

ARIZONANS IN SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

By A. D. WEBB

It has been thirty years since the Spanish-American War was fought. That conflict occurred in 1898. Arizona has a right to be proud of the record of the old territory in that sanguinary conflict. What became known as the Rough Rider Regiment, commanded by Colonels Wood and Roosevelt, included several companies composed of Arizona's virile manhood, many of whom had become prominent in Arizona before the war began. Among these were Major Alexander O. Brodie and Captains W. D. ("Bucky") O'Neill, J. L. B. Alexander and James H. McClintock. Among those who enlisted and served as privates through the Cuban campaign were C. E. Mills, now president of the Valley Bank, in Phoenix, and president of the Apache Powder Company, at Benson. When Mills enlisted he resigned the position of general manager of the Detroit Copper Company, at Morenci. Another private belonging to Company A, of which "Bucky" O'Neill was captain, was A. D. Webb, who at the time of his enlistment was editing a weekly newspaper at Safford, Arizona, and prior to that time was a co-owner and publisher of the Arizona Bulletin, associated with the present State Historian and writer of this article. When Mr. Webb left to join his company at Prescott, he promised to write letters back to the Arizona Bulletin giving some of his experiences and observations as a soldier. This he did, and several of these letters have been selected for the pages of the ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW. These letters are here appended:

"TEDDIE'S TERRIERS."

SOLDIERING WITH ARIZONA'S COWBOY VOLUNTEERS

(Special Correspondence to Arizona Bulletin)

San Antonio, Texas, May 10, 1898.

As the doings of Graham's soldier boys up to the time they enlisted have been fully reported in the territorial papers, I did not write any letter last week.

The boys got here and all passed except one. He will go to San Antonio with the rest as first "sub," with transportation and rations.

Phoenix treated the Graham boys royally, but Prescott is evidently too familiar with regulars to know how to treat volunteer soldiers, and the "marble heart" and "frost" was about what we got.

After being sworn in we were sent to Whipple Barracks and introduced to Uncle Sam's fare of pork and beans. The pork was rather shy, but there was plenty of coffee, which, with a porterhouse and mushrooms (got the latter down town), pieced out our first day's fare.

The first night spent in barracks was enlivened by some very original profanity caused principally by the hardness of the floor, the scarceness of blankets, and the peculiar antics of a swarm of bedbugs. The latter were in good shipping condition and most of them branded U. S. on left hip.

The second day in barracks was spent in drilling foot movements. Fare did not improve much, but by taking one meal down town I succeeded in pulling through. At night it snowed, and about two inches covered the ground when we arose. The snow did not raise the temperature any, and but few of the boys were able to speak from hoarseness. The remarks made by those able to remark at all would not do to print.

The two troops left Prescott on Wednesday at 6:30. Prior to their departure a public reception was held on Court House Square. Speeches were made by the governor, adjutant general, Major Brodie, Captains O'Neill and McClintock, and other distinguished gentlemen. A battle-flag was presented to Company A by the ladies of Prescott, and a mascot in the way of a half-grown Arizona lion, a nasty young brute, ready to fight on the slightest provocation, and supposed to be typical of the Arizona contingent to the cowboy regiment.

The four thousand Prescottites followed the boys to the train and bid them Godspeed, amid the thunder of exploding powder and cheers from thousands of men, women and children.

When A. P. Junction was reached it began to snow and continued all night. There was no fire in the cars and the windows frosted over with the vapor rising from the inside of the cars. Chuck was scanty, as usual, and the boys put in a bad night.

Graham County has much to be proud of for the showing she has made. She not only got her full quota (16), but she got one extra. Out of seventeen men who went up to Prescott, every one was accepted, although no previous physical examination had been passed by any of them. There is not another county in the

territory but had men turned down by the examining surgeon. This shows that old Graham raises good stock.

Flagstaff has proven the most patriotic town thus far encountered. At 2 o'clock in the morning, in a blinding snow storm, with the mercury way below freezing, nearly the whole town turned out with the band and fireworks to give the boys a send-off.

While passing through El Paso some of A troop stole a Skye terrier and carried it along with the lion, attracting much attention on the road, as he was decorated in all kinds of shape, with a neat little red, white and blue ribbon tied to his tail.

Although we traveled some 250 miles out of the way, we are the first troops on the ground. Hurrah for Arizona! We arrived Saturday morning at 4 o'clock and were immediately quartered in the exposition building at the fairgrounds. Our horses are not here yet, but the pack mules arrived this morning, and husky looking lot they were. We expect our uniforms today.

