MARY RITA THEISS, My Darling and My Dear,
A little poetry I've wrote, to you while I am here.
Remember your Uncle who fought in this war,
You may see him again, you may see him no more.

Round is my dugout, where I am writing this poem,
I am thinking of you, and dear mother at home.
The time has come, to settle this fuss,
And the Kaiser must go, or his dome we will bust.

The day when I get home, we will sing and we will dance,
How happy we will be, on my return from France.
Every mother will be happy, and her heart filled with joy,
In the days of the return, of her brave soldier boy.
So good by Mary Rita, I'll soon be knocking at Mamma's door,
Sure and I'll bring back Old Glory, flying higher than before.

Your Uncle,

Mathias N. Miller,
Co. "I", 56th Pioneer Inf.,
"Somewhere in France"

October 17, 1918.
REMEMBRANCE

MARY RITA THEISS, My Darling and My Dear,
A little poetry [sic] I’ve wrote, to you while I am here.
Remember your [sic] Uncle who, fought in this war,
You may see [sic] him again, you may see him no more.

Round is my [sic] dugout, where I am writing this poem,
I am thinking of you, and dear mother at home.
The time has [sic] come, to settle this fuss,
and the Kaiser [sic] must [g]o, or his dome we will bust.

The day when [sic] I get home, we will sing and we will dance,
How happy we will be, on my return from France.
Every mother will be happy, and her heart filled with joy,
In the days of the return, of her brave soldier boy.
So good by Mary Rita, I'll soon be knocking at Mamma's door,
Sure and I'll bring back Old Glory, flying higher than before.

Your Uncle,

Mathias N. Miller
Co. "I", 56th Pioneer Inf.,
“Somewhere in France”

October 17, 1918.