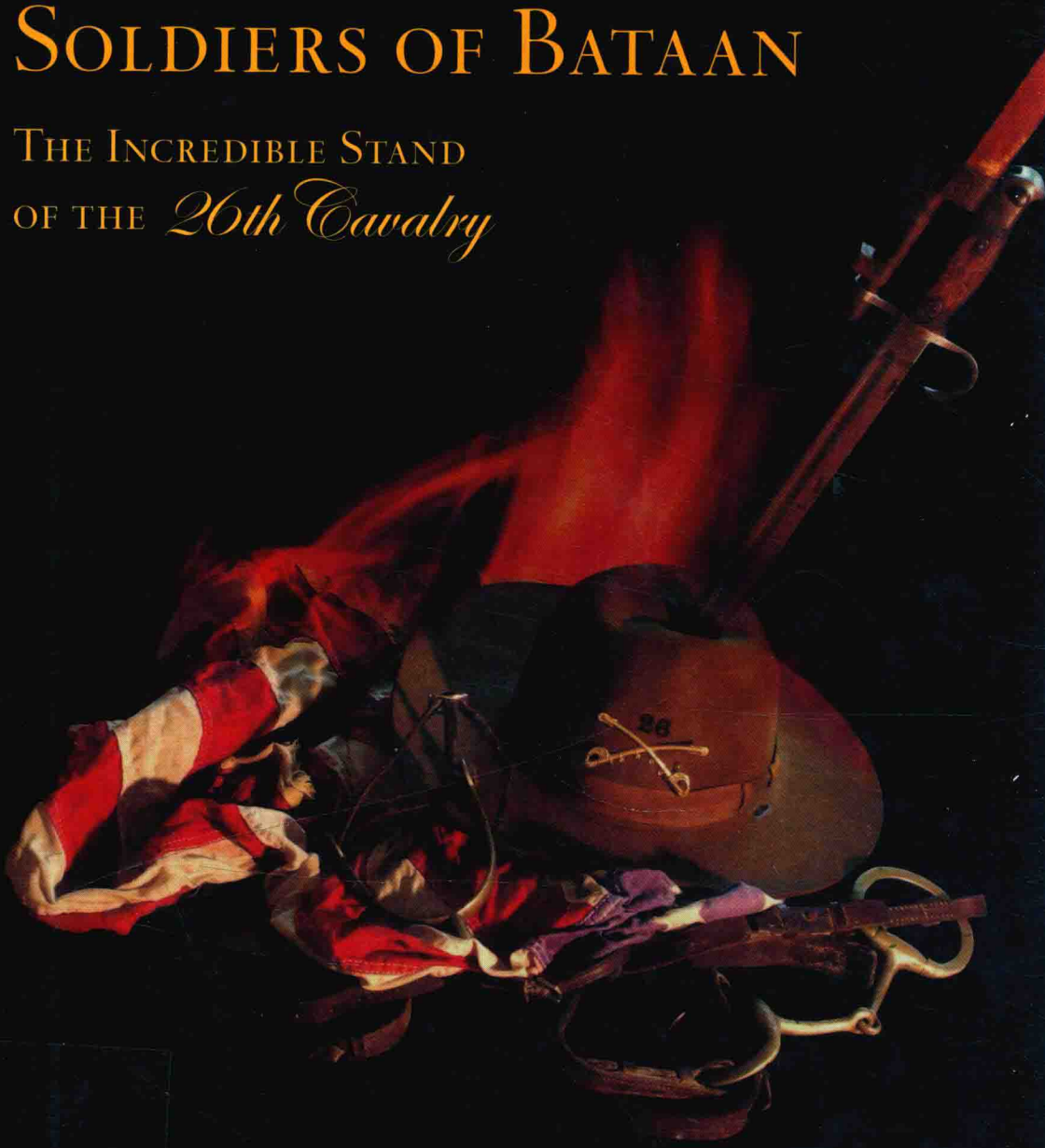
The Doomed Horse Soldiers of Bataan

The Incredible Stand of the *26th Cavalry*



Raymond G. Woolfe, Jr.
Introduction by Col. Edwin P. Ramsey, 26th Cavalry, USA

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Raymond G. Woolfe Jr.

