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Allan Boyce Adams. F.A. U.S.R. 149th Regiment A.E.F., To Mrs. Joel Randolph Adams, Claremont, Mississippi. February 5, 1918.

Allan Boyce Adams

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Walter B. Adams
149th St. - A.C.T.



Official Mail



Mrs. J. R. Adams



Claremont

Mississippi

Walter B. Adams
149th St.

Feb 6 " 1915.

My dearest Mother.

I am getting along fine.
Am looking for mail all the
time.

Enclosed find copy of our week-
ly news. I am O.T. to-day so you
see I haven't much time to be
writing. I have had no letter since
the one you wrote on Dec 17th, but
the numerous changes makes it
hard to locate me.

Excuse this short note but read
the little paper and from now
on, will try to let you hear
as often as I can. But don't
be surprised or worried if several
days or even weeks go
by for some times it cannot
be helped and real soon that
is. Your loving son
Alfred Jones
147 1/2 N. E. C. A. C. P. Reyes

THE GLORY OF WAR - MAJOR CURTIS G. REDDEN.

You can't be what your officers want you to be; no organization of men ever was - and I know you to be intensely human. But you haven't had your "hitch in hell" yet. Those of you who feel that the grind is on, army life robbed of its poetry, and warfare stripped of romance, will shortly learn that the glory of war is not of the body, but of the soul. Every impulse of man is against the cruelties and barbarity of war, and it is only the soul that drives men to endure it all for the eradication of evil and the benefits of a just peace. And, your souls have not in any wise been tested by war.

You are of America's "first hundred thousand" - not as a matter of chance but after careful selection of a nation's best. Your country is on trial and has placed you as its representative - and the trial will require the stoicism of an Indian, the fortitude of a Spartan, the accumulated virtues of all time. You are asked to tread a path never touched by a foot of any of the Fathers. Are you standing up under the test? Are you prepared to do all there is to do - to endure all there is to endure - to fight as only the strong can fight? Are you impressed with the importance of your trust? Will you to that trust prove true?

In modern battle there is no such thing as the inspiration of the moment. In other days battles were fought and won within a few hours. As war is now fought you will be required to produce more strength, determination and courage, over a longer period of time, than was ever required of any soldiers in any previous war. When considering this I doubt that our training is yet complete. Let us - you and me - commence the training of our individual souls to meet the history-making epoch just before us: -

"Let us to that pledge be true
We shall not fail the rendezvous."

"The Mother-Made Man in You" - F. H. E., Battery "D",

Who were they, boys, that suffering bore us,
And travailing gave us birth;
Who ever patient, watchful o'er us,
First taught us life's true worth?

Who were they, boys, stood smiling by
Their darling babes at play,
And guarded them so tenderly
In their matchless loving way?

Who were they, boys, in childhood days,
When we were growing strong,
Taught us through their earnest praise
The good deed from the wrong?

Who are they, boys, now we've attained
The full estate of men,
With loyal, loving trust still stand
And will, whate'er our end?

Our mothers, boys, through all these years,
Though we've journeyed near and far,
Have through their smiles and burning tears
Made us the men we are.

Let's pay them, men, the debt we owe -
Is it too much to do -
Live straight, think pure, speak true and show
The mother-made man in you.

Little Journeys in France - PARIS - 3 - Headquarters.

There are two Paris's - the Paris of those who seek the historic and artistic; and the Paris for those who seek the flighty and mondaine. The one will lead you to its innumerable landmarks, monuments of the world's history - of which it has always been a powerful factor, museums, churches, gardens, parks and fortifications. The other will lead you to its boulevards, cafes, cabarets, Bal Tabarins and music halls. You have the choice of the two. A word to the wise is sufficient if you ever get the chance to choose.

"Twixt optimist and pessimist, the difference is droll -
The optimist the doughnut, see, the pessimist the hole."

They must be applying the systeme enor-
getically back home if they are getting
along tolerably in those days of enormous
profits. Cho' nous the Flour of the
Family Flock tried out commating and
showed us she could be independent all
right. How about yours - are they mak-
ing out on allowances plus the applica-
tion of le systeme?--- Another use of
the famous S. D. may be seen occasion-
ally when somebody successfully draws a
second at any of the messes, including
Officers'. --- Still further exemplifi-
cation must be admitted in the way Maj-
or Redden escapes giving that speech;
but we got him for the powerful message
on the front page of this issue.

