

DESCRIPTIONS OF
ARMY LIFE IN THE
PHILIPPINES

BY JAMES R. MEVICKER

Prologue:

This series of documents contain the contents of a scrapbook created by James Rufus McVicker (JRM) (1876-1963) during his term of Army duty in the Philippines Islands.

James R. McVicker agreed to act as a war correspondent, initially for the Ottumwa Courier newspaper and later for other publications.

The books contain all, or most, of the newspaper clippings and notes, which JRM submitted, in addition to other newspaper articles relating to the Spanish American War and beyond.

In addition there are articles relating to his West Point experience as well as his political and vocational careers.

The actual pages are faded, yellowed and extremely fragile. Scanning the contents would have been difficult to accomplish, while maintaining the integrity of the document.

I decided to photograph the pages, as best I could, using a digital camera on a tripod. Some of the pages may be difficult to read without zooming in to small sections. This dictated using a high-resolution image, resulting in a larger file size than I would have desired.

A Sad Death.

Mrs. M. McVicker, whose late residence was in the extreme southeast part of this city was relieved of all earthly suffering last Saturday p. m. She had been ailing a long time, and when the dread complications of the grippe grasped her it was more than her frail constitution could bear and her spirit was wafted to the land that knows no sorrow. The funeral ceremony was held from the Advent church Monday, and the remains were laid to rest in West cemetery.

In the sympathy which comes to persons who are overwhelmed with sorrow there is a help which distinctly mitigates the power of affliction. The anguish of bereavement may be lightened by the knowledge that kind and devoted friends are reaching forth their hands to relieve, as far as they can, the pressure of the heavy load. The sorrow of that dutiful son, who is fighting for his country in the far East, will be unbounded when the news reaches him. O, that his home friends could even give him one compassionate glance, a warm pressure of the hand, the pledge of a tear, which to him would be the sweetest earthly consolation that could soothe the heart that has been pierced by the arrow of fate. *- Sigourney Review*

The class of ninety-nine was greatly saddened last Saturday afternoon on hearing the news of the death of Mrs. M. E. McVicker, mother of their class-mate, Harry S. McVicker. The class immediately held a meeting and decided to purchase flowers for the funeral. Monday afternoon the class attended the funeral in a body and accompanied the corpse to the cemetery. Resolutions of Respect were passed by the class and presented to the bereaved family. From 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. the flag of '99 waved at half mast from the school house. The ninety-niners are a loyal and sympathetic class.

RESOLUTIONS.

□ WHEREAS: To our president, Harry McVicker, and to one of our members, Maud McVicker, sorrow has come in the death of their mother,

Be it RESOLVED: That we, the Philomathian Society of Sigourney High school, extend to them our most sincere sympathy. May God in his love and mercy, give them comfort and consolation.

Com. { Gertrude E. Norris.
Margaret Stanton.
Abe. M. Miller.

From News:
Mrs. McVicker died at her home in Sigourney last Saturday. She leaves a husband, two sons and two daughters to mourn their loss. Rufus, the older boy, is now at Manila defending his nation's renown, and word cannot be sent to him, as it is not known where to send the news. The funeral was held at the Advent church this afternoon at 2 o'clock, after which the body was taken to West cemetery for interment. *Correspondence to Review.*

Sigourney News and has had considerable experience as a newspaper reporter. He is an easy and fluent writer and will prove a valuable assistant in making The TIMES the best weekly paper published in the county. *Columbia Herald*

James R. McVicker, of Sigourney, read an able paper at South English the Fourth on his personal experience in the Philippine Islands. It was an excellent production and captivated his hearers. Rufus is a writer of more than ordinary ability and being so young has an opportunity that few possess. His description of the Philippines, their manners and customs was one of the best we have ever had the pleasure of hearing. It was appreciated by all. - *News*

J. R. McVicker of the TIMES force spent Sunday at his home in Sigourney.

J. R. McVicker, of the Times, spent the week at Sigourney looking after personal matters and taking in the Keokuk county normal.

Rufus McVicker starts in Monday to teach the Wickencamp school in German township. Rufus is a gifted young instructor and will serve the patrons of No. 7 faithfully and with credit. *News Aug. 31*

Friday afternoon J. R. McVicker closes a very successful term of school in No. 18. Rufus is about as good a teacher as can be found.

Friday evening will be the last of this terms literary meetings at Center. The program, especially the debate will be good. J. R. McVicker and Walter Helscher are opponents on the question of retention of the Philippine Islands. Mr. McVicker, being a member of the Fifty-first Iowa, has seen service in the Islands and will put up a fine, strong talk. *News, Top Sigourney*

Supt. W. H. Gemmill and Prof. James R. McVicker were in What Cheer the last of the week, conducting teachers examination. *NWS*

The new school directors are Dug Basey, Cuella Beall, Ross Kelly and Henry Fouth. The board met at the school house Monday evening and elected Rufus McVicker for principal and Zua Goodhart as primary teacher in our school for the spring term which will commence April 2. *Lancaster News*

J. R. McVicker, of Sigourney, has accepted a position with Richard Burke as city editor for the Times. Mr. McVicker is an ex-member of Company F and is the correspondent who wrote the interesting letters from Manila for the Ottumwa Courier. He has had considerable newspaper experience and will be a valuable addition to the Times force. *Lancaster*

James R. McVicker has been elected principal of the Lancaster schools which commence April 2. Good for Mac. He is one of the leaders in education in this county and we are confident he will give the Lancaster folks good satisfaction. *News*

PROGRAM FOR MEMORIAL DAY

Assemble in the park at 1 o'clock p. m. Should the weather be inclement, the exercises will be held in the court house.

Invocation by Rev. J. G. Thompson.

Music.
On behalf of the post, by Commander C. M. Brown.

Address by Rev. A. B. Hightshoe.

Music.
Address by Hon. D. W. Hamilton.

Music.
"Should the G. A. R. Admit as Members the Soldiers of the Spanish American War?" Response by J. R. McVicker.

Music.
Formation of the members of the post and all soldiers and citizens and civic societies, who will join in the march to the cemetery under the command of Capt. J. T. Parker, and march to the cemetery and assist in the decoration of the graves. Exercises of the post and relief corps will be held at the cemetery.

The Lancaster schools closed Friday with a picnic and an appropriate program. James R. McVicker is principal of the schools there, and he has taught a successful term. There were two graduates, Misses Louisa Blaise and Nellie Terrill. There was a large crowd in attendance, many from Sigourney being present. *Ottumwa Courier June 26*

The Lancaster public school was brought to a successful close last Friday afternoon. There was a picnic dinner, after which an excellent literary program was rendered. There were two graduates, Misses Louisa Blaise and Nellie Terrill. A great many visitors were present, among whom were numerous patrons of the school. James R. McVicker and Miss Zua Goodhart are the teachers and are to be congratulated for a very successful term of school. *NEWS July 8*

School closed Friday. It was quite a day for Lancaster and the patrons speak well of the principal, James R. McVicker and Zua Goodhart as primary teacher. Hugo Goeldner presented diplomas.

James R. McVicker, of Sigourney, was in this city on business Wednesday. James is a bright young man, a veteran of the Philippine war and has a rosy future before him. Such young men are the hope of this country. *What a Heroic Patriot*

J. R. McVicker, of Sigourney, was in town Wednesday. He is one of Keokuk county's wideawake, hustling young republicans, as well a writer of no little fame, a number of interesting letters from the Philippines, having appeared in the Sigourney News and other papers some time since. *What a Heroic Patriot June 13th*

County Attorney Fight Goes to Second Place.

For the past two months or more Attorneys Ashcraft and Wagner have been scoring for position in the race for county attorney, but as hot as contest has been, it now looks as if this would sink to insignificance compared with the one that is being waged for the position held by J. C. Barrett. Mr. Barrett is serving his first term as clerk of the district courts, and not withstanding the custom of giving a man a second nomination, the plan of the "ring" is to defeat Barrett in convention and with this object in view Rufus McVicker is being used for that purpose. McVicker is making an active canvass and it is said meeting with considerable encouragement. About three months ago the News served notice on a county officer as to whom he should patronize, and from recent developments this undoubtedly was intended for Clerk Barrett, who failed to be whipped into line and is now required to look after his political fences or lose a nomination as a punishment for his obstinacy. Of course we only know as one looking on, but from past observations it is found difficult to defeat a man for a second nomination, and we believe Mr. McVicker has undertaken a heavy task. With the fight on clerk and the war between Wagner and Ashcraft, the republican convention bids fair to be an entertainment worth seeing.

James McVicker of Sigourney, was a business caller in our village Tuesday. *Sigourney Review July 11, 1900*

The school board met Friday night and re-elected James McVicker and Zua Goodhart teachers for the winter term. The Board showed their appreciation of the work done by them by increasing their wages. *Lancaster News in a Sigourney Review*

READY TO MOVE.

The Third Regiment—Now the Fifty-first—Will Probably Break Camp To-morrow.

THEY WILL GO SOUTH.

An Interesting Letter From One of the Boys.

Special to Daily Herald.

CAMP MCKINLEY, DES MOINES, May 31, 1898.—Word has come pretty straight from the adjutant-general that the Fifty first will go South. Just where we enlisted men have no positive knowledge. There was some talk of our going to the Philippines but that is doubtful. This we will go Wednesday there is little doubt, but where we will go is another thing. The Fiftieth got orders to go to Tampa but were switched off to Jacksonville. We may start for Washington and go to San Francisco.

The boys are still in good spirits and are ready, yes anxious to go to the front. There is little serious sickness in the company. Prof. Kelley, of Lamoni, has been terribly poisoned by ivy and several more have been slightly poisoned. There has been altogether too much cake and rich food sent to the boys and some are suffering with disturbances of the alimentary canal. Butter and fruit are about all the extras in the way of food that the boys can use without harm.

We are checking up and turning in such state property as we cannot use. We will have no dress parade stuff to look after in going to the front. Following will be the uniform and equipment of an enlisted man: Campaign hat, blouse, trousers, leggings, high and low shoes, blue flannel shirt, two suits of cotton underwear, cotton or wool socks, wool blanket, rubber blanket, overcoat, shelter tent, rifle and bayonet, web belt, canteen, haversack. Any extras are carried in the blanket roll.

In my last letter I said that we would not have rubber blankets. The consignment has arrived and we will probably be furnished with them before we start.

Our program now is muster in Monday, pay day Tuesday and embarkation Wednesday. As soon as mustered we began to receive our new equipment. There will be no more leaves of absence except in extreme cases.

Company A, of Des Moines, is especially fortunate in having elected Park Findley second lieutenant. He is a good physician and has with the aid of good Des Moines people, laid in a stock of medicines and will save many of his men from going to the hospital. Lt Findley is a good officer and popular with the company.

Col. Loper is a popular officer and an efficient one. He is not as severe in his discipline as some but will get all the work and fight necessary out of his men when the time comes. The boys were greatly pleased when Gov Shaw commissioned James Rush Lincoln a

colonel and were more pleased when they learned that President McKinley had appointed him brigadier general. It was with satisfaction yet with some fear and trembling that J. T. Davidson, of Muscatine, was received as regimental adjutant. He has been for years assistant inspector general of the First brigade, I N. G., with the rank of major. He is a terror to evil doers and a good natured crank on discipline. He is a valuable addition to the regiment.

Chas. a tracey has not yet been assigned to any position, but has been on duty in the I N. G. He will probably get a position in the next regiment if one is organized on the second call.

Some of the new "non-coms" in Co. F are unknown to Oskaloosa people. All of the sergeants—Sessions, Moore, Kissick, Dutton, Ellsworth, and Beeson are well known there, as are also Corporals Jordan, Fritch, Bray, and Reid. The other two are James R. McVicker of Sigourney and Robert B. Spencer of Lovilla. McVicker was admitted to West Point at the same time as Capt. Gibson of Co. A, and both were plucked at the spring examinations of 1896. The West Point plan is to take in a good many more than they need the first year, and at the spring examinations dismiss 30 or 40 of those having the lowest standings. As the competition is close and the stimulus high some mighty good men are let out every year. McVicker is one of these. He is a printer and school teacher and a fine boy. He is 22 years old.

Spencer is a senior in Wesleyan College and has taken all the military training the school gives and makes an excellent non-com. He is 26 years of age and an especially desirable addition to the company.

Owen H. Jones signed the muster roll as principal musician. He will play B-flat cornet in the band and have charge of the trumpeters when they are out. There was some question for a time as to what could be done with him, as the position he occupied in the guard, chief trumpeter, does not exist in the U. S. A. The question was set-

tled by giving him a place in the band as one of the two principal musicians, but letting him perform his duties as in the past. His pay will be \$26.40. This arrangement pleases the boys of Co. F who didn't want to lose "Reddy."

SESSIONS

Saturday was a rainy day and regular drills were called, though there were company drills. A large part of the day was spent in the election of Second Lieutenant. There must be a majority vote for an election and it took three ballots to decide the matter. Sergeants Dutton, Sessions, Ellsworth and Hearne received votes on the first ballot. All but Dutton were voted for on the second election. Each election was called with due formality by Col. Jno. C. Loper. The third time 1st Sergt. Sessions withdrew and the vote was between Sergeants Ellsworth and Hearne, the latter being the choice of the company.

All the officers were sworn into the service of the United States Monday evening.

The non-commissioned officers were named Tuesday morning. The list as prepared for muster is as follows: First Sergeant, H. A. Sessions; Quartermaster Sergeant, Fred A. Moore; Sergeants, G. E. Kissick, Harry Dutton, J. J. Ellsworth, Joe Beeson.

Corporals—J. W. Jordan, W. S. Bray, R. B. Spencer, F. B. Reid, J. R. McVicker, E. E. Fritch.

Musicians—Harry Carlon, Frank H. Martin.

Artificer—H. Kinney.

Wagoner—Joseph Carter.

Privates—Wilbur Bass, Ernest

Beadle, H. F. Blackburn, Roy C.

Brown, R. J. Beman, John Campbell,

Roy N. Coats, Claud Cowman, E. H.

Conger, J. A. Drevlinst, Mark H.

Evans, B. E. Fisher, W. M. Gander,

A. Gibson, C. A. Godfrey, M. D.

Graham, J. R. Grenawalt, E. M.

Hagler, C. A. Hearne, J. C. Herring-

ton, F. G. Hicks, Charles Higly, H.

H. Hubbell, M. C. Hutchison, L. M.

Johnson, J. E. Kelley C. C. Lambert,

E. B. McElroy, C. R. McGlumphy,

E. V. Orvis, R. S. Parker, E. G. Peter-

son, J. R. Randall, Otto Roark, I. E.

Ross, J. E. Shakespeare, N. C. Smith,

A. G. Stiles, H. L. Stone, B. O.

Thompson, Frank West, Ed. White,

C. H. Whitsell, U. S. G. Williams, J.

Clark Wright, Guy Whitaker.

The company has been recruited by students from Drake University, Iowa Wesleyan, at Mount Pleasant, Simpson College, at Indianola, and a few young men at Des Moines and other points.

The first orders directing the court-martial of an officer of the Independent Division narrowly escaped issuance Sunday, when Captain W. H. Keating, Company F of the Iowa Regiment, was insubordinate to his Colonel. Keating gave the rather unusual order that all of his company should assemble and attend regimental church services in a body. At the call only about twenty of the men were present, and the Captain gave orders that absentees should be restrained of their liberty for a week. After holding a mass meeting the men decided to take their grievance to Colonel Loper, but were dissuaded from an act that might be construed into one of unlawful conspiracy by First Sergeant Sessions, who himself presented the matter to the Colonel. Colonel Loper gave a written order to Captain Keating to lay aside the restrictions placed upon his men which was flatly disregarded, the Captain maintaining that he and no one else was in command of the company. Colonel Loper gave a second order, which was also disobeyed, and it was not until Colonel Loper visited him and gave him a verbal castigation, with threats of grave punishment, that the men were restored to their liberty.

OUR SOLDIER BOYS

Company F Reaches San Francisco in Safety.

CAMPING ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

Interesting Account of Their Trip Across the Continent.

CAMP MERRITT,
SAN FRANCISCO, June 12.

At last we are able to state to our many friends and readers of the TIMES, that Oskaloosa's soldier boys are at the front, under strict military discipline, equipped and ready to do battle for their country's flag.

As we stated in our last letter we received marching orders Thursday evening of last week, and they contained the welcome information that San Francisco and the Philippine Islands was to be the destination of the 51st regiment and Co. F. All day Friday and Saturday was spent in packing our belongings and bidding goodbye to our friends and relatives who came to see us off. Sunday morning in a drenching rain with all accountrements we left camp and boarded the Rock Island train in waiting to convey the battalion to the Golden Gate. A half hour was spent at the down town depot to give the Des Moines folks an opportunity to say good bye to their boys and then we pulled out at 11:10 for our long western trip.

The first stop was made at Stuart, 50 miles west of Des Moines, where the good people had arranged a most excellent spread for their soldier boys. It is no injustice to any of the many cities that have entertained our boys to say that this little town fairly outdid them all in its hospitality and patriotic enthusiasm.

Our next stop was made at Council Bluffs, where the people, disappointed at not having their own company come through its hometown, displayed a splendid expression of their appreciation of our condition by providing a good substantial lunch. At 7:30 p. m. we left old Iowa, perhaps never to see it again, and crossed the muddy Missouri into Nebraska. After passing through Lincoln we all turned into the comfortable Pullman berths and passed the night in pleasant dreams of home and loved ones left behind, awaking upon the great broad desert of Western Kan.

The day was without especial interest. Nothing but broad deserted prairies met our gaze. At 5:00 p. m. we reached Denver and

proceeded to San Francisco on the S. W. Pacific through the fruit and wheat belts of Eastern California, arriving at Sacramento, California's capital, at 2:00 p. m., Thursday. We found our 3rd battalion awaiting us and a splendid dinner prepared by the Red Cross of that city. Our train, bearing the field and staff officers then took precedence, and we moved in three sections toward our destination; crossed the Sacramento river at Benicia upon the largest ferry boat in the world capable of carrying a train of 35 passenger cars with engine, and arrived at Oakland, across the bay from San Francisco at 7:40 p. m., slept in our berths that night and at 6:30 Friday morning crossed the San Francisco Bay. But let me quote from the Call as to our reception:

The 51st Iowa volunteers landed at 7 o'clock yesterday and surrendered to the Red Cross Society without the slightest resistance. The ladies had been waiting for the Iowans an hour, in fact they waited all day Thursday and only recalled the outposts when they received definite information that the troops would not get in that night.

Colonel Loper was relieved of the command of his regiment before he got half way across the apron to the dock and led a willing captive into the new quarters of the society in the San Rafael ferry waiting room. The regiment was conducted to one of the piers, where arms were stacked, and the regiment led by the First Colorado Band marched into the dining-room.

