

Boston, Mass.

Aug 16, 1904

Dear Father:-

Your letter came all right and I was glad to hear that all was well at home. My ear is much better and I think that it will be all right. The doctor on this ship wouldn't let me go on sick leave when I wanted to go, which was about a month ago but the other day he insisted

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that I should make my request for sick leave until October 1st. I wouldn't do it because it would be at least two weeks before I could hear from the Dep't, and then it would be about Sept 1st when I would be on leave anyhow. And then again, if I went on sick leave I would have to be back at the Academy by Sept 25. Do you see that I would have lost out on that deal had I taken the leave. While in Washington

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I will see the best specialist there and get his opinion – that is if it still troubles me. I can hear very nearly as well now as I could before and it is getting better. Anyway a classmate of mine who has a real bum ear – he can't hear anything – has been assured by the examining board at the Academy that he will graduate and get his commission all right provided his ear gets no worse. Now just so long as I can keep my ear better than his I am all right – and his ear is normal for him now.

As you suggested I will probably spend a few days in St. Louis on my way down to Texas.

We arrived here in Boston Saturday noon and that night Stewart and I went ashore to get a good dinner and to see the "Isle of Spice," a musical comedy here. We also looked up the Graham's (Mrs. Weston's relative) but they were not in Boston, being still at Winthrop Beach. I received a note from him today.

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Monday morning the midshipmen from the Mass. + Hartford took part in the grand naval parade, the opening event of the G.A.R. reunion here. The mid'n lead the parade and sailors from the various ships in the harbor and the Navy Yard here followed. There were also several battalions of naval militia and Marines.

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We left the ship about ten o'clock, marched about four miles over the dirtiest streets I ever saw, over cobblestones, in the heat (temp. 90 or above), before we arrived at the starting off place. Then our line of march lead over about 9 miles of cobblestones etc. with one or two asphalt streets. We got back to the ship about three o'clock in the afternoon, no dinner or water during the whole time. Talk about sore feet. I would

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rather climb mountains than march over cobblestones. The streets were narrow and so crowded with people that we could hardly push through. And they were supposed to be some of the best

streets of Boston. But maybe I was prejudiced. Today the G.A.R. parade came off and all the old crippled soldiers that they could muster were in it. After the parade they swarmed out to the ship and it certainly helped to pass away the time to listen to their stories and to answer their questions regarding the ship.

The Minneapolis (flag ship – Rear Admiral Wise), Des Moines, Columbia, Prairie, Detroit, Hartford, the Massachusetts and several torpedo boat destroyers are in the harbor now. There must have been a thousand people on the ship at one time this afternoon when we were taking our examinations. We had people standing guard at every entrance to our compartment and still they would come in while we were trying

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to work our navigation. We are having our exams early so that we will be all through by the time we transfer to the monitors. We don't know for sure past when we leave here but I think it will be about Aug 19 or 20. We will have to coal ship before we leave and that will take about a day.

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I saw Thomson the other day and he said that he would try to come down. If he does I am going to take him out for a camping trip up the river for at least two nights. I am still in hopes that we will start a few early from Annapolis. If we don't, it will be a soak because we were kept overtime last year on account of the maneuvers.

There will be a big crowd of mid'n going to St Louis

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this time and this will make the time pass quickly.

Well Father, I will knock off for a while now.

My very best love to Mama, the children, all of Aunt Augusta's family and to yourself.

Your son,

[signed]

Chester W Nimitz