U. S. S. Concord,
Iloilo, P. I.,
Oct 3, 1899.

Dear Papa and Mamma:

In my last written to you I told about our proposed trip to and expected skirmish around Dubig. We went and had quite an exciting time, as you can by the home papers and one I sent you from Manila. Outside of one or two little inaccuracies, that was a fairly good account.

The insurgents did not stay behind the big gun as long as I thought they would, but that is not to be wondered at, for nothing human could have lived around it after we opened up. The odds were about one hundred to one in our favor; we had six guns of nearly double the size playing on it all the time, six more of the same size besides all our secondary batteries of six, three, and

one pounders, and ma-
chine guns, i.e., the
Gatlings. Our fire
was fast and furious,
and I think a lot
of unnecessary ammu-
nition was expended
on that one poor gun.
The Charleston alone
shot away about sixty
thousand dollars' worth.
The gun was deserted
soon after we began
operations, but for some
reason there was a steady
stream of steel projectiles
of all sizes poured into
that neighborhood for,

at least, three hours.
Then we spent one
hour and more in
shelling the beach
and town. The nipa
huts and other houses
came in for a good
share of our attention.
After this the landing
parties were formed
and started for the
beach in launches,
boats etc. When they
got pretty close in
some of the insurgents

who had evidently been behind their intrenchments opened up a spirited fire on them, but their shots went pretty high, as only one man was hit, and the Mauser bullets fairly played a tune over our heads on the ships, and we were about five hundred yards off. I could see them hitting the water like rain between us and the boats. Our men behaved beautifully and returned a

very fierce fire. The sight at this moment was simply grand, and I longed with all my heart to be among those to land. I picked up a musket and did the best I could whenever I saw a Filipino. All this time the ships continued to send shrapnel wherever it could be done without danger to our own men.

The natives were probably few in num-

ber, and soon retreated to the nipa huts and bushes, from which places they occasionally sent a few harmless shot at our men.

The party from this ship being on the left of the line reached the gun first, and it was soon destroyed with a quantity of gun-cotton taken ashore for that purpose.

Some people have

remarked that the Filipinos are cowards, but they are greatly mistaken. It was proved beyond all doubt that they are wonderfully brave, not only on this occasion but on many others. How they lined and had the nerve to withstand the onspeed of our terrific bombardment, I am not prepared to say. They are simply stayers, and as the saying goes, they are not troubled with

cold feet. When our men began to land, those few we saw from the ships seemed to spring from the earth.

That same night Saturday Sept 20 we left for Manila which we reached very early the next morning or in about four or five hours. We stayed in the latter place until yesterday morning, when we left for Iloilo, reaching here late this afternoon.

We relieve the Oregon which has been on duty here for some time. The Oregon leaves early in the morning for Manila. There she will coal and proceed to Hong Kong to be docked. During my stay in Manila I was constantly on the jump, and felt relieved at leaving.

I received your letters dated Aug 20, one from Annie in Va, enclosing

some of yours written to her, and one from Temple dated Aug 4. I can't begin to tell you how much I enjoyed them all - they were quite newsy and interesting. Life would be far pleasanter if they came more constantly! I would have answered at the time they were received but was rather busy. It is always a rush when we get in with the flagship.

I read the cuts from the Advertisin

with much interest. Oh! by the way Tell Emmet I was very glad to hear from him.

You are both right in everything you say of Lieut. P. O. Scott, except that, though he was always called Berney, his right name ~~was~~ is Bernard, and he was not named after Dr. Berney. He left Montgomery to go to the naval academy when ~~he was~~ quite young, 14. Occasionally we talk ~~about~~ Montgomery

and he asks me about some of the people he knew when a boy. Among those mentioned are "Bunk" Snodgrass, as he calls him, Joe and Willy Davidson, Frank Jackson, Judge Buckley, Miss Bell Cary and a pretty girl by the name of Noble — the late Mrs. Billings, is it not?

I think Dr Scott, his father, must have been

a Union man during the war, although he lived in Alabama. Dora got his appointment to the academy through Buckley.

Capt. Briggs, I am sorry to say left us a few days ago. He now commands the Glacier. I can't say too much in praise of Capt B. I do hope to be with him again. Commander Ackley is now in command of the Concord. I can't say anything about

him yet, but it is very easy to see that he is not a man of Briggs' polish. His heart, however, seems to be in the right place, and I guess we shall get along all right.

I think it almost a certainty that I shall be homeward bound within three months. I am very anxious to be with you all once more, and trust you will remain in good health till I get there.

I was much affected

when I read of Mr.
Lahey's recent illness.
I do hope this is the
last of it and that
he is well again.
Please remember me
to him and say I
will write in a few
days. Mention me to
the others at Rices.
Thank Mrs. Mary Fahrin
for her kind remembrance
and deliver my very
best ~~wish~~ wishes to her
in return. If we had

a few pretty women like her and here, life would be worth living.

It is too hard to mention the names of all my friends, but I will give you a few and when you see them give an appropiate message from me: Mrs. Rousseau, Dr. Michell, Mrs. Sayre and family, the Sayles, Mrs. Finley, Miss Ella Temple, Miss Mattie Storey, Charlie Coleman, Messrs Sternfeld & Wolff and the Crossland boys. I had a long letter from Bill

a few days ago.

I guess it must be "pretty nigh onto eight bells" that means the fourth hour, twelve o'clock. I must say Good-night. Give my love to Uncle Bob and his, Cousin Mary, and all the others. With much to you each and all I am

Very affectionately yours
Geo. L. Seibels.

Sailor's letter,
Geo G Seibels,
P.A. Paymr U.S.N.
U.S.S. Concord

OCT 8
11 AM
PAIL. ISLD

Emmet Seibels Esq.
711 S. Perry St.,
Montgomery, Ala.

8/3/18
T.C.