My dear Mr. Roosevelt:

I am here to copyright the Graham Jackson story "Good-bye to Warm Springs" and to deposit a copy with the Library of Congress. I have already done this.

I have had two extra copies made of the story in its latest form, that is photostatic records. The first copy is for you, the second, for the 32nd President.

It is beautiful.

If I can get hotel reservations, I shall come to New York next Monday, October 21st. I want to bring your record to you personally, if there would be any convenient time.
During the first part of the week I had been doing various things in New York or Hyde Park, for I went very much to make a visit there.

I have had more satisfaction and happiness than I can say in having been the instrument in getting this done. I truly feel that the story will never die and that it is going to be listened to with joy throughout the world some day. I have felt this way about it from the beginning.

Sincerely yours,

Ella May Thornton
BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY—ON TUESDAY I SPENT THE FULL DAY GOING TO THE VETERANS' HOSPITAL IN CUMBERLAND, PA., NEAR PHILADELPHIA. THE POPULATION OF THIS HOSPITAL IS GREATER THAN WAS INTENDED.

THE KITCHEN, FOR INSTANCE, WAS PLANNED ON A BASIS OF 1,000 BEDS AND THE HOSPITAL NOW HAS WELL OVER 2,000 PATIENTS. SOME OF THE DAYROOMS HAVE HAD TO BE TURNED INTO WARDS, BUT ON THE WHOLE ONE IS NOT CONSCIOUS OF GREAT OVERCROWDING.

MORE THAN TWO-THIRDS OF THE VETERANS HERE ARE FROM WORLD WAR ONE AND SOME EVEN ARE SPANISH WAR VETERANS. AGE AND THE STRAIN OF LIFE, AND THE FACT THAT MANY ARE WITHOUT FAMILIES OR FRIENDS, HAVE BROUGHT THEM TO THE HOSPITAL WHERE THEY WILL PROBABLY STAY FOR THE REST OF THEIR LIVES.

I WAS PARTICULARLY HAPPY TO FIND THAT THERE WAS NO USE OF CUFFED STRAIT-JACKETS OR SOLITARY CONFINEMENT. SHOCK TREATMENTS ARE GIVEN; ALSO, THE HOT BATHS WHICH DO HAVE A QUIETING INFLUENCE ON THE MORE EXCITED PATIENTS. THERE IS A WARD OF VERY OLD AND VERY SICK PEOPLE WHICH MUST DEMAND FROM THE ATTENDANTS THE SAME PATIENCE AND CARE THAT A BABY WOULD NEED.

THE GREAT DIFFICULTY IN A MENTAL HOSPITAL IS, OF COURSE, THE LACK OF PSYCHIATRISTS AND OF TRAINED ATTENDANTS. NEW ATTENDANTS ARE GIVEN AN EIGHT-DAY INTENSIVE COURSE BEFORE THEY GO ON THE WARDS. THIS HOSPITAL HAS HAD GREAT SUCCESS IN USING GROUPS OF COLORED SOLDIERS AS ATTENDANTS. THEY HAVE PROVED KIND AND GENTLE, BUT UNDER THE POINT SYSTEM MANY OF THEM ARE NOW GOING OUT OF THE SERVICE.

SO THE PLACE FOR THE ATTENDANTS IN THE TROOPS MUST NO LONGER BE FILL.

UNDER GENERAL BRADLEY, THERE IS BEING INAUGURATED IN THESE HOSPITALS A SPECIAL SERVICES PROGRAM WITH A PHYSICAL DIRECTOR IN CHARGE OF CERTAIN ACTIVITIES. I SAW SOME OF THE YOUNGER MEN DOING SETTING UP EXERCISES WHICH I FEEL SURE WILL BE BENEFICIAL TO BOTH THEIR PHYSICAL AND MENTAL CONDITION.
new attendants are given an eight-day intensive course before they go on the wards. this hospital has had great success in using groups of colored soldiers as attendants, they have proved kind and gentle, but under the point system many of them are now going out of the service.

so the need for regular attendants will be understated imminently.

under general bradley, there is being inaugurated in these hospitals a special services program with a physical director in charge of certain activities. i saw some of the younger men doing setting up exercises which i feel sure will be beneficial to both their physical and mental condition.

it seemed to me that there was great need for the services of more psychiatric social workers, the occupational therapy work is being done, but could be strengthened. if there were more trained psychiatric workers available, one on every ward would, i am sure be helpful to the doctors and to all the other people working with the younger patients.

here the chief effort must be to rehabilitate as rapidly as possible and return to normal life, so it is essential that they get now the best care and all the services that may speed up their recovery.

the other afternoon miss ella may thornton, state librarian of the georgia state library came to see me, bringing a most moving account, related to her by mrm. graham jackson, of his last interview with his husband at warm springs and his last glimpse of him on the day of his death. she had written it just as mr. jackson told it to her and the simplicity and real affection which shone through the whole account gave it a really beautiful literary quality.

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Eleanor Roosevelt  
Lake Success  
New York.

Dear Eleanor;

I want you to know that I am sending a copy of my first novel "Cradled In Thunder" to the Women's Action Committee, for their auction on Dec. 9th.

