

DIARY OF JOHN G. CARTER FOR THE YEARS 1909 AND 1910. PANAMA.

Wednesday, December 16, 1909. Boarded the Secretary of the Navy's boat, the U.S.S. gunboat Dolphin at about 10 A.M. at the Navy Yard, Washington, D.C., with my father, Mother and Hugh down to see us off. Captain Johnson, U.S.N. is in command of the boat. Our party consists of, Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania, chairman of a sub committee to look over the Panama canal, Senator Oliver of Pennsylvania, Senator Carter of Montana, Senator Heyburn of Idaho, Senator Dixon of Montana, Senator Clark of Wyoming and myself. Senator Butler of North Carolina was to have been of the party, but had to drop out, and my father took me along in his place. Made friends with Paymaster MacDonald upon coming aboard, and he sort of looked after me for the remainder of the trip. Weather was cold going down the Potomac, but by wearing two sweaters, and by keeping moving, managed to keep warm. Went forward to the bridge and was introduced to the ship's officers by Captain Johnson. My father introduced me to the senators. On passing Mount Vernon the ships crew went to quarters and stood at attention, facing Mount Vernon. The officers saluted, the ensign was dipped, the ships bell tolled, and the bugler sounded taps. The captain explained to us that this observance originated in an order issued originally by Theodore Roosevelt when he was president, and applied to all war vessels passing Mount Vernon. At one o'clock we had lunch in the after cabin, Captain Johnson presiding, and senator Penrose at the other end of the table. The other officers eat at the officers mess in the wardroom, and not at the Captain's table. The band played outside the after cabin during lunch. This after cabin lets out on a well deck by two doors, one to starboard and the other to port. There is ~~at~~ a long side board extending between the two doors, along the forward wall of the after cabin. Beside each door, on the side board, has been placed a decanter of whiskey, and glasses, for the accomodation of our party. There is another entrance to the after cabin, by way of a steep stairway, up a hatch, to the deck which forms the roof of the after cabin. There is no decanter covering that entrance. Another flight of steps continues down from this last stairway to sleeping quarters below the after cabin. Aft of these sleeping quarters, on the port side, is a small but well equipped library, mostly covering naval and marine subjects. This library is also fitted as a writing room. A door aft of the library leads to a small after deck, close to the water line. Each of the ~~passenger~~ passengers has his own private cabin, with a single berth, and two port-holes. These port holes must be kept closed, being very close to the water line. I wrote a short note to mother, which was given to the pilot. We dropped the pilot at the mouth of the Potomac at 4 P.M. MacLean is the ships doctor, and a fine officer. He came up from the ranks. McDougal is the Executive Officer, and Navigator, and Rodgers is the Engineer officer. We also carry a band, and a detachment of Marines, under a non commissioned officer. We steam into Chesapeake Bay. There are large numbers of oyster boats there. Dinner was served at seven P.M. The band played outside the cabin. Rare roast duck and artichokes for dinner. Took a turn on deck with my father after dinner. Also Paymaster MacDonald, who taught me how to turn in walking the deck, so as to keep in step. Got a book from the library, and bar of chocolate, and turned in to my cabin at 11 P.M. Turned out the light and went to ~~sleep~~ sleep at about midnight.

Thursday, December 17. Woke up at eight o'clock, and the ship was pitching in every direction. We are off Cape Hatteras Light Ship. The going is rough. Felt sick, but got up and dressed. All the senators up except Clark and Dixon, who remain below in their cabins. No one looks

