AMERICAN WOUNDED BAYONETED; 42 MEXICAN DEAD, 39 WOUNDED

Prisoners From Chihuahua Give First Details of Battle of Carrizal; Say Carranza Officer Admits Shooting Wounded American Soldiers; Only 76 Americans in Fight; Two Packers Missing.

WOUNDED American soldiers were shot and bayoneted on the battlefield at Carrizal, prisoners were tied with ropes which cut their skin, they were threatened by mobs, cut on the head by stones thrown at them and all were robbed of everything they possessed by the Mexican soldiers, even to their shoes and leggings, hats and shirts.

This is the composite statement of the 24 prisoners who were released to Gen. Bell at the Santa Fe street bridge shortly after 2 oclock Thursday afternoon. All of the 23 negroes and Lem Spillsbury, the white scout, told practically the same story as to what occurred at Carrizal. Each told it from his particular angle and the negroes added the touch of imaginative color characteristic of their race which made their stories read like tales from old story books. But all agreed upon two things. One was the bravery of the American officers and the other was the cruelty of the Mexicans.

42 Mexicans Killed.

According to the estimate of the released prisoners there were 42 Mexicans killed during the battle and 39 wounded. This was the first estimate of the Mexican losses to be brought to the border as the Carranza officials have refused to divulge the number of their men killed and wounded. The negroes agreed that there were no more than 250 Mexican soldiers engaged in the fight and but 76 American soldiers and officers, ten of the original 86 having been sent back to the base for additional supplies. This includes Spillsbury, who fought with the American soldiers and, according to one of the negroes, killed the machine gun operator who was working his instrument of death waist deep in water of the irrigation ditch at Carrizal. Two civilian packers are still missing and it is feared that they have been numbered among the dead at Carrizal as they were with the column when it went into action and have not been heard of since.

All Agreed on Bayoneting.

The negroes were all agreed as to the bayoneting of the wounded. Several said they had seen the Mexicans stab the American soldiers as they lay on the ground while others told of hearing shots after the battle which one of the Carranza officers told him was the firing squad killing the most seriously wounded.

Dramatic Scene.

The transfer of the Carrizal prisoners at the Santa Fe bridge Thursday afternoon was one of the most dramatic scenes that old structure has staged during the five years of revolution in Mexico. Since noon, when the prisoners arrived in Juarez, the crowds at the bridge had been growing larger until Santa Fe street was blocked back to "The Devil's Elbow," where the street car track turns into El Paso street. A solitary sentinal, a boy of 18, patroled the Mexican end of the bridge and scowled at the American correspondents who ventured too near the line. Far down Juarez avenue a cloud of dust and a crowd of men, women and children were seen approaching the bridge. These were the curious Mexicans outriding the prisoners as they were closely guarded by the double file of Carranza soldiers. At the bridge the first act of the play was starting.

Generals Meet.

Gen. Francisco Gonzales and Carranza consul, Andres Garcia, walked out to the black line across the international bridge which is the boundary line. Gen. George Bell walked out from the American end of the bridge. Gen. Gonzales saluted and was introduced to Gen. Bell. Then an unshaven white man wearing soiled white duck trousers, a faded blue shirt and a white canvas hat with a green brim walked up and joined the group with his roll of blankets under his arm. This was Lem Spillsbury, the Mormon scout.

Weird Procession.

Then came the most weird procession that has ever been seen on the border. Marching erect in spite of their rags and tatters came the American negro troopers of the Tenth cavalry. They marched in perfect time two by two with a flanking line of Carranza soldiers on each side of them. The negroes kept perfect step as they marched onto the bridge while the diminutive Carranza soldiers had to trot to keep up and the fat captain in command sweat at every pore as he dog trotted along with his sword flopping between his legs.

Sergt. Page First.

"Alto" (halt) he shouted, all out of breath. The negroes all stopped at the same time while the Carranza soldiers stopped in bunches. In the front file was a big buck negro—Sergt. Page, troop K, Washington, D. C. He wore a pair of ragged khaki riding trousers, slit at the knee, no leggings, no sox, a pair of shoes with no laces and no hat. His beard was a mat on his dirt caked face. His undershirt had once been white but was a dirty gray and full of holes. But he stood as erect as if on dress parade. As he caught Gen. Bell's eye he raised his right hand to the brim of his imaginary hat in a salute which was followed by a wide grin. Standing beside him was this little, yellow negro—Iva Floyd. The two had been bunkies and had stuck together through the death fire at Carrizal and were the first to cross the line to the United States.

