

MARINE CORPS MUSEUM

QUANTICO, VA.

THE JOURNAL OF

FRANK KEELER

1898



Marine Corps Letters Series

NUMBER ONE

MARINE CORPS PAPERS SERIES

The Marine Corps Papers Series is prepared under the direction of the Senior Historian and will include similar edited extracts from the Manuscript collections of the Marine Corps Museum. It is hoped that the Series will stimulate interest in the Museum's collections as well as make available accounts of incidents in Marine Corps History which are generally unavailable to all but the dedicated researcher. The original of this journal and a growing collection of other similar papers may be studied by interested researchers on the premises of the Marine Corps Museum which due to the limited staff, cannot undertake research within the collections for individual requestors. Scholars wishing to use the holdings will be welcomed by the Museum staff; however, since at present, research space is somewhat limited, advance notice is requested. A letter or telephone call to the Curator of Manuscripts, Marine Corps Museum, Quantico, Virginia 22134; telephone (703) 640-2606 will be of great assistance.

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COVER SEAL

The seal used on the cover of this and other Marine Corps Museum publications is an interpretation of an 1812 U. S. Marine Corps Hat device by JoAnn Wood.

GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA, 1898

THE JOURNAL OF FRANK KEELER

Edited by

CAROLYN A. TYSON

MARINE CORPS PAPER SERIES

NUMBER ONE

PREFACE

In 1967 the Marine Corps Museum implemented a program designed to acquire and preserve the personal papers of former Marines for future students of history. A substantial number of collections were subsequently located and acquired, and the program continues to expand apace. Included in the manuscript collections are a number of journals, diaries, and letters which contain personal accounts of significant events in American, and, more specifically, Marine Corps history. The Marine Corps Letters Series was begun to remove these narratives from the obscurity of a manuscript vault, and add them to the available source literature on American history. It is hoped that this series will stimulate scholars to investigate further this virgin field of military manuscripts in pursuit of authenticity, accuracy, and a greater appreciation of what lies behind the more formal veneer of the "official records."

David E. Schwulst
Lieutenant Colonel, USMC
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INTRODUCTION

The Spanish-American War

It was a popular war.

The Spanish had ruled Cuba harshly, and American sentiment was aroused by newspaper stories of Spanish atrocities. It reached a frenzy when an explosion sank the USS Maine in Havana Harbor, and a Naval Board of Inquiry blamed the disaster on an underwater mine. (1) Congress responded with a declaration of war on April 25, 1898. (2)

Young men inspired by the slogan "Remember the Maine!" rushed to enlist. One of these young men was Frank Keeler. Enthusiastic, as well as ambitious for a better place in life, he journeyed from his small New England town to Boston. A visit to the Navy Yard there sealed his fate for so impressed was he with the Marine Guards' appearance that he decided to join their Corps.

Preparations were confused. An idled military machine blundered along, but American had fought no real war since 1865 and was largely unprepared for combat. Congress injected some stimulus in early March 1898 when it appropriated monies for defense and a portion of the \$50,000,000 set aside was given to the Marine Corps.

Commodore George Dewey, acting immediately after the declaration of war, forced the surrender of the Spanish at Cavite, Philippine Islands; while from across the Atlantic, a Spanish squadron sailed to the Caribbean and dropped anchor at Santiago de Cuba. The U. S. Fleet sought it out and blockaded it in the harbor. Fear of a long stay in the Caribbean prompted the Navy to look for an advance base to shelter its vessels, and Guantanamo Bay, just east of Santiago Harbor, was chosen.

For its part, the Corps hurried to assemble its East coast Marines at New York and prepared a battalion for action in Cuba. But transportation from New York was hard to come by, and delays resulted. The USS Panther finally appeared to carry the Marines to Key West, Florida for training. There they received orders from the Navy to capture Guantanamo Bay.

The little Battalion landed at Guantanamo on June 10 and clambered up to camp on what was soon to be named McCalla Hill. Thankfully, no resistance met them from the well-equipped and entrenched Spanish bastion, although this did not long hold true. Frequent night attacks forced the Marines back toward the Bay where the Spaniards' harassment continued. The Marines' commander decided to quell "the Dons'" aggressive spirit by destroying their water supply - the well at Cuzco Hill. Companies C and D of the Battalion together with Cuban allies captured the well; the attacks ceased, and the Marines settled into a less hazardous stay in Cuba.

The main Spanish body at Santiago was finally trapped between an Army expeditionary force and the blockading Fleet. The City surrendered on July 17. Shortly afterward, the Marines took leave of Guantanamo, participated in the naval battle of Manzanillo, and then sailed homeward. They reached Portsmouth, N. H., on August 26 and made their camp on Seavey Island in the Navy Yard. There, the Battalion was demobilized as the war came to an end.

Keeler's taste for specifics, revealed in his account and supplemented by official reports, eliminates the need to elaborate further on the Marines' campaign against the Spanish "Dons." The original manuscript may be seen in the collection of the Marine Corps Museum. It was generously donated by Mrs. Gertrude Keeler Bussell, Frank Keeler's daughter, who lives in Bangor, Maine, where her father's trek into history began and where he died on February 3, 1962.

This diary reflects in its writing style, as in its content, a past era. Hence, punctuation and correlatives are occasionally added or deleted to delineate the author's ideas and to avoid confusion. Every attempt is made, however, to retain the individual style and flavor of its content that is consistent with the problems of reproducing handwritten works in printed form. Word order and spelling remain intact. No attempt is made to correct spelling when the intended meaning is clear, but if it is not, the word is followed by the modern spelling in brackets. Misspelled proper names and places are also followed by accepted renditions enclosed in brackets and the source is documented, except place names generally included in gazeteers. All words added to the original text are also bracketed.

Reports of Marine Corps and Navy officers are appended to fill in the outline of events and offer contemporaneous comment about them. The bibliography includes the primary sources used in editing the manuscript.

Life In The U. S. Marine Corps

There is no better way to tell or place upon paper my life in the U. S. Marine Corps than to begin at the beginning, and say that up to March 24, 1898 I had been in the employ of . . . (3) of Bangor, Maine. That day I left for Boston intending to secure a lucrative position and better myself. Hunting for work in Boston is not the easiest thing in the world as I found out. Leaving Bangor via Bucksport at 9 A. M. and taking the night boat, the City of Bangor, we had a fine view of the beautiful hills and forest along the river. Reaching Boston at 5 A. M., a boarding place on Allston Street was secured and having plenty of money, I decided to rest a few days before securing employment. Instead of staying at my room the opera had nightly attractions.

It was on the 27th that I paid a visit to Charlestown Navy Yard (4) to see how work was progressing on the War Ships. It was there I saw the Marines at drill. It was a fine sight, their neat uniforms, their manly appearance impressed me. I liked their home life at the barracks. I visited the U.S.S. Machias which was being fitted out to join the Squadron. Over a hundred men were at work upon her. I was pleased with the Navy. I was at the yard again two days later. I watched the drill of the Marines. It was grand. Fate had decided that I should be a marine.

At the gate I asked of the sentry if more Marines were wanted and was told that [there] was and the Recruiting office was at 30 Portland St. "Could I get in?" "Why my boy they want all they can get at present. Don't you know they are inlisting them for the War?" "Well No I didn't [know] war had got to that point. Do you think there will be war with Spain?" He did and I felt that my country needed my services. Thanking the sentry for his information I left saying I would see him again.

The walk to the recruiting office [was] with mingled thoughts of what I should do. There's the office, the stars and strips flying from a window. Would I pass. The change [chances] were against me. I'll try it for fun. There were thirty of us. I was one of three who passed a successful examination. . . .

It was noon when I was examined. At four I was a Marine at the Barracks where we remained until April Fools Day when I was sworn in. Have I been a fool ever since. Well I don't know. I will let you judge for yourself.

Drill and Police Work, with Saturday and Sunday liberty, until the recruit was turned over for duty when more liberty is secured.

After a week seventeen of us, including my two companion recruits were transfered to Portsmouth Navy Yard Barracks. It was here that E. (5) got a canteen jag and spit on the brick walk. Lieut Shaw saw him and remonstrated with [him] . He gave the officer back talk but was let off because he was a raw recruit. He was never out of trouble.

It was only two weeks that we were stationed at this point when orders came for "34 privates and 4 corporals" 3 Sargeants, a second Lieut. and a Captain to join the First Battalion at Brooklyn to go to Cuba. I was not detailed to go but went in place of a married man who acted as though he had rather stay at home. When he told his crying wife he must go because there was no one to take his place, he had asked every man in the command, but the tears did the business. He was a married man with a family, I was single; he was more needed at home than I, for I had not been home for five years and if killed there would be no one to mourn.

April 14th at 9 A.M. came the orders to move. We were ready at one, we hustled to do it. "Fall in," we crossed the ferry to Portsmouth, and marched to the Depot. War had not been declared but we were cheered and were told to give the Dons h___.

Away we went by train, across Boston in carriages, by train again and Fall River boat. We are in New York, a wet, drizzly rain is falling. A Government Tug took us to Brooklyn [where] we marched to the Yard. The only thing that troubled us was our knapsacks which weighed 80 pounds.

While some of our party had to sleep in the coal shed I fortunatly got a bed in the barracks. The next day Marines arrived from Newport R. I., Washington, D. C., League Island, Pa., and Boston, Mass. so that at drill we made a big show and pleased a big crowd that was there.

It was on the 18th that the men were devided into six companies of about 100 men each, there being 650 men in all, in command of 22 officers. The companies being Art., A.B.C.D. and E. and [the unit] was called the First Battalion in command of Col R. W. Huntington (6). Two days were spent in drill.

April 21 came orders to proceed to Key West. A three hour drill and a game of baseball closed our sports for a while. The next day we went to the Wharf to load stores on the U.S.S. Panther and at five o'clock the entire battalion marched aboard. Half an hour later amid the sounds of many whistles and cheers of people we sailed down the harbor. The send off we received was plasant.

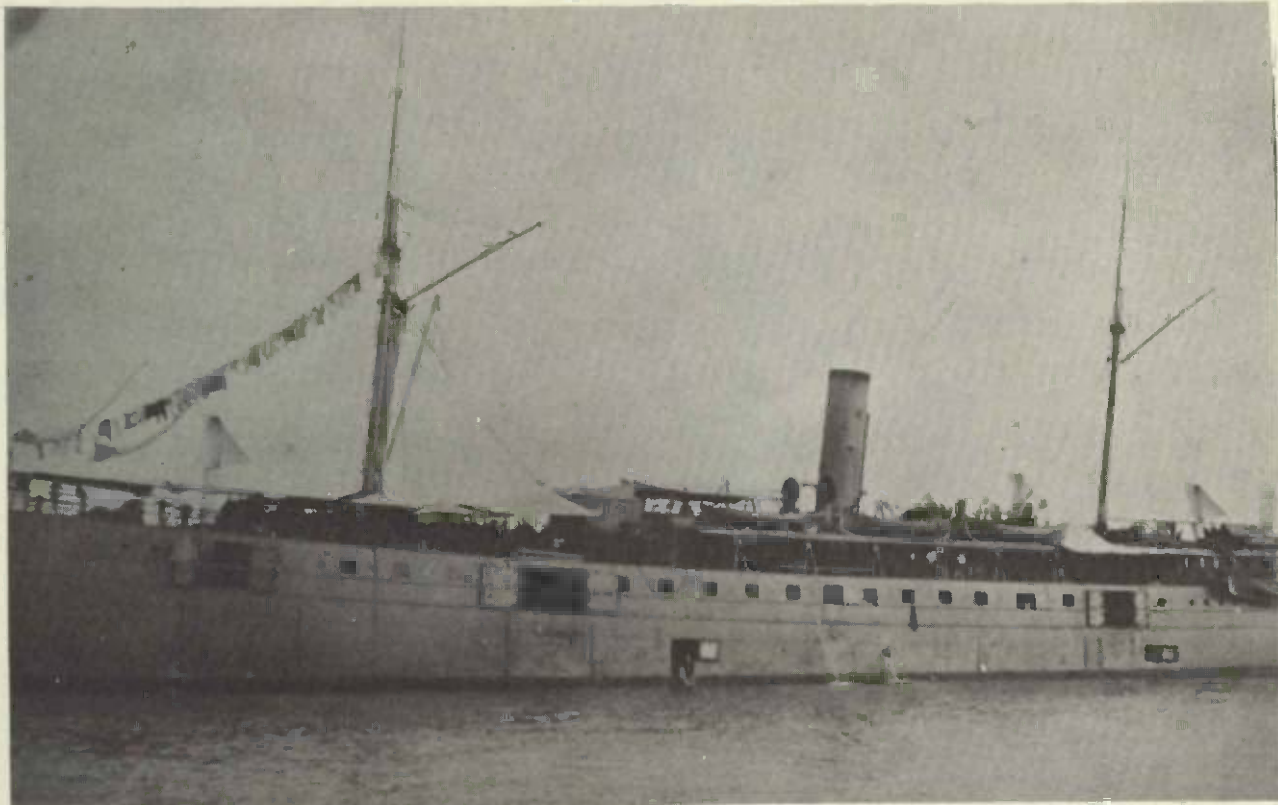
There are seven hundred men aboard besides the stores and amunition which makes a good load for a vessel of this size. "Life on the Ocean Mane," yet there were [a]lot of the boys sick. We were glad when we dropped anchor at Hampton Roads on the 24th (7) to await an escort to Cuba for we had no large guns for defence against a Spanish Cruiser. The Panther would be a valuable prize, having plenty of stores and amunition, besides 1000 Rifles, eigh[t] 4 inch guns and four rapid fire guns. After a way of two days we were escorted to sea by the U.S.S. Montgomery. Passing Cape Hatteras the vessel rolled like a wash-tub. Every man and the Colonels horse were sick. By the 29th we were off the coast of Florida with lovlly sea and weather and arrived at Key West on the 30th. This complets my first month of enlistment.

