

INTO A HADES OF BULLETS

Rushed the Cowboys and Mountaineers.

Story of a Thrilling Charge Up a Philippine Hill

Told by Francis E. Anspach, a
Heroic U. of M. Boy, Who Lost
Part of His Jaw in the Fierce
and Successful Onslaught.

"My left lower jaw bone? Well, it is no jaw bone at all, for the nigger who got a bead on me planted his bullet well. They operated on me a little while ago, took out the loose bones and bound my face together with wire. Yes, I feel pretty bad, but I can't help admiring the nigger, for he did his work nicely, and from a distance that would have won the respect of even the dogs of the regiment!"

Thus Francis E. Anspach, '98 law, Ann Arbor, began his story of the battle of Calococan. It was there that the brave U. of M. lad almost gave up his life for his country, and although he will bear his disfigurement to the grave, he censures no one for his misfortune, and expresses no regret that he resigned his college career for the sad fate that awaited him at the front.

"The grand ball opened on the night of the 5th of March. To our left was the Twentieth Kansas and two pieces of the Utah battery, and further to the left 800 marines from Dewey's fleet with four machine guns and Krag-Jorgensen. To our right was the Third artillery, with field guns, and lying in the trenches between were we of the First Montana volunteers.

"The night was dark, and the heavens were filled with a dense army of lowering clouds that covered the scene with a deep, impenetrable gloom. Now and then, from my vantage point on the summit of the trenches, I could catch a glimpse of distant, fiery flashes cutting the blackness over where Aguirre lay.

"Toward midnight the skies on the left seemed to be at ease. We could hear the bugle-call in the lines of the Twentieth Kansas, and a little later the sleeping men of the Montana vol-

unteers, but the fallen Montanas and Pennsylvanians had been removed. The country surrounding us was still alive with the murderous, treacherous blacks, and from the jungle the insurgent sharpshooters still picked an occasional man with their Mausers.

"It was an ill-fated hour that climbed the upper trench of the hill of Calococan. The adjoining country for miles about, the jungles, the forests and the towns, were spread before me in one vast panorama, and away over to the left I could catch a glimpse of our old camping-ground, and Dewey's 800 marines. I heard the spat of a bullet below me, but I thought it was spent.

"Then there came a wicked little buzz, like that of an angry bee, and I looked down in the jungle to catch a glimpse of the nigger who had aimed his Mauser so close.

"What next?
"A Mauser, a strong Mauser, has a funny sound, and you can hear it singing as it comes. Of course I couldn't dodge, and when it struck I felt cold. There wasn't much pain, only a dead, cold sensation that seemed to make the jungles, the plain and the forests whirl all into one.

"Then I seemed to be falling, but I could feel no jar when I struck the ground. There was one little place that pained me, but I couldn't locate it, and as I sank off into oblivion I heard a voice say:

"It's hell, fellows, to have your face shot off, like this!"

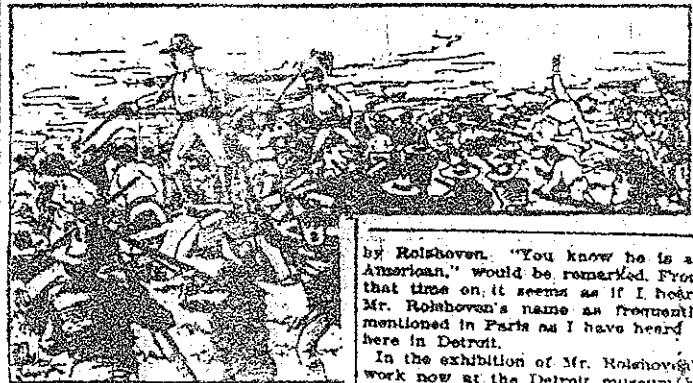
J. OLIVER CURWOOD.

FAMOUS IN PARIS.

JULES ROLSHOVEN'S PAINTINGS
AT THE ART MUSEUM.

A reputation in one's home city is very gratifying, to be known throughout one's state, is better; to stand among the first of one's country is to have achieved a large measure of success, but to be favorably known in a chosen profession, in many countries is the privilege of few. This enviable position has been attained by Jules Rolshoven, whom Detroit claims as her townsman, although years have elapsed since Mr. Rolshoven has resided here, one of the exigencies of art being that an artist is seldom at home yet is always at home.

In 1890 I realized one of my great desires by visiting for the first time a Paris salon. Out of the dim memories of 1,300 pictures I can still distinctly recall one of a young girl sitting in an arbor, through which the sun shone, causing the leaves to throw fantastic shadows. It was a picture



A PHILIPPINE BATTLE SCENE.
Drawn from the account of Frank Anspach, U. of M.

by Rolshoven. "You know he is an American," would be remarked. From that time on, it seems as if I heard Mr. Rolshoven's name as frequently mentioned in Paris as I have heard it here in Detroit.

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unteers were awakened. The night grew darker and darker. A spent bullet struck somewhere near us, and two or three men gave a nervous little laugh. Then another followed, and a comrade grasped his arm with a sharp, subdued cry.

"It's not bad," he assured us, nervously. "Curse the nigger."

"Genl MacArthur is with our regiment," someone whispered. "An' he's ordered the Pennsylvanias alongside us. What 'ell does it mean?"

"We could now hear the distant firing on the left, but indistinctly. There were big fires somewhere off in the forest, and we wondered if the town was burning. A little after midnight the Pennsylvanians quietly took up their position in solid marching order beside the anxious Montanas, and both regiments were given orders to lie upon their arms until it became lighter. At 1 o'clock the clouds cleared away, and almost simultaneously the desultory firing on the left ceased entirely. A few minutes after dawn the Montanas and the Pennsylvanians moved side by side over the trenches toward the town.

"It's to Hell We're Going."

"Our outer breastworks were at the edge of a woods; before us was an open space of 400 yards and then came the jungles and the barricades of brush and briars. In the woods and back in the open the insurgents were entrenched as thick as bees.

"It's to hell, we're going," grumbled a cow-puncher at my side, for you know our regiment was made up mostly of cowboys and mountaineers. "Or else the hell," he added.

"It's to the hell," I replied. The early morning was misting hot in the jungle, but we hardly noticed it. Our comrades, the Pennsylvanians, were on our right and a little in the lead, and it was they who first opened on the hill with a thunder that made the ground tremble. Then the Montanas joined, and with the rough, wild shouts of the westerners and the continuous cheers of the easterners rising with a roar that drowned the fire of the infantry, the two regiments charged up the hill.

The summit was protected with a small, thick wood, and from the outer edge of it the blacks poured such a sheet of lead into us that it seems marvelous there is one left to tell the tale. On we advanced, unwaveringly, and before us, from the woods, the



FRANCIS E. ANSPAUGH.
The U. of M. student whose jaw was shot away at the battle of Cebu.

trenches and the jungles alongside's blacks seemed to rise like mountains. Here is where it was noted that when an American shoots he generally kills something, for they fell like trees before the scythe.

An Ill-Fated Climb.

At noon the fight was over. The ground was covered with dead nig-

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