very happy in our party except my father, whom I found to be the sole occupant of the breakfast table. Misaki the mess boy was waiting on him, and he was putting away a hearty breakfast of Jones sausage, ~~buckwheat~~ buckwheat cakes, with butter and maple syrup, buttered toast and coffee. He said to me "Come on John, help yourself, this is fine sausage." I managed to take a piece of toast and a half a cup of coffee, and then began to taste the rare roast duck and the artichokes of the night before, and they didn't taste so good. I went up on the after deck for some air, and there was lots of water around, and all of it rough. Talked to the sailor who was on duty there as the after guard. He began to praise the Navy grub, and said he had had pork chops, fried potatoes, bread and butter and coffee for his breakfast that morning. That was enough. I went below in a hurry, got rid of what I had, and came up again to the after cabin. My father was there, and was prescribing a champagne cocktail for senator Heyburn, who was feeling in bad health. Misaki, the mess boy, brought the things necessary to mix a champagne cocktail, my father mixed the dose, and Senator Heyburn downed it, went out and took a turn or two on deck, and then went below in a hurry. Later I overheard him tell senator Dixon, "That damned Carter gave me a cocktail, which I was obliged to surrender." Later in the morning a heavy sea came through the port door of the after cabin, and washed it out. The galley fires have been put out, and two of the three cooks are laid up with sea sickness. Some of the Marine guard amidships lost their breakfasts suddenly on the deck. There was no band concert at lunch. Lunch consisted of sandwiches, handed around by ~~Masi~~ Misaki and the other mess boys, who did a sort of a ballet dance around the after cabin with their trays, as the floor moved up and down, and sloped in every other direction. We held ourselves in chairs, which were lashed in place. No one appeared to care so much for lunch, except my father, who seems to keep a good appetite, and remains quite cheerful. There was another buffet lunch of sandwiches and coffee served at six P.M. To bed early, as it is easier to lay down than to stand up. Heard a senator remark to senator Benrose "Dixon" who had come up a while, and then gone below, "Would rather be in jail than out here." "Damn right," said senator Penrose, "jail would be on dry land." Thus we passed our first day at sea.

Friday, December 18. ~~Sea~~ Sea is fairly smooth today, and all of us vacationers are feeling ourselves once more. The usual band concert at lunch and dinner, and the day passed quietly. It is getting warmer. In the evening there was boxing, put on by the crew amidships. My father asked me if I would care to go in and take on the Bosun. I thanked him for thinking of me and said no. That Bosun was clear out of my class. He had just finished taking apart several of the crew, and was a tough looking hombre, if I ever saw one. I would not care to be buried at sea, not on this trip, anyhow.

Saturday, December 19. Weather warm. Officers and crew in white uniforms. I put on a light grey suit, but it is not light enough. Hot in my stateroom, and had to keep the electric fan going all night, last night. At noon sighted San Salvador off the port bow. Captain Johnson tells us that Columbus did not make his first landing on this island, but on a small island nearby, now called Cat Island. At 1 P.M. sighted Rum Cay off starboard bow. At 4 P.M. sighted Crooked Island off port bow, and overtook a brigat~~in~~ewhich was headed for South America. Later we were in the Windward Passage with Cuba off our starboard. Expect to make Guantanamo, Cuba at 12:30 A.M., Sunday. As planned we will spend Christmas Day in Colon, or rather in Cristobal, Canal Zone.