Special efforts have been made to give the Iowans a cordial reception, for they had been entertained at many points along the road and the San Francisco ladies were determined that there should be no chance for odious comparisons. The tables were filled high with brilliant-hued flowers, which were used to bedeck the boys in blue as soon as they had appeased their appetites with the steaming breakfast served by dainty hands. Six members of the command who are convalescing from various complaints were sent out to the field hospital in an ambulance.

During the meal the Colorado band performed several choice selections. The members, anxious to show their appreciation of the treatment they had received at the hands of the Red Cross Society volunteered their services to escort the Iowa regiment to camp.

When the meal was concluded Colonel Loper mounted a table and on behalf of his officers and men thanked the members of the society for their hospitality. He closed by calling for three cheers for the Red Cross, which was responded to with a vigor that only true Americans can muster.

While the regiment was forming in line the detail in charge of the baggage was cared for by the ladies, who then packed great hampers with provisions and gave them to the guard to take out to camp for the men's lunch. In addition to five days travel rations, the Fifty-first brought ten days' field rations and complete mess kits for each company, but, unfortunately the quartermaster's department did not furnish sufficient trucks to

The day was without especial interest. Nothing but broad deserted prairies met our gaze. At 5:00 p. m. we reached Denver and there met a delegation of Iowa ladies with all kind of good things to eat. We got off the train and spent a pleasant two hours in the city, leaving at 7:30 for Cheyenne over the Union Pacific railway. Everybody was asleep when we got there about 11:00, but we all work up shivering with cold 35 miles west of that place, 8,300 feet above sea level, the highest point reached by the U. P., and at the time of its completion the highest elevation reached by any railroad in the world. A granite monument marks the spot about 150 yards from the railroad track.

Daylight found us in the foothills of the Rockies and all day long we enjoyed the pleasant air and scenery. Stops were made at Ft. Steele, Rawlins, Green River and Evanston, Wyoming. Just at dusk we entered Echo Canon and here by moonlight beheld the finest mountain scenery in the world. Great towering mountains 2,000 feet high covered with pines and at the bottom rushing and tumbling along a clear, beautiful stream, it was a fine view.

We got into Ogden, Utah all awake at 11:00 p. m. and found the 2nd battalion awaiting us. From this point the two sections

camp for the men's lunch. In addition to five days travel rations, the Fifty-first brought ten days' field rations and complete mess kits for each company, but, unfortunately the quartermaster's department did not furnish sufficient trucks to transport the baggage promptly, so it was after 4 p. m. when the wagon loaded with ration and Red Cross supplies reached camp.

Meanwhile the regiment started up Market street its own and the Colorado band alternating in patriotic airs. Early as the hour was thousands of people lined the streets and cheered the stalwart Iowans lustily as they swung along. Every man was uniformed although few were without campaign hats and leggings and between 300 and 400 were without rifles. No regiment has gone into camp in better condition than Col. Loper's command, which is ready to go to Manila as soon as it receives its ordnance.

Out Golden Gate avenue to Devisadero marched the regiment and along Geary street and Point Lobos avenue to First avenue. Then back to Fulton street and down Sixth avenue, marching in review before Generals Otis Greene and Miller, and back to the block directly in front of the Children's Hospital and east of the South Dakotans where it is located. The tents arrived presently and soon all canvas was up, but no provisions came. The men made no complaint, but when the hours dragged along to three o'clock many were faint with hunger, the Red Cross Society notified of the situation. Word was sent to the corps at ferry depot and supplies would have been sent out to the hungry men but the ladies found that the food given to the guard in the morning was now on the way and would reach camp before fresh supplies could get there.

When the food did arrive soon after 4 o'clock another cheer went up for the Red Cross and the men made short work of the

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OUR SOLDIER BOYS

(continued from 1st page.)

edibles. The Buzzicot stoves arrived with the provisions. Fires were built and later the men had coffee and regular field rations. Today they will begin to draw their rations of fresh beef and vegetables.

Guard was mounted at 6 o'clock and the men settled down into the routine of camp life, with which they are entirely familiar, having been in camp at Des Moines since April 26. If there is any hard service at Manila it is a safe prediction that those Iowa lads will give a glorious account of themselves.

Yesterday the boys of Co. F went out to the ocean and removed the last vestiges of Iowa soil from their bodies, and enjoyed themselves the entire afternoon at the beach and upon Sutro heights. The first view of the broad Pacific filled us with intense admiration and many was the eye scanning the horizon toward the west where we are to go; where nothing met the gaze but tumbling waves. Along the rocky shores the waves leaped high and scattered their spray as they beat themselves against the rocks, while sportive seals frisked in and out of the water not a hundred yards from the shore.

At night we were given permission to take in the sights of California's metropolis, and we did so, Chinatown and all.

Today the boys are out at Golden Gate Park, and the Presido fortifications, enjoying themselves, and tomorrow, perhaps, we will begin again the daily routine of camp life.

About the happiest man in San Francisco Friday morning was Jim Brewster, when he beheld Co. F marching up Market St. to camp. He was not advised of our coming and was therefore greatly surprised at seeing our boys.

Everyone of the boys is enjoying the best of health. We have good, commodious tents, and while we have nothing but the bare ground to rest upon, our rubber blankets protect us from any dampness.

Our address for a while will be Camp Merritt, San Francisco, California, Co. F 51st Ia. Vol. Inf'y. The boys would be pleased to hear from all their friends at home, and are very happy when a bunch of Oskaloosa papers strike camp. J. ED WHITE.

Adjutant General Byers will start for San Francisco to visit the 51st Iowa as soon as he can finish settling up with the 50th, now in camp. General Byers was senior major of the 51st, the old Third regiment, when he was appointed adjutant general, and he feels a close personal interest in the regiment. He wants to find out, too, about that fight between Assistant Surgeon Macrae and Regimental Adjutant J. T. Davidson, who was formerly Major Davidson, one of the brigade inspectors and later General Lincoln's adjutant in Camp McKinley. No explanation has yet been received of the row, which is said to have resulted in a broken arm for Captain Davidson.

WANT TO BE MUSTERED OUT

Internal Strife Among Iowa's Volunteers.

TALE OF TWO PETITIONS

THE MEN ARE TIRED OF EXISTING EVILS.

The Ranks Will Invoke Politics and Politicians in Order That They May Be Sent Home.

And now it is the Fifty-first Iowa Volunteers who are divided against themselves, and the strife is bitter and to the knife. As in the case of the Seventh California, the men of the ranks are trying to wrest from their officers the right to make known to the powers their troubles and their wants.

The unanimous sentiment of the ranks is for mustering out. Now that unhappy war is over and their services no more needed, their eyes are turned toward home and their one desire is that they be sent there as soon as the order can be given.

The officers, however, are of another mind. Visions of a fat salary and a warm garrison have led them to send up a petition setting forth that they and their men desire to remain in the service and further praying that they be assigned to garrison duty.

When this fact became known to the men it required all of the power that attaches to Colonel Loper's rank to prevent a mutinous demonstration. He intercepted a petition that was going the rounds, asking on behalf of the men that they be mustered out and returned to their homes and avocations, and announced publicly that such action in the future would result in court-martial.

One of the men in the ranks said yesterday: "Since we arrived in camp we have lived without complaint amid insufferable evils. Our daily sick call is larger than that of any other regiment and our sick men are treated like a lot of dogs."

"Quinine has been the panacea for all our ills, and little else has been kept in the medicine chest. Our bacon is green and full of vermin, and instead of getting the 26-cent allowance for rations provided for by the Government we are by actual computation getting but 16 cents. Our meats are bad, and other rations are more often short than not."

"These conditions have existed with us from the beginning, but while there was a chance of seeing service and demonstrating that we were deserving of better treatment, we did not kick. But now that there is no excuse for our suffering as we do we propose to kick and kick hard, and our officers will find that we privates are about as strong in politics as they are before we get through with it."

LOPER ASKED TO RESIGN.

Officers of the Fifty-First Sign a Petition to Gen. Miller.

Des Moines, March 11.—C. P. Pearson is in receipt of a letter from his son, George Pearson, who is a member of the Fifty-first regiment, at Manila, which throws new light on the troubles in the regiment between officers and men. The letter is as follows:

In Camp, Jan. 25.—Dear Father: The latest political developments of our trouble among the officers which we thought over with long ago, burst forth again today fiercer than ever. For the last two weeks there has been a slight apparent friction between Colonel Loper and some of the officers, but we did not think it was serious.

Today we got hold of a copy of a paper to General Miller asking him to ask Colonel Loper to resign, and signed by all the officers except six. Among other minor reasons their principal one seemed to be that the colonel did not distinguish enough between officers and men in granting favors. The six who refused to sign were the two doctors, the chaplain, Adjutant Davidson and Major Hume. About an hour ago (it is now 8:15 p. m.), the boys gathered on the deck and in much cheering and yelling expressed their feelings on the matter as being in favor of the colonel. Everybody is wearing a white piece of paper in his hat with Loper printed on it.

Loper was sitting in the officers' reading room playing solitaire, and the other officers were at another table playing cribbage, when the cheering commenced and they stood it as long as they could and then got up and went to their rooms. The fun is not over yet, but I don't suppose there will be any new developments.

The officers who signed that paper are in for it, and I am sorry, but I guess company officers will have to bear the punishment with the rest.

BOUDEWYNS TAKEN PRISONER.

Iowa Soldier, Reported as Missing, Is Captured By the Enemy.

Des Moines, May 2.—Yesterday Frank Boudewyns, brother of Fred Boudewyns, a private in Company H, Fifty-first Iowa, who was reported in a Manila telegram of April 15 as having disappeared, received letters from Benjamin Willis and Daniel Spry, members of the Fifty-first, saying that their comrade, with eight others, had been sent out to reconnoiter on March 28, while the regiment was with Ovenshine, on Pasig river, twelve miles east of Manila. The squad discovered a battalion of insurgents just after crossing a creek, and hurriedly retreated. Boudewyns was taken prisoner. Capt. Worthington headed a searching party which could discover no trace of the missing soldier. The young man's parents reside here.

William R. Gibson, who has been recommended by Gen. Otis for a place as

second lieutenant in the regular army, was a year in West point, became sick and failed in examination. He returned here to enter a business college. He re-enlisted at the call for troops last April, was soon promoted to sergeant, afterward first lieutenant, and on a vacancy occurring was elected captain.

BORDUWYNE'S CASE.

The Freedom Declares That He Was Captured or Killed.

The following appeared in the Freedom, published in Manila, of date of March 30, and to some extent explains the disappearance of Private Borduwyne, of Des Moines:

"Tuesday morning, March 28, just before daybreak, scouting parties from Companies H and F, of the Fifty-first Iowa were ambushed by the Filipinos

while reconnoitering in front of their trenches and Private Borduwyne, of Company H, was either killed or captured by the enemy as he was not seen by his comrades after the firing began.

"When the insurgents opened fire the Iowa boys were deployed on either side of the Paranaque road patrolling the bamboo thickets. The enemy was in the bed of an old creek and opened fire when the Yankees were not over fifty yards from the ambuscade. Our boys immediately retreated and seeking cover poured volley after volley into the insurgent lines silencing their fire and driving them from their position. They attempted to rescue the unfortunate Borduwyne from the hands of the enemy, but in spite of the most vigorous work failed to do so.

Later a native (an amigo, friend), came into the American lines and reported nine Filipinos and one American killed. This removes all doubt of Borduwyne's fate, and has a depressing effect on the boys in the trenches. This is the first casualty in the Fifty-first since the fighting began. None of the other participants in the scrap on the American side were injured."

SUICIDE OF LIEUT. MOORE

COUNCIL BLUFFS MAN TAKES HIS LIFE IN PHILIPPINES.

Supposed to Have Resulted From Temporary Insanity Incident to Heat Prostration—One of Council Bluffs' Popular Young Men.

Council Bluffs, July 20.—(Special).—A cablegram of three words was received in Council Bluffs this morning from Manila, announcing the suicide of First Lieutenant John L. Moore, of Company L, Fifty-first Iowa volunteers. Lieutenant Moore was the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Moore of Council Bluffs. In the last batch of letters from Manila, mention was made of the fact that he was in the hospital and expected to be out in a few days. He was a general favorite, a hard working, faithful and ambitious officer. While in camp in Des Moines, he was prostrated by overwork, and it was fully two weeks before he recovered. In the absence of any details, it is presumed Lieutenant Moore killed himself while laboring under an attack of temporary insanity, caused by the extreme heat.

Lieutenant Moore was one of the most popular young men in Council Bluffs, and the news of his death has prostrated his parents and caused general sorrow. Moore was 24 years old and unmarried. He was born in Parkman county, Ohio, but has resided with his parents in this city for fifteen years, and was educated in the public schools here. He came of a family of warriors, and always took a great interest in military matters. He was one of the most enthusiastic members of the Dodge Light Guards, and his popularity with his fellows rapidly advanced him from private to first lieutenant, which office he held when the company was mustered into service. At the time of the first engagement in the Philippines, Captain Prier was taken sick, and Lieutenant Moore had charge of the company during the numerous advances that followed, and until June 20, when the captain returned and Moore, completely broken down, was sent to the hospital on Corregidor island. Lieutenant Moore kept a daily account of the maneuvers of Company L, and sent the most extensive reports that have been received here. He was fearless in the face of danger, and had the reputation of being the best tactician in his regiment.

ARE HOMESICK AND HUNGRY.

Enlisted Men of the Tennessee Regiment Appeal to Hugh Craig.

The enlisted men of the First Tennessee Regiment joined in a letter yesterday to Hugh Craig, president of the Chamber of Commerce, stating their grievances and thanking Mr. Craig for his efforts to have the regiment mustered out, adding a strong appeal for further work in their behalf by the commercial body, which was largely instrumental in having the order issued releasing the California regiments. The letter is as follows:

"SAN FRANCISCO, September 3, 1898.—Hugh Craig, San Francisco, Cal. Dear Sir—The enlisted men of the First Tennessee Regiment desire to thank you for your efforts in trying to get them mustered out of the service of the United States Army, and hope you will yet succeed in having us sent to our respective homes, where we can get plenty to eat and a good bed to sleep in. We are actually suffering for want of food. The enlisted men want to go home. Do all you can for us. The above is the sentiment of the entire regiment.

"THE ENLISTED MEN IN TENNESSEE REGIMENT."

OSKALOOSA MOURNS.

Private Harry Stone is Buried With Military Honors.

Oskaloosa, Aug. 27.—The funeral of Harry Stone, who died at San Francisco in the government hospital from scarlet fever, contracted in the service, occurred here yesterday, and the remains were laid to rest in Forest cemetery. The attendance was unusually large, almost equal to that of any funeral ever held in Oskaloosa. Many stores and business houses were closed and all flags in the city were placed at half mast. Forty-four members of the old Company F, National Guard organization, which became a part of the 51st Iowa, acted as a guard of honor and military escort. They were followed by six members of the artillery companies now located in Camp McKinley, who came down with flowers and messages of condolence. The K. of P. regimental band, Phil Kearney Post, G. A. (R., the Soldiers' Aid society, the Woman's Relief Corps, the Sons of Veterans and other organizations took part in the parade. Hundreds of citizens also attended, thus showing the high appreciation of patriotism felt in Oskaloosa.

July, 1898.

Camp Geo. H. Thomas.

Lytle, Georgia.

Friend and Brother:

It is with feelings of pleasure that I write you a few lines hoping to be remembered as a brother and friend while I am a soldier boy. I believe we are fighting for a just cause. I am following in the footsteps of my father. He fought for his country and I felt it my duty to assist in protecting the honor of these United States. Perhaps it will interest my friends to hear from one who has been in the service since the 5th. day of April 1898. I belong to Co. L, of the 2nd. Missouri Volunteers. Our first camp was at Jefferson Barracks St. Louis, Mo., where we signed the muster roll. April 5th. 1898, for two years unless sooner discharged. April 18th. 1898 we broke camp and were transported to Lytle, County Georgia, where we are encamped on an old battle field where 16000 heroes laid down their lives in the service of their country, during the late rebellion. The boys here are greatly dissatisfied but it does no good to kick. We are not getting enough to eat here, and it is claimed that if we kick we will be given extra guard duty. A soldier gets about 40 cents per day and rations. We do not get all we want or need to eat, but from what I can learn we fare better than other camps. There are over 52000 soldiers here in Chicagmauga park. Every one is complaining. Our bill of fare is as follows. Breakfast; 1 pint of coffee 2 slices of bread, 4 bites of salt bacon; dinner 1 pint coffee, 1 boiled potato, 1 piece of boiled beef. We drill three and one-half hours in the morning and three and one-half hours in the afternoon. After supper we have dress parade. A soldier is never given more than time to write a letter. We have what is called fatigue duty and then we clean the camp streets of all kinds of paper and rubbish. On Sunday we have company inspection. Each man rolls his shelter half and blanket, puts on his full equipment, and lines up. By the time inspection is over, dinner is ready. At 1:30 we line up for setting up exercises. After this we do our washing. No man is permitted to leave company streets without permission. The time is close at hand when we go to Santiago. We are ordered out and it will require about five days to get us all on the road. Where the flags go all the boys are anxious to follow. The sharp cracks of the rifles tell all of us that a soldier's life is not always pleasant, but I advise all my friends to honor and salute the flag that

protects us and to show their colors. I will close, hoping to see you all after we capture Santiago.

Thomas Williams,
Co. 2nd Mo. Vol. Inf.

July 16, 1898.

Camp Cuba Libre.

Jacksonville, Fla.

Friends at Home:

We are grateful that we are able to write to our friends in old What Cheer. We are well and every man in camp feels better this morning because of the victory at Santiago. Our hearts are bouyant and every face is bright, altho' the victory was only a repetition of the demonstration of the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon. He is the best man on earth and the American Soldier is the best possible Anglo Saxon. The rainy season has set in. It is late this year and from that we do not think it will last long. The night of July 8th. the rain fell about 15 minutes and our camp was covered with water to the depth of four inches. Where the 4th Illinois was camped the water was about one foot in depth. Gov. Tanner, of Illinois, is here and all the Illinois troops are out on a grand review. We are pretty well drilled now and will soon receive our guns. They will be the Springfield rifles. W. J. Bryan with his regiment is soon to join us and we are all glad for most of the soldiers have a warm spot in their hearts for him. The What Cheer boys express their gratitude to the kind friends who sent us the money. It was expended in canvas to place around our tents to keep out the water. We grind away on our pork, beans and hardtack, the good old reliable solid hardtack,—it grows better every day.

Our love to all.

Thos. Denholm.

Editor Joplin Daily Globe.

