

the breech closed, and the primer inserted, before the gun could be fired. All this time we were fired upon. It was simply hell. Add to this the intense heat and smoke and the sight of men toppling over, dead and wounded, the cries, yells, and above all the groans of the wounded, and you can form some idea of how we felt. We knew they were strong in number (the Dons) and that we were a mere handful, but we all fought like devils, and stood them off.

Between 12:30 a. m. and 1 a. m. we were almost out of ammunition. The infantry had from 2 to 5 cartridges apiece. We had (Varlan's gun) three sharpnel-Kneass' guns two shrapnel. Don't think Battery B had more than one for each gun. In fact we had reached that awful state—"out of ammunition."

The Tenth Pennsylvania officers cautioned their men not to fire any more, but wait for another charge and then "soak" them. The men all began fixing bayonets. Our boys drew their revolvers (at least most of them did) filled their pockets with the extra shells we had (30 apiece) stuck their knives in their pants and waited. Waited for what? I don't know and did not know. Kneass was ready to unscrew the breech-block of his gun. We had an axe to knock the lever off ours. None of us were in the least "rattled." Our only thought was—"When are our reinforcements coming?" We knew they had heard the terrible bombardment at Camp Dewey, and wondered if they were coming. We wondered if Dewey's fleet was not coming up to our aid. We did not know how to conduct a retreat (we had not "soldiered" long enough to know that) and just at this point we heard a trumpet in our rear sound "Forward, march." Then what a cheer went up from our lusty, smoke-filled lungs. They heard us at Camp Dewey and knew we were saved. The first relief was battery H of the Third heavy United States artillery which had been at the Presidio in Frisco. They were also outposts that night, and were probably one and a half miles in our rear when the fight began.

They were all armed as infantry, with the Kraig-Jorgensen (all heavy artillery are first sent into the field as infantry) and as soon as they reached our entrenchments they knew their business. They jumped to the top and as soon as they saw the Spanish "sheet of flame" they pumped away. They commenced firing without orders and

A few minutes after battery K of the same artillery (the Third) came up and did likewise. The men were all mixed up and the officers had a time to get their respective commands together. "Battery K men here" one would shout; and "Battery H men here" another; but the men only yelled "Here" and kept pumping their magazines. The officers even had to drag them from the summit of the entrenchment. Finally all the men of the respective batteries were together, and just at this time a fire was poured in on our rear. Two volleys were fired. Were we attacked in rear, or had the insurgents come up to help us or to help the Spaniards, we wondered. However it turned out to be only the First California who had gotten into our old entrenchment, and mistook us for the Spanish. They did no harm, having fired high, and came up to us immediately. They are entirely blameless, as it was pitch dark and they knew nothing of the new entrenchment.

To sum it up, a mere handful of Americans held 4,000 Spaniards at bay for two hours and ten minutes. (Bat-

tery H came up about 1:30 a. m.) (What did I say about emulating the Gordons, Bill Crawford?) Pennsylvania admits that the Utah artillery saved them, the intrenchments and all. Of course, this is absurd, but Utah and Pennsylvania did save the day (or the night). The Tenth Pennsylvania boys are "hot stuff." They fought like veterans. By 2:30 a. m. the firing had ceased, except now and then some sharp-shooter would try to plaster us. The fight was ours and we were still there.

We lost about ten killed and twenty wounded. The Spaniards must have lost 300 or 400, and many more wounded, as they had no cover, having left their entrenchments, and were so numerous.

You may imagine how hard it was for reinforcements to reach us. A "galling fire" is no name for it. It was murderous. Several were wounded and some killed. The rapid-fire guns were turned on the road simply for that purpose—to whack our reinforcements. The men who bravely came to our aid are deserving of the utmost praise.

Ammunition for the Tenth Pennsylvania and our batteries arrived shortly after the first reinforcements. Lieut. Naylor and Sergt. Wells were in charge of our reliefs.

Both gunners, Varlan and Kneass, were stripped to the waist throughout the engagement; and both were almost ready to drop from exhaustion. Shortly before the heavy firing had ceased, Varlan dropped, worn out, and I took his place. It was hot work. The heat was intense and the smoke stifling.