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Introduction

Colonel Edwin Price Ramsey
Former U.S. Army Mounted Cavalry—26th Regiment
(Philippine Scouts)

I am pleased to introduce Raymond G. Woolfe's fine and only all-inclusive, accurate account of the valiant but ill-fated 26th Cavalry (Philippine Scouts). This was the last and final horse-mounted cavalry regiment in the United States Army to ever go into combat in an intact, unified fighting force. Mr. Woolfe is a powerful writer with an exceptional feel for descriptive narrative. His accounts of the 26th Cavalry's opening battled were so real and chilling in detail of the telling that they gave me nightmares of recall.

The vivid accounts of the regiment's violent delaying actions, such as Lingayen Gulf, Damortis, Rosario, The Bued, Binalonan, Culis and the long ordeal on Bataan literally left me in shock and made me feel like crying while reading and remembering the horrors of it all. As for his account of the U.S. Cavalry's last horse-mounted charge at Moron on Bataan, Mr. Woolfe is on the money. I suppose I ought to know; I led it. Mr. Woolfe accompanied me, physically walking the Moron battleground on foot, as well as a great number of the other fighting places of the 26th. His research was as physical and meticulous as he could make it and this book reflects that dedication to detail.

Throughout the book Mr. Woolfe drew strongly on his knowledge and love of horses from a life of professional steeple chase riding and love of playing polo for his descriptions of life in the regiment. His compassion for the courage, loyalty, and terrible fate of the beloved 26th Cavalry horses (and mules, too) shines through his narrative.

Today's mechanized cavalrymen may have been deprived of horses, but they are strongly imbued with the traditions and hard-charging spirit of the soldiers in boots and spurs who went before them. I know that I shall carry that spirit always until I am given my place at The Old Canteen at Fiddlers' Green.

This is a book well written of men well remembered.

—Edwin Price Ramsey

Fiddlers' Green
(The Cavalrymen's Poem)

Halfway down the trail to Hell
In a shady meadow green
Are the souls of all dead troopers camped
Near a good old-time canteen,
And this eternal resting place
Is known as Fiddlers' Green

Marching past, straight through to Hell,
The Infantry are seen,
Accompanied by the Engineers,
Artillery and Marine,
For none but the shades of Cavalrymen
Dismount at Fiddlers' Green.

Though some go curving down the trail
To seek a warmer scene,
No trooper ever gets to Hell
Ere he's emptied his canteen.
And so rides back to drink again
With friends at Fiddlers' Green.

And so when man and horse go down
Beneath a saber keen,
Or in a roaring charge of fierce mêlée
You stop a bullet clean,
And the hostiles come to get your scalp,
Just empty your canteen,
And put your pistol to your head
And go to Fiddlers' Green.

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Twilight of Empire's Paradise to the Dawn of Hell

SUNDAY, 7 DECEMBER 1941, MANILA TIME

FORT STOTSENBURG, NORTHERN LUZON, some fifty miles north of Manila and adjacent to Clark Field Air Force Base

It was the eve before Hell in Lotus Land.

On that clear, pleasant afternoon, Maj. Gen. Jonathan M. Wainwright, riding his favorite field mount, Little Boy, was refereeing a polo game being played by officers of the prized regiment of his Northern Luzon command, the 26th Cavalry Philippine Scouts. In the Fort Stotsenburg team's first season game versus the Manila Polo Club, cavalry dash failed to win the day over the older, experienced club players, but spirits were not dampened. The 26th, with which Wainwright had served, was the last fully operational horse-mounted combat unit in the regular U.S. Army. The regiment, composed of American officers and Filipino ranks and noncommissioned officers, was under the direct command of a shortish, bulldog-like colonel from Brooklyn named Clinton Pierce, a first-rate professional soldier.

