



13th Minnesota Volunteer Infantry, Philippine Islands

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ALBUM
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1898. Manila, Philippines.
Philippine Islands.
Spanish-American War 1898.

May 1898.

View of the bridge
from the water.





1843









SUNDAY APRIL 5, 1925



SUNDAY APRIL 5, 1925



Charles & family





SUNDAY APRIL 5, 1925

No 53

Charles E. Meece





SUNDAY APRIL 5, 1925



Charles E. Allen.



SUNDAY APRIL 5, 1925



Charles E. Metz.





SUNDAY APRIL 5, 1925



Charles E. Metz.

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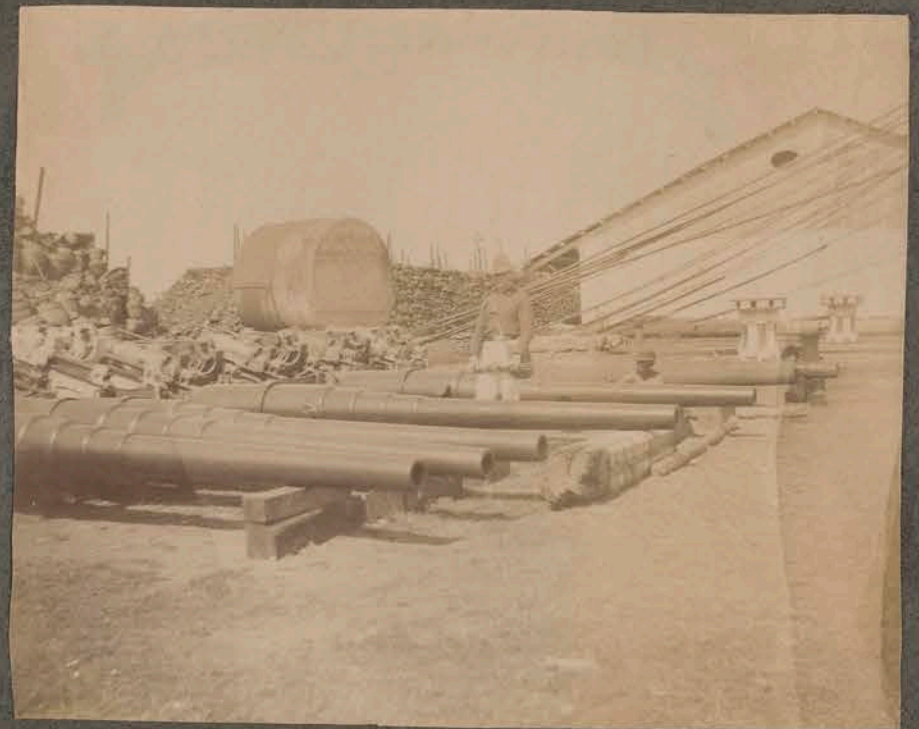


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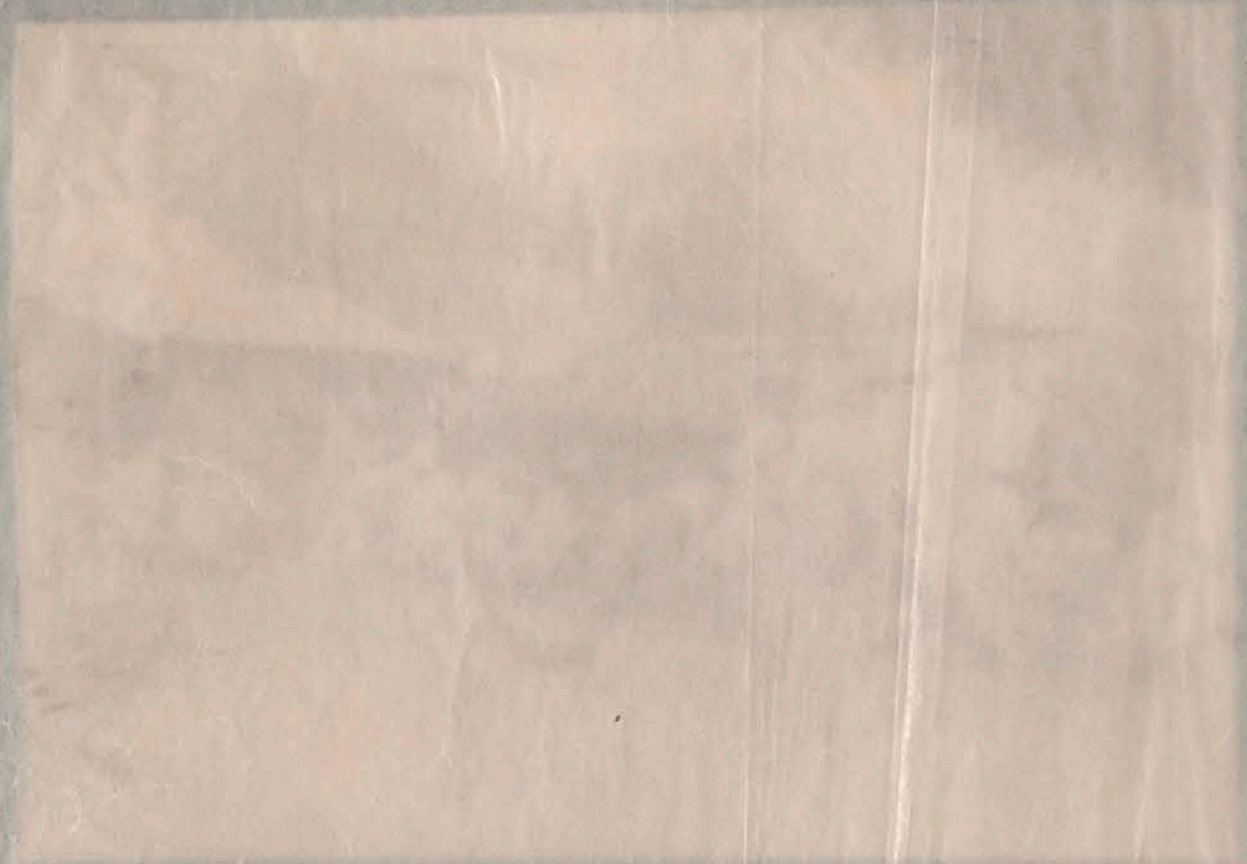
Charles R. Metz.