Sunday, December 20. U.S.S. Dolphin at anchor in Guantanamo Bay. It is

hot. The bay is smooth, and the surrounding hills are brown, treeless ~~and rolling~~ and rolling, resembling parts of North Dakota in mid summer. Lighters are brought along side, and the business of coaling ship begins from the lighters. The band plays while the gobs heave the coal aboard. A part of the crew are on the lighter, filling bags of coal, which are hoisted, and then lowered and put in the bunkers by other gobs aboard ship, and fill the bunkers. Paymaster MacDonald tells me that Admiral Fighting Bob Evans is credited with having the band play while coaling ship. Once, when one of his ships was being coaled, Evans saw a number of men standing by doing nothing. "Why aren't those men at work, coaling with the rest of the crew?" asked Fighting Bob. "They are the musicians" replied his Executive Officer. "Tell them to turn to and play some music then," said Fighting Bob, "everybody works on this ship when we are taking on coal." Ever since then the band does its stuff while the gobs are coaling. Coal dust in the air, and all over the ship, and it is very hot. There is some talk of shark fishing, and some lines are put out, with large hooks, baited with salt pork, but no shark comes near them. Perhaps they are all Jewish sharks down here. Captain Johnson tells about a gob on one small gunboat in this bay, who went shark fishing, and tied his line to the gun boat's whistle, so he would have timely notice if a shark struck his hook when he was in some other part of the ship. A shark struck, and then headed for the mouth of the bay, taking hook, line and whistle with him. Considerable steam was lost before the officers and crew recovered from their astonishment. We had breakfast, and then took the launch up a river to a small village. We were looking for a cock fight. We landed in a small village. I met an American there, dressed like a Cuban, who had come to Cuba during the Spanish-American war as a soldier, had been discharged there, he said, and had remained there ever since. He was dressed in loose fitting whites and wore a soft straw hat, native style. He told me that you could never tell what color babies you would produce from the native women who lived there, because the blood was all so mixed up. Sometimes you drew a yellow baby, and next a black one, or brown or red or sometimes even white, and they came in all shapes. You never could tell what the next one would be like. The game seemed to interest him a whole lot. The village is small, with one storey houses of stone or adobe, with barred windows, and a dirt street. The town seems deserted as it is siesta time, and nobody is about. Saw a railroad tract, which leads somewhere, and there is a small railroad station. Rolling, brown treeless hills about look more like North Dakota than ever. It is very hot. Went back to the launch, as we found no cock fighting in evidence, and went to the rifle range across the bay. There were officer's quarters near the range, and we were entertained by one of the Naval Officers stationed there. They served Bacardi Rum, iced, and in tall glasses with lime juice. Officer's young wife there, and I believe they had a baby also. The wife is a blonde, and looks rather worn and washed out. This due to the heat and climate. Men from the north stand up under it here in the tropics much better than women from the north, who soon wilt under this climate. We return to the Dolphin, and our launch is swung aboard. The coaling is finished, and the ship has been policed up. We steam out of Guantanamo Bay in the evening and head for the south coast of Cuba, and will thence point to Colon breakwater.

Monday, December 21. Last night I slept on a leather couch in the after cabin. The crew have been allowed to sleep on deck. It is cooler, but the Busun pipes all hands at dawn, and they hit the deck and start to sluice the deck with the hose. After that a person can resume their sleep.

We travel all day over the Carribean ground swell. The swell strike us from the port side quarter, and is a following swell. This gives a cork screw motion to the ship, as well as the roller coaster motion from riding the swell. Not so good. Senator Penrose is on the after deck. He is dressed in a one ~~swi~~ piece suit of underwear, with long sleeves and drawers, and wears slippers and a straw hat. One one hand he carries a palm leaf fan, and in the other a highball glass. Captain Johnson asks him if the party would like to put in at Kingston, Jamaica. "What happens if we do?" inquired the Senator. The Captain replied: "On arriving at Kingston we would first make a formal call on the Governor at Government House, in full dress. Then the Governor and his suite in full dress would return the call, and would be piped over the side of the Dolphin, with side boys, and the guard at present. Then the Governor would tender the party and the officers a formal dinner, after which we would tender the Governor and his party a formal dinner on the Dolphin." "Hell, no!" Said senator Penrose. So we did not stop at Jamaica.

Tuesday, December 22. Uneventful day. Ground swell continues. Paymaster MacDonald explained ship's time to me. The following both illustrates and explains how time is kept aboard ship.