The Arizona contingent has been split into three troops. First Lieutenant Alexander has been promoted to Captain and Second Lieutenant Wilcox to first lieutenant.

All the boys from Graham County are in the best of spirits, and I don't think you could buy one of them off for \$500 cash. From what we can learn we probably will be the first troops landed in Cuba, and the boys from Graham will be the first to land from the ship.

Trooper Rawhide,
(A. D. Webb.)

FIRST OF THE DEAD

MARSHALL BIRD, AN ARIZONA TROOPER, KILLED IN SAN ANTONIO.

(Special correspondence to Arizona Bulletin)

San Antonio, May 9.—Marshall Bird, of Nogales, a member of the southern troop of Arizona Cavalry, died at 12:30 p. m. today. His death resulted from a fall from a horse. He was thrown by a vicious horse yesterday afternoon. His skull was fractured and he lay unconscious until death, eighteen hours later.

He was 19 years of age, and was the son of Capt. Allen T. Bird, proprietor of The Oasis at Nogales. He was a brilliant young man, well liked in the camp and bore promise of making a good soldier. His body will be returned to Nogales.

Trooper Rawhide.

AT THE FRONT

ANOTHER INTERESTING LETTER FROM TROOPER
RAWHIDE, AT TAMPA, FLA.

(Special correspondence to Arizona Bulletin)

On board the U. S. Transport Yucatan, Port Tampa, Fla., June 11, 1898.

When the Rough Riders came aboard the transport Yucatan on Tuesday last, most of us were of the opinion that we were to put to sea at once, and would ere this time be landed on Cuban soil. But it has turned out that our officers are neither prophets nor sons of prophets, and we are still lying idle on the placid waters of the bay—thirty big transports and several small fighting vessels. We spent Tuesday night anchored about one-half mile from the pier, the bands on the different ships indulging in a sort of a contest until about ten o'clock when the welcome sound of the bugle call "lights out" notified the tired soldiers that they would be permitted to sleep till reveille for the first time in three days.

Troop A was most fortunate in securing quarters, as we were allotted the deck "aft the cabin." At any other time in their lives, probably some of our men would have "kicked" at sleeping on a hard, bare floor, with a saddle blanket and rubber "poncho" for bedclothes, but when compared with the sweltering wretches packed like sardines down on the third deck in double berths, three sections high, our position is about the same as the president of a railroad in a palace car and emigrants in a tourist sleeper.

We were all paid off the night we broke camp—presumably so we could buy what we wanted to eat for a week or so, and give someone holding a fat job a chance to steal the money appropriated for our rations. Wednesday morning, not having any chance to spend their money, all kinds of gambling games opened. The "Shark" was there in most every troop, with the old loaded dice and sanded monte cards; likewise the "sucker" to blow in his money against a sure thing. The devotees of the great American game of poker could be found safely ensconced in sheltered nooks, standing pat on a pair of deuces, or cursing his luck when holding a full hand as in days of yore. The sports from Graham County "chipped in" and opened a crap game, but they were foolish enough to use "square" dice and were speedily taken in. A wet blanket was soon thrown over the boys of sporting proclivities, however, when it was announced that Gen. Miles had issued

an order forbidding all gambling in the army. The gallant warriors now play nothing but seven up "for fun," and practice a little at "jacks up," using cartridges instead of money—so they will not get rusty.

The Disciples of Walton got out their fish-hooks and lines Wednesday and put up all sorts of jobs on the finny inhabitants of the bay, but as the catch failed to aggregate the amount of bait used, we concluded that the fishermen were not very successful—at least until they get to writing home and telling their friends what they caught.

Thursday we went back into harbor and loaded a few carloads of freight aboard. As the stuff was all in packages of from 100 to 700 pounds each, the work was "light and easy."

Friday your correspondent and three other unlucky troopers from Arizona were on what is known as old guard fatigue duty. We reported to the proper sergeant and were given brooms and told to take off our shoes and stockings. We did as ordered and were then introduced to a large rubber hose, which, with the assistance of the "old guard fatigue" from the other troops, we hauled all over the three decks of the ship and gave it a thorough scrubbing. Before we got through with this job we could have given an old-time Mississippi River steamboat mate some nice points in the art of profanity. The next time your "Uncle Fuller" is on the "old guard fatigue" on board a ship, he is going to hide out.

The way they have of doing business in this country makes a western man sick. Over half a million dollars have been turned loose, in pay to the soldiers alone, during the past ten days and there is but one store in the place, and after fighting one's way to the counter—which usually takes about a half-hour—he will then find one clerk behind the counter in a large building and probably not a blessed article he came for. A live business man could have made a fortune here. "Niggers" have made from \$25 to \$50 a day selling boiled fish, lemonade, sandwiches, etc.