Lytle Ga. July 2, 1898.

Soldier life, as I think of it and draw the contrast between it and slavery, is such that I cannot discern any material difference. The way soldiers are treated—half fed, or, really, not half fed and not even enough water to drink, not enough to quench the thirst of a canary bird. It is scandalous the way soldiers are treated here, it is no wonder that we complain bitterly. In regard to being half fed it is a shame that our Uncle Sam with all his Mark Hanna prosperity, cannot get his soldiers enough food, but water only in the smallest possible quantities. Yesterday morning we had our heavy breakfast, which consisted of bread, onions and ginger-snaps, the last being a gift to our company from the Rev. Father Lilly, of Springfield Mo. That is an emphatic and candid fact and shows the manner in which the United States takes care of its soldier boys. It does not look reasonable, but it is a fact that there is gross negligence and a state of utter incompetence. The first of last week one of the boys of Co. I, took sick, he was sent to the hospital where the physician said that there was nothing the matter with him. As he turned to go away he fell at the door of the hospital tent and in three days had passed to the other world. The worst will be with held for the present. We are unaccustomed to the heat and it becomes almost unbearable when we drill. Some times we have time to write to our sweet hearts but our time to play a few games of high five is being cut down as well as the places. We are now compelled to quit bathing in Chicamanga creek, and the best tasting drinking water in the park has been condemned by the medical board. I must say before I close that it is the hardest place to please that I ever saw, and no one seems pleased.

High Private.

We publish the above by request after seeing the letter verifying the statement. There are no doubt cases of missmanagement and the officials should know of it. We as American citizens know the true intent of our government to take good care of our soldiers. If its intent is

CAMP IN A CEMETERY

Iowa Soldiers at 'Frisco in an Un-
healthful Location.

LIVE ON A SAND BANK BY THE SEA

**Movement on Foot to Secure Better
Quarters—Nights Cold and Damp.
Much Sickness—A Letter to
the President.**

Des Moines, July 22.—Adjutant General Byers has not received an answer to his telegram to Col. John C. Loper asking him to use every effort within his power to get the position of the Iowa regiment in Camp Merritt, San Francisco, changed to some more healthful location. He is expecting an answer at any time and hopes that it will be found possible to make the desired change without appealing to those higher in authority than the officials in command of Camp Merritt. From a large picture received yesterday from Major John T. Hume is seen that the camp practically surrounds a cemetery, and from letters received it is learned that at the junction of the "L" is located a crematory, so it is a matter of some surprise that the health of the men in the camp there has not been worse than has been the case. The Iowa troops are as far from the cemetery as any, and perhaps farther, but from the picture they appear to be not more than two city blocks from the crematory, and may be nearer contagion than that, as shown by the finding of a skeleton in one of the tents some time ago. Adjutant General Byers was more than ever impressed with the desirability of securing the removal of the Iowa troops to some other camp site after carefully going over the large picture, which was taken in sections and pasted together and measured about four feet long, and he will take whatever action may seem necessary and proper after hearing from Colonel Loper to secure such a change, if it can be done. The

such a change, if it can be done. The camp is shown to be in a hollow between bluffs ranging about the bay, and there appears to be no grass anywhere, and reports confirm appearances. It is said that there is nothing but sand, and the bay, which is on one side of the camp, while the ocean is on the other, is, like the latter, so close as to keep the air moist the greater part of the time, and when the atmosphere cools down at night the men are said to be about as cold as though they had been given a bath in cold water with their clothes on and put to bed. The sympathy of the Iowa officials has been constantly with the men, and now that they fully understand the situation everything possible will be done to promote the comfort and health of the men while there. Adjutant General Byers has not fully determined whether or not to visit San Francisco in person, which he has been considering for some time, partially to see his old regiment again and partially to arrange in any way possible to further the interests and look out for the welfare of the Iowa troops.

In connection with the foregoing, the following telegram, taken from the San Francisco Daily Call, sent to President McKinley by the head of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce relative to the unsanitary condition of Camp Merritt, will be of interest:

San Francisco, Cal., July 16, '98.

"The President, Washington, D. C.: Camp Merritt in San Francisco has been condemned by our board of supervisors because of its unsanitary condition, protested against by the neighbors; is a blot upon the administration. The ladies of the Red Cross are heartbroken at the increasing mortality, entirely unnecessary. The New York regiment, just arrived, would not accept quarters there and is now camped at the Presidio, where there are 1540 acres available instead of 40 acres at Camp Merritt, upon which over 6,000 men have been continuously encamped for eight weeks. The sand is thoroughly saturated with sewage and drainage from this large number of United States volunteers. Will you, in the cause of humanity, compel the removal of this disgraceful condition of affairs? If you will authorize the expenditure and give us authority this Chamber will undertake within seven days to sewer and supply with fresh water the Presidio grounds.

"Hugh Craig,

"President Chamber of Commerce,

"San Francisco."

ON THE FIRING LINE

George A. Kelly, of Ottumwa. In
Thick of Fight in Philippines.

A MEMBER OF CO. I, 51ST REGIMENT

A Letter Received Recently By His
Parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Kelly,
of 911 East Second
Street.

Among the Iowa boys who are in the thickest of the fight in Manila, is George A. Kelly, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Kelly, residing at 911 East Second street. Mr. Kelly is a member of Company I, Fifty-first Iowa Volunteer infantry. He enlisted at Creston, and although his regiment has just been called into the fight, recently, Kelly has been on the firing line before as is related in the following interesting letter received by his parents this week:

The letter is dated "Fort Rice, San Roque, Philippine Islands, March 18, 1899." The first part of it is devoted to a descriptive account of the voyage to Manila. They arrived there December 7, but did not disembark. On Dec. 26 they sailed for Iloilo. Mr. Kelly says: "The boys were jumping for joy for it was said that we were going to take that place, but when we arrived there, Dec. 28, orders came to the effect that we would not take Iloilo. We remained in the bay there until Jan. 29 when we were recalled, not as the papers stated to Honolulu, or Manila, but to Cavite, which is six miles from Manila in the same bay. This is where Dewey's fleet sank the Spanish fleet. While there we often rowed out to the wrecked ships. We all have canes made from wood from the Spanish flagship.

"Manila is a very interesting place. It is so old and odd. I saw buildings there which were erected in 1624. They are still using a church building which was erected in 1703. Their churches are the most beautiful I have ever seen. The hand carvings and oil paintings are grand. As for Manila in general, it is dirty and close. The streets are only about twenty feet wide and the sidewalks are two feet in width. They have miserable little street cars that will not accommodate over six persons. They have the same cemetery that they used 100 years ago. The dead are interred there for a period of about six months after which the skeleton is exhumed and the bones taken to the 'bone pile.' Another corpse is then placed in the grave from which the skeleton was removed. There is a pile of human bones here as high as a good sized house. Outside of the city, this country is nothing but a wilderness of brush, bamboo, rosewood, cocconut, mahogany and ebony trees. There is no pine. It is always swampy and we never see an open field of good, rich, hard soil, and now it will be worse than ever since the rainy season has set in. It is very hot too.

"After a siege of ninety-five days aboard ship we landed in Cavite Feb. 14. I got a pass to Manila and went to visit some of the California boys. While I was with them a call to arms was blown. I never saw such action in my life and I did not stand by and see them rush to the front without going with them. One of my friends gave me a gun, belt and haversack. I fell in line with Company K, of the First California regiment. We marched to the outpost and laid in the trenches that night, holding back the insurgents. Oh, what a queer feeling we experienced—lying in those trenches where we could not see anything but could hear the nasty sing of the Mausers as they went ping, ping, through the brush and over our heads. We remained in the trenches until 3 o'clock Sunday morning. When it was light enough to see we received the command: 'Load, ready, aim, fire.' After firing several volleys we received the command, 'Forward, march.' That changed things. Even though we were more exposed to the fire of the enemy, that queer feeling left us after the first shot. It isn't very pleasant to be compelled to lie in the trenches and let them shoot at you. As soon as we started to advance it was really fun. You must not think me hard-hearted when I say that we did not think any more of shooting a Filipino than we would a duck—in fact, it is just like hunting ducks, only these ducks shoot back. We fought through Paco to Santa Anna. It was hard fighting too, for the ground we had to fight over was a mass of brush and rice fields, and the Philipinos fight just like Indians. At Santa Anna we had a hard fight of eleven hours, then the insurgents retreated with heavy loss. Fort Santa Anna was a very strong fort. It was equipped with two 3-inch Krupp guns and was surrounded with a rock wall four feet high and three feet thick. We made a charge on this fort and went over the wall. Then it was a hand to hand fight, but they did not last long. One of our boys that I saw fall stood within reach of me. He was shot through the head. Every time a boy in a blue shirt and brown trousers would fall, his comrades would fight the harder and faster and every step we gained we left something behind to show that we had been there. From Santa Anna we went to San Pedro, Macati, where we had another hard fight which ended in the same way. The latter place was their commissary headquarters. We captured a great amount of ammunition, clothing and army supplies of all kinds. This fight began Sunday, Feb. 5, and was a constant fight until Feb. 9. It was the hardest engagement of the Spanish-American war, so the papers say. On Feb. 9 it appeared that there would be no more fighting so I returned to my regiment. My comrades knew I had been in the fight but that was all. They had not learned how I had fared. Capt. Cunningham, of Company K, First California regiment, gave me a very nice letter to my captain, and a certificate of service for five days on the firing line. When I returned to Cavite everybody wanted to know where I had been and after relating the details of my experience they, as well as myself, felt proud that at least one Iowa boy had been in the fight. But that same day there was a call to arms for the Iowa troops and the Third battalion, consisting of compa-

nies G, I, B and K, was ordered to make a charge on San Roque. We had the Second battalion for support. The insurgents fired San Roque, thinking that would stop us. It was very hot to go up the street with the flames on either side of us, but we advanced and drove the insurgents to the hills. Many of the boys fainted from the effects of the intense heat, but until they were utterly exhausted they never for one moment thought of shirking. We continued to pursue the fleeing insurgents, driving them across a narrow causeway where we halted and erected a fort.

"Feb. 15 we celebrated the blowing up of the Maine by having a fight with the Philipinos and whipping them good. They attacked us but we lay low until they came within good range when we opened up with volley after volley, which mowed them down like weeds. Company I formed a skirmish line across the causeway and went clear over to their trenches. They did not see an insurgent only those who were dead and could not get out of the way. Those are the kind we term 'good niggers.' March 4 the insurgents made persistent efforts to get to our fort but we volleyed them to death and have not been attacked since. Every day and night they fire on our outpost, but as yet they have wounded only one man.

"The general health of the regiment is good. We have lost only two men from sickness since leaving the states. I am experiencing a very good time, seeing lots of sights that to me will be useful. Sometimes we do not get all we want to eat or just what we would like to have. The only place we did not really get plenty to eat was on the ship. There we could not even buy a meal. Here we can, and are doing as well as any soldier ought to expect, especially when he is on the firing line.

"George A. Kelly."

BEFORE CALUMPIT

Part Taken by Iowa Boys in
the Notable Fight.

OSKALOOSA BOY'S STORY

The Courier's Regular Correspondent
Roy C. Brown, Ill in the Hospital
With Malarial Fever—Graphic
Description of the Battle.

The Courier's special correspondent with the Fifty-first Iowa in the Philippines, Roy C. Brown, is ill with malarial fever in the hospital at Manila, and at his request J. Ed. White, of Oskaloosa, member of Company F, of the same regiment, has written the story of the fight before Calumpit, and the part taken by the Iowa boys. The letter is very interesting, and follows:

Calumpit, April 27.—After a year of disappointments, months of weary waiting on the shores of the Pacific, long weeks on the troop ship Pennsylvania, and days of vexatious delay in getting into action since the present conflict began, the Fifty-first celebrated the first anniversary of its service amid the rattle of rifle volleys and the boom of heavy guns, stormed an insurgent stronghold and sent the enemy scampering away to places of safety. This after fifty hours of continuous marching and fighting, across the rice fields and swamps of Luzon.

The campaign began Sunday morning last, when a troop of the Fourth cavalry, while on a scouting expedition, were ambushed by the Filipinos near Quinga, five miles northeast of Malolos, and almost cut to pieces. The Nebraska regiment rushed to their assistance and were soon reinforced by the Iowas. The enemy retired to his trench and put up a fierce resistance. Our infantry was unable to dislodge him, and four guns of the Utah battery were sent out from Malolos. A few shells from these terrors soon settled the fate of Mr. Filipino, and he retired across the Bagbag river, taking his wounded and setting fire to the town. The loss on the American side was heavy. The Nebraskas lost their colonel and forty men killed and wounded, while the Fifty-first had thirty men wounded, one of whom, Behm, of Company M, has since died.

During the night Gen. Hale moved his entire brigade, consisting of the South Dakota, Nebraska and Iowa regiments, with the guns of the Utah battery, into Quinga, and at day-break Monday attacked the enemy, strongly entrenched across the river, and routed him from his position with the loss of only one man wounded. The troops then crossed the river and deployed across the country, advancing toward Calumpit and sweeping the enemy before them. About a mile from the river the natives made a stand, but were soon driven out of their trenches, leaving thirty-eight of their dead festering in the hot sun, while their wounded were cared for by our hospital corps. Iowa here lost two men and the South Dakotas three.

Another stand was made by the enemy across a large rice field about a mile beyond, but the line of invincible Americans was hardly checked, advancing steadily pouring in a hot fire from Krags and Springfields. In the trenches in front of the Fifty-first eighty dead and wounded natives were found, while the left of the line reported fifty-eight good Filipinos. Our line was now over three miles long, extending from the Bagbag river to the north, with the artillery and Nebraskas on the river, the South Dakotas in the center, and the Fifty-first on the right. The heat was now intense, the sun pouring down from directly overhead, and no protection from the fierce rays in the open rice fields. The boys who had fought all day Sunday and marched almost all night, with but three hours sleep, suffered fearfully from the heat, and the most to care for them. At one time were lying exhausted from our regiment in the scant shade found.

The advance continued slowly across the country, through bamboo thickets and banana groves, without interruption until about 4 p. m., when the line was fired upon by an outpost of the enemy from a thicket about 1,000 yards in front. Gen. Hale immediately moved his men into position and engaged

the Filipinos, who were strongly entrenched along the river bank. One-half hour's rifle firing sufficed to route the enemy and we marched into their trench and prepared to bivouac for the night. Our loss here was the heaviest of the day. The next morning I saw six dead and twelve wounded American soldiers on the river bank. The Fifty-first had one man wounded seriously, and Major Duggan, of the first battalion got a Mauser in the arm. The fire was hot and the natives shot low, but it was the same old story, they could not stand the storm of American lead and steel. Fifty "ami-goes" were left behind as evidences of our work.

The morning of the 25th found us within three miles of Calumpit, where the Filipinos were strongly entrenched. We advanced slowly through the swamps surrounding the town and at 10 o'clock drew up in battle formation within 500 yards of the Rio Grande river, beyond which were their fortifications. Here the Bagbag empties into the Rio Grande and the railroad crosses the river. The enemy had cut a span of the bridge, which had fallen into the water, and tore up the track for a 1,000 yards on the Calumpit side. Gen. Wheaton's brigade, the Kansas, Montanas and Third artillery, had advanced along the railroad from Malolos, supporting a battery on the cars.

The line of fortification erected by the enemy extended from the railroad in either direction for a distance of two miles, while the Rio Grande, supposed to be impassable, flowed between them and our army. Everything ready a boom from one of the Utah guns went reverberating through the air and the battle was on. The whole line opened up with the exception of the Fifty-first, which occupied a flank position along the river. Suddenly "whizz-zip," "bang," a shrapnel burst just behind the first battalion, another and another came and then it dawned upon us that we were in the line of fire of our own guns. The situation was critical; a shell had struck and killed Lieut. Lane's horse, bursting 100 feet beyond; another buried itself in the ground not thirty feet in front of Company F, which had it exploded would have did awful execution; another exploded in front of Company M, in reserve, and its flying fragment wounded two of the men. During this time the "zip" of the Mausers was continuous and the strain was telling on the boys, who, as yet, had not fired a shot. Their condition was relieved by the command, "Fire," and in a moment a hail of lead was pouring along the trenches of the enemy. No one who has not been under fire can imagine the intense relief afforded by the firing of one's own rifle. One becomes entirely oblivious of danger, and many of the boys who had been hugging the ground closely during the interval of danger before, now stood erect calmly loading and firing his piece into the jungle, behind which was the enemy's stronghold.

While the firing was at its fiercest the notes of a bugle came sounding down along along the line, "Forward." Every man started in obedience to the command, when somebody yelled, "charge." Into the jungle we pitched, while from every throat came a yell, such as only Americans can give. The South Dakotas took up the charge and the whole line went stumbling, yelling, fighting forward. It was too much for the Filipinos, and they broke and ran for safety beyond. The fight was over and the victory was ours.

Gen. Hale crossed the river with the Nebraskas and occupied the trenches, while the South Dakotas and Fifty-first bivouacked on the right bank of the river. The Kansas and Montana

regiments of Wheaton's brigade, crossed and took up the pursuit of the fleeing army. Our loss was about fifty killed and wounded, while that of the enemy must have approached 500. Men who have been in the battles of Caloocan, Malabon and Malinto say that never have the natives been as strongly fortified as here. Trenches were built up and portholes arranged so that no part of their bodies would have to be exposed. Our boys, who could see through these trenches, poured such a storm of lead into these portholes that the enemy could not put their guns up at all. Observation showed the bamboos of which the trench was built up completely perforated with rifle bullets.

At present we are lying in reserve along the west bank of the Rio Grande, resting up and getting ready for further service if necessary. Present indications show that the army of Aguinaldo is about disintegrated, as a number of officers have come in and surrendered with their commands. Today Aguinaldo's chief of staff came in and it is reported that he has 4,000 soldiers to turn over to us. Here's hoping it's true.

The boys of the Fifty-first are satisfied with their record for the first year. Can you say as much for the people of the state? It has hurt us a great deal to receive the criticism we have received from the folks at home. We hope they are at least satisfied, although to gratify that feeling has brought death, pain and sorrow to many.

J. Ed White,
Company F, Fifty-first Iowa.

THE 51ST IN THE PHILIPPINES.

MAJOR
JOHN T. HUME.

Mr. R. J. McVicker, formerly a corporal in company F of the Fifty-first Iowa volunteers, and who is at present an employe of the TIMES office, received on Wednesday of this week, a letter from Major John T. Hume of the Fifty-first, dated July 13, 1899, at San Fernando, P. I. From this letter we are permitted to publish the following interesting extracts:

"The Fifty-first has been doing its duty as usual, and since April 16th has seen some of the hardest fought battles of the campaign, and its officers and men have waded and swam as many rivers as Funston and the Twentieth Kansas, but as there was no newspaper correspondent attached did not get the notoriety that others gained by suitable write-up at the time.