Born in June 1894, Clint Pierce was a consummate "horse soldier." He believed in horse cavalry as much as Phil Sheridan or George Patton had, even though his name is not that well known. A sad note of history is that a man so devoted to the horse cavalry would also soon be forced to sound taps for it. As a boy he grew to only five feet six, but he was built like a fighter and, though always outgoing, he could often be pugnacious. His demeanor served him well in his long years of soldiering. First attending Brooklyn's Polytechnic Institute, he went on to the University of Illinois in

1914 as an engineering major. A member of the Illinois National Guard's 1st Artillery, he went into full service as a corporal, serving in the Mexican border dispute and punitive expedition under "Black Jack" Pershing against Pancho Villa in 1916. In March 1917 he received a temporary commission as a second lieutenant and was assigned to the 12th Cavalry in Columbus, New Mexico. Never returning to engineering school, Pierce remained as a career cavalryman, moving from one regiment to another. In the course of his service, he was for a time an able instructor in the Fort Riley, Kansas, cavalry school. A man of intense nervous energy, Pierce was a popular officer at both Fort Riley and Fort Bliss, where he proved outstanding in a wide range of post activities, including polo, horse shows, steeplechase racing, and even amateur dramatics. In February 1940, accompanied by his wife, Margaret, daughter, Jean, and mother, Mrs. H. C. Pierce, the now Lieutenant Colonel Pierce was transferred to the Philippines and assigned to the 26th Cavalry PS at Stotsenburg. In October 1941 he was made full colonel and took over command of the regiment.

Polo was considered as much a training and toughening up activity as it was recreation for the horse soldiers, the game's origins going back some 250 years to conditioning programs of Afghani Pathan light cavalry preparing for their various wars and celebrating victories by using the vanquished's heads for playing balls. Picked up on the hard way by the English, polo became a traditional activity to toughen and sharpen the edge of fighting spirit among officers of their armies around the world. Old hands of the American horse cavalry soon followed suit, subscribing to polo's benefits with open enthusiasm, which included junior officers routinely going into deep hock for tailored breeches and a coveted pair of status-marking boots from Peal & Co. bootmakers in London.

Although a good crowd had come up from Manila for the game, there was a touch of loneliness about this day's event being played on the broad expanse of the parade ground bordered by rows of acacia-shaded officers' houses on the north side and stables, workshops, and barracks on the opposite side. While a good crowd of Filipino enlisted troopers cheered and gambled wildly on the sidelines, missing were the customary gathering of gaily dressed wives and ladies and elegantly dressed spectators visiting with high-goal guest teams, although the girls who had come up from Manila put real life into the annual officers' postgame party, which lasted well into the morning. For months, clouds of war between the United States and Japan had been gathering ominously. As a heartbreaking precaution, the U.S. personnel had been shipping home military wives and dependents from the outlying Pacific Islands. In the various regiments and other army, air force, and naval units, sentimental farewells and sadness were quickly countered by rigorous increases in training. The halcyon pleasures of cov-

eted duty in the Philippines were now fast taking a back seat to apprehension and an accent on military proficiency. The 26th was not found lacking.

At this point the 26th was split, with several troops serving on detached duty. B Troop of the 1st Squadron was assigned to patrol duty northeast of Cabanatuan in the Baler Bay area, difficult terrain on the Pacific side of Luzon. F Troop, under command of Maj. Thomas J. H. Trapnell, had been on station at Nichols Field on the outskirts of Manila. F Troop had, in a sense, served as Gen. Douglas MacArthur's "palace guard," performing all manner of ceremonial duties while being a showpiece of the "Fil-American" units at various formal celebrations, honor guards, parades, and the like. One of their most noted crowd pleasers with the public and special guests was their impressive mounted acrobatics team (referred to as "monkey drill" by the troopers), who performed all manner of gravity-defying feats such as "Roman riding" (the rider controlling up to four horses at a gallop and riding over jumps while standing bareback on his mounts) and "pyramids" (up to ten troopers stacking themselves on each other while the "base" stood bareback on the galloping horses). It was one thing that made these troopers elite among their own people.