The boys are all enjoying a bath in the waters of the bay once or twice a day, and for the first time since we enlisted we can keep clean. There are no facilities for washing clothes, however; otherwise, except for the men on duty, a cavalryman's life on ship-board would be the ideal existence for a lazy man. It seems quite strange not to be kept on the hop from morning to night, but one can't groom horses, lead them to water, and ride them all over the landscape on board a ship 300 feet long.

There is a good deal of feeling at Tampa between the white and colored soldiers, and a great deal of rough and tumble fighting has been the result, and a few negroes have been killed. A colored house of prostitution was burned down yesterday by a party of white soldiers who had been attacked by the inmates armed with pistols, soda bottles, etc.

There are nearly 40,000 soldiers and government employes here and every store and saloon in the place has sold everything they had to sell at double prices.

Trooper Rawhide
(A. D. Webb).

Trooper Rawhide writes interesting letters descriptive of the voyage to Santiago.

A collision narrowly averted. The men taken were real cow-boys. Slow time. Santiago at last.

Wednesday, June 15, '98.

After "fiddling" around for a month, sailing orders were finally received and the fleet having the largest army of invasion in the history of modern warfare, weighed anchor and steamed out toward the Gulf of Mexico last Monday afternoon at about 4 p. m. When the mouth of the bay (about 30 miles distant) was reached the ships dropped anchor and swung idly at their mooring until about 2 p. m. the next day, when the squadron again got under way and stood out to sea. It was a grand and imposing sight to see the thirty big transports with about 1000 men each, steaming out in a "column of fours" while the half dozen or more fighting ships deployed as skirmishers and flankers on the front and on either side, keeping up a sharp look-out for Spanish ships.

The Yucatan, or No. 8, on which the thoughts of Arizona are doubtless now centered, as she bears all the Rough Riders picked for this expedition, narrowly escaped a collision on the way out and it was a pleasure to see the men stand firm and not flinch for a moment in the face of peril that produced almost a stampede on the part of the sailors of the two ships. When the danger was passed the cavalymen on the Yucatan jeered the infantrymen on the other craft in true soldier fashion, telling them they could not get out of the way of an ox-cart; and the "dough-boys" retaliated that we had better get a new crew before we went to sea or they would likely have the pleasure of riding our horses in Cuba while we furnished food for the fishes.

All day long we have been out of sight of land and there is a delightful uncertainty about where we are going. Some say we are headed for Porto Rico, others that Havana, Santiago de Cuba or some other point in Cuba is our destination. I think we will stop at Tortugas. Key West is out of the question, as we are about 100 miles out in the Gulf.

The status of our outfit is the source of some comment among the boys. They used to call us the R. R. R.—Roosevelt's Rough Riders—but when our horses and six-shooters were taken away from us, some facetious cuss dubbed us the W. W. W.'s—Wood's Weary Walkers. Now they have put us on a ship armed with dynamite gun and a battery of rapid fire guns, and we have come to the conclusion that we must belong to Capt. Jinks' famous band of horse-marines.

The dynamite gun on the bow is something of an experiment, we understand, and we are told that if a shot from it—112 pounds in weight—strikes within a hundred yards of an iron-clad, it will sink it. As there are some 3000 or 4000 pounds of this ammunition piled up in the bow, the result of an explosion can readily be conjectured. The other night we were struck by a "white squall" accompanied by heavy thunder and vivid lightning. We all agreed that if lightning struck us we would knock a hole in the bottom of the sea.

A troop has lost its comfortable quarters. We are now down in the hold where the ambitious mercury rises to some hundred odd each night when we are supposed to be sleeping.

As there has been considerable discussion in Graham County as to the men she sent to the war, I will give a brief account of each one in this expedition. The rest of the Graham County were left at Tampa :

Griffin—cowboy and miner, broke bronchos in the Sulphur Springs Valley and vicinity for seven years. An excellent shot and crack rider.

May—cowboy and teamster. Has ridden on the range for ten years in Arizona and California. Good rider and rifle shot.

Van Sicklen—cowboy; worked cattle for different outfits in San Simon and Graham mountain range country. Excellent rider and good shot with rifle.

Tuttle—rancher and student. Has ridden horses all his life. Can rope and ride bronchos. A fair shot.

Paxton—rancher, a good rider and marksman.

Stark—farmer; a fair rider and crack shot with pistol.

Webb—printer ; indifferent rider. A fair shot with rifle.

Bugbee, Fred—farmer and railroad man ; an average rider. Don't know about his marksmanship.