Without waiting for a pilot, the vessel run in by Fort Taber and the Captain gave orders to "let go the anchor". A pilot came on board and told us that we came near being blown to peices, for we were anchored with in six yards of a mine and would have to be careful in raising anchor. The Excutive officer on board was Mr Burdock and he made it very hard for the marines. The sailors work of scrubbing was put upon us and we were not allowed on the port side of the Main Deck, although on our side we were crowded like cattle. He made us take down bunks in the morning and put them up at night just to keep us working. We were given no chance for a bath since leaving the barracks and food was bad. We had hard [tack] and canned corn-beef or canned corn beef and hard tack just as we like. The water was distilled and so warm we had hard work to drink it. It was no use to kick. We were where we could not help our selves. On the third week we got a change, we had bread and beef brought over from the city. There was only enough to give us a taste, we felt hungry for more.

Drills ashore under the hot sun every morning. They were feirce drills to [o], with battalion drill consisting of charges and very tiresome in the hot weather. After the third week on ship we were ordered to go into camp ashore, which was named Camp Sampson. We wish now it had been Schley. Our food was better now, and we could take a bath any old time and we did often. Many people came to witness the evening parade. We were all picked men destined to pave the way for the occupation of Cuba. Had we not been picked men we never could have withstood our trip south or the confinement on ship for three weeks without sickness. Our hard battalion drills and hard marches only fitted us for what there was to come in Cuba. We were told that the Panther was to perform other duties and that the "Resolute" formerly the Dominion Line Steamer Yorktown would be our new quarters. She was expected daily. We put ashore 20 cords of wood for fuel, 30,000 feet of lumber for flooring of tents and a months stores. Then we had a tented city of 150 tents with perfect sanitary arrangments. Thus we were transformed from sea-dogs to land-lubbers as the novelist says "Soldier and Sailor too". . . . (8)

On Sunday May 30 I attended church, found a big audiance; the music was good and singing fine. I was much pleased with the apperance of the people. The next day a nigro shot and killed a sailor. There were 75 marines on Liberty and hearing of the murder armed themselves with ropes, clubs, knives and revolvers, intending to take the nigro from the Sheriff who had him in jail. As they arrived at the jail and was trying to get the Jailor to give up the nigro, a guard of thirty Marines came up from camp to assist the sheriff in preserving order. The Marines could do nothing against the armed guard. After that there was a guard in the city every day until we left on June 7th. Not a blue jacket or Marine was allowed in town after 9 P.M. To those who over stayed, the[y] got five days double ironed, bread and wter. Thus peace was restored.

The "Resolute" did not arrive and June 5th we were ordered back on board the "Panther" little as we liked it. We were all on board the noble (wit) Panther by three the next day and at 5 P.M. the 7th we left the harbor of Kev West. "Thinking we might never see it again". The



“THE USS PANTHER Transported The Battalion To Cuba”

auxiliary cruiser Yosemite [was with us], and after a three days voyage [we] sighted Schley's fleet off Santiago Harbor, to whom we delivered dispatches and received our orders. At 10:30 [we] were once more under way for our landing place which was to be 30 miles from Santiago, called Guantanamo. Arriving at 1 A.M. June 10th [we] disembarked as soon as possible, the first American troops to land in Cuba.

All that day and up to 10 that evening we worked like beavers in disembarking from the Panther. Company "D" was the second to land. I was in the fourth boat that landed. The first boat contained Col Huntington, the Adjt, and twenty men. . . . The Companies came off in this order: C.D.E.A. and B, leaving the Artillery company to unload the ship. We landed in heavy marching order, and marched up the hill we were to occupy and afterwards became "Camp McCalla". Three companies stacked arms and returned to help unload ship. Posts were established. . . .

While we were stacking arms and unloading ship the Spanish had every chance in the world to close in on us and slaughter or kill everone. A prisoner we captured later said that they saw the opputanety but were ordered not to fire until we had landed our stores. They were hungry and wanted food more than dead Yankees. To think of the risk we went through makes me angry with our Commanding Officers everytime I think of it. The Spanish were laying in the bushes all around watching us and they knew every movement we made even to where our sentery were posted. That night we slept with our cloths on and rifles by our side. Had the Dons surrounded the hill they could have fired upon us with deadly effect, for they could have fired from all sides with out hitting their own men. Whether God protected us in our sleep or they were too dull to think of the chance we know not. We could not have got out of the scrape had we been attacked in that way.

The next day our picket line was established, D. Company having the first honor. There were three bases to the line where the main body would hold out, and each body would have men posted out. The posts on the line where the main body was stationed was at a place called the "Wharf" to prevent the Dons landing supplies. The next was called the "Cross Roads" and the third was at the "Bridge" a mile and a half from camp, the way that the Spanish were expected to bring Artillery from Camanera [Caimanera] (9) . . . It was a dangerous move. The post was exposed, too far away to be surported quickly and with no chance for retreat. The officers soon relized this and moved it in three days later fully a mile and formed a streight picket line. This made the line strong enough that no one could pass without being seen. The Cross-road post was a mile from camp and became our fighting post. Here we had three men killed, two of which would not had our officers used a little good judgement. It seemed as though they only valued their own lives for they would send the men where they would not go themselves.



“Marines Landing At Guantanamo Bay, Cuba”

On June 11th at 2 P.M. there were but two men at the "Wharf" post, where two days later thirty were not considered to[o] many. At the "Cross roads" there were fifteen in charge of Lieut. Neville (10). I had the honor of being in this detachment. At the "Bridge" there were also fifteen in charge of Lieut. Shaw.

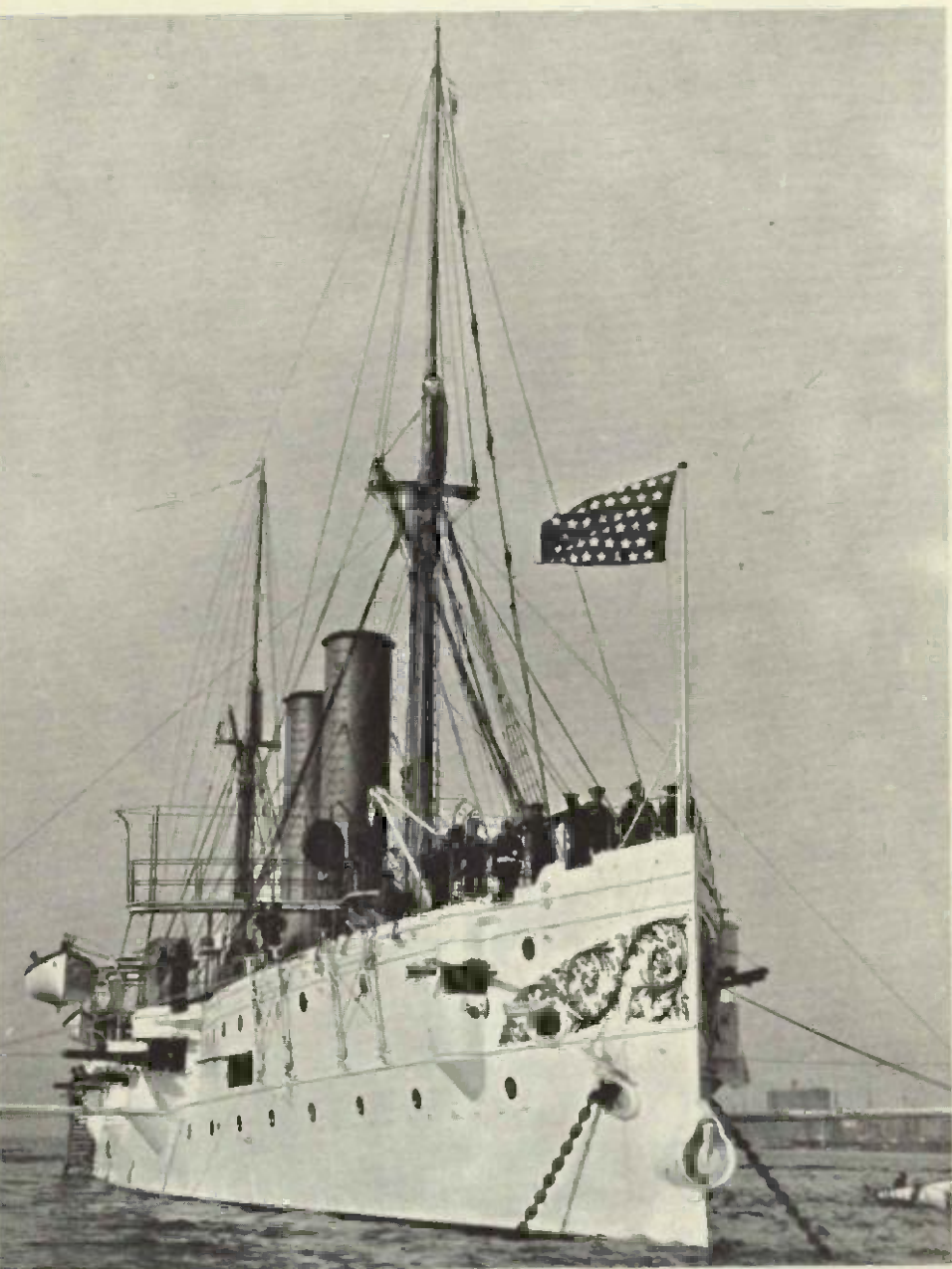
The day before we landed, the U. S.S. Marblehead in command of Capt McCalla bombarded the blockhouse, making it easy for us to land and making the Spanish more afraid of the big guns of the ship than they were of us. A onepound shell had gone through the battery of the cable station here destroying everything. A little later we had a chance to see the good work of his gunners when they sent a shell into the blockhouse burning it. It was evident that the Spanish had left the Blockhouse in a hurry for they had left many rounds of cartridges, two field guns, all their dishes, and fishing impliments, all of which we took together with two boxes of dynamite.

Our first scare was on the night of our landing day. About ten a sentry gave the alarm. "Fall in" was sounded, the skirmish line was thrown out, and we waited two hours. They discovered we were prepared and expecting them. Wishing to take us unprepared, they did not advance.

As I stated before Lieut Neville had charge of the "Cross Road" Post on June 11th. A scouting party was sent out [by] the Lieutenant in charge to give the alarm if attack came. The "Brid[g]e" was cleared and we were where we could be easily seen from the opposite hill. The mountains on the otherside of the valley were covered with dense bushes and a Don in there could see us while we could not see a living [thing]. It was only along the roads that the hills are cleared and over these the Spanish must come if they bring their Artillery anywhere near us. On one of the roads leading out from the "cross roads" post, a hundred yards away, was posted two sentries at the left of the main body. This was a good place. Privates Dumphy and McCulgen (11) were posted 500 yards in front of the main body down in the valley on a cross road, a very dangerous place with no chance to escape. They could be cut off on all sides by the enemy. It was here that the first American blood was shed in the war in Cuba.

