

# THE MASSACRE TAWI-TAWI

# THE Sunday CALL

# MAGAZINE SECTION

### HUNTING EXPEDITION THAT BROUGHT DEATH AND DISASTER TO AMERICAN LADS BUT SUMMARY VENGEANCE ON MURDEROUS AND TREACHEROUS NATIVES.

CORPORAL MYGATT halted and grew very cold. The night of the woods was coming on, but there was enough light for him to see a horrid sight. Greathouse, a private in Company H of the Twenty-third Infantry, was the man before him; but—  
Greathouse was carrying his gun oddly—holding it out with one hand as if it were a baton. And his head—  
Mygatt turned sick and for a moment he could not look. Then he went to Greathouse and helped him, for they were brother soldiers.  
Afterward he learned that all that saved the private's head being severed from the body was that the parang belonging to the Filipino assassin was badly nicked and dulled. Five of our strapping young American soldiers had gone for a hunt-

and his ways with the gun. The men of Tawi Tawi had visited our post in Bongao in return and had made polite remarks to the Twenty-third by means of interpreting Moros. So the hunting trip of January promised only pleasure.  
It was nearly dark on Sunday evening when two proas were seen coming toward the lovely little island where our boys first pitched camp. Darkness plunged in quickly after the boats were sighted, and nothing more was thought of them until next morning.

ing trip to Tawi Tawi and the end of the story was that two wounded men and two dead ones were carried back to headquarters at Bongao by the one other of the party.

It is a hideous story—one of the ugliest pages of all our Philippine war's ugly history. It is not a story of battle field bravery, but of treachery and savage murder. It was such a death as no mother's son of them would, in civilized warfare, ever be called upon to die.

The report of the whole affair comes from Captain Sidney A. Cloman, in charge of Company H, and from Corporal Mygatt of the same company. It begins with a seven days' leave of absence and ends with ten dead murderers.  
On the 20th of last January five men of Cloman's company obtained a week's leave and set sail from Bongao, where their post was, for Tawi Tawi, where the shooting is good. They dared do this and felt no fear, because others had been before them and had found friendly natives who took much interest in the American

when ten natives landed from the boats and came to visit our fire. They were met with small comment, for they were to all appearances only a curious lot of idlers, who had come to watch the strange ways of strange people. It was observed, however, that their curiosity went to considerable extent when they followed the hunters to their stopping place at Tawi Tawi and joined them at their camp near the beach.

They appeared to be a good-natured crowd of brown men after all. They left their proas in order to help pitch tents, and it is not the easiest work in the world for those who are not as used to it as Uncle Sam's pupils. But they seemed so reasonable, so friendly; and this was according to the custom of the Tawi Tawi



The Dead Soldiers Avenged.



### The Fight in the Tent.

It was 6 o'clock when a whist game was started. Somebody had to be left out of the game, and that somebody happened to be Corporal Mygatt, who left the tent and went off to the beach for a swim. Eminent Egbert de Wolfe and the private, Webster Gibbons, William Carter and John Greathouse, made up the game. A shuffle, a cut, a deal and all's well. The four men were seated on the ground inside the tent and the cards flickered down on the earth between them and could be heard to fall, for the tent was still. A low card gathered in four hearts and the ace took four more, and then the ace's owner forgot himself for the moment and led hearts a third time with no purpose in mind. He was not thinking of the game, because he was watching one of the natives who stood behind his partner. He thought that a queer little glance of meaning flashed from him to another. But while he was looking, somebody's word of wonder called him back to his foolish play, and when he looked again the native was watching the board as if his one object was to learn what.

All of the Tawi Tawi men, in fact, seemed fascinated by the game. They stood in a group around the players, and they followed the slip of the cards without ceasing.  
It was only a few minutes after the game had begun when Corporal Mygatt heard a scream followed by two shots. Then he guessed in part, but it was all worse than he guessed. He left the water and ran as he had never run before, and when he reached the woods he came upon John Greathouse. The sight of him was something that he will remember after the pictures that he knows of men shot in open battle have grown dim.

The other three men were in the tent. Before he entered it he had in mind the memory of the khaki-clad guard gathered happily about the cards; and of the dark faces, silent and watchful, above them. It was very different now.

