Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,
Mother of our Country,

I am so sad that the Jewish people have to suffer so. So I thought I would write you a letter. Please let them land in America. When we read in the 24th Chapter of Matthew, we know there is no sorrow, so for our Savior's name let us not America turn them down. God will bless us. I am a little girl eleven years old and it hurts me so that I would give them my little bed if it was the last thing I had. Because I am an American let us Americans not send them back to that slater's house! We have three rooms that we do not use. Mother would be glad to let some one have them. Sure our Country will find a place for them, so they may rest in peace. Maybe after awhile you can sell them enough land for a new Jerusalem. Let us all remember God says: 'As you do unto the least of mine...'
so you do unto me." So I ask again dear Mother and Father of our Country
please let's give them a place to call
there home. I know all of them will
do anything they can to pay their
way. Let God's blessing lie around
the Americans, may God bless
you thousands for all you do.

A sad little girl Dee Nye