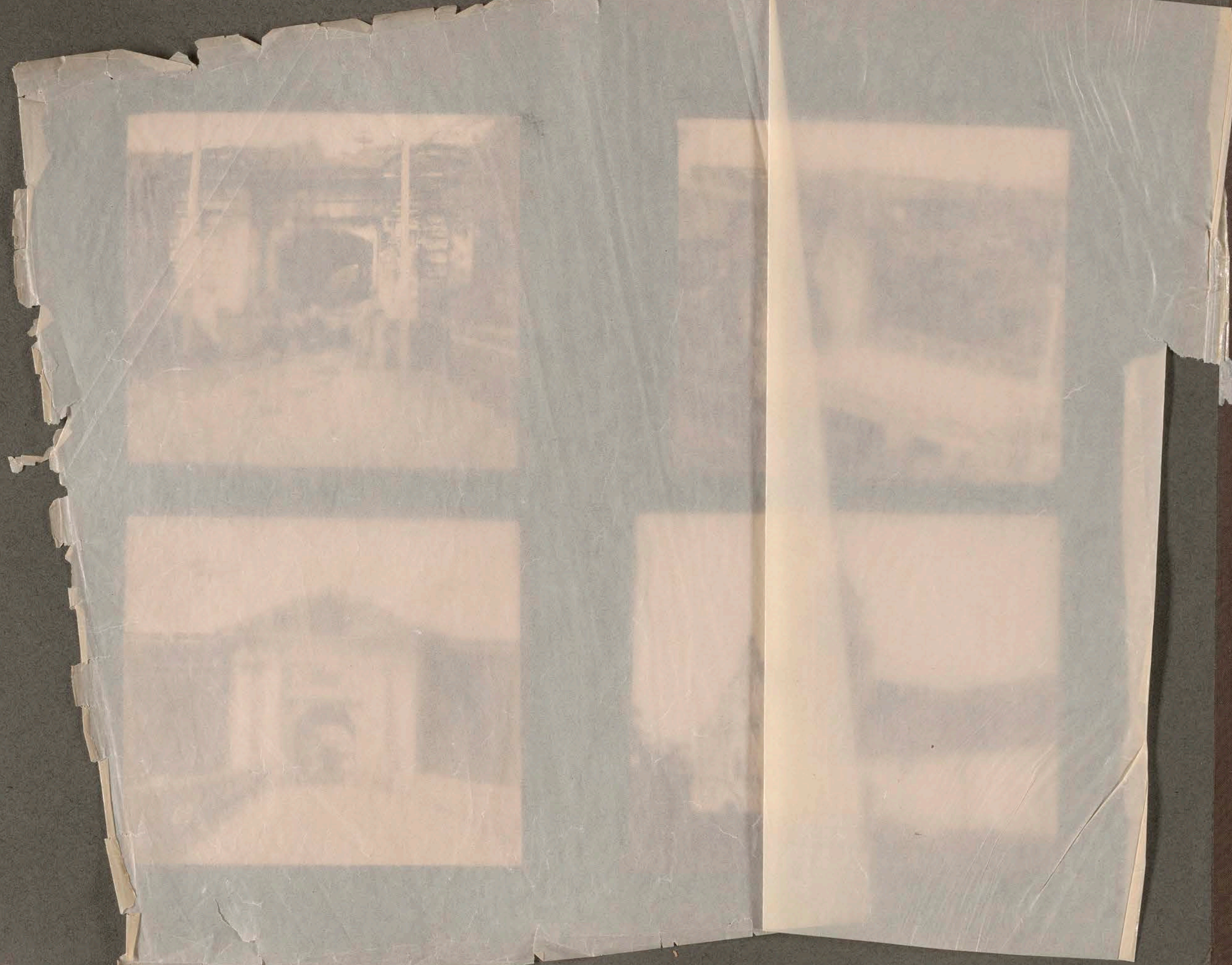






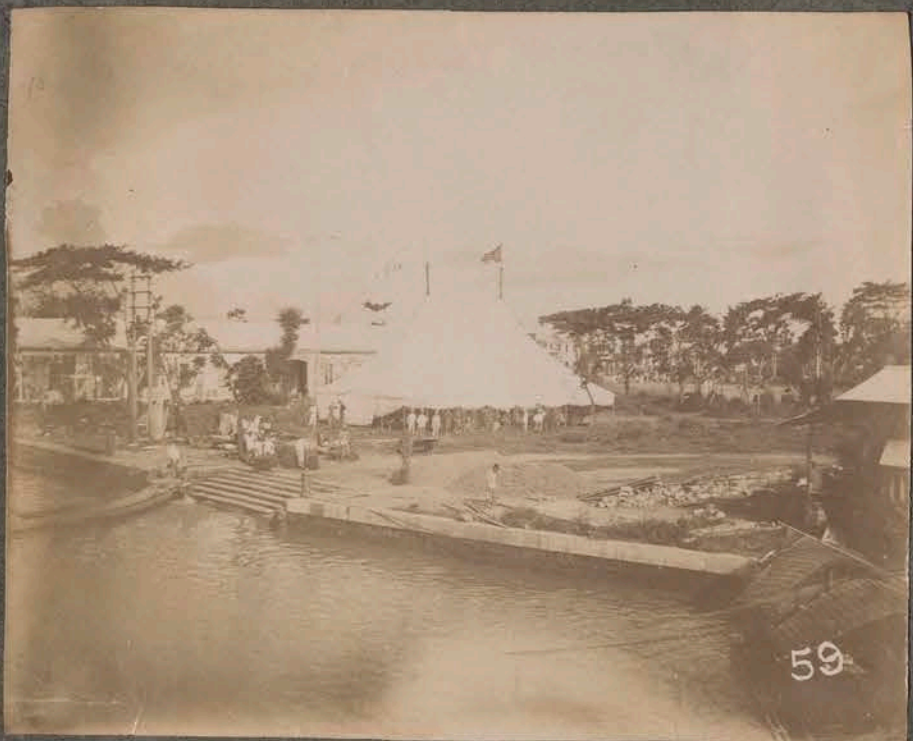






