

RICHARD - ; RICHARD Vette

Library

April 4, 1947
1630 West Orange St.,
Gainesville, Florida

Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt
Hyde Park, New York

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

Enclosed is a little poem written in memory
of my brother and others killed in action during the past World
War. This is taken from the University of Florida Magazine.

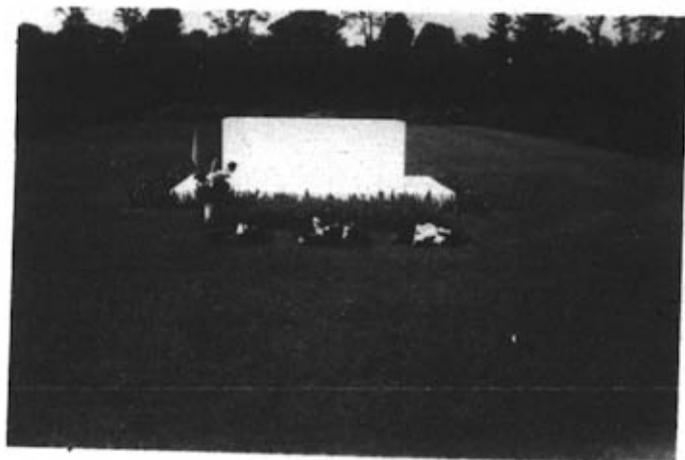
I thought you would appreciate knowing how
young people and ex-soldiers are feeling about world affairs.

Very truly yours,

James F. Richardson
James F. Richardson

jfr/

National Poetry Association announced in November that the poem of a University of Florida student had been accepted in the Annual Anthology of College Poetry. He is James F. Richardson, who wrote "In Peaceful Sleep." Anthology of College Poetry is a compilation of the finest poetry written by college men and women in America. Selection is made from thousands of poems that are submitted.



Alpha Iota Is Busy

Redecorating of Alpha Iota, Chapter's house at Indiana is scheduled to be completed by March 15. Hardwood floors are being relaid and living rooms re-painted. New rugs, draperies, and various pieces of furniture have been purchased. Plans for the chapter's Baby Rattle are being made. The first issue of the publication is expected in March. Copies will be mailed to chapter alumni.

Grave of Franklin D.
Roosevelt -

In
Memoriam

Franklin Delano Roosevelt

April 12, 1945



IN PEACEFUL SLEEP

They quietly lie beneath the sky
While silver wings go sailing by;
And meadow larks now proudly soar
Where once we heard the robot roar.
They quietly lie beneath the sea
Where ocean courses now are free;
And phosphorus holds a twinkling eye
Against the midnight's starry sky.
They quietly lie in peaceful sleep
Upon the land or 'neath the deep:
While nations march toward the goals
For finer men and nobler souls.

—JAMES F. RICHARDSON

PEEL PROFILE



"Bear" Wolf

Fifteen for Coach Wolf

by Julian Clarkson

"Fifteen for Coach Wolf!" And a thundering cheer fills every corner of Florida Field during a Gator pigskin contest as U of F students pay tribute to a man who quickly gained their confidence after assuming head football coaching duties at Gainesville. Respected by gridders and students alike, Raymond "Bear" Wolf is one of the most popular coaches ever to head a squad at the University.

Coach Wolf is now completing his first full year at Florida. Although his '46 football squad failed to break into the victory column a single time, Florida officials as well as the student body are well satisfied with his work. They recognize that the Gators are under the direction of a man who has experienced many successes throughout his long athletic career.

Although a native of Chicago, Wolf attended North Side High School in Fort Worth, Texas, where he won letters in football, basketball, baseball and track. After finishing high school, he entered Texas Christian University and was graduated with a bachelor's degree in Business Administration in 1928. Alternating between tackle and guard on the football squad and playing

first base for the college nine, Wolf was a two-letter man at TCU.

Wolf embarked upon his coaching career at his alma mater soon after graduation by taking over TCU baseball duties in addition to handling the freshman line. In 1929 he was appointed varsity line coach under Francis Schmidt and became athletic director as well in 1934.

Two years later Wolf was named head football coach at the University of North Carolina where he served six years before being commissioned in the U. S. Navy in 1942. During his tenure as Tar Heel mentor he hung up a record of 39 wins, 17 defeats, and three ties. Perhaps his most successful team was the 1937 aggregation which amassed eight victories, a single loss, and one tie while winning the Southern Conference championship. The 1939 North Carolina squad also dropped only one contest.

After entering the service, Wolf put in a season of coaching at the U. S. Navy Pre-Flight School, Athens, Georgia, and produced a team which won eight out of ten games. Also while in the Navy he served as officer in charge of athletics at the U. S. Navy Flight Preparatory School, Austin, Texas, and at the U. S. Naval Air Station in Miami. He succeeded Bernie Bierman as athletic director of the U. S. Naval Air Training Base in Pensacola in 1944. Upon receiving an honorable discharge from the Navy, Wolf joined the U of F coaching staff in February of 1945 as head football coach.

