

provisions and tons of powder and shell. During these days we put in nearly 1,500 tons of coal, 600 tons of ammunition, tons of provisions; as, flour, potatoes, canned meat of every description, besides painting the ship from fighting top to keel, inside and out.

On August 5th, word came that we were to be ready for the trip to Spain. Happy? Well I guess we were, as it was the one great wish of everybody on board to get just one more crack at the Spanish Navy. Every day now we expected to start and every morning the first thing one asked of his neighbor was: "Are we under way?" But we were doomed to disappointment, as after days of hoping and waiting, the word came of the signing of the protocol. Never have I seen such a disappointed set of men as at that time.

From now on the days became long and hard to pass, and sickness began to show itself among us.

Some days were spent in fishing, reading, card playing and sleeping; the latter Lubeck and Riley were able to do in a first class manner, while Edwards would sit for hours looking at a small picture or gazing away in the distance, as if building air-castles of the future. In the evenings we listened to our ship's band, received visiting parties from the other ships, or sat on the rail and told stories of what we did in the good old days of Armour.

During our stay in Guantanamo Bay our great captain, Capt. Clark, was taken sick and had to be removed to a hospital in Brooklyn, Captain Barker of the U. S. S. Newark succeeding. The day that Capt. Clark left the ship was a sad day for all the crew, as never was there a better man or one that looked after his men as he had. We all lined up on the rail and gave him three of the heartiest cheers that ever did a man receive.

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