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Dear First Lady,

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt:

I am a rich old lady and all I do is read a little, that is the paper and listen to the radio.

With so many German prisoners and a big part of Germany ready to fall in allied hands, get Hitler is going to fight on in the Mountains, and we have so many Germans in Norway and other places which we will have to hold an army of boys to dwell them. If I was President Roosevelt and Stalin and Churchill, I would call all of them Pirates and soldiers or civilians have a right to kill them when ever they find them, that is after we take over.
Berlin and that territory.

The whole number of German prisoners held by either Americans, British, or Russians, will then or take them to some big island, then they could not get away for Germany are not those ships and Japan won't have long.

But I feel so sorry for our boys beingaggrieved with such a life of getting most of them, yet that blamed old Hitler still controls enough of them to make us still keep the boy on duty; this may go on for 5 years. I have almost didn't feel for any of them, men, women, children. They have been asked twice and twice again to turn against Hitler; and it might have a bearing on Japan to make peace, so all
I hate war, and please get it settled with Japan by arbitration. There is something to not be settled to our way of peace loving life even if you keep on wearing your self out. So try to end it any way you can with those crazy Japs dug in on all of those islands, where they will just stay on their legs.

Only yesterday our neighbor Missy was notified by the war department that his 23 year old son was missing. He piloted one of those big bombers in the Philippines and their other boy was doing a B-47 bomber over Austria, was shot down and is a prisoner, and has been for a year. People around here are getting touch of giving to the Red Cross and
there are some classes and the larger
will he, for our parts to try to
may when they get back.
A lot of our old white heads
will soon be cut of the picture.
for our resistance is getting low.
How I long to hear of peace
Get up off my bed this morning,
right now on my mind, a make
most of the time, war on my mind,
Maybe these few words will help
some, if it don't it won't harm
you and the President to read it.
I keep here his picture on the
wall I take it off of a magazine.
His face reads peace and happiness.
But I think these old countries ever
true, are a hard set of people to
deal with, So cut help done as
soon as possible. This is a wonderful
old U.S.A.
If an hop could come home and
beggin' life while still young.
The President has held my good
se far, but he is not an idon
man, he will wear his self out
and you too, will have to call your
self an old lady if this keep up
long.

I live in a fine Agriculture
neighbor-hord and there is know
help on the farms, with all these
prisons to feed me will fall for
short of food. as soon as possible
the veg., That are real-estate holders
should be sent back to farm their
own land. all go of men what
have to rent for a living, left
and went to defense plants.
Stocks were not pulled off.

end
The wheat this winter, because I know help, the first time in my life I ever saw that happen.

I don't blame the Russians for treating the Germans cruel. I would call it a Christian act to dispose of them in any way they could.

Wipe the slate clean and mark Germany off the map.

It's enough to make one go crazy to have to think of the boys sharing to go in those mountains and dig those mean, what are there, are the meanest of all Germans.

Days I our neighbor hood write me letters and can't tell nothing, but always say I will be so glad to get back home. Please let the President read this.

A loyal friend, Mrs. A. L. Beach.