Coach Wolf's policy for football at Florida thus far has been one of rebuilding. He said from the first that the 1946 Gator team would be handicapped by lack of experience as well as by unfamiliarity with his tricky double and single wing styles of formation. A green grid squad faced with a tough schedule such as the one Florida encountered last fall, he contended, is not likely to wind up the season with a topnotch record.

But 1947 is another year. While Florida's fighting Gators may not burn up the Southeastern Conference next fall, it will be an improved team that Coach Wolf leads on the field for the season's opener. However, win, lose, or draw, the Gator mentor will have the full support of Floridians who are eager to field a team that will rank among the top grid powers in the South but who aren't expecting any miracles right away.

PEEL

There is one about the swinging doors of a saloon opening to admit a pink elephant, a purple alligator with yellow stripes, and a two-headed snake. The patron at the bar leaps for the chandelier, but the bartender, without ceasing to polish his glassware addresses the trio with: "You're too early, fellows. He isn't here yet."

"Perhaps." can't help but

"In what re- clad figure up pacing, Ann."

"Well, I m- to say he cou- know it at the weekend while wretched."

"It was jus- her shoulders a window. For- and other buil- happy with hi-

"From the- swept corner u- New York. It-

been that fir- ment of eterni-

if I hadn't met- Then it develo-

stop. It was lik- your breast and- She sat down-

easy chairs an- night I saw hi- from Fort Dix-

I called him. and said "Hi-

beginning of it- "How long-

"Oh, about- but we made t-

way restauran- reached to the-

Durbin in 'C- 'Always' for o-

know whether- my apartment-

"Was that- quote?"

"You mean- "Uh-huh."

"Yes, he us-

and strong."

throaty voice:

"Our- But- And-

"Our- But- And-

"Perhaps." She resumed her pacing. "Anyway I can't help but think that it's poetic justice."

"In what respect?" Rita's eyes followed Ann's jade-clad figure up and down the room. "Do stop that pacing, Ann."

"Well, I met him that night your Noel called up to say he couldn't see you. And although I didn't know it at the time, there I was having a wonderful weekend while you were at school being perfectly wretched."

"It was just one of those things." Rita shrugged her shoulders and walked over to a large sofa near the window. For a long while she looked out at the street and other buildings. Then she sat down. "You were happy with him, weren't you?"

"From the moment I picked him up on that rain-swept corner until we said good-bye that last night in New York. It wouldn't have been so bad had it only been that first night. From his first kiss it was a moment of eternity. But I still could have forgotten it if I hadn't met him in New York the following summer. Then it developed into something neither of us could stop. It was like a knife plunged deeper and deeper into your breast and then finally twisted as hard as possible." She sat down on a hassock in front of one of the easy chairs and faced Rita. "I never will forget the night I saw him in Penn Station. He'd just come in from Fort Dix and was starting out to 34th Street when I called him. He didn't turn until I caught his sleeve and said 'Hi there. Remember me?' That was the beginning of it."

"How long did you have together?"

"Oh, about two months. It was such a short time but we made the most of it. Eating at little out-of-the-way restaurants, dancing, seeing shows . . ." Ann reached to the desk for a cigarette. "We saw Deanna Durbin in 'Christmas Holiday' and sorta adopted 'Always' for our theme. Now when I hear it I don't know whether to laugh or cry. Then we would go to my apartment and talk or read love poetry or . . ."

"Was that where you learned that one you always quote?"

"You mean 'Our Love Was Written in the Clouds'?"

"Uh-huh."

"Yes, he used to repeat it so often, his voice quiet and strong." She paused for a minute. Then in a low, throaty voice:

"Our love was written in the clouds
But the winds blow
And the clouds are nothing.

"Our love had the freshness of dew
But the sun shines warm
And the dew is nothing.

"Our love was the ripening of seed
But the drought comes
And the seed is nothing.

"Our love was a moment of eternity
But eternity is long
And a moment is nothing

"Our love was a fire
But fire is consuming
And our love is nothing."

"Maybe he was trying to tell me that all was to pass away when he left. Well, I hope he enjoyed himself. Maybe I shouldn't feel so bitter toward him. We both gave something to our love and we both took something from it. Maybe it wasn't the 'proper' way to love but it was an unselfish love. And no one was hurt but me." She sat silent for a long while. "And maybe him."

"Maybe he did write, Ann. Maybe the letter just wasn't forwarded."

"Boah. You know perfectly well that when we took this apartment together all the mail that came to me in New York was sent here. He just didn't write." She glanced at her wrist watch. "Good heavens, it's getting on to 7. You'd better go get ready for your Noel."

