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*Thanked
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526 West Palmer Avenue
Compton, California
Sunday, March 10, 1946

Mr. Eleanor Roosevelt
Hyde Park
New York

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

Last month while you were still in Europe on your UNO mission, I sent a musical manuscript to you. No doubt this manuscript has been delayed in reaching you, so I am inclosing another with a copy of the letter sent the first time in the hope that communication will be more direct.

Since the first letter to you, other developments have taken place: The composition has been seen by several music educators here in Southern California and many of them would like to do it at their commencement or festival programs this year. Three other music publishers, Carl Fischer, Robbins and Irving Berlin have evidenced interest in its publication. I was in error regarding the performance at the Music Educators Conference; it is being considered at the present time. However, it is at the annual music festival in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, that Dr. Krone will conduct the "Prayer" on March 22nd.

In a world so fraught with post-war conflicts of political, economic and, in some instances, military nature; the need for the re-awakening or recalling of the spirit exemplified in the words and deeds of your husband is so vital. We forget too easily....we must be reminded constantly and in many ways of our ideals and our responsibilities. If my contribution can be but the mere restatement, musically, of your husband's work, I shall be truly recompensed.

Respectfully yours,

Ralph Matesky
Ralph Matesky,
Director, Instrumental Music
F.D. Roosevelt Jr. High School
Compton, California

Library

Mrs. R. Matzner
514 West 110th St.
New York, N.Y.

August 16, 1946

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
29 Washington Square West
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

At the time of President Roosevelt's death my son, who is 17 years of age wrote this poem which I thought you might like to read.

TO THE MEMORY OF OUR LATE PRESIDENT, FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

He rests, this man, this titan who never knew repose,
In his Hyde Park he sleeps, he could not sleep when
 problems great arose,
"My friends", he said, and it was so,
A friendless world that only knew its fears
Had found at last that peace would come in years.
We gave our thanks to him, now he could go.
And now he's dead, who led us through a war.
When victory over the foe was in sight,
He reached for a greater gain, that would save as
 beacon light
For a world that lived as moled in darkness,
He saw that darkness would be no more.
No more the fearful strife of men, the war,
But peace forevermore.
He lived not to see the victory,
Nor that greater one where men would cease to fight.
Like Moses who lead to Canaan his wandering band,
He did not reach but saw his promised land.

Alan Matzner

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. R. Matzner