

ADAMS-MCKAIN REUNION

Volume #1 No. 4 04 August 1996

Letter written by Hazel Adams on 22 July 1995 (8 days before her 98th birthday)

Dear Fellow Members of the Adams-McKain Families:

The second newsletter is absolutely wonderful, and I thank Jim, Shauna, and Barbara for writing it.

I particularly enjoyed the Franklin B. Adams history and while reading about Franklin B. and Lucinda (Fletcher) Adams, it reminded me about my father, George Washington Adams, nee Alford, who was born on 29 January 1859 and died 13 February 1941. He was an orphan at the age of 5 years because his father, George Washington Alford, died 28 July 1863 from wounds received in action at Port Hudson, LA on 30 June. George, Senior was a corporal in the 6th Michigan Infantry during the Civil War, and is buried at Baton Rouge National Cemetery, Louisiana. George's mother, Ann Marie (Stewart) Alford, his brother, Frank, and his sister, Stella died of cholera within a short time of each other. Uncle Franklin and Aunt Lucinda raised my father with Dad adopting the last name of Adams, so my last name was originally Alford. Although I wish I knew the exact age Dad left home, he was a young man when he went out on his own. He married Effa May Adams and they moved to Marcellus in 1894. He operated a livery barn, taught school, and delivered mail. The family moved to Detroit in 1924. My brother's son has the middle name of Alford. I am proud to be part of the Adams-McKain families and I remain proud as the years roll by.

As I read an article in the Ann Arbor News about 19th century funeral customs centered in the family parlor, I thought about the parlor at the Centennial Farm. I recall it was a room used only for special occasions such as funerals and Christmas. My Grandmother, Jane (Woods-McKain) Adams died 22 February 1913 on the farm while visiting her son, Chester--it is said of eating too much potato soup. I don't remember if her funeral was in the parlor or at Harmony Chapel. I also remember the piano was in the parlor and I can see Dorothy playing it.

I'm so happy about the number of families who attended the 75th reunion and was particularly pleased Clare (Adams) Price and family attended. It brought to mind the many good times I had visiting Uncle Archie, Aunt Lillie, Carl, and Clare (Adams) when I was a child. Clare, Ruth Sykes Brown, and I are the only ones left of the original families. I always had a good time with Uncle Archie and family and Aunt Lillie was a good cook. I have a picture of my sister, Hyldred, sitting on their well platform playing with a puppy. I had a wonderful 98th birthday with Jack, Louise, Marilyn, her dog, Maggie, and Barbara. I received many cards from family and friends including one from Clare, and I still remember the wonderful visit I had some time ago with Clare, Francis, and Mildred. I appreciate others who have contacted me since I have been at Northfield Place.

Hello to everyone: I will be thinking and praying for all of you on Sunday, August 6th.

Love
Hazel Adams

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Harry Alford Adams, son of George & Effa May Adams, was born 09 August 1891. He married Marian Saunders 02 September 1921. They had three children: Betty Jane (11 March 1924), Harry Alford (25 February 1929), and James King (04 November 1935). He served as a Lieutenant in the infantry during World War I spending some time in France. He died 24 February 1947 at the Naval Hospital, Long Beach, CA and is buried in the Veteran's Cemetery at Sautelle.

The following letters were taken from the Marcellus News (20 December 1917)

OUR BOYS IN KHAKI

Letter from Harry Adams
Camp Lewis, American Lake, Wash., 29 November 1917.

Darling Folks:

How is everyone at home tonight? Fine, I hope; am feeling fine myself. The weather is rotten. Has been raining for several days now, and is still raining. Shows no sign of letting up for some time.

Well, another Thanksgiving and we are scattered all over the country, and looks as though it would be that way for Christmas, too. Hard to tell where we will be by that time. We are being rushed through in preparation to move somewhere soon. Rumors are that we may go to Schofield Barracks at Honolulu to relieve a regiment of regulars. But our lieutenants think not. They think when we move we will be headed for "over there". The sentiments of the men are that while they are not anxious to go in a way, still they are ready to go and get it over with and get back home again. Every man ready to do his part. Of course there are a few who are holding back, and I tell you those are the men who will never come back. We are preaching at them to get in their toes. It may all seem unnecessary now, but the time may come when it will save their own and probably their hunkies lives.