The main valley here which we were to watch ran north and south. Being posted on the west side we got a good view of the entire east side, but we were not there to admire beauty but for far different business. After the sentry were all posted Lieut Neville strung up his hammock between the trees and began to read a book. We did not believe that there was a Spaniard within miles and many of us went to sleep on the ground. For two hours we got what rest one can with the glass at nearly a hundred and thousands of sand-fleas and mosquitos abroad.

I was looking at my watch. It was just 5 o'clock, Saturday, June 11th, when we recived the greatest surprise of our lives. A company of Spanish Gurilles [Guerrillas] opened fire upon us. Half our number were asleep when the reports of the rifles rung out. No one ever woke quicker.



“The USS MARBLEHEAD Supported The Marine’s Expedition”

Bullets came among us like rain. We dodged about trying to find shelter but there was neither trees or big rocks to get behind. Then we began to fight. The new was off, the scare was gone, and for an hour the constant fire showed that we were holding our own. Then we were reinforced by Company C. in charge of Capt Elliot (12), and we drove them back.

We had two men missing but none wounded. After looking for the two men half an hour or so we came across their dead bodies under a tree, one of them was terribly cut up. The sight made us shiver. Were we to be treated likewise? Was this Christian warfare? Their shoes, belts and part of their clothing was gone. Tenderly we carted the bodies back to camp. They were Dumphy and McColgan, the outer pickets. The Marines had been the first to land upon Cuban soil, they had established the first camp. They raised the first flag, and had lost the first men, victims of the Spanish bullets and barbarism.

It was not with the pleasant feelings that we got supper that night. Our companions assisted in getting the thorns and briars out of our bodies, and we lay down to rest. Sleep was impossible. At 11 P.M. Capt Spicer of my company called for eight volunteers to go out on picket. I was one of them, and we soon marched out to the main picket post which then had over a hundred men under Lieuts. Neville and Shaw. They halted us and after recognition, we advanced, leaving four [of the volunteers at the post]. We proceeded with the Captain to the Wharf a quarter of a mile from the main picket. This was not a pleasant trip. Our hearts were in our shoes for we knew that the Spanish had rifle pits all along the path and we could hear them in the bushes as we passed. Arriving at the Wharf the Captain and his body guard left us. We all knew it was one of the most dangerous places in Cuba, but there was nothing to do but stay and take what came even though it be death.

After the Captain left us we listened to the many noises and before ten minutes was passed we felt sure that the Spaniards were about us. I was posted ten yards away from the other three men. It was a very dark night, but I could see twenty-five yards or so. After setting there for half an hour and bearing tortures inflicted by mosquitos and sandfleas I saw one of the Spaniards cross the opening in front. I fired at him, which I should not have done because it revealed our position and my shot did not take effect. All I could do now was to keep quiet and I did it with out being told. The next fifteen minutes seemed like an hour. We could hear the Dons going through the bushes and knew they were cutting off our retreat. They were getting in between us and our camp. We knew that they had us, for the moment they were at the top of the hill and began to descend the[y] began firing as they came.

Had we been placed on this post by day we should have known the lay of the land, but we came as strangers at eleven at night and now we didn't know which way to go. I being posted about ten yards away from the other three men, decided to get back to them as quickly as possible. They were not there. Had they been shot done, had the bullets which were flying fast ended their lives? Bullets were coming in quick

succession. I could not stay there, it ment death. I would desert the post. I would get back to the main body a quarter of a mile away. To do this I must go through a valley which had a cleared space of a hundred yards in length and fifty yards wide. The rest of the way was by a narrow path through the bushes. In deserting my post which I had good reason to do, and fall back, I started on the run and a cross the open space. Made the fastest time I ever made. Double quick at drill was small pace beside this. From the start the bullets followed me. How I thanked the darkness. . . . One bullet struck the ground in front of me and spattered mud all over me as if someone had thrown a big rock into a mud puddle near-by. This was soon followed by others that did the same.

When I arrived at the edge of the bushes I halted and listened, but could not hear any movement in the bushes. With gun at port arms ready to shoot the first object I saw, I advanced. Who ever I might have seen would have got a bullet. After all the fireing of the last ten or fifteen minutes no man on our side had any business to be out where I was unless he was in the same fix. Had I met such an unfortunate it would have gone hard with him for I knew that I held my life in my hands as I passed through the valley. I knew there were Spaniards all along on either side of the path.

After a walk of ten minutes more I noticed that the fireing had stopped, and beleiving I must be near the main picket stopped to listen. It was lucky I did so for I heard the Lieut. giving orders. Had I proceeded I would probably have been filled with metal from a volley, but I gave the coutersign which was "Texas". I shall never forget it. I was advanced, every gun of fifty was leveled on me and ready to fire. It was so dark that they could not see me but could tell it was a Yankee voice. When once in, I felt better than when the fifty rifles were pointed my way. I was asked a few questions and was permitted to join the main body of the picket.

I had not been in fifteen minutes when the enemy opened fire upon us and for an hour they kept it up. We returned it as best we could. They knew where we were. They were scattered about the bush. Brisk as it was, strange to say, no one was hurt on our side. Through the night there was a few stray shots, but at four o'clock with reinforcements they not only attacked us but also made an attack on the main camp. It was dark and the great growth of bushes prevented our seeing them get between us and camp. Laying where we were, hungry and suffering from want of sleep, we fought until daybreak. Sergant Smith was shot through the head and died instantly. It was nine that morning before Company C. came to our relief. I was out scouting through the bushes at the time hunting for the enemy. We found traces of blood and knew that some of the enemy had been wounded or killed and had been carried away. All the other scouts but myself had returned to the Post and had been relieved. When I completed my circle I found my companions of the [night] had gone. In making the circle, which was full three hundred yards from post, there was a sharp "bang" and a bullet came whistling by my head. I called to the men at the picket thinking it was they who

had fired when a second shot rang out. The bullet cut the leaves from a bush just in front of me, its course showed me it came from the enemy. I returned the fire, and the whole picket was soon in an uproar for the Spaniards had begun a general fire. I felt sure they were trying to cut us off from the camp again. I ran into the post and there we could see big palm leaves dodging from bush to bush. The crafty Dons had strapped the big leaves in front of them to deceive us.

I had not been in ten seconds before the firing became general all about us and we soon realized that we must make a break and get back to camp. The order was given to retreat, four of us taking the stretcher and placing the body of Sergt Smith upon it. The firing was inscesent and when we were half way to camp it became so hot we had to drop our dead comrade and, returning the fire, retreated as fast as possible to camp where we took and returned their fire. We were outnumbered but they didn't dare to come out of the bush. At ten the firing died away and we learned with sincere regret that our surgeon Doctor Gibbs and Sergt. Major Good had been killed in the early morning battle. We were all sorry to lose the surgeon for the other one left was no earthly good.

About noon we were reinforced by sixty Cubans from across the river or bay. They seemed just as glad to join us as we were to have their assistance. They were men all of good size, some of them being over six feet in height. . . . They were all dressed in white duck sailor suits that had been given them by Captain McCalla of the Marblehead. They carried Springfield Rifles and a corn knife that they called a machette. They wore straw hats, and they had been given shoes but could not wear them. They went through thornes and briers with bare feet with out a complaint. Some had "a sandal" made of "wire" wood which they wore to protect their feet from stone braces [bruises]. They seemed proud of their new cloths and appreciated the Sunday dinner we gave them. We were glad to see them. It gave us courage when we were able to look upon those who we were fighting for.

A flag staff was sent over from one of the ships and Capt McCalla who had charge of the bay and land forces sent a flag. At 1.15 o'clock that day, the American Flag was raised over Camp McCalla, Fisher Point, Guantanamo, by Lieut Adjt Draper, the first flag that was raised to stay. Three time three cheers went up from the battalion, and from all the ships in the harbor came back an answering echo. Several of the ships fired a salute and blew their steam whistle. "The Flag up, and up to stay" . . .

The rest of that afternoon was spent by filling our belts with amantion and getting every thing that was needful. We knew that the Dons would probably make an attempt to capture our flag so we took an extra precaution to be well supplied. The fact that we had been several nights with out sleep made us feel miserable. We had a presentment that when the next attack came it would be by as large a force as the Spaniards could get together. We learned all to[o] soon that our surmise was correct, for when the attack did come there was

3000 men in the battle against us. As we afterwards learned, they expected to whipe us off the face of the earth that night but owing to Yankee pluck they were unable to do so.

Forewarned is to be forarmed. Taking plenty of amunition we took the best positions possible, Company C. taking the Cross-Road Post while Company D. was stationed at a new post some 500 yards away from camp, this post being on a cliff some fifty feet above the sea. Here we were ordered to lie down and not to stand up without orders. These two companies, posted on the picket line, left four in camp with a detachment of cubans. There was about ten Cubans with each company on the picket line leaving the rest of their number in camp. My company took a position on the skirmish line, each laying down with an interval of a yard between us. After being in position the cubans were sent out scouting for the enemy.

This was about seven in the evening. They had gone. . . hardly time enough to cover a 100 yards when they were fired upon. We were surprised to find the enemy so near. We were taken in one sence of the word by surprise but we were ready to pump amunition when the time came. We had to give the Cubans a chance to come in before we fired or we would have slaughtered them. In the mean time, while we were waiting, the companies in camp were getting their position. As soon as the Cubans got in, we opened firing a volley and were greatly surprised to recive one in return. Fully three thousand rifles cracked as if one man had fire all, and the bullets seemed to come from every direction. We were surrounded. You can form no conception as to what the discharge of 3000 rifles mean by night, it makes a fearful racket. We were surprised and in many cases our hair stood on ends. We couldnot but feel our time had come, but we would make our lives cost them as much as possible. Volley after volley was sent into the bushes where the Spaniard were in quick succession. From camp came the pitterpat of the rapid fire guns and the sharp snap of the three inch field peices, while four hundred Lee-Streight [Lee-Straight] pull rifles were blazing away, so that it looked like a continuous fire. It was a fine sight, and from a safe distance it must have been grand to look upon this, the fierces fight ever had up to that time in Cuba. How an artist would have appreciated the view, but we had no time for views. It was grim business with us. Few of us expected to hear the striking of the next bells, which come every half hour.

It was a feirce fight. All night there was a fire from 3700 rifles, colt rapid fire guns and cannon. Both side was doing their best. It became a steady war. The heavy smoke hung over us, while from our position on the ground we could see the flash from their smookless powder guns. The bullets, I shall never forget the sound they made, fell about us like hailstones. . . The three inch shell [of the Americans and Cubans] was doing great damage where they struck, cut [t]ing the bushes and spaniards down where they went. The thicker came the bullets and the quicker the fireing, the slower the hours seemed to go. Just when the bullets was coming towards our post the fastest, the midnight bells came to us from the ships. Up to that time they has

only been spectators, but now above the firing was heard a megaphone order from the camp to the ships in the bay, "Bombard the Shore". Hardly had the words passed and died away where there was a flash of light behind us. We were laying with our feet to the sea on the bluff, and "boom, su'e" a shell passed so near that the wind from it took off my hat. I had been in a kneeling position but it didn't take long for me to drop again. The exploding shell sent scrapnel in amongst us. One of our men was Struck and had a frightful peice torn out of his leg shattering the flesh down to the bone from hip to knee. I thought I was lucky not have my head shattered in the same way. That shell was a six inch one from the ships. We lay very low as four or five others passed over us. Then came orders from camp to the ships to scease firing for they were firing on Company D. instead of the enemy. This was a surprise to the ships officers who could see the flash of our guns so far from camp [that they] thought we were spaniards. Capt McCalla detailed several "blue jackets" to go a shore and find out where firing line was. They reported to him that Company D. of the Marines was the object he had been firing upon. Therefore there was no more firing from the ships that night.

The night passed slowly, the crack of the rifle were the second ticks to the long hours. There was no let up by the Spanish and we began to loose hope of seeing friends or even the morning sun again. Nor were those on the ship very confident that they would see any of [us] alive again. All expected to see the flag-lowered when daylight came; all through the night the rain of bullets fell. It was a fearful night. We could not but beleive that a greater part of our companions had been killed and could but expect our own lives would [not] be long spared. But we stood, or rather layed, on our ground. There was nothing else to do, for to stand up would mean death.

