

THE HESPERIAN

our bamboo frames to raise our tents off the ground. Our camp was on a peanut field, but now, alas, we have left it before the plants ripened. We waited some time in Camp Dewey, drilling and trying to get the natives to sell us fruit at reasonable prices. They doubled prices on us, but we finally got them a little reduced and bought things whether or no, just so long as we could peel the fruit, for it gives a man a very vivid string of imaginings to try anything he can't peel. Things are not just tidy among these Philipinos. (Here comes Tellen with some bananas, so I must pause awhile to help him.) Bananas taken care of and some reflections indulged in, during which C. C. has been wondering if we will ever be good for anything again; so listless, so dull, and so tiresome to lie around here in these warehouses for barracks, and so little of interest to do. If we had some fighting to do, or were getting ready to pull for home we would feel a whole lot better; and yet, fighting means that some brave fellows must fall, and going home is a thing to do only when the whole task has been accomplished and the full purpose carried out, so I am willing to do police work in old Manila, keep the natives and Chinese from killing each other, guard against a possible attack from the insurgents and sleep and eat as best we can in our present situation.

But my reveries have snapped the badly stretched thread of my story. We took up entrenching work about the 1st of August, and began our post duty. Then things became interesting. We wanted Dewey to open up and then "turn loose." I'll copy from my note book a little account of my first experience on our post work.

"July 30, 1898.—On our post duty a few hundred yards from the Spanish lines. I just had my first bullet whiz past my head as I came over from an old house across the road. Volley firing had been going on before I went over, but had lull. Then it began again and I started back as soon as I finished my work there. I had just come in sight of the sentry when I heard that wicked buzz as if an insect of great size were buzzing past. The sentinels shouted to me. I dodged and smiled, or started to, and then began to realize that it was no smiling matter, that a Spanish bullet had passed pretty close. It struck in the bushes behind me on the road side. I walked on to the protection of an old house where our post is, feeling a little stirred up. Shells have been exploding over back of our post, and bullets cutting through the trees. As soon as these volleys cease we can go out safely; but when they begin you should see the natives scamper for the protection of this house, crouching low on the ground. There is an old native sitting here beside me with a bullet wound in his foot. There goes a cannon, and now a series of volleys are roaring out again. Well, we will eat some dinner now. We get hungry just the same as though bullets were not flying around. There was not a man hurt that day though bullets fell thick.

Several times we went on our post, and the last time was the day before the advance on Manila. Tuesday, August 3, Nebraska was in the firing line and had a brisk skirmish. August 13 in the morning things began to look like business. Regiment after regiment came up to the front. My company was chosen to escort the Third regiment battery. Dewey opened up and gave the fort nearest our lines hail Columbia, and then came the advance all along the line. We were under fire several times as we urged the old water buffaloes on with the guns, or helped push them over ditches, breastworks and everything that came in the way. But we did not get a chance to shoot a single shot in return. Part of the road for a quarter of a mile, perhaps, was raked by the Mauser bullets and we stooped and advanced at "double time" to get to the scenes as soon as possible. After we got into the outskirts of the town, a party of men opened fire on us from a house. We waited for a chance to get at them but dared not shoot as our own troops were over beyond them. They soon ceased firing, for the white flag had been run up some time before. While we were entering the first street a band back of us struck up "Star Spangled Banner." With Old Glory flying from the battered forts and that music in our ears we went in and I know we could have swept a regiment out of our way had they opposed our progress. How we cheered! And now the whole city is in our possession. I have tramped through its streets, followed their windings and angles, looked at its magnificent churches and palaces, peeped into its thousands of dirty holes where the masses live, sniffed its musty, mouldy air, and fought its mosquitoes. After all I feel like saying, "This stuffy, crumbling old heap of decaying stones, dirty mud, and mongrel people, is only fit for rats, mosquitoes, snakes, and toad stools." But business is stirring now; and there is much that is attractive and very interesting. Then there is "China Town" here, but I forbear saying aught about it. Tellen has not written a line yet, so I'll quit and make him write.

All success to old Pull society this coming year. I should so much like to be there to do my humble part and enjoy the good old times.