We are getting lots of bayonet practice now. I drilled our platoon two hours yesterday morning in bayonet work (one half of them an hour each) and believe me I was ready to quit. It is the most strenuous work. We are teaching them the offensive part as well as the defensive, which is to be used in case a man loses his bayonet. Otherwise there is no defensive, as we are told there is no going back as long as we have a bayonet, for the Huns have a longer gun and a longer bayonet, and a backward step is unhealthy. But some men, instead of considering that they are being taught to save their own necks, seem to think that it is unnecessary to pay any attention. One rookie, in particular, got my goat, swinging his gun around in an aimless fashion with a grin on his face, and me out there putting every ounce of strength I had into it for twice as long. I sure gave him a bawling out he won't forget in some time.

Under the new organization of 250 men to a Company, it is divided into 4 platoons, each commanded by a second Lieutenant and three Sargeants. I rank third in command. As the first Sargeant is attending a school, he is away most of the time, and I am usually second in command, and quite often command the platoon, as the "shave tail," army slang for second Lieutenant, is away at times. The army organization is as follows: a squad of seven men and a Corporal, a section of three or four squads commanded by a Sargeant, two sections to a platoon commanded by a second Lieutenant and a Sargeant second in command, four platoons to a Company commanded by a Captain with a first Lieutenant second in command, twelve lettered and three attached companies, the supply, the headquarters (which includes the band and the machine gun companies) make up a regiment.

There are also four Companies to a Battalion commanded by a Major, three Battalions to a Regiment commanded by a Colonel with a Lieutenant second in command. A brigade, which is commanded by a Brigadier-general is usually two regiments, and two or more brigades make a Division commanded by a Major General. This is the 91st Division commanded by Major General Greenet.

The foot ball team from Camp Custer are coming a long way a week from Saturday to get trimmed, as we have some divisional foot ball team here. Each regiment has its own foot ball team and nearly every company has one, but the 91st division team is picked from the best players of all outfits, and with 40,000 men to pick from, we have some team. They were to play the Navy today, but the field was a sea of mud and raining all the time, so the game was not so good, 14 to 12 in favor of the Navy.

We had a big feed today. I went into Tacoma yesterday and took in a show. I slept between real sheets for the first time in a long while. Had a chance to laugh at the reveille bugle, as I did not get up until 9 o'clock. Sure seemed good not to have to roll out at 5:45. Came back out to Camp at 11 o'clock for the big feed. Our mess hall was appropriately decorated with fern and pine boughs. We had oyster soup, celery, bread and butter, sweet potatoes, stewed corn, a fine turkey, cranberry sauce, mince pie, nuts, grapes and oranges, and music--a violin, guitar, mandolins and drums--not bad for "dough boys" as the infantry is called.

Received your box all O.K. and all the fellows say to tell you those cookies were the best ever, and to send a carload the next time.

That sweater would come in handy with the neck cut down and the sleeves cut out. Would be glad to get it. These damp mornings and evenings are cold and something like that would be fine to keep out the damp air.

We are all pleased at being out of quarantine. We were in for spinal meningitis, but neither suspected case turned out to be that disease. The two companies across the street were put in today for the same thing. There have been several cases, or rather suspected cases, which have proved to be rheumatism. They have it under control, so no cause to worry. Lots of newspaper talk, but that is all it amounts to.

Just over a year ago since I left Michigan. Would like to be in Camp somewhere nearer home, but no chance for a transfer.

There is an officers' training camp for enlisted men opens here January 5th. There will be five selected from each Company to attend. Will be a three months' course. The purpose is to make commissioned officers for the next draft. Was very much surprised the other day to be informed that I had a chance to be among the lucky bunch. Would certainly like to go, but am not going to plan on it too much, as I don't want to be disappointed. The final selection will be made December 21st, so from now on will have to put in all my spare time studying, and that same spare time is very scarce.

Tomorrow is muster. The last day of the month is always muster. The regimental Commander checks the pay roll at muster.

Getting nearly time for lights out, 9 o'clock.

Would like to get the NEWS once in a while. Got the other alright.

Love to all,
As ever,

HARRY A. ADAMS

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LETTER FROM HARRY ADAMS

Camp Lewis, Jan. 13th, 1918
Darling Folks:

How is everyone at home tonight? Am feeling fine myself outside of a little cold which is a habitual state affairs in this climate. It still continues to rain, has rained all day, but didn't make much difference as nearly every one was willing to stay in barracks and rest after a strenuous week on the rifle range. We went on the rifle range Monday noon came in last night. We were lucky we didn't have to go on today as we still have several days to go, and on most, in fact all, ranges they shoot Sundays and holidays rain or shine, but the colonel decided we could have Sunday off. We get in at night usually about 5:30 and leave at 6:30 a.m., so we haven't much time to ourselves as the evening is well taken up cleaning rifles and I had the score sheets to keep up so have been busy.