Before the departure of dependents, by far the most elegant activity for all were the polo games at the softly beautiful Manila Polo Club, where officers of the 26th were often matched in games with visiting high-goal teams from the states. Even the aloof General MacArthur loved and had played the game. On such occasions, the sharp *thwack* of a mallet head on a soft, pliable willow wood ball was the loudest sound to be heard in the green expanse surrounded and perfumed by a lush explosion of manicured tropical vegetation—bougainvillea, orchids, broad hibiscus, shady acacia, whispering firs, tall, swaying palms, and ancient, twisted amlang trees—all complementing the pristine, mirror-shined, dark native woodwork of the main clubhouse.

On one such Sunday, Tom "Trap" Trapnell squeezed his polished-booted legs hard against his pony's sides, racing boot to boot, spurs and buckles clicking, with the opposing player beside him, eyes riveted on the small white ball now flying in the direction of the goal posts at one end of the field. Both men leaned hard toward one another, bringing the racing ponies' bodies into an ongoing collision, pushing hard, each trying to ride his opponent off the line of the ball to maneuver for fair shooting position.

Trapnell, lean and roughhewn, with a West Point football and boxing veteran's strength, gained position and leaned into a full swinging forehand, whipping the flexible cane mallet shaft with its hardwood striking head at the still-bouncing target. The satisfying jolt of a cleanly hit ball traced up his arm, and his eyes coursed over his pony's straining neck, watching with an inner thrill as the white ball arched in dead-eye trajectory between the white- and red-halved uprights.

"Hot damn!" he cried with glee as he pumped his mallet arm up and down and checked his mount out of the dead run.

"Nice play, Trap," said his civilian opponent Peter Perkins, touching the brim of his white pith helmet in brief salute. Peter was an eight-goal, top American amateur polo player. "That's one helluva nice pony you've got there."

"Thanks, Peter," answered Trap as they turned to walk their horses back to center field where the rest of the players were lining up for the referee to throw the ball back in play. "He just got shipped in a couple of weeks ago from the remount in Front Royal, Virginia. He acclimated to the humidity here and takes to everything like an old hand. I really like him. He's made to be regular army, the kind of horse you can count on to take care of you in a pinch. He'll do."

Seated at shaded tables along the sidelines, men in crisp, dress-white tropical uniforms and linen suits sat with ladies and young women resplendent in loose, filmy afternoon dresses and ribboned, wide-brimmed sun hats in defense from the ordinarily enervating climate of the Philippines. Glasses with rum punches and lime fizzes were raised in salute as enthusiastic applause floated out across the field to the players of choice. It was the kind of afternoon that made all glad to be alive and many of the men even gladder to be professional cavalrymen with a choice duty station in the Philippine Islands. The sweet, pungent smells of fresh-mown grass, saddle leather, sweating horses, and tropical flora were a heady mixture to those who were enjoying the best that peacetime duty in the South Pacific could offer.

For Trap and his fellow officers of the 26th Cavalry, this was the stuff of dreams for every young man who ever yearned for life in the horse cavalry, complete with adventure, pomp and ceremony, rugged military dash, and manly relaxations. Who could not envy to some degree the lot of these horse soldiers, in their prime and among the last of their elite breed in a military being forced by the demands of modern warfare to grudgingly change with the times? This was the twilight that came between a bygone era of fluttering flags, bugles, and gleaming sabers and replacement by colder, efficient, metallic, machine-dealt death.

