steadily, steadily, without a hair's breadth deviation from line, down she drops her stern, lower, lower, until the water rises high above the line of demarcation, between the red and the gray of her painted sides; then with a buoyant bound the rises,

Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with an even keel.

Behind her drop, scattering like fallen leaves on the surface of the water, the timbers upon which she glided down to ocean's embrace. The tugs and small craft retreat before her as she advances, riding the water like a thing of life, and finally comes to a standstill, like a gallant racer, who knows that every eye is on him, quivering with excitement and pride, aglow with sentient life. The Oregon is launched. And still from iron throats goes up the exultant serenade. The shrill piping of the little launches mingles with the deeper notes of the great steamer whistles in one grand symphony of exultation. The spectators stop their ears, but their hearts beat fast in sympathy with the joy that the noise celebrates. Whether one thinks of the grim work for which the great ship is designed or not, the coldest soul, the dullest mind, cannot but thrill and glowing in sympathetic joy over the great creature that has at last come to herself and her native element. It is hard to think the great red hull with its great outlines and easy freedom is not alive. You can almost yourself feel "the thrill of life along her keel." The Oregon is a living entity. The tugs and steamers rock and rise on the great wave her appearance among them has raised. The little boats and launches pull up alongside of her, and, with the aid of lead pencils, a few fools consign their names to oblivion on her stalwart sides. Thank heaven, she is too noble to feel any sense of degradation at the hands of these desecrating scribblers, who finally depart and leave her in peace, the greatest warship ever launched in America.

It is the 14th day of April, in the year of grace 1940.

A crowd of people is assembled along the water's edge, strolling beneath the trees and resting upon the green grass that belts the great line of city wharves. Out on the bay are thronged hundreds of craft of every description. There are huge passenger steamers from the Orient, great electric-motor vessels from over seas, coasting craft of every description and pleasure yachts without number. Back and forth across the long bridge that spans from San Francisco to the Alameda shore electric trains are constantly darting, and at the landing-stage on Goat Island hundreds of aerial craft are constantly arising or alighting.

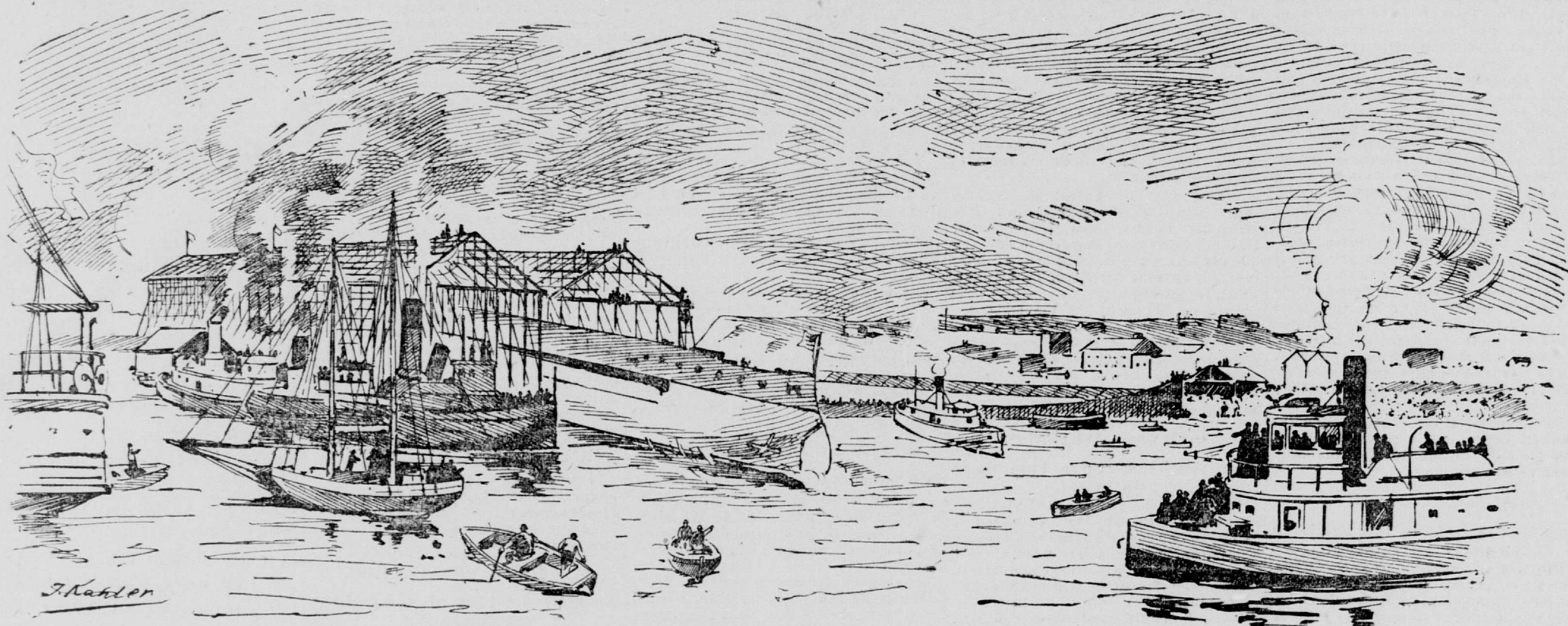
The park that was built here by the Government when the abandonment of the whole civilized world of warfare rendered the torpedo station unnecessary is thronged with people. From the heights of Alcatraz—once a fortification, now a pleasure-garden for the people—the sweet strains of "America" arise from a hundred instruments, played in perfect time and tune. The flags of all nations are floating from the various masts that make of the harbor a forest, but above every one floats freely on the light breeze the white flag of peace, with its silver bars.