Did "Bunk Fatigue" all day today . We lucky to have several days without much rain, only rained hard yesterday.

It is very interesting on the range. There are five different tables to shoot over, table one is slow fire, ten shots at reach range, 100, 200, 300 yards at what is called an A-4 target which is four feet square and has an 8 in. bullseye and three other rings counting 4, 3, and 2. On the 300 yard range they are given 15 shots or a total of 35 for the table. The possible score for the 35 rounds is 175 as a bullseye counts five. I made a score of 140 out of the 175, they must make 105 to qualify to shoot table 2 which is also slow fire, but smaller targets, at 100 yards being what is called a head targets 8 1/2 inches wide and 12 inches high and at 200 and 300 yards.

A "F" target which is 19 inches high and 26 inches wide supposed to represent the head and shoulders of a man. The head target is to represent a man's head and are not very large at a hundred yards. The "F" targets are quite small at 300 yards. They are given 5 shots at each range must make nine hits out of 15 yards to qualify for table three. I made 5 at 100 yards, 4 at 200 and could only get one at 300, but was more than enough to qualify. Table three is same targets but is rapid fire, at 100 yards are allowed one minute to fire from 10 to 20 shots and at 200 and 300 yards one minute to fire 10 shots making a possible of 40, but about 12 was the limit at the 100 yards as it takes about 5 to 10 second to reload.

The shells for rapid fire are held five in a clip, which is a piece of tin holding the bottoms of the shells. They are forced in the magazine by pressing on the top shell. One must make 18 hits on this to shoot table four. I got in only ten shots at the 100 yards and six shots at 200 and had six to make at the 300, but didn't do it. Only got a measley three making 15 altogether, short three, the ejector failed me and got a cartridge jammed so only got in light shots.

Table four is the same as table three except is called record and they must make 25 hits to shoot table five. Forty-seven men out of 210 qualified to shoot table four and only 7 of the 47 made 25 hits to get into table five, which is a five and six hundred range at a twenty inch bullseye. At the hundred yard range they shot from a prone position a trench with a one foot parapet at two and three hundred yard range they use a six foot trench and shoot from a standing position. The place where the target is mounted is called a pit. Each is mounted on a frame which is raised and lowered from the pit. The pit is a trench about 8 feet deep and 8 feet wide, the front and part of the top being covered to protect the men from the bullets.

Two men operate a target one to raise, lower it and paste stickers over the bullet holes the other to handle the marker. As soon as a bullet strikes the target it is lowered and a sticker pasted over the hole, the target is again raised and marked with a disk. A white disk is a bullseye, a red disk a four, black and white cross disk a three and a black one a two. A red flag is raised for a miss. In case of a miss which is not heard in the trench the scorer calls to the telephone man "mark target number so and so." The phone man calls the pit and tells them to mark it. There is a phone for each 15 targets.

In the rapid fire they get ready on the firing line and the range officer tells the phone man "ready on the firing line" he calls the pit and the pit officer says "ready in the pit." All targets are down, a red flag is waved five seconds before the targets go up and the man in charge at the pits blows a whistle and all targets are raised and after a minute are pulled down parted and raised the number of hits. I was pit sergeant one day during the rapid fire. It sure makes some noise with a bunch of bullets flying over head. Lots of them shoot low and take chips off the top of the pit or hit the ground and send a shower of dirt into the pit. There is a side hill covered with trees back of the pit and the first ten feet of this forest, the trees have been completely cut down by bullets, some trees as large as eight inches in diameter. The bullets rattling into the trees make a continual roar, all around it is very interesting.

Received the comfort kit, it sure is handy, have three of them but this is the only one which can be unrolled and hung up by the bunk, the others were in bags so unhandy like hunting for a needle in a hay stack. Got your letter on the next delivery saying it come from some young ladies' club, would like to thank them for it. Possibly the News will print this lengthy letter and if so, and any of these young ladies should read it they may consider themselves thanked, their gift is very much appreciated. Well it is time for lights out so guess I'll roll in as that old bugle will sound again at 5:45 and we start another day. The words the soldiers have figured out for the reveille call are: " I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up in the morning." They have figured out words for each bugle call. Taps is the prettiest call of all. There goes tattoo which means lights out so will close with love to all.