McCarter—printer ; good rider. Can catch a horse, shoe him, saddle and ride him. As good an all round man as there is in the troop. Don't know about his marksmanship.

Santiago de Cuba, June 20, 1898.

For just one week and a day we have been aboard the old craft, and for seven days we have been steaming steadily south-east. In an ordinary sort of a steamship we would have been nearing the coast of Africa, but in very truth we have but arrived in the vicinity of Santiago de Cuba. We have averaged a speed of about six miles an hour since the start.

The food has been as usual ; very poor in quality and devilish little of it. One could occasionally go down by the kitchen window where the meals for the officers and shipmen are cooked and "bum a hand-out" from the cook, if he put up anywhere from two bits to a dollar for the privilege. Ice water has sold on the ship for five and ten cents for a half of a cupful, and other things in proportion. Uncle Sam is very liberal in promises, but by the time a soldier gets what is rightfully his own he is usually dead and does not need it. If any of the relatives of the Arizonans happen to catch any of the smart Alecks who have circulated the stories about all the supplies being forwarded to the soldiers and sold at cost plus transportation, they will please hang them immediately, and wait till we get home for the trial. That patriotic gentleman, Armour, is working off a lot of "salt horse" on the army that would make a dog sick, under the name of prime roast beef. We got a consignment of the aforesaid, which together with hard-tack and, occasionally, beans and very weak coffee, has made up our feed for the last ten days.

The only thing there seems to be plenty of aboard this ship is whiskey (at \$20 per gallon)and beer (as warm as dish-water) at twenty-five cents a small pint bottle. In his young days your correspondent has experimented with some pretty tough bug extract in Arizona, yet he can truthfully say that he has never tackled any red liquor that would come up to the standard of this rat poison sold right here on board this government ship.

We have had an exceptionally smooth voyage. There has been but very little seasickness aboard and but four or five men have been transferred to the hospital ship en route. This speaks

better for the physical condition of the men than it does for the good management of those supposed to look out for our welfare.

Thursday, while skirting the Cuban coast, we fell in with a small sail boat clear out of sight of land. There were six occupants in the boat and the single star banner of Cuba floated defiantly at the masthead. As we passed the gallant little craft, she showed her teeth and fired a salute with a Winchester. We responded with rousing cheers and steamed away, leaving the tiny craft alone in the rolling waves. Today at noon we passed a place called Cayanejos (or some other name), where a battle has just ended between a force of U. S. marines, 800 strong, and a large Spanish force. A U. S. gunboat came out and informed us that 160 Spaniards were killed and 200 wounded and 18 taken prisoners. The American loss was 8 killed.

We are told that we are to land in the morning. Our guns are all cleaned and oiled, while our baggage is rolled in the long horseshoe roll, to be slung over the shoulder so that we can disembark at a moment's notice. Our belts are full of cartridges, and our canteens filled with water. Before this letter reaches its destination, the Arizona volunteers will probably have smelled powder for the first time on the field of battle.

Trooper Rawhide.
(A. D. Webb).

TROOPER RAWHIDE.

THE BULLETIN CORRESPONDENT IN THE BATTLE.
ANOTHER INTERESTING LETTER FROM SANTIAGO
WHICH TELLS OF HARD FIGHTING.

(Special Bulletin correspondence.)

Cuba, June 27, 1898.

As I predicted in my last letter, the Arizona Volunteers have been in battle, and under the most adverse circumstances. They acquitted themselves in a most creditable manner. Not a man flinched and most of the boys stood under fire and made sport of the Spaniards and their shooting, even while the bullets are thick as bees, and men were being killed and wounded on every hand.

We stood out to sea the night after we came through the Windward Passage, and on the morning of the 22nd we came back about 18 miles from Santiago de Cuba and lay off the shore three or four miles, while the warships threw shells into the hills to prospect for Spaniards. The town was held by about 200 Spanish

troops but they hit the road in high places when the first shots were fired. We then steamed in and landed at 4 p. m. The Spaniards had fired the town and burned the railroad track and machine shops. They drove most of the Cubans away in front of them. We had been up since three o'clock in the morning. The food was scant as usual. No sooner were the American troops ashore than the insurgents began to pour in and tell what valorous deeds they would have performed if they had arrived a little sooner. They are a queer looking lot. All sizes, ages and colors; ragged beyond description, and armed with all kinds of guns, pistols and cutlery, from a stiletto to a machete four feet long.

