Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I have heard on the radio and read in the papers and heard urging everywhere for us to write to the boys in service.

I am not a poet and this is not very good but it has been published in my home paper, so I was wondering if you would have it published in one of the big Washington papers.

Maybe everyone who reads is will get the idea that I tried to convey...
While I was writing it here it is.  Yours truly,
               Mrs. C. J. Lowe.
               Don't Ration the Mail.

Somewhere, there's a boy in service
Who's waiting for mail call;
Maybe he is lonesome
And won't get a letter at all.

Imagine your only brother,
Or your sweetheart so dear,
Or maybe it's your husband waiting
Watching for the mail to appear.

He's trying not to feel downhearted,
Not to look hurt and blue,
Trying to smile a little
When they say, "There's mail for you."
So please don't ration the mail, 
its the least that we can do, 
while our boys are busy fighting 
lets do our duty too.

Send your sweetheart or husband a postcard 
it will help chase the blues away. 
Send him a lot of letters 
Until he comes home to stay.

Tell him how you miss him, 
But talk of cheery things 
you know that he is waiting 
for the news that your letter brings.

Yes, lets keep our boys happy, 
With letters from home each day. 
So please don't ration the mail, 
while our loved ones are away.

Thank you.