Friday Morning
May 31st

Darling Artie,

I have just been reading the war news. Oh! how terribly discouraging it is. This morning's paper says the Allies have yielded on a forty-mile front that Soissons had been taken by the Germans and Rheims is in grave peril and may fall at any moment. And think only the third day of the new drive, too. I know that everything will not all right but it surely has an awful effect on you to read these reports.

Of course no one knows, but
it is the opinion of people in military circles there, that the war will last two years more at least, and in all probability, five or six.

Cheerful prospects? Yes? So yun see, Artie dear, that yun must come home on a "leave," the very first opportunity yun have. Understand?

I am going down to Red Cross now, to do a little work. This night Mrs. Meagher, Doris, and the two Braun girls are coming down. They want to see the rest of the pretty things that are in his own sacred chest, as I just love to show them, too.

There are days when I have them out three or four times, and I
picture each thing in our little nest—after the war is
over. — (Joy!!!)

Au revoir, honey-bunch boy.
All the love, hugs & kisses
that ym desire.
Always yrm,
Miffie

P.S.
And still no mail. Boz Hoo!