But for this day at least, such things were not on the minds of those present for this Sunday's polo match. Players and spectators alike looked forward to postgame cocktails, a refreshing tub, and fresh change into evening dress. That particular evening, they would go on to watch a few innings of the regimental enlisted men's baseball game against Nichols Field airmen, before returning to the cool, elegant country club house for a splendid dinner dance, where the officers and their ladies would join members of the American business and diplomatic community and selected friends from the Philippine elite. The rigors of off-duty social schedules often put

demands on young officers to maintain a level of soldierly activities to match the pace. On other days and evenings there were such pleasantries as golf at Fort McKinley or Manila's lovely Wack Wack course, dinner and gambling at the fashionable Jai Lai Club, and the chance to keep company with lovely women, many being the pretty army nurses from Sternberg General Hospital.

It was a gentle, splendid time, a splendid life, typical of both the high point and the closing days of America's only and last fling at empire inherited from Theodore Roosevelt's "bully" little war against the Spanish.

As the 7 December afternoon game at Fort Stotsenburg was playing out its final chukker, Staff Sgt. Ramon Ramirez was making his cursory Sunday afternoon inspection tour through the regimental stables, seeing to it that the on-duty privates and corporals had completed all the basic daily necessities. In the quiet of late afternoon the only sounds were horses munching on grain or hay, the stomp of a hoof here, a snort there, the occasional buzzing of a fly intruding the air space of the spotless stables. Here, too, was the sweetly pungent smell of horse cavalry in the tropics. The clean smell of fresh hay and soft, saddle-soaped leather mixed with the faint smell of ammonia and the horses themselves, still again offset by the perfume of the lush tropic vegetation that ringed the area. Peace and orderliness reigned undisturbed with ample time to let one's mind dwell in anticipation of that evening's regimental bowling championship with winners' kegs of good San Miguel beer.

Ramirez crossed the stable area to the edge of the parade ground where 1st Lt. John Zachary Wheeler, that evening's duty officer, waited for his sergeants to report. Johnny Wheeler was a mild-mannered, gentlemanly young officer from St. Paul, Minnesota, where he had grown up with a passion for the outdoors. He admired the gentle-natured but tough little Filipinos put under his command to make into fighters. He also stood in awe of the natural beauty of their homeland. An avid reader and serious student since early boyhood, his favorite reading was of King Arthur. In the coming months, no man would live truer to the tenets of the Round Table than this soft-spoken cavalryman.

Ramirez approached Wheeler and came to an abrupt and flawless position of attention, saluting sharply. His classic, flat-brimmed campaign hat, adorned with an insignia that read "Our Strength Is in Loyalty," was tipped smartly and rakishly forward until it almost touched the bridge of his nose, forcing his head and neck into a stiff, bulldog-like posture in order to see out from under the brim, the chin strap tightly in place. On his collars, his brass unit insignia pins gleamed. The spotless, starched khaki of his uniform was accentuated with razor-sharp military creases in their prescribed positions and was adorned with a webbed canvas duty belt from which hung a mirror-polished leather pistol holster and ammunition pouch. His

legs were encased in laced leather leggings, which topped ankle-high laced, duty riding shoes, all polished to a state suitable for use by any discriminating lady as a makeup mirror. There was not merely military pride and regulation reflected in this man's uniform and demeanor but social station as well.

Typical of the transformation of ordinary, country Filipinos that took place in the scouts would be the case of Pfc. Juan Beduna, a corporal at the outset of war. He had joined the 26th Cavalry when it was organized in the early twenties. He'd been a mule-skinner, farrier, orderly, and general all-around trooper. He'd had little education to speak of, attending grade 1 in a little nipa school in his home barrio. Once in the scouts, he managed to acquire a limited command of what was commonly known amongst them as "Quartermaster English," or army lingo. He always surprised himself by answering, "Yes, sir/right away, sir/and very well, sir," even when he didn't actually understand what his superiors were saying. Beduna's one weakness was that the words "No, sir" were not in his vocabulary. In spite of his linguistic shortcomings, he was an excellent soldier, swordsman, and rifleman and an expert in both mounted and dismounted pistol firing. He was always selected as the commanding general's orderly whenever he went on post guard because he dressed immaculately in spotless, expertly tailored khaki breeches and blouse, brass buttons, mirror-shined riding boots, and gleaming spurs.