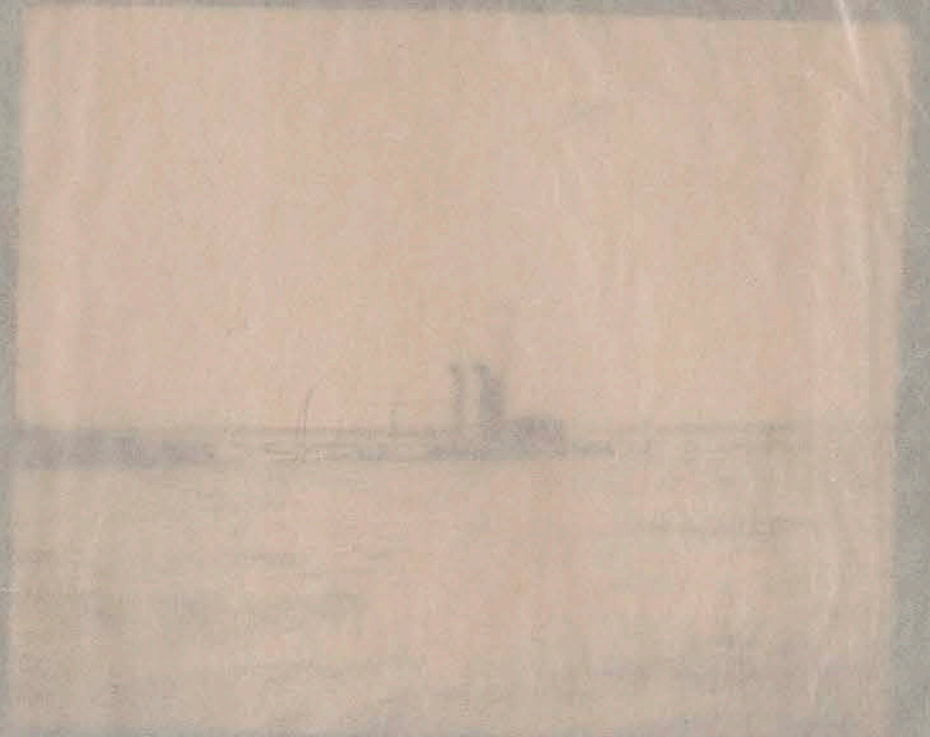
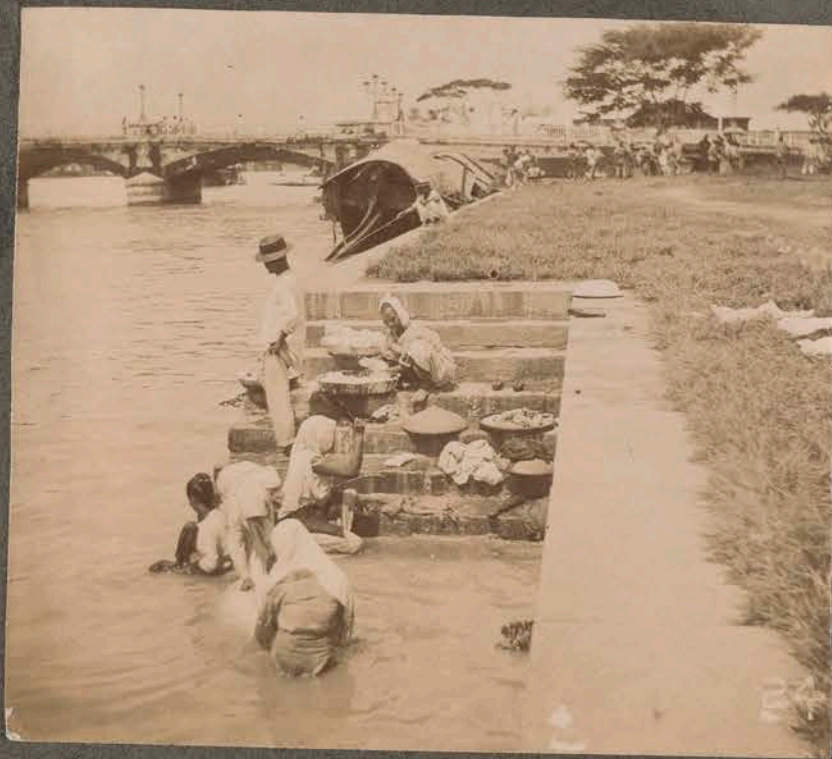