Presently from the point is heard the sound of a salute, and then another and another, and from the various stations along shore the music of "Home Again" is borne cityward. Shouts of joy arise from the throats of the thousands of people on Alcatraz and Goat islands and upon the green terraces of Telegraph Hill, as around the bend a stately, snow-white steamer comes majestically into view. Ever since she was sighted entering the Golden Gate a hum of pleased expectation has been heard through the streets of the city.

"The Oregon is sighted," men said to each other, and women meeting on the ways asked eagerly, after greetings: "Have you heard that the Oregon is coming home?"

Steadily into harbor steams the Oregon, and anchors in the stream off Clay street. The wharves there would scarcely be recognized by a resident of the city in 1893, for instance, so changed are these magnificent landing places from the rude structures of that early day.

Down the ship's sides drop the companion ladders. Two or three small boats from the city pull out and go off to the vessel. Two launches from the Oregon are seen coming in to the landing. As they draw near the occupants are seen to be women, with sweet, kind faces, wearing a uniform of clinging gray, and each with a red cross upon the sleeve of her right arm. Six months before news had come to San



LAUNCH OF THE BATTLESHIP OREGON FROM THE UNION IRON WORKS.



MISS DAISY AINSWORTH AND MISS EUGENIA SHELBY.

the tug coursed down the bay, and in the wake of the steamer followed the Governor Markham, resplendent with bunting. She had on board the Governor of the State, his staff, members of the Harbor Commission and other State and some city officials. Shortly afterward the revenue cutter Rush hoisted anchor and steamed along toward Mission Rock. On board were many persons from Oakland, guests of Captain Hooper and his officers. The Governor Perkins, also gayly decorated, started out about the same time and so did the tug Rockaway, chartered by the Union Iron Works. Chief Engineer Moore, U. S. N., who has superintended the building of the Oregon, was in charge of the latter and on board were Captain Kempf of the Monterey and several naval officers who did not care to go on the Monarch in full dress preferring the smaller craft and muffled. The Fearless carried John D. Spreckels and friends, while the Million Griffiths had on board guests of the Pacific Mail. The Ukiah, Ethel and Marion, Millie, Sea Queen, Hercules, Active, Relief, Caroline and other boats carried the general public, while hundreds of smaller craft were pressed into service.