Your loving son and brother.
Harry Adams

Harry Adams, who has been some time in France, reached the United States June 14. He was sent with a troop train to Camp Russell, Wyo., where he is now located, but hopes to be home soon.

Harry Adams
Longury, France, Dec. 4.

Darling Folks,

How is everyone at home today? Alls well here outside of the weather, which for a couple of days has been rather bad. Not very cold, in fact quite warm for this time of year but has been raining nearly all day, a disagreeable fine mist. We have sure had some job since Thanksgiving day. Came here from Longuyon a week ago Sunday, and didn't have much doing until Thanksgiving morning, when 2800 Russian prisoners of war returned this way by Germany were turned over to us for handling. Just got rid of them today and we are relieved. Sent them back into France. Sure was a fine job. We had to guard them and ration them. Had them quartered in an old brick factory, which the Boche had been using as billets. Never saw such a dirty outfit. Smelled worse than the Chicago stock yards ever dared to.

This town is a good sized place. Was some time a very busy place. Has brick yards, smelters, and chinaware factories. It is situated in a valley at the junction of Belgian, French and Luxemburg borders. There is, or rather was, an old fortress here, but was destroyed by Boche artillery in 1914. They came this way through Luxemburg, and two regiments of French infantry held them up for six days, but finally fell back, and it has been in the hands of the Boche since. They bled these people dry of money, and when they left took everything. Took all copper, even to oil cans on engines in factories. Even took the linens off the beds. All they left behind was an undying hatred for them, and several children of hate.

At the house where we have our mess the son came home a few days ago, escaped from Germany after fifty months and ten days a prisoner. He was captured on the Marne in September, 1914. He came up to see us. We talked to him in German. He was right near Berlin and had some interesting stories to tell of conditions in Germany. He said when he left in 1914 for the front, his father was a big strong man, his mother young looking and black haired. When he returned his father was old and bent, the mother's hair white as snow, and his sister he didn't know at all, she had changed so. Fours years of German Kultur had done that. In the territory where the Boche was located so long we see what he really was. He surely intended to stay some time. Had things all fixed up nicely. Was down this afternoon and had a bath in his officers' bath house. Showers, tiled floors, some fine hut, but he didn't stay as long as he expected.

The people say the Boche used to say right up until the time he had to leave, "the damned Americans will never come." They feared the American more than any other of the allies. And the American soldiers who came in contact with the Boche and who have seen his work hate him cordially.

Don't think we will be here much longer as part of our regiment is now at Heve, Germany, and suppose we will soon be on our way to join them. It is hard to tell when we will get back to the good old U.S.A. Will probably be some time yet. The papers say tonight the 85th Division is soon to go home. They are from Camp Custer are they not? The 85th was a replacement division. They didn't make much of a record for Michigan but the National Guard outfit did. They did good work. The 91st was the National Army outfit which made the best showing.

Haven't had any mail for three months or longer. Have been moving too much. Am in hopes some of the accumulation will catch up with me soon. The last letter from you was dated about the middle of August. Am getting anxious to hear from you.

It is hard to realize the war is over, but begins to look more like it. Prisoners of war, and civilians returning in large numbers every day. We at least will have intact homes to return to, but these poor people in these battle-scarred sections of France are many of them returning to a mass of ruins. No homes, no food, no clothes.

The French sure went crazy with joy when the war ended. Running around aimlessly, shouting "Finis Le Guerre, Finis Le Guerre." Most of them now realize that America won the war for them, as an old seamstress I had sewing some braid on my uniform said simply, "Americain Armee no come, me be Boche now."

I see by the papers they are mustering out the men in the States. They are lucky, but at that I wouldn't have missed it for a whole lot, but wouldn't want to go through it again, but the men who were over here and up front have learned a lot. I used to patronize a barber in preference to shaving myself. Over here I've shaved in everything from pails to tin cans, and had gotten so I could take a whole bath from a canteen of water. Necessity makes a great difference. I've slept in shell holes, under pup tents, and under the sky. The longest stretch I ever hit without getting my clothes off was 14 days. Gets in that time so one's clothes seem to grow fast, and the last 6 days of those 14 days were spent in a steady rain, leaking tent, and mud for a bed. Think I'll "Couchez toute suite," or in other words go to bed right away. Pronounce it coosha "too sweet."

We are getting up now where German is now as common as French. The children here can all speak German, as the Boche made them teach it in school. My German is much more fluent than my French.

Will close. With love to all.

