Hars-Harw

3124 W. 132 St.
Hawthorne, Cal.
Nov. 25th 1:30 A.M.

Dearest Mrs. Roosevelt.

I'll start off by saying I'm sorry because I've probably spelt your name wrong. I've wrote you dozens of letter & then threw them all away.

I'm just someone that loved your husband so much. I wanted to tell you that my family and myself feel responsible for President Roosevelt dying. I told Mother we killed him. We just voted for him & See we didn't think we'd ever lose him.

I voted four times & would of voted again. I'd just turned 21 & Mother went to the Polls with me & I went in first.

Well you know who!

You know he loved Lala. Well here's something I meant to tell you long time ago. I had a tiny dog named Skitter, she died & my husband was gone in Roosevelt's navy, Bless his heart & April my little dog died. Well that wasn't so important except I went to each of my neighbors & knocked at there door & couldn't say a word as I was to choked up. My dog had died. Well we're selfish people & [illegible] his ways of taking (Idol's) away from you. Well the worst came the next day. Our man, our Boy, our Ideal our Idol. Well

[illegible] better. He took our [illegible]
[illegible]. Please don't ask me
[illegible] who is the father of our [illegible]
[illegible] for President
[illegible]

We miss our first lady
[illegible] sorry there hasn't been
[illegible] for [illegible].

Please Mrs. Roosevelt
[illegible] as I first
[illegible] heart [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible] will be [illegible] but
[illegible] that any one will
[illegible] like we still do.

Mother said if you
[illegible] too much God
will take them away. I feel as if
that's what happened to us.

With love from A Friend
Esther M. Hartick