Your Palladian Brother,

W. J. HUNTING.

Company F, 1st Regiment, Neb Vols.

The Hesperian has been handed a very interesting letter from C. C. Tellen, and one from Otto William Meier, but lack of space compels their omission.

DEATH OF "TOMMY" LUNN.

Thomas D. Lunn, corporal of company K, Second regiment, Nebraska National guards, G. G. of this university, '98, died of typhoid fever last Sunday afternoon at the home of his sister, Mrs. F. Sharpe, aged 23 years 23 days. Funeral services were held in the First Presbyterian church, Dr. Sexton, Chancellor MacLean and Dr. Hindman officiating in the services. He was buried in Wyuka cemetery.

Mr. Lunn or Tommy, as the boys loved to call him, was born at Lenox, Iowa, September 2, 1875. There he received part of his early education and displayed some traits of the energy and will which characterized his life and marked his dying moments. In 1891 he entered the University and took work in the first preparatory class. Although only 16 years of age and of slight frame, he carried full work and made his expenses in various ways, doing the most humble work in order not to be a burden upon his parents. While engaged in such work he enjoyed the consideration and respect of all with whom he came in contact. Those friends were enduring friends and administered comfort to him up to the end. In 1895 he was sent as a delegate from the Young Men's Christian association to the Bible conference at Lake Geneva. While there under sacred influences his life was brought in closer sympathy with the high life, and he realized that his life must be spent in the Christian ministry, in the service of Him who has so abundantly crowned his efforts with success. Since that time he has labored at Liberty, Firth and Staplehurst. He was universally loved by his people. Not a single home in these towns but felt the spiritual radiance of his character. He was the instrument in bringing over 100 people to the Christian faith. Thus he accomplished more in his short life than the majority who fill out the allotted space of man's days, three score years and ten.

When the call came for volunteers to enlist in the cause of humanity he responded with enthusiasm. His motive in enlisting was not actuated alone by patriotism for his country, but by a sense of duty to God. He realized that among so many men there was an unbounded field for Christian work.

He enlisted in company K, Second regiment, which was sent to Chickamauga. While there he was one of five men who were not at some time on the sick list. He returned to Lincoln about three weeks ago on a furlough. His first intention was to take a light course in the University for a year and do also ministerial work, and then enter Princeton's theological seminary. He however, received his discharge from the army, which left him free to go immediately to the seminary. He planned to start Friday, but on that day was taken sick with typhoid.

During his short sickness he had every care which could be bestowed by loving relatives and friends. All the members of the family were present except his oldest brother, a member of the regular army, and George, who is now sick at Princeton, N. J. He was patient and kind during his sickness. About an hour before his death he called his friends to his bedside and bade them good bye. He died without pain or fear. His parents and sisters were at his side.

No more fitting tribute can be rendered to any man than to "Tommy." He gave up his life for his country, God and his fellowmen.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Y. M. C. A. on the death of Thomas D. Lunn:

Whereas, As God in His Higher Province has seen best to call unto Himself one of our most beloved members and consecrated members in the extension of Zion's kingdom; therefore we, the members of the Young Men's Christian association of the University of Nebraska, humbly submitting to God in His omnipresent wisdom, offer the following resolution:

We recognize in the life of our departed brother the highest type of Christian manhood, true devotion, and consecrated service; and we commend his life as an example to our fellow students.

We admire the expression of his patriotism in heeding his country's call; and it gives us infinite satisfaction to know that he was actuated in volunteering not alone by a sense of duty to his country, but also by a desire to serve his God in personal Christian work among his comrades.

We extend to those who held him dear our deep sympathy in this hour of their bereavement and commend them to Him who is ever a friend to those that mourn.

SAM B. SLOAN,
CHARLES J. ALLEN,
WILL J. TOWNIE,
Committee.

The class of '98 met Monday afternoon and adopted resolutions concerning the death of their classmate, Corporal T. D. Lunn of company K, which occurred Sunday. These were ordered printed in the columns of the Journal. An appropriate floral design was also arranged for as a testimonial of the regard in which the deceased was held by his fellows.

DON'T FAIL TO SEE THEM. REGENTS' \$3.50 UNI. SHOES. 1036 O STREET.