Arrived at the Union Iron Works the tugs bearing officials were taken alongside the wharves, where the passengers were landed, while the excursion boats and other craft waited in a semicircle around the harbor, a patrol boat seeing that they kept a proper distance away.

The Oregon was on the ways with her stern toward the water's edge, and in front of her bow a large platform had been erected. Access to this was by a flight of steep steps that were guarded by several

While the visitors were assembling the band played popular airs and all chatted and enjoyed themselves. Arranged along the side of the ways at a height level with the grand stand were two platforms upon which were seats that would accommodate a thousand people. Special tickets entitled persons to admission there, and the space was early occupied. Meanwhile the ground space in the vicinity of the monster hull was being filled, and so was every point of vantage above the level, men and boys vying with one another as to who might reach the highest place. Cameras were hoisted to the roofs of adjacent buildings and kodaks were carried upon their owners' backs. The photographers, amateur and professional, were in imminent danger of falling to the ground, but that seemed to only add to the novelty of the situation. From the grand stand could be seen crowds of people who had gathered on the beach across the waterway into which the Oregon would plunge and the flotilla that had gathered outside.

The cruiser Olympia, lying at the dock, was covered with bunting, vying with the fleet at anchor in gayety. The Walla Walla, drawn up in the drydock, was also in gala dress and hundreds were on her deck. Other vessels in the yard were similarly decorated.

About 11 o'clock the sounds of hundreds of hammers could be heard above the music of the bands, for by this time the instruments of the Presidio corps had joined with the others. These noises told that workmen were busy knocking away the blocks that held the sides of the massive hull. Under the direction of Superintendent Dickie and Mr. Forsythe scores of these men were busy for an hour. The night

The hardy that erstwhile came,
And wrought in tears, and blood, and flame,
That stripes might stream and stars might soar,
The inster of the chosen name.

Launched on the Golden Gate bay,
Be thine a royal nuptial day;
And with the wave's exultant kiss
Come dreams of olden Salsamis.
When Greece was life's white morning star;
Come, welcome to a scene like this,
The memories of Trafalgar,
And Erie's crash of thunder, telling
How Perry's warrior heart was swelling;
Come through the sonorous dust of years
Dearest's drumbeat in Alkiter,
And from a hero's frosting lip
The whisper, "Don't give up the ship."

To greet thy nuptials, here behold,
While o'er enchanted streams and woods
October's misted splendor broods,
The when the flag of many a foe
Of these, our blue Northwestern seas,
And many a leafy mountain shrine
Dashed with the red autumnal wine,
For thee a symbol and a sign
Of faith serene and trust untold.

Oh, swift and strong and terrible;
Go forth to guard our cherished shore
Till all thy fated days are full
And War's hoarse call is heard no more.
Go forth, O wonder of the free,
And peerless may thy vigil be
Till cape and bay and cliff and crag
Flash with the glory of the flag,
Triumphant yet on land and sea;
And oh, guard well the gleaming strand
Of this, our fair Arcadian land,
Won in the storms of years gone by,
With drain of heart and wound of hand
When men could dare and do and die.

Be worthy of the mystic name
These matchless valleys and mountains bear,
That in the tents of sunset, fame
May twine a wreath for thee to wear.
The when the flag of many a foe
Of these, our blue Northwestern seas,
And many a leafy mountain shrine
Dashed with the red autumnal wine,
For thee a symbol and a sign
Of faith serene and trust untold.

Attention was then called to the little table upon which the instruments were placed. Another article had been added to the collection there. It was the first gift to the Oregon, and was an oil painting by Miss Eugenia Shelby representing snow-capped Mount Hood.

An open space was reserved around the table, and within this space stood Miss Daisy Ainsworth and Miss Eugenia Shelby. Miss Ruth Dolph, who was to assist in the ceremony, could not arrive in time from the East. Miss Ainsworth is a charming brunette and is a favorite in Oakland's society. She was born in Oregon, but came to California with her father twelve years ago. By her side stood Brigadier-General Compton of Oregon, representing Governor Penoyer. Miss Ainsworth has always claimed Oregon as her home, so she was selected to christen the ship by that name.

