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—
Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
Hyde Park, N. Y.

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt— The sympathy card
is in memory of your beloved husband
and our beloved President of these United
States of America— Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

I am one among many who loves
you. Any person with a conscience love
people who do the right thing—at all times
for his fellow man. I love to read your
editorial— My Day—. You are a most
wonderful person. May God Bless you
now and for ever. With every good
wish.

Cordially

Frankie Loomis Triplett

Ames, Okla
April 13, 1947.

Triplett

The Rose Beyond The Wall



Near shady wall a rose once grew.
Budded and blossomed in God's free light,
Watered and fed by morning dew,
Shedding its sweetness day and night,

As it grew and blossomed fair and tall,
Slowly rising to loftier height,
It came to a crevice in the wall
Through which there shone a beam of light,

Onward it crept with added strength
With never a thought of fear or pride,
It followed the light through the crevice's length
And unfolded itself on the other side.

The light, the dew, the broadening view
Were found the same as they were before,
And it lost itself in beauties new,
Breathing its fragrance more and more.

Shall claim of death cause us to grieve
And make our courage faint and fall?
Nay! Let us faith and hope receive--
The rose still grows beyond the wall,

Scattering fragrance far and wide
Just as it did in days of yore,
Just as it did on the other side,
Just as it will forevermore.

Frankie Louis Triplett.

Handwritten notes in cursive script, including the name "Frankie Louis Triplett" and other illegible text.