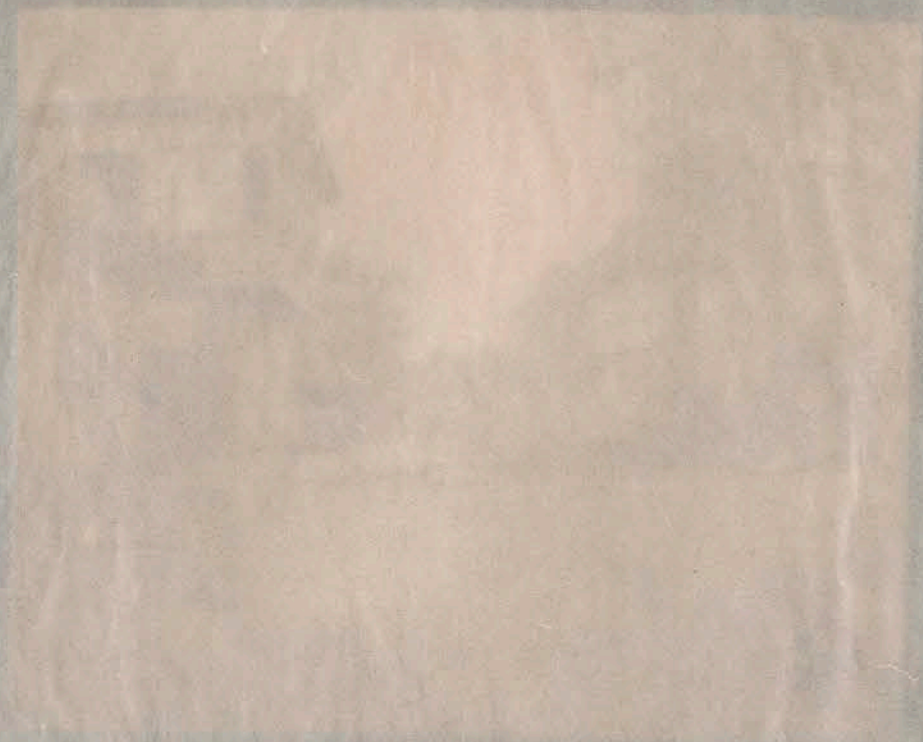


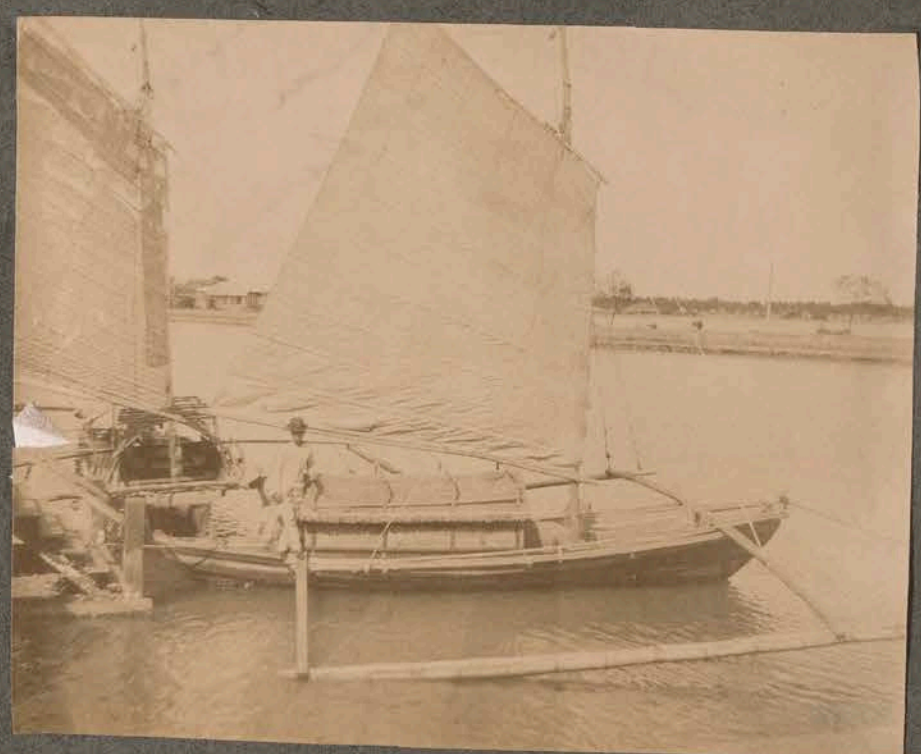


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of fire before the encircling walls and the forbidding
moats of Old Manila. Forty-three years! The youth
with which you set forth upon your mission, heads
high and hearts courageous, has given way to trium-
phant age; your heads are white, your faces lined,
your steps less firm, but your souls are as strong and
brave as in the morning of your lives.

Again I salute you, my comrades, confident and
proud that you can still say with sincerity and truth:

"Beyond this land of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade
And yet the menace of the years
Finds—and shall find me unafraid.
It matters not how strait the gate
How charged with punishment the scroll
I am the Master of my Fate
I am the Captain of my Soul."

Yours as always,

"CHRISTIAN BILL" FITCH.



1898-1941

A SALUTE TO THE THIRTEENTH MINNESOTA
VOLUNTEER INFANTRY, U. S. A.

WAR WITH SPAIN AND PHILIPPINE INSURRECTION

The Infantry drills for precision and grace,
With discipline ever the goal;
While neatness, dispatch and true loyalty place
Their mark on the men who enroll.

With pride of the outfit instilled in the mind,
And muscles all under control,
Commands are obeyed—no matter what kind,
Nor what is exacted as toll.

No wonder the "Thirteenth" was rated so high!
'Twas drilled until every man knew
Each motion that counted, and also just why
It pays only right things to do.

The Regiment served with distinction and then,
When war was declared at an end,
The boys volunteered for McKinley again—
Our new land they helped to defend.

That year in the Philippines proved that the boys
Had all that it takes to make good—
The hardihood, grit and the stuff war employs.
They had it, or get it they would.

The record they made brought words of high praise—
Review by the President, too—
But service once finished they promptly sought ways
The duties of peace to pursue.

Those fond recollections of duties well done,
And comradeships ever so true,
Just prove that their laurels were honestly won,
Salute them, for honors are due!

COMRADE W. A. JONES,
President, 13th Minn. Reg'tl Ass'n.

SUNDAY APRIL 5, 1925

1898-1941

AN ADDRESS TO HIS COMRADES OF THE
13th MINNESOTA VOLUNTEERS



"THAT OLD GANG OF MINE"
After 33 Days with Gen. Lawton in Northern Luzon,
P. I.

By WILLIAM C. FITCH
Historian



Given at a re-union of his comrades at Los Angeles,
California, August 13th, 1940, and read to his own
company at their 44th Annual Roll Call and Muster
at St. Paul, Minn., April 15th, 1941.

See Concurrent resolution No. 11

COMRADES:

April 10, 1941.