The first of our men I saw drop were just on the right of Kneass's gun. Three fell in a bunch, one killed and two wounded. Immediately after, I went around to the left of Varlan's gun, and saw four or five come tumbling down.

When the men from Batteries H and K came up and were somewhat straightened up, Captain Hobbs one of their officers grabbed a gun from one of his men, jumped clear on top of the embankment, and emptied first the gun and then his revolver, jumped down and yelled—"That's the way to do it boys; aim low."

One of the men in battery K was struck in the foot by a rifle ball just as they were starting to our relief, but he refused to go back, saying that it was nothing, and limped along with the rest.

Another of the battery was aiming his Kraig-Jorgensen just on the left of Varlan's gun, when he was shot between the eyes. His gun dropped on the outside of the entrenchments, while he came tumbling down dead.

The men of the Tenth Pennsylvania who were out as pickets, or outposts, and were making their way back to our entrenchments, were caught between two fires, and no doubt one or two may have been shot by their own men. One of them told me he laid in a ditch for over an hour before he could get to us. The dead and wounded in this small party were rescued by their own men who bravely went out under fire and brought their comrades in. What was the matter with the hospital corps? you may here ask yourself. All the time the dead and dying were lying around, the dying groaning and the less mortally wounded slowly bleeding to death, the noble Red Cross men were either quaking in their boots under some trees or back in camp asleep. I can positively swear to this and if any of these high salaried "army surgeons" (?) say there were hospital men there, I can only say that over 600 men can testify the same as I, one thing that puts my mind at ease, and should yours, is that Billy (W. G. Hampton) was on duty at camp that

night and could not leave. Just about 4:30 a. m. (two hours after the firing was over) these "noble heroes" began doing their work of mercy. I am not roasting the hospital corps collectively, but individually. There were certain of them who should have been there who were not. They had a would-be hospital down along the beach, and even when they took the men down there, after they had summed up courage enough to go and get them after the firing had ceased, they had no apparatus to work with. Coming down to camp next morning, after having been relieved, we saw two hospital litters lying in the ditch about one and a half miles from the "scene of battle."

These litters, with men to man them, had evidently been sent to the front, and when the bullets came a little close they dropped the litters and ran. If the noble H. C. deny this, I have to state that one of our men (Battery A) who was sent back to camp to tell them to hurry our ammunition, saw two men with red crosses on their arm do this very thing. Gunner Kneass has the litter in his possession now, and if any of these "army surgeons" (?) want their litter let them come and get it. (We have had the litter four days now, as this is the fourth. We do not expect any one will call for it.)

Private Winckler of Battery B was shot through the left arm, and Private Leaver of Battery A (in my section) was wounded slightly in the stomach. Both men refused to leave their posts. In fact the heroism displayed throughout by our Utah boys is worthy of the highest praise.

You may hear reports, and read reports of this little engagement given by newspaper men who were three or four miles away from the firing, and their version may disagree with mine, but I was there and think I know a little of "how it happened." Immediately after the heavy firing had ceased, a heavy rain began and continued until we were relieved. From 2:30 until 7 a. m. the rain came down in torrents, and was accompanied by a cold, chilling wind which almost froze us. The change from the excessive heat to the severe cold was something terrific. Some of you may have an idea of how it rains in these tropical countries. If some of you know, let them tell those who don't know, as the effort of my trying to describe it would be too much.

August 2nd—We hear the Spanish loss dead is over 300 and the wounded 500. Contrary reports are always being circulated. Our loss is about 13 killed and 40 wounded.

August 3rd—Spanish loss now reported to be 314 killed and still bringing more dead.

August 4th—Spanish loss reported 350 killed. Do not know how many wounded. The force the Spanish had was 4,000 of the best veterans they have. They are men who have fought in many battles. We also learn that they had German and French artillerymen. We had "only Mormons." I think by Monday we will be in Manila as some of the men from our warships say on Sunday Dewey wants to blaze h—l out of them. We are willing.

Another little scrap happened on the night of the first for about one hour. Our loss, one killed (Colorado man) and I don't know how many wounded. Spanish loss, forty killed.

On the night of the second, another round for a few minutes. Don't think any one was hurt. Same last night. Lasted forty minutes. The Spanish are night fighters. Their artillery pegs away at us, and we are under orders not to fire back unless to repel an at-