On the ground lay Webster Gibbons. His death had been a horrible one. When the native standing behind him drew his parang there was a sharp fight for a few moments, but it was all to no purpose. The report runs in this wise: Private Gibbons was struck on the side of the neck and head, making a hole through the skull five inches long, through which the brain oozed. He reached his gun and fired a shot, but being virtually blind and staggering, it was without effect, and then began a terrible struggle for his gun. Private Gibbons could do no more than struggle barehanded for its possession, while the three natives literally chopped him until he was helpless, when one of them got possession of the gun and shot him below the heart.

De Wolfe was the first victim. The Moro standing behind him pulled a parang. None had known that any of the men were armed. The parang is not especially different from a butcher's cleaver and De Wolfe died instantly. The man behind Webster Gibbons struck



Town of the Water Dwellers.

quickly after the first man's stroke. The murderers worked fast. John Greathouse was struck in the neck, the parang severing the external carotid artery and exposing the internal artery and spine. William Carter made the longest struggle of any. His assailant's aim was faulty, and the edge of the parang turned in its stroke and only a wound in the neck resulted. He might have had no further trouble had he been fairly matched, but against ten murderers, what were his chances? A second Moro came to reinforce the first, and Carter received a blow on the head from a heavy oar. A queer yellow light was before his eyes, flickering and blinding. He could not see or think, but instinct taught him to reach for his gun. A soldier does that unknowingly. Still a third native joined the fiendish slaughter, and his parang fell with perfect aim and full strength, striking into the back. His spine was injured.

Still he kept up the fight. Half-conscious he ran as much as twenty yards to get an ax, and the hands that seized it were stiff and staired, but they held it tight. He gathered up all his strength to strike with the ax, but when he turned the men were making off and he dropped the ax and staggered back against the tent.  
It was 8 o'clock next morning when Mygatt reached Bongao with his burden. Two lonely burials took place near the post on the same day, and then Cloman made ready to find the murderers.  
It is a short story of revenge. Datto Fanton and Datto Sakilan led the faithful Moros who helped to track down the ten. Forty-five men in all made up the party. They reached Bilimbing the next afternoon. There they had the villagers assembled and questioning began.  
The chiefs professed ignorance. They were astonished to hear of the slaughter; they could not imagine who the assassins had been. "If you cannot inform me who they were by to-morrow morning your town will be burned," was Cloman's short announcement.

The result was plenty of talking, plenty of tale-bearing, and in the end discovery. The ten men were prisoners.  
The story of their death is told in Captain Cloman's report. "One of the murderers was then sent with a party to seek some weapons," he writes, "and the other nine were sent with a guard to get wood and water for cooking purposes. In a short time I heard some firing. I sent a detail to investigate this, and they returned with the news that soon after leaving the fort the prisoners had made an ill-advised attempt to escape, but fortunately had all been killed. I sent the hospital steward, who had accompanied the expedition, to treat the wounded, if any, but they were all dead when he reached the spot. Soon afterward the other party of soldiers and Moros returned with the news that the murderer in their charge had also been killed while attempting to escape."

Corporal Mygatt wrote the story of the killing. "Take them out to work. We need wood for our fire. Do not let them escape." These were the captain's orders.

But the wood was lying cut and piled. The prisoners were led to it, and there, huddled in miserable fright, the bullets of Uncle Sam's soldiers peeted down upon them.  
"Not one was left alive," runs the report.

Queen Victoria's Crowns.  
Queen Victoria has three crowns, none of which is used except on extraordinary occasions. The crown which she wore in the last grand reception weighs eight ounces. It is of pure gold and set with 253 diamonds and with 522 rubies. The other two crowns are simple bands of gold, each set with gorgeous jewels. It is one of these latter crowns which is worn when the Queen opens Parliament. When she appears in the House of Lords the large crown is taken from its place among the crown jewels in the Tower of London and borne a velvet cushion ahead of the Queen.

### Flight of the Murderers.

people, who had always been neighborly. It was warm, and the soldiers loafed with the natives near by. The afternoon dragged out in soldier stories and a song or two and much warm laziness. The ten brown men squatted near by and talked in low, unknown words and eyed the Americans with their crafty beast glances, but nobody guessed that they meant harm. Why should they be suspected? The American soldier is an open-hearted fellow, as every one of us knows, and because his way of fighting is the honest way he is not quick to suspect another of treachery. And other natives of the island had been kind.