I have the summons sent out by our President and Secretary for the 44th Annual Muster and Roll Call of our Company D at the Ryan Hotel in St. Paul on April 15th. Again it will be impossible for me to join you in person, but I assure you that I shall be there in spirit as I always am at any function participated in by my old comrades. (I answer "Here" as my name is called by our old Top Sergeant, Alex Kahlert.) It has never been possible for me to adequately express my sentiments toward them and toward the organization of which we are so justifiably proud, and on this occasion I feel that I can do no better than to incorporate in this message an address that I made at a re-union of the 13th Minnesota Regiment veterans who are residing in California at their meeting in Los Angeles on August 13th last:

Comrades—Veterans—Patriots!

I am deeply impressed by your Chairman's gracious introduction and your own generous greeting, particularly because I know as perhaps even you yourselves may not fully realize that your welcome is no mere perfunctory gesture of hospitality toward a comrade who has come to break bread with you at this almost sacred re-union, but is in reality the unconscious expression of your fraternal sentiment toward any man about whom cluster your precious memories of a never-forgotten and a never-forgettable past. You do not thus recognize as an individual the obscure High Private in the Rear Rank whom many of you do not even know: he is but a symbol. What you really indicate is your soul's veneration of high and noble ideals which you seem to see embodied in every companion of your Philippine campaigns—your own wistful reverence of the spirit that incorporates all that you were, and all that you are, and all that you hope to be.

I salute you, my comrades. For you the deep and enveloping shadows along life's rugged pathway have inevitably and inexorably lengthened, but your approach to the great rendezvous just beyond the colorful splendor of the setting sun is no less bold and confident than was your steady advance upon the mediaeval walls of Old Manila and into the tropical pestilence of Northern Luzon. The casualties of the years become increasingly greater and greater, but you who remain to carry on life's battle calmly close your ranks and move forward without dismay to the fulfillment of your destiny. You are still inspired by the memory of youth's glorious morning when you were privileged to have a worthy part in great events; when you bore the American flag across earth's mightiest ocean and planted its indestructible staff deep in the soil of an outraged land; when you represented in very truth the idealism of your country. "The cause of freedom is the cause of God."

