

Chefoo, China,

U.S.S. Ohio

July 27, 1905

My dear Father:-

Day before yesterday I received my first mail from you all in three months (nearly) and I was very glad to get it. We are starting for Manila on July 30, and we will be there at least one week and may be more, dependent upon the stay of the Taft party, and also dependent upon the number of pretty girls that come over in the party. Our admiral is very fond

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of the society of young ladies and he will take his flagship to any place where they can be found. For awhile here at manila, a certain young lady practically ran the fleet.

I am kept very busy now days with my duties as mine and torpedo officer. I run torpedoes every day and plant mines and pick them up. This takes lots of time and labor and I am gradually acquiring the experience with mines and torpedoes which will enable me to ask for command of a torpedo boat destroyer in about four years when I get my commission

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as a lieutenant. Then also we have landing parties and other practical drills together with the daily ping-pong (target practice with great guns). It is during this cool weather that we make long strides in the efficiency of the ship. Our ship is a very happy ship in spite of being the flagship. Our officers couldn't be better and nobody ever kicks or grumbles. On the other hand, Stewart and the others of our class on the Wisconsin are allways [sic] in hot water, nearly all of them have been suspended from duty and kept under hotches[?] at one time or another and they are kept going just as though they were on their first or second practice cruise. At first that bunch was dead crazy to leave the Ohio and go to the Wisconsin where they could get more comfortable quarters, and something else that they had not bargained for – trouble. They are now crazy to get back on here or any other ship

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just to get away from the Wisconsin. What spare time we have, we spend in “hiking” over the surrounding country visiting Chinese villages further [sic] inland; climbing hills etc. I allways [sic] carry a revolver in my belt in plain sight because allthough [sic] these Chinks are cowardly and harmless in appearance, there have been cases where a bunch of them will pull a white man's tongue out or pitch hot irons in his eyes, etc. and other harmless amusements – and though I

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don't begrudge them this simple pleasure, I don't want to be the happy man to do the amusing.

We are anxious for the war to end so that we can visit Japan. We will surely go there immediately after peace has been declared.

You ought to see the way our sailors cut up in Chefoo when they are on liberty – they simply run every Chinaman into his house, disarm the native police and do anything they please. Lately each ship has had to send a guard of Marines ashore at all times of liberty to preserve order, and to round up the liberty breakers

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after liberty has ended. The Chinamen sell our men some kind of bad booze which makes them crazy. One man came back from liberty and shortly after his return aboard, he had the worst case of delirium tremens I've ever seen. Some of these sailormen who haven't been ashore in a month or so are not content to take a drink or so, they must wallow in it, and get perfectly dead to the world, and what a sight they are the next morning when they come aboard! They are put down "D+D" – meaning drunk and dirty. C+S meaning clean and sober etc. Every man as he returns is searched for booze and some mornings quite a number of bottles are collected in this way. Our doctors have analyzed some of the stuff and pronounce it just as bad a poison. Not all sailors do this because the majority of our crew are fine, self respecting young fellows who try to behave themselves. I am a firm backer of having liquor served out to those sailors who want it, or let the gov't serve beer during the day, just as the German Navy does. You never see so many drunks among their liberty parties

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by the time our time comes around.

Is everyone well at home?

I am taking some pictures of our room with a Kodak and if they turn out all right, will send some home. You know I told you of my Lucky Bag pictures, well, I ordered some and when they come, I'll send them to you.

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Well, I know of nothing else of interest now so I will close with my best love to Mama, the children, all of Aunt Augusta's family and to yourself.

Your son

[signed]

Chester W. Nimitz