

## ..A SPICY PHILIPPINE LETTER..

Vigan, February 2, 1900.

Mr. Samuel McConnico, Bryan, Texas:

Friend Sam: The rumor has reached us through the Associated Press that your term of confinement at the great penal institution, known as the A. & M. College of Texas, has not yet expired. Owing to the fact, that one of the writers of this document has served a short term under the supervision of the commandant of cadets (better known to members of the R. H. S. T. B. as "Bull," we have decided to favor you with some literature which may cause you to see the error of your ways and repent.

Life on the firing line in Luzon has its compensations; there are no meals served "a la Sbisa," no extras walked (except twenty or twenty-five miles per day)—(wait until we get a cigarette)—and no feminine to cause us palpitation of the heart (except the banana woman) ———— " " " " ————  
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(there goes tattoo) whom we systematically rob.

If you haven't read in the papers what the Thirty-third has been doing you should subscribe for the "War Cry," and read up on the war news. If after "smoking up" on this matter, you are not convinced that the Thirty-third has put the erstwhile Filipino Republic on the bum good and strong, cable us (prepaid), and we will see if we cannot bring about a more complete chaos.

This is a very good country for scrapping purposes, but otherwise it isn't worth one of Sbisa's Sunday dinners. The people need the protecting arm of Uncle Sam (not you) for years

to come, and (ooooooooo ————

.....) ———— \*\*\*\*\* ————taps)  
(9:15 p. m.) those unpatriotic, flag-furling, stay-at-home anti-expansionists who say that they do not favor the retention of the Philippines, should be out here on the firing line instead of discouraging the boys who are over here enjoying themselves. These flag furlers have done more to aid the insurrection than every Mauser and Remington which the insurgents have possessed. It is all foolishness to say that a government which can control forty-five states and seventy-five millions of people cannot put the island of Luzon, with its population of ten millions, in a state of law and order. We are in favor of liberty; we want all we can get, even if we have to take it away from these negroes, and incidentally they haven't got any business with too much liberty. They are a virile race, and should be treated as thus.

We will now proceed to tell you some of the experiences we have had here; of course, there are some we can't very well tell you for obvious reasons.

At exactly 4 o'clock on the evening of September 30, 1899, the transport "Sheridan," having on board the Thirty-third infantry, swung out into the bay, mid a mighty shout from the thousands on shore and slowly steamed out towards the setting sun on her long and tedious voyage to the Orient (another cigarette here). As we steamed past the battleship "Iowa," she dipped her flag for us, and her band played "The Stars and Stripes Forever" and our band responded with "I don't care if you never come back."