Miss Shelby is the daughter of Councilman Eugene Shelby of Portland, Oregon, and she was selected by the Board of Trade of that city to launch the ship. She was accompanied by her father and W. H. Merrick, representing the city of Portland. By 11:45 o'clock only a few more blocks remained, and Irving M. Scott, leaning over the rail, called to Mr. Forsythe to give the signal when all was ready. Then a clergyman stepped from the crowd and invoked the divine blessing, saying that such ships as these prove safeguards to the commerce of the world and give aid to the oppressed and weak. Although the time set for the launch was 11:45, yet all the blocks were not away by then, and it was two minutes before 12 when the superintendent called up from below that all was ready. The mass of steel was swaying, ready to move; almost a touch would start it onward. Mr. Scott signaled to Miss Shelby. She stepped forward, touched a button, an immense knife below fell, severing the rope that held the vessel to the ways. Then, gracefully, the hull, borne



SEEN FROM THE RICHARD RUSH.

authorizing her construction was passed June 30, 1890, when three battleships were ordered built. William Cramp & Sons of Philadelphia secured the contract for the Indiana and Massachusetts and the Union Iron Works that for the Oregon. The ships are 348 feet long, 69.3 feet beam. They will have when completed a displacement of 10,200 tons and a maximum indicated horse-power of 9000. The contract price for hull and machinery is \$3,189,000.

SEEN FROM THE RUSH.

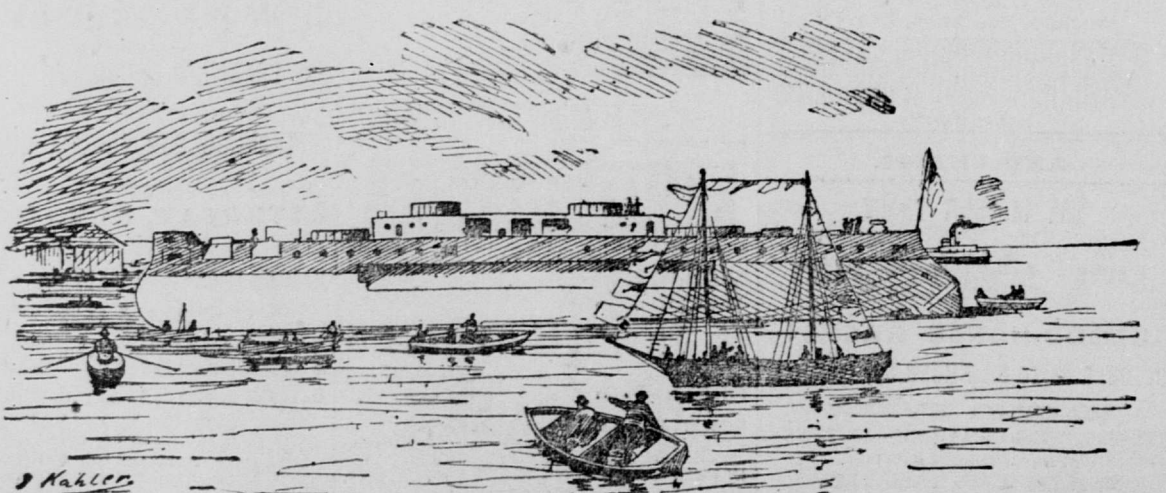
A Pen Picture of the Launch and a
Peep Into the Future.

There was a great multitude of people. The shore looked black from the upper deck of the United States revenue cutter Rush lying at anchor off the Union Iron Works—black with the assembled throng gathered to witness the christening of the great battle-ship. Here and there a face gleamed whitely out of the mass, or some woman's bright dress relieved the gloom of the dark border skirting the water, but for the most part it was a continuous black band that "fastened the fringe of the sea to the folds of the land."