All things end so did the night. The fireing was discontinued as suddenly as it had begun the night before. The day broke and then came cheer after cheer from the ships in the bay. What did it mean? We were unable to guess. Later we learned that it was because they were glad we had defended the flag so nobly. They did not expect through the night that the morning would find it there nor us alive.

After a night on the ground we found difficulty in walking but there was work to do. The wounded had been taken into camp through the night as fast as casualties happened. We began to search for our dead but found none. When roll was called, there was but one un-accounted for. That was Good Turrman (13) of our company. He must have been standing up on the ridge for the bullet that killed him instantly caused him to fall back over the bluff into the sea where we found him. It had been very dangerous to stand up on the fireing line that night. All who did were hit somewhere.

About nine o'clock that morning Capt McCalla came over from the Marblehead and complimented the Marines for their great courage and apoligized for having fired upon Company D. during the night. He said he didn't think we had posts so far away from Camp as that and

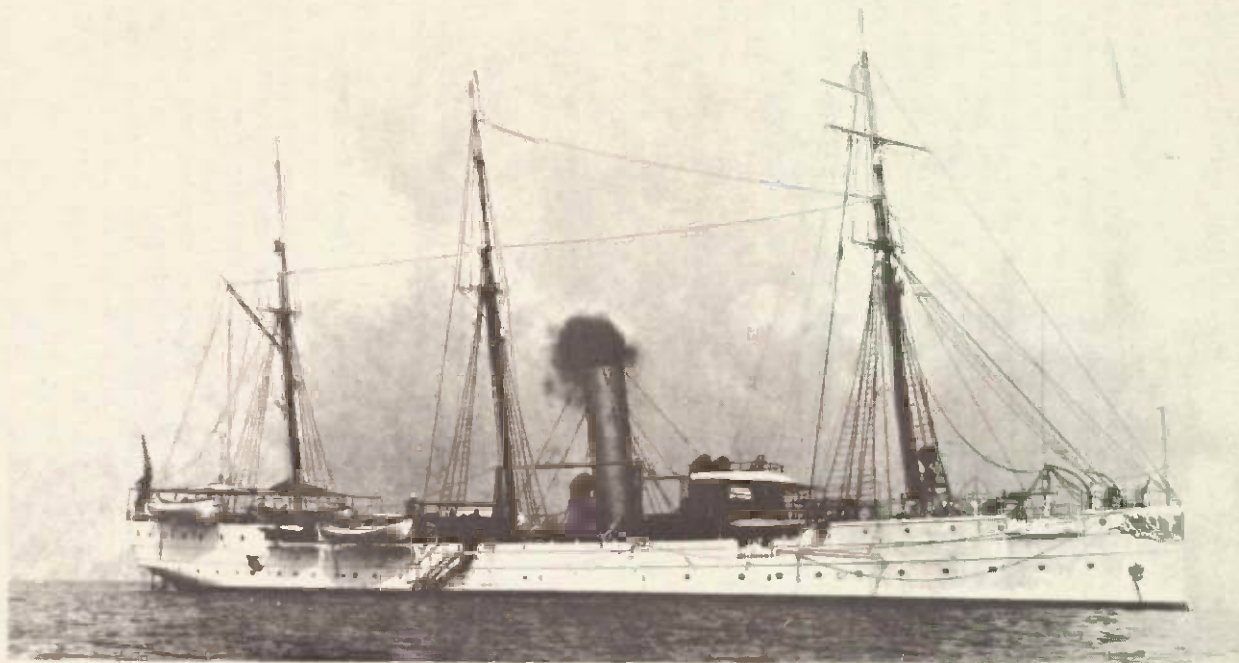
that our fire must be that of the Spaniards. Although Capt McCalla is a Naval Officer he had more regards for the Marines than we were used to receiving. There was not a man in our command who did not like him, and he treated us as gentlemen. Had it not been for him the marines would have suffered more than they did. I heard him give the Colonel a lecture one day, saying that we should be better treated, in fact we were not treated half decent, and that if a change for the better was not made he should report him. After that the Colonel had but little to say and kept rather shoddy.

I was greatly surprised one morning when going down the hill to wash, meeting Captain McCalla coming up. I saluted him as I would any officer. He saluted me in return and stopping said "good morning" in a very polite way and wanted to know how I felt. I told him very well indeed, thank you. He said he was glad to hear it and hoped I would remain so while I was in Cuba.

Monday the 13th passed away with out any disturbance. The Cuban Colonel who had been out scouting with his men returned with the information that the Spanish were to attack us the following evening with a much larger force, and the only way to avoid another night attack would be to start out the next morning and charge on their camp which was located about ten miles away. A council was holden that evening and the attack was decided upon. We were ordered to fill our belts and canteens and prepare for a sharp march early in the morning.

That night we sleep under arms. I was out at the picket line but not on duty - only part of the night. This was the first sleep we had had since landing. It didn't take a second order for us to obey and there was no court marshalls for not doing as we were told. There were seven sentry posts so we all had to take turns on guard. It was very hard for us to keep awake after once being a sleep a little while. But no disturbance came that night and reveille sounded at 5 A.M. Roll call followed at 6. Breckfast was hastely served and at 7 we were ready to march. The attacking party was made up of a company of Cubans and Companys B. D. and C.

We left camp at 7.30 A.M., the cubans leading followed by C. and D companies, all in single file which made it look as if there was thousands in the line. It was a good way to make a bluff. Company B. took another road with intention of flanking the enemy on the left. This wise precaution give us a firing line on both the Spaniards right and left, but we had no easy task to reach the Spaniards. We had to cross several mountains. When almost at the end of our journey, having crossed two mountains and descending into the last valley, a Spanish Sentinal on top of the next mountain saw the dust that rose as we marched along and soon gave the alarm. An advance cuban had seen the sentinals act and gave us the tip. The Spanish tryed to reach the top of the mountain before we did but only a few of them succeeded. They were not enough of them to keep us back. Up the hill we charged in the face of the fire, but we drove them back in dismay and now had the drop on them. It had been no childs play to reach the top of this hill. The Captains of



“ The USS DOLPHIN, With The MARBLEHEAD, Lent Fire Support To
The Marines At Guantanamo”

Companies C. and D. were almost sufficated with heat. They had fell behind to rest but joined us fifteen minutes later, again taking command. Then came the order to scease firing.

We could see nothing of the enemy. The Captain in command had a request signaled to the Dolphin - which had followed us along the coast from camp for the purpose of shelling any blockhouse we might come to or village we might run across - to throw a few shells in the bushes and also at the blockhouse ahead. We were all lived up ready to fire a volley into the enemy should they appear. The first shell went wide of its mark, but the second struck the block-house and it flew a part like a fire-cracker. There was no one in the house at the time. That shot was greeted by a shout that nearly made the mountain tremble and was heard on board the vessel. As shells from the Dolphin dropped into the bush; the enemy thought it was getting to[o] warm for good health. They broke and fled. The vessel, getting the range, now sent a few shells in among them and we could see the enemy retreating in two or three different directions.

Up the gully of the mountain on the opposite side of the valley they went. We set our sights on the rifles at 1,200 yards and fired volley after volley. . . They made an attempt to return the fire but it went too high or too low. . . Company B. on the left flank and the Cubans on the right advanced upon them firing as they went. When the Cubans got to[o] close to the enemy we had to stop firing so as not to hit them. The Spanish then concentrated their fire on the Cubans and gave them a warm reception but were driven back and finally broke in disorder.

After the firing was over a company of us were sent down into the valley where their camp had been. We destroyed their well of fresh water. Although we were nearly dying for a drink our officers would not allow us to touch a drop of it. We had to wait until they could send some from the U.S.S. Dolphin. Our men were nearly played out for the want of it, so great was their suffering from the heat. After destroying the well we went down to the beach where two of our company and five cubans who had been wounded were brought and were transfered to the Dolphin. Two cubans had been killed. These were buried where they fell. After a wait of two hours the water arrived from the ship. Nothing ever seemed better than that. Then we went over to where the enemy were and captured eighteen of them and counted about one hundred and sixty killed. Those that [had] been wounded had been carried from the field. Some of their wounded we learned died shortly afterwards. A guard was placed over the Prisoners. The Cubans gathered up the guns and amunition and we started on our march back to camp which took two hours, arriving there at seven o'clock. Tired to be sure, but we all felt we had a nights rest before us.

Word was signaled to Capt McCalla of the Marblehead to send over a cutter for the prisoners. Fifteen minutes later they were transfered to the vessel and we saw them no more then. They were later sent to Portsmouth N. H. on the Harvard. (14)

After a hearty supper, the picket line was formed about the camp and the rest of us with belts on and rifles by our side lie down to sleep. After the hard work of the past few days it was only a few minutes before the camp was all asleep and did not wake until reveille the next morning. We got up sore and stiff but it was with the feeling that there would be but little fighting for the next few days at least. After breakfast half the command went to the beach for a bath. We were red with dirt, black streaks from smoke from our guns and our faces and hands covered with sores from the poisonous weeds we had been laying on. The red dirt wouldn't start with salt water and we had no soap or brushes, but the bath made us feel better any way.

About noon the Marblehead signaled over that they were going to bombard the fort and town of Camanera [Caimanera]. We went out on the hill to see the work. At two o'clock the Marblehead, Swanee [Suwanee] (15), and Texas, "up anchors" and steamed up the channel towards the city. When they got within range of the fort, they opened fire. The first shot from the Texas struck it square in the center. Cheers went up from the ships as well as from the Marines. The fort fired but three shots in return. Our ships were doing noble work for most of the shots found their mark and did great extinction. The people fled from the city, so no one was killed and the soldiers kept in a safe place. After two hours the fort was dismantled and useless and many buildings had been demolished.

The Marblehead brought back with her from this raid three submarine mines which she had fished up out of the channel. She had, by the way, had a close call from being blown up. One of the mines got tangled up in her propeller, but it failed to explode which was very lucky for the cruiser. It seems that all the good luck in this war is on the American side.

On Friday June 17 the U.S.S. Oregon steamed into the bay to take on coal. When this was done she used Camanera [Caimanera] as a target. The first shot dropped in the middle of the place, the second fell short, the third wrecked a big store house and did other damage. After a few more shots that did but little damage she steamed back to Santiago. The next day a flag of truce floated over the city. We realized that some changes had or was about to take place. Capt McCalla went ashore in his cutter and learned they (the Spaniards) wished to surrender for they were starving and a great many of them were sick. They added that the commander of the station refused to surrender. Capt McCalla told them then there was nothing we could do but continue the fight.

On the 21st the US. Transport Resolute arrived here in command of Capt Eaton (16), one of the finest men that ever handled a ship. She brought to us the first meat we had since leaving Key West, and she brought us our campaign hats. She soon left us for Key West to discharge a load of sub-marines which she had on board. The next day we learned that the Fifth Army Corps had landed at, or near, Santiago and had some hard fighting but had swept everything before

them. (17) Later we heard that there was a big fight on the 24th, and [the Fifth Army Corps] had killed 300 Spaniards. There had been a heavy loss among the "Rough Riders"; report said that many officers had been killed. It had been very quiet in camp from the last battle until July 1st when we got word that the Marines were to go [to] Santiago and to be in readiness to go at any moment to assist the Army in taking Morro Castle. Report coming that Gen. Miles (18) had said that if the soldiers couldn't capture the Fort the Marines could. (19) At first we thought that Gen Miles wanted to kill off the Marines because we had the honor of raising the first American Flag on Cuban soil. The idea that 650 Marines could take a powerful built fort where 20,000 men had failed was preposterous. There were times, however when I thought that a hundred marines would and could do as much as a thousand Army Men. We were better suited for the work, had modern rapid firing and repeating rifles and could shoot five shots while they were shooting one with their Springfield Rifles. (20)

All day Saturday July 2 we waited for the order to move but when night came we gave up looking and settled down for a Sunday of rest. Sunday morning word came that the Army had closed in about Santiago and were to charge the City that day. The news was pleasing. We were anxious to hear the news and sorry we had not been sent for. As evening came on, we saw a speck away out to sea and watched it grow larger. It proved to be a newspaper boat. The men on board were waving their hats and acting like wild boys. The repeated saluts from their whistle showed that they were bring good news.

