

[no date]

My dear Father:-

We transferred to the Massachusetts on Monday morning and I was certainly sorry to change. We had been having such an easy time on the Whipple that we all hated to leave. Before we transferred we had to turn in our notebooks containing our ten day's work. We were marked on these and these works together with those we received

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on the Hartford were averaged to give us a standing for the first half of cruise. My average for 1st part of cruise is 3.64 and I stood 2 in the crowd that was on the ship. This will probably mean a standing of about 6 in the whole class for that part of cruise.

The other night I went ashore to a hotel for a bath. While I was in the bathroom, someone came and pounded

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on the door. I didn't pay any attention to this and kept on bathing. When I tried to get out, the door was locked so that even with my key, I couldn't open it. When I found that force wouldn't work, I pushed out the transom and crawled out that way – and at the same time cleaned out about forty years dirt with my new uniform. Just out of curiosity I tried to open the door from the outside but it was no go. I told the hotel clerk about it and when I left one half hour later, they were still trying to open that door. What could have been the object of locking me in, I don't know and it couldn't have been any trick by anyone who knew me. There were no midshipmen in the neighborhood at the time.

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While on the Whipple, I contracted a cold, which, while at first it affected both my ears, finally settled in my left ear with the result that at the present time I am totally deaf in that ear. For the last four or five days there has been a constant discharge from that ear and as the doctor with the torpedo boat flotilla sis not think it very serious,

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I didn't give it much thought. But when the doctor on the Massachusetts looked at [it], he immediately pronounced it an abcess [sic] in the ear and told me that my ear drum was punctured, that my hearing would always be defective, if it ever came back at all, etc. Upon further examination he said that the puncture was not near as bad as he had thought it was at first. Now he is trying to cure the abcess [sic]. I have been warned by a classmate of mine, who had an

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abcess [sic] in his ear last year, to be very cautious and not to let these Navy doctors do to [sic] much with it, because, he declared, they didn't know just how to handle it. His hearing came back to him finally but not until he had spent three months and about two hundred dollars with a specialist in Washington; besides losing the summer cruise last year. This specialist told him that

if the Navy doctors hadn't fooled with it, he could have been fixed up within a month or so. Now, as soon as I can, I am going to have a specialist look at it – and then this Sept. if it is not well of its own accord or by the ship's doctor by that time. I will go to a specialist in some good place. I will probably come home and take advantage of the rates given by railroads to and from

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the fair at St. Louis. I only hope that I can convalesce without having to be a patient of some doctor. It has not caused much pain as yet, and there may not be a puncture to the drum, for all that this doctor says. It may, and I hope it will, be all right in a short time. Pond (that is my classmate's name) did not have much trouble

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in passing his physical exam with a punctured drum last year, and if I can get by the exam in January 1905, I'll be safe. I believe that if the drum is punctured at all, that it has been that way all along and that it has been the cause of my defective hearing. Didn't I have an abcess [sic] in my ear long ago when I was a baby?

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We are just cruising around in Long Island Sound and every night we anchor just where we happen to be. We spent the day in maneuvers. Every morning one of the torpedo boat destroyers comes by and collects all the mail and takes it to New London. This letter will not be sent until Thursday morning on account of this arrangement. In my last letter to Grandfather I told of our stay in Marblehead, Mass. He will probably send it to you.

Well, father I can think of nothing more. I will keep you informed as to how I get along.

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

Your loving son

[signed]

Chester W Nimitz