Midnight.	Eight bells.	Evening watch ends. Mid watch begins.
A.M. 12:30	One bell.	Mid watch.
A.M. 1:00	Two bells.	Mid watch.
A.M. 1:30	Three bells.	Mid watch.
A.M. 2:00	Four bells.	Mid watch.
A.M. 2:30	Five bells.	Mid watch.
A.M. 3:00	Six bells.	Mid watch.
A.M. 3:30	Seven bells.	Mid watch.
A.M. 4:00	Eight bells.	Mid watch ends. Morning watch begins.
A.M. 4:30	One bell.	Morning watch.
A.M. 5:00	Two bells.	Morning watch.
A.M. 5:30	Three bells.	Morning watch.
A.M. 6:00	Four bells.	Morning watch.
A.M. 6:30	Five bells.	Morning watch.
A.M. 7:00	Six bells.	Morning watch.
A.M. 7:30	Seven bells.	Morning watch.
A.M. 8:00	Eight bells.	Morning watch ends. Forenoon watch begins.
A.M. 8:30	One bell.	Forenoon watch.
A.M. 9:00	Two bells.	Forenoon watch.
A.M. 9:30	Three bells.	Forenoon watch.
A.M. 10:00	Four bells.	Forenoon watch.
A.M. 10:30	Five bells.	Forenoon watch.
A.M. 11:00	Six bells.	Forenoon watch.
A.M. 11:30	Seven bells.	Forenoon watch.
M. 12:00	Eight bells.	Forenoon watch ends. Afternoon watch begins.
P.M. 12:30	One bell.	Afternoon watch.
P.M. 1:00	Two bells.	Afternoon watch.
P.M. 1:30	Three bells.	Afternoon watch.
P.M. 2:00	Four bells.	Afternoon watch.
P.M. 2:30	Five bells.	Afternoon watch.
P.M. 3:00	Six bells.	Afternoon watch.
P.M. 3:30	Seven bells.	Afternoon watch.
P.M. 4:00	Eight bells.	Afternoon watch ends. First dog watch begins.
P.M. 4:30	One bell.	First dog watch.
P.M. 5:00	Two bells.	First dog watch.
P.M. 5:30	Three bells.	First dog watch.
P.M. 6:00	Four bells.	First dog watch ends. Second dog watch begins.

P.M.	6:30	Five bells.	Second dog watch.
P.M.	7:00	Six bells.	Second dog watch.
P.M.	7:30	Seven bells.	Second dog watch.
P.M.	8:00	Eight bells.	Second dog watch ends. Evening watch begins.
P.M.	8:30	One bell.	Evening watch.
P.M.	9:00	Two bells.	Evening watch.
P.M.	9:30	Three bells.	Evening watch.
P.M.	10:00	Four bells.	Evening watch.
P.M.	10:30	Five bells.	Evening watch.
P.M.	11:00	Six bells.	Evening watch.
P.M.	11:30	Seven bells.	Evening watch.
Midnight.		Eight bells.	Evening watch ends. Mid watch begins.

Watches are divided into four hours each, except the first and second dog watches of two hours each. It is said that dog watch is a corruption of ~~dog~~ ~~dog~~ ~~dog~~ watch, because it was a short watch. This short watch is put in for the purpose of rotating the watches, so that the same men would not have to stand watch at the same hour every day. On the old sailing ships the crew were divided into two watches, the starboard watch, under the first mate, and the port watch under the second mate. The two watches went on duty alternately. The watch off duty was called the watch below. At the call "All hands," the watch below turned out and helped the watch on duty.

