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SHADOWS Of The Past That Return For A Day

WE are approaching another anniversary of the Great Peace,—the end of an era—and shadows of the past for a moment dim the glory of a warless world—shadow pictures of a time when conflict ruled, when suffering and grief and death held sway, when the youth of the world made history's greatest sacrifice that we today may enjoy in safety the blessings of that Peace.

Gone are the long lines marching to the draft, gone the dim silhouettes of loaded transports slipping out into the night to seas where lurked sudden and wholesale destruction; gone the tense days when the world held its breath while the hosts of Democracy struggled on bloodstained fields to save civilization; gone the thunder of the guns, the roar of the fighting planes, the tramp of thousands of feet marching to death and immortal fame.

The shadows dim but never obscure the brightness of a world-wide peace in which the thoughts of men turn to progress, and the minds of men plan for greater victories than those of war, finer achievements, made possible because of youth's supreme sacrifice.

So, as this Armistice anniversary approaches, the world remembers again with gratitude the boys who gave their all and consecrates itself anew to the principle of the brotherhood of man, with a determination that there never again may come a time when these shadows that now return but for a day will close in to darken the peak of the high goal of perpetual peace toward which all peoples strive.

—R. E. Wood



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