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1918-10-17, Mathias to Mary

Mathias N. Miller

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1918-10-17, Mathias to Mary

Keywords

Poetry, October 1918, 1918, correspondence, souvenirs, pictures, photography, gifts, family, uncle, niece, death, dugout, dug-out, leisure, soldiers' slang, Kaiser Wilhelm II, bomb, going home, post-war hopes, celebration, happiness, France, mother, children, soldiers, American Flag, infantry, company, military unit, united states, united states army, army, infantry, art, love, Old Glory, plants, songs, women at home, patriotism

Identifier

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REMEMBRANCE.

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.



[MILLER COLLECTION]

[Page 1 – Poem]

[[Image: cropped photo of Mathias Miller in his military hat (head and neck only), attached to a ribbon bow and sewn to the letter]]

[note: letter is typed]

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.

[[Image: dried field flower mounted to stationary, stem tied with a white ribbon.]]