

October 3th [sic] 1902

Dear Father:-

No doubt you think that I got lost or something on that order, or that I have forgotten to write. Well, the reason for my not writing earlier is that I have been on the jump ever since I got here. When I left San Antonio for Houston, Mrs. CM Mason and Mrs. Dr. Mason met me at the station. The next morning Mrs. Mason and I went out street car riding and we enjoyed ourselves very

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much. That afternoon it was very damp so we spent the time in talking. They certainly treated me fine in Houston and I only hope that some day I can return it. I left Houston that night, and as I got on the car I bumped into Ben Johnson from Austin, he was on his way back to the Academy also. Our train was four hours late at New Orleans, so we missed our connections and spent eight hours their [sic] waiting for the next train.

At Chattanooga, I missed connections again on account of the trains being late so I spent ten weary hours there. It happened to be a Sunday and everything was dead. While I was there, I went up on Lookout Mt. and also out to Chickamauga battlefield. There we were joined by Ownby and Taylor, one a second classman and other a first classman. As it was, we arrived at Annapolis only a few hours before the time of reporting. Eklund from

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California was a day or so late, and Maxson from Nevada has not shown up at all.

It was certainly hard to buckle down to hard study that very night but that was the case. Our lesson in spherical trigonometry was something fierce, and besides that we had hard, long, lessons in other subjects. Besides the lessons, we have to drill every spare minute. You see, they are trying to whip the battalion in shape for the G.A.R. Parade in

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Washington next Thursday. The Battalion of Midshipmen will attend this parade. Of course there will be lots of marching to do, but thank the Lord, we will not have funeral marches to go by (as in the case of Sampson's funeral). There are now about 150 new fourth classmen here, some of them bilgers from upper classes. Some of them I knew and there were two Texans there. I went over and offered my assistance to them in case of need.

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Their names are Madden and Bean.

About two thirds of the instructors here are new officers. They seem (so far) to be very nice toward the Midshipmen.

Lacy came in just a few minutes ago and we had a little talk. He had enjoyed his leave very much. You can imagine how hard it was to keep our minds on our books after a month's leave.

Here's a joke on me.

While in San Antonio, I bought a large Mexican straw sombrero, for Stewart, he had asked me to buy one for him. This one had quite a little gilt trappings on it. When I got to Washington, I put it on and wore it to Annapolis. They are rarely ever seen up here, so I caused some excitement. Well, by the time I got into the Academy grounds, I had a crowd of Negroes following me. Then, as I was coming from the store, just in front of the bandstand, (the band had just stopped playing), I met the Commandant. After I had saluted

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he said, "Sir, that hat of yours is too much of an eccentricity. Take it off and go up to the quarters bareheaded." Well, there were lots of people there and they roared. I would have felt pretty cheap if I had not been so thick skinned, so I laughed with the rest.

Well, there is nothing more of interest just at present, so I will close.

My best love to mama, the children, Aunt Augusta and all the rest.

Your loving son,

[signed]

Chester W Nimitz

This letter had to be written in a rush, hence the bad writing. It was written during a week day.