Letter from Andrew Wadsworth (Jul. 20, 1898):

On board Steam Ship Senator
Cavite July 20th [18]98
Manila Bay
Dear Sister,

Being too far away too[sic] walk over after tea, thought I would say a few thoughts I have in mind. When you come to think of it we are a long ways from home We arrived here Sunday morning after a pull[or fall?] of 39 days on the briny deep. We had the dandy time in Honolulu of them all after unloading in the forenoon we were turned loose and we pranced[?] around until dinner time and then we sat down to a banquet 4,000 strong and of all the good things that dinner took the plumbs[?] and all the boys say they are going back that way just to say smile[?] we only staid[sic] there one day then up and away westward for the balance of the journey. Nothing of importance happened for days and days except flying fish and wind we had two funerals after leaving Honolulu but not on our boat the weather was fine and the sea smooth all the way. The glorious 4th found us all at sea and telling[?] what we did the year before we had all the flags up and fellas as jolly as possible had a good dinner with pie and a short programme of talks and band music and we had firecrackers also, one of the boys went into a Chinese store in Honolulu and bought crackers and when he opened[?] up[?] for a bunch on board he had Fourth of July timber to burn. We passed a small island several days after that but no steamers at all we steamed south west to the lower coast of the Ladrone[sic] islands expecting to meet the Charleston[?], but no Charles was there then we headed northwest to the north[?] of Luzon and when we were three days out we saw smoke on the [?] and we all had rubber to use until we bore down on the boat and when the bonny [handdrawn picture of the U.S. flag] broke out well you had ought to have heard them yell because we did not know who might be doing business here. Then we steamed merrily along arriving Sunday July 17th and then the scene was changed they anchored us near Cavite which is about five miles from Manila and is the scene of Dewey's hammering, and you had ought to see the shape he left the place after the hell was over. You can see seven or eight wrecks of gun boats about ¼ of a mile from where we are anchored with only their funnels and nests sticking above water and everything just as fixed[?] it. When the first expedition arrived and went ashore at Cavite dead men and women were laying[sic] in the streets or where ever they fell the natives have no "thought for cleanlyness" or sanitary meanes and smallpox and leprosy victims run loose in the streets there is a large amount of shipping in the harbor the Germans have 9 battleships the English 7 or 8 and a lot of freighters and Colliers are anchored around us Last Monday a Japanese gunboat came in and when the dispatches[?] were read we heard them cheering away down the line and when it watched us we heard that Sampson had hit the Spaniards home and then we yelled again and the band played and all around was noisy and we of Course said Hurrah again. We are all alone tonight as the regiment Debarked this morning and tonight are camped about two miles from Manila in the field for action The insurgents and Spanish hammer away at each other

Source: http://teachinghistory.org/best-practices/examples-of-historical-thinking/25471
as they see fit Monday we could see the smoke of battle, I have to stay on the ship until our stores unloaded which may be a week or more have a gang of 36 men to hike around and keep busy I am feeling fine have gained ten pounds on the trip and hope to gather[?] a few more run around barefooted with a shirt and pair of pants and feel as sloppy[or stuffy?] as the next and the climate here is about the same as the south of Florida, it is cloudy most of the time and rains in squalls more or less every day it is very nice on the boat as we have a breeze all the time expect[?] it is warm enough ashore the soil is sandy and covered to quite an extent with timber and bamboo the natives are bright and intelligent as the average run of people they come out in canoes with oranges bananas eggs mangoes coconuts pineapples and other good things which are very nice as they ripen here different from being shipped they are betting we will be home to eat X-mas dinner but one can’t tell about these things. Will soon finish this as we have been working today and lights are out at 8 and all the American ships are kept dark so the men of war can use their search lights in looking over the harbor and they look pretty close I tell you no small boats are allowed on the harbor at all of nights without the password and such is the glory of war. Give my love to all the folks and then some and when time permits will jot a few more but don’t forget to write once in a while.

Co. C. 1st neb. vol. Andrew Regiment[?] Philippine expedition Siege[?] [?] Manila

Source: http://teachinghistory.org/best-practices/examples-of-historical-thinking/25471
On board Storm Sky, Seattle, Covile July 20th 35, Manila Bay

Dearest Sister,

Being so far away it looks over often to a thought I would say a few thoughts I have in mind. When you come to think of it, we are a long way from home. We arrived last Sunday morning at the fall of 8-day on the long ship. We had the cloudy time in Honolulu of them all after unloading them in the friend and we turned loose bed we finished around until dinner time and then we sat down to a banquet or so strong and of all the good things that dinner took its place. I wish the boys say they are going back that very next to stay there. The only stand there one day then and away westward for the

volume of the journey, nothing of importance happened for days and days except fishing fish and wind. We had two journails. After leaving Nonoloo but not too much with the weather was fine and the sea smooth all the way. The glorious sea found us as all at sea and letting what we did the year before we had all the flagging and fiddling as possible. Had a good dinner with fish and a short programme of telling and song music and we had quite a dances also, one of the boys went into a Chinese store in Nonoloo and bought a suites and with the opening up for a dance on board he had Fourth of July, timber and gum. We passed a small island several days after that but no steamers at all. We steered south west to the town coast of the Bradore islands expecting to meet the Charleston but no Charles was there. Then we headed north west into the north of Japan and when we were there days and...
The chirp of the birds echoes in the forest, their songs a symphony of nature's harmony. The sun's warm rays penetrate the dense canopy, casting dappled shadows on the forest floor. This is a sacred place, untouched by the hustle and bustle of the modern world. A place where time slows down, allowing one to connect with the earth and its inhabitants.

In this peaceful haven, a young girl finds solace. She wanders through the underbrush, marveling at the beauty of the forest. The flowers, vibrant and fragrant, line the path, their delicate petals fluttering in the gentle breeze. The leaves rustle underfoot, a rhythmic symphony that soothes the soul.

The girl hesitates at the Samuel's gate. It is a place of legend, said to be the entrance to a hidden world. Many have tried to enter, but few have succeeded. It is said that those who do are granted a special gift, a glimpse into the other realm.

The girl takes a deep breath and steps forward, her heart racing with anticipation. The gate creaks as she pushes it open, revealing a world unlike any other. The air is thick with magic, and the girl feels her heart swell with excitement.

As she delves deeper into the realm, she discovers a group of creatures she has never seen before. They are friendly, and they welcome her with Open arms. The girl is overjoyed, for this is a place where she can be herself, unburdened by the constraints of the mortal world.

But as the sun begins to set, the girl realizes she must return. She says goodbye to her new friends, promising to come back soon. As she steps through the gate once again, she carries with her the memory of this magical place, a place where dreams come true and wonders abound.