

1905

My dear Father:-

My last holidays as a midshipman in the US Naval Academy have come and gone – and there are only 27 more days more hanging on the wall – less than a month – and it sounds real well to say, “Well, I’ll graduate this month.”

Elsie came down Saturday and staid here until Monday noon and oh how glad I was to see her! It was hard to realize that

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at last I had persuaded one of my relatives to visit Annapolis. She came with Mrs. Kohler, the same lady who brought her to the West Point game. That Saturday night we went to our New Year’s Ball and I’m sure she enjoyed it, in fact, the novelty of a military affair was enough. I wanted her to come earlier to some of our informal dances, but she couldn’t come until Saturday. Sunday, I took them up to our New Quarters and that afternoon I showed them everything to be seen around here – went aboard some of the ships stationed here – taking Kodak pictures, etc. The weather during these last few days has been

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simply fine – made to order – not cold enough for overcoats even – and no wind – lots of sunshine. I was glad of that too because we rarely ever have beautiful weather in the winter here, and never when it is wanted. To make a long story short, I had a great deal of pleasure in seeing one I knew here, and by the way, down at the hop that night an old lady stopped me and spoke to me in a real motherly fashion, etc. and I haven’t the slightest idea what her name is. I gave her a happy smile and a gladhand and pretended that I knew her but I can’t place her. Her face is perfectly familiar to me and I’ve a faint idea that she is from Texas but beyond that – I can’t tell anything more. If my mind and memory are so bad as that I had better take a brace because her face is so familiar and the more I think about it, I think she is from Texas somewhere.

Stewart, Church, Orr and myself

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made out our requisitions today for assignment to duty upon our graduation. We requested to be assigned to the USS Oregon (sister ship to Indiana and Massachusetts). The Oregon is on the Asiatic Station. We also asked that if we couldn’t go there, that we be sent to the Pacific Coast. We will not know where we go though until we receive our final orders.

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Capt. Merrill has command of the Oregon, and from what I hear, he is a very nice man.

Some very welcome news for the midshipmen (those remaining here at least) is that Capt. Brownson will be detached from here in February and Capt. Ingersoll, father of Mid. Ingersoll in my class, will take his place. I know Capt. Ingersoll personally and in my opinion, a better officer never walked the deck than he. I think that he will accomplish even more than our present Supt. in the improvement of discipline etc.

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of the place.

Now it will be just my luck to be assigned to some ship or squadron of which Brownson is the commander – watch and see! He will be made a rear admiral in a few days and will command a squadron, very probably the cruiser squadron in the Atlantic. This cruiser squadron composed of all our new cruisers will visit Europe, Africa, South America and our own coast and I would like very much to be assigned to it – if I could be.

Is everyone well at home?

In 27 short days, I'll be getting ready to come home again and I'm looking forward to that time anxiously. In fact, someone tells me at every meal the exact no. of days, hours, minutes, and seconds until January 30, 11am.

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

Your son

[signed]

Chester W Nimitz