We camped at the seashore that night, and were not permitted to unroll our blankets. We slept on the ground and about two inches of dew fell on us. It was very cold, and we were soaked to the skin when we arose. Got up at 4 a. m. and cooked breakfast. Then we loafed around until 4 p. m. Lots of cocoanuts and mangroves. I went with some other Graham County boys and brought in lots of nuts, first eating all the ripe ones and drinking all the juice from the green ones we could hold. While on this expedition we met about 500 insurgents lying in the brush. They told us we should be more careful as the country was full of Spanish Guerrillas. We replied that we would throw cocoanuts at them if they attacked us. The Cubans looked at us with their mouths agape at such talk.

At 4 p. m. we shouldered our baggage and started for the next town. We carried about 45 pounds per man and marched 12 miles in $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours, with two rests of about 15 minutes each. Part of the march was made on a run.

It was fearfully warm, and the men began to drop from the line before we had proceeded a mile from camp. Before we had marched two miles the road was lined with men who could stagger along no farther, and the faint-hearted ones who gave up easily. Four regiments were ahead of us and the regular infantry did not stand the march any better than we did. All night long men were straggling into camp. We marched by all the troops ahead of us, except two regiments of cavalry who were on outpost duty. We cooked supper and then stood around in a pouring rain to hear the news of the day. The town had been attacked by the insurgents, and the Spaniards had beaten them back. Then the U. S. Regulars came up, fired a volley or two, and the Spaniards fled in the direction of Santiago de Cuda, taking all the Cubans—men, women and children—with them. Before they left, they beheaded 17 crippled who could not walk; so we were

told by some of the inhabitants who hid in the rocks and came down when we entered the town.

We turned in at 11 p. m. and slept in the mud till 3:30 a. m., when we were awakened by the bugle and given forty-five minutes to get breakfast and be ready to march.

When the sun rose on the morning of the 24th, we were climbing a steep hill about one mile long, with our packs heavier than the day before for the rain had soaked up during the night. The Rough Riders were in front—8 troops of about 60 men, each, strong. There were a few troops of the Tenth Regular Cavalry on the right, and some of the First Regular Cavalry farther out—about 900 men in all. When we got up the hill they hot-footed us along the crest of the ridge, through dense forest, for a few hours, when all at once the column was halted and the men told to keep quiet. Most of us were so tired by this time that we just dropped in our tracks to rest, but some of the boys sought the shade of trees. We moved on again a few hundred yards, and found that the “rabbit path” we had been following was rapidly developing into a fair road. We were then stopped again and deployed as skirmishers to the right of the road. Not a shot had been fired up to this time. We had advanced about 150 yards farther, a few scattering shots were fired, and almost instantly both sides were turned loose. The regular volleys of a few troops of the U. S. Regulars were broken by the rattling of the machine guns, which sounded like a dozen snare drums going off at once. Off to our right the boys were plugging away with a few Hotchkiss rapid fire guns and we, the Rough Riders, were popping away in true Arizona style, but only when we saw something tangible to shoot at. “Bucky” O’Neil walked along with A troop, joshing with his men as though we were drilling back in San Antonio, and he did not have any the best of it either, for when he gave the order to advance by creeping, the boys insisted on standing up and walking, claiming it was easier to walk than crawl through the Spanish bayonets and thick, tangled grass in front. By this time, we were getting into the ground where the Spanish have their guns trained when they planned the ambushade, and bullets, explosive shells and balls from machine guns were whistling through our ranks like a swarm of bees and trimming a shower of branches from the trees overhead. We dropped down on our hands and knees and crawled about 100 yards closer to the enemy, when we came to a small, steep canyon, with a dense growth of small trees all around us. Here the command of halt was given and we laid down in skirmish order—two yards apart. We were then under a terrible

fire. I felt a bullet zip past my right ear; the man on the left of me said he saw a twig cut clean off about two inches above my head. Archie Tuttle was on my right side about four feet away, and a bullet struck the ground about six inches from him and threw dust all over him. The sergeant of our squad was the second man from me on the left, and was lying very low behind some small brush. A bullet split a three-inch sappling just beside his head and the splinters flew in his face. The trees above us to a height of twelve feet were literally cut to pieces. It was evident that the Spaniards had their machine guns trained a little too high—no doubt intending to kill us all off when we stampeded. But we did not stampede. We kept inching a little closer trying to locate them, and occasionally getting a shot at a Spaniard who was away from the main body. Finally the firing ceased, and we took up a position to the front and waited. The heavy firing shifted to other parts of the field, but a scattering rain of bullets kept dropping on A troop. During the heaviest firing we had two men killed—Corporal Dougherty and Private Ligget—both from the northern part of the territory. Dougherty was shot through the head and Ligget through the heart. Neither spoke after being hit. After the firing ceased we marched about a half-mile and rested in the shade of some trees along the road. The roll of A troop was called and everyone who went into the fight, except the dead, answered "Here." There had been no straggling nor running. Every step taken during the fight had been taken toward the enemy, and we had to stand for some time under a fierce fire, and we could not return it for fear of hitting other U. S. troops. We were flanked so badly at one time that we all thought our own men were shooting into us from the rear.

