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Allan Boyce Adams. F.A. U.S.R. 149th Regiment A.E.F., To Mrs. Joel Randolph Adams, Claremont, Mississippi. April 1, 1918.

Allan Boyce Adams

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Recommended Citation

Adams, Allan Boyce, "Allan Boyce Adams. F.A. U.S.R. 149th Regiment A.E.F., To Mrs. Joel Randolph Adams, Claremont, Mississippi. April 1, 1918." (1918). *Letters*. 59.

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Lieut Allan B Adams
144th F.A. A.C.F.



Official Mail



Mrs. Ed R. Adams

Claremont

Mississippi

OK.
Allan B Adams
144th F.A.

Lt Allan B Adams
149th F.A. - H.E.K.

officer's mail

Mr. J. R. Adams
Claremont,

Mississippi

OK
A.B. Adams
149th F.A. - H.E.K.

Apr 1st 1918.

My dear Mother,

I am feeling very good considering that I was up all night. I am commander here of this position. It feels fine to really be taking an active part in such a grand undertaking and such a large one as this war really is.

The Purshys chocolate received yesterday and last night it was

a life saver
for me. I want
to thank you many
times for it dear
mother, Such sweet
can not be obtained
in this country.

Only time I can
note but will
write more soon.

Your devoted son
Bayce

Alley D. Adams
1st Lt 49th Ia.

Do not laugh at
my stationery. 13

"Mother"

Of all the friends you left back there,
Is one with a crown of silver white hair
Of all the friends so kind and true,
She's the one that's praying for you

"Boys, it's Mother."

Who was the one when you were small,
Would come at your every beck and call,
On dark cloudy nights would sing you to sleep,
While round you ghostly shadows would creep.

"Boys it was Mother."

"Boys it was Mother."

While going to school your troubles you've had,
A cake she'd bake, your clothes she'd mend,
Always willing to lend a hand,

"Boys it was Mother."

And now that you to manhood have grown
And sailed for France your duty well known,
Don't forget all she has done,
Just send a letter, signed, your son.

"To Mother."

And when your work over here is done
And we've got the steam on the homeward run,
You sit in the stoke with out a care,
Just kneel by your bunk and offer a prayer.

"To Mother"

(Copied.)

This little tribute to "Mother" was
copied while censoring a Soldier's
letter three months ago.

B.