Your old company F has done its share on the field of battle and stood it like soldiers ought. Captain Keating recently spent some days in the hospital but is back on duty again. Lieutenant Point goes into Major Bell's veteran regiment, also

Captain Ickis of company G. Several men will join from each of the battalions of the Fifty-first. Lieutenant Col. Miller commanded the regiment from April 16th to June 16th, Col. Loper being absent, sick during that time.

We have attacks on our outposts nearly every week, and some times for two or three nights in succession. Day attacks do not occur.

The rainfall one day last week was 7.39 inches and showers are frequent and sometimes very heavy. The fields are getting quite soft and more or less impassable.

San Fernando is a very good place to stay and it is quite probable that we will remain here for a week or more, and then go to Cavite. The artillery goes home with First California and Wyoming. The Montanas are at Cavite and we will no doubt, relieve them. Our date of departure cannot be expected to be fixed for earlier than August 15th, and you know the joyful news will be received with loud acclaim."

THE 51ST IN
THE PHILIPPINES.

J. ED. WHITE.

SAN FERNANDO, P. I.
May, 15, 1899.

I think perhaps I owe The TIMES a description of the part taken by the 51st and Co. F in the campaign just completed, a campaign resulting in the fall of the insurgent capital, occupied as such by the enemy since the evacuation of Malolos, April 1st. As you perhaps know our regiment relieved the 10th Pennsylvanias at Malolos, April 16th, and for a week lay on the line around the city watching the enemy.

Sunday morning, April 23rd, a scouting party under Major Bell, ran into a trap of the enemy at Quinga, a village on the Bay Bas river, five miles northeast of Malolos, and the 1st Nebraskas and the 2nd and 3rd battalions of our regiment were called out to save them. Here in one of the fiercest fights of the war Col. Stotsenburg, of the Nebraskas, was killed, and 40 of his men wounded, while the loss to our battalion was 13 wounded. The enemy was strongly intrenched in an old creek bed, and as soon as our forces got out in the open rice field, poured in such a hot fire that we could neither advance nor retreat. The Utah artillery sent two guns up from Malolos about 1:00 p. m., and a few shells dislodged the enemy and sent him scurrying back to a place of safety. Our troops marched in and took possession of the town.

During the night General Hale's entire brigade was moved up and at daylight the next morning moved down to the south shore of the river and engaged the enemy on the opposite side. The boom of the heavy field pieces, the screaming shells, bursting shrapnel and the crash of rifle volleys was too much for the insurgents and they retreated precipitately, leaving 15 of their dead in the trenches. Our loss was one man wounded in the hospital corps, who has since died. After the evacuation of the trenches, the South Dakota regiment waded the river and took up a position on them while the rest of the brigade crossed and got in a position for a continued advance. At about 9:00 the line began to swing around toward Calumpit, eight miles away, in open order. The Nebraskas occupied the left flank, with South Dakota in the center and the 51st on the right, supporting three guns of the Utah battery.

It did not take long to find the enemy, and before many minutes the Mausers began to "zip-zip" down the road along which we were marching, not yet being able to take our position on the line on account of the heavy bamboo thickets. Two men in "D" company were wounded here and it took lots of nerve to stand the fire. Soon the firing ceased and when we came up to the place where

the enemy had made its stand the murderous effects of American fire were too plainly visible. Thirty dead Filipinos lay in one short trench, where the South Dakota had charged. But three of our boys were cold in the embrace of death.

Swinging out into an open rice field our regiment double-timed up to the line, which we had reached when from a trench on the opposite side came the hail of lead and steel which engaged our attention for a short time. When we got through with this crowd 80 dead insurgents were added to the list of lives sacrificed to the ambition of Aguinaldo, while four men wounded from our regiment was our loss. By this time the line extended from the river over three miles across the country. The heat was so intense that the fields in our rear were dotted with exhausted men. The fierce rays of the sun beat down unchecked upon the exposed soldiers and struck them down mercilessly. On we went plodding along across rice fields and through bamboo thickets until near the middle of the afternoon when a shot rang out from a clump of bamboo in our front and the bullet went whizzing over our heads. The general immediately got us ready for action and moving up cautiously soon located the enemy in a long trench near the river bank. It is marvelous the way these fellows intrench themselves. We read reports in home papers of their fight-

ing behind rude fortifications. Why experts from our army and from visiting nations say their system of trench building is the most complete of anything the world has yet afforded. And being armed with Mausers they can reach our lines when yet 1,000 yards off, while our volunteers, armed with ancient Springfield must get within 600 yards of them before an effective fire is secured.

As soon as our forces appeared in the open the enemy began their operations. Advancing steadily upon them we were suddenly met by a cross fire which enfiladed our line and the boys dropped all around us. The Dakotas lost four killed and six wounded, the Nebraskas two killed and four wounded, while our loss was one enlisted man, and Major Duggan of the 1st battalion wounded. We soon had the enemy on the run however, and marching into their trenches bivouacked for the night. And such a tired lot of fellows we were. We had marched and fought for 36 hours with only three hours sleep. Our boys, several of them, worn out by the hard work and the effects of the heat had thrown away haversacks, ammunition, and in some cases food, to relieve themselves of their load. In our squad of nine men, we had one can of baked beans for dinner, supper and breakfast, while through some inadvertence of

the commissary department we had not a drop of coffee to drink.

Daylight came April 25th only too soon for the tired bodies of Iowa's sons, and daylight found us prepared for our advance upon Calumpit river. We began our march with stiffened limbs and aching heads and for the full distance were undisturbed by the enemy's fire. We waded swamps that morning with water and mud coming up to our belts. The sun mercifully concealed himself behind the clouds as if, at last, taking pity on struggling humanity. When within a mile of the river the general came along the line and gave our officers their formation in the line, from thence we advanced cautiously until within 300 yards of the river.

Here General Hale halted the line and communicated with General Wheaton, who moved his brigade up the railroad during the morning. Finding everything ready for action one of the Utah guns was swung around and a shell from its muzzle went screaming and crashing into the enemy's trench. At this it seemed that the demons of hell had broken loose. Wheaton's armored car along the railroad begun operation; rifle volleys from Springfield and Krag crashed and rattled, rapid fire guns sent sheets of lead into the trenches, the screeching shells from the 3-inch guns tore through the air and exploded with terrific report over the enemy's head. The air about our heads was full of hissing, burning Mausers and added to the general pandemonium. Suddenly a shell from the armored car crashed over the enemy's trench and struck in front of our line, burrying itself in the soft ground and not exploding, another went hissing over our line and exploded 100 yards beyond wounding two men in M company, another struck the horse ridden by Lieut. Lane, battalion adjutant, killing the horse and giving the lieutenant a close call. It was a trying moment and every man realizing from whence the shells came, expected to be torn to pieces at any time. An orderly dashed down the line and notified the battery of our position, the firing ceased and we could once more return to our occupation of shooting down the Filipinos. The battle had now raged for an hour and from their trenches the natives still poured a deadly fire. General Hale was discussing the advisability of retiring, when the order came "forward." We started, somebody broke into a run, at once the whole line gave a yell and the involuntary charge began. There was a river in our front, not over a hundred yards, but we knew nothing of this. The South Dakotas heard the charge and catching the contagion sprang forward to the river bank, cheering and firing. The fire of the enemy slackened. They feared the coming Americans,

although the river lay between! The Nebraskas took up the charge and plunging into the river waded to the opposite shore. The enemy became demoralized and broke from his trenches. The deadly cross-fire of the Iowa and South Dakota regiments slew them by the score. The Nebraskas climbed into their trenches and slew them as they ran. Our victory was complete. The loss to our brigade here was seven killed and 26 wounded, while 300 insurgents were buried the next day.

That night we slept on the ground in our battle formation, while the enemy withdrew, closely followed by the Kansas and Montana regiments under Wheaton, to another series of trenches on the Rio Grande river, before Apalit. Here they fought for two days and finally retreated to San Tomas, while our troops took possession of the town.

After a week's rest at this place the advance on San Fernando was begun. Reveille awoke us at 3:00 a. m. May 4th, and daylight found us on our march to meet the enemy.

General Wheaton's brigade moved up the railroad while General Hale's brigade went along the wagon road. The morning was delightfully cool and comfortable and a gait was taken in the march that was easy on the men. Old Sol discreetly kept behind a cloud and the boys were in good spirits. Our battalion had only returned the day before from a jaunt to Gen. Lawton's division in escort of a provision train, and while a little worn from the 40 miles march were nevertheless willing to keep up with the movements of the regiment.

About six miles out from Apalit we met the enemy and he dropped away at us, as he always does, when we are too far away for him to hit us.

Our regiment was on advance and at once deployed in skirmish line, with the 1st battalion to the left of the road. We had orders to flank the enemy from their trench, but they wouldn't wait for us, vanishing down the road before we fired a shot. One of the Utah guns was trained on the road and the Filipinos had a warm flight. Soon the order came to advance and we started forward slowly, not knowing what we were to meet with. But we found out as 200 or 300 yards brought us in a rice marsh, composed of slimy, sticky mud two feet deep and covered with three or four inches of water. This swamp was about a mile wide and traversed by small streams from 20 to 50 feet wide, and four to five feet deep. When Gen. Hale gave orders to withdraw the line around the swamp, we attempted to do so but hardly had the movement been when the enemy opened fire from his position, about 800 yards away, and we had to resume our place in swamp. The Iowas being in the front of the line caught the brunt of

the fire but fortunately got a position under cover while the artillery gave the natives a few 16-pounders to digest. The Nebraskas moved up into position on our right and the line moved forward steadily driving the enemy back. Wheaton's column had engaged the Filipinos at a railroad bridge and our battalion was ordered to flank their trench. This we did plunging through mud and water up to our necks. After working thus for sometime we were confronted by a stream that was impassible. We halted here and having a good view of the enemy's position poured a hot fire into them for a short time completely demoralizing them and forcing a retreat in the Kansas front.

The enemy in full retreat we stopped for dinner, a tired, weary lot of soldiers. The sun, as though to repay us for kindnesses in the morning came out fierce and blazing about the time we got to the swamp and struck the boys down with his rays. Our battalion with a force of 300 men in the morning, lined up with 145 at this time. As soon as a stop was made I gathered a number of canteens and started for water, for to add to our other discomforts our supply of water was exhausted early in the fight, for while the ground was all covered with the fluid it was all salty, being affected by the tides. Around a little well, with perhaps six inches of muddy water, a mile away, I found a crowd of about 100 soldiers with twice as many canteens working, cursing and fighting to get them filled. The chance for me looked slim, and so I continued my search. Nearing some old shacks I found several jars of rainwater beneath the eaves and proclaiming it a blessing, hastily quaffed a quart of the slimy stuff, wiggletails and all.

Then filling my canteens I called to several of the fellows my find. They came racing up and in less time than I can write it, water, bacilli and all, was disappearing to satisfy their burning thirst. I said to one dusty fellow "You had better look out for wiggletails," "D— the wiggletails, I wouldn't stop at a dead nigger," was the reply as he disposed of a drink of the cooling fluid. It tasted better than anything I ever drank.

Returning to my company I found the line about to advance, but it was only to march into the city of San Tomas where we took up quarters in the deserted houses for the night. In the morning scouting parties reported San Fernando three miles further on, deserted, and Gen. Hale selected our regiment to make the entry into and take possession of the town. We swung up the road in columns of fours, a little proud of the distinction that we were to gain by this move, and while advancing slowly along, our general noticed some suspicious signs and threw us out into skirmish lines. It was well

that he did so, for the scouting party had been mistaken and the city was still held by 4,000 of Aguinaldo's soldiers.

When we had advanced to within 100 yards of the river that skirts the town, a fusillade of shots rang out from the enemy on the opposite shore, wounding one of the boys in C company. We were caught! Here we were with only 60 rounds of ammunition per man, and a heavy force confronting us. But we did not hesitate. To withdraw would be more disastrous than a continuation. So at the command "fire" every man began pouring a storm of lead at the enemy. Such a heavy fire disconcerted the natives and they slackened up on their fire. Immediately the command came "forward." The river, of unknown depth was before us, but not a man hesitated. With a cheer we sprang into the stream and fording it under a galling fire, scrambled up the opposite bank, and went after the fleeing Filipinos, now in full view, scurrying for the shelter in the bamboo thicket beyond. Fifteen dead and 30 wounded was their loss.

The Filipinos had burned their churches and public buildings before evacuating and destroyed much of the railroad property. After patrolling the town we took up quarters in the houses and proceeded to make ourselves at home. In the evening the rest of the division was moved up from San Thomas and took station in the town. The natives seem to have enough of this warfare. Every day they are returning to their homes and envoys are seeking Gen. Otis to arrange a peaceful settlement of the issue.

It would indeed, be strange for these people to continue this longer. Defeated at every point. Their young men killed, buildings burned, towns destroyed, homes deserted, property confiscated by Aguinaldo, it is not strange that they are willing to quit. Today orders have been issued to allow any of them unarmed to pass through the lines.

It looks very much like we would be home with you by Sept. 1. It is reported that the 2nd Oregon are to sail on Hancock about June 1st. This should get us away by July 15.

When Co. F got into San Fernando we had 30 men and 15 rounds of ammunition to the man.

Some Spaniards found here told us the enemy were scared terribly at our fire, thinking that the whole army was upon them. They say the natives claimed our force consisted of 10,000 when, in fact, we had only 3,000.

The boys are getting in good shape again and joining the company. None are seriously ill. Sergt. Sessions is still at Corregidor Island.
J. ED WHITE.

Letter From the Philippines.

The Colfax Clipper publishes the following very interesting and suggestive letter received from a member of the Fifty-first Iowa volunteers, and we here reprint it for its excellent, though brief description of the situation at San Fernando.

"SAN FERNANDO, P. I. May 30.

Dear Friend Ham:—The Clipper still continues to be a steady and reliable visitor and am thankful for the same. The regiment has had several hot times in the past. They went through swamps and jungles and are glad to get rest at this place. The fight here was not of any consequence, as our 2d and 3d battalions circled and then marched into town and found it empty, so only a few shots were fired in the outskirts. Since our assignment to quarters we have had three skirmishes about three miles north of here in cornfields, reminding us of hunting a needle in a haystack when we were looking for the niggers. We expect to be relieved soon by the regulars and perhaps will be home by Christmas, that is at a rough estimate. Markey, of Co. M., Red Oak, was shot in the knee in the last scrimmage. The rainy season is here and is very gloomy and distasteful to all. Plenty of amigos in town selling fruit, especially today being pay day for three months the extra month being time served at Des Moines, Iowa. The 17th, 22d and 8th U. S. regulars are here to relieve three volunteer regiments—Kansas, South Dakota and Montana—which will leave Iowa the only volunteer regiment on the north line. We hardly know what to believe as there are so many bamboo reports afloat here and of course are apt to bend a great deal. I think I penned you a letter from this place but another will do no harm to the paper it is written on. I could say a great deal in regard to the different commands and commandants, but those secrets will only be found out when we are discharged, as it would cause trouble to the writer of the same secrets. The boys are anxious to get mustered out and get revenge. There is a good deal of trickery in the first battalion in regard to field manoeuvres. We get fresh meat, spuds and fresh bread, which is a great change for us. I have no kick coming only on the climate, and that would call a kick from St. Peter. Well Ham I guess I will close for today by sending regards to all and hoping that we may join you all in the states in the near future.

JOE HOUSE,
Band 51s. Iowa.

MANILA MATTERS

An Interesting Letter From
Lieutenant Kissick to
His Father.

PAPERS PUFFING GEN. FUNSTON.

Booked for a Fight Ever so Often.—Point,
Beeson and White in Charge
of Sales Commissary.

SAN FERNANDO, P. I., June 23.

DEAR FOLKS:—Received mail last night. Got a package of envelopes and paper which I don't need very badly now. The scarcity of paper has been while we were in the field away from supplies. The government sales commissary has been running here for some time which sells all kinds of stuff at cost, and we can get writing paper there. Lieut. Point is detailed in charge of sales commissary and is assisted by Sergeant Beeson and Private White.

It has been a peculiar circumstance that every time we receive mail we have a fight, and last night was no exception. While we were attending a band concert given in honor of Gen. Hale, the insurgents attacked the Kansas outposts and it wasn't long till we were called out.

The insurgents made what was probably a bluff attack all around the town, and we had to wade out through the mud and see about it.

There was quite a brisk fire from their trenches for about an hour but they made no effort to advance in our front. A few shells with the help of a Gatling gun and our fire made them shut off. We got back to quarters and found our mail waiting for us. They have been quiet since.

I guess we are booked for a fight here about every so often as long as we are at the front.

I notice the papers are giving Funston a big puff. He deserves it and there are others who deserve just as much. That story of him swimming the Rio Grande at Calumpit is a fake. Two men swam across the river with a rope and Funston came over on the first raft. He is mighty wise. Keeps a newspaper correspondent with him all the time, who writes him up. Funston deserves all the credit he gets, and if he wants an office after he gets out, he ought to have it. Freedom has a good write-up of the fight several mornings ago. Will send you a copy if I can get one. Yours,

GUY.

CO. F IN THE PHILIPPINES.

J. ED. WHITE.

SAN FERNANDO, P. I., Aug. 13, '99.

EDITOR TIMES:—Again I stop to write you a letter from this far away island. Just in time to chronicle the news of another severe engagement, with the enemy, in which the Iowa boys took an active part and added another star to their record.

Wednesday morning at 2:00 the bugles sounded reveille and the troops comprising the 2nd division at San Fernando tumbled out of their cots, took a day's ration and set out after the enemy entrenched 2000 yards away. The Iowa regiment depleted by its six months of hard service had 340 men at the roll call. As the first streak of dawn lighted up the east and the gentle breezes rustled the palm leaves overhead, a reverberating boom sounded away off toward the right toward Mexico, from a 3-inch gun and as its echoes went rolling along to the ears of the enemy several artillery shots joined in and the startled enemy not yet stirred from its night's slumber, sprang up fearfully only to sink down again as the batteries on every hand began sending screeching shells into their trenches.

For a half hour this canonading continued and then a lull came. It was then that the rifles in the hands of the boys in brown began to speak as they went forward through the mud and water to the trenches of the enemy 1,000 yards away. Not stopping, but advancing all the while at a steady gait, a rapid fire was put into the enemy's trench with such deadly precision that when the line got within 500 yards of them their fire had almost ceased, while their men could be seen scrambling out for cover. But all this was not done without some loss to us, for five of Iowa's sons lay on the field that had been swept with the hissing Mauser, and were swiftly taken to the rear and back to the hospital.