They told us of the attempt of Cevera to escape with his ships from Santiago Harbor, that their two torpedo boats were soon sunk, and that the Reina Mercedes had been sunk in the harbor before she left the harbor. The reporters had waited for no more. They relized that the spanish fleet was being licked and hurried here to Guantanamo where they called to get what news we had and then they steamed to Kingston, Jamaca [Jamaica] where they had the only means of sending to the states news messages. We felt that our ships would win in the fight and cheer after cheer went up from our men as the news became known. We were glad that the fleet had left the harbor for we felt that the work of the army would now be easier. We felt confident the Army would win in taking the City. We turned in that night happy but full of fight. At midnight we heard cheers from the ships in the harbor and later lerned that the Spanish fleet had been destroyed, run a shore and sunk, that hundreds had been killed and fully 900 prisoners taken, with but one man killed on our ships, he being on the Brooklyn. He was a marine and had his head cut off [f] just above his shoulders as smooth as though done with a knife. The poor fellow was buried at Guantanamo the next day on the hill where we camped.

At the ending of the fleet battle, three or four ships were left to guard the entereence of the Harbor of Santiago. The rest were ordered to Guantanamo Bay for repairs, coal and orders. The prisoners taken were on three of the transports, and the scene presented here was one of the grandest sights, this Fourth of July day, that had ever been

witnessed in Cuban waters. There were fifty-five vessels of every description at anchor in the bay, the most of the fighting ships of the latest type. Yesterday they had been fighting dogs and had won a victory. Today they were dressed in gala day attire, decorated with every bit of bunting on the ship. At high noon a national salute rang out from the most of them. As the firing was all done at one time it was impossible to count the number fired by any vessel. When night came the beautiful sight of the day was surpassed by the electrical display. The big marine battle was over, the celebration was allowable. The thousands of lights on the ships gave them the appearance of a wonderful city that had sprung up from the unknown depths. As I lay on picket that night my fancy drew strange pictures as I watched the lighted ships. This was often spoiled by some chump punching me in the ribs and saying it was the grandest sight he had ever seen. This was one of the pleasures of my life but it didn't nor couldn't last always. With the morning sun it was over.

The work on the vessels, both coaling and repairs, was begun the next day and before night several vessels had left the harbor, some for Key West, or Santiago. The next few days passed quickly. On the 13th we heard that the Army was whipping the Don's unmercifully which they deserved. It was not believed they could hold out much longer. Two days later came the glorious news of the surrender of Santiago Province, the whole eastern end of Cuba including the arms of 35,000 men. This territory included many large cities, Guantanamo and Camanera [Caimanera] and Santiago being among them. The surrender had taken place at 3.35 P.M. July 15. The flag was to be raised over Santiago on the 17th, which order was carried out. When the Stars and Stripes was raised over the forts and city they were cheered by thousands of men and saluted by the ships in the harbor. On that day there were several ships in Santiago Harbor. The flag floated above Morra Castle, but the trouble was not yet over. One of the largest cities of the province Manzanallo [Manzanillo] would not abide by the surrender. This was reported to Admiral Sampson. The Army had done their share on Cuban soil, and as they had to go to Porto Rico to take that place it was decided to send the Marines to Manzanallo [Manzanillo]. As the news reached only the officers, we all thought we were going home. The date of sailing could not be delayed over a couple of weeks. We could see by the action of the officers that there was something wrong before the news came to us. For a time before the news reached the officers we would hear them singing and having a good time. They were as jolly as could be but then the change came. They looked as though they were to be shot. They well knew that 650 marines would have no show against such a city defended by 3,000 calvary and 5,000 infantry. After the surrender we learned that the soldiers had told every man, woman and child big enough to bear arms that when the time came they must fight. They would allow none to leave the city. It was a case of fight or die and they decided to make the best of it.

On the 19th about 6,000 of the Army arrived at Guantanamo from Santiago on their way to Porto Rico. There was two transports with 300 mules on board. They came close to shore and gave his muleships

a day ashore, which they evidently enjoyed for they had been on ship over a month. The Army boys did the work of unloading and the mules gave exhibitions of high kicking. It was much work to reload them.

The army on transports assemble in this Bay until there was some 15,000 soldiers on five transports. They were to be convoyed by eight gunboats and battle ships. Then they steamed away and we wondered when we would leave. Orders came to be ready when the U.S.S. Resolute came and we were. On Sunday the 24th she hove in sight and came into the harbor. Orders were recived for her to go to Santiago for Prisoners. She steamed away leaving us to wonder what would be the next orders. Impatiently we waited. On the 27th of July the Cubans that were with us broke camp taking one of the tugs in the harbor and went over to Camanera [Caimanera]. They had no trouble in entering the city. We were glad they were gone for we felt that our turn must soon come.

On the 28th the Resolute arrived back but there was no move made until Aug 4th when the Artillery company got orders to load all their guns and ammunition on the Resolute. We were going to move in a few days, but not a man of the command knew where we were going. There were bets made by some that we were going home, others that we were going to the Isle of Pines and some bet that the next landing place would be the United States. They were winners. Although we went to Manzanalla [Manzanillo] we did not land before reaching Portsmouth N. H. to guard the Spanish Prisoners.

On Saturday the 6th we broke camp. The officers knew where we were going and they were a sorry looking lot. Although all [were] on the Resolute that day, we lay at anchor until 9 A.M. Tuesday when a dispatch came on board to sail for Manaznalla [Manzanillo], and bombard and capture the place if they would not surrender. We were to be accompanied by five gun boats. The few days on the ship were greatly appreciated by all for it relieved us of the tiresome guard duty and the terrible strain upon our eyes. The officers knowing what we must do looked blue but said nothing. The ships detailed to accompany us were the Newark, Swanee [Suwanee], Hist, Osceola and the captured Spanish gunboat Alvarado. We left Gunantanamo Bay at 5 PM Aug 10th; it was midnight when we passed Santiago Harbor. It was to[o] dark to see anything of interest and with daylight we were to[o] far out to sea to see much. We were off the coast where the Christerfor Colon [Cristobal Colon] (21) had been sunk 40 miles west of Santiago. At sundown we were off Cape Cruze and at 9 P.M. saw lights ahead. Thinking it might be the enemys ships the guns were manned and speed slackened. The lights proved to be on two of our ships that were scouting for ships that was taking provisions for the enemy. After assisting in the scout all that night we went on our course. We traveled with good speed and by 4 P.M. were passing several small islands and an hour later was off Manzanalla [Manzanillo]. It looked small. Some of the marines remarked we could take the place with out the aid of the ships. As we grew nearer the city we changed our mind. The city was much bigger than it looked, but I was never able to learn its population.

We dropped anchor at 7 P.M. ten miles from shore, and while a double guard did duty through the night we made every preparations to land. At seven the next morning we started in shore. It was slow work for the water was shallow and it was 2 P.M. before we were in range of the City. Then our Commander on the Alvarado under a flag of truce went to the city and asked the Governor of the city to surrender within two hours or we were to open fire on it. The Governor promptly told us to get out of the harbor in twenty minutes or he would blow our ships out of water. Our Commander waited for nothing more. He hastened back and ordered the ships to the firing line. The Resolute, Newark, and Alverado [Alvavado] (22) lined up on the left flank while the Hist, Swanee [Suwanee] and Osceola took the right flank. At 3.30 PM Aug 14th the bombardment began and lasted an hour. (23) The mark of the gunners was wonderful. The shots did great extinction and damage.

The Resolute was a little late in getting into position and once Captain Eaton cried out "Hurry up men we will be out of it if you don't hurry". When the Resolute did begin there was some fire work done with their six pound guns. There was now hundreds of shot being fired into the city and we could see that they were doing great damage. The enemy fired until seemingly disgusted for their shots fell short and they must have known we were laughing at them. At the commencement of the bombardment we could see the Spanish calvary coming in from all directions. They were riding at break neck speed and left behind them a great cloud of dust. It was learned later that there were 3000 of them and their object of coming in was to keep every man and woman in the city that could fight. They expected that we were to land, and they intended to see our finish. They estimated the [Spanish] had 20000 under arms. Had we gone ashore we would have been slaughtered, but never the less arrangements were being perfected for our landing next morning. At four o'clock several white flags were seen about the city and an order to stop firing was given.

The Alvarado was ordered to go in shore in response to the flag of truce. The Oscealo [Osceola] (24), Swanee [Suwanee] and Hist steamed in beside her. When they got within 200 yards of shore the white flags were hauled down and the shore batteries began firing on our ships. That trick didn't frighten the Yankee tars, oh no, they stuck to it and fought the harder for the next half hour without moving. It was a grand sight, it was heroic. The Shore batteries and small arms of the enemy soldiers were all in action, trying to inflict damage to the ships and kill the men. After half an hours of firing the smoke was so dense that we could not see our ships and were not sure that they had been damaged, perhaps some of them sunk. On shore we could see the damage they were doing. From the dense smoke our ships backed out firing as they moved, the Dons returning the fire until the ships were a mile from shore. As their shots dropped short they stoped firing.

After the ship got back to w[h]ere we were they examined them and found that only one shot had struck. That was on the Swanee [Suwanee] but it had done no damage to the ship. When this was learned we all cheered. The firing stopped at 4.30. Half an hour later the order was

given to retire for the night. All but the men on guard, who had to keep a sharp look out, were allowed to get a good nights sleep, so as to be in readiness for the landing next morning. But there could not have been much sleep for the people in the city, for every fifteen minutes the Newark dropped a shell in their city until daylight.

As reveille sounded at seven A.M. we turned out and heard the sentry announce on the bridge that a boat was coming out. The Alvarado was sent in and we soon noticed that the boat had a flag of truce. We saw the two boats meet. Then the little steam whistle sounded many a shrill blast, . . . as though for joy and steamed back towards the fleet. We saw the officers waving their hats, and the crew of the Alvarado acting like mad men as though with joy. They ran inside the Newark and reported. A three times three came over the water to us. We now knew that the news was good. To the Resolute came the Alvarado and reported that the Spanish Governor had received a cablegram from Washington for our ships to stop all hostilities and that the Resolute was ordered home.

"Home Sweet Home." What good news. Can you imagine the effect upon our men. All the day before we had looked forward to this as the day of our slaughter. We were not to land, we were going home. The joy of the moment was shown in the hearty cheers that we gave. We were going home, then the war must be over. Cuba for whom we had offered our lives was to be free. Not a man upon our side has been killed or injured. Luck continues to upon the side of the American Navy and its Marines.

The Alvarado was now sent into the city for particulars and our officers learned that our fire had did great damage to the buildings of the city the day before. One of the four inch shells passed through the Governors bedroom with out exploding. The shell was picked up and returned to him, and was treasured as a souvenir. Many buildings had been destroyed. Our officers learned that the flags of truce of the day before were not officially raised but had been by private citizens in hopes that we would not fire upon the buildings where the flags were. As soon as the officers learned of it they were ordered down. When our ships were in shore they did great damage. One shot killed eight soldiers, and that in all they had 38 killed and several hundred wounded. We could not understand how it was that we didn't have not even a man wounded, but they were all laying to slaughter those that should land.

The orders received on this trip was to return to Guantanamo and take on 150 soldiers and then proceed north. We left for Guantanamo at one o'clock that Sunday which was Aug 12th and by six had passed Cape Cruze. Through the kindness of Captain Eaton who shaped the course of the vessel in shore we were treated to the views of the spanish ships sank on July 3rd. Every point of the ship where one could get a view of the vessels was covered, even men setting on the boom. The day was warm and clear and our ship from shore must have looked much like an excursion party instead of a war ship just returning from a successful battle. We climbed all over the ship. Captain

Eaton raised no objection. Instead he did all he could to please us and we returned the courtesey. If we had been on the Panther we would have been driven about like cattle. Here I want to speak of our treatment on that ship. Should we ever set down for a moment some officer would order us to another part of the ship, then another would order us back. If a dozen of us ever got together at one time they would turn the hose on us. This was not pleasant but we could [not] say a word only mind like cattle. I really think that had we been kept on the Panther another week there would have been a mutany and the officers would have been thrown overboard. There was muttering to this effect. After we landed at Guantanamo one of the Panther officers wrote two columns for the New York Journal telling how the marines had landed under the guns of that vessel. The story was a lie for the Panther had no guns, and second we did not land under fire. Not a shot was fired until the next day and then it was by the Marblehead which vessel took good care of us. I only speak of this here to show the difference in treatment in the two vessels.