Wednesday, December 23. Slept on couch in after cabin last night. Hot, and the same ground swell, to which we have grown accustomed. Sighted the Colon breakwater in the afternoon, and docked at Colon at four o'clock. Too late to cross the Isthmus today, so we will remain in Colon, and sleep tonight on board the Dolphin. We all went ashore. My father took me to a Chinese store and bought me a suit of white duck. The grey suit is too heavy for this climate. The white duck suit cost \$1.50, United States money. This is called gold here. There are two pay rolls, the gold roll, which is United States money, paid to the office men, engineers, and skilled employees, and the silver roll, which is based on the Mexican dollar, and is the pay of the unskilled labor, and the manual labor. The duck suit was constructed without too much regard to my size and shape, but it will do well enough. Docked next to us is an Army transport. It is loading ammunition and rations from United States stores, which are consigned to Greytown, Nicaragua, where there is a revolution going on. The nature of the cargo, and its destination are no state secret, as every one in Colon and Cristobal seems to know about it. I understand that these supplies are consigned to the rebels, but they may be consigned to the Nicaraguan government, after all. I wonder just what chapter and verse of the Monroe Doctrine this sort of intervention is supported by. Senator Heyburn and the Chief of the Canal Zone Commissary are both very large men. On coming ashore they both embark together in a small Victoria, driven by a Jamaican, and hauled by one horse. The springs flattend right down to the axels, and the horse after much effort gets the Victoria rolling. A crowd of natives standing by break into a cheer as the Victoria slowly moves down the dock with its heavy cargo. We sleep on board the Dolphin.

Thursday, December 24. Christmas eve, and hot. Slept topside last night on the couch in the after cabin, as usual. This morning all of those who are to cross the Isthmus are given passes on the Panama Railroad, and a special train is placed at our disposal. Our party consists of

Senators Penrose, ~~Oliver~~ Oliver, Carter, Dixon, Heyburn and Clark, Captain Johnson, Doctor MacLean, Lieutenant Rodgers, Major Duval, the Chief of the Canal Zone Commissary, a number of engineers, myself, and the mess boy, Misaki, to give help to the thirsty. First saw the Ice House, which is just outside of Cristobal. Temperature inside in 30 degrees below zero. Then visited the Commissary. The Commissary has imported from the north a ship load of Christmas trees which are available for the Canal Zone employees. Visited the electric plant, and several other places maintained here to help the Zone employees to enjoy life. Leaving Cristobal we went to Mount Hope, two miles from town and inspected the warehouses there. Mount Hope also has a cemetery for employees, which we did not inspect. Were then taken to the Gatun locks, which are partly completed. We went under the locks, through the tunnels under the lock floors. Above these tunnels are large openings into the lock floors. The purpose of these tunnels is to let the water into the locks, and out of the locks. The locks are not filled and emptied through opening in the lock gates, as is the case in smaller canals. The in flow and out flow of water through these tunnels will be controlled by valves, turned on and shut off by electric control. These locks are ~~trifling~~ tremendous. Were then taken to the Gatun dam and spillway. This dam is a mile thick at the base. I asked an engineer on our train when we would reach the Gatun dam. He gave me a peculiar look and replied "we are going up the side of the dam now." I thought we were going up the side of a gently sloping hill, which was a part of the natural scenery. The dam is so large that it seems a part of the natural landscape. We then travelled through a part of the country which will some day be the bottom of the Gatun Lake, and visited there the repair and machine shops. It was then about five o'clock in the afternoon, so we skipped the Pedro Miguel and Miraflores locks and went directly to Panama City. Reached Panama at six o'clock, and drove to Ancon, where we checked in, and were assigned rooms at the Tivoli Hotel. The rooms were scattered around, and not all together. I had a room separate from the rest, the windows of which looked out on Panama, and the Pacific Ocean. Could see the domes of the Panama Cathedral from my window. Our party was assigned to a long table in the dining room. After dinner, Senator Penrose, my father and I took an open hack, driven by a Jamaican, and set out to see Panama. We visited a Chinese store, where my father bought me a fine piece of whipcord cloth, for a riding outfit. Goods here are very cheap. There is no duty on them in Panama. After dinner someone translated an item in a Panama newspaper about the visit of our party, headed by a United States Senator, Senator Penrose, and said it was thought our mission, although said to be unofficial was a secret one. The Panamanians may have in the back of their heads that Army transport at Colon, loading up with grub and bullets for Greytown. And of course six senators showing up in a gunboat might cause some comment anywhere. Our cabby has a rich English accent, and is very black. Senator Penrose and my father suggest to him, when passing the Presidential Palace, that we ought to drop in and at least pass the time of day with the President. The cabby opined that it would be quite impossible, as they would not let us in. He appeared anxious. These crazy ~~Yankees~~ Yankees. We drive to the Cathedral, and go in. There is a wedding going on. We enter the Cathedral by a side entrance, just as the wedding party comes in the main door. The bridesmaids and grooms men have formed parallel lines at the main door, through which the party passes, and then follow on. One of the bridesmaids is titian haired, and very good looking. We stay for the wedding. Do not get the names of the bride