Iowa held the left of Wheaton's brigade, the 2nd having changed places with the 17th during the night. The left of the regiment rested on the railroad and an open swamp of 1,000 yards intervened to the enemy's double line of trenches. Things looked dark for the boys when they swung into the skirmish line and started after the gugas, but their record of brilliant decisive movements and excellent good luck

carried them through safely. At the second trench the enemy attempted to make a stand, but our boys were too close on them to give them a chance, so they broke in disorder and kept on the run for the north. Thus after three months of work and preparation by Aggie's beleaguering army a handful of American soldiers put it to flight in two hours.

Many of the boys have returned sick and exhausted from the campaign and at present reports the regiment has only 225 men, out of its strength of 900, on duty. The boys are sore because this state of affairs exist and feel very bitter against the powers that be for compelling a worn-out, over-worked lot of fellows, such as the 51st is, to go forth and do battle with many fresh troops at their disposal. But as McArthur says, "I want the Iowa regiment, for if they are only 300 strong, they are experienced fighters and I need them." That settled it, and the boys went out and gave the niggers the best they had, and that was enough.

I don't know when we are going to get away from here. It will be our turn soon, but the department is evidently going to keep us out on the line as long as we are here, and as it is reported that this movement is to take us up to Tarlac, 25 miles from San Fernando. Who can tell when the fighting days of the 51st will be over? The City of Para, scheduled to take Kansas, came in yesterday, and the Tartar, which everybody says will take Iowa, is due this week, so it might be a close guess to say that Sept. 20th would witness our departure.

Co. "F" did not advance with the regiment, but with "K," a part of the 16th infantry and two guns of the 1st advanced along the road to Mexico, drove the gugas from their entrenchments and marched into the city the next morning.

By the transfer of our First Lieutenant to Bell's regiment, 2nd Lieutenant Hearne has become 1st Lieutenant and 1st Sergt. Kissick 2nd Lieut., while the 1st duty Sergt. Fred Moore becomes 1st Sergt. Corp. Jordan goes up to a Sergt. as a result of these advancements, and Privates McLaughlin and Lacey are now corporals. Corporal Orvis enlisted in Lockett's volunteers,

and Privates Steninger and Whitaker have obtained their discharges and gone home. Lieut. Kissick, Ed Kissick, John McCoy, Fred Preston, Jesse Ellsworth, Frank Reid, Harry Carlon and John Camp, have all been sick for some time and off duty, but at this writing are returning to duty. In the two weeks just past the company has gone on outpost with only ten privates and another company of our battalion, "A," has only had 6 men. When you size things up from this standpoint you can very readily see why not more than 300 men went forth to battle when the call came. Six months service in Luzon confronting all the hardships that naturally come up, entitles the regiment to be relieved and a speedy departure from the island. After that we ask no more. To get back to the home of love and sunshine is our only wish.

J. ED. WHITE.

Col. John S. Mallory, of the Army—The Filipino looks at everything around a corner. He can't arrive at anything directly, which is much the fashion of the Spaniard. Consequently there is no more courteous man than the Filipino of education who wishes to be polite. He can compliment you with the most exquisite suggestions as if he hardly knew it was a compliment. And he can attack a political opponent with delicate innuendos that would convict the Apostle Paul before an average jury.

THE PRESIDENT AT ARLINGTON

Thousands of Veterans in Attendance to Hear His Address.

TALKS OF THE PHILIPPINES

Their Future Can Be Determined Upon Only After They Have Shown Their Capacity and Power for Self Government—Knows Not When That Day Will Come

Washington, May 31.—Decoration Day was observed here yesterday perhaps more generally than ever before. The announcement that President Roosevelt would deliver the oration at Arlington brought to that historic city of the dead a vast concourse of people, among whom were numbered thousands of veterans who journeyed into the cemetery to honor the memory of their comrades who had died in their country's cause, or who, having survived the struggle of 1861 and 1898, had passed since into the great beyond. The local arrangements were in charge of the department of the Potomac, and included a parade of all the G. A. R., and other patriotic organizations, the decoration of monuments and graves and addresses by men prominent in the affairs of the government.

Following are extracts from the address delivered by the president:

Must Care for the West.

"While fully acknowledging our duties to others, need we forget our duty to our own country?"

"The Pacific seaboard is as much to us as the Atlantic; as we grow in power and prosperity so our interests will grow in that farthest west which is the immemorial east.

"This should no more be a party question than the war for the Union should have been a party question."

Cruelty Was the Cause.

"These younger comrades of yours have fought under terrible provocation from a very cruel and treacherous enemy. Under the strain of these provocations I deeply deplore to say that some among them have so far forgotten themselves as to counsel and commit, in retaliation, acts of cruelty. The fact that for every guilty act committed by one of our troops, a hundred acts of far greater atrocity have been committed by the hostile natives upon our troops, or upon the peaceable and law abiding natives who are friendly to us, can not be held to excuse any wrongdoer on our side. Determined and unswerving effort must be made, and is being made, to find out every instance of barbarity on the part of our troops, to punish those guilty of it, and to take, if possible, even stronger measures than have already been taken to minimize or prevent the occurrence of all such instances in the future."

Lynchings Not Noticed.

"From time to time there occur in our country to the deep and lasting shame of our people, lynchings carried on under circumstances of inhuman cruelty and barbarity—a cruelty infinitely worse than any that has been committed by our troops in the Philippines; worse to the victims, and far more brutalizing to those guilty of it. The men who fail to condemn these lynchings, and yet clamor about what has been done in the Philippines, are indeed guilty of neglecting the beam in their own eye while taunting the brother about the mote in his."

"Understand me. These lynchings afford us no excuse for failure to stop cruelty in the Philippines. Every effort is being made, and will be made, to minimize the chances of cruelty occurring.

"Keep in mind, cruelties in the Philippines have been wholly exceptional, and have been shamelessly exaggerated."

Under That Same Order.

"The rules of warfare which have been promulgated by the war department and accepted as the basis of conduct by our troops in the field, are the rules laid down by Abraham Lincoln when you, my hearers, were fighting for the Union. These rules provide, of course, for the just severity necessary in war. The most destructive of all forms of cruelty would be to show weakness where sternness is demanded by iron need. But all cruelty is forbidden, and all harshness beyond what is called for by need. Our enemies in the Philippines have not merely violated every rule of war, but have made of these violations their own method of carrying on the war. We would have been justified by Abraham Lincoln's rules of war in infinitely greater severity than has been shown. The fact really is that our warfare in the Philippines has been carried on with singular humanity. For every act of cruelty by our men there have been innumerable acts of forbearance."

Future of Philippines.

"We believe that we can rapidly teach the people of the Philippine Islands not only how to enjoy but how to make good use of their freedom; and with their growing knowledge their growth in self-government shall keep steady pace. When they have thus shown their capacity for real freedom, then, and not until then, will it be possible to decide whether they are to exist independently of us or be knit to us by ties of common friendship and interest. When that day will come it is not in human wisdom now to foretell."

MAKES PLEA FOR CUBA

PRESIDENT SENDS A MESSAGE TO CONGRESS.

Roosevelt Urges Passage of the Reciprocity Bill—Points to Pledges Fulfilled and Says Good Work Begun Should Be Completed.

President Roosevelt sent a special message to Congress Friday afternoon reiterating his former recommendations for the passage of a law creating reciprocity with Cuba and presenting additional arguments thereon. The message is as follows:

"To the Senate and House of Representatives: I deem it important before the adjournment of the present session of Congress to call attention to the following expressions in the message which in the discharge of the duty imposed upon me by the Constitution I sent to Congress on the first Tuesday of December last:

(Here follow extracts from that document.)

"Yesterday I received by cable from the American minister in Cuba a most earnest appeal from President Palma for legislative relief before it is too late and (his) country financially ruined."

"The granting of reciprocity with Cuba is a proposition which stands entirely alone. The reasons for it far outweigh those for granting reciprocity with any other nation, and are entirely consistent with preserving intact the protective system under which this country has thrived so marvelously. The present tariff law was designed to promote the adoption of such a reciprocity treaty, and expressly provided for a reduction not to exceed 20 per cent upon goods coming from a particular country, leaving the tariff rates on the same articles unchanged as regards all other countries."

"Objection has been made to the granting of the reduction on the ground that the substantial benefit would not go to the agricultural producer of sugar, but would inure to the American sugar refiners. In my judgment provision can be made which will guarantee us against this possibility; without having recourse to a measure of doubtful policy, such as a bounty in the form of a rebate.

"The question as to which, if any, of the different schedules of the tariff ought most properly to be revised does not enter into this matter in any way or shape. We are concerned with getting a friendly reciprocal arrangement with Cuba. This arrangement applies to all the articles that Cuba grows or produces. It is not in our power to determine what these articles shall be; and any discussion of the tariff as it affects special schedules, or countries other than Cuba, is wholly aside from the subject matter to which I call your attention.

"Some of our leading citizens oppose the lowering of the tariff on Cuban products, just as three years ago they opposed the admission of the Hawaiian Islands, lest free trade with them might ruin certain of our interests here. In the actual event their fears proved baseless as regards Hawaii, and their apprehensions as to the damage to any industry of our own because of the proposed measure of reciprocity with Cuba seem to me equally baseless. In my judgment no American industry will be hurt, and many American industries will be benefited by the proposed action. It is to our advantage as a nation that the growing Cuban market should be controlled by American producers.

Close Friendship Urged.

"The events following the war with Spain, and the prospective building of the Isthmian canal, render it certain that we must take in the future a far greater interest than hitherto in what happens throughout the West Indies, Central America, and the adjacent coasts and waters. We expect Cuba to treat us on an exceptional footing politically, and we should put her in the same exceptional position economically."

"The proposed action is in line with the course we have pursued as regards all the islands with which we have been brought into relations of varying intimacy by the Spanish war. Porto Rico and Hawaii have been included within our tariff lines, to their great benefit as well as ours, and without any of the feared detriment to our own industries.

"Cuba is an independent republic, but a republic which has assumed certain special obligations as regards her international position in compliance with our request. I ask for her certain special economic concessions in return; these economic concessions to benefit us as well as her. There are few brighter pages in American history than the page which tells of our dealings with Cuba during the past four years. On her behalf we waged a war of which the mainspring was generous indignation against oppression, and we have kept faith absolutely.

"It is earnestly to be hoped that we will complete in the same spirit the record so well begun, and show in our dealings with Cuba that steady continuity of policy which it is essential for our nation to establish in foreign affairs if we desire to play well our part as a world power.

"We are a wealthy and powerful nation; Cuba is a young republic, still weak, who owes to us her birth, whose whole future, whose very life, must depend on our attitude toward her. I ask that we help her as she struggles upward along the painful and difficult road of self-governing independence. I ask this aid for her, because she is weak, because she needs it, because we have already aided her.

"I ask that open-handed help, of a kind which a self-respecting people can accept, be given to Cuba, for the very reason that we have given her such help in the past.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

THE 51ST IN
THE PHILIPPINES.

LIEUTENANT
WILL H. POINT

(Continued from last week.)

On our road back we encountered a hill and was compelled to use four mules on each wagon to ascend. My company was "rear guard" and as the captain had decided to ride in I was left in command of the company. It took over three hours to get those wagons up the hill. It was so tedious and such a long wait, and the men were so tired they lay down in the road to rest and fell asleep. I let them sleep. They were tired out and Bocane must be made that night. The other three companies ahead had made camp and were asleep, but I did not know it. Just before the last wagon went up the commissary officer in charge of the train told me he had decided to go into camp for the night and that a place had been selected about two miles further on. I did not hear any objections rendered by the men, nor was I anxious to make any myself. Soon afterwards we were in camp and found everyone sound asleep. Upon arrival I immediately went to report to the major. On my way I found the captain asleep under a wagon, and on awakening him he told me how to dispose of the company. I immediately returned to the company and ordered the first sergent to make a detail for guard. This done and the guard posted I went to sleep, using a rice ridge for a pillow. My blanket was "nit." Slept mighty good "alle samee." That was 12:30 a. m. Four o'clock that morning saw us awake and after a 4-mile march we stopped for a chow-chow breakfast, which was hurriedly eaten. By 8 o'clock we had started back, and at 10 o'clock were again in Bocane, where we again were given a reception by our old friend, the "fellow at the pump." We ate lunch there and about 3:15 p. m. took the train for Calumpit, arriving there at about 5:30 o'clock. Crossing the river we went back to our shacks, and there again had a good night's rest. On that trip I was acting in my old capacity of Q. M. Com., and Ord. officer. Each man was carrying 100 rounds, of cartridges, on his person and I had 200 to look after for him. Knowing the march was going to be a hard one and not caring to cause them to carry any more weight than was absolutely necessary, I, instead of issuing them a full day's ration at a time and making them carry it, issued one meal at a time, and that at

each stop. You see whenever the men had a chance to rest I was on the move. By the time I was through and ready to eat meals the balance were through and the major ready to move on. Had to see to the loading and unloading of ammunition and rations on and off of trains and wagons. Arriving at Calumpit I was at a loss as to what to do. The train must be unloaded and the men fed. Get it all unloaded and hauled into quarters and issued grub too, in time for supper. I arrived there just in time to find out we would leave again at 4 o'clock next morning, to join Gen. Lawton at Pulilan. Accordingly we started out next morning at the stated time, arriving at Pulilan about noon, a distance of eight miles. When within a distance of about two miles from Pulilan, our scouts saw a party of about 50 insurgents in their trenches, and reporting the fact to Gen. Hall a party was sent out to take them. They however, mounted their trench and stood at "post arms," their leader advancing under protection of a white flag. When met by one of our officers he asked to see the general, and upon being delivered to him, stated that he had received orders not fire unless fired upon; to cease hostilities until further notice. He however, did not wish to surrender. They were taken prisoners so 'twas unnecessary for him to surrender. Shortly after our halt at Pulilan, our scouts reported they had met Lawton's scouts. Our reason for going to Pulilan was to resist any attack that might be made upon Lawton's left. Nothing of that kind happening, next morning we went back to Calumpit, starting at 5:30 o'clock, arriving there in time for dinner. On that trip we forded the river twice, once in starting and again just before reaching quarters. This time we passed through Calumpit and on into a village or

town called Apalit. This place made a distance of about 12 miles traveled that morning. So stiff was the march that men dropped out on the last two miles in sets of fours. The heat was terrific. Companies of 60 men, came in with 20. These however, rested up, and taking their own time for it, came in that afternoon.

"War is h—l," indeed, in a country like this. The good people in the United States have no idea of the marches we make through

this terrific heat. Still we plod on and you read of the good work we do at every place we attack. Did volunteers ever deserve credit for work done, surely our present volunteers do. Their work here has been nothing short of miraculous. All credit given is fully due. I forgot to mention that the bridge crossing the Bag Bag river near by the trenches we fought over, had one span dropped. The bridge over the Rio Grand, which separates Calumpit from Apalit had the sleepers and cross-ties removed from two spans, and had the Kensas and Montana been an hour late when they took that town, a span of that bridge also would have been cut down. On either side of that bridge the grade it cut up; also between the Bag Bag bridge and the Calumpit bridge the track is torn up and ties burned. There are now 200 Chinos and the engineer corps working on that section of the road and soon it is expected trains will be running into Calumpit. We went into Apalit on the 4th of May. There again we went into quarters, and as usual, stayed but the night thro', leaving at 5 o'clock the following morning, for San Fernando, where we are now located.

San Fernando is about 12 miles from Apalit north and west. It is a beautiful city and was claimed to have a population of 70,000 or more. It stands in wealth next to Manila of any town we have yet captured. Its main products, or I should say the county surrounding, is that of sugar. Large warehouses are located all over the city, and all are full of it. Malolos, Aguineldo's vaunted capital, is as Beacon to Oskaloosa, to this place. The trip here from Apalit is said to be the hardest yet made by any troops in this campaign. In Gen. Hale's report to Gen. McArthur he said that that day's work was the hardest his brigade had ever accomplished. He has been on the line since the beginning of this trouble Feb. 4, 1899. The first six miles of our advance was very easy as far as the march was concerned. We were lucky in being able to keep the road that far. We then made a halt and a firing line was formed under Gen. Hale's supervision. The full firing line consisted of the two battalions of the Fifty-first Iowa, the Third battalion being left at Apalit to guard the bridge.

The companies composing this line were H F A and D, First battalion, E C L M, second battalion. As the Second battalion came out as advance guard, hence were on the line first. After an advance of perhaps one-half a mile our battalion was ordered upon the line, and moving forward we took position to the left of the Second battalion. We had just acquired our position when the Second battalion was fired upon.

We all halted and two of the six 3.2-inch guns of the Sixth U. S. artillery that were with us came up on the run, and taking position threw five or six Shrapnels into a trench in our right front. After two or three shells had been placed there our battalion moved to the right, in order to flank the trench. There was no resistance from there as we found no one there. The firing line came from the farther back. In making that flank movement our battalion waded through a marsh, knee-deep in water, and passed through three streams from waist to shoulder deep. We soon dropped back on the line through this same march. When the line was ordered forward we came in contact with a swamp, and into it we went knee deep in mud at first, soon waist deep. Through this we forged for two miles, crossing at least 12 streams. I was in water and mud up to my neck. What do you suppose the "shorties" were doing? We had to pull four or five out of the mud. It was like walking through so much molasses, so you can imagine with what difficulty we waded through it. Watches were ruined and men lost their canteens and haversacks in crossing the streams. The heat was terrific. Several men were compelled to fall out. 'Twas too much for them. The general seeing us came over and ordered us to move by the right flank and gain the road, keeping it until we passed the swamp and then deploy again. One thing which made it so hard was the tall grass growing in it. It was tall enough and the mud so deep that at times it completely hid us. That one time I shall never forget, I was in mud up to my ears. We had no sooner gained the road and started up to pass the swamp than the "niggers" opened fire. The fire was so terrific that by the time H company had gotten up to the line they were again compelled to deploy in the swamp; and F A and L companies halted by the major's orders and gained all the cover we could. We lay on the roadside with half our bodies in the mud and water of the swamp. It was the only place we could get as the insurgents bullets were flying down the road like a shower of pebbles. They struck all around us. Not 30 yards to our rear a man in G company of the First Nebraska was shot through the heart and killed instantly. We could hear the bullets spat in the mud at our heels and had mud splashed in our faces.

