

Heroes Of World War II And Korean War To Lie In National Cemetery

Editor's Note — Tomorrow in Arlington National Cemetery two unknown American servicemen will be buried. These men, who lost their lives in World War II and the Korean War, will join the Unknown Soldier of World War I, who has been alone in the memorial since Nov. 11, 1921.

On that day more than 36 years ago, one of the most famous news stories of all time was written by Kirke L. Simpson, then a member of the Washington staff of The Associated Press. A major portion of his Pulitzer Prize-winning account is reproduced below.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 11, 1921.—(By The Associated Press)—Under the wide and starry skies of his own homeland, America's unknown dead from France sleeps tonight, a soldier home from the wars.

Alone, he lies in the narrow cell of stone that guards his body; but his soul has entered into the spirit that is America. Wherever liberty is held close in men's hearts, the honor and the glory and the pledge of high endeavor poured out over this nameless one of fame, will be told and sung by Americans for all time.

Scrolled across the marble arch of the memorial raised to American soldier and sailor dead, everywhere, which stands like a monument behind his tomb, runs this legend: "We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain."

The words were spoken by the martyred Lincoln over the dead at Gettysburg. And today with voice strong with determination and ringing with deep emotion, another President echoed that high resolve over the coffin of the soldier who died for the flag in France.

Great men in the world's affairs heard that high purpose reiterated by the man who stands at the head of the American people. Tomorrow they will gather in the city that stands almost in the shadow of the new American shrine of liberty dedicated today. They will talk of peace; and of the curbing of the havoc of war.

They will speak of the war in France, that robbed this soldier of life and name and brought death to comrades of all nations by the hundreds of thousands. And in their ears when they met must ring President Harding's declaration today beside that flag-wrapped, honor-laden bier:

"There must be, there shall be, the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare."

All day long the nation poured out its heart in pride and glory for the nameless American. Before the first crash of the minute guns roared its knell for the dead from the shadow of the Washington monument, the people who claim him as their own were trooping out to do him honor. They lined the long road from the Capitol to the hillside where he sleeps tonight; they flowed like a tide over the slopes about his burial place. They choked the bridges that lead across the river to the fields of the brave, in which he is the last comer.

Soldiers, sailors and Marines—all played their part in the thrilling spectacle as the cortege rolled along. And just behind the casket, with its faded French flowers on the draped flag, walked the President, the chosen leader of a hundred million, in whose name he was chief mourner at his bier. Beside him strode the man under

whom the fallen hero had lived and died in France, Gen. Pershing, wearing only the single medal of victory that every American soldier might wear as his only decoration.

Behind came the carriage in which rode Woodrow Wilson, also stricken down by infirmities as he served in the highest place of the nation, just as the humble private riding in such state ahead had gone down before a shell or bullet. For that dead man's sake, the former President had put aside his dread of seeming to parade his physical weakness and risked health, perhaps life, to appear among the mourners for the fallen.

After President Harding and most of the high dignitaries of the government had turned aside at the White House, the procession, headed by its solid blocks of soldiery and the battalions of sailor comrades, moved on with Pershing, now flanked by Secretaries Weeks and Denby, for the long road to the tomb.

Ahead, the white marble of the amphitheater gleamed through the trees. People in thousands were moving about the great circle. Down below the platform placed for the casket, in a stone vault, lay wreaths and garlands. Above the platform gathered men whose names ring through history—Brand, Foch, Beatty, Balfour, Jacques, Diaz and others—in a brilliant array of place and power. They were followed by nobles from all countries gathered here for tomorrow's conference. And by some of the older figures in American life too old to walk beside the approaching funeral train.

At the arch where the choir waited the heroic dead, comrades lifted his casket down and, followed by the generals and the admirals, who had walked beside him from the Capitol, he was carried to the place of honor. Ahead moved the white robed singers, chanting solemnly. Carefully the casket was placed above the banked flowers and the Marine band played sacred melodies until the moment the President and Mrs. Harding stepped to their places beside the casket.

Mr. Harding showed strong emotion as his lips formed the last words of the address. He paused, then with raised hand and head bowed, went on in the measured, rolling periods of the Lord's Prayer. The response that came back to him from the thousands he faced, from the other thousands out over the slopes beyond, arose like a chant. The marble arches hummed with the solemn sound.

Then the foreign officers who stand highest among the soldiers or sailors of their flags came one by one to the bier to place gold and jeweled emblems for the brave above the breast of the sleeper. Already, as the great prayer ended, the President had set the American seal of admiration for the valiant, the nation's love for brave deeds and the courage that defies death, upon the casket. Side by side he laid the Medal of Honor and the Distinguished Service Cross.

The casket, with its weight of honors, was lowered into the crypt. A rocking blast of gunfire rang from the woods. The glittering circle of bayonets stiffened to a salute to the dead. Again the guns shouted their message of honor and farewell. Again they boomed out: a loyal comrade was being laid to his last, long rest.

High and clear and true in the echoes of the guns, a bugle lifted the old, old notes of taps, the lullaby for the living soldier, in death his requiem. Long ago some forgotten soldier poet caught its meaning clear and set it down that soldiers everywhere might know its message as they sing to rest:

"Fades the light;
And afar
Goeth day, cometh night,
And a star
Leadeth all, speedeth all,
To their rest."

The guns roared out again in the national salute. He was home, the Unknown, to sleep forever among his own.



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with Gifts & Greetings
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CORRECTION!

A typographical error in our Wednesday ad listed the price of Beach Towels incorrectly. The correct prices are:

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36x67 . . . 2.98
36x74 . . . 3.29
28x54 . . . 1.98
YOUR STORE
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Suggestions & Rules
For Writing Your
FREE WANT ADS

1. School children from 6 to 16 years of age may run a FREE WANT AD to Buy, Sell, Swap or Find children's merchandise, or offer services a boy or girl can perform. Each ad will run four consecutive times absolutely free.
2. Bring or mail your FREE WANT AD to the Classified Department of the Herald and News any day from now until 12:30 Saturday, June 7th.
3. Sorry . . . no phone orders! Write your ad plainly on the FREE WANT AD coupon below. You have 25 words. Be sure to include your name, age and address or phone number in your ad.
4. Your FREE WANT AD will be accepted at the Herald and News Want Ad counter between 8:30 a.m. and 5:30 p.m. Monday, June 2nd through Friday, June 6th, and from 8:30 to 12:30 p.m. Saturday, June 7th.
5. If you mail your ad, be sure it's postmarked prior to midnight, June 8th.
6. All FREE WANT ADS must be signed by one parent or guardian sanctioning the order. Call the Herald and News Want Ad Department as soon as you get results in order that your ad can be discontinued.
7. The Herald and News reserves the right to edit, limit or refuse FREE WANT ADS that do not conform with the above rules.

(NOTE TO PARENTS)

Help us make this an educational benefit for your child. Let the children write their own ads, (to conform with the above rules) with as little help as possible. We want these ads to be the children's work! Suggest to them what they may advertise, but let them enjoy the experience of advertising, and have the fun of seeing their efforts in print.



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FREE Want-Ad-o-gram

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