and groom, but understand that both are Panamanians, and that the groom went to Columbia in New York City, and was a star baseball player while there. We go out to the cab, and senator Penrose suggests to the cabby that we ought to go to the wedding reception. The cabby reminds us that we do not know the people, and have not been invited. Of course Yankees are ignorant of such fine points of social intercourse, and besides we may be drunk. The cabby does not say this too us, but tries to give us good reasons why we should not go to the reception. We let ourselves be argued out of that one, and go back to the Tivoli Hotel. Go to my room and to bed. The partitions in the Tivoli rooms do not go up to the ceiling, but come within two or three feet of it. This to allow air circulation. Also allows free circulation of sound. In the room next to mine is a Spaniard, and his wife from the United States. They were pointed out to us at dinner in the Hotel dining room. He is elderly, and she is wealthy. They talked Spanish most of the night, and seemed to be having a fight. Down the hill, somewhere, someone was playing a fiddle. He knew only three notes on that fiddle, and played the same over and over again. It was very hot. Finally got to sleep.

Friday, December 25. Sunrise woke me up. Looked out and saw the sun coming up out of the Pacific Ocean. very confusing. But the Isthmus lies east and west, and we are here on a part of the land jutting out into the Pacific, facing east, toward the Pacific. Still, it doesn't seem right. Have breakfast at the Hotel, and take a carriage and go to the government quarters at Ancon and look up Mr. and Mrs. Paine. Find out that is is employed in the Hospital here. They have small, neat quarters, which are well screened. And a Christmas tree put up. The other employees in all the other quarters likewise have Christmas trees up and decorated. There is cotton on them to represent snow, and tinsel, and the other decorations. These trees look pretty sad in all of this heat, and amid all of this tropical vegetation. The Paine girls go to school in Washington. After a short call, returned to the Hotel and rejoined the party. We drove then to the wharf, took a launch, and went out to look over the breakwaters and proposed entrance to the Pacific side of the Canal. There is a good view of Panama City from the bay. Old Panama, destroyed by Morgan, is some distance from the "New" city, and we did not have time to go out there. Some islands noted in the distance, which we are informed are been tunneled, and provided with galleries for guns, and vaults for men, provisions and ammunition, which are to form an advanced position to defend this end of the Canal. We return to the dock, and board our special train. We inspect the locks at Pedro Miguel and ~~Mitillores~~ Miraflores. We then proceed to Culebra. This is a great cut being made through the backbone of the Isthmus. The operation here is on a gigantic scale. Large numbers of well diggers, or light oil rigs, are employed to drill holes in which to place high explosives to blast loose the rock. Great numbers of steam shovels picking up the loose rock and loading it on to cars. Small railroad tracks all over the place to accomodate these cars. Swarms of men. Saw some blasting operations. They are having trouble with earth slides. As the cut is run deeper, the earth from the hill above slides down and partially fills it in, and it has to be cleared out all over again. Generals Goethels and Gorgas give us a luncheon and a reception at Government quarters at the cut. General Gorgas gave us quite a lot of information about mosquito control. Have not seen a mosquito since arriving, so the control must be effective. Get my white duck suit

wet from playing with a fine working model of the locks. The model is supplied with a running stream of water, and by pushing buttons and pulling levers, the locks can have the water level raised and lowered, and the gates can be opened and shut, showing how the large locks will work when completed. We then boarded our train, and arrived at Cristobal late in the afternoon, and drove to the dock and boarded the Dolphin. We cast off immediately, and headed out to the breakwater, and into the Carribean. Our next stop will be the Navy Yard, Washington, D.C. Outside the breakwater we meet the ground swell once more. This time it meets us head on, and off the starboard quarter. Dinner in the after cabin, accompanied by music from the band. Do not feel so good, and go to bed in my cabin, with the fan on. Portholes too near the water line to open them, except when in port.