Yours is a wonderful heritage: you are citizens and soldiers of the greatest Republic of all time and heirs of the indomitable courage and the unconquerable spirit that made it what it is. Your fore-bears wrought and builded not for themselves alone, but for you and all posterity. They struggled for liberty—and achieved it; for freedom of government and of conscience, and in one titanic conflict for freedom of twelve million human beings from the tragic and

horrible thralldom of actual physical slavery. Because of their deeds America is now the land, and in these bewildering times perhaps the only land, of liberty and individuality and happiness.

Your own special military heritage is no less significant and distinguished. When America's war for political and religious independence raged the Atlantic coast there was no civilization west of the Allegheny mountains, but when her war for preservation of the Union and freedom of the slaves began Minnesota had already been three years a state. And it was the infant Minnesota that gave to Abraham Lincoln the very first citizen-soldiers that were offered for service in that terrible internecine strife, the valiant First Minnesota Volunteer Infantry—your own illustrious Thirteenth Minnesota Regiment notwithstanding its different numerical description. Perhaps there was for you at the Battle of Manila, where you suffered more casualties than all other troops combined, some mystic inspiration from that other battle field at Gettysburg where the First Minnesota lost eighty-two per cent of its men in a charge which historians declare to have been one of the most heroic incidents of the Civil War and which made the much-lauded Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava sink into insignificance by comparison.

In eighteen hundred and ninety-eight you men heard and responded to President McKinley's clarion call to arms for the rescue of cruelly oppressed and helpless people and for the eviction of tyranny from its last stronghold in this Western Hemisphere. America declared war with Spain on April seventh, and within three weeks the tramp of your marching feet resounded at the Camp Ramsey rendezvous in St. Paul. When you were there mustered into service on May seventh you had not heard—America had not yet heard—of Admiral Dewey's amazing May Day victory over Admiral Montejó at Manila Bay in which he annihilated the Spanish Navy; indeed, it is doubtful that you had ever even heard of Manila Bay or of the Philippine Archipelago. Admiral Dewey's almost unbelievable triumph and America's occupation of the Philippine Islands changed the whole course of the Spanish War and the entire current of America's world-policy and world-activity. That famous author and columnist, Damon Runyon, who served with you as an enlisted soldier in Company "A" of the Thirteenth, throughout your entire army life, declares that time has disclosed the Spanish War to have been the most important conflict next to the Revolution in which this country ever engaged. He insists that but for that War we would not have now in this cataclysmic and foreboding era our new Gibraltar at Puerto Rico, or our defensive outpost at Guam in the Mid-Pacific, or a friendly Cuba adjacent to our Atlantic shore, and that we might not even have the Panama Canal. Be that as it may, those results were not and could not have been foreseen when you conquered the Spanish army at Manila and stamped out bloody insurrection and potential anarchy in the Philippines. It was in the cause of humanity alone that you participated in thirty-six battles, uprisings, and other engagements under tropical skies and torrential rains, in the home of cholera, smallpox and dysentery, amid untold hardships and privations. Surely you deserve as you have the honor and appreciation of your country.

Forty-three years have passed since your baptism

of life before the sunsets of the world
mounts of Old Mexico, I am sure, the youth
with which you are full, the youth ready
high and hard to the sun, the youth ready
plant age, your youth, the youth of the world,
your steps, now you are the youth of the world
live as if the world were yours.

Agnes, I believe, was an excellent, earnest and
pious girl who had the best of intentions and was

Through the years, I have seen many
Lovers and the beauty of the world
and the beauty of the world
There is a youth, the youth of the world
It is the youth of the world, the youth of the world
How beautiful and beautiful the world
I am the youth of the world
I am the youth of the world

THE YOUTH OF THE WORLD
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Copy of letter from the official Headquarters of General Douglass MacArthur

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS
SOUTHWEST PACIFIC AREA

Office of the Commander-in-chief

Manila, P. I., March 10th, 1945

Dear Mr. Pederson:

It is with great pleasure that I have the privilege to inform you that at General MacArthur's order the 13th Minnesota U. S. Volunteer Infantry's flag has again flown over Manila.

The General was deeply touched by your proffer of the flag that flew over his father's General Arthur MacArthur headquarters in Manila in 1898 and wishes me to give you and your comrades his sincere thanks for your thoughtfulness.