Your son,
Harry

Ross Uri Adams, son of Uri Mason Adams⁷, (Horace Hale⁶, Bildad⁵, Joel⁴, John³, Jacob², Robert¹), and Jane Woods McKain.

Ross Uri was born in Van Buren County, MI 02 June 1883 and died 29 September 1943. He married Grace Elizabeth Daly in 1919 in Covington, KY. They had one son, John F. John was an Eagle Scout and died in his teens. Ross U., Grace E. and John F. are buried in the Bly Cemetery, Cass County, MI 3 miles east of Marcellus, MI.

The following information was taken from various newspapers and describe how Ross traveled in Europe and was in England when the Great War (WWI) was declared. His travels included attending the England and German summer medical clinics.

British Ships in Wild Chase Over Atlantic

Two of Greatest Steamers Afloat Driven into Halifax by Germans

Wireless Warns of Danger

Passengers, Fearing Kaiser's Fleet Would Sink Ship in Panic in Mid-ocean

Halifax, N.S., Aug. 6.--Two big transatlantic liners flying the British flag, bound from Liverpool for New York, put into Halifax today as a haven from German cruisers.

The unexpected arrivals were the mammoth Cunard liner Mauretania and the big Cedric of the White Star Line. Both had been warned by the British cruiser Essex of the presence of hostile vessels in the north Atlantic waters they were about to traverse on their voyage to New York and were advised to make with all haste for Halifax. The Essex herself, convoyed the Cedric into port late today and anchored with the liner in the inner harbor.

Stems into Halifax.

It was early in the day when the Mauretania surprised Halifax by steaming into port. Arrangements for conveying her passengers to New York were still in progress when word reached here that the Cedric also was making for this harbor at the out line of Great Britain's strategical ports in the North American continent.

The Mauretania brought more than 1,600 passengers and the Cedric more than 1,000. All, it is expected, will be sent by fast trains to their destination, ending prosaically in Pullmans and day coaches the trip from war-ravaged Europe which was interrupted so dramatically by the flight of each from the danger of seizure at sea. It already has been arranged that the Mauretania's passengers proceed by land. The Cedric's master at a late hour was awaiting advices as to the late disposition of those on board his vessel.

Warned of German Ships.

At 11:30 o'clock Wednesday night, while off Sable Island in the midst of a thick fog, the Mauretania was warned by the British cruiser Essex to change her course without delay and head for Halifax. The helm was shifted so quickly that many passengers jolted by the shock as the ship heeled sharply, believed the steamer was turning turtle.

Under the highest pressure of her turbine engines, with all ports planketed and not a light showing, she sped over the 140 miles that lay between her and safety from German cruisers. Behind her came the Essex, whose searchlights could be seen flashing at night across the horizon as she scanned the waters for the enemy.

The Mauretania's passengers were not officially informed of what had occurred. They had received no intimation of the declaration of war.

The Mauretania sailed from Liverpool at 4:55 p.m. August 1, amid the utmost excitement. Many would-be passengers were left behind on the piers. Under pressure, the great ship made the marvelous run of 27 1-2 knots an hour during the early hours of this morning. Her average speed for the voyage was 26.06 knots.

Passengers in Panic

When the purpose of the change of course was learned, there was excitement among the passengers. In the first cabin were 500 travelers, many of them prominent in the business, professional and church life of this continent.

The sensational report went the round of the ships that late last night a flash of light was seen over the stern of the cruiser, followed by the report of a gun. It was believed by many that some warship had fired on the liner. None of the officers could substantiate this report, as they were on the bridge, but several of them believed it to be true.

The water front was crowded tonight as the stately Cedric steamed up the harbor closely followed by the dark gray Essex, stripped for battle. There were repeated cheers from the crowd as the Cedric dropped anchor and the Essex proceeded to the dock yard to take on coal. The Cedric's decks were thronged with passengers, all happy at having reached port safely.

Kalamazoo Physician Reaches Halifax Port From Europe

Dr. R.U. Adams, former city physician, who has been studying abroad for several months, arrived in Halifax on either the Mauretania or Cedric, according to information received in a telegram from Mrs. William McKain yesterday. No details of the wild race into Halifax harbor to escape capture by German cruisers were given. Dr. Adams will reach Kalamazoo within a few days.

Kalamazoo Physician Held at Halifax by Officials

Advices received in this city yesterday announced that Dr. R.U. Adams who has been attending the noted English and German summer medical clinics, is being held in Halifax where he arrived several days ago on the British Liner Mauretania. He is being held by Canadian officials, but his arrival in this city is expected within a short time.

