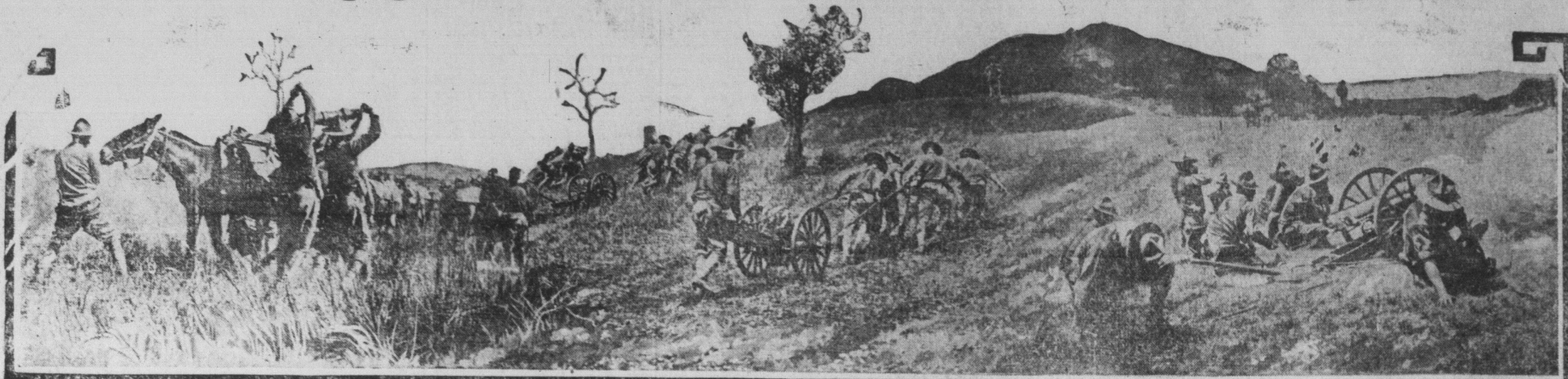


True Tales of Adventure

Lost in Hills of Pampanga With a Philippine Mountain Battery.



The Guns Are Unpacked From the Mules and Assembled Back of the Crest for Concealment and Then Pulled up by Hand.

My Battery Unpacking the Guns to Go into Action Near Capas, Tarlac Province, Philippine Islands, January, 1912.

The Little Gun Assembled and in Action. Notice the Long Recoil of the Gun in the Cradle, Capas, Tarlac, Philippine Islands, January, 1912.



Captain Davis' Battery Going Through Tall Grass.



A Part of the Only Available Trail Through Which Captain Davis' Battery Had to Pass.



Crossing the Bamban River on the Way to Mount Pinatubo, Pampanga, Philippine Islands.



Detachment Halted on the Trail. Lieut. Odell Making Field Notes.



Negritos in a War Dance Just Before the Chase, Pampanga Province, Philippine Islands.

THROUGHOUT its long and brilliant history, England's army, which of European force, the army of the United States most resembles, has relied, to a degree which outsiders have regarded as alarming, upon the proverbial "luck of the British army." The American soldier does not believe in luck, neither leaves he anything to chance. While there has been more discussion in military circles about skeleton battalions and isolated army posts which prevent cohesive maneuvering of the nation's troops, there has come to light the inside story of an expedition participated in by one of the only two mountain batteries in the United States Army. Few Americans ever heard of this branch of the artillery as—of the service, whose equipment is known as "screw guns" in the British army.

One battery is on duty with Major General William H. Carter's forces in Texas. The other is in the Philippines. On the island of Luzon, of that archipelago, it was this latter which furnished proof of the remarkable versatility of the American soldier of today, a quality which sets at naught many conditions which provoked the critical discussions.

The story was told in brief, in an interchange of anecdotes outside the officers' field mess in the recent provisional artillery encampment at Montanak Point, by Captain Robert Davis, who but shortly before relinquished command of the mountain battery in the Philippines. Although told with the customary modesty of a soldier whose association with danger has changed his viewpoint of big accomplishments, as others regard them, the tale held enough thrill to cause a general demand for details.

Tucked away in the shelter of the foothills of the Zambales, a range of mountains whose jagged peaks rear themselves many thousands of feet above the China Sea on the west coast of Luzon, the largest of the Philippine Island group, is Camp Stotsenburg. Reaching into the snow clouds high above its fellows of the range is a rugged peak called Mount Pinatubo, its rocky ledges and crannies holding snow for many months of the year, some six thousand feet above sea level.

"Early last year," said Captain Davis,

boo tree, so bent as to throw the spear down the trail with terrific force when the 'spring' is released by the prey.

"Advancing as we were on our hands and knees, in all probability one at least of us would have been slain but for my Lieutenant's vigilance. Our advance continued at the 'crawl' until darkness overtook us, when we huddled together, tired and hungry, scraping together such dry leaves and twigs as we could find, with which individually to cook our bacon. All night long, the nooks and crannies of the mountain, upon whose slopes no white man had yet set foot, resounded to the weird calls of the Negritos informing one another in this strange manner of our presence. From tribe to tribe the message was passed, and it will be long before I forget the unearthly echo.

