

U.S.N.A.

Annapolis, Maryland,

April 13, 1902.

Dear Father:-

Your letter came all right and I was glad to hear from you. In your last letter, you said that the two large photos came all right. Now I want to make sure that they were the right ones. One of them was a class picture, and the other was a picture of the Chesapeake. Are those the two pictures that you received? You see, I told the photographer to send those two, and about a week afterwards I asked him if he had sent them. He told me that he had sent only one, the ship's photo. In your next letter, tell me whether both came all right, and if

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they didn't, I will have one sent.

Next week, I am going to send home a "Lucky Bag." On board ship, whenever articles are found lying around loose, they are placed in the "lucky bag." This "lucky bag" is opened at certain times and then the owner may get his things back. So, you see, if one missplaces [sic] or loses anything on shipboard, he is pretty sure to find it in the "lucky bag." The "Lucky Bag" that I am going to send is a book gotten up by the graduating class. Every class has one.

The weather is getting warmer now but the trees have just started to turn green. Our outdoor drills are very pleasant now. Boats is what I like best.

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Every Saturday the entire battalion of cadets goes aboard the monitor "Terror" and goes out on Chesapeake Bay for drill with the large guns and for target practice. Every cadet has a station assigned him. Lucky for my ears, I was assigned in the steering engine room where the jar would not hurt my ears. These drills are very interesting and a person can learn something about the suns, etc.

Yesterday, our baseball team played a team, the members of which were all deaf mutes. One thing about the game, their team did not make much noise. They certainly could play and at first it seemed as if

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they would beat us, but in the end, we won.

Only a month and a half until the cruise. I will certainly be glad when this term is over.

I will close with my best love to Mother and the children and all the rest.

Your affectional son,

[signed]  
Chester W Nimitz