Check Off List.

Gen. Gonzales handed Gen. Bell a list of the negro prisoners. Gen. Bell's aide then started calling the names and as the negro boys answered to their names they stepped forward, crossed the line and were rushed to the immigration detention station for a kerosene bath and fresh clothing. As the negro cavalrymen passed they each saluted Gen. Bell and his staff and were cheered again and again by the great crowd of Americans who had gathered at the bridge approach to see the survivers of the battle of Carrizal.

One Barefooted.

Corp. Luther Alexander of Columbia, Tenn., marched across the bridge barefooted and with only his undershirt and riding trousers. He had been wounded in the right shoulder while raising up from his position in the front file to load and his shoulder had been shattered. For a sling he wore a belt strap and his undershirt was torn away from the wound until half of his black back was showing. He had no hat and his face was covered with a moss like growth of beard. "I got five greasers that I know of," he said, after he had crossed the line. "I was firing carefully like the captain told us to do. I had shot three clips of shells and was just reaching for the fourth when something crashed against my shulder like a house had fallen upon it and I knew I was hit. No one tried to bayonet me as I lay on the ground but I was told by some others that they were witnesses to the bayoneting of many of our boys."

Shot in Arm.

Archie Jones of Troop K, was another of the negro survivers who was shot through the right arm as he was working his rifle. This wound was in the lower arm and had shattered the bone at his wrist.

"The fight was about over when I got hit," private Jones said. "I was laying out without so much as a bush for cover when a bullet struck arm in the wrist and I knew I was done for. I ran as far as I could but finally surrendered. After they caught me they bound me after taking all of my clothes but my undershirt from me."

Had Only 76 Men.

Willie Harris, one of the most intelligent of the negro soldiers, told of the fighting. "We had ridden about eight miles from the Santo Domingo ranch, and it must have been about seven oclock when the parley was started," he said. "I was on the right flank and did not see the start of it and I cannot tell who started the firing. We had 78 men, having sent ten of our men back to the base for supplies. Before we knew it the fighting started and the two machine guns—there were two of them—opened up. The Mexicans were spread out in the form of a horseshoe with the cork of it pointing toward the little town of Carrizal. One of the machine guns was hid behind the irrigation ditch and the other was over on our right flank as if to cut us off. I laid down in the road, which gave us no protection from the fire. We scooped out the dirt with our rifles but that did not help any.

Firing General.

"Then the firing became general and we fought and fought and fought. I thought the battle never would end. I kept on firing until I ran out of ammunition. I saw the right flank swing around and charge but my orders were to lay low and get a bit at every shot and I sure did. Finally when every single man around me had been shot I started to throw the lock of my gun up when a spent bullet struck me in the right arm and I went down. We were outclassed so I just up and run. The Mexicans fired volleys at me and I kept on running. They jumped on their horses and started after me when I dropped my sixshooter, threw up my hands and surrendered. The Mexicans came charging down on me and I thought they were going to kill me.

Laugh and Rob Him.

"'Who are you and why are you fighting us?' one of the men shouted in Spanish.

"I just nachally ain't a fightin' any more," I told him and they broke out in a laugh and took me prisoner. I had $40 in gold in my shoes and, when they stripped us all and fought over our leggin's and shirts, they took that and divided it among the four of them. They tied my arms behind me in spite of the bullet wound in my right arm and left those ropes on me from six oclock that night until eight the next morning, when we reached Chihuahua. My arm hurt so bad my hand got numb and went to sleep. The skin was cut and I was so cramped I could not sleep but they didn't do any more than shove us with the butts of their guns. That is the soldiers didn't. The people in Chihuahua threw rocks at us and spit on us but that was nothing to the hurt in my tied arms."

Awful Hours in Jail.