It was about nine o'clock when we sighted the Christbal Colon [Cristobal Colon]. She was but little out of water, there was not much to see. With in 10 miles of Santiago we came across the Viscaya and the Ognendo, the former was badly torn to peices by shells by the latter had not suffered so badly. Two miles futher east we came across the Marie Tresea [Maria Teresa] (25), she had been run ashore and looked as though she could be saved. In Santiago Harbor we saw the wrecked Mercedes and the funnel of the wrecked Merrimack [Merrimac] sunk by Hobson and his crew. (26) We arrived at Guantanamo Bay at 1 P.M. Before the anchor dropped the good news was aboard that we would leave for the north as soon as the soldiers who we were to take to Mantuck Point [Montauk Point], Long Island should arrive.

The next day Aug 16 we coaled ship and altared everything to make room for the 150 soldiers who were coming at 6 A.M. Two days later they arrived on the transport Spiesheline (27). There was 300 on board, half Artillery the rest Infantry. The Artillery boarded the Resolute, the others the Badger. As soon as possible "up anchor" [was given] and we sailed for New York reaching Mantuck Point [Montauk Point], L. I. at 8 AM the 23rd. Inspectors came a board and the next day the Artillery members were landed and we set sail for Portsmouth. The fog was thick, the run slow, and we did not arrive of [f] Kittery Point Portsmouth Harbor until 4 P.M. The following day we were again landed on American Soil. Nothing seemed so good, it was almost heaven to us. We pitched out tents and that night at taps we lay down to sleep, the sleep of the just, in Camp Haywood.

Then came the hundreds of visitors and curio hunters. This ended the "Heros of Guantanamo" and gave them needed rest. The official report of the officers of the Marine Corps will it is beleived be interesting here and is inserted as follows (28).

On Sept 16 the Heros of Guantanamo went in force to Portsmouth to take part in "Portsmouths Welcome to the Heros of 98". It was one of the grand events of that old town. It was the tribute of honor and respect of the City. Every one of us appreciated it. Portsmouth has had the only opportunity of seeing the First Battalion of Marines offered any city. They were scattered as soon as this parade was over to other garrisons in the States, Cuba, Porto Rico and the Phillipines.

It is estimated that twenty thousand people were in the city and witnessed the parade. They covered the whole line of march and cheered them selves hoarse as we passed. The line was as follows

Platoon of Police
City Marshal Entmialle
Chief Marshal of the Day, staff and aide
Lynn Cadet Band
First Battalion of U. S. Marines
Haverhill City Band
Second Battalion of U. S. Marines
Kearsarge Flute and Drum Band
Battalion from U.S.S. Lancaster and the USS Annapolis
Battery K, Second U. S. Artillery
Rublees Band of Laconia N. H.
Company A, First Reg. New Hampshire Volunteers.
Storer Post No 1 G.A.R.
Kearsarge Association of Naval Veterans
Gen Gilman Marston Command Union Veterans Union
Carriages containing officers from Navy Yard

After parading the streets all marched to Peice Island [Pierce Island] (29) which was reached at 1 P.M. It was a pretty sight to see the men of the line march single file, slowly across the small bridge. We stacked arms and marched up to our dinners which was in readiness. The menu for the Clam Bake was

Forty-eight bushels of Clams
Twenty five hundred good large lobsters
One thousand ears of corn
Six barrels of sweet potatoes
Eleven hundred Rolls of Bread
About one hundred and ten loaves of Brown Bread
Half a Barrel of pickles
Twenty five boxes of Crackers
Fifty watermelons
One hundred gallons of very fine coffee
Fifty cases of Beer
Fifteen boxes of Cigars

It was a good dinner, a meal never to be forgotten, and after those in line and the guests were served the general public were invited to participate. When all had enjoyed dinner the "assembly" was sounded and we fell in for skirmish drill. This was an event which quickened the blood of the spectators, and brought forth shouts of delight from

those present. After a little we charged up the hill towards the ramparts of old Fort Washington. The crowd simply went wild for nothing so realistic was ever seen before by them. Then came dress parade, which showed that we have been put through some hard work. The line was once more formed and we marched back to Market Sq Portsmouth where the parade was dismissed. Although we had had a good time we were tired on reaching Camp Haywood again.

On the 20th of September we broke Camp. Here at Camp Haywood where we have passed many a pleasant hour, we part with our companions and heroes of Guantanamo. Company after company marches away and only a detachment of eighteen are left at the Navy Yard Barracks here. I am unfortunately left behind. I have a long time yet to serve but will drop the threads of my story now and wait for something else to happen by and by.



“The Battalion, After Returning Home, At Portsmouth, N.H.”

NOTES

- 1 Despite the clamoring for war that was the result of the report, the board had stated that "it was unable to fix the responsibility upon any person or persons." U. S., Navy Department, Annual Reports of the Navy Department for the Year 1898: Report of the Secretary of the Navy, 2 vols. (Washington, D. C.: Government Printing Office, 1898). vol. 1, p. 4 (Hereafter cited as Navy Dept. Reports).
- 2 The act of war was approved by Congress on April 25, although it declared war to have existed since April 21. Thomas A. Bailey, A Diplomatic History of the American People, 4th ed. (New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc., 1950), pp. 509-510.
- 3 The employer's name is eradicated from the manuscript.
- 4 The Navy-Yard Boston, Mass. is at Charlestown, a part of Boston.
- 5 E. is apparently one of Private Keeler's fellow recruits alluded to above.
- 6 Lieutenant Colonel Robert W. Huntington, USMC. He was promoted to the rank of colonel on August 10, after the Marine's departure from Guantanamo. U. S., Navy Department, Register of the Commissioned and Warrant Officers of the Navy of the United States and of the Marine Corps to January 1, 1899 (Washington, D. C.: Government Printing Office, 1899), pp. 100-101 (hereafter cited as Navy Register).
- 7 April 23 is the date reported by the Commanding Officer of the First Marine Battalion (see Appendix).
- 8 From Rudyard Kipling's "Soldier and Sailor Too,"
- 9 Caimanera is located adjacent to Guantanamo Harbor. Its fort and town were subdued on June 15. Navy Dept. Reports, vol. 1, p. 17; vol. 2, p. 447.
- 10 Wendell C. Neville, later Commandant of the Marine Corps, 1929-1930. Navy Register, p. 102.
- 11 No doubt Privates William Dumphrey and James McColgan are meant. Both names appear below and among the casualties of the Marine Battalion at Guantanamo. Navy Dept. Reports, vol. 2, p. 705.
- 12 George F. Elliot, later Commandant of the Marine Corps, 1903-1910. Navy Register, p. 100.
- 13 Private Goode Taurman, USMC_i is listed as a casualty. Navy Dept. Report, vol. 2, p. 705.

- 14 For the official report of the Marine commander at the battle of Cuzco Well, see the Appendix.
- 15 Navy Dept. Reports, vol. 1, p. 17.
- 16 Commander Joseph G. Eaton, USN. Navy Register, p. 8.
- 17 The Army's expeditionary force landed at Daiquiri, 15 miles east of Santiago, on June 22 with orders to seize Santiago de Cuba and destroy the Spanish fleet there. The following day, it marched into Sibony where it established the main American base for the assault on Santiago de Cuba. Frank Freidel, The Splendid Little War. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1958, p. 81.
- 18 Major General Nelson A. Miles, Major General Commanding the Army. U. S., War Department, Annual Reports of the War Department for the Fiscal Year Ended June 30, 1898: Report of the Secretary of War, 2 vols. (Washington, D. C.: Government Printing Office, 1898), vol. 1, p. 16 (hereafter cited as War Dept. Reports).
- 19 This opinion cannot be substantiated.
- 20 Due to the haste with which the expeditionary force was raised, all the National Guard regiments - unlike the Regulars and the Rough Riders - were equipped with the old black-powder, single shot Springfield rifles of 1873 vintage. These betrayed the soldier's position with every shot and were badly outmatched by the Spanish guns that fired smokeless powder. The Regulars and Rough Riders carried the Krag-Jorgensen high-powered magazine rifle and the Marines, the Lee-Straight rifle, also a high-powered magazine weapon. Neither, however, was smokeless. As a result, the Spanish-American War demonstrated the utter necessity of the American services adopting a smokeless-powder arm. Russell F. Weigley, History of the United States Army (New York: The Macmillan Co., 1967), p. 307; Navy Dept. Reports, vol. 1, p. 867.
- 21 Navy Dept. Reports, vol. 1, p. 8.
- 22 Navy Dept. Reports, vol. 2; p. 302.
- 23 Captain C. F. Goodrich, USN, reported that the bombardment was begun on August 12, and the dispatch announcing the protocol of peace was received the following morning. It seems logical from the chronology of events related here by Private Keeler that he meant August 13. Navy Dept. Reports, vol. 2, pp. 302-303.
- 24 Navy Dept. Reports, vol. 2, p. 302.
- 25 Navy Dept. Reports, vol. 1, p. 906.
- 26 The U. S. collier Merrimac was sunk across the entrance of Santiago Harbor on June 3 to prevent the escape of the Spanish

fleet. Although the attempt was unsuccessful, it was daringly executed and for it Naval Constructor Richmond P. Hobson won the acclaim of the Commander in Chief of the North Atlantic Station and for which he was subsequently awarded the Medal of Honor. Navy Dept. Reports, vol. 1, p. 11; Navy Register, p. 54; U. S., Congress, Senate, Medal of Honor Recipients - 1863-1963, 88th Cong., 2d sess., 1964, p. 709.

- 27 No transport by this name can be identified from official lists of the U. S. Army. It was probably one chartered by the Quartermaster's Department for service in the War.
- 28 The original account includes printed extracts, probably taken from a contemporary journal. See the appendix for the Navy Department's official reports.
- 29 Office of Representative Louis Wyman, U. S. Congress, 1st District, New Hampshire.

APPENDIX

REPORT OF COMMANDING OFFICER FIRST MARINE BATTALION.

U.S.S. PANTHER,
Key West, Fla., April 30, 1898.

Sir: I have the honor to make the following report:

Before leaving New York on the 22d instant the force placed under my command was divided into five companies of infantry and one of artillery, the battery of artillery consisting of four 3-inch B.L.R. of the latest navy pattern.

The battalion marched aboard the transport PANTHER at 6.15 p.m. on that date, and sailed for Fort Monroe at 7.30 p.m., the departure being marked by intense enthusiasm in the navy-yard, docks, harbor front, and shipping of New York and Brooklyn.

At 8 p.m. on the 23d the ship anchored at Fort Monroe to await orders. Maj. P. C. Pope and First Lieut. J. E. Mahoney joined the battalion, reporting on board soon after the PANTHER dropped anchor.

At 8.05 a.m. on the 26th instant this ship sailed from Fort Monroe, under convoy of the U.S.S. MONTGOMERY, and arrived at Key West at 11 a.m. on the 29th.

At the request of the commanding officer of the ship, six men were detailed for signal duty, and they have satisfactorily received and transmitted all signals and messages.

One-half of the lifeboat's crew each night was composed of men detailed from the battalion.

Two boat's crew were likewise detailed each day, and they have performed this duty in a creditable manner, and an anchor watch of 50 men has been on duty nightly.

Two privates are now on the sick list with pneumonia, and one, Private Edward A. Donahue, fell off the "Jacob's ladder" at the stern of the ship in this port and sustained a fracture of the lower end right outer malleolus. This occurred at 5 p.m. on the 29th, and at 7 p.m. he was removed to the United States army hospital at this port.

The men of the command have been frequently and carefully instructed and drilled to such an extent as the limited facilities of the ship would permit; and, on the 26th instant, each of the six companies was practically instructed in loadings and firings, at sea, each man firing ten rounds; and the battery of artillery received similar practical instruction, one round being fired from each gun.

The mechanism of the new rifle worked fairly well.

The accouterments have been marked in black, with the letter of the company and each man's company number.

Very respectfully,

R. W. HUNTINGTON,
Lieutenant-Colonel, United States Marine Corps,
Commanding First Battalion

The Colonel Commandant
United States Marine Corps,
Headquarters,
Washington, D. C.

REPORT OF COMMANDING OFFICER FIRST MARINE BATTALION.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BATTALION,
Camp Sampson, Key West, Fla., May 25, 1898.

SIR: In obedience to your telegram of the 25th instant, I respectfully report that the battalion under my command was sent ashore from the PANTHER on the 24th instant, the order to this effect having been received about 5.30 p.m. on the 23d instant, this order being to land the battalion at 3 a.m.