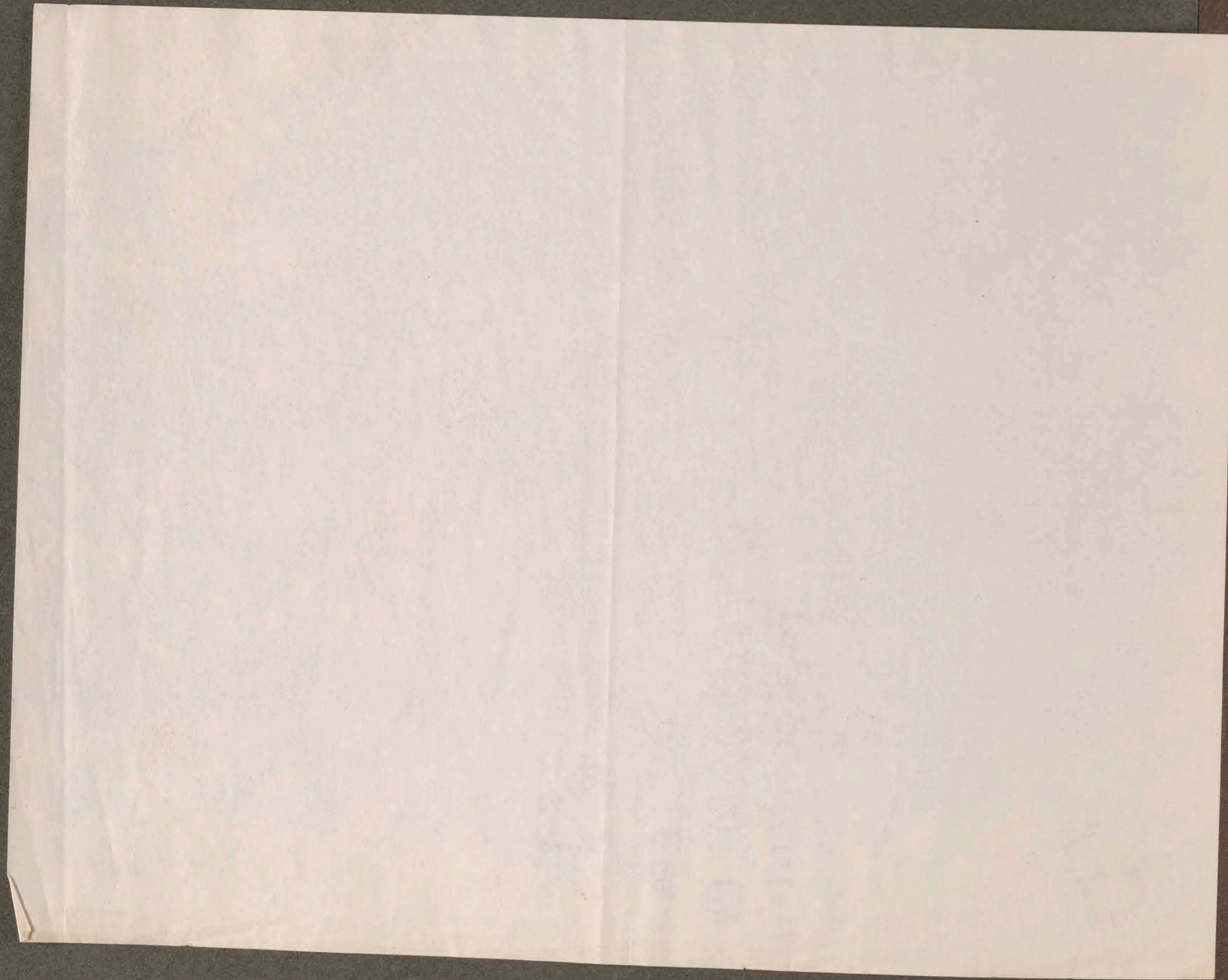
I might add that after flying your flag over Manila, we also carried it to the towns of BOGUE and BALIUG where we noted your unit had fought in 1899, and again unfurled it there.

The General wishes the flag returned to you as requested to be deposited with your State Historical Society, in recognition of the gallant soldiers from Minnesota who have played an equally valorous role in freeing the Philippines from the enemy.