William B. Gibson said:

"We spent some awful hours in that jail with little food and no medical treatment for the wounded. The place wasn't very clean and we soon became filthy with the little clothes that we had. Most all our clothes were taken by the Mexicans. They stripped off some of the boys' shoes, all hats were taken and some of the boys were left only in their underwear.

"Anxiously we waited through the long days in the little jail for the appearance of our American troops. We could see out the jail window clearly for a mile or more over the range. We expected the United States troops to enter Chihuahua any moment. A deserter from the fourth infantry was in Chihuahua and he was keeping in touch with us.

No Medical Treatment.

"Neither of our two wounded men were given any medical treatment after the battle. They were forced to lie in jail. I bandaged a bad wound which Fred Williams got in the arm and tried to make it comfortable for him.

"The Mexicans came to us many times and told us we would be executed."

Gibson told how he advanced with Capt. Boyd, how Boyd was wounded and ordered his men to "get" the machine-gun operators first of all.

Two Machine Guns.

"There were two machine guns with their operators in the ditches up to their waists and they were spitting away fire at a rapid rate. The operators were poor shots. It took them a long time to do any damage. They were about 35 yards from us.

"I killed the two operators of the machine guns and saw them drop over. After Capt. Boyd was wounded he went to the irrigation ditch for water and then he returned to the front."

Gibson Robbed of $400.

Gibson told of how he and numerous other members of the tenth cavalry had been robbed after their capture on the scene of the battle. Gibson had $400 in gold which was confiscated by the Mexicans. The Mexicans in the clash with the American force harshly treated their prisoners afterward, the negroes report, but after they were placed in prison in Chihuahua the treatment they received was better.

PROCESSION OF SOLDIERS WEIRD

Negro Troopers From Mexico a Nondescript Lot in Dress, on Arrival.

SURROUNDED BY ENEMY AND SHOT

Negro Trooper Tells of the Battle of Carrizal; Americans Slaughtered.

SAYS HE KILLED THREE MEXICANS

Negro Prisoner on Reaching Border, Tells of His Prowess With Gun.

Luther Alexander said:

"I killed three Mexicans before I got a bad wound myself. I was shot in the right arm. I went to Lem Spillsbury, the guide, and asked him to wrap up my arm. Spillsbury said he didn't have time. 'I see three Mex. coming over the hill,' he said, 'and it's more important that I get them.'"

Capt. Morey's Last Stand.

"Troop K was on the right of the force," said Fred Williams. "The firing started on the left at Troop C's position. I was at the front all the time, but was not hit. I retreated when I saw they had us beat. I went with two other soldiers into a house about a mile and a half from the battlefield. Capt. Morey and two other soldiers were in the house. 'Boys, we'll have to make a stand,' said the captain. I said I was ready to fight to the end. Finally Capt. Morey thought it would be better for me to get help and so I started off. I ran about a mile and a half and was caught by the Mexicans and taken to Carrizal.

"Troop K was on its knees for fully two minutes before the firing began. The Mexicans fired the first shot and Troop C was evidently the first to answer."

Surrounded from Start.

J. D. Ward said. "We were surrounded from the start. When the Mexicans saw they had us beaten they closed in on us and we were captured. We were taken to Carrizal and held there for several hours before we were taken to Chihuahua. The Mexicans took everything that we had except underwear and pants."

George M. Chapman said: "We advanced right to the town of Carrizal. We only got to the edge of Carrizal because the forces against us were too many. There must have been 300 Mexicans in the field. We advanced to the town by way of the ditches. It was while we were advancing towards Carrizal that Lieut. Adair was shot. I saw him fall.

"The Mexicans covered the tops of buildings in Carrizal. They had all the positions and we had none. We were absolutely in the open. Spillsbury and I were soon surrounded and we had to surrender."

Four Escape, But Caught.

A story of how he and four others made a valiant effort to escape from the Mexicans after the battle by going through the mountains was told by John Coleman.

"When the battle was over we hid until night. Then we made for the mountains. We walked all night through the mountains and entered Villa Ahumada at the break of day. We weren't very many minutes in Villa Ahumada until we were captured."

Negro Taken from Train.

John M. Chapman almost got to El Paso to tell of the battle soon after it happened, but he was arrested and taken back to Chihuahua to be lodged in the prison with his brother officers. Chapman was taken off a freight train a few miles below Juarez. Chapman said he was making good time toward the border line when some soldiers surprised him in his hiding place on the train and took him prisoner.

