

Armistice Day  
November 11, 1930

The  
**Torrance Herald**

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# HE IS NOT UNKNOWN

**N**OBODY knows his name; yet simple heroism needs no other calling. Nobody knows his creed . . . or whether he had a creed . . . yet no other sublime lesson than self-sacrifice is learned within church walls.

He may have been a toiling clerk whose scope encompassed only the task before him. Or his life may have been as far-flung as the mist-blue western hills toward which he pushed his plow.

Who he was, or what he was, matters little.

He was American. The sun-warmed Virginia hillside where he sleeps is his soil for it is American. The ideals for which he died were the fruit of a tradition characteristically American; a tradition of freedom that has heard ax strokes in a clearing, pen scratches at Independence Hall and "Cuba Libre" at San Juan Hill.

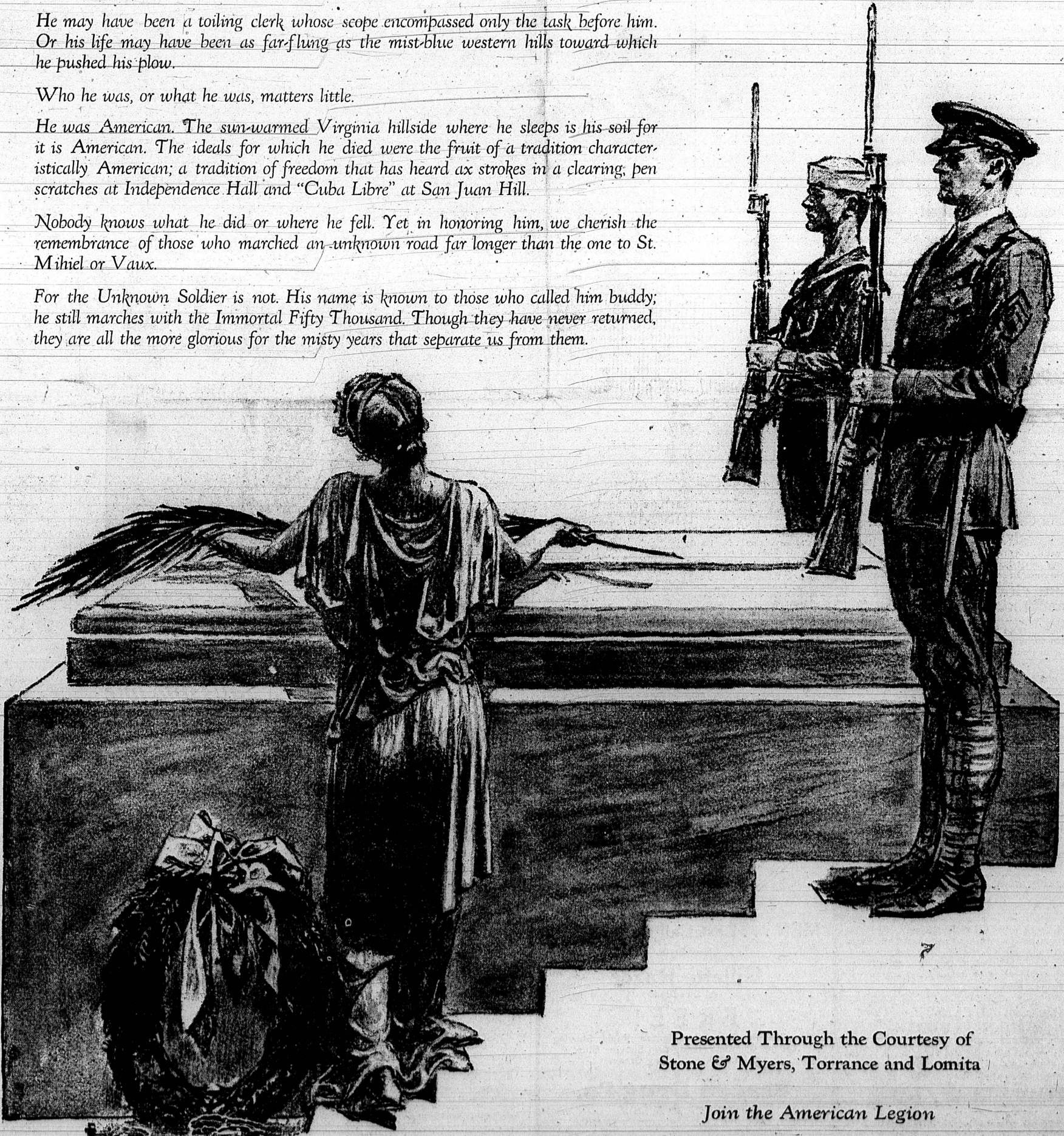
Nobody knows what he did or where he fell. Yet in honoring him, we cherish the remembrance of those who marched an unknown road far longer than the one to St. Mihiel or Vaux.

For the Unknown Soldier is not. His name is known to those who called him buddy; he still marches with the Immortal Fifty Thousand. Though they have never returned, they are all the more glorious for the misty years that separate us from them.

## THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

He is known to the sun-white Majesties  
Who stand at the gates of dawn.  
He is known to the cloud-borne company  
Whose souls but late have gone.  
Like wind-flung stars through lattice bars  
They throng to greet their own,  
With voice of flame they sound his name  
Who died to us unknown.

Angela Morgan



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