This copy I have dedicated to yourself and Trygve Lie, as I feel you two represent the two great elements in the make-up of the characters of the book - American and Norweigan. I hope one of you buy it and let me know it has fallen in rightful hands.

I am enclosing some excerpts from reviews and the jacket. Also Mrs. Roosevelt I am enclosing a poem which I wrote on the day we lost our great President. I offer it in deep humility.

and wishes

With deepest regard for success in your work and thanking you for your stand on all liberal issues

I am, most sincerely

Matthea Thorseth  
R.l, Box 330  
Olympia, Wash.
TIME OUT FOR THE CHIEF
For F.D.R.
By
Matthea Thorseth

His breath is gone!

King's-X!

He made us play a hard game,
As he saw it, a fair game.
He took sporting chances;
Broke old rules;
Made new rules, some day to be broken.
He lost for us, but won for us more.
He minded not the grandstand hooting,
Nor its hating.
He lived because of its loving.
He wants Space and Time.

Halt Eternity's pendulum-swing
To give him an eon—
An eon for breathing,
While the water-boy hands him a dipper
Brimming with nectar.

Refreshing draught!
A nation's proud tears, distilled
And flavored with thanks!
A superb coach! Give him an eon!
He only asks
"King's-X"

note
King's-X was a word used in childhood games to ask for time out.
"There is life abundant flowing through the earthy novel of Matthea Thorseth. ---It comes out in a deep and abiding sense of the richness and rightness of Life itself. ---It has the quality that marks other writers of the Northern countries, in her ability to create characters of great strength and simplicity.---These people are very real and they meet real hazards and overcome them or manage to accommodate themselves to them with a kind of brave natural wisdom. The story---makes satisfying reading in the midst of so much hastily concocted sensational fiction."

By Gladys Graham Bates in Book of the Month Club News.

"Very fine picture of Scandinavian-American life in the period of settlement when the roots strike deep in a new soil. Clear-headed realism joins with intimate feeling in presentation of character and situation. ---No artificial plot, but the actual movement of life carries the story forward and holds the reader's interest."

By Joseph Warren Beach
Literature Dept, University of Minnesota.


Washington Posten, Seattle, Wash.

"It is a wonderful and powerful story, written in a highly individualized and appealing style. I do not believe anything like it has ever been written in America. ---The superb characters partake of two worlds, physically as well as spiritually."

Margaret Cousins, Managing Editor
Good Housekeeping Magazine.

"It is the conflict of brawn and lustiness on one side and faith and innocence on the other. ---Written in an unusual style with the lilt and rhythm of old Norse poetry. ---full of lust and laughter and living and praying as the story tells of the brawny Gunnar and his mystic-wife."

Mary Coyle Osmun, Seattle Times.

"It re-creates in the immigrant Gunnarsons some of the rhythm and sweep of the great Kristin Havnarsdatter! ---The book is written with a genuine style and flavor, but what makes a full and satisfying novel out of an array of human fundamentals is Miss Thorseth's accurate and perceptive observation. She is unsparing in her picture of Gunnar yet there is warmth and wise sympathy. ---A rousing good story."

Suzanne Martin, Seattle Post-intelligencer.
Matthea Thorseth feels that the most embarrassing question anyone can ask her is, "Where are you from?" Is a person from the state where she is born, or where she went to school, or where she worked, or where she homesteaded, or where she frittered away her time? What shall the answer be? No matter what it is, it is never correct. If one says, "I'm from the U. S. A.," people look at you as though you might have amnesia.

Anyway, you find out that this omni-state business has done certain things to the author of CRADLED IN THUNDER.

Having been a saleswoman she knows the world of commerce.

Having been a victim of polio she learned to be a masseuse. Thus, she spent time with the sick and ailing and learned much of the attendant mental ills.

Having been a night-club hostess she has gained insight into the frailties of men, and by this she doesn't mean that women do not have their weak moments!

Having found herself unable twice to cope with matrimony, she still believes romance is a live and vital force and not just a superficial glamour wrapped about unbelievable people by dreamy poets and novelists.

Daughter of immigrants, she knows the value of America. Having been a child she knows children.

Adventurous from the day she teed off in the land of CRADLED IN THUNDER, she admits she has not always used discretion in her choice of clubs and bats and rackets, yet is a little proud that she has managed to keep the ball in the air most of the time, regardless of the method. Where it is going to land is the exciting and speculative thing. Tough, she says, even to take time to put some of the milling thoughts on paper. Hard to condense it to fit between book covers. Always, there is Life, with its tug and strain, and then to have to sit down in the middle of it to live some of it over for others is very difficult. Yet, if that is one's destiny, make it good, make it real - exactly as it happened, or could have happened. "Let me at it," she says, "so I can get to the last page and let what is left of me stumble out to do more living." It is more honorable, she thinks, to get thrown from the bucking bronco than to pull leather. No fun to shoot crooked dice. "Potentially, one person is as good as another, just as intelligent and just as talented." She will argue that one with you and won't listen to reason. Claims she can sing like Pons and paint like Rembrandt. Then always floors you with her pet word, "potentially." Seems to think the true understanding of the word would make brothers of all men.

Matthea Thorseth is a unique and wonderful person and CRADLED IN THUNDER is just as real, as colorful, as frank - yes, as unique and wonderful as its author.