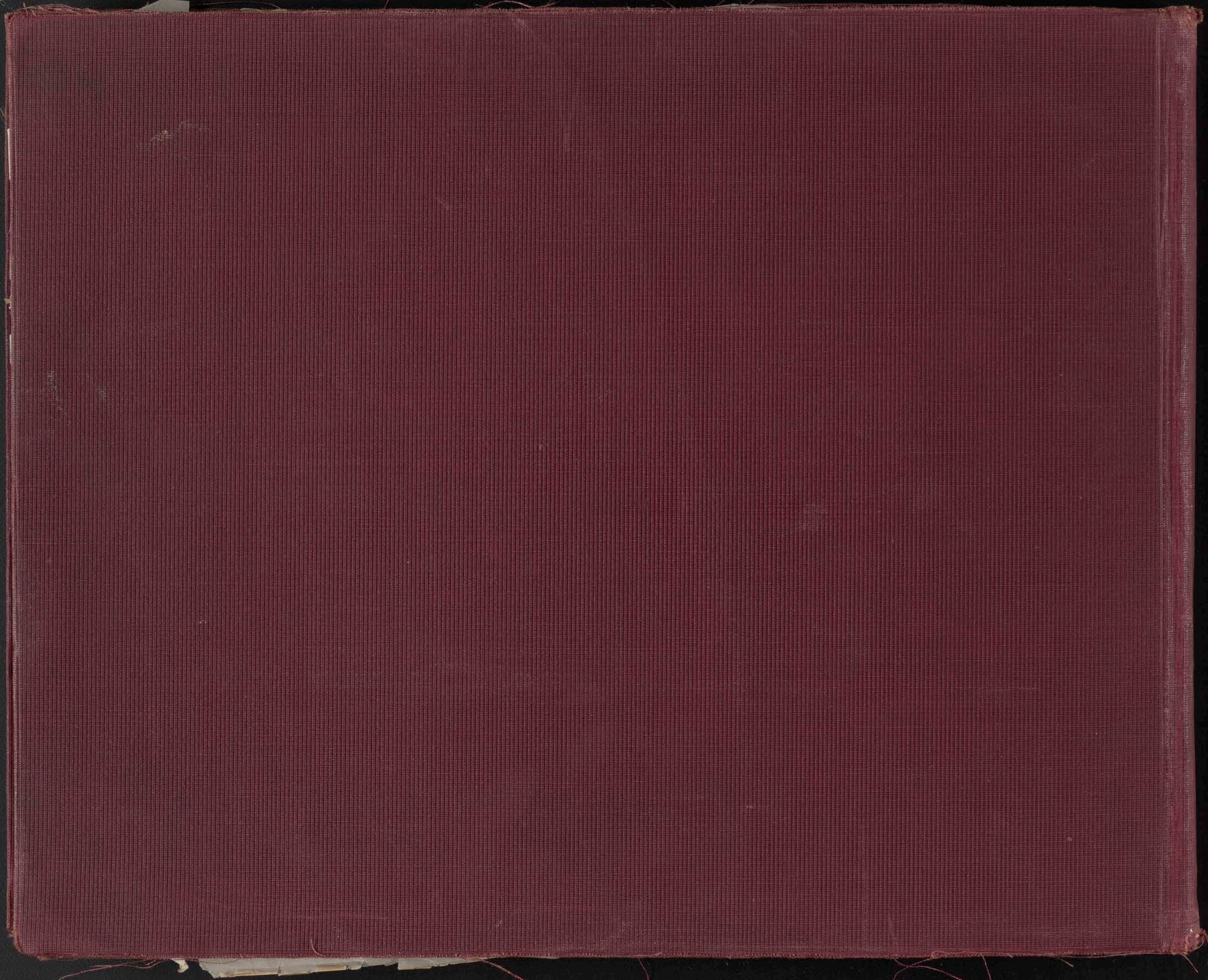
Very faithfully,

Signed _____
LLOYD LEHRBAS,
Colonel-Aide-de-Camp.

To
Mr. F. Bill Pederson, President
Company "D" Veteran Association
13th Minnesota U. S. Volunteer Infantry,
war with Spain and Philippine Insurrection 1898-99,
1705 Lincoln Ave., St. Paul, 5, Minn.



Badger Flexible Album
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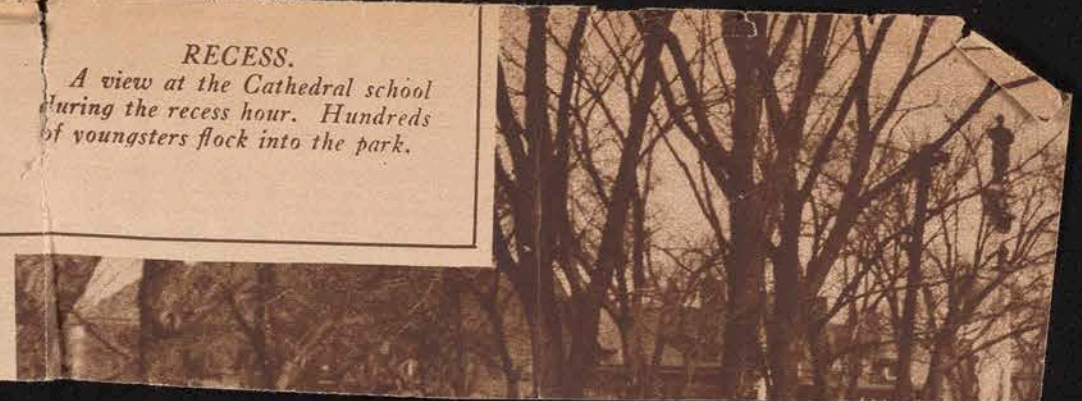
WHISKER CLUB OF OLD 13TH MINNESOTA.

A picture of part of Company D taken at Manila, June, 1899, after a 40-day expedition with Gen. Lawton. This company will hold annual roll call at Dayton's Bluff Commercial club April 10. Left to right, top row, seated—A. M. Nicoll, J. J. Weber, L. H. Lawton. Second row, standing—W. J. Thome, E. E. Schooley, G. A. O'Reilly, F. M. Schutte, F. H. Wesenberg, A. K. Sleeper, Frank Burton, H. E. Heller, C. J. Siebold, M. A. Trenham, John H. Krch, John Hartfield, W. B. Klein, J. A. Kamp, H. W. Whitcomb, E. J. Delaney, Robert Hamp, W. A. Proctor. Front row, seated—J. G. Pohler, A. W. Henschel, R. O. Glanville, H. H. Hillman. Front, center—Capt. Charles E. Metz.



RECESS.

A view at the Cathedral school during the recess hour. Hundreds of youngsters flock into the park.



ST. PAUL DAILY NEWS

Rotogravure

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, SUNDAY, APRIL 5, 1925

PRICE 6 CENTS



ST. PAULITE IN FLORIDA.

Allen Siems catches a giant barracuda near Bimini in the British West Indies. Mr. Siems and Walter Pocock, manager of the Frederic hotel, have just returned from a successful fishing trip. The fish was larger than the pickaninny to whom Mr. Siems gave it. The photograph is by Mr. Pocock.