Rita got up and went toward the bedroom. "Noel's a funny name for a boy, isn't it, Rita?" "Uh-huh. He was born on Christmas and his mother being French called him Noel. I think it's a cute name. He's a cute boy anyway."

"That remains to be seen. Why didn't he ever send you a picture of himself?"

"Shy, I suppose. He always was a quiet type." Ann picked up a magazine from the desk and began to thumb through its pages. "Yeah, I'll bet. 'Still waters run deep.' Does he speak French?"

Rita's voice came from the bedroom. "Fluently." "Then he probably picked up a Mam'zelle in Paris on the way back. I suppose Leon did the same."

"Leon? Oh that was the fellow . . ." "In New York. Not as romantic sounding as Noel however."

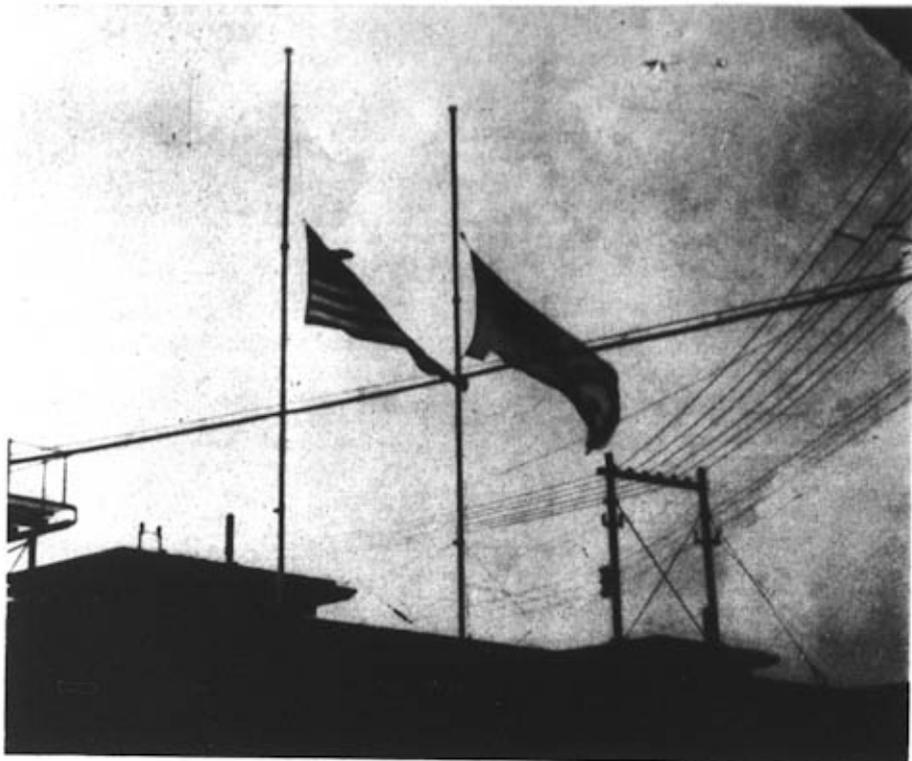
Ann continued to skim through the book. The doorbell buzzed. Rita's voice sounded excitedly, "That's probably he now. Catch it, will you, Ann?"

"Surething." She got up and went leisurely, lithely to the door and opened. A tall blond soldier was standing before the door, but his face was turned down the hall. He was deeply tanned. Over the right hand pocket of his jacket he wore a discharge emblem.

"You must be Noel." "Yep." The soldier turned; the twinkle in his blue eyes vanished.

"Ann!" He reached out to her.

(Continued on Page 20)



The announcement of President Roosevelt's death was received in India on Friday the 13th of April, 1945. Our unit was stationed at Hastings Hill, an allied air base on the Hooghly River north of Calcutta. The snapshot was taken from the arched porch of the headquarters building.

The United States flag and the British RAF flag fluttered side by side over the roof of the ancient jute mill. Silhouetted against the brilliant Indian sky, a large crowd clung momentarily to the Stars and Stripes, symbolic of that day's sorrow.

Throughout the world freedom-loving people paused, thankful that there had been such a man as Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

—BARTON JOHNS

M. Richardson

Berkeley California
April 10/47

Mrs Roosevelt

I am reading this memoir, I write
poems about him at all times
I am a member of the Roosevelt
Democratic Club, when he passed
I composed a poem of what a
day was yesterday also I leaf
ad in the Gardener, if you would
like the I will send them to you
I sent you a picture of Memoir of
the president when he had passed
I was visiting in New Orleans ^{one year.}
I also attended your lecture at the
Oakland Auditorium, you were
grand. As ever Marie Waitelle

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Richardson

Mrs Marie Waitelle Richardson
2935 Acton St
Berkeley Calif

memoria

To day two years ago April 2/47
at 1³⁰ PM A beautiful Rose was
plucked from our garden, that
Rose was our beloved President
Franklin Delano Roosevelt. He was
a brave Soldier, he never gave
up. He tried so hard to bring
peace, to the United States.
As he sat alone, his mind
wondering, what must I do
next. He heard a voice with
in saying, you must come and
go with me. Your work is finish
ed. You are going home to rest
where there is no more sorrow or
sadness. He is not dead he
is just away. In a beautiful
land above. Heaven now is his
home.