The artillery was stationed in the road about 100 yards ahead of us and the insurgent's fire was centered upon them. As luck would have it and indeed it was lucky, no one in my battalion was hit. Most assuredly this was not the case owing to the scarcity of bullets. During

our stay in that road the Second battalion was having it hot and heavy on the right of the road and although they were not in a swamp yet they were in a marsh and laying in mud and water while firing. So swift was their fire that soon they were running short of ammunition and men were sent for from our battalion to carry ammunition to them. Eight men went from my company and as many more from each of the other two companies. These men are entitled to a vast amount of credit for the duty they performed in that line. Indeed it was coolness and bravery that accompanied these men as they went to the rear and returned to the line distributing that ammunition through that raking fire. It was no easy task to bring up a box of 1,000 rounds of ammunition, carry it almost a half a mile. Their danger was even greater than those men who composed the firing line. Of those eight men two were Oskaloosa boys, Jos. A. Dewhirst and J. Ed White. Shortly afterward we were ordered to advance and take position on the line, which we did again striking the mud and water. We soon got into it, too. So fast did we go thro' that swamp in our chase after the Amigos that about one-half of the men dropped, being unable to keep up. D company, over 50 strong, came out of that swamp with 12 men and three officers. A company lost its two lieutenants from heat exhaustion. They are now in Manila at the hospital. F company pulled out with but two men missing and when we stopped for dinner they came up. We fought our way to solid ground thro' that terrible swamp and sweltering sun and then gave the fleeing enemy such a solid fire that soon they were out of sight, and we settled down for a well-earned meal baked beans, canned corn beef and hard tack.

As in the advance upon Calumpit Gen. Wheaton's brigade kept the railroad, leaving there at the same time we did. With them they had one Hotchkiss cannon and one Gatling gun. These they had mounted upon two hand cars and used them with great effect. After our gaining solid ground we came in good view of that position into which Wheaton was pouring lead from his Gatling, and what he missed we stood stone-still and caught on the flank. That night when we saw Kansas they said we laid them low right and left. Our work was wonderful as the range was from 600 to 800 yards. Immediately afterwards we tested a river as to fording it and finding it too deep stopped for dinner, while the engineer corp built a bridge for us to cross on. From the right during the heaviest part of the insurgent's fire, the general sent word to South Dakota to move up and gain the right flank

and drive the "niggers" out of their trenches. This movement they made but failed to arrive in time as the enemy decided they had enough ere they arrived. While we were at lunch Nebraska crossed the river and took position upon the right of the road. Kansas and Montana came up the track and crossing the trenches we had driven the enemy from, they pushed on about one-half a mile to the next line of trenches. Working in conjunction with them were companies C E and L, who drew the fire upon themselves in order to permit Kansas and Montana to advance more safely. While this firing was on we also crossed the river and took position upon the left of the line. We passed through a heavy fire and H company had one man wounded by a Mauser, the bullet passing thro' the left heel between the ankle joint and the tendon. Had it been a Remington bullet instead of a Mauser, he would have had his heel shattered and more than likely have been a cripple the balance of his life. As it is, like the major's, he will suffer no great inconvenience from it, and the doctor says two weeks will see him doing his duty again. Unfortunately we were so placed here that we could do no firing, Kansas being in our immediate front, so we lay down and listened to the mean "ping" of the Mauser and the whir-r-r of the clumsy old Remington. Soon Kansas had them stirred and ere long afterwards they made a charge and then we knew all was over, for the "niggers" can't stand our charges. When the soldiers start yelling they lose all power over their men and they scatter in all directions. After Kansas made her charge, forming a skirmishing line with South Dakota, we moved on, soon finding ourselves in San Tomas, a native village outside of San Fernando about two miles. It was then about 5 p. m., and upon being assigned to some native shacks as quarters, we immediately attacked a quantity of B. B., C. C. B. and hard tack with hot coffee, which we made ourselves, and after a talk over the day's work and its many pleasant times (swamps, creeks, rivers and mud) we spread ourselves upon the floors of our respective houses and dropped into the soldiers' dreamland. That night and the following morning I had to issue rations, as the commissary officer was back with the wagon train. The next morning at about 8:30, we again formed line and resumed our advance on this place. By 10 o'clock we were in the city, after some severe fighting and some more stream wading. After entering, H and F patrolled the southeast portion of the city and finished that duty about 12 o'clock noon. We were soon quartered and resting, and I was congratulating myself upon a good rest when the orderly came down and

informed me I was wanted at regimental headquarters. I was introduced to another lot of rations, and by the time I got thro' it was dark. By the colonel's invitation I stayed over night at headquarters, reporting to my company for duty the next morning. Upon arrival the first thing I spied was the river running in the rear of my quarters and in I went, clothes and all, and gave them a much needed washing after their trip thro' the mud and swamp two days before. Today, the 12th, makes our stay here of seven days duration. The men are well rested and everybody is feeling fine.

The good people of Iowa and Os-kaloosa, from which F comes, may feel justly proud of the Fifty-first. It was she, and she alone, who took this town. To her all credit is and should be given.

On our morning report of May 5, when we left San Tomas the number of men for duty was 407, (so says the Sgt. major) of this number there was not less than 25 with the wagon train, and who did not take active part in San Fernando's capture. That would leave the strength of the two battalions in that advance 382 men. These 382 men, and no one else, took San Fernando. Major Bell and a scouting party had been out that morning and returned reporting to Gen. Hale that they had captured the city and met with no resistance, also that he, (Major Bell) believed the town to be deserted. With this impression we advanced on the city with an average of about 65 rounds of ammunition to the man, and with no support. This is what led us to believe it was going to be an easy affair. Well, it was comparatively easy, but not so much so as was expected. When within about 200 yards of the city we were greeted by a raking fire. This we returned cautiously and well directed. Their firing kept up for about 30 minutes and advancing cautiously under it we came upon the river of which I spoke of having went swimming in. Here we halted and threw some heavy volleys into them. Finding out we could ford the river all right, we let forth our merry whoops and charged across. This, as usual, proved demoralizing to the "niggers" and they scattered. This proved of great benefit to the men, and from then on it was like jack-rabbit hunting in Arizona. "Niggers" run in every direction but towards us. The men kept up a "fire at will" so they followed them and insurgents stopped in their tracks. Many will never fight the Americans again. A member of D company, who is one of Gen. Hale's orderlies, was heard to say that within a conversation held between Gen. Hale and Major Bell afterwards, that he over heard the general tell Major Bell that he understood his report correctly or

had he reported correctly that he would have had at least one regiment in support of those Iowans. A Spanish captive who had been held prisoner by Aguinaldo and who managed to escape that morning as the "niggers" retreated, asked how many American soldiers came into the city that morning, and upon being told that they numbered less than 500, he was astounded. He said their were at least 2,500 insurgents in the city that morning. He also told us that we had driven from their trenches at San Tomas the day before, at least 5,000 of them, who were under the personal command of Aguinaldo and Gen. Luna. He could not understand how we could advance against this place with so small a number of men. The Spaniards always counted noses I guess. Our casualties was but one wounded and he not severely. What theirs were, God only knows. They carry away all the wounded they can, and many of their dead. The town has not suffered much from fire. About the only buildings burned that were of any importance was the church and three or four other stone buildings. Many nice buildings are left. They seem to fire the churches the first thing. Why, I cannot understand, unless they feel it would be a sacrilege for us "heathens" to enter their sacred portals. The natives are now coming back into the city as fast as possible. South Dakota is doing provost or police duty. We are doing our post duty on the outskirts of the town. We are within 500 yards of the insurgents' trenches.

Surely now the people at home know something of the whereabouts of the Fifty-first. Our good friends who have so often defined us as "counter jumpers" "students," "cold-feet" and other pleasant names, should now seek some secluded spot and try and figure out how these "tender youths" whom they said were unable to perform the duties required of a soldier on the firing line, should so suddenly change and do such good work as to receive the greatest commendation from their fellow soldiers in other regiments. They should put on sack-cloth and ashes and mourn their being of so small intellect as to deride the men of their own state for resorting to the columns of their papers to empty the refuse of these piccaninny brains, which could think of nothing else but to ridicule the men who so willingly left home and its many ties to swelter in the awful heat of the Tropics and fight a half civilized set of barbarians, who saw fit to insult our flag. Such men who profess to be subjects of so grand and noble a country as our United States, and who would most quickly fly to the Stars and Stripes for their protection in time of dan-

ger to their wee insignificant selves should be visited by a party of our now past "white caps" and treated to the proverbial tar and feathers supplemented with the conditions attached to a fence rail, and taken to the border of our boundaries and there dropped into oblivion. They are not worthy of the protection of the noble emblem of freedom, for the protection of which we have seen fit to struggle. They are not worthy the time and paper I am using in expressing the sentiment of this regiment so I stop, well knowing they now feel like slipping from views of the fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, likewise friends of these brave boys whom they so foolishly ridiculed for something, they, themselves, were unaccountable for and of something they had yet no chance to show.

Iowa should, and I think does, feel as proud of her own Fifty-first as of any of the 52 regiments she has since her birth sent into the field to help support the grand old Stars and Stripes. True it is we have no great list of killed and wounded, a fact we are all proud to know, yet 'tis not because we have not been in dangerous positions. We have been fortunate in casualties and feel grateful to Dame Fortune that such is true. We have been in positions where it was nothing short of miraculous that our list of dead did not sum up enormously. All around us we have seen men fall never to rise again, and we have often wondered how we ever escaped. 'Tis hard to show or explain how we all so luckily escaped. I trust we may never see a large list of either, that the luck which has so far prevailed with us, will still accompany us.

A day or two ago Gen. Hale went out to visit our out-posts on the northeast and while there was fired upon. Every time the insurgents get a glimpse of an officer they open fire upon him. Especially so if he is a mounted officer.

A soldier's equipments upon these marches or advances consists of the following: A gun, haversack, canteen, tin cup, rubber blanket or poncho and belt. In his haversack he carries from 100 to 150 rounds of ammunition (cartridges), one day's travel ration, consisting of canned beans, canned corn beef, canned tomatoes and hard tack, also his mess-kit, consisting of two pans which close together making it compact, knife, fork and spoon, also his toilet articles, towels, soap, comb and small mirror. In the canteen he carries water or cold coffee as his fancy states, or when he can get it. His rubber blanket is used to sleep upon or as cover. It is too hot here to use as a cover so it is used for the former. The combined weight of all this is something like 50 pounds.

This, however weighs about 200 pounds by the time he gets into camp at night.

The following will give you some idea of what this company has done since the 23d day of April, she belonging to the First battalion which has done more actual service than any of the three battalions in this regiment:

Sunday evening, April 23, left trenches below Malolos. Left Malolos at 12 o'clock midnight for Quinga, arriving at about 2 a. m.

Monday morning, April 24, left Quinga at about 4:30 a. m., crossing Bag Bag river at Pulilan. Stopped in insurgents' trenches over night.

Tuesday morning, April 25, marched to Calumpit. Participated in its capture that day.

Wednesday, April 26, anniversary. Stayed in camp on yesterday's battle field.

Thursday evening, April 27, crossed Bag Bag river near broken bridge, going into native shacks for the night.

Friday, April 28, rested in quarters same place.

Saturday, April 29th, left quarters at 3:30 p. m. for Bocane, arriving there about 6 p. m., camped over night.

Sunday, April 30, left Bocane at about 8:30 a. m., as escort to wagon and mule trains of provisions and ammunition for General Lawton's command stationed at Nozagray. Was relieved by detachment from 22nd U. S. Infantry about 2 miles from Nozagray. That night camped about 8 miles from Nozagray.

Monday, May 1st, resumed march to Bocane, arriving about 10 a. m. Took train for Calumpit arriving about 5:30 p. m.

Tuesday, May 2, left Calumpit for Pulilan, 8 miles distant. Camped there over night.

Wednesday May 3. Returned to Calumpit. Went to Apalit.

Thursday, May 4, advanced on San Fernando. Participated in taking San Tomas. There stayed over night.

Friday, May 5, was one of the 8 companies of the 51st Iowa which took San Fernando.

Up to present date, May 13th, have been in quarters at this place. Looking for an advance "any old time." Where we do not know. Come what may we are here to show what we are made of and to make Iowa proud of her own 51st, and if possible to prove counter-jumpers, students, cold feet, etc. can if given a chance, prove themselves worthy protectors of the stars and stripes.

Enough for this time. The men are in good health, altho we have a few in the hospital. These, however, will be with us in 3 or 4 days. They are simply tired out and needed a good rest more than medicine. Love to all.

WILL.

OUR HAWAIIAN POSSESSIONS

W. B. Emerson Tells an Interesting Story about Them.

A GARDEN SPOT OF THE EARTH.

Something about their People and their Ruler—The Area and Number of Islands and Many Interesting and Instructive Facts Concerning United States Territory in the Mid-Pacific.

On Board U. S. Transport Philadelphia. HONOLULU, H. I., Nov. 15, 1898.

EDITOR TELEGRAPH:—After a long, tedious, yet rather interesting and instructive wait of five months, our regiment boarded the old "Pennsylvania," left the shores of the United States behind and set out on our long journey across the Pacific, or "Peaceful Ocean," on our way to Manila. In leaving San Francisco it was very much like leaving home again, as there was not a man in the regiment who had not made many dear personal friends; while as a regiment, we counted the whole population as friends, who left no stone unturned to make our long stay in that city as pleasant as possible. Reception after reception was given us by the people, while the various games and sports were freely indulged in, and I am proud to say, to the honor of our regiment and the grand old state from which we came.

On our arrival at San Francisco it was universally acknowledged that we were the best uniformed and equipped regiment in camp and that we had the best band in the city; then came the base ball contests in which our team won five out of the seven games they played. Next came the "Prize Shoot" in which contest ten men were selected from all of the various regiments in camp, including the regulars, which contest our team won, beating the regulars—the next highest team—by a score of 130. Then came the "Prize Drill" in which Company M did the honors for us and carried off the beautiful silver cup to the delight of an enthusiastic and admiring audience of several thousand people. Our football team then capped the climax and started on their unbroken march of victory. They played their first game with the "League of the Cross" which team gave up the fight at the close of the first half, leaving the score 16 to 0. Then the Stanford University desired a game and sent us word that as they had had it so easy with all the other teams, they desired to meet us and said if we thought we could "make the game interesting enough to entertain the crowd" they would be pleased to have us come down. Well, we went, and not only did the team go, but the colonel (who by the way, is ever to be found looking out for the pleasure and welfare of his men) declared "open camp" for the day and the whole regiment turned out to see our boys beat the Stanford team by a score of 6 to 0 and carry off the championship of the Pacific coast, which honor that team had held for seven years. This victory was a little too much for the Californians, so they arranged for a game with the University of California, which team has been organized with great care and for the ex-

press purpose of defeating Stanford, having several Yale and Harvard men on their staff in hopes that they could recover the championship for their state, but after a spirited contest witnessed by our whole regiment besides many soldiers from Kansas and other regiments whose teams had gone down before the California giants, and several thousand citizens, our boys walked off with the victory by the same score which they made at Stanford, 6 to 0 in favor of Iowa.

Then it was that the fun began in dead earnest. Our boys all fell in behind the band, which always accompanies us on our trips, and with our favorite mascot, a large goat, and banners flying we promenade the streets in San Francisco in honor of the event. The banner which attracted the most attention and which set forth our claim in the most possible telling words, I had the honor of designing, and was as follows:

Who IOWA
 Won the Prize Shoot
 Won the Prize Drill
 Won the Base Ball
 Has the Band!
 Beat Stanford!
 Also Beat Berkeley!
 ARE WE?

You will see that with the above record, added to one of good behavior, it is no wonder we left behind us many friends and admirers whom we shall not soon forget, and who seem as anxious for our safe return as do our friends and loved ones in Iowa, and that they came to the dock in hundreds to bid us God speed on our long voyage across the ocean.

At 4:15 p. m. on Thursday, November 2d, amid the cheers and shouts of our friends, the booming of cannon, screeching of whistles, and music of the band, we steamed out of the bay and through the beautiful and world-famed "Golden Gate" into the bounding waters of the second largest ocean in the universe. Of course the first day or two was the scene of much sea sickness and its amusing and laughable incidents. But few of us escaped our turn at "feeding the fishes," as the boys called it, but I was among the lucky number and enjoyed the full trip as much as all the boys did the part after the sickness had passed away. Of course the sights on our ocean voyage are not very changeable, and we were some thirty or forty miles off from the regular channel, we did not see another ship or anything else but water for seven long days. On the morning of the eighth, however, land was sighted and all during that day we watched the shores of the various islands in the Hawaiian group as we drew near to them. Just as the sun was setting behind the beautiful mountains of

"Oahu," the principal island of the group; some distance from whose shores we stopped for the night, awaiting daylight to dawn, when we were piloted into harbor and found ourselves in that strange, beautiful and historical city of Honolulu.

Since writing the above I have had my dinner and have changed my quarters from the deck of the transport to a cooler and more refreshing spot in the "Queen's Garden" where, upon a bench beneath the shade of a twin Banyon tree whose branches shade a spot some twenty-five feet square, and a favorite resort of the famous "Queen Lil," where I will try and tell you of some of the beauties of this, the most beautiful of all beautiful spots I have ever beheld in my wanderings, which, as you know, have not been very limited in their character. But before doing so, it would perhaps be best to give you a little history of the islands and an idea of what sort of a place it is.

The Hawaiian Islands, as the group is generally called, are situated in the North Pacific ocean, just within the Tropic of Cancer; the principal islands being Hawaii, Maui, Oahu, Molokai, Lanai, Niihau and Kahoolawe.

Hawaii is the largest of the islands and from it the archipelago derives its name. It is 90 miles in length and 74 in width and contains an area of 4,210 square miles and has a population of about 35,000.

Maini, the second in size, is 48 miles long, 30 miles wide, contains an area of 766 square miles and has a population of about 18,000.

Oahu, the third in size but first in consequence at present, is 46 miles long and 25 miles wide, containing an area of 600 square miles and has a population of about 45,000.

Kanai is 25 miles long, 24 miles wide, contains an area of 500 square miles and has about 16,000 inhabitants.

Molokai is 40 miles long and 7 miles wide, contains 270 square miles and has a population of 3,000.

Lanai is 19 miles long and 10 miles wide, has an area of 100,000 acres and a population of about 250.

Niihau is 27 miles long, 7 miles wide and has an area of 97 square miles and 250 inhabitants.

There are several other smaller islands in the group but at present are but thinly settled and are of but little consequence, although they all offer about the same inducements for settlement as the larger ones and will before many years be doing their full share toward offering homes and occupation to many an American capitalist and laborer.