Given Kerosene Baths.

At the immigration station the negroes were taken to a small room in the detention station where they were ordered to strip and their ragged clothing burned to kill the vermin. With only their identification tags around their necks, the negroes were taken to an adjoining room where a kerosene and vinegar bath was given to each soldier, each being urged to soak his hair good to kill any lice. They were then hustled upstairs to the showers where they received their first bath in two weeks. Each man, including Spillsbury, was then given a clean new suit of blue denim overalls and a jumper, Spillsbury being permitted to retain the jaunty canvas yachting hat Hunter McKay, the A. P. correspondent at Chihuahua, had given him together with his other clothes.

Carried Flowers.

With the little bunches of sweet peas the El Paso negroes had given them, gripped tightly in their hands, the former prisoners marched to the bridge in front of the immigration station where they were under fire again by the battery of moving picture cameras, still cameras and amateur kodakers. A local cigar dealer gave each a ten cent cigar, the negroes of El Paso showered flowers over the negroes and they went to the waiting ambulances where they were taken to the fort. Watermelons were sent out to them and they had a feast.

Negroes Greet Their Soldiers.

Most of the negro population was at the Santa Fe street bridge. They lined the streets for blocks from the bridge. It was necessary for sentries to be established to keep back the big crowds.

Far down the street as the negroes rode through huge crowds on both sides, in ambulances and auto trucks, a large body of negroes were there with the big American flags. A cheer greeted the fighters as they passed through the crowd. Picturesque Lem Spillsbury, the Mormon scout, had every characteristic of the desert habitant. Spillsbury is a rangy built fellow, slender and has small, piercing eyes. He shuffled across the bridge unalarmed at the big demonstration and not embarrassed in the least.

Negroes in Quarantine.

The 23 negro prisoners will be kept in an isolation ward at the fort base hospital until all danger of disease breaking out among them has passed. They will then be sent back to their commands with Gen. Pershing's column.

Lem Spillsbury has also announced that he will return and report to Gen. Pershing. He is now at the home of his brother, Dave Spillsbury, awaiting orders from Gen. Pershing. There are hundreds of callers to see the former prisoners at the fort and many good things to eat are being sent out to them by both negro and white people in El Paso. They have all been issued new khaki uniforms and outfits as their few remaining clothes were burned at the bridge. They arrived in Juarez practically naked and were given shoes, hats and some clothing by the Mexicans.

HARDSHIPS OF U. S. PRISONERS

Suffer Severely in Jail at Chihuahua; Clothing Is Taken From Them.

Naked Negro Troopers Carry Bouquets of Peas; Gift of El Paso Negroes

Naked negro soldiers with little bunches of variegated sweet peas swarmed out of the baths at the immigration detention station Thursday afternoon to receive their new blue denim overall suits.

As the former prisoners came out of there kerosene and cold water baths Prof. William Coleman, principal of the Douglass school, stood at the head of the basement stairway and handed each of the negroes a bunch of sweet peas which had been purchased for him to give to the negro soldiers by the State National bank. The negroes grasped their little bouquets of flowers grimly and grinned broadly at the grotesque figure picture they formed.

Lem Spillsbury, the Mormon scout, was given a double bunch of the flowers and he formed almost as grotesque a picture as did the negroes with his jaunty yachting hat, his blue denims, a Mexican sarape and a two weeks' growth of beard.

Prof. Coleman was assisted in distributing the flowers by C. C. Coleman and J. R. Ford and other El Paso negroes. Mrs. Ford, president of the El Paso Colored Woman's club, was also at the bridge with a big American flag to greet the negro soldiers and there were hundreds of negroes at the bridge and along Santa Fe street to cheer the soldiers of their race.

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ARMY MOTORCYCLE PATROL ON BORDER NEAR EL PASO

PATROLLING MEXICAN BORDER ON MOTORCYCLES. ©INTL FILM SERVICE

Motorcycles, with side cars attached, are being used extensively along the Mexican border in patrol work. Army officials are gratified with the results of all recent experiments along this line. The photograph shows a patrol near El Paso.

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