One afternoon, as his immediate commander was practicing with some remounts for polo, Beduna was called to the sideboards to bring up a horse. It was a young roan, half-thoroughbred, about sixteen hands tall, ornery and mean. Beduna was having difficulty putting a snaffle and curb-bit into the horse's mouth. It reared and raised its head beyond Beduna's reach. "Hurry up, Beduna," the lieutenant called out. Beduna, in his characteristic fractured lingo, replied "Yes sir, but it is very hard to put the bridle in my mouth, sir!"

The 26th Cavalry Regiment was an elite unit among an elite segment of the U.S. Army in the Philippines, the Philippine Scouts. They were first organized as a native counterinsurgency constabulary in 1901 under Gen. Douglas MacArthur's father, Arthur, during his time as army commanding general. After proving their mettle as a crack fighting force, they were subsequently integrated as regulars in the U.S. Army in 1913, becoming part of what was then known as the Philippine Garrison, a regular U.S. Army establishment commanded by American officers and including a permanent contingent of regular army enlisted ranks. The Philippine constabulary remained as a separate Filipino law enforcement unit.

The vast and coveted Philippine archipelago consists of 7,100 islands and islets, of which only 460 have an area greater than one square mile, and only 11 can boast areas greater than a thousand square miles. In 1898

America became the latest of a series of conquerors and foreign rulers including Chinese, Muslim Malays, Spaniards, the English, and Spaniards again until 1 May 1898, when Commodore George Dewey and the American Navy defeated the Spanish in Manila Bay and title to the islands was granted by the Treaty of Paris in December of that year. The Filipinos had initiated their first important encounter against the heavily, well-armed Spanish at the barrio of Balintawak in 1896 led by a warehouse laborer from Tondo named Andres Bonifacio. (In one instance of particular irony it was learned that the well-entrenched Japanese 5th column in the Philippines maintained one of its most concentrated centers of operations in the large Balintawak Brewery prior to the 8 December 1941 attacks.) The desperate revolt went on to be led by Emilio Aguinaldo, a resourceful Filipino military commander who delivered a see-saw series of defeats and counter-defeats, the last of which involved a brilliantly constructed system of trenches around Manila and Cavite designed by Lt. Gen. Edilberto Evangelista. The trench style of warfare, combined with malaria riddling the Spanish ranks, delivered the telling blow. Heads of the Spanish military and occupation were sent home in disgrace. The Spanish suffered their final debacle eighteen months later at the hands of the American Navy and ground troops, who went ashore to consolidate the American assault. Possession of the Philippines made America truly an Asiatic power with full responsibility for maintaining peace in its sphere of influence. America had fallen into the role of imperialist without premeditated intent. At first the Filipino insurgents hesitantly joined forces with the Yanquis, suspicious of the new force but glad to be rid of the Spanish. Yet an inflammatory air of bad faith in the international agreements led Aguinaldo's chief advisor, Apolinario Mabini, to rethink the situation. A chance encounter between a trigger-happy American sentry and a four-man Filipino patrol on the evening of 4 February 1899 ignited the Philippine-American war, developing into the bloodiest conflict fought in the Filipinos' long struggle for independence, which lasted until 1902. The U.S. High Command, led by Maj. Gen. Elwell S. Otis and division commander Brig. Gen. Arthur MacArthur, had in truth been waiting for such an incident to undertake an offensive that would entail conquest of the entire Philippines. A large number of American commanders were Civil War veterans. Col. Frederick Funston, who led the force that captured Aguinaldo in Northern Luzon, won the Medal of Honor and was promoted to brigadier general. On the Filipino side, the long, costly conflict brought a number of notable national heroes to the fore, including scholar and poet Dr. Jose Rizal, Gen. Antonio Luna, Col. Francisco Paco Roman, Generals Mariano Noriel and Pio del Pilar, and Lt. Col. Antero Reyes, who led his force to inflict a humiliating setback on American general Loyd Wheaton at Luzon in San Pedro Makati. The Filipino insurgents drew principally on Spanish and German armaments and