Too much praise cannot be given Captain "Bucky" O'Neill for his part in the fight. Totally regardless of his own safety he walked up and down the line looking after his men and when he could do no more he calmly rolled a cigarette and took a smoke.

After the dead had been brought in we went on ahead a half a mile, cooked our dinner, came back and went into camp on the very ground occupied by the enemy during the fight.

At one time A troop was within 100 yards of the Spanish firing line, but they were so well concealed and using smokeless powder that we could not see them, which was probably fortunate for them.

B troop had three wounded—including Capt. McClin-
tock. C troop was not in the fight. Major Brodie, of Prescott,
was wounded in the arm.

The Graham County boys in the fight were Van Sicklen, Griffin, Bugbee, Paxton, Stark, McCarter, Tuttle, Webb and Mills, the man from Morenci, who joined A troop at San Antonio. None of us was hit, fortunately, but the fatigue of the march and fight did some of us up pretty severely. Wallace Stark is in the hospital today, but not very ill. The rest of us are ready for duty.

The next morning, with a very impressive service, the bodies of our nine comrades lost in the battle were interred in a trench, while thousands of buzzards floated overhead and added to the dreadful feeling which is experienced amid such scenes. They had found a man whom I had known well in the regiment, and I hope I never again see such a spectacle as he presented. The buzzards are reported to be getting fat on the Spaniards who fell in the dense brush where our men could not find them to bury.

We camped on the battlefield two nights, and then moved up two miles nearer to Santiago de Cuba, establishing a camp which we will probably hold until the final assault. We march out and do our scouting sentry and outpost duty and then come back to camp. We are pretty close to the city. I think a big battle is imminent.

Several funny things happened during the fight. An insurgent major boarded our transport before we landed, and after looking us over said we were a fine looking lot of fellows, but we needed machetas like his to cut our way through the Spaniards. During the fight he was seen "cutting his way" to the rear, and using his machete to beat his horse over the back. He has not been seen since.

The camp is now full of newspaper correspondents, and I suppose you have a better description of the fight than I have given, but devilish few of them were as near to the Spanish guns as your Uncle Fuller and the rest of the boys from Graham County. Tuttle was out on a scout yesterday with "Teddy" Roosevelt and five other "Terriers." We are all, with the exception of Stark, feeling pretty well. Grub is scarce, but we are good rustlers. A Spanish newspaper, printed since the fight, came into camp this morning. It stated that there were 60,000 Americans and 5,000 Spaniards in the fight. That our loss was 5,000, and theirs 250. In truth there were but 900 Americans in the scrap. The Lord only knows how many Spaniards there were. The Rough Riders tramped them out of the brush, and the 10th Cavalry killed them as they ran. That's about the style of it.

Trooper Rawhide.
(A. D. Webb).

TROOPER RAWHIDE

**MORE OF HIS EXPERIENCES AND OBSERVATIONS IN
FRONT OF SANTIAGO.**

**MANY HARDSHIPS ENDURED. DEATH AND BURIAL
OF "BUCKY" O'NEILL. THREE DAYS OF HARD FIGHT-
ING. GRAHAM COUNTY BOYS WHO TOOK PART.
TROOP A IN FRONT.**

(Special Bulletin Correspondence)

In the trenches before Santiago de Cuba, July 17, 1898.

Since my last letter the people of Arizona have probably become satisfied regarding the motive which prompted some two hundred young men in the cactus territory to throw up good jobs and respond to the president's first appeal for Americans to come to the front. We have been tried in a manner almost unknown to volunteers, and I will leave it to future historians to say if we have been found wanting.

The battle has been fought; the enemy made to humbly sue for peace, and on the roll of honor Arizona has some fifteen names of men who fearlessly laid down their lives at their country's call; and in the hospitals and on the convalescent list about twenty more may be found, who bear the marks of Spanish bullets and shells. In the hospitals may be found a dozen more, equally brave men, who are victims of the deadly fever and other diseases, brought on by the fearful privation and exposure we have been compelled to undergo. We have suffered heavy loss, the worst being in the death of Capt. "Bucky" O'Neill, than whom a braver man never led soldiers to battle. Standing erect, midst a storm of bullets, laughing and joking with his men, he met his death as other heroes have met theirs before him. He was buried near the spot where he fell by his own men, two of whom had stood guard over his remains from the moment he was shot until his body was tenderly laid to rest. No parson was there to tell of the nobleness of his character, and his funeral dirge was the whistle of bullets and the scream of shells. "Bucky" is dead, but death will close the eyes of the last trooper who fought under him ere he is forgotten.