"After putting out our fires we closed in into a sitting position back to back, forming a circle. All night long we could hear the dead leaves crack as the little apelike hillmen, whom we could not see, moved round and round our tiny encampment, always reminding at a respectful distance from our ready forty-fives. At the first signs of dawn we aroused ourselves from such scant slumber as the circumstances of the night had afforded and prepared ourselves for further hard work.

"While boiling our coffee we were attracted by much monkeylike, monosyllabic chatter, which suddenly became hushed as suddenly we heard quite distinctly—'Hoo-ah, Hoo-ah, Americanos, Americanos.' Carefully observing that one of the men had his holster flap unhooked, I replied, 'Oos, Americanos, Amigos,' meaning in poor Spanish, worse Pampangan and worse Negrito, 'yes, we are American soldiers, and we are friendly.'

"Right up to the village grass began to grow, and a few yards away out came the Negritos, an ingenious device, made to look like a spear, but in fact a pointed spear fastened to a growing branch, were confronted by real mountain

Negritos—wild, savage cannibals; eyebrows pulled out, teeth filed to points, and naked except for fibrous skirts. Their bodies were decorated with weird figures, done by burning with hot bamboo charcoal.

"As they stood grinning at us their animal-like, restless eyes shone with anger and surprise and, above all, catlike watchfulness. These little men could climb trees as easily as we ascend steps. In trees they assume a squatting position to rest, for all the world like monkeys. Later we saw one Negrito, hurrying toward some sighted game, throw himself headlong to a tree limb, and there hang by his feet and knees in some ecstatic manner while he sent poisoned arrows whizzing into the thicket beyond. They are never to be found minus their ever ready bows and arrows.

"When they found that we could not be disengaged from continuing our journey to the mountain top they brought to us a solemn looking member of their tribe, who was dignified in the possession of a remarkably large negligee shirt and a profound salute he managed to convey the information that he was one Sal-sal, a mountain policeman, duly appointed as such by the President of the municipality of Bamban.

"He acted as our guide to where he indicated the limit of safety for him and his people was.

"That night the guides came to me and declared that they could go no further. I saw that they were suffering from great fear, but I assured them that they would receive protection and that it was too late to turn back. That night, however, they deserted us and we were compelled to push forward by finding tracks ourselves. The weather was now rainy and very cold, and our rations were becoming unpalatable.

"The fox hid the peak of Pinatubo from sight. Above and below us were mountains of savage activity, although we were un-

stream. The scenery here was magnificent.

"While trying to cut steps here Lieutenant Odell fell thirty feet and was prevented from going to the bottom by Sergeant Barnico, who caught him by the shirt. Odell was shaken and somewhat bruised. Returning up stream some distance, the detachment halted on a sandy bar while reconnaissance was made for a trail for the next day. We ate our last meal while some of the men cooked wild beans found along the river bed.

"Miles of marching through water had rotted the soles from my shoes, so that I was practically barefoot. Lieutenant Odell had fever and still suffered from the effects of his fall, while we all were famished with hunger and showing signs of the recent hard work. When we lay down to sleep I realized that we must make our base camp or the lowlands tomorrow. If we do not get our bearings at noon all impediments will be thrown away in order to march more rapidly.

"Eighth Day.—We got an early start from camp. Some had coffee, others nothing. The trail led southeast over the high banks into a dense undergrowth. A good time was made until we reached a deserted Negrito village. Every one fell to digging emmets to satisfy his immediate hunger and to provide for the rest of the day.

"The trail then ran out and it became necessary for us to advance slowly, hole in hand, cutting and crawling, fox by foot. We had no idea where we were, and in such a jungle a compass was of no use. All we could do was to cut our way eastward in the general direction of the lowlands. We followed a small dry draw covered with bamboo, hoping it would gradually enlarge and bring us to water. It led us abruptly into a deep canyon which was dry and whose walls were high and straight. Our hopes were raised as we moved painfully down the canyon to what appeared to be an outlet for us. We came instead to a sheer cliff forty feet in height.

"One of the detachment carried a rope. With this and bejuna vines Sergeant Barnico was lowered to the bottom and instructed to proceed down the canyon until an outlet was found. He returned in about half an hour and reported that further on there was another cliff of similar formation, but deeper. Having but one rope which the last man to descend would have left, there remained nothing for us to do but pull Barnico up and return through the dreaded jungle to find a hill anywhere from which to get our bearings.

"It was slow, hard work, but Lieutenant Odell called out 'Canino!' which to us meant that a trail had been found. Following this trail for fifteen minutes, we saw in the distance familiar landmarks which told us that we were approaching the lowlands.

"Thus ends the diary in which Captain Davis has depicted the elating hours of their journey of hardship, privation and suffering, which every member of the expedition endured unflinchingly and with a mutual confidence and faith, and the further descent to the battery encampment and the remainder of the detachment by comparison was uneventful, and a day's