We had permission to get out such stores as we could before 3 a.m. There was considerable delay in procuring the first lighter, and, it having been loaded, there was considerable more delay in getting the ship alongside the wharf. The ship was put alongside about 9.30 p.m.

Owing to my representations, Commodore Remy, commanding the base, extended the time allowed to take stores out and get out of the ship until the AMPHITRITE, which the PANTHER was to tow, should be ready to sail.

Subsequently I received orders from Commander Reiter that the battalion would leave the ship at 4.15 a.m. It was necessary to knock off work at 3.45 a.m. in order that the men might get ready to go ashore.

I was ordered by Commander Reiter, against my earnest plea, to leave on board the PANTHER one-half of our 6-millimeter ammunition (225,000 rounds) and one-half of the 3-inch ammunition (18 boxes), the PANTHER having two 3-inch guns and we having four. This 6-millimeter ammunition was retained, Commander Reiter informed me, to serve as ballast, as the PANTHER has no 6-millimeter rifles. This ammunition weighed about 14,000 pounds, and was stowed aft.

Commodore Remy modified this order so that we were able to take our 6-millimeter ammunition, but Commander Reiter retained one-half of the 3-inch.

Owing to the short time allowed for the removal of the stores, and notwithstanding the fact that the men worked hard and worked fast, considerable quantities of our property and part of the ten days' rations I requested were left on board.

Lieutenant Draper was present a part of the time when the matter of sending the battalion on shore was debated between Commodores Remy and Watson and Commander Reiter, and from his report of this conversation I am convinced that the order for the transfer of the battalion, and partially the extreme hurry in getting out of the ship, was due to the earnest solicitation and representation of Commander Reiter.

The battalion moved from the ship shortly after 4.15 a.m., and moved out to the beach, short 2 miles from the wharf, and after we had been there some time the PANTHER came out of the harbor and apparently lay to in the offing about two and one-half hours, waiting for the AMPHITRITE.

The SATURN was available for the service assigned the PANTHER and has much greater towing power, and was fitted for towing until her steel towing hawser was ripped out for the PANTHER.

The battalion is now strung out in camp along the beach for over half a mile.

About May 10 Commander Reiter attempted to get the battalion on shore, and an order was issued to that effect. I addressed a letter (copy annexed) to the commandant of the station against this transfer and the order was revoked. The same reasons that I then urged against the transfer held good on the 23d instant. In referring to this letter I find the expense for water is greater and for wood it is less than I had estimated. The expense for transportation is also greater than I had estimated.

The quartermaster has been compelled to hire a storehouse for the protection and preservation of the stores.

The battalion is established in camp, and the sick list shows a decided increase this morning, owing in part to the sun, heat, and exposure.

The usual routine of camp has been established, and a guard of 33 men and an officer has been sent into Key West for the protection of public property at the naval station, by order of the commandant of the base, this to continue daily.

Cooked meats have to be sent to these men, the transportation of which is paid by the Marine Corps.

Six men are on duty, two at a time, as orderlies for the commandant, from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. daily.

I have no objection to these details except that the men are necessarily absent from their drill and from their places in squads and companies, and their military instruction at the present juncture is of great importance.

I think that, notwithstanding the annoyance, trouble, and expense this transfer has caused, the experience will be of some value to the battalion.

Very respectfully,

R. W. HUNTINGTON,
Lieutenant-Colonel, United States Marine Corps,
Commanding Battalion.

REPORT OF COMMANDING OFFICER FIRST MARINE BATTALION.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST MARINE BATTALION,
Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, June 17, 1898.

SIR: I have the honor to make the following report: The stores of this battalion were sent to the dock at Key West from Camp Sampson, on Sunday, June 5. We broke camp at 2 a.m. on June 6, and went on board the PANTHER, Major Pope going to Key West hospital.

On June 7 at 7.10 p.m. we sailed from Key West and arrived off Santiago de Cuba on the morning of the 10th; on the same day, at 1 p.m. we arrived in Guantanamo Bay; at 2 p.m. the battalion landed with stores. Company C was landed and deployed up the hill near the beach on the right of the entrance to the harbor. This hill is about 150 feet high and on top was formerly occupied by the Spanish troops, but when the position was vacated the day before our landing, the block house on top of the hill was burned.

On the landing all houses and huts lately occupied by the Spanish forces were burned.

The hill occupied by us is a faulty position, but the best to be had at this point. The ridge slopes downward and to the rear from the bay; the space at the top is very small, and all the surrounding country is covered with thick and almost impenetrable brush. The position is commanded by a mountain, the ridge of which is about 1,200 yards to the rear.

On the afternoon of landing, tents were pitched and outposts established.

On the 11th, about 5 p.m., an attack was made upon one of the outposts and two privates, McColgan and Dumphy, of Company D, were killed, each receiving more than eight wounds, each of which would have caused death. These two men were patrols. A detachment was sent out from camp to support the outpost, and we found only faint traces of the enemy. After nightfall fire was opened upon our camp by small parties from different directions on five different occasions. The men turned out each time under arms with promptitude and courage. About 1 a.m. a more combined attack was made, and noisy fire from south, southeast, and southwest, was opened. During this attack Acting Assistant Surgeon John Blair Gibbs, United States Navy, was killed. From the best information attainable about 160 men were engaged in this attack.

On the morning of the 12th Sergeant C. H. Smith was killed and Corporal Glass, Privates McGowan and Dalton, all of Company D, were wounded - not dangerously.

On the morning of the 12th all tents and material were removed from the position and taken on the bay side of the hill, and a trench was

dug on the south front, about 40 yards across, and a barricade made around the position, which would enable us to hold it, as I was informed that more troops were being assembled by the enemy in this immediate vicinity.

On the night of the 12th many persistent and trifling attacks were made, in reply to which we used a good deal of ammunition. About 2 a.m. Sergt. Maj. Henry Good was killed. On the 12th we were joined by 60 insurgent troops, and they, being acquainted with the country, and excellent woodsmen and fearless, were of the greatest assistance.

On the 13th, about 8 a.m., fire was opened upon the camp and subdued without loss or difficulty. About 8 a.m. of the 14th a rather smart fire was opened for a few moments on the camp and easily repelled. About 20 Cubans came from below the hill at this alarm, but their help was not needed. They opened fire.

At 9 a.m., 14th, a force consisting of Companies C and D, the native troops above mentioned, with about 25 more from Guantanamo, all under the direction of Colonel Tomas, Cuban army, proceeded through the hills about 6 miles and destroyed a well, said to be the only available water supply within 9 miles.

From the best information I can gather, this force was opposed by four regular companies of Spanish infantry and two companies of guerrillas, making a total of a little short of 500 men.

The engagement between these forces lasted from about 11 a.m. until 3.30 p.m. Our troops drove the enemy at every point, being obliged to make the first advance under fire, which, owing to the lay of the country, they could not return.

Captain Elliott reports that the men in many cases coolly estimated distances, borrowed his field glass to pick up parties of the enemy, and at a distance of 1,000 yards often inflicted damage and caused withdrawal.

Second Lieutenant Magill, with 50 men and 10 Cubans, joined Captain Elliott, climbing the mountain through cactus and brush; this advance was intended to cut off the retreat of the Spaniards, which unfortunately failed of its principal object, owing to the fact that his advance was stopped by the fire of the U.S.S. DOLPHIN.

Being apprehensive for the success of the movement, I ordered First Lieutenant Mahoney to be joined by First Lieutenant Ingate—these officers each having 50 men with them on picket—this combined force to proceed to Captain Elliott's assistance. Lieutenant Ingate failed to find his way to Lieutenant Mahoney, and Lieutenant Mahoney advanced alone, arriving too late to take an active part in the affair.

Our losses were 2 Cubans killed, 2 wounded, and 3 privates wounded, not dangerously; after the affair, while descending the mountain,

Lieutenant Neville wrenched his hip and will probably be unfit for service for a month; about 10 or 12 of our men and 2 Cubans were overcome by the heat.

From information received from prisoners, which I believe to be reliable, about 60 of the Spanish force were killed and something more than 150 wounded, and 1 lieutenant and 17 privates were captured. The forces returned to camp at 8 p.m., exhausted by the long, hard march through this mountainous and tropical country.

This affair was planned by the Cubans, but too much praise can not be awarded to the coolness, skill, and bravery of our officers and men, by which alone its success was achieved.

Captain Elliott's cool advance up a rocky, steep mountain path, under fire for twenty minutes without being able to return it, and the gallantry and skill displayed by him throughout this affair were essential to the great success attained by the expedition, and are worthy of and I earnestly recommend that he be advanced in rank one grade. Captain Elliott mentions, in terms of high praise, the conduct of First Lieutenants Lucas and Neville, and Second Lieutenants Magill and Bannon. Your attention is called to a report made by Captain Elliott, attached hereto.

Very respectfully,

R. W. HUNTINGTON,
Lieutenant-Colonel, United States Marine Corps,
Commanding First Battalion.

CHARLES HEYWOOD
Colonel Commandant
United States Marine Corps
Headquarters,
Washington, D. C.

REPORT OF COMMANDING OFFICER FIRST MARINE BATTALION.

(First indorsement.)

U.S.S. MARBLEHEAD (third rate),
June 19, 1898.

Respectfully referred to the commander in chief.

This report requires several corrections.

The blockhouse referred to on page 2 was burned by the gun fire from the YANKEE on the 7th instant.

The position referred to on the same page was not occupied again after a small Spanish force had been driven away, when the MARBLEHEAD took permanent possession of the bay on the 8th instant.

Early on the morning of the 10th instant Captain Goodrell, with 40 marines from the OREGON and 20 marines from the MARBLEHEAD, examined the locality occupied by the marines, who arrived shortly after he had completed this duty. On the arrival of the PANTHER Captain Goodrell was sent on board to give Colonel Huntington the benefit of his observations.

Referring to paragraph 4, page 2, the position occupied by the marines has been pronounced by Major-General Perez, of the Cuban army, on the 17th instant, to be the only tenable position on the bay which could be successfully held by a small force. He also stated that 5,000 Spaniards could not take it.

If the marine position is commanded by a mountain ridge, that mountain ridge is commanded in turn by the ten 5-inch rapid-fire guns of the MARBLEHEAD, and of such other ships as may be here.

The mistake of locating the camp between the main position and the outpost was corrected on the 11th instant, at my suggestion.

The expedition was suggested by Colonel La Borde, and the DOLPHIN was sent to cover the sea front of our force.

Twenty-three marines overcome by the heat were brought back by the DOLPHIN.

This exhaustion was due, I believe, mainly to the fact that the campaign hats of the marines were on the RESOLUTE, and not in the marine camp.

The behavior of the officers and men of the marines battalion generally has been most gallant, and is in general worthy of all praise.

Very respectfully,

B. H. McCALLA,
Commander, United States Navy, Commanding,

{second indorsement.}

U. S. FLAGSHIP NEW YORK
Off Santiago de Cuba, June 20, 1898.

Respectfully referred to the Secretary of the Navy

W. T. SAMPSON
Rear-Admiral, Commander in Chief U. S. Naval Force,
North Atlantic Station.

REPORT OF CAPTAIN CASPER F. GOODRICH, USN

U.S.S. NEWARK,
Off Manzanillo, Cuba, August 13, 1898.

SIR: I have the honor to submit the following report of the movements and operations of this vessel and her consorts up to 8 o'clock this morning.

On the afternoon of the 9th the NEWARK left Guantanamo and was joined shortly after off the entrance to that port by the U.S.S. RESOLUTE, carrying the battalion of marines under Colonel Huntington. We proceeded to Santiago de Cuba, where we communicated with the ST. LOUIS, and then continued to the westward. On Wednesday afternoon, the 10th instant, we fell in with the HIST and SUWANEE off Cape Cruz. Lieutenant-Commander Delahanty, of the SUWANEE, having preceded us to this point, communicated with the HIST and learned from her commanding officer, Lieutenant Young, that the condition of affairs of Manzanillo was such as to warrant the belief that an attack by the force under my command would result in a speedy capitulation of the garrison and city. This he reported to me as being in entire accordance with a letter addressed to you by Commander Todd, of the WILMINGTON, which he had been permitted to read on board your flagship. Lieutenant Young, who had on board a competent pilot, assured me that it was entirely practicable to approach to within 2 miles of Manzanillo in a ship drawing as much water as does the NEWARK.

