

here and we are to play the Astor Battery in three or four days. There is a two hundred and fifty dollar (250.00) cup up for the winners and we are practicing every day and think we can win it, because we are the champions of all the games we have played so far.

I forgot to mention that the day before we left Honolulu Mr. Kinney, an old Salt Lake banker who has been in Honolulu a number of years, and who thinks a lot of the Utah people, took us boys all out to his place in the street cars and after we had all gone in swimming (for he has a fine place right on the sea) he gave us a royal lay out in the way of fruit and eatables. We also all had our pictures taken there.

Our own officer, Lieutenant Wedgwood, having taken sick before we left San Francisco, we had to leave him behind and so we were put under the command of a South Dakota officer and so at Honolulu when we were invited out to Mr. Kinney's sugar factory we were not permitted to go, for the South Dakota fellows were not invited and I suppose (as we all do) that the South Dakota officers were jealous.

But we had a fine time out at Mr. Kinney's place and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

This paper I am using is out of an old Spanish ledger that was taken from one of the largest battleships Spain had out here and which Dewey sunk.

We had an accident happen yesterday evening just before retreat that nearly cost me my life. One of the boys had his revolver out and was fooling with it when it went off and the bullet struck the ground just about an inch in front of my toe. I was playing ball at the time, and the dust was thrown all over my face by the ball which buried itself deep in the ground. Of course it was an accident but the fellow was put in the guard house and will have to stay there a while.

THOMAS S. GUNN,  
Utah Volunteer Battery A.

#### LETTER FROM CAVITE.

Cavite, Sept. 28, 1898.

I don't know how long it has been since I received your letter, but time, paper and stamps have been so scarce that I could not answer it very well before. The battery is over in Manila, but I have been over here on guard for a week. I guess I will go back today some time. Well, I can't give you much news about Cavite. Times are not as good here as they are in Manila; all a person can see is the wrecked battleships and the ruins of the fort, but in Manila there is more business going on in an hour than there is in Salt Lake in a week. But it is the soldiers that make it lively. When we first went into Manila it was as dead as a door nail, but I never saw so many people in my life as there are there now, and there are all kinds. Buggies, wagons and people get tangled up in the streets sometimes and can't move one way or the other. The Salt Lake jubilee can't compare with the mixup we have here now. Well, I spent the Fourth of July on the deep blue and we didn't hear anything about the fall of Santiago until we reached here on the 17th of July. I hear you had a "hot time" in Salt Lake when you got the news from Santiago. Well, I enjoyed the trip first rate across the water. I didn't get sea sick at all, and they gave us a fine reception in Honolulu; there wasn't anything too good for us, but we were packed in those ships like sardines, and the grub for the soldiers was very poor; once in a while they would get a couple of biscuits and some hash, but the regular meal was hard tack and fat pork. I played wise for once: I got a job in the officer's dining room shooting biscuits for my board, so you see I got

along allright, and I took good care that my brother got a "hand-out" too. We were only thirty-two days on that good old ship and when we got our feet on land once more we felt like dancing.

We arrived in the bay on the 17th of July, but we didn't land until the 21st. We couldn't land in Manila at the docks, but had to land on the beach between Manila and Cavite. We unloaded our stuff from the steamship to native goats, and then we got as close to the shore as we could with them so that they wouldn't stick in the sand, and then we waded the rest of the way, carrying our goods on our backs, and we kept wading back and forth till we had everything unloaded. The water was up to our waists and sometimes the waves would make it higher, but nobody was drowned. We pitched camp about four miles south of Manila. The Spanish entrenchments were about a mile south of Manila, and their fort the same. They had most of their cannons on the wall of the fort. The natives' entrenchments were about half a mile south of the Spanish, so that made us about two and a half miles from them. We laid around that camp in mud and water for a week, and then on the 28th we were ordered to take four of our guns up to the front; and I tell you it was no snap pulling those guns. The mud was up to our knees in some places, for it rained every day from the time we landed till after we got into Manila, and we had to pull them by hand, having no horses. It would take all of the battery to pull a gun through some places, and we had to wear suspenders on our shoes so that we would not lose them in the mud. After pulling at our guns all day, we got up to the native entrenchments about 5 o'clock. The Spanish couldn't see us fetch our guns up for bamboo and brush, and when we got there we kept our guns out of sight and told the natives to go back; then we took their places in the entrenchment. It was awfully dark that night, and the Spanish couldn't see what we were doing, but when they opened their eyes in the morning I guess they were quite surprised, for we had a good entrenchment built about four feet and a half high, six feet wide at the top and about twelve feet wide at the bottom. And it was over a hundred yards closer to them than we were before. Of course there was a battalion of infantry up there with us, but it was a hard old night's work, and when relief came up we were glad to go to camp for sleep and rest. The next night we pulled our guns into the new entrenchments, but the Spanish didn't know anything about it. We cut gaps through the entrenchment, so that we could fire our guns, and the gaps were plenty wide enough so that we could shoot in any direction. But when we got through cutting the gaps we sighted each gun on the fort as near as we could, and then we covered the gaps over with bamboo and then a light layer of dirt on top of the bamboo. When the job was done and it got daylight the Spanish couldn't see any difference in the entrenchment, for it looked just the same from their side. They didn't know we had the gaps cut out of the entrenchment or the guns there either. They thought we had nothing up there but infantry. We had our guns ready to fire on them any minute; the first shot we fired would blow away the blind of bamboo and do its work as well.