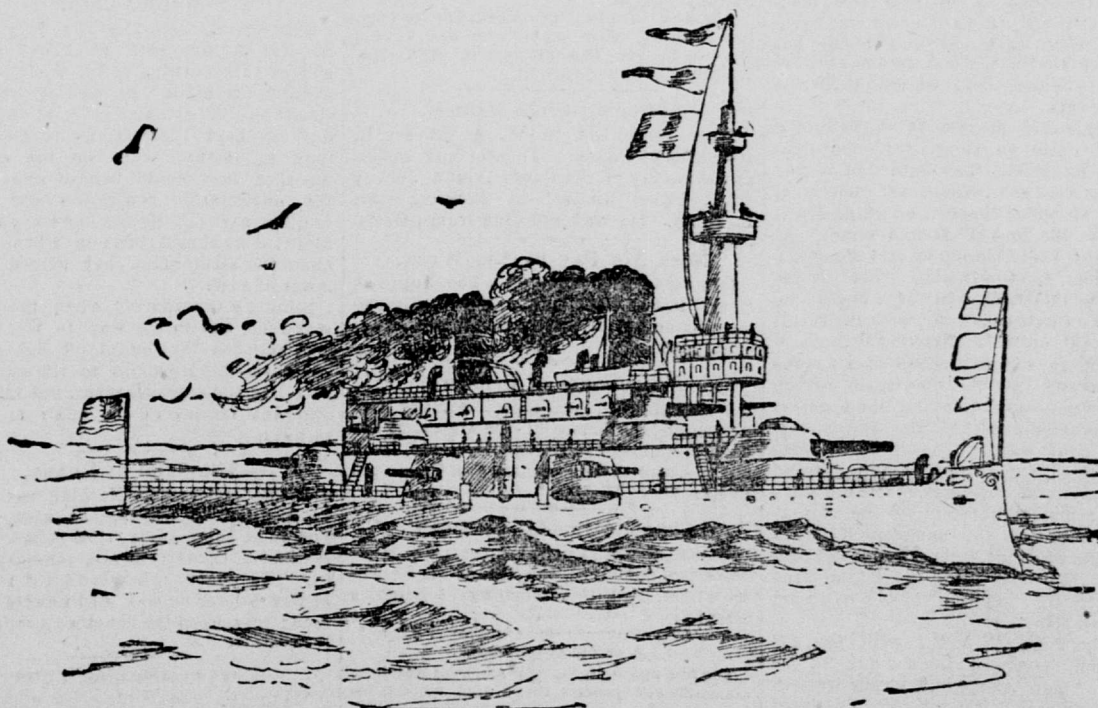
There were people everywhere—along the ridgepoles and fastened like flies against the sloping roofs of the piers and

Her deck was crowded, as was also that of the Walla Walla, in the drydock. Tugs, yachts, steam-launches, tugs, scow-boats, sailboats, whitehulls, even racing-shells, dotted the water in every direction. From the forward decks of the McDowell and the Sea Queen, sweet strains of music floated upon the air. Sketchers and kodak fiends were as the sands of the seashore, innumerable, every one busy getting views of the thrilling scene. Seven bells struck on board the Rush. The beauty had yet sixteen minutes to sleep, and still the craft kept coming up. The big steamer Ukiah crowded in, loaded to the water's edge, one solid mass of human freight. The stern-wheeler Caroline elbowed her way to a good position and proceeded to bump around promiscuously among the assembled fleet. Up on the hills, back of the crowd, a solitary horse was grazing, lifting his head now and then to survey, with wild amazement, the scene below, doubtless puzzling, in his equine mind, as to what it might all be about.

Forty-six minutes after 11. The crowd became hushed to silence. Even the cheering boys held their peace. Every eye was turned in the direction of the great cradle wherein the sleeping beauty lay. Poised upon two slippery ways, held in position only by a single great timber, the bride of



THE HULL OF THE OREGON LYING IN THE BAY



THE OREGON AS SHE WILL APPEAR WHEN READY FOR SERVICE.