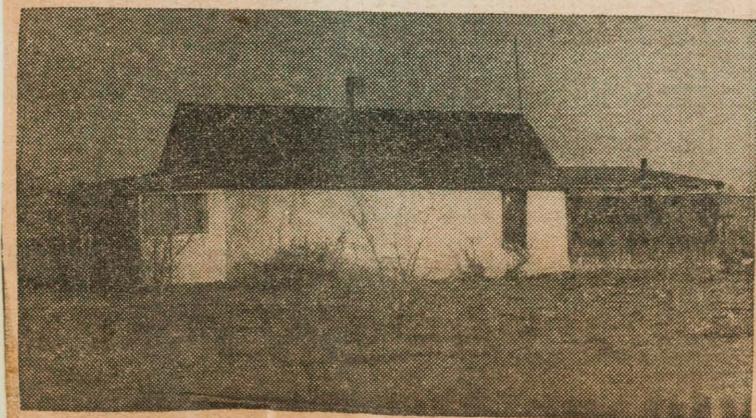


A Nation's Greatest Tribute

humously, the Congressional medal of honor for "conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity above and beyond the call of duty in action with the enemy on Attu, Aleutian Islands, May 26, 1943." The medal, highest military distinction in the power of the nation to bestow, was presented to his father, Manuel V. Martinez by Brigadier General Frank L. Culin, Jr., who at the time of Martinez' heroism was colonel in command of Martinez' regiment. Major General Frederick E. Uhl, commanding general of the Seventh Service Command, Omaha, was present for the ceremony. In this photograph, the father is shown, after the formal presentation, displaying the medal to the hero's mother. At the left is General Culin; at the right is General Uhl. This is the first award of the Congressional medal of honor to any American private soldier in this war. Middle picture shows a general view of part of the large crowd that gathered at the Ault park for the impressive ceremonies Tuesday, including the color guard and honor guard from the 31st QM Salvage depot, Fort Warren. Bottom picture, the modest Martinez home in Ault, purchased for the aged parents by Joe and his brother, Delfino, also serving in the army. The enclosed front porch, as well as some furniture in the house, was made by Joe before he left to serve his country and die for it on a fog-shrouded, rainswept isle in the northern Pacific.

was paid in Ault Tuesday afternoon to Pvt. Joe P. Martinez, 22-year-old Ault farm youth, who was awarded, post-



in a poem by a Canadian flyer who was a member of the RAF, must die when he wrote:

"FACE OF GOD"

poem of the war to date, poet an member of the RAF, must death when he wrote:

*sitting out alone,
and across the sky,
the wind has blown—
so that I'm to die.*

When, shortly before his fatal collision with another plane, he wrote his classical sonnet that will live long: "High Flight."

*Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth,
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Unward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds, and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.*

*Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, or even eagles flew
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high, untrampled sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.*