The battle of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd of July has been described, no doubt, by far abler writers than myself, and is now almost an-

cient history in the United States, so I will not attempt a description. "A" troop was there from start to finish. We were sent out alone at daybreak to make a scout to a point some two miles to the left of the line. Without breakfast we started cheerfully and scouted a country where we could all have been ambushed and killed at any time had the enemy been in that direction. The only thing we saw, however, was some skulking guerrillas, who got out of the way before we could shoot them.

Arriving at a high point your correspondent, Archie Tuttle, Frank Paxton and a few others, who had been sent on ahead as skirmishers, had a fine view of the bombardment preceding the assault. We could see the great 8-inch shells as they soared through the air, both from our own and our enemy's guns, and could follow those we could not see by the peculiar hissing screech which once heard will never be forgotten. When it was found the enemy could not be dislodged by cannonading, we were recalled to the regiment to take part in the assault. On our way back we passed a band of Cuban soldiers who had apparently been hiding in a deep ravine. A shell had found them out, however, and one of their number lay dead while two more were groaning by the side of the trail we were traveling, badly wounded. I stopped and gave one of the poor devils half of the water in my canteen, and I can yet hear the "Gracias, Senor," the poor fellow uttered. Many times that day, with throat parched and burning, I thought of that water.

We soon came up with our regiment and hurried toward the front. It was getting fearfully hot and our clothes were soaked with perspiration. The bullets commenced to whistle about us and the air seemed full of explosive balls used by our enemies. We were seasoned soldiers now, however, and smiled in contempt at the man who ducked his head when one popped near him. When we came to a dead man we simply glanced at him to see if he was an acquaintance, then passed on. We soon came up with the firing line and were ordered to lay down and not shoot, as there were some of the Tenth and First Cavalry between us and the enemy. We lay down in an open field and the sun got in its work to such an extent that two of the men were unable to rise and go on when ordered to advance. Our position was in front of a battery which the enemy were trying to silence with cannon and machine guns. Shells, bullets and all kinds of old scrap iron whistled and screamed over our heads, but we lay close to the ground and escaped with very little injury.

We next moved about one hundred yards nearer to the enemy and took a position along a wire fence by the side of the public road. As we lay in this position we were exposed to a very heavy fire from sharpshooters in the trees. At this point our captain was killed. The death of Captain O'Neill seemed to paralyze the troop, as no one appeared to know what to do. After awhile we lined up with the other troops of our regiment and when the order to advance was given each man in the troop started out to do a little fighting on his own account, to get even with the Spaniards. Wherever the fighting was the hottest that day there could be found men from Arizona in the forefront of the battle. With the dusky warriors of the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry, wherever they charged the enemy could be found the Rough Riders from Arizona. Troop and regimental formation was thrown to the wind; the men were after Spanish blood, and from the fact that some of the members of "A" troop fired from 200 to 300 shots, I guess they got it.

After heights were taken, a continuous fire was kept up until it was so dark we could not see. Then the guns were dropped and the tired troopers rested by working till daylight with pick and shovel, building entrenchments. Such is the account of the doing of the men from Arizona on the 1st of July. On the 2nd, the enemy found us almost as strongly entrenched as themselves. This appeared to make them mad and they opened on us again and tried to shell us off the hill. We refused to leave it, though we lost several men from shells and a few from bullets. The fight was kept up all the 2nd and until noon on the 3rd, when a truce was declared. The Graham County men in the fight were Fred Bugbee, Frank Van Sicklen, Archie Tuttle, A. D. Webb, McCarter, Frank Paxton and C. E. Mills. Bugbee was the only Graham County man wounded, getting a scalp wound from a Mauser bullet. McCarter got a hole in his shirt, and Webb one through his legging.

I have been a long time writing this, but we were nearly dead after the fight, and duty was very heavy and chuck scarce. We are now sparring for points with Yellow Jack. I weigh 145 pounds. The bullet that hit me perforated my legging, took the skin off my shin and made a black and blue spot about as big as a dollar and a half. It is all right now. Griffin and May, from Graham County, are reported sick. Stark is sick in camp here.

It rains every day here, and we are wet all the time. It is a devil of a country to live out doors in.

Trooper Rawhide.
(A. D. Webb).