Dr. Adams Being Held in Canada

Dr. R.U. Adams, former county physician, who has been attending the noted summer clinics in England and Germany, has arrived in America on the Mauretania, but according to dispatches from Montreal, he is unable, for some reason, to leave the big liner at that port. The Kalamazoo physician last night wired relatives in this city announcing his safe arrival from the European trip, but stating that he was detained by the Canadian officials. He failed to state what the trouble was, but it is expected that he will reach Kalamazoo within the next 48 hours.

Dr. R.U. Adams Back From Trip Abroad

Kalamazoo Physician Held At Halifax While War Prisoners Were Taken

Dr. R. U. Adams, who reached Halifax last week on the steamer Maritania but who was held there with other passengers, arriving in Kalamazoo yesterday morning. Dr. Adams has been traveling in Europe for about two months. He was in England at the outbreak of the war but secured passage for the United States.

When the steamer arrived in Halifax all the passengers were held until 53 prisoners of war could be examined and taken off. Dr. Adams informed relatives in this city of his being detained. Later he was released and returned to Kalamazoo by the way of New York.

Kazoo Physician Tastes Real War

Lieut. R.U. Adams Visits Front Line Trenches, Battlefield of Somme

Along with some very interesting surgical work in connection with his duties as a member of Base Hospital unit No. 36, Lieutenant R. U. Adams of this city has seen genuine warfare, including the front line trenches, raids, the British front, and the battle field of Somme.

He tells of all this in an interesting letter to Dr. Rush McNair. His letter follows:

"Just a line to you as promised for I assure you I have not forgotten my friends in Kalamazoo and I always considered you one of my most loyal friends, and thus this letter.

"We are well settled in our permanent home and are delighted with our station. Majors Shirley and Walker have just returned from a motor trip through France visiting the base hospitals, and they assure us that we have the very best of all the base hospital locations.

Kazoo Physician at Vittle, France

Dr. R.U. Adams Doing Surgical Work at American Base Hospital

Dr. R.U. Adams, former coroner of Kalamazoo county, is now at Vittel, France, where he is doing surgical work in American base hospital No. 36. Dr. Adams is a first lieutenant in the medical division of the army.

A few of his experiences are told in a letter written to his friend, County Agent George Thayer. Strict censorship rulings prevented Lieutenant Adams from giving a detailed account of any of the happenings of which he has first hand knowledge. The letter in part, follows:

"Well, George, we are located at Vittel right up in the front line zone as you can see by looking on the map. We are very busy operating all day long. Our hospital can care for 2,500 patients and believe me we are busy and then some.

Sees Front Line Trenches

"I spent a week at the English front line and lived and ate in dugouts while the Hun shells played over nearly all the time. While there I walked through nearly three miles of front line trenches and saw the Boche line through a periscope. It kept me busy dodging bullets, shells and hand grenades. It is a fine life, George, if you don't weaken. I wanted to see the front line trenches but I have my 'satisfy.' One week suits me. I was glad to get back to safety.

"I have many interesting things to tell you and many things to show if I ever return."

Dr. R.U. Adams is Made a Captain

Dr. R.U. Adams of this city, who a year ago went overseas as first lieutenant in the medical officers' reserve corps, and who was attached to the Detroit Hospital Ambulance unit, has received promotion to a captaincy. Letters received from him by friends in this city contain the information that he is well. The unit to which he is attached has been kept busy the entire time since it arrived in France.

Readers of this newsletter are encouraged to submit written or oral histories for inclusion in future editions of the Adams-McKain Reunion Newsletter. This newsletter cannot happen without your support.

If you have good quality family pictures to include in your history please forward a copy to the newsletter editor or the secretary at the addresses below. If you enjoyed reading Hazel's, Harry's, and Ross's letters think about submitting old letters that you may have in your possession. Share your history with the next generation!

The next issue of the newsletter will include history of the Marcellus School District and a roster of Adams family members who graduated from Marcellus High School. If you have names of graduates and anecdotes to share with us please pass them on to the editor or secretary. Does anyone have old editions of the Marcellian (yearbook)?

If you have ideas for feature articles for future editions please let us know.

Keep us updated with address changes, births, marriages, etc. We will include these updates in future editions and our family scrapbook which is available for viewing at the annual Adams-McKain family reunion which is held the first Sunday in August every year.

You can find us on the Internet at: <http://205.213.168.3/adams.html>