Saturday, December 26. Very rough. Wake up feeling pretty bad. My father comes in, and then goes up and notifies Captain Johnson, who sends down Doctor MacLean. I think I am sea sick, but Doctor MacLean looks me over as says ptomaine poisoning. He says it is sloppy weather topside, so I might as well stay where I am, as it would not be easy to remain on deck if I tried. The sea is keeping my portholes covered most of the time, and the cabin is moving up and down and in all directions, so it looks like the Doctor has the best of the argument. Get some books from the library, and among other Polotovksy's book from Libau to Tsushima, which describes the voyage of the Russian Grand fleet from the Baltic to the sea of Japan. Polotovksy was a marine engineer on board Rohdesvensky's flagship. The Japs made mincemeat of them. I understand most of the Senators are in their bunks, and hanging on. My father is up and around, and cheerful, and still enjoying his grub. I have never seen anything faze the old man yet.

Sunday, December 27. It is rougher than yesterday, and we are proceeding at reduced speed. When the propellor comes out of the water it seems to shake the whole ship, and out cabins are aft, so we know it when that propellor comes up out of the water. Still in the berth, and the many different movements of the ship are no help. I hear we have just had one of the life boats smashed by a sea.

Monday, December 28. The storm has increased. I do not know where we are and have not felt like inquiring. I know we are at sea. Hear that Captain Johnson told genator Penrose that we might have to be landed at Charleston, South Carolina, if this keeps up, as we only have coal for so many days, and running short of coal out in this weather might be bad. Hear a sailor was injured.

Tuesday, December 29. Still in my berth. The storm has not abated. Hear a rumour that a small fire broke out somewhere on board, but was put out. May be nothing to it. Also heard that Captain Johnson told the genators, in response to inquiries, that war vessels never carry enough boats to take off the crew in case it becomes necessary to abandon ship. Men who go down to the sea in war vessels are supposed to take the consequences if anything goes wrong. No boat could be launched in this sea, or stay afloat long, in any event. Of course, when a war vessel clears for action, the boats are junked and thrown away, anyhow. A projectile hitting a wooden boat would throw splinters all over the place, and injure or kill a great many.

Wednesday, December 30. Storm is moderating, so we have shaped our course for Hatteras, and the Virginia capes. Understand we took our worst punishment off the Bahamas. I hear that Captain Johnson has kept the bridge continuously since Monday night, and will remain on tonight. He has a tough responsibility.