TROOPER RAWHIDE

WRITES HIS LAST LETTER FROM CUBA. THE ARIZONA BOYS TIRED AND SICK.

The following interesting letter from Troope Rawhide was written in camp near Santiago a short while before the Rough Riders sailed for Long Island.

Santiago de Cuba, August 4, 1898.

We have now been lying in this "recuperation" camp for seventeen days, and for a "healthy" location to go to and rest up in, it is a selection worthy of the mighty brain and ponderous intellect of even a commanding general of the United States' Armies. I don't believe there is a blessed soul among the four hundred-odd Rough Riders, who constitute the remnant of a regiment on this island but who has been sick for a greater or less period of time since we pitched our tent on this healthy (?) campground, excepting, perhaps, a few commissioned officers who go to town, four miles away, whenever they please; ride on the bay; eat and drink what they wish, and have a "dog robber" to cook for them while out here in camp. Even some of these gentlemen (by an Act of Congress) have over-played their hands and are lying in town awaiting to get well, or sober, before returning to this sweet-scented camp.

Nearly everyone in camp is fairly putrid with dysentery. Chills come around each day to shake the majority of us to see if we are still alive. When the chills get tired, along comes a most diabolical kind of fever which is warranted to burn a man up entirely in just three hours; it usually stops a trifle short of that spontaneous combustion point, much to the disappointment of the poor victim. Strange as it may seem, though, very few deaths have occurred from natural causes among the Rough Riders so far, but I will make a prognostication that a pestilence will sweep the camp before September 15, if we remain here.

As the people will be interested in the condition of each man from Graham County, and they are probably a fair average of the camp, I will deal with each personally:

Fred Bugbee, shot in the head at San Juan Hill, has recovered from his wound, and has been wrestling with chills and fever until he looks like a spirit from another world.

May and Griffin have been shipped back to the United States. Both reported very sick on the hospital boat.

Wallace Stark is confined to his tent. Doctor unable to diagnose his case. Has not reported for duty for over two weeks.

C. E. Mills, of Morenci, sick in town; don't know how bad.

Frank Van Sicklen, chills and fever; not able to report for duty.

Frank Paxton stood the climate well; been confined to tent only two or three days during the last three weeks.

Archie Tuttle has got fat since landing on the island. The chills and fever, however, have been sparring a couple of rounds with him every other day for the past week, but don't seem to be getting much the best of the contest so far.

A. D. Webb has stood the trip well and with the exception of losing some fifty pounds in weight, through dysentery and violent exercise, is all right, though not so corpulent as in days of yore.

McCarter has stood the campaign fine. He is now in town, and I understand has been detached and is working in a printing office.

That's the way we are hooked up and you can judge for yourself whether the health of the regiment is "wonderful" or not. The hospitals are tents; the whole country is soaked with water; it rains every day; we have nothing worth the name of a tent to shelter us, and yet we are told to keep dry and clean by a lot of jays sent here by the government to masquerade under the name of "doctors" (?).

We drew new uniforms the other day, and what in the name of the master of ceremonies in the infernal region we are going to do with them I do not know. Had there been any more brass buttons and yellow cloth in the United States they doubtless would have been used on these gaudy uniforms. When fully "ragged out" a Rough Rider trooper now looks about like R. Allyn Lewis, Arizona's brave adjutant general, in full dress, and a drum-major rolled into one. There are shoulder straps on the shoulders, a belt, pleats in the back and front, a high gold collar—and buttons, buttons everywhere. One of the boys put his on at once and took a stroll up through the camp. All the regulars saluted him, taking him for a captain at least.

Troop "A" drew these wonderful uniforms shortly after the daily rain, when the "company street" of this gallant troop was about the blackest, dirtiest mud in has ever been my ill-fortune to plant my foot in. It came to within an inch of the top of our government brogans, which have to be laced with extra care to prevent pulling off while en route from one end of the "street" to the other. A pair of canvas overalls and a blue woollen shirt is good enough for me to campaign in Cuba with, and I think I voice the sentiment of every enlisted man in the Rough Rider Regiment when I say it is good enough for all of us. Personally, I will say that it is my belief that if the United States wishes to make jack-asses out of its soldiers, it should load them down with something besides dress parade suits of clothes that will be spoiled before we get a chance to put them on.

There are all kinds of rumors afloat. Some say we go to Porto Rico, others that we will be sent to the United States shortly, while still others say we are going to stay here and make a campaign of the island. They can send us to the devil, so far as I am concerned, if they will only move us from these fever-soaked hills around Santiago de Cuba.

Trooper Rawhide.
(A. D. Webb).