1492 Bennsville
Birmingham, Michigan

January 21, 1947

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
Hyde Park, New York

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt

I am inclosing a New Year's Prayer for 1947
and a Birthday Memorial for a good man.

When Mr. Roosevelt left us, someone drew an
analogy from the Old Testament. I find one
thing wrong with this picture: Where is
Joshua?

I believe you are familiar with our home
town, but, of course, not with us. We are
the parents of the man who broke the no
fifth term tradition - William Lewis Richard-
son, now six years old. (His middle name is
the maiden name of his grandmother.) I am
sure both he and his sister, Merry Ann, 4,
would appreciate some small word from the
democratic lady who must receive so many
unkind letters and yet who manages to re-
tain both tolerance and understanding. But
I am also certain they will understand if
your many other duties prevent your writing.
After all, they are exceptional only to
their parents.

With kindest regards to you and your tactful
secretary, who must somehow deal with so
many typical of

Very Sincerely Yours,

W. C. Richardson

W. C. Richardson

NEW YEAR'S PRAYER - 1947

Down on our knees, O Lord,
Here at Thine altar, where
Folk of all faiths may join
In one united prayer:

Humbly we pray to Thee,
Lord over Land and Sea,
Guide Thou our Destiny
To a new day.

May War's last echoes cease,
Thy people find surcesse
In the sure arts of Peace,
Humbly we pray.

May that good day appear,
And a new dawn rise clear,
Free from all want and fear
For those we hold dear.

Folk of all faiths, we dare
One common hope to share;
This our united prayer
For the New Year!

Amen

W.C.R.

NOTHING TO FEAR
(A Birthday Memorial)

"We have nothing to fear but Fear," he said.
The years have passed; now he is dead,
But his challenge still is ringing clear:
"We have nothing to fear but Fear."

We were out of work, our spirits broken,
Out of faith - when those words were spoken
With a gallant smile and a voice of cheer:
"We have nothing to fear but Fear."

Another day - new Fear and Doubt
The strength and faith of the Nation flout.
These too in time shall disappear;
We have nothing to fear but Fear.

Shall we fear the man on the production line,
The worker in warehouse, dock or mine?
How long must this prejudice persevere?
We have only to fear that Fear.

Shall we fear the man of alien tongue,
Who by our side his blood has wrung
For a cause we commonly held dear?
We have only to fear that Fear.

Shall we fear the man of a different race
And seek to "keep him in his place",
Though where that is was never clear?
We have only to fear that Fear.

Shall we spit upon the face of Christ
When fearing, we hate the race of Christ?
May God forgive if we make not clear
We have only to fear that Fear.

Shall we fear ourselves or live in trust?
Would we live at all? Then we surely must
In the faith of democracy persevere;
We have nothing to fear but Fear.

W. E. R.

MY MOTHER'S PRAYER.

M. Richardville

Dearest Mother, Thou hast'been,--
My Inspiration--All thru life,---
To guide my heart, and hands, and feet,--
Within God's path, that hath no strife.

In infancy, you held me close,--
To shield me from all harm;--
And sang of Jesus' loving-care,---
Your voice, a soothing-charm.

You taught me how,- to lisp God's name,--
Thru love, as God-Is-Love;---
And then, in humble-prayer, to kneel,--
At your knee, as we gazed above.

I Followed,- every-single-word:--
"Dear Jesus, keep us pure and true;--
Forgive our sins, and make us whole,---
Thy Will,-- be ours to do."

And all thru life,- Dear Mother Mine,---
You've ever taught me this:--
That Jesus, knows-our-every-thot;---
And God, will never miss.

That "God Is Love",-- and He will bless,--
And hear our-every-prayer;---
If we but put our trust in Him;--
We'll have Eternal-care.

So now, My Dearest Mother mine,--
Since you are far-away;---
The prayer, you taught me,-- long-ago;---
Will e'er be mine,- from-day-t- day.

Darling Mother,- Thou hast' left us,--
For Thy Home,- beyond-the-sky;---
Soon we'll meet,-- to-part-no-never,---
'Round,-"That-Great-White-Throne",-- on High.

By- Marie Richardville,
Joplin, Mo.

Dedicated to,-
Our Beloved Presidents:--
Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Harry S. Truman;--
"Mother's Day";-- May II, 1947.