ordnance abandoned by the Spanish, including artillery, Maxim machine guns, and Mauser rifles (the infamous "Spanish Hornet"), from which the Filipinos frequently made the fatal mistake of removing the rear sights, thinking them a hindrance and causing their aim to be almost invariably too high. The ever-present, razor-sharp barongs and bolos were a constant and costly menace to American troops, as was the deadly curved kris, a short sword favored by the fanatic Moros of the southern islands.

On the other hand, the Americans were physically bigger by a foot than the average Filipino, and they were well equipped; they went on to develop a new generation of combat weapons during the insurrection, including Hotchkiss revolving cannons, improved .30- and .45-caliber Springfield rifles, and machine guns. One particular piece, nicknamed "the Moro stopper" because of its impact, was conceived by Gen. Arthur MacArthur himself, the prototype of the Colt M1911A1 .45-caliber semiautomatic pistol. It became the standard sidearm of U.S. military services and remains principally so to this day.

The southernmost islands persisted as the most hostile resistance to the Americans. Moro natives in the Visayas, Mindinao, and other southern provinces—mostly Muslims of ancestry from the Indian subcontinent, Malaya, and Java—frequently worked themselves into a frenzy and ran amok, at times in a combined state of religious fervor and half mad with pain induced either by binding themselves tightly in bamboo or winding an elastic vine around their genitals.

Many an American found himself being overrun by a crazed, bullet-ridden Moro whose momentum simply did not allow the latter to know he was already dead on his feet.[1] The .45 was the American reply.

The Philippine insurrection developed into both a costly and controversial war, which drew increasingly strident criticism from Washington. American troops, besides inordinately high battle casualties, were losing thousands of personnel from malaria, other native diseases, snake bite, and other tropical hazards. Pressure grew to find avenues to peace with the Philippine populace and establish some form of order. When the first civil governor of the Philippines, William H. Taft, adopted a policy of naming prominent Filipinos to civil posts in the organization of his administration, Filipinos showed the first signs of turning their attention away from war and gradually back to focus on a future Republic of the Philippines. Martin Delgado was appointed governor of his province on Luzon, and other prominent Filipinos were named to important posts in the Supreme Court and various important bureaucratic offices such as boards of health, provincial government offices, and public schools, things unheard of under Spanish rule. Slowly but gradually this prudent policy began to smother the flames of insurrection and led an increasing part of the general population to warm toward American protectorate rule. Pockets of resistance remained,

most frequently in the Muslim provinces, Samar, and some of the most remote areas of the mountainous extreme north of Luzon. Ambushes by independent guerrilla groups who worked fields by day and stalked Americans by night persisted. Most casualties were inflicted by soldiers being hacked to death by bolos instead of more merciful gunshot wounds. American losses almost doubled in the face of this infinitely more dangerous type of warfare, at which the Filipinos proved expert.

A campaign by Americans was led to press civilians and captured rebels into labor to clean up and restore filthy barrios and improve agriculture. It was a long and bloody process, which entailed countless ambushes and reciprocal, sometimes atrocious violence by the Americans, but gradually the resistance narrowed down to a final stronghold on Samar. In a violent final sortie, marines led by Gen. "Howling Jake" Smith scattered the stubborn holdout forces led by Gen. Vincente Lucban, who was finally captured in February 1902. His counterpart in the Luzon province of Batangas, Gen. Miguel Malvar, surrendered on 16 April, thus putting a de facto end to the war against the United States.

