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Miss Jackie Taylor  
~~Franklin D. Roosevelt~~  
~~Seattle, Wash.~~

### "Remembrance"

Frank knew what people wanted, little people, big people, white people, black people, unimportant people that are important. News men standing on the corner, gray haired, clothes shabby and worn, standing in hot weather, sweat soaking up their clothes, standing in cold weather, lips blue, tough but good natured bartenders, truck drivers, overalls, grimy hats and blistered hands. Movie stars and famous people with diamond rings and fur coats, laundry men, butchers, negroes, clerks. These are the ones that voted for him.

Frank tried to give them a fair chance for life, liberty and happiness. He wasn't always right in his ideas, but he tried.

I always knew that one day he would have to die, but it seemed impossible. Not my Frank, who after three terms of president, still had his good sense of humour and who still could travel from one country to the other, seeking to create a just and lasting peace. With his paralyzed legs in heavy braces, making it an effort to move; getting around in a wheel chair, who, one of his best companions was his dog, Fala.

Then one hot April day, four of us girls went downtown to get some shoes for me. We had spent the whole day looking for them, perspiration had run into our leg make-up and was seeping down through our open toed shoes, the air was full of carbon monoxide from downtown Seattle, when we

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saw 'the shoes ', in a window.----

With one shoe off and one shoe on, a sudden hush came over the store, as the clerk said, "the president is dead!"-----

Somhow I got my own shoes on and someone else said, "don't you want these shoes?"

Outside the sun was still shining, but I don't know why. The traffic seemed to have stopped, people were just standing around talking to perfect strangers, saying, "I wonder how it happened, and what will happen to us now?"

To myself I thought, "not my Frank, he couldn't be dead."

Around that shabby newsman I saw stunned people buying papers, one old woman was crying openly. Truck drivers, clerks, housewives, white collar workers; but this wasn't just Seattle, it was China, England, Russia; great leaders, little people and big people, buying papers, crying, and I knew others were praying.