Inasmuch as the force detailed by you for the contemplated operations at the Isle of Pines was not all on hand, and as the WOMPATUCK could, in all probability, not leave Guantanamo until the 12th, or possibly the 13th, it appeared to me well to occupy this time of waiting in an attempt at securing Manzanillo and its garrison.

We waited off Cape Cruz that night in order to be joined by the ALVARADO and OSCEOLA, and then on the morning of the 11th started for Cuatro Reales Channel, the following ships accompanying the NEWARK: RESOLUTE, SUWANEE, HIST, OSCEOLA, and ALVARADO. In order to minimize the chances of accident that would be incurred in navigating waters only imperfectly charted, I sent the HIST with her pilot ahead. On her starboard beam was the SUWANEE. In rear of these came the OSCEOLA. In rear of the OSCEOLA came the RESOLUTE, and lastly the NEWARK, with the ALVARADO close aboard, all keeping the lead going constantly. By a preconcerted system of signals the presence of shoal water or other danger could be instantly communicated from the leading ships in ample time to stop the progress of the RESOLUTE and NEWARK, heavy-draft vessels.

We experienced no difficulty whatever in getting through Cuatro Reales, the least water found by the NEWARK being 5 1/2 fathoms.

At dark that day we anchored inside of the Great Barrier Reef, in 10 fathoms of water, about 40 miles distant from Manzanillo.

Yesterday morning, the 12th instant, my little flotilla got under way at half past 4 and proceeded to the vicinity of Manzanillo. The RESOLUTE, SUWANEE, HIST, and OSCEOLA anchored well inside of the northern entrance. I hoisted a flag of truce on the NEWARK and proceeded to an anchorage about 3 miles distant from the town, whence I sent the ALVARADO, also bearing a flag of truce, to present to the military commandant a demand for surrender, a copy of which I have the honor to inclose. This demand was placed in his hands by Lieutenant Blue at thirty-five minutes past noon. The reply was to the effect that the Spanish military code forbade a surrender except as the sequence of a siege or other military operation.

The town, being fortified, is exempt from the privileges and immunities attached to defenseless places. Nevertheless, as you will perceive from my demand, sufficient time was given to permit non-combatants to leave the city. At 3 o'clock I signaled to the outlying vessels to take the stations off the town which had been assigned, and at 3.35 hauled down the flag of truce on the NEWARK and proceeded toward Manzanillo until the shoalness of the water forbade her further approach. At 3.40 fire was opened from this ship on the batteries, and was maintained with tolerable steadiness until 4.15 o'clock, with an accuracy surprising in view of the short time during which she had been commissioned, the other vessels following shortly after.

At 4.15 p.m., having seen supposed white flags hoisted on the Spanish gunboat CUBA ESPANOLA and the commandant's quarters, I made signal "Cease firing," and sent the ALVARADO in under flag of truce. At the same time the SUWANEE, HIST, and OSCEOLA, all under the immediate orders of Lieutenant-Commander Delahanty, were approaching the town from the southward through the middle channel. When these vessels were within 1,000 to 1,500 yards of the batteries, the Spanish authorities opened fire on them at 4.35, paying no attention to the flag of truce on the ALVARADO, which (as I have since been informed) they failed to perceive. The ALVARADO hauled down her flag of truce and joined the other gunboats in returning the fire. At 4.50 opened fire again from the NEWARK. The Cuban forces at this time appeared to the northward of the town and began discharging volleys, which were apparently returned by Spanish artillery. The NEWARK threw a number of 6-inch shells in this direction, in order to assist the Cubans. The SUWANEE, OSCEOLA, HIST, and ALVARADO soon returned to the neighborhood of the flagship, and we all anchored at about 5.30 p.m. for the night. From that time until daylight this morning 6-inch shells were fired from the NEWARK at the batteries at irregular intervals, one shot being fired during each half hour. Daylight revealed a large number of white flags flying over the blockhouses and batteries of Manzanillo and the approach of a boat from the shore bearing a flag of truce. The captain of the port came off and delivered to me a dispatch from the Secretary of the Navy, reading as follows: "Protocol of peace signed by the President; armistice proclaimed."

My disappointment was, as may be imagined, very great, for I had every reason to believe that the garrison was entirely ready to surrender. I had hoped that the fleet under your command might have won one more laurel and gained one more important victory before the conclusion of peace.

A few projectiles fell close to this ship, but the enemy's attention was naturally directed chiefly against the gunboats. I am happy to report no casualties or injuries beyond three shots from Mauser rifles through the SUWANEE'S ensign. What was possibly the last shot of the war was a 6-inch projectile fired from the NEWARK at 5.20 a.m. to-day. It gives me great pleasure to speak in the highest terms of the officers of this ship and of the remarkable gun practice she displayed.

I inclose reports of the commanding officers. It is impossible for me to exaggerate their loyalty, zeal, and bravery, which have been too often proved during the war to render eulogy on my part necessary. Subjected as they were to close fire from guns of various callbers, from old-fashioned smoothbores to Krupp 14-pounders, and volleys of Mauser bullets, they stuck to their post and upheld the honor of the flag. I earnestly commend to your favorable consideration Lieutenant-Commander Delahanty, Lieutenants Young, Purcell, and Blue, commanding the SUWANEE, HIST, OSCEOLA, and ALVARADO, respectively.

A part of the contemplated plan of operations was the landing of some or all of the marines of Colonel Huntington's command. This officer's regret at the loss of an opportunity to win additional distinction for his corps and himself was only equaled by his careful study of the necessities of the case and his zealous entrance into the spirit of the enterprise.

Commander Eaton was, as is his wont, most ready and efficient, and with his ship was extremely helpful toward others. It was only the nature of his ship and her personnel which, under my positive orders, kept him from a more prominent place in the action.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant.

CASPER F. GOODRICH,
Captain, U. S. N. Commanding.

The COMMANDER IN CHIEF,

Flagship New York, Guantánamo, Cuba.

CAMP MCCALLA
Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, June 15, 1898.

SIR: I have the honor to submit the following report:

In accordance with your verbal directions, I left camp at 9 a.m. yesterday with two companies of the battalion, C and D, commanded respectively by First Lieut. L. C. Lucas and Capt. William F. Spicer, with an aggregate of 160 men, and 50 Cubans under command of Lieut. Col. E. Eugene Tomas. Colonel Laborde, Cuban Army, was also present, but without command.

My orders were to destroy the well at Cuzco, about 6 miles from this camp, which was the only water supply of the enemy within 12 miles of this place, and the existence of which made possible the continuance of the annoying attacks upon our force in camp here.

Two miles and a half from Cuzco half the Cubans and the first platoon of C Company, under Lieutenant Lucas's command, passed over a mountain on our left, hoping to cut off the enemy's pickets. In this we failed, and our force was discovered by the Spanish outpost, which retreated immediately and gave the alarm to the main body, whose headquarters were in a house at Cuzco.

A high mountain separated the two forces at this point, and each attempted to gain its crest as a point of advantage. In this we were successful, but were fired on heavily by the enemy from the valley, at a distance of 800 yards. This fire was replied to by the Cubans of the main body. Lieutenant Lucas, with 32 men of his platoon and the remaining Cubans, came into the fight at 11.15. The other nine men of his platoon becoming exhausted were obliged to return to Camp McCalla. Lieutenant Bannon conducted the second platoon of C company just below the crest of the hill, out of fire from the enemy, leaving the narrow path, which was the only road, and making their way through the cacti. Just in rear of this platoon and following in single file was D company. The crest of the hill was in the shape of a horseshoe, two-thirds encircling Cuzco Valley and the well. The Cubans, C and D companies occupied one-half of this horseshoe ridge, while Second Lieut. L. J. Magill, with one platoon (50 men) of A company, came up from the valley on the opposite side, where he had been stationed as an outpost from Camp McCalla, having been attracted by the heavy fire, and believing his force necessary to our assistance, and occupied the left center of this horseshoe ridge. As soon as he saw our position he sent one of his men around the ridge to report to me. For fifteen minutes we were marching under a heavy fire, to which no reply was made, to gain this position. By the use of glasses and careful search by the men, individuals were discovered here and there, and, fire being opened upon them, they would break from cover to cover, and we were thus enabled to gain targets at which to fire, which had been heretofore impossible owing to the dense chapparal in which the enemy sought successful cover.

Many of the men fired as coolly as at target practice, consulting with each other and their officers as to the range. Among these were Privates Carter, Faulkner, and Boniface, all of whom did noticeable execution. This movement of the enemy gave Lieutenant Magill an opportunity to get in a cross fire, which was well taken advantage of.

Having reduced the enemy's fire to straggling shots, the U.S.S. DOLPHIN, Commander H. W. Lyon, U.S.N., which had been sent along the coast to cooperate with us if possible, was signaled to shell the house used as the enemy's headquarters and also the valley, but she was so far to the front, having mistaken the valley intended, that her fire was in Lieutenant Magill's direction, driving him to the reverse side of the ridge.

However, this shell fire started the enemy from his hiding places, which gave the other companies the opportunity to fire on them on the move.

Signal was made to the DOLPHIN to cease firing, and Lieutenant Magill was directed to form skirmish line and move down the valley in front of him toward the sea. This was defeated by renewed shell fire from the DOLPHIN.

The fight, which began at 11 a.m., was now drawing to a close, being over at 3 p.m. The enemy began a straggling retreat at 2 p.m., getting out of the valley as best they could.

The fire of the force under my command was at all times deliberate and aimed, sights being adjusted and volleys were fired when sufficiently large bodies of the enemy could be seen to justify it. The two platoons of Company C, under First Lieutenant Lucas and Second Lieut. P. M. Bannon, were handled with the best of judgment. D Company overcrowded on the firing line and men needlessly exposed themselves by standing in groups. First Lieut. W. C. Neville, commanding the first platoon, did his best with the men in front of him. Captain Spicer, commanding D Company, was overcome by the sun on the top of the hill and had to be sent on board the DOLPHIN. Lieutenant Neville injured his hip and ankle in catching his foot and falling down the mountain side after the fight was over. These accidents left Second Lieut. M. J. Shaw in command of D Company, which he handled with entire satisfaction. Forty men left the crest of the hill at 3.15 p.m. under Lieutenant Lucas and destroyed the well and burned the house lately occupied by the enemy. Canteens were taken from the men still holding the crest and filled with water required by signal from the DOLPHIN.

The marines fired on an average about 60 shots each, the Cubans' belts being filled during the action from the belts of the marines, each having to furnish 6 clips or 30 cartridges.

The loss to our force was 1 private of D Company wounded slightly, and 10 or 12 overcome by heat. These latter were kindly

taken on board the DOLPHIN and cared for. The ship rendered every possible assistance to the expedition. Two Cubans were wounded during the fight on the hill, one being accidentally shot by Colonel Laborde by a pistol.

While destroying the well the Cubans were placed up the valley from which the enemy retreated and began a noisy and hot fight with guerrillas who had not been dislodged. In this fight the Cubans lost 2 killed and 2 wounded, but killed 5 of the enemy.

The march home began at 5.30 p.m., camp being reached at 8 p.m.

From the best information since obtained, which is believed to be reliable, 60 of the enemy, among whom were 2 officers, were killed. The wounded were numerous, but the wounds were probably light, owing to the range of 600 or 1,000 yards, at which distance all the explosive effect of the bullets are lost. Eighteen prisoners, including 1 lieutenant, were captured; about 30 Mauser rifles and a quantity of ammunition.

Lieutenant Magill also captured a complete heliograph outfit and destroyed the signal station. This had been used ever since our arrival here and could be seen at all times. Before closing I desire to commend Lieutenant Magill's good judgment in coming up and the excellent manner in which he handled his men.

Sergt. John H. Quick was obliged to stand on the open ridge under fire to signal the DOLPHIN, which he did with the utmost coolness, using his rifle with equal judgment while not thus engaged. My only regret is that E Company, under the command of First Lieut. James E. Mahoney, which had been sent to us from an outpost near Camp McCalla when the heavy firing was heard there, was unable to report to me until 4 p.m. Had he been an hour and a half sooner, I am satisfied that the entire force of the enemy, which was about 500 men, would have been captured. This delay was not due to any lack of zeal on his part.

I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

G. F. ELLIOTT,
Captain, United States Marine Corps,
Commanding C Company.

Lieut. Col. R. W. HUNTINGTON,
Commanding First Battallon of Marines,
Camp McCalla, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

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Chapter 13 focuses on Army logistics during the Spanish-American War.