Y.M.C.A. Items.

We now know how many men the Y.M.C.A.
hut will hold, having just crowded in
the whole 1st Battalion plus Headquar-
ters Co. for Gas Lecture. On Sunday night
we almost had a test, too, with the Band,
the inimitable Quartet, and a strong sermon
by the Chaplain - altogether a beautiful
homelike service, attended by a goodly
number of men, including a score of off-
icers, and most of the hospital nurses.
For the rest of the week: Tuesday - Gas
for 2d Batt'n; Wednesday - French classes
3 P.M., Sunflower Stunts at 7; Thursday
French; 6, Choir rehearsal, 6, Bible dis-
cussion, 7; Friday - Band Concert, 7;
Saturday - Sucker Specialty?; Sunday -
Stainer's Communion Service, 8 A.M., Reg-
imental Church Service, 7 P.M.

"Our Supply Company" - Aloysius Mathey

The next time you see a Supply Company
wagon give it the "up and down," "hither
and yon", "fore and aft," see how clean and
bright the harness and brass work is. No-
tice that smooth, solid black, oiled finish
on the harness. See how clean and slick the
mules look. Also compare uniforms of the
various wagoners you see; they will always
be proper in every detail. Our "Skipper"
is responsible for all this improvement in
the general appearance of our outfit. We
may not have had much drilling, and when it
comes to an "About Face" or a "By the right
we do not doubt that many of the Batteries
can outshine us by many English miles, but
after giving us and our transportation equip-
ment the O.O. you will have to admit that the
"Roughneck Supply" are pretty nifty soldiers
after all. Captain Johnson's aim is to make
us the best appearing and most efficient Sup-
ply outfit in the American army and you may
we'll get there. Get another feather ready
for the 149th's cap.

LOST: Elgin Wrist Watch, engraved "Redden"
R.M. Smith, Batt. "B".
FOUND: Ring of special design. Describe
to Irving Schaffner, Battery "A"

Our Tower of Talent.

WHOA MULE - Aloysius again.

"Jim" Flynn insists a "cootie" by any
other name would be just as much a pest.
Paragraph Number Twice - Wherein we
unanimously agree with Jim.

"Poetic Fever" threatens to become epi-
demic; "Izzy" Lichtenfeld has it now.
Sweet is in mourning - The 103rd copped
"TILLIE," Some Jinnic.

A Prophsey - "The smartest Supply Company
in the entire Division."

An average of seventy-five wagonloads
per day for the last ten days is bad, eh,
what?

(Editorial Comment): We'll soon need some
new clothes.

Airplane News - Robbie - H.Q.

Our mail corporal's disposition has
changed to official timidity since the pur-
chase of field glasses while convalescing
at the hospital. Let's hope he will soon
sell at a profit.

Have you noticed our officers' new outer
garments? Quite classique.

Much cartooning in evidence this week.
Buck up you poet laureates.

Mr. Sylvester - how about a change at
Reveille?

"ON LEAVING HEADQUARTERS COMPANY" - I.S.

My Colonel said, "Schaff, I'm afraid you
must go;

As useful you've hit the decline;
Go back to your outfit - let them all know
As a translator you were a shine."

Gee, I felt as if icewater ran down my back,
For my troubles now never would cease;
And I figured the jeers I would hear in
the shack

As each day I did Kitchen Police.

And the thoughts of the non-coms. laying
for me

For stables or ditch or latrine

Made me say to myself, "Schaff, your
finish I see

When they crown you the hoosegow queen."

I mumbled and stuttered and coughed and
flank choked

As these pictures of woe hit my sight;
Just like a saloon with its license re-
voked,

I could hear taps sounding "Goodnight."
So I told the dear Colonel, "My Gawd have
a heart -

Ship me anywhere else but there, do -
My name will be on every dirty work chart.
And my hours of rest will be few,"

Then the Colonel said, "Great, I've got the
idea;

I've a grudge I can settle, I see -

You're a helova token to send to Dick Bokum;
You're transferred to Battery D."