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## UNIVERSITY BOYS AT MANILA.

W. J. Hunting Graphically Describes the Trip to the Philippines.

Manila, P. I., Aug. 20, 1898.—Dear Pall Friends:

It is about time I wrote you a letter if I expect to get it to you by the opening of the Uni. year. Now, not for the sake of apology, but for education's sake, let me tell you how I am writing. I am facing C. C. Tellesen, his genial countenance deeply lined with absorbed interest, for he is writing to "some one." We are seated in cane chairs on the south side, (the shady side here in Manila now), of a Philippine shop. I have a second cane chair turned over for a writing table, over which I am bent at an angle of thirty-three and one-third degrees. My much abused fountain pen is the only part of the writing outfit I own. The ink was borrowed at Chas. Corey's expense; the paper at Tellesen's. Behind me the river Pasig is a scene of activity as our forces are at work, raising launches and boats sunk by the Spaniards as we came into the city, down toward the mouth blasting has been carried on to remove the wrecks of Casco's sunk to block the river against that man Dewey. Farther up the river dozens of ships lie at anchor—our prizes. So here I am in old Manila, ten thousand miles from the old Uni. on this cloudy, August morning, and

"I would that I could utter

The thro'ts that arise in me."

And if by chance I could get one solitary idea imprinted upon this (burrowed) paper I shall feel that I did not borrow this ink in vain.

I have just exchanged the stamps I received on my last letters from America for some Philippine stamps. The woman who runs this shop seems very intelligent. There my desk has fallen, the chain slipped down from the wall. There, now I have it. I've got the chain on my lap and can lean back like a gentleman of leisure. Tellesen has a borrowed book to write on, but I wouldn't exchange for a great deal.

The rumor is afloat this morning that the Nebraska boys are to go home soon, to start inside of ten days, but I will not believe anything any more until I have tested the source and have made sure of the "quellen." We have been tantalized enough by reports and rumors in the army. I am almost ready to agree with David when he exclaimed: "All men are liars," but I think that is a little sweeping, even in the army.

It would be a little bit discrediting to Palladian intelligence and patriotism to attempt to give you a history of the events of our service, i. e., to give them as a matter of history, information, etc., for you have read the whole in the papers, truth and falsehood together. But to make a frank confession, I shall have to wait till I get home to find out just what we have done at times in our work here. We are left to conjure and rumor starting, and so no wonder we are victimized by vivid imaginations. However I shall tell you some of our experiences, with their historical setting, in order to give you our view of things from the field, and when it gets to you some months, (or possibly only weeks), hence you may study these pages, (search would be a less egotistical and more appropriate word), for hints of mood, character, etc. My last letter to you was from Camp Merritt, San Francisco; there I also received those eighteen missive in return. Then we sailed on June 15 for Honolulu. I shall ever remember that voyage! Sea sick? Yes, I think so, and if it was not seasickness in earnest, I pray to be spared the genuine thing. Not two hours out I was feeling—(wait till I fight mosquitoes a bit and roll down my sleeves. Why, those villainous insects have half eaten me up, just because I was absorbed in writing to my Pall friends. They do not seem to realize at all that I suffered enough last night from their combined forces. Oh, the horrors of a sleepless night in an old warehouse in Manila.) Well, I was feeling very bad, such strange sensations in head and digestive regions. But I said I must not give up. Soon I felt much worse, and I gave up nearly everything. But I must leave the subject, it is painfully vivid yet; how I crawled around for

three days through sun and rain! How I slept on piles of canvas, ropes, boards, under boats and flat on the deck, any place but down in that hold where mortal stomach and brain reeled like the heaving old ship. We got to Honolulu, were captivated by the hearty hospitality of the people, their integrity and energetic business-like qualities. The annexation bill had passed the house and we hoped more than ever it would pass the senate. We did not know of it until we got to Manila on July 17. The voyage from Honolulu to Manila was tedious indeed. Crowded on ship board, deprived of opportunity for healthful exercise, and well arranged diet; almost suffocated in the hold, or drenched with water if we slept on deck; or covered with soot from the smoke stack on clear nights. We often awoke in the morning feeling stiff and tired, head as dull as a Philippine plough, and temper as cross grained as a knot; oh, we were capable of doing most anything on those hot days. Some nights a shower of fire came pouring out of the huge smoke stack and hot spots on our persons soon brought us to consciousness, or if we were missed by the fire, we were sure to be caught by the hose when the sailors turned on the water to wet things down. One night Mr. Tellesen and I lay sweetly sleeping side by side, he on the deck floor, I on a four foot bench. In the still hours following close upon midnight, a fearful rain storm—fearful at least in penetrative faculties—came sweeping over the sea from the south. The roar disturbed my sleep a little, but I still dozed on; then the water came splashing in under the canvas awning into my face; more came, I stirred pretty lively trying to curl up under my blanket, and lay still, then wondering how C. C. was getting along down on the floor. His blanket stirred. "Hunting, what shall we do?" "Let's go down below." I suggested. But he was loth to go, so I concluded I could stand as much as he and hugged my blanket close. The rains descended, (plural number, remember), and the floods did come, faster than ever. A figure wrapped in a dragging blanket came along the deck at a very uncertain gait. It took a start out along toward the long stretch of humanity on the floor beside me. The fountains of the deep were not broken up, but I know they were badly jammed, as Tellesen suddenly came to a half sitting posture and roared, "Say, fellow, what—" but the figure had fled down the stairs. "Let's go down," said C. C., and down we went, only to deposit all wearing apparel and come back to have it out with the raging foe. We were paler and whiter when we returned, but it was not from fear. But I would have to borrow a great deal more paper if I told of half of the trouble Mr. Tellesen got me into on the way over, and since we landed.

Sunday morning, July 17, we pulled slowly into Manila Bay. It was a pretty sight, the prettiest I ever saw. The hills on each side of the entrance, the slowly brightening twilight and the low clouds, like a blanket over the hills and valleys, the wide calm bay, all made it a most beautiful sight to a man who had been on the ocean for over a month. Then we came in sight of Manila and Cavite. There lay the shattered hulks of the Spanish fleet, and we tried in imagination to picture the quiet waters before us, as they must have appeared on that Sunday morning, May 1. But we were not to be long without evidence of war; smoke rose from the hills about Manila and the sounds of firing came faintly over from the shore. The insurgents were banging away at the city. Then we longed to get ashore and have a chance July 20, we went ashore and Camp Dewey began to present a long stretch of low white tents with just room enough for two. Pardon my mistake! strike out the word "enough" and put in the word "assigned," and the truth will be relieved from a severe strain. For "There were two long boys in a dog tent, where scarcely one could lie, and their feet stuck out and their limbs were drenched by rains and morning dew."

I think there is more to the story, but I can't tell it all on account of the strong language used, as those boys got up at midnight with the rain running freely about them, Mr. Tellesen and I were not in that tent, at least I was not, for by curling up a little I always managed to keep in out of the rain. We busied ourselves at first in making

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