The Spanish were figuring on making a charge on our infantry and taking our intrenchments. The next night the night of the 31st, they made the charge, but they didn't take them. We did not expect the attack for we were put up there more for guard than anything, so the camp would not be in danger while they were getting ready

for the bombardment and waiting for the rest of the soldiers to get here. That night we just had the four guns up there and seven men to each gun; two of the guns belonged to battery B, and two to battery E. Each battery had fourteen men up there, so that made seven men to the gun. The Pennsylvania infantry was also up there with us that night. The Pennsylvania and we together made about 500 men.

Everything was very quiet all day and about 9 o'clock we got some logs and laid them down to the sides of our guns and then got some boards and put on top of the logs and laid down for a sleep. We were all tired and it was not long before we were asleep. But the infantry had to keep their eyes open; it was the first time they had been up there and they could stand it. We slept fine till half-past eleven. Then the report of a rifle off to the right of us woke us up. Then three more reports were heard right from the same place. I guess that was a signal for them to start, for as soon as those three shots were fired, the whole Spanish line opened fire on us. Before dark, the officers gave us strict orders not to fire unless the Spanish left their entrenchment. They got so close that we could hear the click of their magazines as they worked their guns. Then we opened up on them. We shot off arms, heads, legs and everything else. They went back to their entrenchments then and started to use their big guns on us, and we had some hot cannonading for a while. There was plenty of noise around there. Just as we started to fight it started to rain, and I never saw it rain so hard in my life, and it kept it up all night, so that mud and water were up to our knees all along the line. Every time the gun was fired it would recoil 10 or 12 feet and that would make the mud fly all over us. We were all soaked to our skin. Before the fight I thought if I ever got into a battle I would feel kind of shaky, but I never took any thing so cool in my life, and I never expected to get out of it alive, but I didn't care a snap. I felt as though my life wasn't worth two cents. And I didn't care whether I got out of it or not, as long as I helped to get a few Spaniards before they got me. But I didn't like the sound of the Spanish cannon balls when they first started to hum over our heads, they sound so mournful. The small bullets would come through those gaps like hail. Every time we fired our gun the Spanish would fire at the flash with their rifles, and I knew those little bullets were whistling some kind of a tune. I didn't notice what kind of a tune it was at the time, I was too busy, but I think now it was "home sweet home."

The closest call that I had that I know of I should say; for a fellow don't know how close they are till he feels or sees them hit, was when we run the gun up against the bank and a ball hit the top of the bank about six inches from my nose. The mud and sand that flew in my face stung. Well, I thought for a minute that I was shot and put my hand up to feel for blood, but all that I could find was mud. About two o'clock everybody was running out of ammunition and things looked quite gloomy. The infantry started to fix bayonets and we had our revolvers ready. We could just hear a shot here and there along our line and the Spanish still pouring it in on us. We didn't know what minute the Spanish would make another charge and make hash at the same time, so you can imagine how a person would feel. Still I felt alright until we ran out of ammunition, but we made up our minds that we would stay and wait for them. Just as we were thinking what to do, we heard a bugle in the rear sound "forward march", then the boys let out a yell that was enough to shake down our en-