The whole group contain about 125,000 inhabitants composed of nearly all the races of the world, but the whites, although not in the majority, are and have been for years the leading spirits and control the customs and manners. The group is supposed to have been discovered first by a Spanish navigator, but as no record has been kept of it the discovery is credited to Capt. C Cook an English explorer who landed at Waimae on the island of Niian, January 18, 1778. At that time each island, or nearly each, was a country independent of the others, having a King or queen of its own, and so it might have remained for many years had it not have been for the slaying of Capt. Cook by a native which brought on a great war and a conquest of all the islands by Kamehameha, king of Hawaii, who joined issues with the followers of Cook. Thus in 1895 all the islands had been brought under the sway of the "Great Kamehameha" as he is still called, and the kingdom of Hawaii was formed. On May 8, 1819, after a reign of 24 years, Kamehameha passed away and was succeeded by his son, Liholihi, who was crowned as Kamehameha II, and it was this ruler who renounced idolatry and many of the native customs and caused the priests and a rival branch of the royal family to gather an army and attempt to wrest from him his crown, but, after several unsuccessful attempts, the decisive battle was fought at Kuamoo which resulted in a victory for the young king and new era for the people of Hawaii, for from this time onward the people were free to worship as they saw fit and to have opinions not laid down for them by the chief priests and rulers. On March 20, 1820, American missionaries arrived from Boston and the work of educating the natives was taken up and carried on most successfully.

Five direct descendants of the line of Kamehameha held the throne, but as Kamehameha V died without naming his successors, the people on January 1, 1873, resorted to the ballot box and called Prince Lunalilo to the throne which he held for only a year and twenty-five days, dying on February 3, 1874. He also having failed to name a successor, the people again named their choice and declared Kalokana for their king and ruler. For nearly seventeen years Kalokana reigned, but death claimed him on January 20, 1891, and he was succeeded by his sister who was crowned Queen Liliuokalani, who enjoyed the distinction of being the last crowned ruler of Hawaii, as on January 19, 1893, after a hard fought revolution, she was dethroned. The monarchy was set aside and a provisional government established with four commissioners as executive council. A constitution was then adopted and a

republic formed under the name of the "Republic of Hawaii" with Hon. Stanford B. Dole as president, which form of government was maintained until August 12, 1898, when the Hawaiian flag was lowered from the government building and "Old Glory" raised in its stead, and thus the historic country passed down through the ages, past the dangers of evil designs of Japan, Spain and other grasping nations to land at last safe in the arms of the greatest nation the world has ever known, and when a few more years have passed away and the natives—who, by the way, are a kind and very intelligent people—see what the "mother country" as they call the United States, will do for them, they will bless the day that they cast aside the yoke of monarchy and cast their lot with a government of, for and by the people.

But now for a little of the sights of Honolulu. On our arrival in port we were met by hundreds of the people who came down to have a look at the "blue coats." In a short time we were given shore leave and nearly all of us started out to "do the town," which we have been doing to our heart's content.

On the first day I managed to take in a few of the sights among which was the executive building, formerly "Iolani Palace" built in 1878 under the direction and for the use of King Kalakana, at the cost of \$500,000, where I had the pleasure of seeing President Dole and his staff busily engaged with the duties of the day, after which I viewed the headquarters of the National Guard where I found to my surprise that President Dole had surrounded himself with a regiment of well drilled men equipped with the modern implements of warfare in both the infantry and artillery branches, this being the regiment which so gallantly offered its services to the United States at the beginning of our present war and before the annexation had taken place. Directly across the street from the Executive building is the judicial building, in front of which is a large bronze statue of the first king, "Kamehameha the Conqueror," dressed in his favorite feather cloak and leaning on a spear, with his right hand bidding "Aloha" or welcome to the grounds. Upon the base of the statue are four scenes marking eventful periods in the great king's life, 1st, Capt. Cook's discovery of the islands; 2nd, Cook's landing at Kealokekua bay; 3rd, Kamehameha's prowess as a spear catcher; 4th, the chief viewing his war canoes. This beautiful statue was made by David Gould, of Boston and was unveiled by King Kalokana in 1884.

The queen's private home was my next point of interest, and as I wandered up through the beautiful grounds toward the "palace" I was fortunate enough to get a good view of the well known "Queen Lil" herself as she stood for a moment in the doorway. The house itself is not much of a mansion on the outside, but they say the inside is grand, but as I did not go in for dinner I could not say, although I do know that the grounds are something magnificent.

I next viewed the Hawaiian opera house, fire department, Kawaiahaw church, Central Union church, the Y. M. C. - A. building, postoffice, police station and many other points of interest which I have not the time nor the space to describe, but which made me ready for a good night's rest which I took upon the decks and gazed up into the pleasant sky.

The next day was Sunday and I started out rather early determined to see some of the beauties of the country as I had seen much of the city. I took the King street tram car and was taken out toward Diamond Head through as pretty a place as one could well wish to see. Flowers and fruits of all kinds grew everywhere while the little ditches and streams which we passed were filled with all sizes and shades of gold fish and many other beauties of the finny tribe the names of which I did not know.

At the end of the line I cut through a beautiful park and found myself at the camp of the engineer corps, a battalion of which is camped here. This camp was a clean desirable one and the men were all enjoying the best of health and were loud in their praises of Honolulu and its people. From here I climbed the rough sides of Diamond Head a distance of about 800 feet above the level of the sea. On reaching the top one beholds a cavity about 200 feet deep and about two-thirds of a mile in diameter. This is an ancient and extinct volcano and is one of the two which many years ago sent boiling streams of melted stone down into the sea and formed the foundation of much of the flat land of today. Upon the south west side of this great mound a signal station is established and from which one can scan the waters for miles around and from which point the authorities in the city are warned of the approach of every vessel which nears the island. From the top I went down on the other side and visited the New York camp, or a part of it rather, for the companies are scattered about here and there, and I found it as I was told that I should, unhealthy, because of the neglect to drain off the water, which in my mind accounted for the heavy loss of life in the New York regiment while the engineers have not lost a man.

Coming back to the city I entered Tunahon college and saw the beautiful grounds and the grid iron upon which our crack team the next day defeated the college team by a score of 21 to 0 and walked off with the Hawaiian football championship as well as that of the Pacific coast.

I then visited the government prison built in 1857, and many other places time and space will not allow me to mention, but all of which were sights well worth seeing and which I shall remember all my life.

On my third day I was joined by H. L. Schrode of my company (Co. C) a former brakeman on the "Q" road, and Corporal Jas. R. McVicker of Co. F, who is acting as correspondent to the Ottumwa Courier and Keokuk County News, and starting out about 9:30 in the morning, we first climbed to the top of "Puowaina" or Punchbowl, as it is called, a distance of 498 feet, and there enjoyed a beautiful panoramic view of the whole city which lay at our feet. Punchbowl, like Diamond Head in an extinct volcano and in one of the grandest sights on the island but must be seen to be appreciated. Crossing the crater which is not so steep as the one at Diamond Head, we followed across the top of the mountain range and then climbed to the top of "Roundtop" which is 1049 feet above the sea level. From here we could see all over the island. We then descended into the valley below and here began a work which we had not

expected. So far our climb although being a hard one had been rather smooth and, with the exception of a half mile or so, without hinderance of brush or trees, but now we found ourselves in the worst kind of a mountain jungle. As we had gone down places which we could not ascend, we were forced to continue up the valley, yet I am free to confess that could I have done so I should have been glad to have returned the way I came. After traveling for about a mile up the valley in hopes that we would find an opening in the range on our left, we decided that there was nothing to do but to climb the mountain, so up we started. For two hours or more we pulled and climbed, bending down the rank growth of brush and weeds and getting on top of them—it being impossible for rods at a time to push through—until at last we found ourselves on top of what we afterwards told was "Lanihuli," a mountain 2,780 feet above the level of the sea. One would naturally think this climb was the worst part of the journey, but it is a fact when I say that it was not half as hard or dangerous as was the descent down the other side, which was not only covered with such rank a growth of brush of all descrip-

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tions, but which was rougher and more rugged. For about a quarter of a mile we fairly crawled along the top of the ridge which was hardly four feet wide, and where we could look down the sides on either hand for what seemed to be hundreds of feet in a straight line. On we went and at last reached a slope which we decided to descend, and which after another two hours or so we managed to climb and fall down finding ourselves at last in a rank grass which grew higher than our heads and which had to be trampled under as we could not go through it so thick was its growth. While working our way toward a road which we could see in the distance while on the mountain, we passed through a clump of thick brush, and there almost buried up by the trees and foliage we discovered an old stone enclosure about 40 feet square, the walls of which were about 15 feet high and three foot thick, which we learned on reaching the city was one of the old fortifications used by the natives in their retreat from the city before the conquering army of the great king Kamehameha, which fort had been taken just a few days before the great battle in which the natives had been defeated and their forces driven over the precipice some 500 feet where they were dashed to pieces on the rocks below and where their bones may yet be found by one who cares to risk his life in climbing down, which place, called the poli, I forgot to say we could plainly see from our position in the mountains.

On reaching the city we found that we had walked about 40 miles or more and it is needless to say that on that night we went early to bed and enjoyed the rest which we so much needed.

Today I have been out but little and am simply attempting to pen off a little of my experience here and to pick up a few relics to send back home to have when I return, among which will be several pictures of the various places I have mentioned and which may be seen by my friends at the home of S. A. Simonton.

In conclusion I will simply say that as we have only been here four days and expect to leave tomorrow, I have not had a chance to see nearly all that I desired to see, but from what I now know of Hawaii I pronounce it as the garden spot of the world and do not doubt that before many years it will be the best paying property that the Union possesses, as the growth of sugar, rice and fruits of all kinds is something wonderful while the climate is grand and does not vary over six degrees during the entire year.

Well with regards to old friends and excuses for the length of my letter, but hoping it will have entertained the reader, I am as ever, yours truly

W. B. EMERSON,

STRONG AT HONOLULU

Former Ottumwa Boy's Letter to His Mother of This City.

ONE OF THE YOUNGEST IN THE RANKS

Says Ottumwa Seems to Be Represented in Every Quarter of the Globe—The Voyage—Honolulu.

The following letter from Honolulu was received recently by Mrs. C. M. Strong, of 121 West Fourth street, from her son, F. E. Strong, formerly of this city. Mr. Strong is only 18 years old. He left Ottumwa last spring and went to New York. Later he went to California and there joined Company M, of the Fifty-first Iowa volunteer infantry. Mr. Strong is a brother of C. I. Strong, also of this city, and members of his family knew nothing of his whereabouts until they received the letter stating that he was in Honolulu. The missive is dated and reads as follows:

"Sunday, November 15, 1898.
"On board the U. S. Transport Pennsylvania, Honolulu Harbor, Honolulu, Oahu, Hawaiian Islands.

"Dear Mother: I arrived here yesterday morning after laying outside the 'benches' all night. I am with Company M, Fifty-first Iowa volunteer infantry, of Red Oak. We left San Francisco, Cal., Thursday at 4 o'clock p. m., and passed out Golden Gate about 5 o'clock the same evening. Everybody was feeling fairly well until we struck rough water, and a sicker set of men I never saw. I was sea sick for two days but felt fine after I got well. There are a few Ottumwa boys on board, viz: Geo. Kelly, of Company I; Bennett of L; Goldsberry, of M, and a few more that used to live large. You strike them wherever you go. Even here in Honolulu there was a former Ottumwan down at the wharf when we came, hoping to see some one whom he might recognize.

"We were out from Frisco about three days before I met Kelly. I used to go to school with him. We were just eight days making the trip. It is 2,500 miles and we have over 5,000 miles to travel ere we reach Manila. If we go via Hong Kong we will be compelled to travel even farther than that.

"This is the finest country for scenery that I have ever visited. Oranges, bananas, coconuts, pineapples and all tropical fruits grow here. The trees here are also tropical and include the beautiful palms. I was all over Honolulu yesterday. The city has a population of 30,000 people, mostly whites. There are quite a number of Japs and Chinese, also a few Portuguese and Spaniards. The natives are called Kanakas. They have such odd names. The improvements consist of street cars, electric cars, etc., and there are also a number of handsome residences in the city.

"The steamer 'City of Pueblo' arrived here today from San Francisco with the First Tennessee infantry and the Nevada artillery. The First New York volunteers have been stationed here about three months. Everything is high here—board and room from \$30 to \$50 per month. Beer is a bit a glass and if you present a two-bit piece in payment for one glass you get no change, but a check for another glass. I was at the ex-queen's palace yesterday. It is now the executive building.

The natives are great swimmers. They amuse the steamer passengers by diving off the boat into the bay and getting nickels which the curios throw into the water for them. They never miss one, either. The natives go bare-footed all the time. It is very warm and is raining today. We will leave here probably some time this week. I left Ed. Cummings at San Francisco and Parsons started for Los Angeles. Sheppard also went to Los Angeles.

"A number of the boys are going to attend the native church today. We had a meeting on board the boat last Sunday, and while services were going on fore some of the boys were playing cards aft.

"This is a very fortunate regiment, as we haven't a sick man in our ranks. Our colonel's name is Loper. Mr. Clark is captain of Company M. We all slept down on the wharf last night, as it was too warm to sleep on the boat."

Mr. Strong closed by instructing his mother not to answer until she received further particulars as to his address, as he considered the probability of the regiment being moved to Manila in the very near future as one of the apparent probabilities.

IN THE FAR OFF EAST

An Ottumwa Boy Writes From the Philippines.

EXPERIENCES ON THE LONG TRIP.

Six From This City Belong to the Fifty-First Iowa—Some Things Seen and Heard In and About Manila Bay.

The following letter has been received by Mrs. C. M. Strong, of this city, from her son, Fred, who is a member of the Fifty-first Iowa regiment now in the far east:

On board the U. S. S. Pennsylvania, Harbor Manila, Luzon, Philippine Islands.

Thursday p. m., Dec. 8, 1898.

Dear mother: After a long journey of about 8,000 miles on water I have arrived here safe and sound. I don't feel much like writing as it is so extremely warm this afternoon, if it is the 8th of December.

We arrived here yesterday morning at 10 o'clock. Two months ago I never thought of being here, but it seems when I get one place, nothing will have it, but I should go to some other beyond. I did not like to see the Iowa boys go, and be left behind, so I thought I would go too. We left

Frisco Thursday, Nov. 3, and arrived here Dec. 8. We arrived in Honolulu Friday evening, Nov. 11, after a fine trip. The "City of Pueblo" arrived the next Sunday with the First Tennessee. We left Honolulu Wednesday, the 16th.

We crossed the 180th Meridian on Monday, Nov. 21, therefore losing a day in time. We passed it about noon and the rest of the day was Tuesday and the next Wednesday. Thursday, Nov. 24, was Thanksgiving day, and the Pueblo passed us in midocean about 6 o'clock in the evening. It was so near that we could take to each other. We had a fine dinner, given by the "Red Cross." Canned turkey, fruit, jellies, pickles and most everything one could wish for, and plenty of it too.

Thursday, Dec. 1, we passed the Ladrone Islands, situated 49 degrees east and 20 degrees north latitude. Saw only one island which was an active volcano, and was shooting up smoke and lava as we went by. We sighted the north point of Luzon island Monday evening last, and came into the China Sea that night. We were only 250 miles from Hong Kong then. The City of Pueblo arrived day before yesterday and the Newport just a few hours ahead of us. We passed right along Dewey's fleet off Cavite and saw the wrecks of the Spanish fleet.

We have now in the harbor the United States transports Senator, Scandia (hospital ship), Valencia, Arizona, Zealandia, Newport, Illinois, Indiana, Pennsylvania, City of Pueblo and Ohio. The troops on the Indiana, City of Pueblo, Newport and the Pennsylvania (that's the Fifty-first Iowa), are still on board and I do not know when we will land. The Indiana is under quarantine on account of sickness. We have a few sick on board, too, but did not lose a man, although we thought sure we were going to have to drop one overboard on the way over, but he is convalescing now. He had typhoid fever. I am enjoying the best of health, although the fellow I bunked with took the typhoid fever and slept with me up to the time he was removed to the hospital.

A lot of the boys are just going over to the city in a native water boat. We stand out about a mile from the shore, on account of the wharf not being able to receive boats of over sixteen feet draught and this one draws twenty-two feet.

They say Aguinaldo is just outside the city and making all kinds of threats, but the Americans intend to keep him out and pay little attention to him. He has about 40,000 or 50,000 soldiers and has the city surrounded. We can see his lines from here and the soldiers are anxious that they should be turned loose on them. They are getting pretty saucy and we would show them a hot time. The natives somewhat resemble the natives of Hawaii, but dress differently. They wear

big, wide-rimmed hats, with the rim turning down which are made out of bamboo. They flock around the transports in native canoes, selling shells, bananas, oranges, peanuts, coconuts and tobacco, all of which are grown on the island. We are only fourteen degrees from the equator, and on a line about even with Central America. It is the dry season here now. The rainy season is just over. Monkeys are plentiful here. One of the boys on board traded a pair of slippers to one of the natives for a monkey this morn-

ing. In nearly every canoe they have two or three monkeys.

I met another Ottumwa boy on board the other day. His name is Williams, and is in Company B, of Villisca, Iowa. Altogether there are six Ottumwans in the regiment.

Things are pretty high here now on account of the scarcity of everything but they are getting cheaper. A first class meal in Manila costs about \$1. Mexican money is used mostly here but you can buy from the natives with Hawaiian, Mexican, Spanish, English, Dutch, Japanese or American money. One dollar in our money is worth \$2 in Mexican. There is an English cruiser laying across from us. We can also look over and see Dewey's fleet off Cavite, about four or five miles from here.

I got a Manila paper this morning, printed yesterday. There are three American papers printed in Manila, viz: Manila Times, The Flag of Liberty and the Freedom. They have all started up lately. The Spanish soldiers are stationed in Old Manila, just beyond the wall of the new port. They say that they walk around with, talk and sometimes eat with the American soldiers who are stationed in the new Manila. It is not an uncommon thing to see a Spanish and American soldier walking down the street together, talking and laughing as friendly as could be.

The newspapers are raising funds for a Christmas dinner for the American soldiers and have received numerous funds from Spanish residents and merchants. I read in the paper today that it was decided to let the funds go to feed Filipino, Spanish and American soldiers altogether, as the war is over, and it refers to the Americans as "our friends, the enemy." They have a theater here where the soldiers give entertainments. We also have good musical talent on board and are entertained pretty well about every evening. Last night we had a concert, consisting of singers, dancers, and mandolins, guitars, banjos, flutes and horns, giving a very good entertainment.

I must tell you about the storm we had in the passage between the Pacific and China Sea. The waves washed the deck and we had to hold on to ropes to keep from falling overboard. It was fun to see one of the boys fall and mop the floor. I saw a waiter fall with a platter full of dishes.

You could look out of a port hole one minute and see straight up in the air and the next minute you would be looking down into the deep water. I slept below the water line when in my bunk, but slept most of the time up on deck it as it was much cooler.

We have shower baths on board that were salt water, and each man bathed once every day. The baths were a fine thing to prevent sickness. The worst of it was the water we got to drink, which when they ran out of fresh water, was condensed salt water which had an oily taste and I could hardly drink it.