Thursday, December 31. The weather cleared up. So did my ptomaine. I think there was some sea sickness, but Doctor MacLean insists it was ptomaine. The Doctor allows me to go topside once more and enjoy the sea breezes. Cpatian Johnson has turned in to catch up on a whole lot of lost sleep. My father is the only passenger who has not missed a day on deck or a meal during this entire trip. Understand that Senator Penrose has been off his feed also. I heard him say to my father: "That boy of yours Tom, He doesn't smoke; and he doesn't get drunk; and he didn't look up a woman when we were ashore in Panama, what in hell does he do? Most remarkable!" I have taken a few drinks on this trip, when the same were produced at dinner, at parties, or in the course of making calls. The ward room officers are throwing a New Years party tonight in the ward room for our party. Captain Johnson will not be with us. He is catching up on his sleep. So the Executive Officer will preside at the festivities, and he and the other officers will be our hosts. On the trip down the ward room mess had each of our party in turn to dinner as their guests. My turn came on the night of the 23d. Being the youngest member, I was the last one invited to the ward room. So tonight will be my second visit to the officer's mess. The senators have set up a provisional government for Cat Island, the place where Columbus landed in 1492. Senator penrose is slated to be Sultan of the Harem, Senator Heyburn to be Chief Eunuch, and Senator Oliver is to be Purveyor of Virgins. The ward room party was a big success. Lieutenant Rogers, the Engineer Officer told us that it was the custom of the gobs at midnight New Years Eve to give the ships whistle a very prolonged blast, but that he had done a neat job on the whistle, very quietly, so that it would not give forth much sound. This in order that Captain Johnson, who needed some sleep would not be disturbed. Earlier in the evening went to the Radio shack, and heard Atlantic City through the earphones giving out dashes and dots that meant nothing to me. In giving messages our radio throws out a terrific blast of sparks, and the spark lights up the whole shack. Later below in the ward room, where the officers gave a fine party. At midnight the ships bell sounded eight bells, and then kept right on ringing. The Bosun piped his whistle and roared something that is only understandable to Bosuns and to sailors, but we couldn't get it. The ships whistle attempted to let out a blast, but thanks to Lieutenant Rodgers work, only succeeded in giving out a grunt and a wheeze. We all stood up with our glasses and sang Auld lang syne. It is now the year 1910.

Friday, January 1, 1910. New Years Day. Late breakfast in the after cabin. All of our party showed up one at a time, and the mess boys took care of them as they came. We are off Hatteras Light, and on leaving the Gulf Stream the warm weather ended suddenly, and winter set in. It was like leaving a warm house and walking out into the cold. Whites were quickly changed to blues by the officers and men, and our party quickly got into warm clothing. We are steaming toward Cape Charles and Cape Henry, the mouth of Chesapeake Bay. A farewell dinner is given at night in the after cabin by Captain Johnson. All of our party attend and all of the ships officers. I sat next to Senator Heyburn. He was most courteous, and lifted his glass and drank to my very good health, and I drank to his good health. I find out that his parents were Quakers, and a further fact, which is little known, that he is a descendant of the family of George Washington. Senator Penrose acted as toastmaster, and all of the senators were called upon to speak, and Captian Johnson, and all of the ships officers. Senator Penrose finally said: "We will now hear from our youngest member, John Carter,

the star debater from Georgetown." I felt like a man facing a firing squad, but struggled to my feet, and managed a few remarks. After the dinner my father and I went forward to the bridge. We were inside the Capes, and steaming up Chesapeake Bay. My father patted me on the shoulder and said: "Good work, John. When you're called on for a speech, never balk." I felt better. We went to the chart room, and remained there until late. We watched the Navigating Officer and Captain Johnson con the ship up the Bay, by chart, compass and Gunter's rule. A beautiful piece of work. A sailor from outside the chart room called the lights as they came abeam. These were checked inside the chart room and a line laid with the rule for a new course from that point. The course was then called to the Quartermaster at the wheel, who repeated the order, and laid the course. The shutters of the chart room windows were closed, and it was pitch dark outside. Went to bed late.

Saturday, January 3. Got up fairly early and packed. My father told me he had chipped in my share of the tip given to the mess boys. Later, Misaki and the other Japanese boys came up to me, bowed profoundly, and said "Thanks, so much." They did this to each of our party in turn, commencing with Senator Penrose, and ending with me. Passed Mount Vernon. The crew went to quarters, faced Mount Vernon, and stood at attention; the officers saluted; the flag was dipped, and everything was done as it was on the way down the river on December 16th. Our party on the after deck, facing Mount Vernon, uncovered. Some music by the band. We docked at the Navy Yard. Captain Johnson and his officers all at the gangway to say goodbye. The Marine Guard drawn up at attention, and the Bosun, and we went ashore in style. Mother and Hugh were there to meet us.