The last vestiges of rebellion still remained with the Moros, led by Sultan Jamalul Kiram II. Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, who had been named governor of the Muslim provinces, came to Jolo in August 1903. In his determination to solidify American control over the Mindanao Muslims, Wood brought in Capt. John J. "Black Jack" Pershing, a forty-two-year-old West Pointer and veteran of Apache and Sioux Indian campaigns who, as a first lieutenant, led his famed, all-black 10th Cavalry (the "Buffalo Soldiers") up San Juan Hill next to Theodore Roosevelt and his Rough Riders against the Spaniards in Cuba. Pershing, a commonsense and diplomatic officer, studied Muslims' dialects, customs, and religion and treated them, if not as equals, at least certainly as human beings. He spent hours each day receiving delegations and hearing petitions and complaints. He also mingled with them socially. Once, on 4 July 1902, he invited seven hundred of his Moro neighbors for the occasion and encouraged his officers and men to mix and show common humanity toward their guests. Observing Muslim tenets, no liquor or pork was served, but a half dozen calves were roasted in open pits, and vegetables, fruits, and rice cakes were served generously. This benevolent attitude, unfortunately, was interpreted by the Moro leaders as weakness, and attacks against Americans renewed. Pershing wasted no time in taking punitive actions, making use of the newly formed Philippine Scouts extensively, which ultimately ended in a successful campaign to end Moro resistance. Before complete pacification was achieved, Pershing was transferred back to the United States for reasons of ill health. The first recognized hero since Dewey, Pershing was promoted in 1906 to brigadier general by the now President Theodore Roosevelt.

In the course of that tragic and costly conflict, the United States had sent

126,468 troops across the Pacific and had spent over $300 million to conduct the war. In 2,811 recorded clashes with the Filipinos, the Americans lost 4,234 men and 2,818 were wounded. The Filipinos lost 16,000 soldiers in battle while an appalling 200,000 civilians died due to war, famine, or disease. Tens of millions of pesos worth of property was destroyed. The Filipinos had lost more against the Americans than against the hated Spaniards in deaths and property lost, but for two more generations, their struggle for full independence would continue. Notably, leaders of the Philippine Catholic Church exhibited strong desire to free Filipinos from the control of foreign Catholic friars in their country. From this developed the Philippine Independent Church. At first, the church was in full sympathy with the insurrection because Americans, being largely of Protestant faith, represented "heretics" to be resisted. Bishop Gregario Aglipay, a priest from Batac, Ilocos Norte, was foremost in supporting the resistance against the Americans. His revolt included continuation of the presence of Jesuit friars in his country, but, in reality, it was more a desire to be free from dictatorship by foreigners. His struggle with the Philippine courts would continue for years.

The Moros, especially in Sulu, still stubbornly refused to capitulate, fighting not only as enemies but as religious fanatics. In October 1905, the Philippine Scouts, now integrated into the regular American army's table of organization, first acquitted themselves in one of the bloodiest battles ever fought against the Moros. A company of American infantrymen were aided by the scouts, a special unit composed of American officers and Filipino soldiers, created in 1899 when a Filipino segment of society in Luzon known as Macabebes formed its nucleus. In a surprise attack on the holdout Datu Ali at his hideout on the Malala River near Simpetan in the present-day district of Kidapawan, they gained complete victory, killing Ali and several hundred of his followers. Although the clashes in the southern provinces dragged on for some time, the back of the resistance was finally broken in 1906 in a battle around the volcanic mountain Tumatangis, the tallest peak on Sulu located just southwest of the town of Jolo. In a battle remembered as the "Battle of the Clouds," Americans combined with scouts and constabulary overwhelmed the hard-core rebels, killing some six hundred of them. American casualties totaled twenty-one killed and seventy-three wounded. A number of these included Philippine Scouts.

General Pershing returned to the Philippines in 1909, and, principally employing columns of Philippine Scouts, virtually annihilated Moro resistance at the battle of Bud Bagsak, the last large-scale action fought by Americans in Mindinao and Sulu until their final withdrawal from the Philippines years later. Pershing exposed himself constantly with his front-line troops and was recommended by his subordinate officers for the Congres-