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James E. Edmonds to Major & Mrs. J. E. Edmonds (2 May 1898)

James E. Edmonds

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Recommended Citation

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University, Miss
May 9, 1898.

My Dear Father^{and} Mother.

I suppose, in-as-much as the
grand mogul in Mississippi's gubernatorial
chair had decided that minors must have
their parents' permission and as mine have
refused it, that I will not go to Cuba.

I still think it my duty to go - and
more than that, I think by not going I
am missing an opportunity that will never
be presented again. The experience gained
and the opportunities for acquiring the
information and judgment that would
be useful in my profession, would be
impossible to be gained in any other quarter
at any other time. I think it a chance wasted
and one wasted with no hope of reclamation.
Of course I accept your ultimatum

as fair but I am very sorry that it is necessary.

There is a right respectable chance that the thing will wind up in a general scrap - the Anglo-Saxons on the one hand and the rest of creation on the other. If it does I think I must be twenty-one to all intents and purposes. I know you wouldn't refuse permission in such a case.

Our navy seems to be up holding our old-time record as well as ever! Commodore Dewey's victory in the Philippines will go down in history and the battle yet to take place in the Atlantic will rank with Trafalgar and the battle of the Nile. We are making history at a rapid pace - and it hurts not to be in it.

What a glorious feeling it must be to be playing a leading hand in this thing, to be captain of a battle-ship or admiral of a squadron or even general in the army.

I'd give ten years of my life to be in
Admiral Dewey's place now - or even in
Sampson.

We had a base ball game here last
Friday and one Saturday, you can consider
the description in the "Record" part of my
letter. I write all the articles above "base-ball
editor" besides some special work nearly every
week. The bulk of the jubilation is not told
in the paper. The yells were something
blood-curdling -

1st "Avenge the Maine!

to hell with Spain!

Down with Cuba!"

2nd "Hey - Rubber - Rubber!

Hey - Rubber Rubber!

Rubber - neck - see Beels!

Siss - Boon Bah!"

3rd - When we were at bat - "We won't sit down 'till
we make a run!" ad in finitum.

These were the special yell. There were
fully a dozen that had been used before.
College songs to every time under the sun
from the "Old Time Religion" to the
latest cornie song.

There is another game coming off next
Saturday with the South Western Baptist
University of Jackson, Tenn.

There has been a Sunday School Convention
going on here this week. Some most
amazing looking folks but none I know
Good-bye.

With love

James Edwards

Give my love to Cousin Fily.

Remember me to Phee and Sarah.



Mrs J. C. Edwards
Bolivar
Miss.