

**WITH THE 13TH
MINNESOTA IN
THE PHILIPPINES**

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With the 13th Minnesota in the Philippines by John Bowe

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JOHN BOWE

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THE PHILIPPINES**

With the 13th Minnesota

In the Philippines

BY

JOHN BOWE



"Ahl when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,
In foreign harbors shall behold
That flag unrolled,
'Twill be as a friendly hand
Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories sweet and
endless."

-Henry W. Longfellow.

Dedication.

To those comrades in the Minnesota Regiment with whom it was my good fortune to be associated, this book is respectfully dedicated by the author.

PREFACE

THIS BOOK is written from the diary of a private soldier, who desires to commemorate the deeds of the American soldier in the Philippines, and who has tried to write facts as they were rather than smooth over and make more readable the harsh incidents of the soldier's life. It has no official sanction and is not published by permission of the officers of the regiment, but if accepted and found worthy of your perusal, it may show the soldier's life as it was and lead to a better understanding of the life of "The Boys in Blue."

THE AUTHOR.

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With the 13th Minnesota in the Philippines.

CHAPTER I. CAMP LIFE IN MINNESOTA.

Minneapolis, Minn., April 2, 1898.

The Maine lies at the bottom of Havana Harbor, and hearing that we might possibly have a war with Spain, I went down to the Armory, on Eighth street, Minneapolis, to see what the boys thought about the matter. Got acquainted with Captain Diggle, of Company B, who declared that war was certain, and inquired why I did not enlist. Told him I would have no objection, provided the regiment went into active service, but would not care to enlist for garrison duty.

"Well," he replied, "you think it over and come around tomorrow and I'll fix you out."

I went around the next day and Corporal Rising grabbed me and said:

"Captain told me about you. Come up and sign the roll."

So I wrote down my John Hancock, and was enrolled into Company B, First Regiment, N. G. S. M., and was fixed—plenty. Was then put through the foot movements by energetic national guardsmen, and next day was taken to the Quartermaster's Department, and told to fit myself out with a uniform. A number of men were there separating themselves from their civilian clothes and choosing others from a miscellaneous collection of old and new uniforms that were lying around. Being of a thrifty turn of mind I introduced myself to a new suit of regimentals, and thought they would be good enough to be killed in. They attracted the attention of a good looking fellow, who I afterwards learned was Private Smaby, who had just come up from Memphis to join the regiment and he was telling me the clothes fit like the paper on the wall, when the Quartermaster Sergeant, "Aunty Bates," came along and snapped out, "There you take off that suit and get into one of these old ones."

Well, I supposed I had to obey, so I divested myself of the clothing, but kept my eye on it.