We saw two sharks, one black fish, which was about thirty feet long, and one whale. We never saw a ship on the whole voyage except the City of Pueblo, that is I mean at sea. There were quite a few boats in Honolulu. When you get this answer immediately and write lots of news and tell all

of the folks I would like to hear from them as a letter from home is a precious thing over here. Don't worry about me as I am in the best of health and all O. K., and there is not much danger of my getting any farther away from home as I would have to go but a short way and then the farther I went one way the nearer I would get and then I am only 10,000 miles away from home anyhow, and that is not far for a tourist like me. When I go back it will probably be by the way of the Suez canal, England and New York, thus circumnavigating the globe. I have been studying Spanish all the way over and I can speak pretty fluently by this time. I am sometimes used by the boys as an interpreter in buying fruit from the natives.

Fred E. Strong,
Co. M, Fifty-First Iowa.

IN THE BAY OF ILOILO

Fred Strong Writes Home From the Orient.

TROOPSHIP DUTIES GROW IRKSOME

Interesting Details of the Long and Tedious Wait in Front of Panay Island's Capital for Debarcation Orders.

Fred Strong writes as follows to his mother in this city of his experience with the Fifty-first Iowa in front of Iloilo:

S. S. Pennsylvania, Harbor Iloilo, Panay I., P. I., Jan. 16.—Dear Mother: We left Manila Tuesday, Dec. 26. The Fifty-first Iowa on the Pennsylvania, the Eighteenth regulars on the Arizona, and the United States ships Baltimore and Petrel, with one dispatch boat. The St. Paul, the Christmas ship, arrived on the 24th of December and the boys got their presents on Christmas day. I was off the boat on Christmas and visited with the First Tennessee men. That was my last day in Manila, for the night of the next day we steamed out of Manila bay and turned south to Iloilo. When we left, the city of Iloilo was in the hands of the Spanish, but the Filipinos were fighting hard to gain possession. We were being sent down to reinforce the Spaniards and hold the town, but on the way we met a dispatch boat which informed us that the Filipinos had taken the city and the Spaniards were driven out. It is 250 miles from Manila and takes about forty hours to run there. We left Manila at 8 o'clock Tuesday evening and the next morning found ourselves smoothly steaming around the chain of pretty islands that comprise the Philippines. I'll tell you, the sight was beautiful. The sea was calm, and on each side pretty green islands

loomed up, covered with a tropical growth, with rows of cocoanut trees lining the shores with their tops reaching high in the air. The cruiser Baltimore took the lead. Then came the dispatch boat; then the Newport, with the Fourth United States cavalry and Sixth United States artillery; then the Arizona, with the Eighteenth infantry, and then us, bringing up the rear. We ran about a mile apart and all the time we were signaling one another.

On Wednesday afternoon we met the small boat which gave us the news about Iloilo, which delayed us about four hours. This was off Mindoro island, in the sea of Mindoro. About 6 o'clock we started, and that night the Newport signaled us to get ready for landing. We were all called to the hold and the message read to us. I think it read this way: "Iloilo is in possession of the insurgents. Get ready to land. Issue each man 100 rounds of ammunition—80 black powder and 20 smokeless. Steam off Negros island and lay four miles out. The Baltimore and Newport will proceed to Iloilo. When you see rockets in the direction of Panay islands, go immediately to Iloilo." This was exciting, indeed, and we all thought the Fifty-first was going to get a chance to make a record yet. Well, we arrived off Negros island about 10 o'clock the next morning, where the Baltimore and Newport left us. After waiting till evening, we steamed over to Gyuimari island, which is just opposite the city of Iloilo, and waited until the next morning, when we received orders, sent on an English launch, to proceed to the city. The German cruiser Irene, the British cruiser Bonaventure and a Spanish gunboat were in the harbor, besides a number of sailing vessels and small coast line steamers. I think that was the 30th of December, and here it is the 16th of January and still we are on the Pennsylvania. It begins to look as if we never would get off.

Today makes seventy-five long days aboard this old tub. We hold the world's record for troops laying on transports. The Fifty-first has quite a few records. It beat everything it played in foot ball, beat the regulars in sharp-shooting, Company M holds the record of the Eighth army corps

for drilling. It was one of the last regiments to leave Frisco and the last to arrive in Manila; the only and the first volunteer regiment to be sent to Iloilo with the first United States soldiers ever sent there, and farther away from the United States than any soldiers ever sent since the United States became a nation; and last, but not least, longest time on a transport in the history of the world. I think this is quite a string of records. I saw in a magazine the other day a letter written by a soldier in Santiago, Cuba, where he says "After three long days of privation and imprisonment on a transport we arrived off Cuba." I would like to have that fellow here on this seventy-five day trip and yet no prospects of getting off. But we are getting used to it and call ourselves the "First Iowa marines," and are getting to be "natural born sailors" now.

I am on one of the small boat crews, and we launch our own boats, take them up again, and are getting so we

can row pretty good. Yesterday we rowed up the channel about six miles and landed on a small light-house island, and got star fish, octopus fish and all kinds of pretty shells. Then we rowed over to a big island and got coconuts, bananas and pine-apples, which grow in abundance here. Of course we don't land on the Iloilo side, as the natives hold the town and fort and are behind trenches, waiting for us to land and they will fire on us. Of course we are not afraid of them, but Gen. Miller is holding daily counsel with them, trying to land without any bloodshed on either side. The city is not worth anything to the government. It would have to be always fighting the natives and keeping a large standing army. The climate is not cool enough for anyone but natives to work in, and the country is rich in tropical fruits and sugar. I think that the Filipinos will soon lay down their arms and let us land peaceably. We heard, on New Year's day, that all hostilities are ceased with Spain, and also heard that Aguinaldo had laid down arms, up at Manila, but that has since been contradicted. We actually don't know anything, way down here in nowhere, but I hope we will soon land as this is getting very monotonous lying here. A dispatch boat arrived from Manila just a while ago, and I hope it has got some good news with it in the way of landing or else going back to Manila or the United States. The Indiana is expected here today with 150,000 pounds of beef from Manila. We got newspapers yesterday from different parts of the United States, dated the 25th of November. They spoke about the Thanksgiving day at Camp McKinley. I thought the Fiftieth was mustered out N. v. 10. It spoke about the Forty-ninth at Savannah, Ga. I suppose it will go to Cuba. I was also surprised about reading in the Examiner, of San Francisco, of the Baldwin Hotel fire. I know well where it is, I have been to the theatre in the same building.

I suppose you have heard of the "wild man from Borneo." Well, we are just northeast of the island, which is about 600 miles from here. Borneo is on the equator and extends up to the 6th degree latitude and we are 10½ degrees above the equator, which is on a line with Nicaragua, in South America. We are in good health and are standing the heat well. Just think of it—seventy-five days boxed up and d'd not lose a man, and only a few in the hospital, with no fever cases. The Sulu sea is just south of here and we lie in the strait between the south China sea and the Mendoro sea, with Guimari island on one side and the city of Iloilo (pronounced Elo-Elo), on Panay (Pan-yi) island. Mindanyo island is just northeast of Panay island. It is nice and cool in the nights here, and is only hot from 11 to 3 o'clock. We have been going swimming in the bay but Gen. Miller stopped us. As the sharks are numerous here, I suppose he thought it was dangerous. There is a very swift current through here and it is about ten fathoms deep. We seized a small tug boat when we first came here and took the natives prisoners, and one of them stabbed two soldiers, jumped off and got away. Two more were put in chains on the Newport. You can't trust them and

must never pass them, but stand still and let them pass you, watching them all the time. In the interior of the islands there are some that are regular cannibals and wild, and probably some have never seen a white man. * * * Your son,
Fred.

F. E. STRONG WRITES

A Member of the Fifty-First Iowa
Writes From Panay Island.

STILL ON BOARD THE PENNSYLVANIA

Tells of a Trip He Took By Row Boat
to the Baltimore—Some Talk of
the Boys Going Back to
Manila.

Mrs. C. M. Strong, of West Fourth street, is in receipt of the following letter from her son, F. E. Strong, a member of Company M, Fifty-first Iowa volunteers. The letter was written on board the U. S. S. Pennsylvania, Jan. 25, and reads as follows:

On board S. S. Pennsylvania, Iloilo,
Panay Island, Philippine Islands.
Thursday, Jan. 25, 1899.

Dear Mother—I have just finished mailing three Manila papers to you and I thought I would write a few lines also. The St. Paul arrived yesterday with mail and brought papers from Manila. They may not be of much interest to you, but I thought I would send them anyway. About all the news we get is through them, although they make mistakes. They say the United States steamship Charleston is down here with us, but instead it is the Baltimore. The Indiana arrived the other day with beef and other supplies for the fleet here. The St. Paul left here this morning for one of the other islands.

I go out rowing almost every day. I was over to the Baltimore last Sunday and was shown around the boat. I saw the first gun that was fired in the war here. It is a six-pounder on the port side forward, and was fired across the bow of a Spanish merchant ship between Hong Kong and Manila. The Baltimore carries two 8-inch guns forward and two aft, three 6-inch guns on either side in turrets, besides a number of rapid-fire guns and 3-pounders, which are placed in the fighting tops and around on deck. They opened the breeches of the big 6-inch guns and let us look through the barrels. They are rifled about an inch wide on the inside and are kept shining. Everything is kept clean; even the deck is like an oiled kitchen floor. I was also shown where the shell from the Spanish Maria Christina struck and the path it took. I rowed over to Guimara island, a short distance from Iloilo, where I got some very pretty shells. I also got figs, coconuts and bananas. Bread food is plentiful here but I do not like it. It has a sweet, sickening taste, and resembles oval-shaped hedge balls, only larger.

The natives treated us very well and showed no signs of hostility, but the natives in the interior are a different class and are not civilized and did not seem to like the soldiers. They could not talk Spanish and were rather like savages. They had curly hair and rings in their ears and carried long spears and big heavy clubs, with animals and other things carved on them. They were only kept away from us by the constant coaxing of the civilized natives. Most of the natives are bright, smart looking fellows, but these savages have no expression on their faces and act more like beasts. We have never landed in the city as we have not received their permission and we are trying to make a peaceful landing. There is also some talk of our going back to Manila. We hear they are expecting trouble from Aguinaldo in Manila, and there is some talk of our being sent back. Well, I hope we will go and land somewhere, I do not care where, even if they take us down to Berneo and land us, just so we get off this old tub. I think this makes the eighty-third day on board the "Pennsylv-tucky" as the boys call her here. We've only got about a dozen or two monkeys on board that are more trouble than anything else, but are also the source of much amusement. They get very tame and anyone can pick them up in their arms.

The boys got mail yesterday, but none for me. I am in fine health. Must close now. Yours truly,
F. E. Strong.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM STRONG.

Interesting Observations In and About
Manila.

Another letter recently received from Fred Strong, who is with Company M in the Philippines, tells of some interesting events in the far east. The letter in part is as follows:

Cavite, P. I., March 19.

Dear Brother:—After a month of waiting I received your welcome letter. You spoke about it being 10 degrees below zero there—I wish we could have a little of it here.

The transport Grant arrived from New York, via the Suez canal, the other day and had on board 1,800 troops, consisting of the Fourth United States infantry and one battalion of the Seventeenth United States infantry. They are already on the firing line in Manila and have lost quite a number of men. They were in a pretty hard fight at San Pedro Macati, which place they took from the insurgents. The Fourth cavalry made the charge in that fight, supported by the Twentieth and Twenty-second regulars; the Fourth is the only mounted cavalry now, their horses coming over on the sailing vessel Tacoma, which also brought a number of mules. The horses here are only about four feet high, and the natives, who had never seen a big American horse, were so terror-stricken when the Fourth cavalry charged them that they ran for two miles without stopping or firing. When they did stop, the infantry came up on double quick time, took the town and captured 200 or 300 prisoners. They have a good many horses, but they are resting them up before using them, as they have been on the boat ninety days, and when they get rested they will be used by the artil-

lery and cavalry. A number of army wagons also came on the Tacoma, and the mules are being used on them to take supplies to the front.

The firing line extends entirely around Manila, and is about twelve miles from the center of the city; the south end starting at the bay is out as far as Paranaque, and goes around west through San Pedro Macati, along the San Juan river and touches the bay north of the river at Caloocan. The Twentieth Kansas holds Caloocan and trains are run out there from the city.

Everything seems quite over at Manila today. The Americans are losing a man here and there, who is shot by a sharpshooter in some tree, but any Filipino getting in range of our troops is a goner. The Americans are killing on an average about 100 each day.

Gen. Otis is waiting for all the troops on the way to arrive, then he will form a flying brigade and run them down, get them cornered and then round them up. Once in a while a Filipino will be seen waving a white flag, and on investigation by the Americans he claims he was sent to find out what news the Americans had for him to tell his general in reference to a surrender. Sometimes they advance with a white flag, and when a man is sent to meet them to find out what they want, they will wait until our man gets about half way, then throw down the white flag and substitute a red one, draw guns from under their coats and fire at our man, who is sent unarmed and under a white flag.

The commanders are getting tired of this unlawful business, and hereafter they will have to come all the way over or will not be recognized. The other day a native dressed in the fancy robe of a priest, covered with Catholic emblems and medals, advanced toward the American lines, while they were firing at a company of Filipino soldiers. He had one hand up as if beckoning them to stop firing (while the natives got in their deadly work). Well, the boys all took a shot at him and when picked up nearly every metal emblem had been hit and his body was riddled. The boys each took a medal for a relic. Probably there will not be so many insurrectos going into the priest business after this.

The Thirteenth Minnesotas, who are provost guard in the city, found a number of insurrectos in an old vacant church making powder and insurgent uniforms. They were watched for a while by the guards to make sure what they were doing, and then they decided to arrest them. When the guards entered the door, they had all changed and put on white clothes over their uniforms and were down on their knees with their hands clasped and were supposed to be praying. But that did not go with the Thirteenth, so they were marched to the walled city and left in the care of the Second Oregon, who will take good care that they do not get ammunition mixed up with their religion.

We have been having plenty of rain lately, but the rainy season does not begin for a month or two. * * * Your son,

Fred E. Strong.

IN AND ABOUT MANILA

Fred Strong Writes Home of War Time Experiences.

BEFORE MALOLOS WAS CAPTURED.

Expresses a Desire to Get Into Flying Brigade Which Rumor Had Under Organization—Seen in the Capital.

Cavite, P. I., March 23, 1899.

Dear Mother: As it has been a week or two since I wrote you last, I will now jot down a few lines. We are still in Cavite, doing guard work around the wall and in the navy yard. There is a rumor that some marines are going to be landed to take our place and let us go to the front. I do not know how true this is, but I hope that it is so. Malolos seems to be the main headquarters for the insurgents, and I hear that a flying brigade is going to be made up and advance in that direction. The lines are out in that direction as far as Caloocan. The Twentieth Kansas holds this place, which is about seven miles north of Manila and on the bay. Malolos is about twenty miles farther. I hope that we get into this flying brigade, as it will be a great round-up.

We have a good number of troops here now. The Fourth and Seventeenth infantry came from New York on the Grant, and the big transport Sherman, bringing 2,000 regulars from New York arrived yesterday. With this force they can spare more men from the trenches around the city and could make an advance on the insurgents.

The first battalion of the Fifty-first Iowa is on the right of the firing line and down near the bay. They form a brigade consisting of the First Utah, First South Dakota, Fourteenth infantry, and a battery of the Third artillery. They are holding Paranaque. The main part of the fighting now is west of Manila and along the Pasig river, in the direction of San Pedro Macati (we call it St. Patrick McCarthy), and Pasig City. The Twenty-second regulars made an advance of five miles in that direction last Monday. The insurgents are losing heavily every day. The American loss in killed and wounded is 350. The First Nebraska, First Washington and Fourteenth infantry have lost the most men in being killed.

I was over to Manila Monday last and was out to the firing line near Santa Anna. In going across the bay from here to Manila I passed right aft the English warship Powerful. A little farther on I passed alongside the battleship Oregon. She had all guns

turned starboard, and it weighed down that side of the ship so that the port side was about ten feet out of water, and the other about three or four feet. They were scraping barnacles from the port side. The Oregon is painted white, the smoke stacks and masts yellow. All the other United States ships are in the old war color. As I passed on we ran ahead of the Baltimore, and then a little farther on passed aft of the Olympia, which has the four-star pennant gaily floating from her aft mast, showing that it was the admiral's ship. The monitor Monterey and the cruiser Buffalo lie off Cavite. The Boston lies over towards Paranaque; the Charleston off Malate; the Helena and Bennington north of Manila at Caloocan and Malabon.

The Twentieth regulars are now guarding the city, relieving the Thirteenth Minnesota, who held that position since the occupation on August 13 last. They are glad to get out onto the firing line. The Fourth and Seventeenth are guarding the walled city and old Manila.

One would never think from looking around in Manila that fighting is going on on all sides, for the citizens have great confidence in the boys in blue and never loose any sleep worrying over the Filipinos coming in on them. There is lots of business in the city now. The streets are crowded, the river is full of boats of all classes, and the Chinese and native laborers are thick as bees, loading and unloading ships—in fact one can hardly walk along the wharfs without dodging a Chinaman with a bull cart or one with two bundles of hemp, suspended on either end of a pole across the man's shoulder. Everything seems to be busy and the many stores along "Escolta" (the main thoroughfare) are always crowded with purchasers from all parts of the globe. I bought a number of good silk handkerchiefs for 75 cents (Mexican), which would cost \$1.50 or \$2.00 in the states. Seventy-five cents "Mexicano" is only 37½ cents "Americano," as we call it. Everything is Mexican money here and "Mex" for short. When any soldier is asked a question about distance or price the reply is always in "Mex." For instance I was on my way out to the firing line, which is about eight miles. I asked a soldier how far it was to San Pedro Macati, and he said it was about sixteen miles "Mex." I will send you some Philippine stamps which I bought the other day; one you will notice has the postmark Iloilo on it. Take care of them as they are hard to get. I have a cane made from the foremast of the Reina Cristina, with a paseta on one end and a Mauser shell on the other. Most of the boys in our company have one. I wonder what the kid king would think if he knew we were using the mast of his flagship for walking sticks.

The Grant sails next Saturday for Frisco, and I suppose this letter will go on it. One of Company M is also going, as he has a discharge. The Ohio and Senator pulled out the other evening as I was coming home from Manila.

I saw Geo. Kelly yesterday. He is an Ottumwa boy and belongs to Company I, which is out at the outpost beyond San Roque. * * * Your son,

F. E. Strong.

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Scrapbook provided Courtesy of Dean Norman

Compiled by James B. McVicker

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