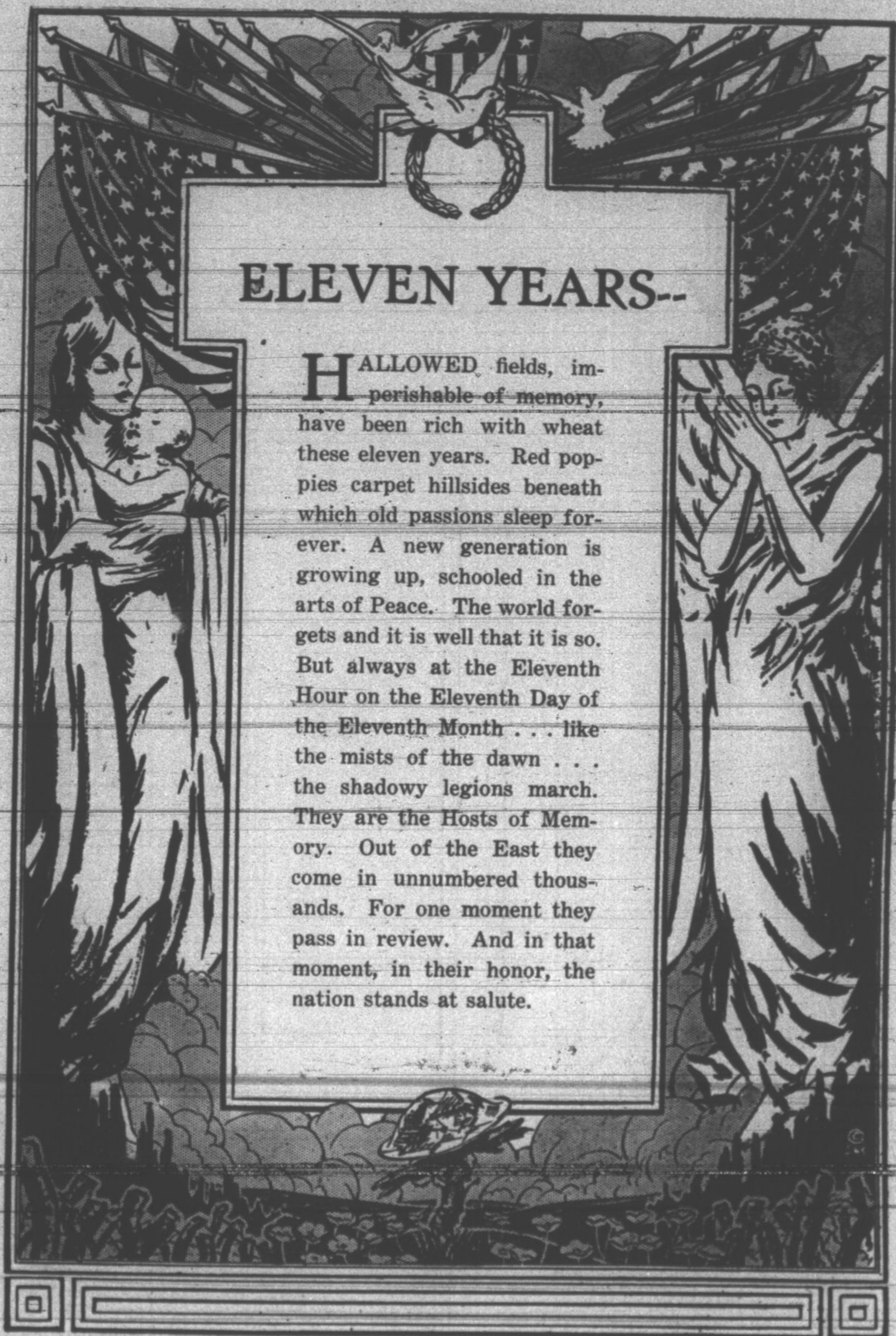


The Highland Park Press



ELEVEN YEARS--

HALLOWED fields, imperishable of memory, have been rich with wheat these eleven years. Red poppies carpet hillsides beneath which old passions sleep forever. A new generation is growing up, schooled in the arts of Peace. The world forgets and it is well that it is so. But always at the Eleventh Hour on the Eleventh Day of the Eleventh Month . . . like the mists of the dawn . . . the shadowy legions march. They are the Hosts of Memory. Out of the East they come in unnumbered thousands. For one moment they pass in review. And in that moment, in their honor, the nation stands at salute.