

White: A-L

WH **FOR SALES**



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A.A. WHITE

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Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.  
Hyde Park.  
N. Y.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt.

Our Methodist Missionary Society is helping with our building program and at present we are furnishing the kitchen. We have had suppers and various other ways to make money. I would like to have just one old dress or any thing that you have used to add to our Christmas Sale. Please send anything that you have - I'm sure we could sell it and make us all happy knowing we have seen and touched something that belonged to you. I am sorry we do not have an old shirt or something from your late husband -

Thank you very much.  
Yours truly  
Mrs. A. A. White.

Regret  
cannot see - 30  
may ask

46  
Liberty

Rocky Point N.C.  
Aug. 19, 1946.

my Dear Mrs. Roosevelt

I am sending you two little poems that I composed myself for our dear late President.

This will show how well I thought of him. I wrote this poem in the year of 1945, just before Peace was declared.

The poems are about our late President and the march of Dimes when the poems were composed, I was only eleven, but on the 20th of Aug. I will be twelve.

I am in the seventh grade and like school and teacher very much, and on my birthday school opens.

Please write and tell me if you received my poems.

Sincerely yours  
Albert White  
Rocky Point N.C.

L. WHITE

*White*

\*\*\* Dimes for polio \*\*\*

Come boys, come girls lets be a band  
lets help children with polio all we can  
the march of dimes is in line  
So hurry up, hurry up lets be on time

Whisper a prayer in your father's ear  
To give a dime for those who need our care  
Send toys for the little one's joy  
Make life more pleasant for our Girls & Boys

Act now, do not wait  
Tomorrow may be to late  
Give a dime for those who are lame  
For they are not to blame.

By Albert White

\*\*\* In Memory of our Great President \*\*\*

We grieve for you, our great president  
One of the greatest men, God, to the earth  
has ever sent.

This war, we hope will soon be won  
And hope another will never be begun  
But our hopes are not always granted  
But if all men were like you, the war  
could be managed.

God, in a very quiet way  
Took you from our midst one day.  
We longed for you each day and say,  
You helped us in a great way  
you did every thing with a will  
To help America save a bill  
But God called you to go  
Your name was next on the angel's row.

By Albert White